

Bear Richard,

2/17/91

Perhaps this is more a memo to files than a letter to you. I had come to the end of a letter repodding to your note of the 11th and was about to take a nap when a friend phoned by a forgotten prearrangement. His professional life is centered around his use of computers and like other of my friends he's wanted me to start using them. So, he came and took me to his home and he concluded, as I had earlier from my inability to use an electronic portable that I liked very much, that it is impossible. I did learn, however, that if I ever get to where for any reason or combination of reasons I am reduced to one-finger and much slower typing I can <sup>4</sup>on-finger use a computer. So, I didn't finish the letter to you.

Our system with book orders is that Lil does the paperwork, selects and stacks the books ordered, with labels, and while looking at the evening TV news I make the packages.

She had a bad day yesterday, was late with getting the orders set up for me to package, and I did not get to them. On arising this morning and sitting and drinking my first cup of coffee I saw at the top an order I remembered, having thought from the return address that it was not an order but correspondence. It had been both, so I'd written the letter to go with the order. The man had referred to something I'd mentioned in one of the books, I've forgotten which, that I planned a book titled "Tiger to Ride." This, oddly, had also come up in conversation with the friend of the computers.

As I thought of this I also remembered having told you that my files hold much that can be of use or in some instances perhaps valuable.

When I wrote Whitewash I did not anticipate or plan any additional writing on the JFK assassination. During the long time I tried to get it published I was collecting information on the "Tiger to Ride" book and I still have much of it. What I don't have is whatever Howard Hoffman, then a brilliant young student and a friend about whom we felt as a son may not have returned. Last I heard of Howard, who started spending parts of summers with us when he was in high school, he was general counsel of Lucas films and planning to make professional changes.

Tiger was to have been a book on the Kennedy presidency, centering on what I suppose I am alone in thinking and speaking of as the Cuba, not Cuban, Missile Crisis, with the subtitle, The Untold Story of the Cuba missile crisis. It then was and to a degree still is, <sup>large</sup> But in international conferences what is coming out is confirmation of my spot analysis <sup>untold</sup> while it was happening.

In the OSS, although I was used for trouble-shooting investigations and different kinds of analyses, all going back to the series of articles exposing Nazi cartels I did when I was the Washington correspondent of what was then the third largest picture magazine, Click, Annenberg-owned, I was never a spook. I was an analyst and researcher. In my first civilian job in OSS I was used to do what the MDs who comprised most of the staff could not do and often didn't think of. They were all area specialist, Latin American. I did

~~not even read~~

not even read Spanish. I was in the part of OSS transferred to State and was in State intelligence for some years, until I was fired in a pogrom and led the defense of the mostly-Jews fired. We were the first major security, so-called, firings, and to the best of my knowledge at least the first to win even though fired under the McCarran Rider, which said we could be fired for no reason at all. *I was given mit - no hearings, either*

From all of these experiences and the observations I made during that period of my life I reached many conclusions. One is that the president is often the least honestly and fully informed <sup>of the highest officials,</sup> ~~person in the country,~~ that he becomes the captive of his advisers.

I got to OSS because I got the mumps once when I went over the hill, Army slang, if you were not ever in the military, for going absent without leave, <sup>from near Newport News, Va.</sup> I was being gypped out of what was mine as a matter of right, a furlough on returning from overseas, and had gone over the hill to visit with <sup>in D.C.</sup> Lil. (We drove up to see her family and a nephew, noVa grandfather, then a boy, had, unknown, the mumps. I got back to where my detachment was just in time for some of the boys to extend their hands so I could get onto the trailer of a large van-type tractor-trailer taking us to the railroad station. Where we were sent ~~to~~ suburban Baltimore and when the Army doctors, inspired by the first sergeant, who thought I was still bucking for that furlough, treated me like a gold-brick <sup>sick,</sup> when on three consecutive days <sup>each of</sup> after 24 hours of guard duty I went on sick call, <sup>and was returned to full duty,</sup> I went over the hill again, was told by the family doctor I had the mumps, phoned the MPs and I wound up in Walter Reed hospital. <sup>(See p 6)</sup> Where for the first time the Army, after about four months, recognized that I had the ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> back with which I entered the Army, <sup>had</sup> vision problems, <sup>was recognized by</sup> sent me to the Military District of Washington personnel office, where the personnel office immediately decided that the place he did not identify by name was the place for me. I guessed, told a friend there, who'd been the editor of Click, K. Robert Rogers, and his Division, Presentation, asked MDW to assign me there.

Perhaps I'm rambling abit but I think what ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> follows may be an interest.

The first job awaiting me when my security was cleared was known inside OSS as "The Paris Case." Four men who'd volunteered for an almost certain-death <sup>drop</sup> behind Nazi line in France had been, General Donovan believed, framed by the MPs. All his fine lawyers had failed in their defense, their appeals had been exhausted. and based on my past the job awaited me. Without going outside OSS, without even visiting the nearby scene of the crime, using only the records made inside OSS, mostly by those famous lawyers (One of whom was later a Supreme Court Justice, <sup>Goldberg</sup> ~~Goldberg~~ <sup>(Donovan)</sup> ~~Donovan~~ and another engineered the Francis Gary Powers of U-2 fame swap and the return of the Bay of Pigs prisoners), I put together the case that had those men freed in six weeks. It gave me a bit of a reputation.

It almost got whitewash published by David McKay. In mid-1965.

I gave my name to the receptionist, said I'd like to speak to the managing ~~editor~~ editor, and I heard a voice call, "Send him in." I was ~~intro~~ <sup>intro</sup> introduced to Howard Gady and he asked, "Are ~~you~~ you the Harold Weisberg of the Paris case?" *(We'd never met.)*

He went for the idea immediately, for the manuscript when he read it, but Mrs. ~~Rawson~~ Rawson, he later told me, killed the book. This, strangely, despite the fact that ~~McKay~~ McKay distributed for Ivan Obolensky and their salesmen had an advance order, without any advertising, for 39,000 copies before I turned the ms in <sup>to Obolensky in</sup> mid-February, 1965.

I had ~~my~~ credentials with Lady and I suppose I've wandered into this again as credentials for an area of expertise strange to you.

When it became clear that there would be no stopping the military helicopters that were ruining our chicken farming just when we had gotten to be famous and successful in that field, having won all the first prizes for raising and even cooking and barbecuing them, I had to think of what as a middle-aged man I could do for us to make a living.

Having been framed by the Dies UnAmerican Committee, as you may not know, and having done the impossible, made possible by ~~him~~ as a ~~good~~ truly great "ati Hari when I wasn't even in town, I took the grand jury away from the US Attorney and it refused to indict me and I actually got <sup>the</sup> Dies agent charged with two felonies. Dies copped a plea <sup>(2 years 5 months)</sup> for him but I was cleared. That and defeating the nazi-minded inside State in the early days of the red-scared, before ~~Mc~~Carthy, precluded my going back to Congressional or executive-branch employment. So, it was writing.

I'd planned a book on the Dies committee but when I loaned whatever they wanted to the Hollywood ~~man~~ for them to use in their defense, the one a friend who'd worked for the Senate Civil liberties committee with me brought, <sup>Ed</sup> Daytryk, turned out to be a fink and I ~~never~~ never got all that research back. I later located him and my files hold his letter claiming to have no recollection at all. The bastard gave them to the FBI or the Dies nazis.

Some carbon copies of what had never been done remained and Dave Wrono, at Wisconsin had them. I got three women with typewriters to copy all the Dies expenditures from the then public, as I knew, records of the clerk of the House. After I did that to them they changed the rules! This, <sup>by</sup> the way, is really what got me off. I found that the <sup>guy</sup> who framed me was in Dies employ, covered by falsely paying him as a witness. *see p. 7*

I <sup>started</sup> started collecting information for a book titled "Aesop in the State Department." Wrono also has some of the clippings for that book. I remember one part, from the Washington Post, a different paper in those days, reflecting the fact that our military had <sup>educated</sup> trained and indoctrinated a goodly percentage of those who later became Latin American dictators.

I had research showing that some of our military were trying to set up an invasion of Cuba. You may remember when Barry Goldwater was sounding off about invading Cuba? That came from an unsuccessful military effort <sup>high-seas</sup> begun by the capture of three Cuban fishing boats. It didn't work. *Came close, though.*

I had won the first suit against the army for their helicopters damaging us and in this <sup>set</sup> set a new precedent, the property owner's ownership of the air space above his property as part of the Constitutional right to own property. I'd reached an agreement

at the Pentagon with all the services, arranged, believe it or not, at the direction of the Secretary of Defense, and under this agreement, which the Army then unilaterally broke, was engaged in the orderly liquidation of our farming when we had The Cuba Missile Crisis.

As later with the JFK case, I had a reporting background with no deadlines like reporters have, so I had time to think, and I had my State background which with my OSS experiences and the knowledge from both to help me think and I was still engaged in thinking it through, having just about reached my conclusions, when, on a Wednesday, my delivery day in Washington, I got to the then office of this same M. Roger "ogew's, then the director of the National Symphony. When I took what he'd ordered the week before in, he got up, closed the door, and said words to the effect, suppose you were still my Washington correspondent and I asked you to explain this, to do a story on it, what would you say? I then told him what I later titled, "Tiger to Ride" - that Khrushchev had put his missiles in Cuba to give Kennedy the choice between peace and war, because as was known and has been forgotten, as we had ~~many~~ mutual defense treaties with those who could not in any way help defend the US, the USSR had a similar arrangement with the Cubans, that Raul Castro and Che Guevara had gone to Moscow that June and invoked it, that if the USSR did not live up to its agreement it would be a great disaster for it, that it was impossible for the USSR to defend Cuba in any military war, so there was only one solution that occurred to Khrushchev, to ~~pass the~~ pass the buck to JFK. By then I was certain that he had gone outside normal channels, which means he did not risk letting his diplomats do it and used a man in the embassy he trusted, probably KGB, to use John Scali, then of ABC News and a dum-dum, as his channel, with an offer to take his missiles out if JFK promised not to invade Cuba. There were indications that this was in the works despite JFK's neither wanting nor knowing about it. *in the bureaucracy*  
*Cuba invasion*  
*of USSR missiles in Cuba.*

This followed JFK's speech and the disclosure of those U-2 pictures. JFK rejected that and Khrushchev responded by going public with his next proposal, so it was getting into newspapers offices and government agency wire-service ticklers while it was being announced in Moscow, to remove his missiles if we took ours out of Turkey. *proposal*

John McCone was then head of CIA. His obit in yesterday's Washington Post says that this was the solution, as revisionists have been saying in recent years. It was not. As Khrushchev knew, JFK would lose face if he agreed. Bobby Kennedy formulated the solution. He expanded the guarantee the US would give from promising not to invade Cuba into guaranteeing Cuba against any invasion, a guarantee the USSR could name make but what he and JFK decided ~~was not~~ necessary to world peace. *was*

It did prevent World War III.

It also made a different President of JFK add his American University speech of June 1963, for example, and remember that he initiated and negotiated the first agreement looking toward peace with the USSR, the limited test-ban agreement.

As we can't trust war to the military, we can't trust history to the historians.

In ~~afness~~ historian Arthur Schlesinger's book on the JFK presidency you will find words I've never seen used elsewhere, including by him. In ~~one~~ <sup>of</sup> sending Averill Harriman to do the negotiating <sup>JFK</sup> he told him, "I have cash ~~an~~ deposit in Germany. Use it if you must." I think he was ~~saying~~ <sup>saying</sup> that if Harriman felt he had to, to negotiate ~~NATO~~ <sup>away</sup>.

When Schlesinger's book and Sorensen's and a number of lengthy articles by others involved, like Roger ~~Hilsman~~ <sup>Hilsman</sup>, of State, I think then head of intelligence there, and others came out, I made ~~an~~ <sup>accurate</sup> ~~angry~~ <sup>but</sup> pejorative and faulted in many other way <sup>notes</sup> and marked the articles up to attract my attention to those words and passages when I got to writing ~~that~~ book. It did confirm my analysis and those people never did understand what was going on. They all began captives of the cold war and they thought in those terms only.

With two exceptions, until at the very end, when <sup>the world's</sup> incineration was impending, Bobby understood, and this comes from the above sources, which did not give it this interpretation. Only two of those to whom JFK turned to for advice had any understanding. One was Adlai Stevenson at the UN, and he was defamed and almost ruined forever by the ~~others~~, others, and McCone, who soon had his mind changed by the professionals in <sup>the</sup> CIA; all of whom were cold warriors.

I have to suspend now but so I won't forget, at the time of the <sup>the</sup> Gulf of Tonkin incident, as I had earlier with such things as the capture of those Cuban fishing boats, I made and have an analysis from what was contemporaneous contemporaneously available, and by this I mean a contemporaneous analysis, while it was actually <sup>happ</sup> happening, that was later confirmed from official records, as in Joe Goulden's book on that crisis, that the ~~the~~ whole thing was faked by our military.

Oh, this was in pursuance of what one of his generals once blurted out to JFK, the military was looking for a way of getting into a war on the China mainland. I think this also is in less blunt language in Schlesinger's book. He says that JFK was so stunned he said not a word but terminated that meeting by just standing up.

My recollection may not be accurate but ~~it~~ I think the general was LeMay, the head of the Air Force and possibly then top dog. He later ran for office in Alabama as an extreme right-winger.

I'm beginning to lose myself but I think you can see that our system of government has changed to where the president is captive to his advisers and, as I say in my JFK writing, all of the institutions of our society fail in all our times of great crisis. as they have so that we now are at war in the Persian Gulf.

Can we always luck out with only many deaths and injuries to all sides, with a national debt that really means we are already bankrupt?

It was easy to see what impended in these terms long ago. I remember telling friends like our local history professor friend Jerry McKnight, what there was talk of ~~teddy~~ <sup>teddy</sup> Kennedy running against Carter, that I hoped he wouldn't because it was inevitable

that unimaginable disaster impended, that one of the few men who might then be able to draw the country together was "Eddy and that as ~~the~~ president he would have lost that ~~chance~~ possibility later when we were hit with this crisis. If he lost he might not have the possibility, I reasoned, and ~~if~~ <sup>and</sup> he won he also would be captive and would not be able to halt what was clearly inevitable ~~has~~ <sup>is</sup> coming to pass ~~down~~.

Later: When my friend Vincent Mooney, Jr., yesterday asked me why I do not use a computer one-fingered I told him I feared my mind works too rapidly and because I'd be slowed down in ~~typing~~ <sup>typing</sup> that I feared I'd get confused in my thinking; and would ~~forget~~ forget and lose my thoughts. Typing the foregoing took an hour and ~~a~~ three quarters or less.

2/19 a few touches you may find amusing. On 2, it was after the working day and the one who answered the phone was the Commanding General of all the MPs! He sent, no less, a Cadillac ambulance, <sup>to a buck private, the Caddy was</sup> I suppose kept on hand for bibshots. After this de lux <sup>a</sup> transportation to the hospital, I was told to walk to the ward to which I was assigned and then climb three very long flights of stairs. If you do not know, this is the worst possible thing for a man with mumps. He should be off his feet. The complications, which did not hit me, can include sterilization. The Army did not give me that test. I had it made privately.

After about four months of vegetating I arranged to be reassigned <sup>to duty</sup> by telling the doctor in charge of my case that if he did not arrange it I'd buck for a Section 8, a ~~psych~~ psychological/psychiatric discharge, by acting nuts. When I did, he ~~laughed~~ <sup>laughed</sup> and made the arrangements. Still remember his name: Col. Fred Gashay.

From 3 I also worked in the Senate's similar files, esp. of political contributions <sup>expenditures</sup> and payments. Of what I <sup>learned</sup> there I gave Jack Spivack, of whom you may have heard, what he <sup>needed</sup> to expose <sup>the fascist priest</sup> ~~the~~ fascist ~~trait~~, Fr. Charles Coughlin, in "The Shrine of the Silver Dollar."

Jia Lesar has the evidentiary hearings transcripts and will get the <sup>m/</sup> xeroxed for me. 11-12 volumes. I think only the last was a half-day.

Helen finally found a set of my 75-1996 notes made as I received those records from the FBI. When I was able to compel them to speed it up, as ~~now~~ recall, the notes tended to be more lawsuit oriented. I've just begun to read them instead of a book when I waken. Some great stuff in them, believe me! I'm going to ~~send~~ send the first page to David to add to his understanding that the FBI may not be quite the same in the Malcom X case. Best,

*Hand*