

Anybody for Cops and Robbers?

By Drew Pearson

"Everybody's Doing It" used to be the name of a ragtime tune referring to a popular dance, the turkey trot. Today it refers to the "gumshoe trot."

Everybody is dancing this dance today. General Motors is gumshoeing its chief critic, Ralph Nader. The State Department is gumshoeing the grandson of a former Secretary of State, Frances B. Knight, chief of the passport division, who signed this order, says her boss in the State Department is gumshoeing on her.

Rep. Irving Whalley, the Pennsylvania Republican, wants the FBI to gumshoe on me for telling how he sent Republicans teakwood elephants that he said were purchased in India, when he really got them from a Republican committee bargain sale in Washington.

The Justice Department is gumshoeing Jack Anderson and me for allegedly stealing documents from Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (D-Conn.).

Sen. Dodd, in turn, has retained a private detective, with the reported cooperation of U.S. Court of Appeals Judge

Irving Kaufman of New York, to gumshoe on us.

Bath in North Carolina

And the other day I got a phone call from two friends in Reidsville, N.C., that an agent friendly to Sen. Dodd had called to gumshoe on a bathing incident in 1915 when I was arrested at 3 a.m. for taking a sponge bath near the Southern Railway yards after working all night striking a chautauqua tent.

It is an incident I have written about several times and has become quite a joke in North Carolina. I was even invited back to Reidsville by the Chamber of Commerce to celebrate the occasion.

Nevertheless, C. L. Oliver, publisher of the Reidsville Review, was cross-examined by a friend of Sen. Dodd's as to where he could get a copy of a 1915 newspaper describing the incident. Unfortunately, they had been destroyed in a fire a long time ago. Mr. Oliver assured the Dodd agent, however, that the newspaper, if available, would have clearly showed I was acquitted, and that there was nothing sinister about the arrest and trial.

T. W. Glidewell, son of the attorney who volunteered to defend me in court on that misty morning 51 years ago, was also queried by a Dodd

agent and gave the same assurances.

Shadowing Private Eye

Meanwhile, since everybody else was doing it, Jack Anderson decided to do some gumshoeing ourselves on the private eye sent from New York to shadow us.

He is James A. Lynch of 3005 Johnson pl., Wantagh, Long Island, a big man in his late 40s with reddish hair and ample girth whom Jack found to have registered at the Fairfax Hotel and next day reported to Sen. Dodd.

Detective Lynch used Dodd's office as a base of operation and began interviewing witnesses. Some of them complained that he had passed himself off as a Federal agent, others that he had threatened them, that he said he was working for Judge Irving Kaufman of the U.S. Court of Appeals, and had warned one witness that Sen. Dodd would get him fired if he did not cooperate.

Grilling Private Eye

After some preliminary investigation of Dodd's investigator, Anderson telephoned the investigator direct. He first told Lynch that he had been accused of impersonating an FBI agent. This Lynch denied, saying he had always identified himself as a private detective before talking to anyone.

Lynch also denied that he had threatened anyone or told one witness Dodd would have him fired.

"How is it," asked Anderson, "that three witnesses tell a different story?"

Lynch offered no explanation.

"Isn't it true that you used Judge Kaufman's name in approaching these witnesses?" Anderson asked.

"No," replied Lynch. "Well, these witnesses had never heard of Judge Kaufman until you brought up his name. How do you think they got the name? Do you think they made it up out of the blue?"

"I may have mentioned Judge Kaufman's name," Lynch admitted.

Judge Kaufman is a close friend of Dodd's. Incidentally, he once asked me to help him get appointed to the U.S. District Court in New York.

"What are you doing here?" Anderson asked Lynch. "Are you trying to intimidate the witnesses against Dodd?"

"I don't intend to tell you," replied Lynch.

Thus goes the gumshoe dance of "Everybody's Doing It" in Washington. The most interesting phase of the dance is the Justice Department's investigation of Anderson and me, which will be described in an early column.

© 1966, Bell-McClure Syndicate, Inc.



Pearson