

CHAPTER 9

Into the "Wild Bill" Yonder

Through a college friend I was introduced to a picture magazine with the third largest of that day circulation. It was a monthly, CLICK, click like the sound of a camera's shutter.

My first article for it, on the potential danger during the World War II of Nazi business and industries in this country, especially in areas of strategic importance, was praised on the floor of the House of Representatives and entered into the Congressional Record. It also led to an anonymous call to the magazine.

"If you think those guys are a Nazi danger, you should be where I work." That man said there were Nazis in the better positions at the Resinous Products and Chemicals plant where he worked, in Bristol, Pennsylvania. With no more than that for a lead I began two intensive months of investigating. They ended with a definitive expose of Resinous Products and its parent company, Rohm and Haas, which was based in Philadelphia. Rohm and Haas was well known in the leather industry because it held basic patents on tanning leather. In World War II the German Rohm and Haas, based in Darmstadt, owned the very important and valuable patent on plexiglas. That was like du Pont's lucite but for many purposes, including uses in military airplanes, plexiglas was superior. The Philadelphia corporation was licensed to use the plexiglas patent.

By the time my investigation was complete I showed that it was still a Nazi outfit, ownership hidden in Switzerland and that from the royalty payments the Nazis could compute our military aircraft production, among other things.

CLICK received many letters praising that article, including from the White House, several

cabinet members and even J. Edgar Hoover himself.

(Because the FBI and other agencies have been saying and recording nasty lies about me, when that Hoover letter did not surface in response to my FOIA efforts, because CLICK printed brief excerpts from all those letters a month later, I asked my Senator and then friend, Charles "Mac" Mathias to see if he could get me that page from the issue of CLICK filed under the copyright law. The report to him from the Library of Congress is that no copy of that issue remains, not even in the copyright files. Who but the FBI or the CIA would have any interest in having no copy of that available? All the other people of prominence in the early 1940s were dead, as was Hoover, when I made the information request. But his letter praised me and my work, and more than four decades later the FBI could not abide that.)

I do not allege a cause-effect relationship because I do not know but after this and subsequent articles my series of exposes of Nazi cartels and their influence on our military productions, first Rohm and Haas and then several other of those still-Nazi American corporations were taken over by the government. All those articles were entered into the Congressional Record by Members of the House who made speeches on the Floor praising them, the magazine and me for our patriotism and public service.

I was asked to and I did testify about that Rohm and Haas article to the House Patents committee, in a closed meeting.

Aside from this series on Nazi cartels I wrote again about the Tanaka Memorial and Japanese imperial expansionist ambitions. That article, in which I predicted what began with and followed Pearl Harbor, appeared less than three months before the Pearl Harbor disaster.

For that article, with the passing of years and the increased availability of information, I was able to show that the expansionist plans of the Memorial had in fact been followed by Japan.

When I completed the research for each of the articles in that Nazi cartel series I took the results to the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice. Because we were not then in the war and because that somewhat limited what our government would do, the economist in that area at the Department's work on Nazi cartels, Joe Borkin, urged me to go to the British embassy with my information, although British Imperial Chemicals was also involved in some of those Nazi cartels. That led to my becoming what was known as an "unregistered agent," for Great Britain, in the field of economic warfare. Technically what I did was illegal but for what the Department of Justice asked me to there was little likelihood that it would charge me with violation of the foreign-agents registration act.

Technically, I was in effect a spy. But it was for an ally and our government wanted me to do that.

Thurman Arnold then was the assistant attorney general in charge of that division. What he knew about me from this was later helpful, very helpful!

M. Robert Rogers was CLICK's editor. He had a master's degree from Harvard- in music. Under him CLICK made money without any advertising staff. That was rare in magazine publishing. Why the owner, Triangle Publications, did not make it more profitable with advertising I do not know.

Triangle was owned by Moses Annenberg and his family. Moe's fame and fortune grew from his career in the Chicago newspaper circulation wars and his innovation, introducing those now known as "gangsters" to Chicago. As he prospered he branched into publishing beginning with newspapers for horse-racing and gambling interests. His most important publication was the major Philadelphia

newspaper, The *Inquirer*. In addition to CLICK and other magazines Triangle also owned radio stations and later TV Guide.

Moe was in jail. His publications then were run by his son Walter. Walter aspired to acceptance from Philadelphia's prestigious "Main Line" society.

The Annenberg debt, I was authoritatively told, was held by Chicago's "America First" banks. The wealthy people in America First were heavily involved in industry and banking circles that in turn were connected to those corporations I exposed in CLICK. America First was also opposed to all our help to Hitler's victims, particularly Britain.

Walter Annenberg and his wife were Main Line blackballed, I was told, over my stories that CLICK published and by the dislike of them by the banks with which his corporations did business.

First Annenberg changed CLICK's successful and profitable editor and editorial policy. In doing that he fired Rogers. I had no longer any interest in any association with CLICK and offered it no articles. The dumdummy who replaced Rogers undoubtedly would not have wanted them in any event if Walter Annenberg or those speaking for him had not already nixed them.

The magazine started losing money and before long it was closed down so that its newsprint, scarce in wartime, could be used by another Annenberg magazine.

Rogers was one of those I took to Washington so he could help the war effort. I introduced him to a friend, Katherine (Casey) Blackburn. She got him and the others started. She then was second in charge of The Office of Government Reports.

I free-lanced with a few other magazines, none important, and then hastened my induction into the Army in the naive belief it would find something useful for me to do to help win the war.

One of the stories I did for a small magazine was stolen, as writing about what is in the public domain can easily be. After that theft was published in a large magazine it appeared as a movie. That article was about a Navy officer years ahead of his time, and of the Chinese Red Eighth Route Army with which, when he was our Naval Attache in Chiang Kai-Shek's China, Colonel Evans Fordyce Carlson lived and marched for quite some time.

A man who was then one of the agents by means of whom he was able to get his reports to the embassy without Chiang Kai-Shek's interception of them was later my dear friend. James D. White was then an Associated Press reporter in China. Evans Fordyce Carlson got his reports to Jim White and he, as a reporter, was not suspected when he went to the American Embassy.

The Navy brass, so locked into the past and blind to the future was not able to see that the reports Carlson got to it forecast the future in some aspects of war of the future. They ended his fine career.

I resurrected him from an unjust oblivion and wrote how the Navy had finally come to recognize the military value of the information he obtained from that period of difficult and dangerous living with that Red Army- mostly in caves and on the run- and with an inadequate diet for so long. Belatedly the Navy had begun to train, by Carlson's recommended method. The first of its "Raider Battalions," it named "Carlson's Raiders." They were among our best fighters in the east in World War II.

The battle chant of the Chinese warriors with whom Carlson lived was "Gung Ho!"

My use of it made it part of our language.

The movie was a big success. Everyone made money from my work- except me. I was paid a small sum for that article by the small magazine that could afford to pay me no more for it.

This did prepare me, to the degree one can be prepared for it, for the literary thievery later so prevalent in JFK assassination writing.

It was a mistake, a boyish romantic notion to hasten my induction into the Army in the belief it would find some useful duty for me. The most important work it found for me was as a military policeman, protecting the citizens here from our soldiers and doing the same in North African towns. I also guarded Nazi and Italian prisoners there and Nazis on the high seas.

When I was returned to the United States as one of 28 guards for 1,000 Nazi Africa Korps prisoners and then was systematically denied the furlough that was the right of every soldier on return from abroad I wound up, after a period of replacing civilians in preparing equipment to be shipped overseas, guarding the docks in Baltimore, 24 hours on duty, 24 hours off. Before being shipped there I was in a group shipped by mistake to the Virginia Hampden Roads Port of Embarkations to sit and do nothing because that was a mistake. With no commanding officer to give me that furlough or a pass I went "AWOL", "absent without official leave," for a weekend. I hitchhiked to Washington on a Friday and on Saturday my wife and I drove to the small town of Hyattstown to see her mother and ill and aging grandfather. Her mother then was caring for her grandson, then a child of about eight years. We did not then know it but he had the mumps. When the next morning I got back to the Virginia capes and was walking to where we were housed, the rest of the outfit was leaving on a tractor trailer. They helped me onto it while it was in motion.

Then stationed in Dundalk, a section of Baltimore, in another MP outfit, I again asked for my furlough and still again was denied it. The following week I became aware that I was ill while guarding a dock at Curtis Bay at which four ships were being loaded, two on each side of that dock. They were

loading ammunition. At the end of my 24 hours of duty, because I was sick I turned in sick call. But the first sergeant assumed that because I had been denied my furlough I was gold-bricking. So I was put back on guard duty for my off period of 24 hours.

Sicker still when it ended and I went on sick call again, and the first sergeant again told the medics I was gold-bricking. I was not examined. I was given a couple of aspirins and sure enough was, in violation of regulations, put immediately back on still another 24 hours guarding those four ships that were loading ammunition, two on each side of that Curtis Bay dock.

Under the best of circumstances having a single guard work 72 consecutive hours on guard duty when he alone was guarding four ships loading ammunition was, in wartime, at the least stupid and under any circumstances both unwise and risky. Could a gold-brick be trusted for that? Or if I were telling the truth, a sick man? But that was the army when stateside troops were anxious not to go abroad and did anything to avoid that, including developing silly suspicions about those who had served abroad.

This did not mean that I was at the post for 72 consecutive hours. We worked four hours on and four off. But on the four off we returned to our base on a boat. The four off included the time each trip took, coming and going. By the time we used the bathroom and had a cup of coffee or a bite of food it was time to take the boat again. So there was no real rest on the four hours "off." That is why by regulations we were to have the next 24 hours off, with no assigned duties.

About four o'clock in the morning of the third straight 24 hours of guard duty the sergeant of the guard found me asleep that cold and clammy March morning in a little guard shack, for protection in bad weather, at the end of the pier.

Fortunately he knew me from before. They can kill soldiers for that in wartime!

"I'm sick, Sam," I told him when he woke me. "Feel my head."

He did. He said, "You are sick. But try to stay awake."

I decided not to turn in on sick call that time when I went off guard duty. I would go over the hill again and see the family doctor.

But when I got back to the base we all were sent to the medics for immunization shots.

The doctor who had seen me each of the two earlier days without even taking my temperature, while giving me a shot in each arm on that third visit, did not even become aware of how much my face was swollen.

It was almost dark by the time I was home in Washington. The family doctor said he did not have to see me- that without question , "You have the mumps. Call the MPs."

The headquarters of the entire corp of military police was then in a since-destroyed World War I "temporary" building, known as the "Munitions" building. The Pentagon was then a new building. After hours, a general answered the phone. He sent a Cadillac ambulance to take me to Walter Reed Hospital. There the worst thing possible for a man with mumps is what I was told to do- walk to a building the equivalent of a city block away and then climb to its third floor.

The Army sent me to the hospital in luxury, in a Cadillac ambulance rather than a jeep or a truck or even a passenger car. And then at the hospital, where such things are supposedly understood, I was told to do what almost assured I would develop orchitis. I did, too. A man with mumps is to stay off his feet. Orchitis is disagreeable, painful and it has the potential of sterilizing men. The testicles grew to enormous size.

After doing what was the worst possible thing to me I was put in a private room, rather

uncommon in a military hospital for enlisted men, and I was not allowed out of bed except for medical examinations for the next 10 days to two weeks. I was then under constant sedation. The treatment was to force a full glass of water every hour, around the clock. I was also given some medication, probably a painkiller, when I was awakened to use a urinal and drink still more.

My testicles grew so large colonels came in to examine them. When the examination by one was painful, from the flat of my back I slugged one colonel. They were just curious and by then I was beginning to get a bit impatient. I was also feverish and in pain from a previous back injury.

Instead of being court martialed for striking an officer he apologized to me. He admitted he was just curious and had no business giving me that pain.

When the Walter Reed doctors, the Army's best, x-rayed and learned about that bad back and that they could do nothing about it- that physically I had no business in the Army- after the fever and the swellings were gone they shipped me to their suburban reconditioning section for another couple of weeks of vegetating, doing nothing, and then to the rehabilitation section in an old Civil Conservation Corps Camp a little farther from Washington, near Greenbelt, Maryland. There we sunbathed, looked at training movies, picked up the cigarette butts that we had just thrown away, took walks and once went swimming- almost.

In the still racially segregated nearby Greenbelt, started as I recall as one of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's projects, there was a swimming pool. The black soldier in the cot next to mine was banned. I led a sitdown strike and we did not go. That may have been the most useful thing I did in my four months at Walter Reed- during a war yet!

Can all these things happen?

They did.

And they influenced me. They also controlled my future work assignment as a soldier. What I learned from that work that was useful later to me.

If I had not been undisciplined and twice gone absent without leave none of what followed would have. I'd not have gotten the mumps, for example.

After I spent more of those boring weeks at what we called "cornfield college," that old CCC camp Walter Reed used to build our bodies up, we invaded France.

Then even more I wanted to find something useful to do.

Each week a doctor from Walter Reed drove out to see us and see how we were getting along.

My medical records showed I was not suited for military duty, so the doctor who came to see me, a Colonel Fred Gashay, merely visited. But the week of the invasion of France I told him that if I did not get sent to some useful duty I would "buck me a Section 8."

"Section 8" of some regulation was used for discharges for psychiatric or emotional reasons.

When Gashay returned a week later and nothing had happened, I started acting silly. He laughed and he said "I'll take care of it." He did. I was phoned and told to come to the main hospital office where I'd be given my records and instructions.

A Walter Reed panel of military doctors had examined my records and ordered that I be assigned, and this is close to the precise words, only light, nonstrenuous duties within the United States that do not require prolonged use of my feet or any prolonged standing or extensive use of the eyes.

That was carrying it a bit far, but I had no complaint.

As my records probably showed, once before when I asked for that overdue overseas furlough

when I was at Camp Shanks, New York, that first sergeant also got a bit upset about it. He put me on the most active post for a military policeman at a port of embarkation, the one place that controlling traffic was really difficult, where all entering and leaving the post had to pass. I could not leave it, I had had to stand still except for turning. My injured back gave way and I collapsed.

That battalion doctor really gave that first sergeant a chewing out. He ordered that as long as I was there I was to be assigned to a sitting post. So, as long as I was there, I was assigned to the locked psycho ward at the Rockland State Hospital part of which the army had taken over. I carried a pistol- to be able to use it against American soldiers if they flipped out and that became necessary- and I and the other guards at that post alone had the key to the door. Nothing unusual ever happened on my duty shift but once when I was on my four hours off one of the patients threw a fit and he kept six men occupied, some flying through the air when he threw them. Their strength was incredible!

Then a petite Army nurse walked in and quietly but severely gave him orders. Silently he did what she told him to do. He lay silently on his bed while she harnessed him with a canvass camisole that kept him immobile. Power and strength meant nothing but the right words from the right person did the job strength and power could not do. Worth remembering I remember her name and that patient's, Sands and Robertson.

I had my own car and was able to drive to Fort Myer. For the next three weeks across the river to my own apartment every afternoon to return in the morning. The officer to whom I was sent in the fort's personnel office, which was that of the Military District of Washington, was a nice guy and he was impressed with my record. He had me transferred there and three weeks later, after a security investigation that cleared me, I reported to the OSS, the Office of Strategic Services.

The mumps got me there and to the only really useful service I rendered as a soldier.

Am I glad my nephew Frankie got the mumps! Which did me no lasting harm.

As soon as I walked into that office I became aware of what kind of an unusual outfit the OSS was. My friend CLICK's former editor, Rogers, was there in civilian clothes. He was an Army sergeant without having done anything soldierly, had not even had basic training! Not one of the soldiers in that section of that branch of the OSS had had any military training at all! Including the ranking non-commissioned officer, the first sergeant, a Hollywood writer named Dick Wilson.

For all the time I was there we had only one military formation. None of them knew what to do- not even how to line up! Soldiers?

Wilson told me to stand in front of him at that one formation and when a command was given tell him and the others, in as low a voice as would enable them to hear, what in the world the commands meant!

We had one commissioned officer who was always in uniform. He was a lieutenant, Al Russo. He was our chauffeur!

As a shop we were as ignorant of soldiering as was possible. But in our work we were pretty good.

That branch was The Presentation Branch. My section was the writers. The other section of the shop was of artists.

There were some civilians in each half of the branch. One I remember from the other half were Eero Saarinen, the architect. Also there was an Austrian refugee and soldier, Henry Koerner, a private and a fine and successful artist. Saarinen designed what became a very popular line of furniture of

Scandinavian inspiration. He also designed Washington's second airport, Dulles. That was an entirely new concept in which the planes avoided congestion by not going to the terminal building. Passengers were taken to and from it in special trams also of his design.

Koerner's latter successes included doing a number of covers for TIME magazine.

I suppose the standards for recruitment for some areas of OSS work for imagination.

Koerner's imagination was outstanding.

All sorts of jobs were bounced to us from all over the government, including the military, especially the top brass, the Chiefs of Staff. One of which all others had failed was assigned to Koerner. Later I had a few.

The then Air Force had developed an important electronic device with which pilots could determine whether other planes were friendly or unfriendly. It was called "Identification, Friend or Foe," IFF for short.

Many of the pilots, especially the younger ones, much influenced by the macho novels and movies made of them, of derring-do pilots who were heroic and successful in flying and fighting by instinct and with disregard of instruments and dangers, flying "by the seat of their pants." The result was a great loss of both trained men and planes. The government decided it had to overcome that flying by the seat of the pants fiction, and to persuade the pilots to use this wonderful new invention not to be shot down by an enemy plane mistaken for friendly.

No effort to popularize IFF succeeded.

Koerner did it. With a poster.

He painted a picture of a USO entertainment of troops abroad. The United States Organization

sent all varieties of entertainers all over the world to keep morale up. Koerner's painting was a view from backstage of a large audience of uniformed men, most with goofy looks and their tongues out. They were all looking at the stage, at the woman dancing for them. She was, as an artist can show, beautiful. She was seen from behind- naked.

Koerner superimposed the hollow letters "IFF" above the woman's buttock and added the message so aptly designed to have appeal to pilots and to be talked about, "The equipment is good- use it!"

Posted, mounted above the urinals those pilots used, stimulated much joking among the pilots, laughter, and it was remembered.

And "the equipment" thereafter was used.

In several senses the job that awaited me when my security was cleared was unusual. One unusual aspect is that it existed. Another was that it was assigned to an unknown and untested non-lawyer.

Democrat FDR had the conservative Republicans from Buffalo, General William Donovan, as his head of the OSS. Donovan was known as "Wild Bill" from his earlier career.

I have no idea why that job was given to me, unless it came from the successes of my Nazi cartel investigations in which my magazine stories "beat" the daily press with its greater facilities. Four OSS soldiers who had volunteered for a particularly dangerous air drop behind Nazi lines in France had gotten into a fight with the Washington MPs and had beaten the MPs up quite a bit. Their convictions had been sustained through all the channels of military justice and they were serving their sentences in a military prison, as I recall at Fort Tilden, New York.

But Donovan was not satisfied that they had received justice. He seemed to believe that if they were not guilty, they had been set up. That is why the whole thing was not dropped at the end of the appeals.

The OSS had taken over one of Washington's better country clubs, Congressional, with its golf links, to use as a "holding area," for those to be shipped overseas until transportation was available and also to house and feed returnees until they resumed their state-side duties. Some of the latter required a period of rehabilitation, of relaxing from the dangers they had lived through and the omnipresent threat of death.

The ranking noncom of those French-speaking enlisted men who had volunteered for that dangerous parachute drop and their subsequent dangerous activities in captured France was named "Paris." The only other name I remember from that detail is that of Carlisle Bergeron. The Congressional Country Club was an easy walk down what since grew into a major highway and then was a narrow, country dirt road, Persimmon Tree Road, to Dave Touhey's tavern in Cabin John, just over the District line in Maryland. Often of a night the Paris crew and others walked to Dave Touhey's tavern for beer and conviviality.

Donovan, wanting his men to be relaxed and as happy as they could be, instituted informality, including the relaxation of military dress codes. OSS was informal in many other ways, including rank. As a private when I went out on a job my chauffeur was a first lieutenant, Al Russo. He was always in uniform, as I then was, a private and a back seat passenger being driven by a first lieutenant!

Many OSS soldiers preferred white sweat socks when they could wear them to the khaki-colored GI issue socks. The Paris crew wore the whites one night to Touhey's. Probably some were

otherwise out of full uniform, as not wearing ties in that hot and humid area.

When the MPs spotted them "out of uniform" a fight ensued. I remember that one of the MPs got a broken jaw. They also sustained less severe injuries.

Including to their pride.

Knowing that the OSS had excellent lawyers, whether or not they had been on the case, was immediately intimidating. Lawyers like Arthur Goldberg, later a Justice of the Supreme Court, after being a cabinet member (labor). He was appointed our UN ambassador by President Lyndon B. Johnson to make an opening for an LBJ favorite, Abe Fortas. (Later I knew both of them.) Or that other Donovan, James B., the OSS general counsel and the lawyer who negotiated the return of the Bay of Pigs prisoners with Castro, and of the U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers, who was shot down deep inside the USSR.

So, I did not begin "The Paris Case," as inside OSS it was called, with an investigation. That would have been very difficult if not in some way impossible because of the mobility of the men in the armed forces and necessary secrecy. And because the civilians present at the fight would be unwilling to get involved. Instead I decided to bird-dog the existing records. With nothing but the existing records at OSS Headquarters, then in a small condemned and abandoned public school three blocks away, I soon put together a solid case that exculpated our men. There was no doubt at all in the existing evidence that the overworked lawyers had overlooked and not used: the MPs had decided in advance to start a fight so they could do something about all the to them offenses against military codes by the military personnel assigned to the OSS. Of whose special privileges they were envious in any event.

Six weeks after I started at the OSS those men were freed.

What I emphasize is that they were freed, exculpated, by the existing records that had not been used properly.

It was like Poe's story of The Purlpined Letter: out in the open to be seen yet unseen.

Not long after the men were released from captivity, the lieutenant in charge of that beaten-up MP detail, the man the records showed wanted that fight in an attempt to end OSS immunity from the standard military dress code, a man as it happens was also named Donovan, killed himself.

It was all classified "Secret" as in those days anything at all could be by anyone who had or could find the appropriate rubber stamp. Even this slight detail was another important learning experience for me, as, really, all of this was.

Somehow word of what I had done got around in OSS and thereafter all sorts of strange jobs were assigned to me when those with the responsibilities in those areas had not been able to do them.

My OSS reputation from "The Paris Case," entirely among strangers I never met, other than those in my shop who knew about it, almost got my first book on the Kennedy assassination, published 22 years later.

After innumerable rejections of it without a single adverse editorial comment, when I gave my name to the receptionist at the David McKay publishing house and asked if I might see the managing editor, a man sang out over the partition, "Send him in."

The managing editor stood and introduced himself as Howard Cady. Shaking my hand he asked "Are you the Harold Weisberg of the Paris case?" I was surprised because that was a classified matter. I asked him, "How do you know about that?" He laughed in responding "I was at

Headquarters and everybody at headquarters knew about it."

We chatted a bit about those OSS days, he accepted the manuscript to read and told me to return in a week or so. When I did he told me that he had recommended it but it had been rejected.

A man named Rawson then owned that publishing house. I was later told that it had been his wife who insisted on the rejection of the first book on the investigation of the assassination of a President of the United States.

By then I had learned that there was what amounted to a publishing industry refusal to touch the subject. I kept trying and as with Cady had some hope from time to time. I never came to accept that in this country with its First Amendment, free speech guarantee all book publishers would fear touching any subject, leave alone the most subversive of crimes in a society like ours.

I also learned from "the Paris case" that effusive praise and having done what had been considered impossible did not necessarily yield any other reward. I remained, for example, a private, the lowest rank of soldier, for all the reputation I'd gotten from what I did in "the Paris case."

When later I did get a promotion, the least of the possible promotions, it was not for doing a job well. It was for just refusing to take any crap from a commissioned officer.

Seven months after writing this in haste and then laying it aside to write Case Opened, when I returned this book then written far past this point, a belated realization came slowly. Without full realization of it I added that one of my youthful experiences probably made me less unwilling to consider the possibility that Oswald had been framed. The very night I wrote that I realized that in my own life,

my own experiences, frame-ups were not that unusual, that those with objectives important enough to some to lead them to make false charges against others for the accomplishment of their special objectives.

That is what happened when I was "fired" by the Senate Civil Liberties for a non-existing, an invented offense.

That is what happened when the Dies UnAmericans wanted to end my research into their abuses for the book I was writing and then was not able to complete. It would have exposed offenses never publicly attributed to them. One that I remember was trumping up a phony case of The Consumers Union as an alleged "red" outfit. I had the proof of that from that committee's own records. As they had "framed" me, so also did they "frame" a false case against The Consumers Union. That was done by that committee's "research director," J.B. Matthews, who had had a falling out with the others in those earliest days of that very reputable organization and had left it or been forced out.

That is what happened in the Paris case: they were framed by the man who took his life after what he had done was proven.

And as we see, as a young man I had other such experiences.

How naive of me it was for me not to have realized this until two months less a day from my 81st birthday!