

12/9/70

Dear friends,

Your letters of the 3rd were delights to me. Jennifer's Shavian footnote caused a spontaneous laugh, out loud, and that, in turn brought the therapist to inquire if the heat on my right shoulder were too hot, a rather strange reaction to laughter. You see, I picked the mail up at the post office on the way into Washington and read it while taking treatment for an attack of bursitis that has bothered me for several weeks. But I haven't enjoyed a treatment as much. Although half a world separated, our younger days shared such similar interests.

Mornings the shoulder has been waking me up early. I'll behave and stop if it starts bothering me. I'm not supposed to do anything repetitive until it is better. Thus I mailed you a package two days ago without a note.

Last night, in the phrase of the younger ones, I just zonked out. Couldn't keep my eyes open, I suppose reaction to sending off the last proofs of FRAMEUP that have any prospect of reaching the publisher by deadline on a new schedule. My part was never late, but the typesetter, the latest of the delayers, has run everything into the bindery schedule. Manufacture was to have been completed 10/1 and I haven't yet seen the last half of the appendix.

Last night was like the one Jennifer will, I think, remember, when I couldn't stay awake there, in 10/68. All day I'd planned to spend the evening old-timing with you. The coincidences are remarkable. For example, the day before was Pearl Harbor day, and much of my past had come back with a visit from a local radio reporter who had interviewed me (and we'd gabbed) about that. You see, I suppose I am alone or close to alone in having predicted it, the month before it happened. I was much interested in the east while you were there. I'd done a piece for Click, then 3rd-largest picture whose Washington correspondent I was. My suspicions were as good as my timing and reasoning save for one error that, in retrospect, was without excuse. They included everything Japan did and one thing she didn't do, attack along the Amur. I should have known that, with her long-range designs, she'd have given Hitler no real help.

In those days my government relations were of a different character. I'd just done the definitive work on the Nazi cartels (which had come to mind my previous trip to Calif when I met Lee Rashall, now at KGO as an ABC vice president but then either UP or AP in DC, and he remembered how much more I'd done than he had on one of them, involving Schering, where my story led to investing and a fine of \$160,000). I got along well even with Justice, to which I took much dope they hadn't dug up for themselves. I even gave Hoover the scoop on a planned army putsch. We really had one in the work, involving Malin Craig, then Chief of Staff. Typically, Hoover kept those docs when he returned the file I'd gotten...All the coincidences...~~The~~ Last Friday, a young man had given me a copy of one of Jack Spivack's rewrites of his past and, anticipating that something like this would happen, I'd given Jack, who was then writing fine exposes in the left press (nobody else would touch this) a set of stats before giving the file to Hoover...I even had good relations with Frances Knight, then troublemaking in different agency...

Your mention of Stilwell reminds me of something that may surprise you. "Colonel Caster/Castor", you may recall from WWII and O in NO, is really L. Robert Castorr. He never returned my calls before I first wrote of him. A mutual friend had just read WWII before a business lunch with Bob, who he told of it, then bringing me an invitation for lunch. Bob (and his wife Trudi) became friends, and he told me much. The feds had laid a trap into which I'd fallen. He is of the radical right but not as their elliptical part-reports indicated. He had been in that theater during the war, on Stilwell's staff, G1, G3 or G4, I've forgotten

which. He remains dedicated to Stilwell, convinced he was right and the rest of the military wrong, and has the most remarkable belief, for one of his persuasion, that our policies gave the Chinese only the ultimate alternative. And when he was relieved his successor was guess who? Dean Rusk, for whom his enmity has never ended! He feels that Rusk even then shared responsibility for policy errors.

All this from the "small world" dept. Perhaps we'll be able to spend an evening going over this part of our pasts. I hope so.

Even though with the sudden change in schedule we have no further responsibility for the index, we are without confidence in publishers, even those we like. So, yesterday a.m., when I got the packet ~~it~~ of proofs, I took them to Lil before going to DC, so she could get started marking the pages for indexing. When I got back I also read them for content, then took them to Greyhound, which will have them in NYC this a.m. When we finished that I gave her your letters. She especially enjoyed Jennifer's SHE'S and HER'S, but it was at this point that I couldn't keep my eyes open, so after I awaken her I'll add what is necessary so you can do this kindness for us. I never met HERSELF. There was a very nice man, like from Central Castings, the epitome of a kindly and dedicated Anglicized Chinese merchant anxious to do well by the strange customer (he could not have advised me better). Each time I was there, I saw him only. Even the packaging was perfect. I got a few bowls, which arrived without chip, some wickerwork that wasn't even dented.

I've been much preoccupied with the legal end of this work lately, an end for which I am ill prepared. It has taken much time. I so long to return to the writing I've had to lay aside, to the third part of POST MORTEM, which I'll have to reorder now, with all the time taken up with other things. I sent you the first part, which was completed 9/67 and is still fresh. I think you'll see in it what emerged as the one plus of the Shaw trial, for that is its origin. Before leaving N.O. in disgust, I made a deal with them (typically, they kept only part of it). In return for their xeroxing more than enough copies for copyrighting, I gave them permission to use its contents. While there, anticipating what happened, I paid no attention to the jury selection. I didn't go into the courtroom once. I know the NY Times reported me at the counsel table (haven't got that clipping, though), but I wasn't. Instead I began writing PM III and completed it before the trial in Judge Halleck's court in DC, which it won for us. I had planned to use what I then had as the second part. I'd removed part of that from the first part for this purpose and to withhold from my brethren until I could complete that part of the inquiry. However, the nature of what I have since obtained renders much of what I'd have included in II unnecessary, so when I can get back to it, III will become II and I'll write the new III. It should be mind-blowing, even if I get no more--and I may. In or out of court. Of course, this legal work jeopardizes my literary properties, but I am convinced that is the only forum in which we have any prospect of recapturing the credibility wasted for us by the self-seekers and the sycophants.

If I did naught by write, I've in hand enough for several years of hard work. Which may explain my seeming impatience sometimes, my distress over such things as Paul's out-of-character work.

I've heard nothing from Hal. Hope he is well. Perhaps the gift is back?

I'd best not tempt fate, for I feel the typing and I'd like to be able to do more of it when day comes. I enjoyed your letters much. Hope you have a very good holiday. And thanks.

Sincerely,

If Lil doesn't add to this, let me explain: we have a friend who is a local lawyer, starting practise late after a Naval career. He needed temporary office help and Lil agreed to do it until 10/1. But he got sick. Yesterday he had major spinal surgery, apparently successful from initial reports. But she has to be doing that and this is the season when she has to familiarize herself with the new changes in the tax laws. She spends the first quarter working for Block, in charge of of of their ~~at~~ local offices. Running the house, helping me and doing these two things load her up pretty much. I'll be awakening her soon. If she hasn't time to provide the necessary information, I will. But I was asleep and do not even know what she decided!

...From the after-breakfast light in her eyes and her smile, I suspect Lil has some difficulty deciding. She made a crack about the shortie, good sign at 58, and fixed upon the \$19.95 set, the softened medium blue. If I got the right "points" for measurement, the should width is a shade under 16 inches. I measured from the beginnings of the slopes.

This is great, for her pleasure is manifest. I am happy you are doing this for us. I'll accept your suggestion and await the total cost, but my hunch is that SHE is close on the postage and insurance (there is no special delivery in the country and the chances of pre-Christmas delivery are about nil).

Before I return to other work, I meant to ask you if in your China days you ever met Artemy A. Horvath, a chemist who was then close to the world's No. 1 expert on soybeans and, if dimmed recollection is dependable, something like an equivalent of our undersecretary of Agriculture. He was my original source on Japan's long-range objectives. When their family fled the Russian revolution, he went east, a brother west, to Berlin, where he (a mathematician) was associated with Einstein.

...As the time of your retirement draws closer, I hope you will consider writing of those days and events. Neither Strong nor Snow nor Buck nor Carlson nor any of the others said all that should be. Besides, there is a different timing now, a different significance to be drawn, more profound understanding that comes with the unfolding of the years and man's (and woman's) increased understanding and maturity. Experience and time add meaning, and I understand from friends in publishing that there is increasing interest in first-person accounts that are personal.

Again, thanks,

3 December 1970

Dear Harold:

While the FNSS is assembling a report on our latest expedition to Chinatown, I'll use some of the time to make at least a partial reply to your long and interesting letter of Oct. 19 -- the parts that I didn't respond to earlier.

Evans Carlson was a friend in Peking, while still in the Marine guard at the Embassy. In case you didn't know it, he had started out as a volunteer in the Army and wound up in the 15th Infantry Regiment that was stationed in Tientsin. As I recall it, he rose to Captain in the Army and was at that rank when he went into the Marines. During our acquaintance he became an assistant Naval attache at the embassy, and it was in that role that he was transferred to Chungking during the Sino-Japanese war, and, as you know, finally fivisted the red areas. His travels took him to within a few miles outside Peking when he was visiting the Northern Hopei liberated area which was under a general named Lt Cheng-tsao. One day I was surprised to have a strange Chinese turn up at my home-office with an envelope which contained another which Evans asked me to turn over to the NA. As far as I know, this was probably the first first-hand report the American authorities had had on the actual operations of the red guerillas. Evans was very much like Joe Stilwell, very down to earth and practical, and above all a warm and generous human being. Both were convinced that the much-maligned Chinese soldier could lick his weight in wildcats if given half-way decent leadership. I never saw Evans again, but of course followed his wartime career with much interest and was appalled at the treatment he received afterward, and, of course, deeply saddened when he died in such frustrating and shameful neglect after all he had done.

Perhaps it would helpful to you if I outlined how I got to China and what I learned there, a little of it. At a time when the lucky journalism graduates were taking jobs at \$15 a week, I got out of the University of Missouri in 1932 with an exchange fellowship to teach journalism at Yenching University outside Peking for two years and do graduate work toward a master's. When I got there in the summer of 1932 the prevailing warlord in the north, the "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang had just closed down the only English language daily in town, the Peking Chronicle, which was subsidized by the Kuomintang. The journalism department at Yenching had just moved the campus weekly, the Yenching Gazette, into town and made it into a daily. When I came along they made me managing editor, of all things. It lasted about 18 months before the Kuomintang got the Chronicle going again and maneuvered Chang Hsueh-liang to Sianfu to contain the Reds -- with results we all remember.

But in that 18 months I was assembling a daily paper from several news agencies -- small pony services, but amazing in the composite perspective on world events they provided. There was Reuters, Havas, the German Transocean, United Press, Tass, the Chinese Central News Agency, and Domei.

Taking into account the various self-interest angles involved, it was simple to figure out what was going on in Germany, including the Reichstag fire, at a time when not one American in a hundred knew anything at all had happened. At the same time I was learning that my Chinese students were far more mature and sophisticated than I, and that this was a culture where intellect was prized above everything else. Somewhere along the line I learned to read official statements for what they omitted saying as well as for what they said, and that the more absolute the power, the more absolute is the lie likely to emanate from it.

When my fellowship expired, I disagreed with my faculty advisors over the subject of a thesis, said to hell with a master's degree on that basis, and signed up to teach freshman English for a year. So I learned something about the English language too, being in the unhappy position of teaching it to kids who were, on the whole, much smarter than I who was supposed to be teaching them.

And I met Jenifer, with the predictable result,* and I can only say that she completed that uncanny feeling I had had the moment the train slid through the city wall of Peking, that inexplicably I had come home.

The AP correspondent in Peking in those days as an Australian named Timperley (whom you may have encountered during and immediately after the war) who was also working up articles for the Christian Science Monitor and such magazines as the old ASIA. He took me on for a year as an assistant, so when he moved to Nanking in the spring of 1936 I was left as the AP correspondent in Peking. The Japanese came in in 1937, and I covered that show until November of 1941, including considerable travel in Manchuria, North Korea (the Changkufeng incident of 1938) and Mongolia.

Late in 1941 it was obvious the United States was on a collision course with Japan, so I took Jenifer to Shanghai and put her on the President Harrison. She got as far as Manila before Dec. 7, at which time the Harrison was diverted to Chinwangtao to evacuate the Peking Marines, and the Pearl Harbor attack stranded her in Manila, where she was interned in Santo Tomas. I was stuck in Shanghai, but my Japanese friends managed to get her flown back to Shanghai with some diplomatic evacuees from Manila by the time the first repatriation ship left Shanghai in June. We came back together on the first Gripsholm, and we were sent to Washington, where I did features and covered the war and state departments until the summer of 1945, when we were transferred here..

I was supposed to work on the cable desk here, but Kirk Simpson retired in Washington and recommended I be given the daily column he was writing from there at the time. Even without any real sources here, it was possible to keep going fairly well for the year and half before they took the column back to New York because the Cold War had been declared and I wasn't having any of it.

*He thinks it was his idea! Talk about male chauvinism!

For several years I did an interpretative column on weekends after that, and can say that I wrote about war in Korea four years before it happened, about the communization of China at least two years before it happened, and was writing about Sino-Russian cleavages and disagreements some 10 years before they became public property in 1960. No one, of course, paid the slightest attention.

Late in 1948 and early 1949 the AP sent me back to China briefly, and I can personally confirm your impression that everybody wanted to get rid of him. I can recall at least two bankers who got blue in the face, pounded on the table, and shouted that NOTHING, not even the Communists, could be worse than the Gimo. Most of the time I was in Shanghai, but did get up to Nanking, down to Canton and across to Taiwan. Everywhere they were just waiting for it to happen. Our ambassador and intelligence people were reporting accurately on the situation, but naturally no one paid them any attention either. McCarthy hadn't started yet, but there had been Parnell Thomas, and a couple of Republicans named Bill Knowland and Richard Nixon. Peking had fallen to the Reds before I left China for the last time, but the Reds never would reply to requests to revisit my old "home." They seemed to have a policy against letting anyone back in who had been there before, with the single exception (among Americans) of Ed Snow. Even he had to wait until 1960 or so, and is now on his second visit.

In any case, my acquired inability to swallow official statements without question led me, in 1947, to get permanently hung up on the flying saucer thing. Suffice to say that the official and unofficial campaign against the credibility of UFO sightings set a pattern of obfuscation, official denial, cover-up and red herrings which in my opinion laid much of the groundwork for what we have come to refer to as the Warren Commission Report. So when the shots rang out in Dallas both Jenifer and I were constitutionally incapable of accepting the official explanation. We not only felt we had been through all this before, we felt the same people were pulling the strings behind the scenes. I would very much like to have your reaction to my deepseated conviction that the same people who are determined to keep us from realizing that we have been under surveillance probably from prehistoric times are equally determined to keep us from realizing the coup d'etat that took place on Nov. 22, 1963 and subsequent smaller coups buttressing the original coup. The latter coverup is easily understood. The former defies common sense beyond rationalization, on any basis. Why?

To answer a couple of questions in your letter: I have not been able to find "The Billiken Courier," but the local library has it listed and eventually it should turn up. We now have the Kaiser book on ~~the~~ "RFK Must Die" and although I haven't had time to read it, my impression is that he suggests two possibilities, 1, that Sirhan may have been hypnotized and programmed by someone else, or, 2, that someone else may have suggested to Sirhan that he hypnotize himself. I understand now that Kaiser is saying he thinks he knows who this other person is, but won't name him for obvious reasons.

About starving out cities: No, I don't necessarily visualize entire cities being starved out, although I think that is not inconceivable from the standpoint of those who would do it. They would not hesitate, if they thought it would work. On the other hand, no one who hasn't seen it happen understands how easy it is to cut off any section of a city with barbed wire barricades enfiladed with a little machine gun fire from corner blockhouses. The Berlin wall is an example. Of course, there will be a tunnel dug here and there, a crash-through now and then, but on the whole the barricade is airtight for all practical purposes. I saw it work in Tientsin in the Japanese blockade of the British and French Concessions that summer, in 1938, and it's not only very effective, it's extremely easy to do.

As a one-time enthusiastic expert on Latin America, how long do you think Allende will be allowed to continue in Chile? It seems to me that allowing a socialist revolution to succeed peacefully is the one thing that would be intolerable. Bad enough to have a Fidel succeeding on the basis of violence, but to have the transition to socialism take place peacefully -- I find it hard to imagine that being allowed to go on indefinitely. Talk about dominoes.

Well, the FNSS appears to have about completed her report, so I knock off too. We haven't heard anything more from Hal. If we do, we'll let you know. We do have the impression that he wants to have a heart-to-heart with Paul, and when he does you no doubt will hear about it before we do. In any case, we'll relay anything significant.

All the best,



jdw

3 Dec 70

Dear Harold (What do you prefer? Harold comes naturally to us, from Haroldweisberg):

Had an opportunity to go to LiLi's this afternoon and did, and a good thing too, since we're wiping everything off the board and starting over. The first time we went was in the evening, when there was only one sales girl there, very young, and with very little idea of what she was selling. Today we dealt with LiLi HERSELF, and this is the situation (a better one, really, we think).

Contrary to the misinformation I relayed in my first letter, there are no silk brocade jackets, only a few - and without pants to go with them - in Thai silk, large block plaid in various colors, 3/4 length. Attractive on the hanger but not attractive enough to buy at (brace yourself) \$45 for the jacket alone. In any case, there were none in the right size.

If you're going to be sticky about this and insist on silk, it can be custom made - in silk brocade - but at a comparable price; the material itself is six-something a yard. Not worth it. Even LiLi HERSELF (a formidable and extremely vocal Chinese lady with very definite opinions) says, Don't do it. Even if you wanted it, SHE would be difficult to persuade.

Well, that's out of the way.

Now then, our choices are:

A) Rayon brocade. Jacket very loosely fitted, hanging straight down from the shoulder; measured on the hanger, hem is 33" from shoulder (at point where collar is attached). Sleeves are 3/4 length with turned-up cuffs between 4" and 5" wide, but can be turned up wherever you wish at a lower point (higher would make the cuff too wide, unless of course you folded it over twice, which would probably be too bulky). Black pants.

The jacket to these sets is really very nice, and would be comfortable and easy to wear. Were not shown these the first time; those we did see then of about the same length are fitted. SHE says no to the fitted jacket, absolutely not, if you're choosing this for someone you haven't met. SHE wants the body in the store to be fitted.

To get back on the track, the sets we're talking about are on sale at \$19.95, regular price \$30. Since they're on sale there are only four left in size 16: a clear bright green, a softened medium blue, a pale greyed beige with a rather sophisticated glow to it. I believe the brocade design in these three is the same, a delicate butterfly in gold thread nicely spaced over the material.* The fourth color SHE called avocado but I'd describe it as a medium mossy green; the pattern is a chrysanthemum.

SHE's putting aside the blue (as coming closest to your third choice, aqua) until we hear from you, but if this should be fairly soon the others probably still will be there, if you'd prefer one of them. I should relay HER message to Lil: these are dressy enough to be worn to a party, no one would ever consider wearing the shorter jacket anywhere but at home! (((((This is in a whisper: I don't see that much difference myself, except that the colors in the longer jacket seem a little more subtle))))))

16"
5'5" If you decide on one of these, it might be helpful in determining size to have Lil's measurement from one shoulder tip to the other; these size 16's seemed wide to me, but of course they're meant to hang very loosely. Perhaps we should have her approximate height, too. In any case SHE says that if whatever you order isn't the right size it can be exchanged without any fuss.

That brings us to the end of A). We have, however, another possibility, to wit, B).

B) Rayon brocade. Similar to A) in style except that the jacket is 26" long, and the material is in an all-over design of small figures reminiscent of willow pattern plates. There are many more of these in various colors including your first choice of red. Black pants. Prices range from \$10.95 to \$15.95.

All we'll have to do when we hear from you is to call HER and SHE'll mail whatever you decide on. SHE says to figure up to \$2 for mailing - and insurance (SHE most emphatically does not trust the U.S. Mail).

No money has changed hands, SHE trusting us to pay later. (That's not clear. I mean to say SHE waved aside the deposit we were perfectly willing to make to hold the blue thing.) So why don't we all wait until you decide and we find out just how much is involved, postage and everything, and you send us a check later?

Please don't feel this has been any trouble at all. You know how it is when you have guests from out of town and you finally get to see the local points of interest? All the years we've been here we've never once investigated these Chinese clothes. Anyway, we've enjoyed doing it - ^{especially} ~~especially~~ meeting HER!

Janey

4 Dec - Held this over to call and check something with HER. Will mail tomorrow.

*Checking my notes before I tear them up, I see they say quite clearly "beige with blue butterfly." That's what comes of writing letters at 3 a.m. Actually what I describe as beige probably would be described in Vogue-ish circles as "champaigne."