

Mrs. Peggy Adler Robohm  
45 Lawson Drive  
Madison, CT 06443

3/17/93

Dear Peggy,

Writing you yesterday morning, in haste and from concern, there is something I intended to ask/tell you about the world of your father's youth and abuse of which I was reminded last night and about which I wrote an old friend who'd worked on the Senate Civil Liberties Committee with me. This is a bit convoluted but I'll try to straighten it out. The two are separate.

Was your father a friend of or was he defended by Vito Marcantonio? Marc was a dear friend. He lived with me until I entered the Army in World War II. I drove him around and although not an employee, helped him when I could. He jokingly referred to me <sup>as his</sup> ~~as his~~ what sounded like "files" but was actually "Philes." Coming from Philo Vance, "The Thin Man." I did not then have many files. I did research for him. Like proving that a Dies committee report was plagiarized, error for error, from a Japanese anti-imperialism ~~news~~ newsletter. Or getting for him what he needed to get floor time from Sol Bloom to oppose lend-lease as a step toward our involvement in the war. I did, too. Sol's daughter Vera had been decorated by Mussolini and she had not returned that fascist honor to Il Duce.

If your father did not know him or tell you about him, he was a remarkable and very human man, a forgotten man who was very important to this country, who did not live to see what he fought for and was denounced as "red" for coming to pass and becoming national policy. I doubt that there was every a legislator who served his constituents better or who was more loved by them.

The stories that I still remember! Including ~~of~~ FDR and him, what he told me on leaving the White House on the many trips there <sup>where</sup> ~~where~~ I drove him and was parked near the entrance by the Secret Service.

Perhaps the reminiscence to a dear friend who was a committee lawyer may be of interest to you.

That is a part of my life that had much to do with shaping me.

It was a different world, a different country then. It was a time of great privation, suffering and ferment. It brought out the best in those who cared, ~~the~~ gave them the chance to try to do good and to be helpful, and sometimes that was not their only reward.

I've lived through much, Peggy. I remember much of it and I am influence now by it.

Best wishes,

*David*