

Sony don't type!

NOV 18 1974

Dear Jim,

11/15/74

It occurs to me that my ~~making~~ no mention of your comment on the opinion Waldron gave me may be misunderstood. I took it as you did, without thinking it through as you did. I have never been unaware of it. I suppose the closest thing to an answer is that I made the basic decision years ago and really no longer give it any thought.

When that craziness with Livingston started early in April to Lesar's knowledge, a few days earlier in actuality, as soon as Lesar was alone he phoned me from Houston on the assumption it was intended that I make the reading, not Livingston. Lesar then believed that the danger was to me because nothing else made sense. In my view he now shares it and I have seen to it that he is not unaware of it.

With Martin I can go farther than your apt generalization. I also had not stopped to think that most reporters temporarily or permanently identify with the establishment. Not only must it be so, for otherwise they'd be doing something else, but with your reminder I recall many agonizings. Including on t is last trip, that recently.

There are those who resist, as you know. And I know some who do, to the degree they can. I include Martin among these. He does what he must but he also tries more. (Thus with WWIV I'm dealing with a state editor rather than a national desk, on the theory that a resident of Maryland doing something is legit state news and with the certainty of the prejudice of the national desk, where the syndrome is more acute.)

With Martin I go farther. I do not discount your words. I believe he knows his territory as well as anyone, if not better than almost anyone else. And for four years there has been an addition to interests in me from within his territory.

If I'd thought he had any specifics in mind I'd have asked. I do. Four within his territory and a fifth at least on the opposite end. That padron recently went to his reward. But on this last trip I also found paths going fairly straight to his turf.

What Martin was, in my opinion, addressing is a specific. Not the generality of what the overall of my work means. What he was then seeing. It was clear enough. And I doubt he was unaware of the inquiries being made.

You do read my tactic correctly. I consider it a strategy. And I see no real choice.

What is probably not apparent is that this kind of life is not new to me. In the summer of 1936 when I was looking into labor spying in Cleveland I worked my way through the coding of the books of an outfit calling itself the Corporations Auxiliary Co. and correctly figured that the particular client for its services was Chrysler. Within a day I received a very, very good offer from Chrysler. I was then making \$30 a week. No more. And I declined the offer without taking time to think. So, I guess the basic decision was made without any thought at all. Simultaneously I correctly figured out that the regional director of the Labor Board was a fink. And so reported promptly. These two incidents of almost the same day triggered a series of events that were the beginning of my education in such matters.

First, with my investigation not completed, I was shifted to another in Akron. There also things started happening. Beginning with quotations in the papers of things I'd not said that resulted in an immediate recall. I was accompanied by an older man, then general counsel for the Rubber Workers, I liked him personally and trusted him but it soon turned out that he, too, was a fink. My one accomplishment of that Akron period was the beginning of exposure of fake citizens' committees, that particular one a Hill & Knowlton job. I did it on my own, before I could be stopped, starting a chain that lead high up, through and past the Iron and Steel Institute. But I was yanked, and I was quite bewildered. And as luck would have it, did have a single friend, a much older man I hardly knew.