

CHAPTER 7

Set-Up for the UnAmericans

It was a year before I was fired. I had become a problem not because I had changed in any way. Not because there was any complaint about how good and accurate it was. There was, however, some objection to its quality. The complaints were from a few who had joined the committee's staff knowing it would be for a short time only and believing that it would look good on applications for more important positions. Some of them appeared almost immediately to want to undermine what the committee was doing and to hasten its end.

There was considerable political, industrial banking and financial opposition to what the committee was bringing to light. The exposure of some of these abuses was leading to a strong effort to end them and institute reforms. Some reforms that were instituted and they benefitted industry, too.

I was stubborn, from the newcomer's point of view. I did insist on accuracy in what was to become the only available official record of the United States Senate on the matters investigated, the conclusions drawn and the reforms recommended.

When it got to be known that the committee was considering an investigation of the conditions of migrant labor on the vast California corporate farms, the committee faced additional powerful opposition.

What was then one of the largest, wealthiest and best known industrial corporations was the first to make public the value of our committee's work to it. General Motors announced that with what it had learned from our work and the cash costs and unrecognized cost to it of hiring labor spies and strike breakers it would no longer do that.

It was our work with their records- they had never calculated their cost- from which they learned.

That pretty much marked the beginning of a radical change in some major corporate policies: instead of fighting unions it would work with them. While in many instances in time that meant the corporations were able to assert undo influence on union leaders and policies, the change was radical. It was also the beginning of a period of greater profits for those corporations, and for others, like banks because of it; of far better income for their employees; and a major improvement in those businesses that depended on people having money to spend and on their spending it.

The new additions to the committee's staff for the most part did not work the very long hours all of us "old timers" worked.

Mine were by far the worst. I did not object to them. I worked them by preference to continue to produce what had come to be known as the best published record on the Hill.

There were several times when for five days and nights I did not get home. I was in the Senate Office Building, the one that now known as the Russell Senate Office Building, after the respected long-time Georgia conservative Democratic Senator, Richard B. Russell, or at the 910.

(While a member of the Warren Commission, Russell opposed one of its most basic conclusions that, without knowing it at first then, I also opposed. His records, at the University of Georgia, at Athens, includes a memorandum by his administrative or legislative assistant who had read my first four books. He then told Russell that I agreed with him.)

When the committee chairman set a date for the issuance of a report, once it was written I had to edit and publish it and on the appointed day have a printed copy for each Senator on his Senate

chambers desk. Each report always was on each desk that day before that Senate session opened.

Of the millions of words in those hearings, many fewer in the reports, I recall no complaints about any inaccuracy, some of those mentioned in the reports did complain about how they were mentioned. But those reports were all factually correct. It was the truth that hurt. Before any volume of hearings was published, each and every witness had the opportunity to read his testimony after it was set in type and to ask for corrections. There was no cost involved for them. The amount of time this required of me was considerable. But, aside from the rights of the witnesses, there was also the reputation if not the integrity of the Senate to be protected. That, I believed required all it took for scrupulous accuracy to the degree possible.

That determination became natural forme. It was reflected 30 and 40 years later, when no single person of all those mentioned in my then seven controversial books wrote to complain of any inaccuracy or unfairness. It was reflected for more than a decade in my FOIA litigation in which neither the Department of Justice and its FBI nor any other agency I sued ever alleged a single factual error in the hundreds of thousands of words I filed under oath in more than a dozen lawsuits against them.

My writing and those lawsuits certainly were controversial, too!

But to most of those newcomers on the committee, working there was the same as working anywhere else: they worked normal hours unless that was an absolute impossibility, a condition they did not very often confront. They saw to that.

Then, too, the chairman, Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., wanted it all to end. He had gotten all the political benefit he could from it and, not being politically his father's son, he wanted it all ended. He believed, not without ample cause, that when he brought it to a close political contributions would be

more likely from wealthy people, corporations, financial and business interests.

All of this meant more pressures on me not to be as concerned with scrupulous accuracy.

The more rigid I was in refusing to compromise on the standards of what I published the more they wanted to get rid of me.

But I was a bottleneck in the committee's work: all it published I published.

It was not that the volumes I edited and had printed were unusually delayed in appearing. They appeared more rapidly than any number of hearings in which I had an interest were issued by later investigations and that those volumes of those other hearings I have were not produced with great care.

With all the hearings published, regardless of the form in which they appeared, it would look like the committee's work was done and it would be easier to have me fired.

More of an offense, from their point of view, when they used their influence to get long-time committee staff members whose work was excellent but who were more liberal than they (none was radical in any way) fired, I would just quit and confront them with the bottleneck they would face.

Some of the senior staff members then would take me drinking, try to get me drunk while allegedly reasoning with me, I did not get drunk, I did not back down, and in each instance the firings were canceled. Of those I know are no longer alive, there were two who, after their committee employment went on to outstanding careers.

Each of those two, as it happens, also had become friends because, as I also did with many others, when they came to Washington they lived with me until they could get situated.

One, Charles Clift, became the assistant to a Federal Communications Commissioner and then was a reporter in the Washington staff of a respected magazine of that day, The Reporter.

The other, Charles Flato, became one of the nation's most outstanding medical affairs writers.

Both, by coincidence, later figured, innocently, in what made LaFollette amenable to firing me.

I digress to report for those who did not live through those Franklin Delano Roosevelt "New Deal" days of ferment and of striving to pull the nation up from the depths of the Great Depression by innovative and controversial changes in national policy.

Like me, many people, mostly, also like me, young, poured into Washington to help in that effort as best they could or to have a job or to get a better job.

To a very large degree, most of us wanted to help others as best we could and tried to.

At least three of my college classmates who I took to Washington and who lived with me plus the brother of one went on to fine careers and higher positions. So also did the boyfriend, later the husband, of another school-days friend.

One became the Chief Justice of the Delaware Supreme Court. Another headed its Department of Social Services. The one with the brother, an economist, became a pioneer professor in the rehabilitations aspects of his discipline. His brother, a pianist, headed a San Francisco conservatory with such success and popularity that on his retirement a half-million dollar scholarship was established in his honor.

Of those I remember of from after my committee days, one became a manager of the National Symphony Orchestra and another produced the MacBeth that won an Emmy for NBC-TV. Each had many other major accomplishments. And each, later, more than repaid me with their thoughtfulness and kindnesses.

That is the way most of us live then, caring and helping each other, sometimes strangers.

My wife sometimes found that I carried this to an extreme. But I was not all that much of an exception in those days.

One day when I was a magazine correspondent and was delayed getting home for supper, my wife answered a knock on our door to face two very attractive young women, strangers to her.

"Harold invited us for supper," one of them told her.

That was news to my wife. I'd worked very late the night before, had been busy working all day, and had not thought to tell or leave her a note or to phone her.

One of those young women was the star of a popular musical comedy of the day, Olson and Johnson's Hellzapoppin! The other was her best friend, also in the cast. The night before and into the early morning I had used the star, "The Boomsadaisy Girl" (I no longer recall what that meant!) as a model in a story intended to popularize the use of cotton instead of silk in womens' apparel. With a perfectionist photographer that was a long night of posing and reposing until he was satisfied with his pictures. Meanwhile, we talked.

It turned out that those very successful young women from Broadway, for all their popularity and income, longed for what they had not had for a long time: a homecooked and relaxed meal with those who wanted nothing from them.

So, of course I invited them! And forgot to tell my wife!

They has the added benefit of my wife's (officially championship) superb cooking, and they really enjoyed themselves before I drove them to the National Theater and their job. Entertaining can be a very hard kind of work!

Meanwhile, with a lag in the hearings as the Senator wanted to close them down, I was, gradually, getting caught up.

He also had it in for me, as I suspected.

That came from my abandoning my own work one early morning to help Clift and Flato with a hearing they were preparing for the next day. The lawyer supposedly in charge of that hearing, one of those who did not believe in working overtime, simply was not there although he was to have a hearing ready in the morning.

It was on the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Corporation, a major steel producer in Ohio's Mahoning Valley. During a strike men had been killed, it was suspected by strikebreakers dignified by being referred to as "guards."

The three of us worked all night and did get a good case ready. In the part I worked on we pretty clearly established that the fatal shots had come from one particular part of the largest of the massive buildings in that large operation. That meant pinpointing the killers would be easy.

At the next day's hearing, still in the previous day's and night's clothing, I sat as usual at the witness table, with the exhibits to hand to the witnesses and the court reporter and with a copy of the brief to follow.

When we came to the part where the killers could be identified, LaFollette just chickened out and skipped it. He did not miss the look of contempt I gave him. He then proceeded to massacre the rest of the hearing and closed it early.

When word of his anger of my unhidden contempt for his cowardice got around, those wanting to dump me watched for an opportunity.

They were not long in using it when that Senator was again embarrassed and falsely, they could blame that on me and give him the excuse he needed.

They did.

As this no longer crusading Senator whose father had been a popular and much respected crusader as a Senator continued cutting back on what had been planned to be investigated by the committee he reported to what was then known as publishing a "dump." Instead of a real hearing a perfunctory hearing, without any witness except a ranking staff employee, was held. With all the records to be published from those obtained in the investigation there, the committee's administrative head merely offered them "for the record" and the Senator accepted them for the record. That was the entire "hearing!"

Those records were known as "dumps" because they were just dumped into the official record and then published.

These came to three printed volumes.

As always, I had extra sets of galley proofs for reporters. They came to my office and read them after hearings for their articles. For those interested who could not be there I mailed galley proofs. Of those I remember one whose later great and since unequalled career was built on close examination of government records. Before he changed his name to I.F. Stone I mailed galley proofs of each hearing to Isadore Feinstein at the New York *Post*, for which he then was an editorial writer.

Always called "Izzy," when he later moved to Washington we became friends.

I had forgotten all about that "dump." No reporter had known about it. I had told none about it. But one of my superiors on the staff mentioned it to Henry Zon. Henry, a friend, came to see them.

He wrote an article for his employer, the labor news service, Federated Press.

Henry and his wife and my wife and I lived about a block from each other. We were friends. Nights none of us had to work and we felt like bowling, there was an alley three blocks away and we bowled.

(During World War II we were both in intelligence. Henry was an officer in ONI, navy intelligence. I was first a soldier and then a civilian in the OSS, the Office of Strategic Services.)

Henry's story on that "dump" went to about 60 labor newspapers.

One of these papers was the east coast Communist paper, *The Daily Worker*.

Its Washington correspondent was then Adam Lapin. Lapin also had used hearings galleys but he neither used nor knew about those of this "dump."

Henry's truthful and accurate story created quite a stir and vigorous protests.

That aborted hearing was to have been on what then was known as "The National Industrial Conference Board" (NICB). As I now think I recall accurately, it was related to if it had not been created by the National Association of Manufacturers. In those days the NAM was a leader in the most vigorous opposition to any labor organization.

The NICB was composed of top echelon leaders in top echelon industrial corporations.

It met in secret in New York City. It was a spearhead of the most vigorous opposition to any labor organization.

At one of its secret meetings of which we had the minutes a General Motors vice president, Harry Anderson, told his NICB associates who were having or lamenting labor organizing activity, "You need what we have, a 'Black Legion'."

Michigan was then a hot-bed of violent vigilante anti-labor activity much of which, including the violence and if I remember correctly, murders traced to auto-manufacturing corporations. The "Black Legion" was then the most prominent in its inflicting of extreme violence on those suspected of union activity, especially on those in leadership roles.

The auto-corporation created and funded Black Legion, like the Klan, was also racist. So also were some similar gangs of similar sponsorship and support. This kind of activity by the Ford Motor Company was under Harry Bennett. Henry Ford, however, differed from other auto tycoons in having given large numbers of black jobs in his plants and in being so openly anti-Semitic he had an official anti-Semitic spokesman on the Ford Sunday night nationwide radio broadcasts. W.J. Cameron, overtly anti-Semitic on that popular, nationwide radio network program. Ford also published the most notorious of the anti-Semitic fakes fabricated over the years by earlier anti-Semites, especially the Russian Czars.

Zon's accurate story quoting Anderson as telling his fellow board members that they should get themselves Black Legions, as General Motors had, was ignored when it appeared in labor union newspapers but it was not ignored when the *Daily Worker* published it. That paper published by the east coast part of the Communist Party.

Pretending that the Communist paper was the only one to carry the story and that its own correspondent had written it, Anderson, GM, the NICB and probably many others in high positions where they worked, seized upon not the unquestioned fact of the story but their phoned claim of its "Communist" origin to make vigorous complaints.

That gave those who wanted to dump me the opportunity they wanted. Without, apparently,

telling LaFollette the truth, they gave him the complaints they knew were false and told him that I had "leaked" what they described as "confidential information" to the *Worker*.

This was additionally false because the committee had no "confidential" information of any kind, I never had anything to leak if I'd wanted to, and what made it all an even dastardly adventure, it was all a matter of public record to be published within a few days!

But LaFollette fired me with the lie that I had leaked "confidential information to the *Daily Worker*."

In that pre-McCarthy day of the fear of his no less ugly anti-American predecessor Congressman Martin Dies, chairman of the self and falsely described "Committee on Un-American Activities," that was to virtually make me unemployable.

LaFollette would not listen to the truth. He had wanted to do what he did and this wretched business enabled him to get real vengeance for that dirty look I had given him when he had chickened out in a hearing that could have solved murders that local authorities did not want to and did not solve. He was also unhappy about my not rushing those hearings into print without regard for their secrecy. He had another gripe, too.

This is not why I regarded him and in private referred to him as not his father's son. In all my working years, he was the worst employer I ever had. Supposed friend of labor that he was.

I needed an eye operation. He needed the hearings and reports to be published. With the eye operation I could have done my work better. But it would have had me out of the office for a week or so.

He refused to give me time off for that operation.

So, I just quit and had the eye operated on.

Technically, I was not then a Senate employee. I worked at the Agriculture Department and it had detailed me to work for the Senate. At the Agriculture Department, on whose payroll I was, I had sick leave I'd never used. All executive agency employees were then allowed as I now recall two weeks of sick leave per year. Technically, the leave I required for that operation was mine as a matter of legal right. But the Congress, at least then, was a law unto itself. If LaFollette said I had no sick leave coming and could not take leave without pay for the operation, that was it. His whim was as binding as any law.

The operation took more than the anticipated week. Both eyes were bandaged for a week and I was kept in the hospital for another day.

When released on a nice, sunny day, I decided to walk the seven blocks to my apartment but I was so exhausted after seven days flat on my back after one block I hailed a cab. (They then cost 20 cents for the central-city zone!) I then drove to Wilmington to stay with my mother while I recuperated. I rested up for about another week.

By the time I was able to work again my absence had been felt. I was wanted back. I had intended going back if I could. I regarded that as worthwhile work. That is why I continued working for much less than I could have earned elsewhere, for about a fourth of what was paid a messenger so incompetent in that simple work I did not trust him if I had any choice. (He was another Senator's patronage.)

Before I was able to see if my return was wanted I was offered a raise to return.

It was a fine raise- \$180 a year. Less than three dollars a week!

Some on the staff who knew how little I was paid resented it. I'd made no effort to get more. The committee was enormously underfunded. So much so that I scrounged around for supplies for it and got them from executive agencies.

Before I had my own office, my desk backed on that of our chief of files, a fine woman then about my mother's age. She was Ruth Shields. Her husband, Robert, was a sugar-interest lobbyist. He had many friends and contacts in the Agriculture Department and its many components. I had been on one of those payrolls when I went back to work for the committee. Ruth spoke to her husband. Bob made an appointment for me to speak to a department lawyer, Monroe Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer sent me to be interviewed by C. Benham Baldwin, known as "Beanie." He was head of the Farm Security Administration (FSA). Baldwin put me on his payroll as his administrative assistant at twice what I was then being paid, but far less than that messenger got.

I was Baldwin's "administrative assistant." I was never in my office, never saw my secretary or knew my telephone number. I never worked for the FSA at all.

I had that job to "return" to when LaFollette "fired" me. I was not then on any Senate payroll. I was the administrative assistant to the head of the Farm Security Administration.

But as I knew, if I went there it would be a serious political embarrassment and hurtful to those who had befriended me.

It would also have led to professions of phony outrage by those whose careers were then built or being built on their beginning of the "red" scare that first Dies and then Joe McCarthy exploited so extensively and effectively.

Instead I started to return to writing.

(I do not believe and have no reason to believe that LaFollette's firing of me, unjust as he knew it was, had anything to do with his later suicide or represented in any way what caused it. After he was defeated- by McCarthy- he and his brother Philip, Wisconsin governor, organized what failed, they not being their father's political sons, what was widely regarded as a fascist-like new political party.)

Another planned committee investigation that LaFollette wanted to abort so he could close his political gravytrain down with no further liability from it was of California's "Associated Farmers."

They were farmers like Henry Ford or less well-known Tom Girdler of National Steal were farmers.

What was "associated" in that limited and in terms of wealth select group were corporate farms. Their abuses were of migrant farmers, those who had been driven from their family-sized farms in Oklahoma and Arkansas by terrible dust storms that ruined their farms. Many of them had with considerable difficulty migrated to California seeking food and jobs. Although somewhat more moderate, California was then the agricultural equivalent of Harlan County in coal.

California was not, like Harlan, land-locked by its ** farms. That large and populous state was not as completely politically controlled as Harlan was. It was not without any major press as Harlan was. Nor were most of its people, as those who remained in Harlan were, undereducated, desperately poor and intimidated. Any Harlan-scale violence in California could not have been as completely suppressed as it had been in Harlan.

LaFollette's other gripe against me is that I was helping Gardner "Pat" Jackson in his efforts to see to it that LaFollette did not and his committee without that planned hearing on the miserable, really desperate condition of those farmers who had been ruined by the dust storms and had been compelled

to become farm laborers on those vast corporate farms.

I was helping Jackson lobby through an extension of the committee's life for that particular investigation.

Because of the firm opposition to it that aside from corporate, industrial and financial interests also included LaFollette and FDR, it required imagination and daring.

Pat was extraordinarily well connected. Through him among those of some prominence I met included Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter. He and Pat had served together on the committee seeking to free the convicted anarchists Sacco and Vanzetti about whose conviction for alleged murder there was and continued to be enormous national and international protest. Pat had been that committee's information officer.

Pat was a very friendly and outgoing man who was a very effective lobbyist. His employer was the United Mine Workers' union political arm, Labor's Non-partisan League. Informally he also lobbied for some of Mrs. FDR's projects. Eleanor Roosevelt's interests ranged from the rural poor to the youth of all the country.

He was also an alcoholic, less inhibited when his wife and family were away on vacation.

Without going into all of the innovations, improvisations and devices we used to get the committee's life extended for that first official investigation of the terrible plight of agricultural workers, all of them significant learning experiences for me, particularly those that were my idea but certainly those that were his, as most of them by far were, the most effective one, entirely Pat's, taught me much.

Paul Y. Anderson, whom I knew only slightly but was a good friend of Pat's, was the much honored chief Washington correspondent of the Pulitzer-owned St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Among his

many outstanding journalistic achievements was exposure of what came to be known as "The Teapot Dome Scandal." Teapot Dome was the name of a Navy-owned petroleum reserve in the west. There was Harding administration cabinet level corruption in turning it over to private interests. With convictions. Anderson won a Pulitzer Prize for it.

FDR innovated regular White House press conferences. He met with the press in those days before TV in his office. He told the reporters, almost entirely of the print press, what he wanted to say and he responded to their questions. They were free-wheeling and informal sessions.

There was nothing like them in their openness and effectiveness until John F. Kennedy's use of them when developments in TV made them an institution and made him a popular idol for an increasing number of Americans until he was really a TV star.

Coming out against an investigation like that of the Associated Farmers and in defense of the poor, downtrodden Okies and Arkies was like condemning motherhood. LaFollette was opposed to it. So was FDR, for similar reasons- it could hurt him politically. But it was not public knowledge that both opposed it.

So, at a press conference Anderson asked FDR if he favored continuing the committee for that one investigation. Politically FDR did not dare say he did not. Opposing that investigation would be like endorsing sin and condemning and opposing motherhood. So, unwillingly and reluctantly, Roosevelt had to support the extension of the committee's life for that investigation. His endorsement had a real impact on Democratic Senators who would be called upon to vote on the committee's continuation.

Similarly, LaFollette did not dare run the political risk of not continuing that investigation after FDR's endorsement, given the great importance of the labor and liberal vote in Wisconsin.

Of all that we devised and pulled getting FDR on the record in support was probably the most important single factor in getting that investigation authorized.

If some readers wonder about its value, those who have read John Steinbeck's magnificent Grapes of Wrath or have seen the movie made from it should have no doubt at all!

Neither here nor elsewhere do I take the readers' time to point out all kinds of valuable learning experiences from the matters I report, especially for a young man of then only 26. I do ask the reader to consider what I believe, that some of those in this chapter as well as elsewhere included developing a stranger sense of what is right and what is wrong and, in the course of doing what was considered impossible, learning that a matter that seemed to be impossible need not be but unless attempted would be.

Without by the time I wrote Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report (finished mid-February, 1965) having developed a strong sense of right and wrong and the belief that not trying hard enough or in an appropriate way is what determines what is and is not possible, I would not have persisted in my work on the JFK assassination and its investigations and I would not have dared confront the government in those many FOIA lawsuits as the result of which I did accomplish the seemingly impossible more so because I was without means, influence or connections, was without income and was in debt, and had developed serious illnesses.

This first of my experiences in being unjustly accused, of in effect being framed, of which there later were more instances, made me less unwilling to consider the possibility that Lee Harvey Oswald may have been set-up and even framed.

But that was in the unexpected and unanticipated future.

My immediate interest was in returning to writing, about political matters and national issues.

Those who oppose my work and writing, who disagree with my beliefs or perhaps just do not like me misuse this matter of my being "fired" for "leaking" for their own ends, never giving an honest or impartial account of it.

Literally, I was not even fired. All LaFollette could do is what he did do, return me to my job at the Farm Security Administration. I was not on his or the Senate's payroll, I was only loaned to them. It was my decision not to return to the FSA. I also had other options. One, a political one, was especially attractive. That was to work on a non-partisan committee seeking to have the poll tax repealed. Strange as it may seem to those not then alive, many southern states disenfranchised their poor citizens, mostly black, by compelling them to pay a tax before they could register to vote. Those who could hardly feed themselves and their families could not afford to pay a tax to be able to vote. Even if blacks did pay that tax, they were still legislatively effectively disenfranchised by other state obstructions and impediments.

Virginia Durr, in her 90s as I write this, is the embodiment of traditional American belief as enunciated and formulated by our founding fathers. She was then a mother in her mid-30s with young children. She attended those of my committee's hearings she could and studied galley proofs of the hearings she could not attend. She was the sister-in-law of Supreme Court justice Hugo Black. As a senator Black conducted a definitive investigation of lobbying and propaganda against the New Deal and against FDR, some of it sensationally scurrilous. Virginia did organize and supervise that anti-poll

tax committee.

Her husband was Clifford, with whom my wife had worked at the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. There he was a major force in helping industry gird financially for the coming war to stop Hitler. After that Cliff was a member of the Federal Communications Commission. We owe public radio and TV to him. He refused reappointment by President Truman over his opposition to the so-called loyalty program instituted by Truman. It was not designed as a means of establishing employee loyalty. It was intended to deter political attacks by the Republicans, as Truman's then counsel, the eminent Clark Clifford, told Carl Bernstein, one of the Pulitzer star Washington *Post* Watergate reporters for his book on his parents, who were among the victims of that "loyalty" program. Native Alabamians, the University of Alabama Press has published two excellent books about the Durrs. Outside the Magic Circle, based largely on Columbia Univeristy oral histories is the book about Virginia. The biography of Cliff is The Conscience of a Lawyer: Clifford Durr and American Civil Liberties, by the American historian John A. Salmond who then taught in Australia at ***.

Much as I believed that any disenfranchisement of Americans is an intended violation of our Constitution, of our basic concepts, I did not believe that in the war climate there was any prospect for its success. This proved to be correct. That reform was decades in coming.

I wanted to return to writing, as I did. I do not in retrospect regret my decision.

Two of those who misused this matter to malign me, to deceive and mislead their readers, to corrupt the record for history, and to indulge their small-mindedness, had books appear after I had written most of this record for our history. Neither man and neither book can survive comparison with the factual record in my books.

Gerald Posner, who wrote the book he knowingly and deliberately mistitled Case Closed, and Harrison Livingstone, whose Killing the Truth is appropriately titled as it refers to him, having no other means of assaulting my credibility, both undertook to do that with prejudicial brief distortions of the truth set forth here.

The plain and simple truth is that I leaked nothing. I had nothing to leak, and whether I was right in incurring LaFollette's displeasure by lobbying for his committee's life to be continued for the important and successful investigation that followed those who read Grapes of Wrath or saw that movie can answer easily for themselves.