

An FBI Mission Imposterous

Party-crashing," charged Rep. William Anderson (Dem., Tenn.), former commander of America's first atomic submarine, *Nautilus*. Anderson had convened a small private meeting of congressmen and aides in a Washington hotel room—rented at his own expense—to discuss his recent criticism of J. Edgar Hoover and FBI surveillance methods. Someone took a long look at a fellow in the audience diligently tak-

ing notes. Aren't you from the FBI, he was asked. "Certainly not," he cried, and bolted from the room with Anderson's aide in pursuit. The mystery man hopped into an unmarked car, but not before its license number was noted—and later, indeed, traced to the FBI. Last week an indignant Anderson fired off a letter to the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee asking that a permanent subcommittee be set up to watch over federal law enforcement activities which are now "responsive to no higher authority." What galled Anderson was the phantom agent's gumshoe techniques. "If he'd asked to be invited," he said, "I'd have welcomed the man, in the tradition of southern hospitality."

Congressman Anderson



Life 4/14/71