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Dear Paul,

12/11/80

Thanks for "A Man Called Intrepid." I've been reading and enjoying it and from time to time, reliving parts of it. I was in contact with Stevens^{on's} outfit in New York then, when I was doing magazine work.

This sleepless early morning I read Chapter 23. While I'm not mentioned in it I'm part of it and I did some of what it attributes to others, especially the Schering part. In fact I was so active then I'dl went on vacation without me - a tour on the "ungshoin, to the Caribbean. I was then working on the Schering story and took her to New York for that trip when I was at Schering (Blomfield, N.J.) and looking into the Swiss bank connection.

The book is accurate in mentioning the late Joe Borkin but it is not accurate in saying that it was the DJ's leaks that led to what happened to Schering. That followed my publication and it is I who took the data to the Treasury Dept. (Chuck Schwartz, in information friend the ~~insurance~~ office and a friend of Bergenthau's. As I remember it, the fine assessed when Schering was taken over was \$160,000 or \$150,000. I was paid a mere several hundred dollars for the article, which represented much work. Even my family doctor was helpful!

The part about appearing to break the economic blockade is accurate. One of the phony companies was called Delta Pharmaceuticals. It even counterfeited the German Schering label with exports from Blomfield. I got samples and printed pictures of them.

The part about the DJ leaking is accurate but the quote attributed to Ernest ~~Quince~~ isn't. Joe Borkin did leak to INS but not to me. Years later I met that INS reporter, when he was ABC vice president at its San Francisco station, KGO. His name is Lee Raschall, and he flattered me by remembering me as the kid who'd beaten his pants off on the story leaked to him by the officials. (I was then a kid.)

Borbin had me act as an unregistered British agent and thus I became part of the operation I did not know as "Intrepid." I went to the British embassy, where I knew the information officer, a fine woman named Craig McEachoy. It turns out that she is still alive and is the aunt of a very good friend, Ian McDonald, who I got to know when he was a correspondent for the Times of London.

The ~~books~~^{books} to whom she sent me were housed on about 34th St., just south of Mass.Ave., on the west side. I worked with agents named Crowe and Westrupp. In my mind I still have a clear picture of their office and its location in that house and of Westrupp, esp. his chin.

I've not been successful in getting copies of the data I gave to DJ, to the anti-trust division, which handled that work. It now appears that Borstein took it with him when he left and may have used some of it in a fine book he did on I.C. Farben.

The credit to the FBI in these and similar investigations is at the least enormously exaggerated. While I don't know the reasons for the FBI's early and intense hatred of me I've often wondered if in part it could come from my having done what it did not do.

Honest, really honest writing, would have had some mention of the British involvement in those activities but there is no mention of it. Imperial Chemicals was as deep in it as Standard Oil and I gave that info to DJ and the British. With copies of records. In those days that was costly. Only photostats and they could cost as much as \$1 each, when \$1 was a not inconsiderable sum and was more than enough for a full and decent supper.

The synthetic oil deals should have been included in this book but are not. They remain unexposed. I got into it through patent tracings and loaned the British and then DJ all the many photostats. It resulted in a serious ⁱⁿimpairment of the war effort and the effects continue today in the day of energy crisis. As I remember it, a key is the Louisiana corporation called JASCO. Synthetic rubber is among the chemicals involved.

The references to the America Firsters here is accurate. They eventually got me. (The references to John Lewis are accurate but unfair in omitting what motivated him.) I was doing that work for the third largest picture magazine, which Hec Ansenberg owned. His son Walter was running it and the other properties, with Hec in jail. America First banks owned the corporate debt and succeeded in those and social pressures on Walter.

Fact is that about three months in advance I predicted Pearl Harbor as a result of my own researches. I didn't have access to the advance knowledge Hoover would not credit that is referred to.

There also is reference to a Roosevelt speech about Nazi plans for South America.

I provided the part about Chile and the plans for a putsch in Santiago. I gave it to Jimmy Roosevelt, who was then working with General Donovan. The CIA has come up with proof of my having done this and it is among the few things I did get in response to my FOIA request, after some prodding and pushing. And in the course of it disclosed that the well-known diplomat David K. Bruce was a spook.

While I've enjoyed the book I've gotten additional pleasure from these reminders of what a brash kid could do. I don't suppose I'll even know all the reasons for the FBI's dislike of me but I do know that they did nothing with this subversive stuff that I gave DJ as well as Jimmy R. I arranged for it to come out of Chile in the diplomatic pouch because the Nazis could have gotten it if it were mailed. The arrangements were that Stae and DJ would get copies and so far as I know, they did. I knew the Assistant AG through whom I made the arrangements, George McNulty.

My recollections of part of that period of my life and of the work I then did are remarkably clear today. I guess it is because it was so satisfactory.

Hoover praised some of my work and the magazine published his letter. Not surprisingly the FBI has not come up with this in response to my FOIA request. I guess that part of the reason is they could not pretend I was some kind of "red" when I had this public record to the contrary, that being the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact.

If you have any more books like this I'd like to read them.

Our best,