

MAR 24 1972

3/24/72

Dear Js,

It is now beyond question that Ned has been working with Marshall, as I'd suspected, and that at least on his part one of the objectives is to kill what little prospect there may be for PM. He is sick and his sickness drives him to this. The younger ones who know and have not been telling me simplify it into thinking it involves only his own compulsion to find the Establishment of which he is part always right. That is true but it is only a beginning. What is in doubt is whether I can frustrate all they are cooking up and, in fact, if I can find out enough before it happens to address it. There is likewise no doubt in my mind that for whatever reason Sylvia Meagher is part of the cabal. She is as ridden with hangups as she is brilliant. I'm not going to try and figure that all out because it doesn't make that much difference. The why is not as significant as the fact. I can pretty well date her change in attitude toward me. It is when she first met Epstein. It has driven her to some out-of-character dishonesties... In any event, there seems to be little that I can do that I haven't tried, whether or not I've gone a out it the right way. But it sure is more than enough to have to fight the other side without having to cope with our own, too, when they blindly but passionately do the work of the enemy. And are so holy about it. Sylvia has some of the younger ones convinced ~~by~~ any truth, no matter how detached and un~~one~~ is good and useful, and its enunciation in itself, regardless of consequence, is a good thing. She calls it purism, which is the reason I have abused the word so much in some of the letters, carbons of which have to a degree kept you informed on what is going on.

The thing I referred to as what I'd intended writing some of the young ones on me and Chile of the past I'm not going to, but it may interest you. I was responsible for a number of WWII exposes, mostly on Nazi activity and of that largely on cartels. But I also went into penetrations in Latin America of various kind. One of the earlier ones was the expose^{ure} of our ambassador to Cuba, a long-time Nazi friend. He was highly respected, ~~not~~, had served in Europe where he had Nazi friends. The story included pictures of him with Nazis and a phoney liberal who was a secret Nazi. It involved, as a matter of fact, a paper that was latter to get it from Castro and until they was an undeviating force for evil. I think it was called Diario de la Marina. From this to Chile, where we had a ,an who was loaded with really good stuff he did not dare entrust to the mail because it was controlled by the local Falange, the Franco equivalent of the Nazi Party Abroad. He got the word out and the job was given to me. Well, taking it to out embassy, as he also knew, was like giving himself to the executioner. So, the problem seemed difficult but it was, in fact, easily solved. Young and brash as I was, I also knew a couple of assistant attorney~~s~~ general and a couple of assistant undersecretaries. I had the stuff brought up under seal and in the pouch. And I took it to I think Jimmie Roosevelt, whichever of the sons was in the forerunner of the OSS. I had a friend who knew him. Thus it figured in Roosevelt's famous fireside chat on Nazi penetration of South America. I suppose you were in the east then. This was such detailed work that it included the precise plans for the takeover of Santiago. Maps even! It is the persistence of such forces and governments in Chile plus the American stranglehold that has driven the Catholic country to the left. Working in Washington and getting real exposes then was an easy matter. Life and government were mucnless complicated, and people were more careless. An Assistant Attorney General of the United States who was my friend and a careless friend let a letter to him from the Catholic hierarchy, as I recall it from Spellman, lay around. It actually directed him to engage in activity against the elected Spanish(Loyalist) Government of Spain. I never used that, but I saw it and I knew it. If it was easier to get things printed then, there were still taboos. One PM got wind of, I never did learn how. I had blundered into the secret deal between IGFarben and Esso. The only possible place PM could have learned that I had it is from the Department of Justice, to which I took it. PM found me when I was in New York working on two other anti-Nazi exposes, approached me on it, and when they learned the details, despite the professed liberalism of Ralph Ingersoll and Fields, wouldn't touch it. I was loaded with all the details, photostats of the actual contracts...One of the stories I was working on at that time involved a Jewish Nazi front, aman so persuaded a Nazi that

he actually left his family and wealth in Berlin when he was sent here in 1939! I was able to trace a fantastic story out in fairly full detail, through the Swiss holding corps. back. It even included psycho. warfare elements, like counterfeiting the Nazi lable in the U.S. to make it seem that there was no such thing as a British blockade when these medicinals, made in New Jersey, reached Latin America. Even a bank branch was set up in NYC to handle the dealings...Another story of that period I was lead onto by an anonymous letter. I had exposed Jan Bata, the Czech Nazi, and a guy wrote the magazine saying you think he is a Nazi? You oughta work were I do. That was in Bristol, Pa., and in two months, hard work during which I got onto the other stories, like the IG*Esso one, I had it all laid out, including a confession from a director with whom I made a deal to leave him out in return for talking. I knew of him from having written much of you for the paper on which I had earlier worked. Socialite locally. He was led into it innocently, but his son was an IG rep. in LA. So, what I didn't get from documents I dug up I got from him. They I went into the (corporate) lion's den and bearded the officials. Only a kid would have dared such stuff! In the end they got me--and the editor for whom I worked and the magazine, owned by Walter Annenberg, who they reached with little difficulty. The America-Firsters banks in Chicago held too much of his paper and Papa Moe was in jail...I was able to place the editor in a decent job in Washington through friends, but he got a new reading in life, stopped being a liberal and is today a very wealthy man who wouldn't come near me. It would hurt him too much....Those were strange days, strange events and experiences. I did private jobs for the Ehte House before I was in OSS, where I also did a couple, got drunk with government and Congressional bigshots and a few "royalty" who were nobodies, foreign leaders, one of whom was a real alcoholic. The oble Leader of that particular country urinated on the side of my car on Connecticut Avenue about 2 a.m. one morning! Twoulda been an international scandal if he'd been caught! There were two Congressmen in our party, but this guy's real sick drunk, in both ways, chilled the party...Time to wake it Lil. The disadvantage of sleeping a bit longer is that it gives me only fragments of time before I have to awaken her. But I thought some of these reminiscences might entertain you and give you an idea od what I draw upon that the kids I know do not understand, why I have as much confidence in my analyses as I sometimes do and persist in them...I think you can now understand the area in wich I was a British agent before I went in the Army, no? The Department of Justice recruited me for them! They worked out of what would make a good title, a House on 34th Street. Of course, this was volunteer. I never got a cent nor did I want or ask it. I'd get the kind of tea I can't abide, loaded with cream, and a few cookies. During this period I developed a friendly relationship with an early feminine career gal in the British government. She then held the highest rank in that government to then held by a woman. She was the press officer of the embassy in Washington. t turns out that she is the aunt of a man now a good friend. a London Times correspondent and still lives in this country. But she paid me back in a very nice way, getting a few things out of inside Germany for me...I was, furing this period, also in touch with several under-grounds, I recall the Check, Poles and Dutch. And, as I think I once mentioned, I got from the Chiang embassy what I needed to complete the analysis that enabled me to forecast Pearl Harbor and much more less than three months before it happened....While I'm reminiscing, a few other fragments. During this same period, although a kid, I lobbied through what was the California investigation of the committee for which I worked, the expose of the kinds of thing of which Steinbeck later wrote. This over the objections of the chairman of the Comitte (who also got me for it) and FDR. I tangled with the first UnAmerican, Martin Dies, who has never dared print my testimony, who got a law passed against me, still on the books, but he coukdn't get me indicted and I got his agent convicted (don t think anyone has caught up with that yet). Prevented the deportation of Harry Bridges, of which he doesn't yet know. Or, I should say the legislative enactment of it. He'd have beaten it in court. So much more! I should have kept a journal, but who could do all those things, including ghosting god knows how many speeches, and keep a journal? One editor for whom I worked did a novel on part of it. The Latin American part (he is an old fogie now. Saw him in NYC where he edits a medical jurnal of some kind about five years ago--and he began a boxer and steel-wroker!) Anyway, whether I am right or wrong, I draw upon varies experiences. And now to the dawned day. Best,

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Postscript on 3/24 reminiscences: I had one helluva-good Mata Hari on some of the adventures, those that could have gotten me jailed illegally. Name: Lil! And although the rate per story was not good and I elected a lower-paying market because I could trust the editor, my work at the period approx 1939 was remunerative enough so that in a two-month period I paid of what for then were extensive debts, bought a new car with cash and Lil went on a West Indian cruise on the old and then-famous Kungsholm and was still liquid. But man, was it work! Put her on the shop while I was working on the drug and other exposes (and frankly I felt it was better for her to be away because I also came up with a major counter-intelligence thing, the means by which the Nazis could accurately calculate our military-aircraft production). They were the days that were! H