

Dear Jim,

my youthful indiscretions,
a la Martin Dies

2/10/78

Because this is one of the glaring omissions in the FBI materials, and their involvement is recorded on the page following the one to which you referred me in that chapter, let me give comment to you in writing about this bob-tailed version.

It is dishonest, inaccurate and angled viciously.

It is so inaccurate Dies has neither Mayne's name nor mine right. And rather than the pretense of their not knowing Mayne, they had him on the payroll in the guise of a witness. Dave has what records the Hollywood 10 did not take.

Odd how Dies managed not to mention this, or that Mayne copped a plea, enabled to by Dies written intercession, a letter that should surface in PA response.

Nothing like this ever happened. I spent three weeks in files? I was never in his office. He brought me some papers, mostly pamphlets, in a whiskey carton from which if I'm not mistaken, Dave removed them to ship to UWSP.

Jackson never saw Mayne. Drew Pearson sent a leg man, John Henshaw, to tell Jackson of this Maybe-Silvershirt matter. Jackson turned ~~Henshaw~~ Henshaw over to me. Over a period of time Mayne panhandled me for \$105. But before I gave anyone the records I obtained from him I obtained a court reporter, took a statement from him -and he authenticated the records under oath - and had the affidavit.

There was no promise of a job. I didn't have one myself. Rather than finding nothing I found what caused the retirement of the Army chief of staff, the FOI request of the FBI of which you know. (They kept that record. I anticipated they would and that no paper would publish it so I let Jack Spivack do that. He did.)

Note he does not cite the testimony before his committee. He held secret hearings and then did not dare publish them.

Dies

Odd, too, give his anti-union bias that Jackson omits that Jackson had been on the Sacco-Vanzetti committee and was then lobbyist for Labor's Non-Partisan League, John Lewis' operation. Jackson had been in Agriculture briefly but I am unaware of any later government employment. Could be during World War II. Jackson is perhaps the most passionate anti-communist I ever met.

Footnote: this was the beginning of the Dies need to pretend to be a little anti-Fascist. He never was. The next year I really did it to him. I discovered that he had stolen an entire report of his committee to the House. He had stolen it so completely that every grammatical error, every spelling and punctuation error was repeated faithfully. I remember little about the plagiarism save that nothing really made a difference to the Congress and how it was used. (Joe McCarthy did not invent that "I hold in my hand." It brought the House down, but not the committee or Dies. It was an anti-Japanese (imperial) west-coast newsletter. The one I think I remember from it is Wafu Shimpo, which I think is the name of a publication.

In the end I was on a first-name basis with Dies, his next-in-line Starnes, I had been with Nixon's meat, Jerry Voorhis, an agonizing phoney liberal, and probably others.

The night the grand jury handed down the Mayne indictment they all threw a party for me. If not all 10 of those Congressmen, most of them. Lil was there. Frank Hook, a fine human being but no towering intellect, sang two songs, Stranes Fell on Alabama" and "The Dies of Texas Are Upon You." You young fogies probably never heard the song punned. It was at the old Madrillon and continued after the palce closed down. A real party!

But as I have said, the more one has to look back upon, the more clearly he can see ahead.

Those guys palyed tough. But you know what John Mithcell said about tough going. So they found out. From a "yough" indeed! Best,

Handled - 121 for
not stop on page

**MARTIN DIES'
STORY**

Martin Dies

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Dedication

This book is affectionately dedicated to my wife, Myrtle

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CHAPTER X
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

"When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,
I've done my duty, and I've done no more."

—Henry Fielding

One wintery day in 1939, a very beautiful woman called at the office. She was dressed in the best of taste, was well educated and intelligent. She said that she taught school in Baltimore, was keenly interested in Communism, and had been gathering information on the subject. She claimed to know the names and addresses of some of the most active Communists in Philadelphia and promised to furnish them when she completed her investigation. I thanked her, and told her that this would be a real help to the Committee.

Every Saturday morning she came back to report, but did not bring the information I sought. She kept putting me off with one excuse after another. One snowy day, she telephoned, saying that she was taking a cold, and had decided to spend the night in the May-

flower Hotel. She said she finally had obtained the information wanted, and asked if I would stop by her room for it on my way home. "You will be on your way home anyway, and it will only take a moment for you to run by my room and pick up the file."

I said I would come, but explained that I could not leave before the House adjourned at 5 o'clock. As I hung up, questions popped into my mind. How did Miss R— know where I lived, and why had she gone to the trouble of finding out my residence? I decided to skip the hotel and go directly home. The decision was fortunate.

Our investigator checked at the hotel. In the room adjoining hers, there was a photographer. It was the old badger game. Had I gone to her room, she would have asked me to be seated, slipped into my lap, and embraced me, and at that precise moment the door would have opened from the room where the photographer was stationed. They would have had my picture in a compromising position, and Dies and the Committee would have been thoroughly and completely discredited.

Close on the heels of this incident was another, more serious since it involved my young son Bobby. We had received threats of kidnapping, and we had warned Bobby never to get in a car with a stranger. One day he came running home as fast as his little legs could carry him. Out of breath, he explained between gasps that two men in a car had asked him to get in, and had told him they would drive him home. Bobby, heeding our warning, took off like a scared rabbit, and got home in nothing flat.

Then, when my wife arrived home from visiting me in the hospital following my operation in 1940, there was a steady stream of telephone calls all night long, with comforting remarks like these:
"Well, is your husband dead yet?"

"I'm doin a lot of praying, but not for what you think. I am praying that Dies dies." We finally had to have an unlisted telephone installed.

This is one of the most powerful weapons used against an anti-Communist: harassment of his loved ones.

These are typical of our constant torment for seven years. But more important, as well as more tragic, were the experiences of some former Soviet officials.

General Walter G. Krivitsky, who had served under Stalin for a long time, fled to the United States when he became disgusted with the brutality of Communism in practice, as distinguished from Communism in theory. He told an astounding story of the plans and purposes of the Kremlin; how they had built secret armies in every country, and had spent millions of dollars for propaganda purposes. He declared that the ultimate goal of Stalin was the conquest of Europe, Asia, and the Americas. I wanted him to testify before the Committee because it was vital that the American people should have the benefit of his information, but he was afraid that the OGPU, the Kremlin Secret Police, would assassinate him.

From notes I made at the time, this is the substance of our conversation.

I asked "Surely they are not that powerful in the United States?"

He replied: "I was chief of the Western Division of the Soviet Intelligence, and I know that there isn't a country, there isn't an industry of importance, and there isn't a town of industrial importance where OGPU members are not gathering information, and transmitting it to the Soviet Union. They have their agents in the Soviet Embassies, and not even the Soviet Ambassadors know the identity of the OGPU operatives."

General Krivitsky was prevailed upon to testify on the assurance that we would protect him and conceal his identity. I tried to get a commitment from our Government that it would help to protect him, but apparently no one in our Government wanted him to testify. Shortly after his startling revelations, which told so accurately the plans of the Krenlin, he was found in his hotel room in Washington, D. C., shot to death. The death was pronounced suicide, but there are too many similar instances to accept that verdict without reservations.

Another former agent of the Soviet Union who had given us valuable information was found shortly afterward dead from a reported heart attack. Examination disclosed that he had been shot through the eye with a fine steel bullet. Still another informant was the victim of a hit and run driver.

In another case, Communist Party leaders created a justifiable suspicion that they knew more about what happened to one Juliet Stuart Poyntz than they were willing to tell. From our established knowledge of what the Soviets do to spies when they are through with them we may safely assume that the lips of this American woman had been sealed forever. Witnesses have testified that she knew too much and was on the point of breaking with her Soviet masters.

This is no complete roster of anti-Communists who have met untimely ends under suspicious circumstances, even in the United States. More recently, on Thanksgiving morning 1959, the lifeless body of Povl Bang-Jensen, Danish representative to the UN, who had refused to betray the Hungarian Freedom Fighters, was discovered on a well-traveled path in a New York City park. The circumstances were such as to lead many knowledgeable people to believe that this was a case of murder by the Communists.¹

In September 1938, when I tentatively suggested

the formation of a patriotic organization to combat Nazism, Fascism, and Communism I received a letter from Herbert Bayard Swope saying that he was interested. I was beginning to have doubts about the advisability of the plan, and so advised him. Following my address in October at the Herald-Tribune Forum in New York City, Swope's representative insisted that I call at his office. Swope told how he had been responsible for Roosevelt's early success, and was very flattering to me personally. He implied that he, or someone acting for him, was in a position to change the President's opposition to me to an attitude of friendliness. He offered to make a contribution to set up a powerful anti-Nazi organization which I would head. I told Mr. Swope I had never accepted a contribution from anyone, did not intend to, and was going to keep the investigation on a high plane. That night, I learned that the President had issued his bitterest personal attack on me.

On my return to Washington, I wrote Swope, summarizing our conversation and my refusal. My letter was fortunate, because shortly afterward the news correspondent Marquis Childs, one of the ardent chroniclers and trumpeters of the New Deal, came to me and said that he had "heard that I had gone to see Herbert Bayard Swope for money, and that there was going to be a big exposé of it. I told him to go ahead, and expose but to remember that when he did I would release the real story, including my fortuitous letter to Swope. Childs never wrote the story, nor did Harlan Miller, who spoke to me about it later.

What was perhaps the most incredible and ambitious attempt to destroy the Dies Committee was made early in 1940, following our second Committee report. As I look back, it takes on a certain antique Venetian flavor; it was the kind of device some old courtier of the Middle Ages might well have used to rid his master of a troublesome enemy.

It began on January 22, 1940, when Frank E. Hook (D-Mich.) rose in the House of Representatives, and declared in tragic tones that it was his duty, "as a red-blooded American," to present certain facts.

Hook proceeded to unfurl his "facts." Congressman Martin Dies had attended a banquet at which Fritz Kuhn, the Nazi Bund leader, was present. Dies had corresponded, or lunched with, or consorted in several diverse ways, with men who had known men who had once spoken to men who were mixed up with Nazi and Fascist elements in Congressman Hook's beloved America. Then came Hook's piece de resistance, the final thrust intended to end this Dies person and his devilish investigation.

All that was uttered up to now was a mere prologue to this finale, this fatal morsel which Hook proceeded to fling down before the horrified House of Representatives. "The House," said Mr. Hook, "knew well that William Dudley Pelley was a Fascist. The Dies Committee had, after investigating him for ninety days, brought forth nothing—absolutely nothing—that would incriminate him." "Why?" demanded Hook. "Why was this man Dies shielding Pelley?" The answer to this question, Hook said, he held in his hand. He held in his patriot's hands photostatic copies of certain letters, which he told the House, had been written by William Dudley Pelley.

Could one doubt it? They were on Pelley's own letterheads. They were written to David B. Mayne, Pelley's "resident" in Washington, and a member of the Silver Shirt Legion, and they were signed "Pelley." They referred to various friendly relationships that existed between Pelley and Dies.

Pelley was not worrying about a Dies investigation, these letters revealed,—not unless Dies changed his mind. "As I travel through the country," ran one of the damning epistles Hook waved at the House,

"frequently discussing 1940 political issues, I am more than ever convinced that the greatest issue to be decided will be the continuance of the Dies Committee. The issue rests between Dies' supporters and the White House. If F.D.R. wins, Dies is done; and if Dies wins, there will be no third term for Roosevelt, neither will there be a dictatorship. Furthermore, whoever wins Mr. Dies' endorsement for the Presidency will be elected." Thus spake Pelley's letters. There it was—the case against Dies—in all its hideous lineaments. Dies, a political hero of Pelley, the Fascist villain!

This was expected to solve the Dies problem.

However, the real story was different. It was Gardner Jackson, formerly and subsequently on the Government payroll, who had conceived the brilliant idea of disposing of Dies by linking him with Pelley. Jackson had been connected with some of the organizations investigated by the Committee. Jackson employed a youth named Harold Weiskopf, who had been with the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee, to get evidence that Dies was trafficking with Pelley. Weiskopf got in touch with Mayne, and promised him a Government job if he could link Dies with Pelley. Weiskopf spent three weeks raking through files furnished by Mayne, and found nothing. Mayne, pressed for results, and tempted by the prospect of a Government job, finally produced a letter, which he sold to Jackson for \$105.

Jackson invited a group of ten Congressmen, including Hook, and two New Deal members of our Committee to his home for dinner, for a strategy meeting on how to destroy the Dies Committee. The company being properly softened with drinks and a good dinner, Jackson passed around photographs of the letters supplied by Mayne, and asked his guests to join in an attack on the Committee and myself, in an effort to defeat the resolution to extend the Committee's life.

John M. Coffee, (D.-Wash.), an ardent New Dealer, observed the letters did not look genuine to him, and he wanted no part of it. Hook, however, declared himself perfectly satisfied, and prepared to make the attack. On the day before the Rules Committee was to decide about continuation of the Committee, Hook took the floor, and delivered the speech.

Naturally, the story was widely published in the newspapers. I was in Texas, but Secretary Strippling went to Jerry Voorhis, a member of the Committee, and asked to examine the letters. When Voorhis called Hook, to ask him to grant the request, Hook refused! Strippling located Mayne at his home, and asked him to come to the Committee office. Under questioning, Mayne readily admitted that the letters were forged, and had been purchased by Jackson. Strippling demanded to know the whereabouts of Pelley, and when Mayne seemed frightened at this, hinted that a Committee subpoena might save Pelley from the North Carolina authorities who were looking for him to serve a suspended sentence involving blue sky laws. Next morning Pelley walked into the Committee office. The Committee was called, and Pelley denied that he had ever met or written to Dies. Pelley later repeated his denials before the Rules Committee.

The typewriter on which the forged letters were written was located, and while Hook was on the floor commencing his second tirade against the Committee, Rep. Frank Keefe walked in with the evidence, denounced the attack, and demanded that Hook's remarks be expunged from the record. Hook was discredited, and took a severe beating at the hands of the Rules Committee.

But this was not quite all. Through the Attorney General, two FBI men were immediately assigned, ostensibly to investigate the authenticity of the letters, but actually to investigate Strippling and myself, while

Hook repeated his charges. The Administration got into the act. A stooge working for the Federal Communications Commission volunteered to the press the information that "Representative Dies has received as many favorable references in Axis propaganda in this country as any living American public figure." When I immediately announced that F.C.C. employees assigned to monitoring Axis propaganda would be subpoenaed the Commission quickly repudiated its falsehood.

One of my lesser crimes, trumpeted by Hook in his original tirade, was my delivery of a speech to the Economic Council of New York. It was a dinner meeting for which anyone could buy a ticket. As I sat down, I spotted Fritz Kuhn, fuhrer of the German-American Bund, and four or five of his lieutenants, seated at a table. I knew that the Liberals might seize upon the mere presence of these Nazis to charge that I was addressing a Nazi group. Therefore, when I arose to speak I addressed my initial remarks directly to Herr Kuhn and his cohorts. I denounced the German-American Bund as a tool of Hitler, called for its prosecution, and made a plea for the religious and racial tolerance which is the basis of true Americanism.

Notwithstanding my studied efforts the Liberal press throughout the country carried pictures of the Bund leaders, headlining the fact that I was the principal speaker at this dinner meeting which they had attended! Liberal radio commentators and columnists, and New Deal office holders, continued for years to rake up and repeat the lies of the forged Pelley letters, and my speech to the Economic Council dinner.

New Dealers, in and out of the Government, blamed the Dies Committee for Frank Murphy's defeat in his bid for reelection as Governor of Michigan. The President consoled Murphy by making him U. S. Attorney General, and later appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

The late Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean was at that time an outstanding hostess in Washington, and a warm and devoted friend of Mrs. Dies and myself. Mrs. McLean was a remarkable woman, with a brilliant mind and deep loyalties. She believed deeply in the work of the Committee, and her varied contacts often enabled her to furnish us invaluable information. When she telephoned me to say that Justice Murphy had asked her to arrange a private conference with me in her home, I was reluctant, but accepted.

When Mrs. Dies and I arrived to meet Justice Murphy, I could see that he was visibly agitated and troubled. He shook hands and said, "Mr. Dies, I know you have no reason to like or respect me. I am ashamed of my role in the sit-down strikes, but I was under terrific pressure from the President and many of my political friends, and I let them pressure me against my better instincts. But be that as it may, it is all now past and beyond recall. My purpose in asking you to meet me here is to tell you that I am deeply concerned about the future of our country. I know that the Communists have infiltrated our Government, and that they are sending valuable information to Moscow, and are influencing our foreign policy. You, Mr. Dies are the only man in American who can say this, and regardless of the beating you are taking, I urge you to continue your work."

There was much more along the same line, but this was the substance of his confession. I assured Justice Murphy that I would persevere as long as my health permitted and as long as I could be reelected. Murphy's story was not news to me, but his frank and sincere confession confirmed my convictions. His heavy obligations to the President, and his Supreme Court position, precluded a public admission of his deep regret for his mistake. His confession changed my feeling toward him. I felt pity and sympathy for a good man

who was not strong enough to stand up in the face of the power and prestige of the Presidency.

One more revealing case history deserves mention here because of its underlying significance. The story, has been told by the Dies Committee Secretary Strippling (with all the deep-seated sense of humor and philosophical resignation necessary for all anti-Communists) in his book, published in 1949, and now unfortunately long out of print. His chapter heading is "One Way to Join the Army."

It happened that two of the final items on the Dies Committee agenda had to do with the issuance of a visa for Mrs. Earl Browder, and with the CIO's Political Action Committee (PAC).

In October 1944, Secretary of State Cordell Hull had informed his staff that a visa must be issued to Mrs. Browder "for the good of the country," since the President was planning to meet again with Stalin.

Because of the number of its founders and supporters listed in our files the Dies Committee had been interested in the formation of the PAC by the late Sidney Hillman. We subpoenaed from the New York Telephone Company its record of incoming and outgoing long distance calls at PAC headquarters. These showed an astonishing number of calls to the White House, made by Hillman and others. Calls from the White House to PAC were largely made by David Niles, various Presidential secretaries, and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Strippling at the time was in his thirties, married, a pre-Pearl Harbor father, and had been placed on the deferred list by the Legislative Deferment Committee, headed by Senator Burnet R. Maybank. (D-S.C.) Nevertheless, after the PAC story was out, Strippling was called up by his draft board, and was advised that there was a lot of pressure to put him in the Army on "direct orders from the State Director of Selective Service." Shortly thereafter, Strippling was

asked to call incognito at the Selective Service Headquarters, where two elderly Colonels suggested that he get a job with Glenn Martin Company, which they believed would make him eligible for deferment. He declined the suggestion.

As he was winding up his duties as Secretary of the Committee, to enter military service, Strippling was advised that Senator Maybank had arranged for a thirty-day deferment. Within five days he was ordered to report. Pressures on the draft board, including the needling by columnist Drew Pearson and others, proved more powerful than the normal and orderly procedures of a Congressional Committee. One week after induction soldier Strippling was visited by an Army Captain from Washington, D.C., who offered him a commission, and a permanent assignment, and stated that he would send for him in a couple of days. Although he could not reveal this at the time, what the Captain had in mind was security work on the A-bomb project.

Nothing came of this, nor of at least two more requests for assignment in intelligence work. Packing to go overseas with his outfit, Strippling was told that the Secretary of War had ordered him kept in the States.

Visiting Washington in October 1945, Chairman John S. Wood, (D-Ga.) of HCUA told Strippling that they needed him, and that he was going to get him out of service immediately. Upon his return to camp, Strippling was told that orders had been received to send him to Tokyo. He used the customary overseas orders furlough to visit his family. When he returned to camp to pack for his Tokyo assignment, he was told that order from the Secretary of State had taken him off orders. His book thus relates the wind-up of his fantastic Army career:

"For the next few months, I functioned as a casual around the camp, working now and then at latrine duty and at other times as sweeper at the Officers' Club.

Toward the end of the period I became messenger boy, but in January, 1946, I got my first definite assignment." "This was as a member of the faculty of the Counter-Intelligence course, with his subject "Subversive Activities in the United States." His story concludes:

"It was in this role that I completed my Army career. I got a kick out of it, of course, and was a little proud to rise dizzily to the estate of Master Sergeant after having been a yardbird for so long. The extra money, I might add, came in very handy. We had had a difficult time in that department."

While Strippling, with seven years experience investigating Communism, picked up scrap paper and cigarette butts from the Army parade grounds, Alger Hiss sat at the elbow of the Chief Executive and Commander-in-Chief at Yalta.