

Dear Charles,

12/10/90

Being reminded reminds me of more and I ramble and ramble and ramble, more when something interrupts me and I can't then read and correct what I've written of don't then finish it.

I don't know whether the enclosed will be of any interest or value but I send it on the chance it might be, nobody ever having the time for the oral histories you may remember Ms. Church wanted.

I do suggest in mentioning Congressman Vito Marcantonio, who was quite an exceptional person and legislator who is never recalled today and about whom very little is known, that he would be the good subject for one.

I do not assume that you will have the time to read this or want to, so I report that he was the most liberal member of his day, lived with me for a while, was virtually addicted to American History, and read every word he could get on Lincoln, including as I recall Sandberg, and on Eliza Lovejoy. I do recall more than I wrote about what he told me on leaving FDR. I drove him there and waited for him and he discussed with me then what they had discussed.

He was, I think, the first if not the only person to win the primaries of three major parties, there then being three in his district.

So, New York passed a law against that and then gerrymandered him out of office.

And my today's mail reminds me of something that at some point may of interest at Hood, the Palme assassination. I've been helping three reporters in Sweden. They think that understanding what officialdom here did and did not do and how might help them in their inquiry. Recently I got a long letter from one about what he had come to believe.

Best Wishes,

Harold Weisberg
Harold Weisberg

Mr. Charles Kuhn, Librarian
Hood College
Frederick, Md. 21701

11/15/90

Dear Charles,

I presume you have some kind of file for which this is appropriate. It relates to some disorder in the files you will get but not, to the best of my knowledge to any of the files of originals of the government documents I got under FOIA.

I had a surprise visit day before yesterday from a couple of the men I've known as soldier-of-fortune types, initially as participants in violent anti-Castro activities, Gerald Patrick Hemming and Roy Hargraves. Yesterday I recorded a few notes on what they'd said about themselves and others who had participated in such activities one of whom is Brian Eugene Hall, known, among other things, as Lorenzo Pascillio, what they called "war names." I had had fairly extensive contacts with Hall and once taped three days of an interview with him when he was a patient in a veterans' hospital. He got to like and trust me and he even asked me to sit with and counsel with him when he testified before the House committee on assassination, which I declined to do. But when I went there he created a scene by leaving the witness chair, before the committee entered the hearing room, and going back to where I sat to greet me warmly. I had a fairly extensive file on Hall. Although I now have no clear recollection ~~of~~ what was in it, it did include some notes and photographs. I do ^{not} now recall if the tapes were in that file or are in the boxes of tapes I have in the basement.

I made a copy of what I wrote to place in the Hall file and I found none in my office files. I was, of course, surprised. So I checked the overflow and dead files in the basement and there is no Hall file there, at least not where it should be.

After my first thrombosis surgery the complications limited the amount of standing still that is safe and is not uncomfortable for me. From time to time I hired Hood students to work part-time on the files and such things. With a single exception there were good workers and most were better than average. There was one, however, who was a disaster. As she shifted files to make room in my limited office space she placed them anywhere at all, without regard for keeping them in proper order. I discovered this only after she left. So, it is possible that in shifting to make space she merely stuck this file the first place that seemed convenient for her. From time to time I encounter these things and correct them. I found a "T" file among the "s" files just yesterday and filed it correctly.

There is also a certain amount of disorder for which this young woman is not responsible. This comes from the fact that to begin with I was broke and could not buy file cabinets when I needed them and from the fact that it was not possible for me to sit down and figure out a filing system. Some of this disorder is in the files relating to those Cubans who figure in the JFK assassination investigations. We had no knowledge of their activities to begin with and for the most part the information I did get over a period of time could be filed in more than one place. Some is in a CIA file, some is under names and some under Cuban activities.

It may interest you to know that Roy Hargraves, who neither looks like nor talks like a thug, quoted Robert Frost accurately while we were together and then I discovered in placing a copy in his file that more than two decades ago he had entered a guilty plea to bombing SWS offices in southern California - and that instead of facing a serious felony charge he was charged only with a misdemeanor. I knew he'd been suspected of killing a fellow soldier-of-fortune. I recalled not believing that he had been this ~~murdered~~ and I still do not believe it but I'd forgotten his domestic violence and this bombing. This is a man who discussed novels and accurately quoted the "Promises to Keep" Frost poem!

(Hall is said to have visited a Cuban refugee in Dallas, Sylvia Odio before the assassination and to have been accompanied by a man named Oswald, who'd said that JFK should be killed and he'd show them how.)

Best wishes,

Harold
Harold Weisberg

Additional comment on Caro's "The Years of Lyndon Johnson" 11/15/90
and how it was in LBJ's youth and mine (First volume)

One of the justified criticisms of the second volume of this trilogy is that Caro portrayed Coke Stevenson, from whom LBJ stole his election as senator, as a much better man than he was. To my knowledge he has done this also with Sam Rayburn in Part III, Chapter 18, pp. 306 ff. This is not to say that Caro was in any way inaccurate. Rayburn was, without question, an indispensable part of enacting the FDR legislation, particularly those law relating to controls on the greedy wealthy.

However, there was another side to Rayburn's career as majority leader. For example, his undeviating support of the Dies UnAmerican committee. Even though his politics and those of Dies and his fellow committee members, selected by Rayburn or requiring his approval, from the Democratic majority, were quite different. Martin Dies, of Texas, was an extremist of the right and utterly irresponsible and dishonest. Joe Starnes of Alabama, the ~~vice~~ vice chairman, was a pleasant and friendly man, which Dies wasn't (I knew them both but had only been introduced to Rayburn, with whom I had no personal contact) but he was also of the far right and like Dies a racist.

Rayburn also never did a thing to restrain the committee's excesses and he supported each and every extension of its life. And only those who lived through this committee's career or studied it can have any notion of how UnAmerican it was, how it set out to violate all American belief and tradition and not infrequently law, how it was determined to hurt people and causes, including unions, how utterly irresponsible and pro-fascist it and its members were.

I have personal knowledge of one of the personal favors Rayburn extended to Dies.

One day when I was at the Capitol, and I presume that the committee knew I'd be there as the result of some kind of surveillance because it was well prepared for what happened, some of its people grabbed me and led me to an office just off the House floor, on the ~~same~~ ^{same} side of it, and held a hearing. It was prepared for this with a court reporter and with staff and members sitting and waiting for me to be brought in. They were also prepared to sit me close to the radiator, where I'd be uncomfortably warm while they questioned me. The room was Rayburn's hide-away, as they were then called on the Hill. It also contained a supply of his liquor. On at least one occasion, of which I have a clear recollection, and possibly more, because other things occupied my mind then, a man entered, went to a cabinet, and left with liquor, a bottle or more. I remember that he wore riding pants and boots.

Rayburn did not have to support those awful people and if he had been the kind of man Caro portrays he would not have been. He did not have to designate Dies as chairman and he could not have been ignorant of the fact that in campaigning for the post Dies was openly anti-Semitic. He made such references to the previous vice-chairman, Sam Dickstein of New York. (What it happens I knew then.) Dies went around assuring the right-wing Democrats that there would not be any Jews on his committee if he chaired it. And he was already well known as anti labor. (Before Dies it was known as the McCormack-Dickstein committee. John McCormack was the chairman, later majority leader, from Mass.)

When Rayburn was majority leader all the extensions of the committee's life were enacted with an overwhelming Democratic majority and with Rayburn's support. And before the first extension it was more than apparent that the committee was in lusty opposition to all that FDR wanted to do and to him and even to his wife.

In Chapter 19, on the National Youth Administration, which I've just begun reading, Caro says that the average depression wage for teen agers was 10 cents an hour. Not where I lived and worked and when, as from time to time I did, I had NYA employment, the wage was 30 cents an hour. I worked in the library for that, 90 cents a night, after which I had to hitchhike home, 12 or more miles, beginning about 10:15 p.m., and in the School of Agriculture, where I did public relations work. It was bad and hard, but not as bad as 10¢ an hour where I lived. But I did have to use paper and cardboard when my shoe soles wore through. Half-soles cost \$1.00, more than a night's work grossed.

In reading and correcting this (11/19) I realized that those who read it and have not seen my earlier memos of recollections will not know that I was subpoenaed by the Dies committee but because it had resorted to an illegal subpoena, to compel my "forthwith" appearance, I had declined to appear until I had counsel. A full account is in other memos and in records relating to my getting a Dies agent, David Wayne, indicted when he entrapped me for the committee. There was a grand-jury proceeding. It refused to indict me or my associate and did indict Wayne. The session in Rayburn's hide-away was obviously well prepared because of the large number of Dies' people there. Caro refers to the furniture in this hide-away. It is my recollection that it was over-furnished with sofas and armchairs and that there were so many Dies people there some sat on the arms of the furniture and some stood.

John Hance Garner ran with FDR and became vice president. As vice president he continued his "Board of Education" in his Senate Office Building office. What liquor he seems to have served and the only liquor I know he served was West Virginia bootleg whiskey, known, among other things, as "white nule". To my knowledge (I then worked for the Senate) he sent his uniformed chauffeur to get this whiskey. He and his guests were careless in handling the jugs because they left rings on the shelves of the open bookcase on which Garner kept them. I know this because when I was a Senate editor and needed a set of bookshelves I was offered that one and accepted it. Garner was and liked "good ol' boys" and he was quite democratic in this. Once when I had so much work to do I borrowed a proofreader from the Government Printing Office, it loaned me an amiable older man named Jerr Burnett, from Independence, Mo.. After a while he started coming back from lunch late and increasingly drunk. He was tippling with Garner in Garner's office. I think I've gone into this in more detail in other memos. I had to return Jeff to the GPO.

In reading farther in the book I came to wonder why, because from the beginning of LBJ's career, Welly Hopkins was so close to him, he was not offered a better government job that as an assistant to the assistant attorney general in charge of the Department of Justice Criminal Division. In other memos I report ~~that~~ that when John W. Lewis asked for my recommendation of the department lawyers with whom I'd worked in the "bloody Harlan" prosecution in 1938 I recommended Hopkins. I knew he was conservative but I did not know that he was as extremely conservative as Caro says. Nor did I see anything that would have led me to believe that he would have participated in some of LBJ's hijinks when he was a young man.

If then or later Johnson had wanted to he could have given Welly a more important and ~~prestigious~~ prestigious job in the government or gotten him one in private life. So I wonder why he didn't and why Hopkins remained United Mine Workers general counsel.

He helped them. On the day, May 13, on which he had arrived in Washington as a newly elected Congressman, the first office he had visited had been that of the newly elected Majority Leader, and in that office he stooped down and kissed a bald head, and the grim face beneath it had broken into a smile. Sam Rayburn was very glad to see Lyndon Johnson back in Washington. When Johnson asked him to stand beside him at his swearing-in in the well of the House, as his sponsor, he was very touched. The furniture in the Johnsons' apartment was a little worn from use by previous occupants, but, starting on the very next Sunday, their apartment was frequently adorned with the short, broad figure that was, in the catalog of Washington power, a more prized ornament than ever. And Rayburn returned the hospitality in a very significant manner. One of his first acts after his election as Leader had been to reinstitute Jack Garner's "Board of Education," and each day after the House had adjourned, a handful of Congressmen met in a room on the ground floor of the Capitol to "strike a blow for liberty" with a late-afternoon drink. The men invited to this hideaway—which was furnished only with dark leather easy chairs, a long, dark leather sofa, a fireplace, a desk at which Rayburn presided, and a picture of Robert E. Lee—were almost all leaders of the House; the single exception was Wright Patman, who possessed a qualification that was, in Rayburn's eyes, more important than seniority: he had been one of the little band of Populists in the Texas Legislature who never sold out. One day, Rayburn invited Johnson down for a drink after the session. Thereafter, leaving the floor at the end of the day, the Leader would frequently growl to Johnson: "Com-

Add to visit by Hemming and Hargraves

11/15/90

While it was not generally known contemporaneously and I've never seen referred to in the major media except for infrequent isolated instances, the influx of Cubans after Castro took power was accompanied by the extensive participation of some of them in criminal activities. For a while beginning then Cubans seemed to be a major part of distributing drugs, on the east coast in particular. I presume that those engaging in such criminal activities are a minority. Some of these men, who were trained for the Bay of Pigs invasion and were also equipped by the CIA, were trained to use explosives, and they did, in the United States. There will be instances scattered in my files. I did not dream that this would become as widespread as it did become. The victims were those regarded as of the left and it included lawyers and publishers. Of those cases that got attention, the best known is the assassination of the former Chilean foreign minister in the heart of Washington, Letelier. While the honcho was a renegade American, the Cubans provided what he needed and helped him with the execution. Such Cubans also practised this kind of violence within the exile community and the statistics I've seen relating to what they've done in Florida and in the Miami area in particular are, as I recall, staggering. Best known of these is probably Orlando Boasch, an extremist of the right and a doctor.

After I made copies of the comments I recorded after Hemming and Hargraves left and put some in envelopes for mailing, I noticed first that what had been an extensive file on Loran Hall is entirely missing. It had contained notes on my interviews of him and of his telephone calls to me and of clippings plus quite a few photographs some of which he'd borrowed and then refused to return. I checked the overflow and dead files removed from my office to the basement and it is not there either. Then when I located the Hargraves file where it should have been there was but a single item in it - a clipping reporting that he had pled guilty to a charge of bombing a southern California office of Students from a Democratic Society in 1963. The clipping also reports that although his confessed crime was serious, a felony, he was permitted to enter a plea to only a misdemeanor and got a slight sentence. He does not look like a man who would do ~~such~~ such a thing, do what could kill young people and endanger others. As I noted, he quoted Robert Frost, accurately. As I did not note, he was impressed by the sunset as we drove to Western Union and commented on it. But aside from the violence intended against Cubans inside Cuba, he practised it in his own land and against his own people.

With regard to the missing Hall file, there can be another explanation. (I hope it did not also hold the tapes of my interviews which might be of interest to others in the future!) After my first thrombosis I had a few Hood students work part-time on such things as filing. As my office files grew the drawers got crowded. I had done the initial transfers to basement files. These required some shifting of files in my office. One of these students was the daughter of a preacher. After she left I found that there was extensive disorganization and misfiling. I found still another one ten or more years later when I was doing the filing I refer to above and corrected it. (I also note that with regard to this student, who is the only such illustration among the students who worked for me part-time, she could not be innocent in this. She just didn't give a damn, and when she transferred files she just stuck them anywhere at all. I'm sure she didn't worry about this because the only reason I had such help was my inability to stand still and the limit on my safe use of the cellar stairs. Yet when she completed law school and required recommendations she had the gall to cite me, without having consulted me, as one who could give her a character reference. It was rather neutral when I provided it.) So, it is possible that in shifting files around to make space in my office she may have misfiled the Hall file, either in my office or in the basement overflow. Since discovering the mess she made I've done what file shifting was required. I have no reason to believe that anyone who had access to my files stole the Hall file and it was intact as of the day of his testimony before the House assassinations committee, when I loaned him the photos from it.

When Hemming was rambling about his past he mentioned the time he'd served in jail. Hargraves made no comment on his own jail time or the reason(s) for it.

After writing this letter and a note for Jerry and a few friends on other faculties about Robert Caro's *The Years of Lyndon Johnson* I left for my several hours of early-morning walking therapy and, for the first time in ten years, forgot the book I carry to read when I rest. My mind returned to the Dies/Rayburn matter and I thought first that you and perhaps others might wonder why I have no transcript of my Dies committee testimony and I thought I should explain that. With this on my mind I was reminded that Martha Church wanted oral histories, for which nobody ever has the time. Then I thought that with the time today I'd expand the explanation. Without taking the time to outline it because there is just too much to outline.

To the best of my knowledge the Dies committee did not publish my testimony. My belief has been that it didn't dare, but I may be wrong. Instead it undertook to misuse what it had done for its own and not to me alone sinister purposes. Senate

In my day on the Hill (1936-39 as editor and investigator for the Education and Labor subcommittee on civil liberties and until I entered the army as a correspondent for magazines) and I'm pretty confident since then the committees have their own rules and practises. They are not required to publish their non-public hearings and they are not required to provide transcripts of their testimony to witnesses.

After several investigations in the field I was first assigned to write the brief for the Senators' use in questioning the witnesses at its first hearing, 6/36 as I now recall. (I have ~~you~~ and you'll get this and all the other hearings and reports I edited.) Then I was made the committee's editor. I was told, in general, what to do and how to do it by the editor of the Senator Bert Wheeler railroad investigating committee. Earlier she had been the editor for the Senator Gerald Nye munitions investigating committee, the most sensational one of its day. The man who was the executive head of my committee, Robert Wohlforth, had been on the Nye committee and knew well and respected the work of its editor, Mydia Lee. It is through this assignment that I met my wife, who was Ms. Lee's assistant. Ms. Lee, in general told me what to do and how to do it and I followed the practises of the Nye committee. This meant making copies of their testimony available to all witnesses who wanted it, particularly those who were the subject of investigation. Most but not all of them were from wealthy corporations and trade associations. I told them all that if they were not in a hurry I'd send them galley proofs after the transcript was set in type but I could not tell them when the Government Printing Office would be able to do that. I also introduced them to the court reporter, Ward & Paul, who could provide ditto copies of the typescript overnight. (The court reporter who took most of this testimony was Art Previn, the uncle of the symphony conductor Andre Previn. Ward & Paul's office manager was Wayne, Birdsell, who figures in this account later.) The Dies committee did not give me any transcript of my testimony so I cannot provide it. You do, however, have one of the transcripts of the grand jury that was convoked with the specific intent of indicting me and my associate, Gardner "Pat" Jackson. As you may not know, I was able, as if I do not forget, this account will show, to turn it all around and get the committee's agent, who entrapped me, charged with two felonies by the grand jury, which

refused to indict Jackson and me. Dies then copped a plea for him. He was found guilty on two charges and was sentenced to two years, with the sentence suspended. He was David Dubois Mayne and he was also the Washington representative of the native fascist organization of William Dudley Kelley, The Silverhirts.

Jackson was the legislative representative of Labor's "Non-Partisan League. It was the legislative arm of the United Mine Workers Union, then headed by John L. Lewis. Earlier Jackson had been the information officer of the Sacco-Vanzetti committee. Jackson and Heber Blankenhorn were responsible for the creation of my committee. Blankenhorn was a Mormon, then working for the National Labor Relations Board. Earlier he had headed the "Interchurch World(?) investigation that included the treatment of working people. I understand that Blankenhorn deposited records in some college or university. I have no knowledge if Jackson did. I was friendly with both men, both much older than I, particularly with Jackson.

Our committee was a pro-labor committee. The title I carried on the hearings is as I recall Violation of the Rights of Labor and of Free Speech. We investigated the worst abuses of labor in those days, and some was pretty terrible. (The Dies committee was openly and virulently anti-labor.) and I was such a perfectionist I soon had the reputation of being the best editor on the Hill. (At the beginning I was only 23 years old and was able to and did work around the clock.) But I soon became a bottleneck in the committee's desire to publish rapidly. This was magnified in 1938 when the Department of Justice borrowed me to assist in its sensational prosecution relating to "Bloody Harlan," the wholesale murders of miners trying to organize by the county's coal-operators association and its deputized gun thugs. That then isolated county, in which Elizabethan English was still commonplace, had a population of about 50,000 and the murders we investigated totalled 300-400 a year, more than in the entire State of New York. I was to assist the Justice Department in its preparation of duces tecum subpoenas and in other way. (This subpoena, in addition to requiring attendance, requires the production of records. I had the best knowledge on the committee staff of the records that could be subpoenaed and of those the committee had.) I spent four months in Harlan and Mondon Counties, Kentucky, on this and although I continued to edit proofs I did get behind.

(Jerry has a copy of and there is a copy in my Washington Post file of an interesting anecdote relating to the unsuccessful attempt to convict Theodore Dreiser on a Mann Act charge when a year or so earlier he had gone there to write about these murders and other efforts to prevent union organization.)

Senator Robert M. LaFollete, Jr., was the committee's chairman. The only other member was Elbert Thomas, of Utah. LaFollette, from my experiences with him, was hardly the son you'd expect of such a father, nor was another son, Phil, who was close to an open fascist. However, there was a sister, Suzanne, and she was an open Trotskyite.

Senator LaFollette, having milked all the good he could get from this committee without ever doing any work, wanted to wind it up, close the investigations down. He also had hope of getting some support in re-election from the interests he had been exposing. So, he wanted no more hearings and he wanted the record published as rapidly as possible.

Jackson was very active in trying to improve the deplorable lot of agricultural workers. With the advent of corporate farming their terrible plight worsened. The worst offenders of that era were The Associated Farmers of California. Knowing it was against LaFollette's desires, I assisted Jackson in his lobbying for an extension of the committee's life for this California investigation.

Meanwhile, some forces then and now unknown to me, perhaps LaFollette himself, added to the committee staff a number of men who were not really sympathetic with the committee's function and were using it to advance their own careers. They were led by a man who later headed the St. Lawrence ^{Waterway} ~~river~~ project, as I recall for harnessing its energy, among other things, Noobar Danielian (right). In order to get rid of me they trumped up a charge of my having leaked confidential information to the Daily Worker, then the New York Daily newspaper of the Communist Party. I'd done no such thing, although I knew its correspondent along with all the other correspondents who covered the Congress.

Years later, as I'll explain, I obtained a record that establishes the truth but I do not recall where it is filed or how.

If you remember Ernie Berger, who for years operated Frederick's only book store, he was a friend. He asked me to help his son Henry, then a doctoral candidate at the University of Wisconsin, Madison. Henry was planning a thesis on a topic the exact formulation of which I now do not recall. I first persuaded him to reorient his study slightly, into something like this title, The American Labor Movement and United States Foreign Policy. (If you can get a copy I think it would be worthwhile having. For some reason that troubled his father and me, he refused several offers to publish it as a book. Last I heard of him he was professor of history at Washington College, St. Louis, but from his failure even to lend me a copy and his refusal of several offers of publication I doubt he'll provide one.) In the course of helping Henry, from my contacts I was able to get him access to a wide variety of unexploited records. These included those of the AFL-CIO and the United Mine Workers. I believe that from the files to which I got him access at AFL-CIO headquarters, particularly those of Serafino Roumaldi and Irving Brown, Henry was the first to document United States, really meaning CIA, intrusion into labor and political affairs headed by these two men. Brown covered Europe and Africa and Roumaldi Latin America. I had known that under Roumaldi the AFL-CIO and the CIA ousted Cheddi Jagan as premier of British Guyana. I knew in general about Brown's work and had even been offered access to the diplomatic pouch through his access to it. *(for import my fertile chicken eggs on one weekly Bresse, from France)*

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In the mine~~workers~~ files Henry found and got a copy of a memo Jackson had written to John Lewis in an effort to get the UAW to hire me after LaFollette fired me. (Actually, he could not really fire me. ~~And~~ he could do was return me to the staff of the Farm Security Administration because I was on its payroll and loaned to the committee. I was technically the administrative assistant to the director, who then was a stranger but who I later got to know, C. Benham Baldwin, known as "Beanie". I had an office, a secretary and a phone there but I was never in that office, never knew the phone number and never laid eyes on my secretary. Leading executive branch personnel to the Congress wasn't and isn't now unusual. But I did not want to work there. Jackson's memo to Lewis reminded me of what I'd forgotten, in part, that what I did I'd been directed to do by a superior.

It was always my practise, as it was Ms. Lee's, to provide galley proofs to reporters. Unlike the Hye committee, our committee had no classified or any other confidential materials so I had nothing to leak in any event. I used to mail Izzy Stone, then on the New York Post, all galley proofs and I provided them to any reporter who wanted them. Private citizens could come in and read the proofs before publication. One of those who became a friend and I remember clearly is Virginia Durr. She was the wife of Clifford Durr, a Federal Communications ^{Commission} director and she was Senator, Later Justice Hugo Black's sister.

Cliff refused to accept Truman's reappointment over his opposition to the so-called and misnamed "^{loyalty} security" program for government employees Truman started. (In Carl Bernstein's book on his parents, which I've given you, you can see the admission to him that "^{loyalty} security" was not Truman's purpose.) Virginia wanted me to head the anti-poll tax committee she was then starting but I'd returned to writing and wanted to continue my investigative reporting.

The man to whom I gave proofs of a hearing into a secret committee the "ational Association of Manufacturers ~~had~~ had established was a friend and if he had asked me for those proofs I'd have given them to him. He was Henry Zon, the Washington representative of "ederated Press, a labor news service. Henry and his mistress were neighbors and they and we used to bowl together when I did not have to work nights. But Henry had been talking to others on the staff and they told him about these records about to be published and told me to give him the galleys. I'd done nothing wrong, only ~~done~~ ^{did} what I was supposed to do, but one of the papers that got Federated Press news was the Daily Worker, and this was the basis of the trumped-up charge to fire me.

Instead of seeking a new job immediately I worked more intensively with Jackson to get the committee's life extended for the California investigation. Over enormous odds, including the opposition of LaFollette and of FDR, for the reasons I indicate above, we succeeded. One of the means we used may be of interest to students in journalism and political science.

Paul Y. Anderson, chief of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch Washington bureau, was one

the best and most respected of reporters.. It is he who broke the sensational "Capot Dome" story and scandal. FDR held press conferences in his office with some regularity. We got Anderson to ask FDR if he supported the committee's continuation so it could investigate the Associated Farmers/ migratory labor situation. For FDR to oppose that in those days would have been like opposing motherhood and he didn't.

Dies and his gang of reactionaries were violently opposed to any such investigation. It also regarded our committee as a nest of Communist ^{and} as of doing the work of the Communist Party for it. (Actually, that committee's work led to major changes in corporate labor policies that were much in the interest of employers as well as employees.) At the same time, I was researching a book on the Dies committee. I made no effort to keep this secret, and that committee knew about it.

(To encapsulate the California investigation, those familiar with Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" have a good understanding of it.)

Jackson had an additional interest in exposing the Dies committee, one besides his personal interest and that of the labor movement in general.

A wealthy man name Marshall, of whom I recall nothing at all, died and left two sons wealthy. The one in New York, who I never knew, was a reactionary. The one in Washington, who worked for Harold Ickes in the Department of Interior and was an Ickes-type man (a crusading activist liberal and among other things an early ecologist) Bob Marshall, I had known through Jackson. Bob Marshall set up two foundations, one to preserve forests and the other to expose the Dies committee. Jackson was on the board of both. By coincidence, Henry Zon's father, Raphael, who I didn't know, was on the board of the forestry fund.

So, Jackson knew of my work as I investigated the Dies committee, then from public sources only. He asked me to help Drew Pearson (who with his then partner ^{Bob Allen,} put out the still continuing Washington "Herry-Go-Go" Round column), on an expose of the Dies committee Pearson was doing for Look magazine, whose Washington correspondent he also was. I did. Soon thereafter, without our asking it of him. Pearson sent one of his leg men to see us with alleged information on the Dies committee. He was John Henshaw, who had been an Interior department investigator. Henshaw brought David Wayne to meet me and I interviewed him a number of times. During the course of these interviews he panhandled ~~some~~ a little less than \$100 from me because he said he was broke and needed food. Although this was pure panhandling, because the Dies committee phoned up a charge based on it, it and Wayne were hoist on its petard because it resulted in one of the charges against Wayne.

In talking with me from time to time Wayne hinted that he had Silver Shirt records that would interest me. Then he started producing them. Most were original documents but some were photostats in those days long before electrostatic copiers were invented. I was

suspicious of Mayne's explanation of these photostats, that they were so "hot" he would not let anyone see the originals. So I insisted that he explain them under oath and he agreed. I used a friend who was a court-reporter type stenographer, Isadore Bleiberg.

When I worked for the Wilmington (Del) Morning News, Izzy worked for ~~its~~ ^{the} evening paper of the same ownership, Pierre Dupont's, through his Christiana Holding Corporation. Izzy married a young woman in my high school class, Sarah Weiner, and he wanted to make more than those papers paid, which was deplorably little. He'd become an accomplished and very rapid stenographer and when he wanted to seek employment in Washington I invited them to stay with me. My account of this is not atypical, at least not entirely, of how people tried to help each other in those days and what they did to help. This was before I met my wife.

I rented most of the loft of what had been a stable behind a fancy town house that no longer exists, on an alley that disappeared years ago, from a mechanic who operated a garage on the ground floor, George Shinn. He kept the smaller of two rooms for himself and we shared the small kitchen and bath. My room was really enormous. So I offered Izzy and Sarah an extra bed in it and that is how we lived until Izzy got a job and then a place of his own. His ^{got a} job was with the War Department, as it then was more correctly known.

When I wanted to question Mayne I asked Izzy to take it all down in shorthand and then type it. We did this in the tiny dining alcove of the kitchen where I then lived, in a small, two-room apartment at 313 H St., NW, where I was one of the few whites in that black area. However, my wife never had any trouble of any kind when she came and went and she did both when it was dark. We identified all the documents Mayne gave me in this

transcript and when Izzy returned it typed Mayne accompanied me to the offices of Ward & Paul because Birdsell was the only notary public I knew. Before ~~them~~ him Mayne swore to the truthfulness and correctness of the transcript and to the genuineness of the documents he provided that were attached to ^{it} this.

I then took this to Jackson. Despite my uneasiness about those few pages of photostats Jackson was quite excited. He, without asking me, arranged for a dinner party at his then home, at 6 W. Kirke St., Chevy Chase, for a number of people of whom I remember a few of the six or seven Congressmen and one reporter, Jimmy Wechsler, then of the New York Post and later its editor. Of the Congressmen I remember John Coffee of the State of Washington, who I'd known and about whom there is more in a file of my recollections relating to my Nazi-cartel expose of the makers of plexiglas, John & Haas, of Philadelphia. I remember also Frank Hook, of Michigan, who became a friend, and Joe Casey, of Mass. All were liberal Democrats. Hook in particular was much taken by the Mayne affidavit and despite my misgivings he and Jackson pressed me to prepare a speech based on it for him to make on the floor in opposition to the Dies committee's extension of life.

The photostats connected Pelley and Dies. None of the other letters did. I also got from Wayne other Pelley-Silver Shirt materials, including a collection of Pelley's pocket-sized pamphlets of his pro-Nazi and virulently racist propaganda. (Later I gave an entire box of this stuff to the FBI and when it returned it, I assume all of it, I ~~later~~ ^{later} gave it to Dave Wrone, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point, where I then expect ^{at} to deposit all my materials.

Frank Hook was a very decent, concerned and fearless man from Michigan's Upper Peninsula. As a poor youth of mixed Indian and Finnish parentage he'd worked as a lumberjack, normally a dangerous occupation. It was worse than average with his employer and he was hurt in an accident that left him with a deformed arm. He got no help of any kind from his employer and he never forgot that. Somehow he managed to get through Valpara Valparaiso law school, I think at night, and as a lawyer he went after the lumbering corporations. This gave him somewhat of a reputation and apparently helped him get elected to Congress as an FDR Democrat.

His speech created a major sensation in all the media. TV was then in its infancy. I remember the large and unwieldy TV cameras that were wheeled into his office. Because I did not figure in this publicly there was no media interest in me and I sought none.

Not long thereafter one morning there was a knock on my apartment door. When I ~~xxx~~ answered it a man introduced himself as a Dies committee investigator and handed me a subpoena. I read it then and there and told him to beat it, that a "forthwith" subpoena, among other things, is unconstitutional because I had a right to counsel and when I got counsel he'd get in touch with the committee. Without argument he left. I then got in touch with Jackson. He'd already been served a subpoena. I went to his office, we talked it over and he, with his superb connections, began seeking counsel.

I now do not recall how many lawyers and firms he spoke to but I do remember that the first we went to was the most prestigious, Covington & Burling, in the then Union Trust Building on the southwest corner of 15 and H, NW, entrance on 15th Street. Pat was a friend of ^UWan Acheson, who then headed the firm and later was much more famous in the Truman administration. Acheson listened to Pat and then sent ^{us} ~~him~~ to his associate Charles Horsky, who was a sort of liberal. We spent some time with him answering all his questions, and in the end the firm and Horsky would not represent us. I do recall a number of visits there and that it was cold weather. Once when Jackson and I left Acheson was on the same elevator. He told us that he was to be picked up by Felix Frankfurter, then a Supreme Court Justice. Acheson knew Pat and Frankfurter were friends from their days together on the Sacco-Vanzetti committee, when Frankfurter was a Harvard ^d law professor. The Justice was in the back seat of a chauffeur-driven car in which Acheson joined him after I was introduced. That ~~this~~ form and Horsky in particular refused to represent us, particularly when they were Jackson's friends, was a hard blow to him personally and it told us that trouble lay ahead for us in getting counsel,

In the end Drew Pearson provided his counsel, whether from friendship with Pat or because he was the root of all our trouble I don't recall if I ever knew. His counsel was the ^{B.H.}Roberts law firm in the Transportation building. Roberts assigned a pretigious lawyer whose specialty, of all inappropriate things, was international law, ~~Kerry~~ Edgar Turlington. He was a fine and extremely dignified man who also had impaired hearing I think he later exploited but I'm not certain. After he spoke to us at some length he got in touch with the committee. My memo on Rayburn indicates how I first testified. The excuse the committee used for taking additional testimony from me was that it wanted to be certain its transcript was accurate. Turlington accompanied me there, they did read but did not show me what they said was excerpts from my testimony, and it was taken down by a court reporter. I have no recollection other than this but it is apparent that the committee failed to get anything it was ¹⁰looking for because it never released ~~the~~ either transcript. However, it did notify the press of this second hearing, after it had begun, and when we left the corridor was full of shouting reporters and popping flash bulbs. Instead of releasing the transcript the committee turned out a false, dishonest and prejudicial press release. There was nothing Jackson or I could do about the fabricated defamations that under other conditions would then have been libel because members of the Congress are immune in any official act. As, I add, they need to be, however they misuse this immunity. As, for example, Joe McCarthy also did later.

I now do not recall how we knew that a grand jury had been convoked but one was. And I now confess a conscious felony ^{dies} before it. I'll get to that. David Pine was then the United States attorney for Washington. He knew me well from when I was on the committee staff. He had charged a Harlan County Coal Operator with an offense in the Senate Office Building without being able to place the man, Ted Creech, of the Creech Coal Company, at the scene of the crime. It had happened in ^athe rest room and by accident I was there at that time. Creech threatened one of the committee's minor witnesses before he testified, and the witness told a committee lawyer.

Remember, I was quite young then and able to work long hours and I had a first-rate memory. Whenever Pine and his assistants wanted me there I was at their offices. Over a period of time Pine gave me a nickname, "Affidavit Face". He referred to the credibility of my appearance and what I said. He also lost the case because the jury was fixed in the traditional Kentucky manner, by buying up the mortgages on jurors' homes and then letting the jurors know they held the mortgages.

This was a couple of years earlier but Pine and his ^{staff} knew me and liked me and knew I was honest and truthful.

Pine did not handle the case before the grand jury. His assistant, Ed Fihelly, did. And Fihelly did his very best. He was really tough. I was there on a number of occasions. I now do not remember how many but quite a few. Before a grand jury a witness is not permitted to be accompanied by counsel. These appearances were spread out.

Most if not all the grand jurors were government employees, a distinct disadvantage to anyone not liked by the government and particularly in political cases, which that was.

Once when I was in Wilmington visiting my mother my wife phoned me and told me to hurry back. This is why.

Wayne had told me that he was a friend of and used the office of a right-wing lawyer then getting along in years, David Babp(right), in the old Bond Building, on the southwest corner of 14th and New York Ave, NW. I'd picked him up on that corner and to the best of my recollection may have driven him there. From Wayne's account, although he saw it differently, Babp was or was close to a native fascist. To the best of my present recollection until Lil phoned me I thought he was Wayne's lawyer. When I wasted no time in taking Lil's advice what she told me was not that Babp wasn't his lawyer, as he may have continued to be, but that he was represented by a man she'd known and had dated, Dennis Hollowell, I think since deceased, who was conservative. She is not home now so I can't consult her recollection of how she learned this, if she does remember, but I think it was when Hollowell phoned her and asked her to come to his office. What ensued, I am certain, was not from his interest in me but from his prior relationship with Lil and probably his belief that it was all pretty dirty and nasty and potentially quite harmful to someone who meant something to Lil.

Lil was sitting opposite Hollowell at his desk. He drew her attention to some papers on it and then asked her to wait about 15 minutes which it would take him to do something he had to do. He then left and she understood what he'd meant and looked at those papers. She then phoned me after she left his office. While I do not now recall exactly what she'd learned and told me it left without question the fact that the government was determined to indict Jackson and me. This was the exact opposite of what Pat's Justice Department friends were telling him.

Between the time of Hook's speech or my first Dies testimony and the convoking of the grand jury the Dies gang and their cohorts had done two things that I still recall. One was to get a law passed making it a crime to interfere with the proper functioning of any Congressional committee. It is this law that then Senator Weicker cited in reporting that he had thrown Nixon's White House counsel, Charles Colson, out of his office during the Watergate committee's investigation, so it is still on the books. It was this law, enacted to get us, that was being used. They also stalled the Senate's action on the appointment of Dave Fine to be a federal district court judge until he got us indicted. Which they tried very hard to do. and - knew via Lil they intended to do.

But Pat's friends were telling him that in heeding what I learned from Lil I was undoing an alleged deal to get us off. Burlington also believed this and the Fine staff was telling them that I was quite vigorous and pointed and aggressive in responding to

Fihelly's questions which, with foreknowledge, I understood correctly to be adverse to my interest. It was many rough sessions! I had to fight Fihelly and my associate and my lawyer on top of all this. In the end I took the grand jury away from Fihelly and it refused to indict us and did indict Payne on two charges, obtaining money under false pretenses, which flows from the Dies fabrication, and uttering and forging, his false swearing and what he'd confessed, if that is the ~~right~~ word, that he forged the letters he had photostated.

I've skipped two things to which I return.

As soon as I was served the subpoena, at least as soon as I could thereafter, I now do not recall exactly when, - used my knowledge of what Congressional records then were open to the public. I'd done research in some of the ^{my} those having to do with political campaigns and expenditures. They were in the custody of the clerk of the House whose name was Shanks. I was also interested in native fascist activity, which dovetailed with my interest in the Dies committee. I found such fascists on the Republican National Committee payroll. One I remember was a Russian fascist. ^(Voinitsky?) In this research I spotted a considerable amount of records, including relating to money, filed by or on behalf of Father Charles Coughlin, of "the Church of the Little Flower," in or near Detroit. I regarded him as a pro-Hitler reaction^{ary} if not himself a fascist, I now do not remember, and it was obvious that he was a vicious anti-Semite. He had an hour of radio time Sunday nights. It was one of the two national broadcasts that was, among other reactionary things, openly and strongly anti-Semitic. The other was Henry Ford's "voice", Walter or William J. Cameron. ^{Ford} They even used and distributed the classic fake of the Czarist police, the forged protocols of the Elders of Zion. As Fihelly and the other native fascists did and as is being done today, particularly in the Muslim world. I'd also knowⁿ the reporter Jack ^{de} Pivack who writing pretty much limited him to the left-wing and particularly the Communist press, the Daily Worker and the magazine The New Masses. I knew he was interested in Coughlin, I directed him to this virgin material, he wrote "The Shrine of the Silver Dollar," and that led to Coughlin's end on the radio because his position, to the Justice Department and from it to those above him in the church ~~hierarchy~~ hierarchy, became impossible. In the end he opted out to avoid indictment. ~~This document and the rest of the material about things was used to produce the report of~~

From my familiarity with that collection of then public records - and what I did changed that, ending some access - I got three housewives who did not have outside employment of infant children to care for and moved them with three typewriters, paper, second-sheets and carbon paper, into Shanks' office and asked them to copy each and every expense statement of any kind filed by the Dies Committee. This turned out to be crucial because ~~it~~ got me the documents proving that when Payne forged those papers and was telling me what he did he was actually in the committee's employ! The committee masked this by describing his pay was "witness fees" for days he did not testify.

Here I digress to encapsulate what is in greater detail in my correspondence much later with some of them who survived and is in a little more detail in some of my more recent recollections.

My getting the Dies agent convicted of two felonies and Dies' copping of a plea for him to get his two years suspended did nothing to deter or discourage that committee or the favorable press it got. In time it went after Hollywood and called as witnesses those who came to be known as "The Hollywood Ten". Before they testified a man I'd worked with on the Senate committee, Charles Kramer, brought one of the Ten to see me. Charlie knew I'd been working on the book on Dies, if not of what I recount above. The man he brought turned out was the only stoolpidgeon among them, the ^{producer or} director, Edward Dmytryk. I let them borrow anything they wanted, without making an inventory, which would have been impossible. Dmytryk turned it all over to the committee or the FBI and I never got it back. The Ten also never used it. To the best of my knowledge, from this correspondence, which is filed under the names, like Alvah Messie, Dalton Trumbo, Albert Maltz, etc., none of the other nine ever heard of any of this and knew nothing of the data they could use in fighting back. Dmytryk claimed in a letter to remember nothing about this at all, which is palpably false. Nobody fails to remember such dramatic and ^{d'} dangerous events in his life.

What I remember that they took includes the originals of all these Dies committee expenditure records and the bound volumes of innumerable clippings and notes relating to the committee and its hearings, from a large number of sources, including at least four New York City papers, at least one in Baltimore, ^{three} two in Washington, etc., plus May 93 1948

When I expected my records to go to the Wisconsin Historical Society I gave ^{Carson} "ave Wrone all the copies of copies of Dies expenditures that remained. It is possible that a complete set is among them. I've asked him to try to arrange for their return. I know of nothing like this ever being done relating to any Congressional investigation and I have some recollection of the proof of committee faking of hearings when it held none. This includes its effort to ruin The Consumers' Union. The committee's director of research, J.B. Mathews, had quit ^{as been fired} CU and started his competitive group and had become a leading red-baiter and antagonist of consumers groups.

The other thing skipped referred to above is the FBI's investigation for the grand jury. Its Washington field office was then in the main Justice Department building. I loaned the two agents who spoke to me the materials I refer to above as loaned to the FBI and I answered their questions. They then prepared a statement for me to sign, representing that they had condensed what I'd said and eliminated what did not interest them. I read it and refused to sign it because it was false and falsely self-incriminating. I told them to prepare a correct statement and I'd sign it and they refused to let me leave their office. So, I just sat there, signing nothing and saying nothing. Finally they blinked and phoned

Turlington. Fortunately, he'd not yet left the office for the day although it was close to supper time. I told him when he got to their office what I'd told them, he asked them what was wrong with that, they couldn't say anything was, I left and I returned when they had an accurate statement and I signed it. I've not been able to get any of ~~these~~ these records under Freedom of Information and Privacy Acts requests but I did recently, after a 15-year delay, get a few references to a few of them.

The principled but foolish and self-destructive position taken by The "Hollywood ten" is set forth in detail in letters from Alvah Bessie to me. They claimed only one of the constitutional rights they had, the First Amendment. They'd not have gone to jail if they had also claimed the Fifth Amendment. Fortunately, neither before Dies nor before the grand jury did I believe I had to make any such claims and I didn't.

Well, when I testified to and produced the proof that when "Hayne committed his crimes he was paid for them by the Dies committee, that made it virtually impossible to persuade the grand jury to indict me. and after Hayne/Dies copped the plea, and Dies did appear in court, personally, to make the plea, one of the records that Haytryk took and stole being the news accounts of that, a few days later, Fihelly phoned me. What he then did makes it obvious that he trusted me implicitly because it could have ruined him- had him both fired and disbarred. He handed me a large manilla envelope and told me that it contained a transcript of the grand jury testimony by both Dies and David Starnes Lloyd and that the time might come when I'd need it in my own defense. Fortunately he was wrong on that. I read it then and not since. Lloyd gave truthful testimony, as I now recall it, clearing me of having leaked to the Daily Worker and Dies portrayed me as insignificant and Jackson's tool. He was anxious to hurt labor, not me and in fact he, and Starnes wound up calling me by my first name, and inviting me to do that with them. We ^{later} did bump into each other from time to time on the Hill.

Lloyd, of the family as I now recall of William (J) Lloyd Garrison, was the Senate committee's assistant general counsel. He was later the head of the Truman library organization, before the library was built, and this was after his service in the Truman White House.

after I learned that by court decision some grand jury testimony could be disclosed I gave you this transcript. It is an original carbon copy.

The night that Dies/Mayne copped their plea - not, the night the grand jury returned a "no" bill for Jackson and me and indicted Mayne, these Congressman of the Pat Jackson dinner party and a few others threw a party for me celebrating what had never been done before and my exoneration. What hadn't been done was beating Dies and getting a committee agent indicted. It was at the Madtillon, then one of "Washington's best restaurants, on the second floor of the Washington building, at 15th and New York Ave., Nw. I have forgotten how many tables were placed end to end to accommodate all of us ~~last~~

but there were quite a few and it was a wonderful party that everyone seemed to enjoy very much. Frank took got up and sang two songs to me, his titling, The Dies of Texas Are Upon You and Stars Fell on Alabama. For younger people not familiar with the popular songs of that era, the puns are on the committee members ^{names} and the real songs are The Eyes of Texas ~~are~~ Upon You and Stars Fell on Alabama.

The felony I refer to close to the beginning above is my perjury before the Dies committee. It was knowing and deliberate and principled and necessary to protect Jackson and his associates, particularly the miners' union and the labor league.

I was asked if I'd had any doubts or questions about those photostats and I said I hadn't. I did and I tried to do something to check.

The Department of Justice lawyer who'd selected me of the Senate committee's staff was Henry Schweinhaut. He was later a judge. We had a friendly relationship and he was in the Criminal Division and I thought he'd know what I wanted to know, the name of a good and dependable handwriting expert. He told me and I told Jackson and he would not go ahead on that. I now do not remember why. But I felt that what the committee was doing was wrong, dishonest, unconstitutional and in fact a crime, entrapment plus what maybe I pled guilty to. I therefore considered that this false swearing was justified and necessary.

I refer above to how trying all this was and over quite a few months. I do have one recollection that illustrates this. I think it was the evening of one of the days I testified before ^{either} the Dies committee, in what I suppose but wasn't told was executive ^{2 the grand jury} session. I and I had a date to have supper with Leon and Liz Goodman. He was then the legislative representative of the shoe-workers' union. Before his death he was active in ecological concerns, if I remember correctly including ~~the~~ those related to atomic and nuclear bombing and electricity generation. We ate at Michel's, a Hungarian restaurant on the west side of Vermont Avenue between K and L, NW. Michel was ^{4. Hungarian} a gypsy and a violinist. He served good food and played good music, especially gypsy music. Before we finished I had to go to the ~~men's~~ men's room where ~~it~~ I vomited. I was that upset. Throughout my life, even when I was young, this was very rare for me. It illustrates the state of my nerves that evening.

I should also note that I was never a Communist and the only things I belonged to were the Newspaper Guild, in Wilmington and in Washington, and government-employees unions. To the best of my present recollection the Dies committee, the FBI and the grand jury knew this and asked me no questions about it. Which is surprising, in retrospect, because far and away most accused of being Communists weren't. Those Dies accused of ^{being Communist} being Communist or what he called "transmission belts" for that party ranged from the child movie star, who was extreme right in her maturity, to all the Catholic union organizers

called by it or identified by it as heading unions. They included many preachers who ~~were~~ liberal and their religious organizations and many writers who were not reactionary.

As I tire and my mind wanders I recall and mention what I ^{noted elsewhere} have in some detail, how I broke up a Senate investigation of the movie industry as "red" and bent on getting us into World War II. Senator Nye also headed that. I typed my recollections of that only a few months ago. They are now in a box of such recollections and correspondence relating to them.

Congress, unfortunately, seems always to have the intent of abridging and ignoring the First Amendment, and Nye was 100% wrong, in addition. He was what then was known after the name of their organization, ~~an~~ America Firstster-er.

My wandering mind recalls that it also enacted legislation in that era that was clearly UnConstitutional and I was one of the earliest victims of one of those enactments, known as the "McCarran Rider" after its author, the reactionary Nevada Senator Pat McCarran.

In this regard I tried to get and have all that is not still withheld of the records relating to me of the FBI, State Department and the CIA. The latter holds references to my providing FDR with what he used in one of his "fireside chats" relating to Nazi activities in Chile.

I was in the part of the OSS that was transferred to the State Department. My security had always been cleared and there was no reason for any other determination. But when the reactionaries took control of the State "security" office during those early ^{pre McCarran} days of the witch-hunts I was fired under the McCarran Rider. Without any charges or hearing. I was one of ten and it was a pogrom. The others I knew, three, were timid PhDs who hoped to return to college careers. I persuaded them they'd never be hired and that their only chance was to fight back and win. I got the law firm then known as Arnold, Fortas and Porter to represent us. They did, very effectively. I know of no other case in which anyone fired under that rider was rehired, with a public apology and there are few who were rehired after any kind of "security" charges. We all then resigned.

I'd known Thurman Arnold when he headed the Justice Anti-Trust Division and I was an investigative reporter doing a series of articles on Nazi cartels. I took him all the information and documentation I developed. I'd known Paul Porter through Pat Jackson, after he'd been a Federal Communications Commissioner and was in private practise in the building where Pat's office was, then known as the Earle Building, I think now the Warner. It holds the Warner Theater. I did not until then meet Abe Fortas, later a Supreme Court Justice but I'd know his wife before they married.

I don't know how many State investigations there were but in an early one they even purloined our garbage and went over it carefully, also fruitlessly, nothing like what they wanted existing.

The honcho on that was John Peurifoy, a young reactionary^r on his way up. He later killed himself in a wild-driving auto accident when he was ambassador to Guatemala. He and the CIA collaborated in the overthrow of the democratically-elected government and the installation of ~~the~~ military dictatorship. Their ending of democracy there, still not entirely undone, caused thousands and thousands of lives and great suffering. Peurifoy was even a wild man in the State building in which I worked. It was dangerous to be on the stairs with him, he ran that way even on stairs.

During that witch-hunt era the man who ran that office and those under him violated laws and regulations in their lust to hurt or get fired those who from their right extreme they considered "red." The head of that office, Otto Otepka, was himself the subject of Congressional investigations but the right extreme was so powerful it was close to impossible to do anything to him for his wrongful and illegal acts.

The FBI records I have include the report by one of J. Edgar Hoover's top assistants on the exultant call Peurifoy made to Hoover, who was not in, when he succeeded in getting me fired. That assistant, Edward A. Tamm, ^{later} on the federal appeals court, had no compunctions about sitting on one of my FOIA cases - and voting against me. (He should have disqualified himself.)

Starnes and Dies shared the same political views but were personally entirely different. Dies wore a perpetual scowl, with a cigar almost always in his mouth where the rules did not prohibit it. Starnes usually wore a smile. He'd greet me pleasantly, with a ^{bigger} smile and a handshake and I think sometimes putting an arm around me. He did not feel about me that way! But I can't remember any time he was in any way unpleasant.

The Member who seems to have handled the Payne matter was neither of them. It was J. Parnell Thomas, nee Feeney. He went to the Congress from the New York ~~banding~~ house that had tried to get retired Marine Corps General Smedley Butler, when he was Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia, to lead a revolution against FDR by leading a march on Washington on a white horse. I knew about this from a reporter Butler trusted, Paul ~~Frank~~ Comly French, of the Philadelphia Record. It was the subject of a public investigation by the fore-runner of the Dies committee, the McCormack-Dickstein committee.

Thomas-Feeney's career of his special kind of patriotism ended when he was convicted and jailed as a felonious crook.

The last time I saw Abe Fortas was at a memorial meeting to honor Cliff Durr after his death. It was held in a Washington church at 16th and Harvard Streets. As I remember it, after he refused reappointment as an FCC commissioner, he and Virginia returned to

Alabama, where he practised what was not profitable, Civil Rights law. He was Rosa Parks' lawyer when she refused to sit in the back of that Birmingham bus, thus triggering historical changes. Virginia wrote a book about their lives published by the University of Alabama but I've not seen it.

11-19 I do tire easily and I then tend to ramble more and to forget more. In reading and correcting this and making the few notes I attach and I'll wander and ramble a bit more when I'm not as tired and when I'm not dozing off sitting up holding a clipboard in my hand.

11/20 I've mentioned some reminiscences I have in a box that is labelled. I am using a box I keep on my desk because using the file cabinets is sometimes awkward and I have no appropriate file.

about when the heart problem began to develop I was less active and more inclined to be reminded of matters of the past in reading and in other ways. So I started writing about those things I recalled to friends with whom I am in correspondence, Dr. David Wrono at Wisconsin, Dr. Gerald Ginocchio at Wofford, Sol Rabkin, a New York lawyer, retired, who was on the Senate committee with me, Rabbi S.H. Silver and Joe Labovsky, dear friends of my youth. Labovsky wants me to do a kind of autobiographical book but I did not and do not feel up to that. But as I got thinking of it, and remembering Ms. Church's interest in oral histories, I started keeping copies of these things I was writing that the friends found interesting. Until then, however, I'd kept no copies, in part because filing is a problem for me, and in part because I guess I just didn't think to. But I now am keeping this box of copies. ...

During my walking therapy this morning, having read a few more pages of Caro before leaving and having found additional references to the closeness of Wally Hopkins and his wife to LBJ, I thought about it more. It is provocative that when from his first days in the Congress LBJ was in a good relationship with FDR and those closest to him, like Tommy The Cork Corcoran and others like him, and then when he was a Senator and then vice-president and president, LBJ never got Hopkins the kind of top job he could easily have arranged. The only explanation I could think of is that for his own reasons he wanted Hopkins where he was. First in the Criminal Division, where he was a pipeline to what was going on there and could have influenced decisions on prosecutions, and then in the mine workers, where he knew just about all that was going on and was to happen. Whatever explains it, there is no question of Hopkins' ability or his personality. I do not know when Hopkins retired but I used to see him in his mine workers office during the JFK administration, when Johnson was vice president and could easily have given him a more prestigious job.

On page 2. Many years ago I left the United Mine Workers have for their library a full set of these hearings, including those relating to migratory agricultural workers in California, those of the war-time Temporary National Economy Committee and of the "eye and Wheeler investigation. Perhaps the UMW now has no need for or interest in them and would let you have them if you'd like them.

Later Robert Wohlforth worked for the Department of Justice and later ~~was~~ ~~he~~ he ran the publishing house of Farrar, Strauss & Giroux.

"ditto" was an inexpensive duplicating process, cheaper than mimeographing and not as clear.

3 David Mayne. To indicate what the Truman and later "loyalty" programs really were and were not, I note that years later, when work on the atom bomb was being carried on in the southwest, an FBI agent drove up from Phoenix or Albuquerque to interview me about Mayne's "loyalty" because he was working ~~at~~ or had sought employment there as a steamfitter. Here was a man with an open pro-Hitler record, associated with native Nazi activities - and a convicted felon - and ~~was~~ there was any question about his fitness for government employment, more on so secret a project? "Loyalty" as a title for these programs was Orwellian. They were designed to appease the most radical politicians of the right and to eliminate liberals considered by the right extreme to be too liberal.

A more complete account of this Dies/Mayne business is in earlier memos and - have a few from the FBI. The copies of the "alley literature" the FBI returned to me and perhaps a few other related things I gave to the University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point, along with a file of the radical-right organizations and literature of those days.

4 Those familiar with John Steinbeck's The Grapes of Wrath have a general idea of what the committee investigated.

5 This special NAM committee, as best I can recall, was "The Special Conference Committee", and it continued under an abbreviated name. What caused the biggest scandal was the recommendation of the General Motors member of it that it organize itself a "black legion". That was the name of a violence-practicing, anti-labor gang organized and financed to oppose labor and do harm to union members and leaders.

5 Henry Zon was later a lieutenant in Navy intelligence during World War II and as I think I say later a partner in a pro-labor public-relations agency. This followed his going to work for the AFL-CIO after World War II.

7 That alley was between Connecticut Avenue and 18 and 1/2 and Eye, NW. Earlier I'd shared another loft like that one with a man my age, at the western end of that alley. At that time the curator of the Smithsonian, Alex Hrdlicka, lived close ^{there} to Shinn's.

8 Dean Acheson was one of the original Cold Warriors. He also wore spats, even in warm weather. I saw it.

9 Congressional immunity does not extend to what is not said and done officially. For example, when Jim Lesar and I were with John Ray, James Earl's brother, when he testified before the House Special Committee on Assassinations and its chairman, Louis Stokes, defamed Lesar, Lesar made the national TV shows by responding with a challenge that Stokes leave the hearing room and repeat the same allegations. Stokes didn't. He turned the ~~chair~~ chair over to another member, too.

10- Ed Fihelly was later chief war crimes prosecutor in Tokyo. *He is dead.*

11/30 When I wrote the letter, the first page, I did not expect to ramble as I have. I was interrupted by other things I had to do and I wasn't quite up to snuff much of the time. But after the last bit I recalled that I'd omitted the name of one of the Congressmen. In itself this is of no consequence but he was an unusual man, much underappreciated and today largely forgotten, Vito Marcantonio, of New York City, of East Harlem when it was mostly Italian and Puerto Rican. He'd been Fiorello LaGuardia's campaign manager when LaGuardia ran for Congress, later was the candidate of the American Labor Party. For a while it was an important factor in New York elections. He usually won the Democratic nomination and once won all three primaries. I do not here repeat what I'd had occasion to write about him earlier, copies in the box I referred to above, save for one thing, but I was reminded of a story that may be amusing and interesting.

He lived with me for a while and I used to drive him around, including on quite a few occasions to the White House and meetings with President Roosevelt. I was permitted to sit in my car and wait for him and when he returned he always discussed what he and FDR had talked about. He'd been the most liberal member for some years and all that time he made the best efforts he could to eliminate discrimination in employment. He had a bill to prohibit discrimination and gradually it seemed to be getting more and more support. One year he was able to get it the prized identification HR (for House Bill) 1. Not long after that session began I drove him to see FDR and when he returned he was ecstatic. FDR had offered him a deal he'd agreed to. In return for not pressing for legislative action on his bill to eliminate job discrimination FDR promised to seek to accomplish the same end administratively. Thus The Fair Employment Practices Committee, for which blacks today credit E. Phillips Randolph, who'd headed the sleeping-car porters' union and had been active along this line.

I can't be sure after all these years but I think the reason FDR made the offer was to avoid the divisiveness of full Congressional debate in those years when discrimination was the life's blood of most southern politicians and when a Senate filibuster could have been expected if the bill went to the Senate.

Assuming that you read this far, which is taking much for granted, or that Jerry also does, because I'll give him a copy, I suggest that an oral history on this unusual and truly remarkable man, literally a man of the people, could be of interest to history or polisci students and I wonder if it might be possible for them to participate. My wife worked for Marc, as he was always called by everybody, in his Washington office. She was half of his Washington staff! Most of their work was direct service to constituents. If he wrote any speeches out, they were few and I have no recollection of his having written any, so almost all the staff work was this constituent service. I worked for him informally, because we were close friends. I was not staff and wasn't paid. *Despite what FBI report says*

The story related to the debate on extending the life of the Dies UnAmerican committee the year after the Mayne fiasco. I'd discovered that a formal report of the Dies committee, which had done nothing at all about fascists and fascism (except for a few pretenses after the "ayne/Pelley thing forced Pelley to appear) of alleged Japanese activities in the U.S., was a word-for-word plagiarism of an anti-Hirohito newsletter published on the west coast. Dies reproduced all the fractured syntax, even the misspellings and poor punctuation. I went over both, selecting certain pages and having them photostated. This was long before xeroxing was invented, before Pearl Harbor. Marc took the floor of the House and had the Members rolling in the aisles as he ridiculed and exposed the Dies committee. He was the first I knew to pull what McCarthy later made famous, "I hold in my hand..." Only he did have in hand what he said he did while McCarthy didn't.

It got to be too much for the right-wing extremists of that day, many if not most rough equivalents of American fascists, the die-hards who were for the Dies committee no matter what its excesses. One of these was a rather strange man, Republican Clare Hoffman, of Michigan. When he could restrain himself no longer - and Hoffman had little restraint normally - he asked Marc to yield the floor and as he did invariably, Marc did

yield - ^{He P.F. me} Hoffman made stupid comments. When he finished "Marc, with his East Harlem accept, replied, and while these are not his exact words, they are close, "The Gentleman from Michigan reminds me of a tugboat on the East River in my district. (He was smiling as he spoke and the House, knowing how sharp he was in repartee, was silent and clearly expectant.) This ~~steam~~ ^{boat} has a 4-inch whistle and a 2-inch boiler. Every time it blows its whistle the engine stops. This is like the gentleman from Michigan - mention the Dies committee and the gentleman's engine stops." He was, of course, referring to Hoffman's brain. And they rolled in the aisles.

Exposing the Dies committee as plagiarizers of a poorly-done refugee's newsletter, this insult to the House by putting its imprimatur on it, had no effect on the ultimate vote at all. The committee's life was extended for that Congress, probably with an increased appropriation.

Few Members could expect to be re-elected if they voted against Dies and ^{were} few did, until, ultimately, the committee's life was ended because its excesses and those of the later companion committee in the Senate got to be just too much even for conservatives.

12/7 Marc was one of the Congressmen who gave me that Madrillon party. And my wife was the only wife there. Perhaps the only woman, but I think someone had invited the daughter of a New York Times editor. (Marc's wife was in New York City, where she ran Harlem House, a social service agency.) Frequently the other person in Marc's Washington office was with us at dinner, Edith Johnson, also a social worker and close friend of Marc's wife. (Her brother was an auto-industry lobbyist, as I recall.)

Mention of the absence of woman - there must have been at least 20 men at that Madrillon party - reminds me how commonplace that was in those days. It was not often that Marc was with other Congressmen at dinner, although that did happen. But when he lived with me, and that was for quite some time, he had his breakfasts, normally, in the House dining room - at what for me was lunchtime. He had diabetes, injected his own insulin, and had to eat as I recall within an hour. I was free-lancing in those days and when I had nothing special to do I'd have lunch while he breakfasted. Considering that many regarded him as a radical, it was impressive how many of the Members were friendly with him and often sat with us or invited us to sit with them. He was really respected and his opinions and suggestions were often sought on legislation and on House procedures, on which he was an authentic expert. I can't recall that any one of the many times I was with him in the House dining room that any Member had his wife with him. Of course many had families with children in school or younger, but not by any means all. Some families had to remain in the districts, but not all. In those days before Pearl Harbor there was this kind of discrimination.

Another word about Congressman Hoffman's strangeness: he had his suits tailored and he would not wear any that had pockets!

And about LaGuardia: he was a liberal Republican and an exceptionally short man, with a sort of squeaky voice. He wore hats with enormous brims that were loved by the cartoonists. Once when he was mayor of New York there was a newspaper strike that shut all the papers down. New York in those early days of radio had its own radio station. (Before FM) as long as that strike lasted LaGuardia spent an hour every Sunday morning reading all the comic strips that would have been published to children. Everybody loved it! *(He also reported the news then.)*

Later FDR appointed him to be head of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, UNRRA. Although he had grown more conservative he and Marc remained friends. I remember driving Marc to National Airport for a meeting with LaGuardia as he was about to catch a plane.

To the degree they could the newspapers boycotted Marc. The publishers did not like his politics. He did get some radio time because I remember driving him to the stations in Washington on occasion. *in House radio gallery then.*

When I noticed this is Pearl Harbor day I was again reminded. Of the extent to which all the media of that day subordinated legitimate news interests to what the administration wanted. I remember that day very clearly and what I say here is from personal experience.

One of my wife's sisters, who was then divorced and was living and working in the Norfolk-Newport News area, was up on a visit. She had a friend named Fred she wanted to see. He was a meteorologist at the then new National Airport. We drove her there to see him. He came down from the tower and over to see us. While I have recollection of his appearance he was very, very disturbed. He explained why. He told us that that morning the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. He said it had been terrible.

I found it hard to believe that such a thing could happen and there not be a word about it on radio. So, telling him this, I asked him how he knew.

He said from airport control tower to airport control tower, that it had been reported promptly from Hawaii and whatever tower or towers on the mainland picked it up passed it to others and thus they knew in Washington.

I do not recall the exact hour of the day this was but I believe it was about 2:00 or 3:00 p.m. that Sunday afternoon. I am certain it was well before dark, which comes early in December. I do not remember, and I believe there was no public report of this on radio until about 8:00 or 9:00 that night, when there was an official broadcast. I'm not certain but I believe it was by FDR.

I think his description of that day as "a day that will live in infamy" was not that night but in his request for a declaration of war of the Congress. *I may be wrong.*

Come to think of it, isn't that the last declaration of war by the United States? None of the wars in which we've been engaged since then was declared, as the Constitution requires. I don't think Truman requested one for Korea and I'm certain LBJ did not for Viet Nam and that no president since has sought one or even regarded it as necessary. Currently the Bush administration, preparing for offensive action as distinguished from its first sending of troops to Saudi Arabia to defend it from possible attack by Iraq, describing its second dispatch of large numbers of military ~~men~~ ^{it} as for "offensive" action, insists it does not require a declaration of war.

As a former reporter and employee of the Senate and a former radio amateur, who knew the capabilities of radio of that day, I was incredulous that so disastrous an event as the attack on Pearl Harbor was not ~~soon~~ communicated to the people until the government decided to, hours after the event.

When I was younger, in the pre-radio days, newspapers put out special editions known as "extras" when there was significant news to be reported and in the large city in which I then lived, Philadelphia, there were then quite a few newspapers. It was generally the afternoon papers, then more influential than the morning papers, which had these special editions, the extras. They were hawked through the residential areas, too. The newsboys shouted, "Extra" as they walked the streets with the papers in canvass bags hanging from their shoulders. The word always came out something like "Wuxtra" or perhaps "Huxtra!"

12/10 With regard to the position of and attitude toward women in the Congress in those days, I can't remember that any of the many Members I met through Marc ever had his wife with him and I met none. However, although for the most part women were restricted to clerical jobs, there were conspicuous exceptions. One was in the office of Maryland's conservative Democrat, Millard Tydings. His top assistant, Bertha Joseph(s?) had the reputation of being the best and the sharpest on the Hill.