

Mr. Ben Bradlee
Washington Post
1150 15 St., NW
Washington, D.C. 20071

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Dear Ben,

Because what I wrote interested you about a few people I use part of a day when I'm more limited in what I can do to amplify it. My apologies for the typos, which will be more numerous.

Bull Connor did not work for a coal mine. He worked for Tenn. Coal and Iron, which I think was U.S. Steel, and headed the private police of the steel mill, if my memory is correct. A murderous thug even then. I've got the hearings if this is ever of interest to the Post. Rather the first 15 volumes, which I edited. I gave the others to the UNW library when ^{JUSTIN} McCarthy edited their magazine.

As a first-term Congressman Hugh Scott was currying favor two ways. He had ^{been} been; I think, DA or an assistant DA. He wanted the support of the Annenbergs and the Inquirer and of the corporation I exposed, without regard to its Nazi connections, then pretty certainly masked ownership. He acted ^{unofficially} as counsel for Rohm & Haas during the hearing, as did the Silver Shirts chairman from California, Charlie Kramer, if I recall his name correctly. But Moe Annenberg was then in jail and Walter was more or less in charge, with the reputation of being a lightweight. They owned Click, then the third largest picture magazine. It made money without any advertising staff, on circulation alone. I'd known many people on the Hill but I'd never met Scott.

You probably knew Bob Rogers when he managed WQMS and the National Symphony. He was then editor of Click. One morning when I walked in with copy on another of my Nazi cartel exposes he showed me a letter that was, in effect, a subpoena from the House Patents Committee, relating to my Rohm & Haas expose. Although I was pretty young it was apparent to me that something dirty was afoot so I went down the list of members and found one with whom I'd been friendly, John Coffee, of Washington. I phoned and asked him to be at the hearing not only to try to protect my interests but because it inevitably would be a pro-Nazi deal. It turned out that Connery of Mass., brother of the co-sponsor of the labor act, Wagner-Connery, was a fan of both the magazine and my exposes. Between the three of us we made a record, despite the loaded deck of Scott-Kramer and pretty uninhibited dirtiness, that they couldn't use. Or so I thought. In fact they classified it, but Scott found a way around that. He made excerpts, mostly his loaded questions, available to Rohm & Haas, which then used it in letters to those with whom they did business and whose good opinion they wanted. I found out from DJ, with which I then worked closely, taking all the Nazi info I got to Thurman Arnold and Joe Borkin. In the end it did Rohm & Haas no good because it was

vested. So were a couple of other outfits I exposed.

But even though his lawyers were more than satisfied when they reviewed my work and evidence before publication, Walter Annenberg was troubled. He fired Rogers, who'd made a great success of his magazine. I invited him to Washington and introduced him to Lowell Mellett, who'd been a Scripps-Howard editor, and his assistant, K.G. (Casey) Blackburn, with whom I was friendly, and he then made his own contributions to the war effort.

Although I never met Walter he apparently believed I had all sorts of connections I could (and would) use to get his father out of jail. He had Rogers speak to me and perhaps my refusal figured in his firing Rogers, I don't know, but I do know that Rogers is better off for it.

More on Brien McMahon: officially his firm was counsel for Rohm & Haas but Brien did not appear at that hearing. Instead he sent his youngest assistant when he'd been AAG, Criminal, and on the Harlan case, Walter Gallagher. Walter didn't speak a word and didn't have to. I don't think he would have anyway because we'd been good friends on Kentucky on the Harlan case. Brien trusted me enough to make me the party's rumrunner when the prices of the local bootleggers escalated. He'd lend me his official armored 1933 Buick and I made weekly trips to Lexington or Jellico, Tenn. and returned with our supplies. Alone. The FBI detail was not included in this. They got their own and they lived separately, at a different hotel. Brien's main official uses of me had to do with the duces tecum subpoenas and plea bargaining because I had the best factual knowledge of the records of the coal companies. He trusted me enough in other matters to consult me when Homer Cummings, then AG and whose protege Brien was, was pressuring him to run for the Senate. Brien heeded my advice and delayed his run until after the end of that litigation, when he had a good record for the labor vote.

You may have known Jim McInerney when he headed Lands and later Criminal in Justice. He was then the FBI agent in charge of that detail and he and I became good friends. He used me to cover him when all the agents were elsewhere and he had to go out alone. But first I had to learn how to disassemble and reassemble his automatic pistol because he didn't trust me with it until I could. He preferred the revolver as more dependable.

Among the reporters who covered that trial were George Dixon, then on the N.Y. Daily News and I've just forgotten the name of the Times' man. Unless George changed after he became a columnist and married Ymedda, whose father I knew slightly, it will amuse you to know that he took a room with a preacher whose home was at the corner of Divinity and Sublimity Streets.

Well into the trial I told Brien when and how the case had been fixed but he didn't believe me, so I arranged to be relieved so I could go back to my Senate job,

when the work was accumulating even though galleys were sent to me regularly and I worked on them when and as I could. The immediate benefit of that trial, where the jury had been fixed even though ^{as a} sequestered, is that in the week following my departure, six of the 32 deputized gun thugs included in the indictment were killed.

The local friends I developed included the clerk of the court and the editor of the local weekly. The editor drove me to the Knoxville airport in haste when haste seemed to be a wise precaution and the clerk of the court trusted me when he and the U.S. marshals guarding the jury didn't trust the ^{DJ} lawyers of the FBI. The jury told the marshals and they told the clerk and he told me.

Among the counsel for the coal corporations was John Y. Brown, father of the recent governor. The way they fixed the jury - and if I then knew I now don't remember which lawyers did it - was to buy up all the mortgages, then inform the wives who then told their husbands during the permitted visits. Simple and effective and they did the same thing on Dave ~~BEW~~ Pine when he was US Attorney in the District and had the son of a coal operator under indictment for threatening a Senate witness. His name was Ted Creech, of the Creech Coal Co.

My room was next to the office in both Harlan and London and papers for me to work on were left for me. Once, by error, an irrelevant paper was in my stack. I remember it clearly because it shocked me and it may interest you as part of the history of that period. The period of the Franco revolt in Spain. There had been rumors of Catholic Church influence on U.S. policy in support of Franco and it was true. That record was a letter along those lines to O'Brien from an assistant secretary or an undersecretary at State named Murphy.

Later you probably knew others of the DJ lawyers assigned to that prosecution. and you probably knew Gardner "Pat" Jackson, who then was a lobbyist for John L. Lewis at Labor's Non-Partisan League. Lewis decided to select one of those DJ lawyers to be the UMW's general counsel and he sent Pat, with whom I was ~~friendly~~ friendly, to ask my recommendations. I gave him a memo telling him what I knew of each and boiled the recommendation down to Welly K. Hopkins, who may never have known how he got that job, and Henry Schweinhaut, later a District judge. Henry's widow Margaret later was prominent in Maryland politics. She was a fine person as a relatively young woman. She and a few of the other wives visited from time to time.

Interesting period, interesting people, some very fine human beings.

Sincerely,

Harold

Afterthoughts. First, no response is necessary. I'm asking nothing, merely reminiscing in areas that may be of interest to you. And next, although I am aware that you have no news interest in it, a brief update on the FOIA litigation in which, because of an officially contrived conflict of interest, I am pro se. The case does involve significant precedents, for FOIA, which can be largely negated if I fail, and in civil litigation generally because of what is involved in the "discovery" and the sanctions against me. I have what is before the court now limited to the judgement I'm refusing to pay and am appealing, currently under the new-evidence rule. I have charged, without even pro forma denial by the government, that the judgement was procured by fraud, perjury and misrepresentation. I was driven down by a fiend for oral argument before Judge John Lewis Smith earlier this month, I think the 2d. My proof of these charges is official records disclosed to another. I think that although Smith has a long pro-government record he knows that I am not too enfeebled to go up on appeal and I think that he will not want this case record to go up to even the Reaganized appeals court. So I am not without hope that the old man will bite the dog.

A handwritten signature or set of initials, possibly 'H', written in black ink. It consists of a vertical line with a diagonal stroke crossing it from the top right to the bottom left.