

Wiretapping Records Involving Hoffa Fail to Show Ties to Conviction

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A Federal judge made public still more of the Government's voluminous eavesdropping files yesterday, this time involving Teamsters President James R. Hoffa and one of his Detroit business agents.

Hoffa, who is serving an eight-year sentence for jury-tampering, contends the Justice Department's electronic surveillance "tainted" his trial.

The monitored telephone conversations stretched from 1961 to 1965, but they appeared to have little, if any, connection with the case that sent him to prison.

Suspicious that their lines were being tapped, the Teamsters, the records indicated, developed a penchant for cryptic remarks, nicknames and even code words ("How are you, B-2?" "I'm doing pretty good, B-1").

Hoffa was often called "the Old Man." His voice was picked up in only a few of the conversations.

The recordings were made public by U.S. District Judge Frank W. Wilson in Chattanooga after the Government said it had no objection. The Judge, who presided at Hoffa's 1964 jury-tampering trial, is scheduled to hear his appeal Aug. 13.

Justice Department attorneys said the conversations were picked up by microphones in Las Vegas and by radio equipment in Detroit that was apparently tuned in to mobile telephones used by the Teamsters there.

In one of the Las Vegas calls, a man named only as "Moe" reportedly talked to Hoffa "re an insurance company" and said he hoped that "this call is recorded." Another Las Vegas call a few days earlier came from a "Major . . . Riddle" and was said to concern a \$4½ million loan he wanted to buy an insurance company.

The head of the company that ran the Dunes in Las Vegas was named Major Riddle. A gambler named Moe Dalitz ran the Stardust and Desert Inn hotels.

The thickest file, running hundreds of pages, dealt with the everyday business and personal affairs of Larry Campbell, a business agent for Teamsters Local 299 in Detroit, who was convicted of jury-tampering along with Hoffa.

The Government's mundane reports on Campbell touched on everything from daily business appointments to storm windows, grass seed, and a scolding from an unidentified

woman suspicious of his whereabouts:

Woman: "Who's with you, Larry?"

Campbell: "President Truman . . ."

Woman: "I'm going up to her house now and you had better not be there."