

Dear Dick,

7/3/91

The enclosed Washington Post publication of a probably longer Los Angeles Times story about Hollywood blacklisting reminds me part of my past I believe you know nothing about, of what I regarded and still regard as misconceived principle, and a couple of possibilities for a publisher or publishers you know.

Of the latter, an obvious one is like "Dances with Wolves", the Elliott Arnold novel "Blood Brothers." Another I think would do well and is an excellent book is Dalton Trumbo's "The Remarkable Andrews". That is a story about the ghost of Andrew Jackson ~~returning~~ returning to where he lived in Tennessee to counsel people fighting corruption.

The copyrights on both have probably expired.

If there is any interest and if there then is any finder's fee, I'd like that to be applied to what Helen got.

Haltz was one of the Hollywood Ten, as they were called. So was Trumbo. I had a to me disastrous connection with them.

Before they were scheduled to testify before the Dies committee a man who had been an investigator for the Senate committee for which I'd worked, known as "the Civil Liberties Committee", brought one of the Ten to me. He'd heard that I'd researched a book on the Dies committee and asked if I'd help the Ten. I agreed to. The need to do other work *had* prevented my doing ~~it~~ ^{the book} and then I was in the Army and then other regular work after the army and OSS. So I took them to where all my work was packaged, they helped themselves, promising to return what they'd taken after the hearing, and I never saw either one of them again. Or all my work. Included was in and of itself was historically important, bound volumes of newspapers reports on the committee from the more important New York papers and all of Washington's and what had never been done until then or to the best of my knowledge since, I had a copy of every single expenditure record of that committee of mostly native nazis. and anti-semities.

The one of the Ten who got all of this supposedly to help the Ten was in fact the stoolpidgeon, sort of "state's evidence" among them, unknown to them, Edward Dmytryk.

In more recent years but some time ago I located and wrote four of the Ten. Dmytryk claimed to have no recollection at all. Alvah Bessie, whose son I believe is a prominent New York editor now, gave me a long explanation of their decision that got them all convicted. He said that they had met and decided that as a matter of principle they would invoke only the First Amendment before the committee. They made a conscious decision not to invoke the Fifth Amendment.

I am not able to see what principle is being served by not invoking the amendment intended to defend people faced with such accusations. Invoking the First along with it, to me, made the point that they were invoking it.

The committee did have a legislative purpose. That it was for all practical purposes

one of which Hitler would have approved is immaterial. As a matter of law the committee did have a right to ask them to testify. I don't see how the First amendment immunized them from testifying in response to the committee's questions. The fifth, however, did.

If I never told you, in that committee's days I was interested in native nazi, also anti-Semitic activities. I collected a fair amount of information but found no magazine interest so I went in for anti-Nazi activities and exposed Nazi cartels.

The committee, knowing I was preparing to write a book about it, framed me through a native nazi. To make a long story short I took the grand jury away from the U.S. Attorney, it refused to indict me (after all, I'd done nothing wrong) and I was able to persuade it, over the U.S. Attorney's resistance, to indict the Dies agent.

I know this had never been accomplished earlier. I've not heard of it happening since.

The story refers to that time as the McCarthy era. In the broad sense that is true. However, ^{this} ~~it~~ was before McCarthy. It was in 19³9 that the committee came after me.

There was an odd twist after the grand jury indicted the fink and Dies helped him cop a plea. The U.S. attorney called me in, handed me a large manilla envelope, and said merely, "some day you may need this." I looked, saw from the cover that it was a transcript, thanked him for it, and I recall no more of that visit and conversation.

The transcript was not of my testimony. It was that of others, including Martin Dies. The transcript made it clear that I'd done nothing wrong.

In those days he could have been disbarred and fired for his kindness. I therefore let nobody know I had the transcript. When I learned recently that it is no longer prohibited I gave it to the college where all my records will be.

This man was later chief war-crimes prosecutor in Tokyo.

I was impressed by his decency and concern and by his trust in me when he had made so strange an effort to convict me knowing I was innocent. He knew that I knew that he had had no practical choice but he had made a real effort.

I have longer accounts in the reminiscences I wrote when it became apparent that the wonderful president and the fine college where all my records would be while telling her people to do oral histories with me never gave them the time. Two stationery boxes of them now.

I do encourage someone to find a copy of "The Remarkable Andrew" and read it. It deserves to be known once again and I think there would be a market for it.

The only book by Albert Maltz I remember was an anti-war book. It or a book by one of the others was titled, "Johnny Got His Gun."

Best,

Harold