

Twentieth Century Jeremiah

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“We must be willing to let go of the life we planned so as to have the life that is waiting for us.”

Joseph Campbell.

Preface

About a year after King Josiah had turned the nation toward repentance from the widespread idolatrous practices of his father and grandfather, Jeremiah's sole purpose was to reveal the sins of the people and explain the reason for the impending disaster, destruction by the Babylonian army and captivity.

"And when your people say, 'Why has the Lord our God done all these things to us?' you shall say to them, 'As you have forsaken me and served foreign gods in your land, so you shall serve foreigners in a land that is not yours.' "

God's personal message to Jeremiah, "Attack you they will, overcome you they can't," was fulfilled many times in the Biblical narrative. Jeremiah was attacked by his own brothers, beaten and put into the stocks by a priest and false prophet, imprisoned by the king, threatened with death, thrown into a cistern by Judah's officials, and opposed by a false prophet.

When Nebuchadnezzar seized Jerusalem in 586 BC, he ordered that Jeremiah be freed from prison and treated well.

Chapter 1.

He came with dawn, Gerald, the first born son and heir to the Campbell name. Jun 30th, 1921 promised to be a very warm and humid day in the Monongahela Valley south of Pittsburgh. Jerry, as he was to be known, let out a cry to let the world know that he had arrived.

For a great deal of the next ten decades that voice was to be heard and respected, particularly in the world of geopolitics, even though it was not always heeded and often scorned.

Jerry's mom had been a high school teacher who was declared ineligible to be a teacher once she had married Tom Campbell, her school principal. They had begun dating two years earlier.

She loved teaching, a great way to opening the minds of young people. She spent concentrated periods of time, tutoring Jerry and some of his friends.

It was no surprise that he was a straight A student. By the time he was sophomore in high school, Jerry was the top debater on the team and the winner of the annual oratory competition.

Of course, he was the valedictorian of the class of 1939. In his valedictory speech he stunned the audience with the unwelcome prediction that he and his class mates would be facing an enemy on the battle field. America was in no mood to get mixed up into the problems of Europe.

Despite the censorship by his speech counselor he also slipped in his prediction that "despite limitations today, someday there would be sex education classes for upper class students." Naturally he spent an hour in the principal's office facing a red faced administrator who no longer had power over Jerry, a new alumnus.

With the encouragement of his educationally minded parents and the tutoring of his mom he would be a 5.0 in today's 4.0 scale of grading.

If one could use the word "trounce" in scoring a debate outcome, that word would apply to both times that I had faced Jerry in interscholastic debate competition. Our entire high school team was humiliated by Jerry and his team mates in another encounter near the end of my senior year.

About six months after the last event I was standing in line that led to the registration desk at the University of Pittsburgh, preparing to matriculate as a freshman. I was approaching tentatively, not sure what was facing me. I was indeed the small town boy in the big city, about to have a new adventure.

I felt a little out of place, having noticed that the students around me wore more expensive clothing and appeared, at least in my mind, to be urbane and sophisticated. I was feeling alone and wondering if I should be here at all.

To my surprise I heard the voice calling me. "Ted Fox. You are Ted Fox?"

I turned to see Jerry grinning, holding out his hand for a shake and a welcome. We stepped aside to allow others to pass while we played a bit of catchup

He asked, "Are you heading to registration?"

There was no way I could let him know about my worries. In a confidant voice I said, “Yes and not quite sure if I want to start with history or philosophy. I definitely want Political Science and English Composition.”

He laughed. I’m for Poly Sci and Composition. Why don’t we register for the same classes? By the way, my former debate coach, Bill Olds, is now an English Comp instructor here. Maybe we can register for his class. That might be fun!”

“Sure. Why not? I am going to need a lot of help in a composition class. That was my weakest area in high school.” I laughed as I continued, “Maybe Bill will take pity on me and help to become another Faulkner.”

I was to learn during that semester that Jerry was brilliant beyond his years as we spent hours in the library prepping for our classes. Within two sessions it was obvious that he stood head and shoulders above all of us in both classes.

Although our paths separated with our different choices of study in the years that followed, Jerry and I created a deep personal friendship that lasted eight decades, most of it at some distance from each other.

Jerry had forged a solid relationship with two other Poly Sci majors, Ben Banks and Marie Wright. The first time I joined them, I thought Jerry and Marie were an item. I soon discovered that Marie was in love with Ben but had an extremely close friendship with Jerry. When the four of us were together, however, the only thing that mattered was our bond as a foursome.

Jerry and I were team mates on the debate squad for two years. He remained, anchoring the team for the last two years while I followed my new passion, journalism. During my sophomore year I had become a cub reporter for the Pitt News and knew that I had found my career path, even with that rocky start in high school.

Jerry refused an Army commission during WWII, serving as a non-com with the army as an interpreter and liaison with the Chinese forces. It was not a surprise to find Jerry fluent in a new language after a crash course in Chinese at the Army Language School.

I saw him briefly in 1945, three days before he departed for Harvard to get his Ph.D. in political science. At the same time, I was hoping to land a job with the New York Times, but I had no luck. I was told that my record with the Pitt news and then with “Stars and Stripes” during the war were strong recommendations but, “You need a bit more seasoning.”

It took me three years working as a reporter for the Elmira News, the Pittsburgh Press and the Atlanta Constitution before I wormed my way onto the staff of the Washington Post.

Meanwhile Jerry, having earned his Ph.D., came back to Pitt to join the Political Science staff in 1948.

In early October I was in the Pittsburgh area in order to celebrate my mother’s birthday. I drove into the University to have lunch with Jerry. It was a joyous event, allowing us to get caught

up on our lives since parting in 1943. Much of the conversation centered on his experiences in China.

Jerry had the time and the freedom during his military service time to travel to a number of villages and some larger communities outside his military station. He said to me, "I wanted to learn to speak the language of the people. In the course of visits, I was frequently invited to have tea with the head man of the village or, on occasion, with one of hard working village families.

"Once in a while, I would offer some assistance to a farmer, who was loading a wagon with produce. That would lead to an invitation to tea, or if late in the day, I was invited to share the evening meal as a 'thank you' for helping. It was in those hours that I gained some real knowledge of the Chinese people."

"I discovered that there was wide spread knowledge of the corruption in the Nationalist government. As polite as they attempted to be in the presence of a foreigner, the resentment could not be totally suppressed. As it developed, my presence and willingness to help with chores led to a deepening of relationship and more open conversation.

"The big surprise came one evening when I was in the home of the headman of the village. We had been discussing his concern about the small amount of food that was left to the villagers while the bulk was taken by the military. He said, 'We live just a bit above the hunger level, yet it is known that the government leaders are all getting rich. Recently, during a meeting with some other headmen, I learned that there is widespread desire for this war to end so we can continue fighting our war to oust Chiang Kai Sheik. We have a great leader, Mao Zedong, who will provide changes that will take care of us poor villagers.' "

Jerry continued. "That was a trigger for me. I began seeking information, quite successfully, regarding the attitudes of the common people, who were hoping for a better life once they were out of the present war.

"By the time that I was ready to come home, I was keenly aware of the dilemma that our government faced. We were in bed with the Nationalists, a corrupt governing body, while it was the populace that should be our allies.

"I was able, through the good graces of my contacts at Pitt, to get a fellowship to spend eight weeks in the summer of 1946 visiting in China. I returned to the largest village near my former station and luckily found my old friend Chan, the now retired headman. I invited him, for a nice stipend, to accompany me to villages, some distance from his, where I might find out how the people felt about supplying food and other support to the Communist soldiers if fighting should come to their villages. He was delighted and understood my need to be trusted, a trust he could vouch for based on our two years of friendship.

"That trip was one of the most valuable experiences of my early life. I had not only gained a great deal of knowledge of the history and a sense of the near future of China, but I had an understanding of the Chinese mindset.

"My treatise on that trip was well accepted by my counselor at Harvard who managed to have it circulated among the faculty and some of the doctoral candidates."

After that long afternoon of discussing world events and politics, specifically the presidential election, Jerry surprised me with a statement. “You gentlemen of the Press have it all wrong. You’re not reading the right signals. Truman is going to win and win big.”

“Cut it out, Jerry. You can’t be serious.”

“Oh, but I am serious. Truman is reaching the people while Dewey is playing it safe. Truman is willing to slug it out and is listening to the people. Platitudes from Dewey will not win this election. Ted, put your money on Truman.”

I laughed and pulled out a ten dollar bill. “Two to one says you are wrong.”

He flipped out a fiver and said, “I am so sure that I am right that I will hold the stakes.” I never saw that ten dollar bill again. Jerry sent me an envelope with the headline from the Chicago Tribune that had incorrectly announced a Dewey victory in the greatest political upset of all time.

The two of us managed to get together at least twice a year. My wife and I always came to celebrate my mother’s birthday in October. In addition, I tried to make it a habit to be with my mom for the Easter Holiday, which Mom considered to be the most important Holy Day of the year.

I don’t believe that I ever missed seeing Jerry on each of the occasions that I returned home.

When we met that October in 1948, Jerry had just been back six weeks from another trip to China. This time he had access to our embassy personnel, who in turn introduced Jerry to some of their contacts in the capital. He told me that it was indeed a fruitful trip, but he avoided some of my questions. I took the hint that he did not want to discuss the information he had gleaned.

In February of 1949, Jerry was invited to join Dr. Fisher, the Poly Sci department head, on a trip to Washington. Dr. Fisher was one of several experts on the Iron Curtain countries. Jerry was his protégé, and Dr. Fisher had insisted that President Truman and Dean Acheson get to know this young man, whom he considered to be the most brilliant student ever to major in Political Science at the university.

When Jerry and I met some weeks later, I got a blow by blow description of his experience.

“Ted, during my last trip to China I was accorded the privilege of meeting with some powerful businessmen as well as a retired General and with two of our own embassy personnel whose responsibilities include getting inside information on what was happening behind the scenes in the Chinese administration. I had a lot of powerful information and wasn’t quite sure about putting it into a publication. Dr. Fisher, with whom I shared the data, arranged for me to do a paper and take it to the Secretary of State. He felt sure it would get to the President.”

I practically gushed. “Jerry, you’re in the Big Time!”

He grinned. “I guess so. Fisher was right. Acheson was delighted and took me to meet President Truman. I was thrilled, to say the least, because I believe that Harry Truman will go down in history as one of our greatest presidents, mostly because he made strong decisions on some of the toughest problems ever to be faced by any president.” He laughed. “That’s beside the point.”

“In that meeting, Acheson told me that State was preparing a White Paper on China. Truman interrupted with, “We can use your insight and input. This is one helluva tough job that will probably be highly criticized.”

“We were interrupted when the President received a phone call. Acheson gently ushered me out of the President’s office.”

I asked, “Are you going to let me read your paper?”

Jerry chuckled.” I can’t do that but I can highlight some of the content and you are free to take notes.”

I unpacked my wire recorder from its carrying case and turned it on. In my shorthand book I wrote the following:

Chain Kai-shek. In his search for a powerful centralized government, he antagonized too many special interest groups in China. Furthermore, his party was weakened in the war against the Japanese.

Meanwhile the Communists targeted different groups, such as peasants, and brought them into their tent. The Nationalists will fail, not because of the Communist Military, but because of rot from within their own party.

Strong initial support from the U.S. will diminish now that the fighting is over. For our own sake we will be forced to stop the aid primarily because of KMT (Kuomintang) corruption.

The country is suffering from super high inflation along with the widespread corruption and other economic ills. The KMT will continue to lose popular support.

I found that some leading officials and military leaders of the KMT hoarded material, armament and military-aid funding provided by the U.S. You are aware of the President’s critical comments on that subject.

Thousands of deserted or decommissioned soldiers are being recruited to the Communist cause tipping the balance of military power to the Communist side.

The popular support for the Communists in most of the country makes it all but impossible for the Nationalist forces to carry out successful assaults against the Communists.

Communists will be promising land reform which promises poor peasants farmland from their landlords. That will ensure popular support.

Soviet forces are turning over their captured Japanese weapons to the Communists and may allow the Communists to take control of territory in Manchuria, where the Soviets are in control.

That's the essence of my paper, Ted. I am sorry I can't give you more. This trip was a big step for me. I had two other brief meeting with Acheson, who made it clear that I would be invited back. He asked me if I had done any study or research on the Iron Curtain and was pleased with my affirmative response.

Jerry concluded with an interesting comment. "I probably was a bit over zealous when I suggested the possibility of diplomatic approaches to the Communists. I think they saw my suggestion as the naiveté of youth, but, Ted, I was serious. It will take decades to reestablish relationship with China if we miss this early opportunity. We're leaving the gate open for the Soviets to seal a tight bond with the Communist China Party that will control China for years to come."

I said, "Jerry, from what I know of the China events, I am sure that the CPC, that is the Communist Party for China, would laugh at the idea. After all we have strongly supported the KMT, their enemy, for a very long time."

"You may be right, but we should try. After all, I find it politically important to be in bed with dictators or oligarchs. Regardless of the communism label, China will be run by a few chosen insiders on the promise that the state will govern until the people are ready to do so."

I disagreed and said so. Jerry scowled. He appeared to get moody with what must have seemed as a criticism. In a grouchy tone he said, "We will just have to wait and see. I hope that Acheson hasn't written me off."

I tried to change the mood. "Jerry, I am sure you will be invited again. You just need to bite your tongue once in a while."

He grunted a sort of laugh but switched the subject. "Ted, you sound just like my dad. From some very early years, I loved to listen to my folk's discuss the daily news. Once I learned to read the newspaper, I had my own interpretation of the events and proceeded to give an opinion, unsolicited by Dad or Mom. My view point often was contrary to theirs and I was strongly letting them know."

I laughed, remembering a bit of that same experience when I was a teenager. I commented on that but Jerry said, "But I was only seven or eight and just full of myself. I was never discouraged by either parent from stating my opinion. Mom, in particular, made a point of encouraging my forthrightness."

He went on. "They managed to teach me to act with some modicum of modesty, but I was never cured of stating an opinion a bit too quickly."

Chapter 2.

The next four years proved to be beneficial for Jerry, mostly because of his personal relationship with State Department officials serving Secretary Acheson.

Jerry confided in me that the greatest influence on his professional life came from the opportunity to work with the “Wise Men.”

Dean Acheson, Charles Bohlen ,U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union and France, Averill Harriman, Special envoy for FDR, George Kennan, Ambassador Yugoslavia, Robert Lovett ,Truman’s Secretary of Defense and John McCloy ,President of the World Bank and High Commissioner in Germany.

These six friends were important foreign policy advisors to U.S. presidents Roosevelt and Truman.

They helped create a bi-partisan foreign policy in resistance to the expansion of Soviet power. Jerry described them as the hidden architects behind the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and the Cold War policy of “containment.”

As Jerry said to me, “To be in the same room with one or more of these six was an experience not to be forgotten. In addition to being brilliant, I found them to be, above all, practical, not adhering to idealistic views. And, they were very much up-front with both presidents.

“I will always be grateful to Mr. Acheson for making that experience possible.”

Jerry and I were sitting on the balcony of his apartment unit. The day was relatively warm for June. The year was 1950, and this was a special visit since I was home to see my mom, who had a brief stay in the hospital.

He was saying, “It is difficult to imagine living in a time when the biggest war in human history had just ended in which the most infamous dictators in history had admitted defeat and committed suicide.

“The guilty were charged and punished accordingly, after we had discovered the huge genocide committed by the Nazis.

“Imperialism is on its way out.

Western Europe is on the road to recovery with the assistance of the Marshall Plan.”

“Yet, here we are, embroiled in the Korean conflict, one face of the great divide between East and West. In this conflict the West faces a combined force of both the Soviets and the Chinese.

“It seems that nothing gets resolved without resorting to armed conflict. What the hell am I doing, studying and researching diplomatic ways to resolving issues. It is more than enough to make me a cynic or a hopeless fool.”

I said, “Cynic maybe, but never a fool.”

Jerry went on as though he had not heard me. “Well, come next year, I will have little or no input regarding our foreign policy. The Republicans will recruit General Eisenhower to head their ticket in the elections. His popularity will carry the day, and all that Acheson has done will probably be ignored.

“And, I can devote all my time to the classroom. I have already suggested this to my department head.”

I laughed. “Jerry, you will go nuts limiting yourself in that way. I am sure you will either publish some papers or speak out if you think the country is moving into dangerous territory.”

He grinned. “Maybe.”

It so happened that I was right.

Looking back, we see that the 1950s were one of the most turbulent decades in global politics, containing some critical political events that led the world into greater dangers.

History tells us that the 1950s saw the rise of global tensions beyond the imaginations of diplomats at the time. The world was divided into two political and ideological halves.

Capitalism was espoused by the US, and communism by the USSR. This also gave rise to a third group of non-aligned countries. The new politics during the 1950s was determined by the changing political dynamics arising from the increasing number of countries gaining independence from their imperial rulers. All of Indochina was throwing off the shackles of the Netherlands, including Indonesia and Vietnam.

Chapter 3.

After the partitioning of Vietnam, China and the USSR decided to back Ho Chi Minh and North Vietnam.

The United States countered with what became known as the "American Plan," with the support of South Vietnam and the United Kingdom. It provided for unification elections under the supervision of the United Nations. This was rejected by the Soviet delegation in the United Nations.

In September, less than three months later, the United States created a Military Assistance and Advisory Group to screen French requests for aid to advice on strategy and to train Vietnamese soldiers.

The youngest member in the preliminary meeting on that subject was Jerry, who became a bit exuberant in his opposition to the idea. He told me when I saw him a month later, "My voice rose a little when I was asked for an opinion. I could not hold back, even though I knew I was being more forceful than I should as the junior member in the group.

I said to the group, "Offering assistance with funds and material seems appropriate, but training troops moves us a step closer to military involvement. What makes us feel that we can do what the French have not been able to do, even with all their experience in that part of the world? I have no doubt that at some future date, we will be asked for troops to be used in combat. I am afraid that year from now, after being enmeshed in battles, we will be settling for an agreement similar to our recent experience in Korea."

"Needless to say, Ted, I missed the important point. The decision had already been made, but I was the blind young one who failed to notice."

Jerry went on to tell me that he felt some empathy from Acheson, but the voices of experienced diplomats and government officials carried the day, and the recommendation went to the President to provide the assistance as requested.

I asked Jerry what had prompted him to take a single position in opposition to the group, who probably saw him as still wet behind the ears.

His answer floored me. "I am almost ashamed to admit this, Ted, but I think some of our leadership is running scared. The effectiveness of communist public relations has us on the defensive, believing that every new nation will align themselves with the communists. I don't buy that."

I responded with, "But you are making enemies by bucking the leaders of the administration. Where did you get the guts to take them on?"

Jerry took a long time before answering me. He finally said, "Ted, you and I have never talked religion. How much do you know of the Old Testament prophets?"

"Very little. Being a lapsed Catholic, I have a good memory for the catechism but practically no knowledge of the Bible. From literature and conversations, I am familiar with names like names like David, Solomon, Isaiah and Daniel."

“Okay. You remember that at Pitt I had a double major, Poli Sci and History. Among the many sources of history, one of the greatest is the Bible, not so much for facts as for understanding the culture and the society in the part of the world that seemed advanced for its time. I am talking primarily Old Testament.”

“The many chapters devoted to the Major Prophets, Isaiah and Jeremiah provides rich history and theological lessons, mostly known but ignored by government leaders in their generations. Even after the disasters, the lessons remained unheeded.

“So?”

“Ted, I felt compelled to speak out, almost as though I had no choice. I recalled the message of those of Jeremiah and Isaiah about being careful of the choices we make in our alliances and our reliance on those agreements. Not one of my friends would call me overly religious but, Jerry; I sensed a force outside of myself urging me to make that statement.”

I was astounded, to say the least. I certainly thought of Jerry as another nominal protestant who had lapsed as I had from the Catholic Church. I asked

“Where do you think that leaves you?”

Jerry laughed. “I am a hero with most of my colleagues in the department and many of my students. It remains to be seen about my future with the State Department or even with Democratic National Committee.”

Jerry’s reference to his religious history intrigued me. I asked, “Jerry, when you were a kid, did you go to church every week like I had to?”

“Oh, yes. I spent an hour in worship and then another hour in Sunday school. I think of the earlier years as fun and a warm atmosphere created by a loving woman Sunday school teacher. By the time I was in junior high, I was becoming a skeptic about some of the Old Testament content, considering them as folk tales.

I rebelled against the stern and strict male teacher who, in retrospect, I now recognize was a fundamentalist with a positive voice. My folks finally allowed me to skip Sunday school.

I loved the historical aspect, particularly of the Old Testament. When Mom discovered my interest, she studied with me and often would point out the deeper meanings within the legends and mythology that was used by the writers in the Bible. I became an interested student and that probably accounts for me becoming a history major at Pitt.”

“Jerry, do you still attend the Presbyterian Church?”

“Occasionally. However, I keep waiting for either my congregation or the national church to speak out on the injustices carried on by nations, including our own. I am not sure that it will

ever come, since the strongest of our lay leadership is conservative and very much part of the establishment.”

“Why is that a problem?”

Much of our membership is made up of business owners, corporate executives, holders of public office and other types of government employees. Survival and self-interest makes it impossible for such persons to speak out against establishment policies, even if the policies are detrimental to many of our citizens, especially the disenfranchised, the poor, the people of color, etcetera.”

“Do you see a tie between your current thinking and those formative young adolescent years?”

“I don’t know, although I believe we are shaped by every human with whom our relationship has had any significance.”

“As a result of this recent experience aren’t you fearful for your own future?”

“Not really. I may be denied some access by political opponents but in academia, I am now tenured, which takes care of one problem. My world is also more accepting of diversity in ideas, in fact encourages such diversity. I believe even such liberality in academia may be more forthcoming in the future.”

I had much to think about as I returned to Washington, where my job at the Washington Post was to be a watchdog on public policy.

Jerry occasionally dropped a short note to me. I found out through the mail that Dean Acheson invited him to Washington on a number of occasions in which the subject was the Soviets, but not one meeting include included discussions of Vietnam. All the invitations came to an end, as expected, with the installation of President Eisenhower.

I have often wondered if Jerry had more influence than he knew. Although the assistance to South Vietnam was afforded in a number of ways, no military personnel were sent to Vietnam during the balance of the Truman administration.

In February, 1955, Eisenhower dispatched the first American soldiers to Vietnam as military advisors to President Diem's army. After Diem announced the formation of the Republic of Vietnam, commonly known as South Vietnam, in October, Eisenhower immediately recognized the new state and offered military, economic, and technical assistance.

A note sent to me by Jerry, shortly thereafter, expressed his deep sorrow that our nation was focused on the wrong issue when other great problems needed to be resolved.

One of the most reprehensible eras in American history was the McCarthy period that brought fear into the hearts of too many Americans. For almost six years, even blue collar workers

and their families feared they might be investigated because a member of the family belonged to some fraternal organization like the Elks, Moose, Southern Italian Political Association or the Slovak Sokols.

McCarthyism was the practice of targeting persons or institutions by making accusations of disloyalty, subversion, or treason without proper regard for evidence, like the practice of making unfair allegations or using unfair investigative techniques.

McCarthyism was characterized by heightened political pressure against communists, as well as a fear campaign spreading paranoia of their influence on American institutions.

In early 1953, my friend Jerry found himself in the cross hairs of the McCarthy committee. He was summoned to appear at 9:00 A.M. in room C on the third floor of the William Penn hotel on a Monday morning.

The summons came from the Senate Permanent Committee on Investigations. Jerry knew immediately that he was to be interrogated by the McCarthy committee.

As he later said, "I began to search my past to see on what pretext I was hailed before this infamous committee. I wondered whether Black Joe, himself, would be there. I guessed not, since I was such a small fish in the power game that he was playing."

Since Jerry had taken direct shots at the State Department, I made an assumption that might be behind the summons, but I also knew it was folly to make assumptions.

He continued. "Ted, do you remember the debate practice sessions during our freshman year? We chose subjects like Socialism and Communism. My mind started to wonder if somehow this committee knew about those sessions in which I took the affirmative on the question, *Would our nation benefit from adopting socialism as our form of government?*"

"I tossed and turned the entire night before the hearing. I dressed and had my breakfast like some robot, unable to remember any details. I was totally engrossed with wonder and fear.

"I was asked to take a seat in the empty hallway outside the hearing room. I did so, fifty feet away from the receptionist who guarded the doorway into the room.

"I could feel the sweat dampening my undershirt in my arm pits. My hands were cold and clammy. A call from the McCarthy committee had led to the destruction of a lot of careers, even driving some persons to suicide.

"Not a person walked into that hallway and not a word was spoken by the receptionist. The phone on her desk remained silent. Time dragged on. Fifty minutes had gone by, during which I must have glanced at my wrist watch a dozen times.

"It was 10:03 as I checked my watch again. I decided that the one-ups-man ship was a game to be played by both parties.

“I rose and began to walk toward the men’s restroom. The receptionist stood and said, ‘You can’t leave.’

“I kept walking. She ran after me, pleading for me to return to my seat. I said ‘I had an appointment for nine o’clock. It is now after ten.’

“She said, ‘but you can’t. Mr. Cohn will be angry with me for letting you leave.’

“I let her off the hook. ‘I am going to use the restroom. If Mr. Cohn wants me before I return, please let him know I will be back. If he has not called before then, I plan to wait in the coffee shop on the first floor.’

“I took my time, simply stalling for ten minutes. The young lady was standing just outside the entry and urged me to follow her.

“Cohn was seated behind a long table, flanked by a half dozen lackeys, two with shorthand books in hand, two fiddling with recording equipment. I stood until Cohn pointed to one of two chairs approximately a dozen feet away from his table. There was no table on which to place any papers, if I had brought some.

Brusquely, Cohn asked “Where is your attorney?”

I replied, “I wasn’t aware I was required to have one. I am not in a court of law, nor have I been charged with any crime.”

“You have acted and continue to act in a manner that is treasonous while you teach students how to organize themselves for behaving subversively.”

“Remembering what my attorney had told me during my briefing and training for this meeting, I said nothing.

“He said, ‘Well. Answer my question?’ ”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t understand the question. Would you mind repeating it?”

“He was bit flustered for just a moment but quickly recovered. ‘Do you deny teaching your students the fine art of communist behavior?’ ”

“I evaded the question with, ‘I lead a class in comparative forms of national governance, one form of which is communism.’ ”

“He shuffled through some papers, finally pulled out a single sheet, then saying, ‘I have statements from three of your students stating that you emphasize the value of a communist form of government over that of a republic.’ ”

“Again, I looked at him but said nothing.

“Well?”

‘Are you asking me a question?’

“The level of his tone raised a half of an octave. ‘Do you care to respond to the charges of three witnesses?’

“Knowing all eleven of the students in the seminar, I knew there was no way he could have such statement from even one of the students. ‘Mr. Cohn, I know for a fact that you are mistaken. The class you are referring to is a seminar that I moderate, asking only an occasional question, but never giving an opinion. Most of the class is made up of graduate students who are employed as instructors in Political Science or History.’

“Cohn bent his head over the papers and was silent for a while. Ignoring my comments, he finally asked, ‘Did you ever serve as an advisor to the staff of the State Department?’

‘Yes. That is a matter of public record.’

‘Did you ever meet with Marshall?’

‘No.’

‘Acheson?’

‘Yes.’

‘Members of the military?’

‘If they happen to be included in an interagency meeting to which I was invited.’

‘Are you a communist?’

‘No.’

‘Have you ever been a communist or a member of an organization that support communistic ideas?’

‘No.’

‘Why did you vehemently denounce giving military aid to the South Vietnamese battle against the communist?’

‘I never did that.’

“I felt a bit of a wrench in my gut. Did he really know what went on in that meeting or was he making deduction based on some hearsay. I took just a moment to contain my feelings.

‘I have it on good authority that you did so at a joint meeting between State and military participants.’

“Trying to be casual, I said, “I don’t know what you have but it is not the official minutes of any such meeting.

‘Are you calling me a liar?’

‘No, sir. I say that you are not quoting from any official record of any meeting I ever attended.’

“He went on as though I had said nothing. ‘I know for a fact that you want South Vietnam to be turned over to the communists. People like you do not understand what it means to be dominated by world communism.’

“I listened as he continued to berate me. When he finished, he asked, “what is your answer to that?’

“In a flat tone, I said, “I have nothing to say since you did not ask me a question. I refuse to be drawn into a debate. I will continue answering questions.’

“Cohn fumed and then said, ‘We are executing search warrants at your office as we speak. I need you to accompany my associate to your home while we search for the evidence to prove that you are a communist sympathizer.’

“Inside, I was steaming at this violation of my civil rights, but I played it cool which was the counsel given to me by my lawyer. He was a veteran opponent of the McCarthy.

“I nodded my head, affirming my willingness to travel to my apartment.

“Out of the blue, as I was rising, he blurted out ‘are you friends with Arthur Green?’

“I asked myself, *‘Is it possible that Cohn has been using me to get at Green, a self-acknowledged left wing Democrat, who might be described as having leftist leanings?’*

‘I know who he is, a recent addition to the history staff. I understand he has a reputation for very deep knowledge of Middle and Eastern Europe.’

‘I have it on good authority that you two are close friends, in fact, often have lunch together.’

‘Mr. Cohn, you have bad information.’

‘Do you deny having lunch with Mr. Green?’

‘No. I often sit at the “open round table” where various faculty members sit, if they have not made reservations ahead of time. I probably have had a meal with more than a hundred different persons over the years. Mr. Green has been present on a number of occasions.’

‘All right. You may leave now, but I may be calling you back as soon as we have the results of our searches.’ ”

The next two years must have been hell for Jerry. He kept waiting for a call back, but he never did hear from the committee or Mr. Cohn again. He did tell me that based on some of the information that Cohn had; he guessed that the committee had sympathizers in very high places. He had information from two meetings that were considered to be top secret. That is a dangerous betrayal by some of our leaders.

New declarations of national independence seemed to come very week during the 1950's. Country after country was lifting off the yoke of dominance by one or another European nation.

A major crisis occurred when three allies, England, France and Israel attacked the Egyptian forces to seize control of the Suez Canal.

On July 26th, 1956 Gamal Abdul Nasser, president of Egypt, addressed a huge crowd in the city of Alexandria. A passionate Nasser stunned a gathering of enthusiastic supporters with the vehemence of his diatribe against British imperialism.

Britain had ruled Egypt, one way or another, from 1882 until overthrown by Nasser in 1952.

In that speech in Alexandria, though, Nasser called the Egyptian army to start the seizure, and nationalization, of the Suez Canal. This event launched the start of a new era in the politics of Europe, the Middle East and America.

The Suez crisis ended the imperial influence.

It cost the British prime minister, Anthony Eden, his job and, by showing up the shortcomings of the French governance, hastened the arrival of the Fifth Republic under Charles de Gaulle over its Western allies. It thereby strengthened the hand of many European leaders who yearned to create a European Union.

It helped to push pan-Arab nationalism and completed the transformation of the Israeli-Palestinian dispute into an Israeli-Arab division.

The aims of the military attack by the three allies were primarily to regain Western control of the canal and to remove Nasser from power. The crisis highlighted the danger that Arab nationalism posed to Western access to Middle East oil.

In a surprise move, Eisenhower warned the UK and France not to use force to regain control of the Suez Canal, which Egypt had nationalized in violation of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement of 1954.

Regardless the UK, France and Israel invaded the area. The President used the economic power of the U.S. to force his European allies to back down and withdraw from Egypt. It marked the end of British and French dominance in the Middle East and opened the way for greater American involvement in the region.

Within twenty four hours of the information becoming public, Jerry was being quoted in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette denouncing the President's use of his power.

The publication triggered a horde of phone calls to the newspaper, protesting the publication of such criticism of the President. A slew of mail kept arriving for more than a week. Most of the anger was focused on his comment, "the President was rather ignorant of the big picture and the true implications for the future of international relations."

Jerry found himself being isolated at the faculty club dining room, and for weeks he carried his lunch to eat with a few colleagues in the Poli Sci department conference room. He could have continued to dine at the club but chose not make more waves at the moment. Personal discomfort was easy to handle.

On the other hand, a large group of his student made it known that they were solidly behind him.

Years later, he felt some personal vindication when Nixon wrote in his memoirs that Eisenhower later described Suez as the greatest foreign policy mistake he made during his time in office.

The immediate effect of the President's action was easily observable. The Egyptian dictator, Colonel Nasser, became a hero throughout the Arab world, and this led directly to the fall of the pro-western government in Iraq.

As Jerry had predicted in his interview, the Suez Crisis was widely seen as a huge betrayal in the UK, thus ensuring no British help for the Americans in Vietnam.

Jerry was not always critical of the President, but he felt strongly about some of his decisions and speeches. That was true of a particular speech. It may be argued either that the "Domino Theory" was used to promote our participation in Vietnam or that belief in the theory drove us to the involvement.

In brief, the theory speculated that if one state in a region came under the influence of communism, then the surrounding countries would follow in a domino effect. The domino theory was used by successive United States administrations to justify the need for American intervention around the world.

Referring to communism, President Eisenhower put the theory into words during an April, 1954 news conference:

"Finally, you have broader considerations that might follow what you would call the 'falling domino' principle. You have a row of dominoes set up, you knock over the first one, and what will happen to the last one is the certainty that it will go over very quickly. So you could have a beginning of a disintegration that would have the most profound influences."

Jerry and other opponents to our participation in Vietnam argued against the theory.

Those opponents later pointed to the primary evidence against the domino theory; that is the failure of Communism to take hold in Thailand, Singapore and other large Southeast Asian countries after the end of the Vietnam War, as Eisenhower's speech warned it would.

Jerry's take on the subject was that the Indochinese wars were largely nationalist. His example was Indonesian's after taking control from the Dutch that did not end up as a communist country

Jerry also argued that no such monolithic force as "world communism" existed. Splits within communism were already occurring, the most serious of which is the rivalry between the Soviet Union and China, which began in the 1950s."

While Jerry was doing his research and publication, I did some research of my own and came to a similar conclusion. Vietnam and Cambodia were at odds from the very beginning. Rivalry between China and the USSR probably increased tensions between the two countries, since Vietnam had affiliated itself with the USSR and Cambodia with China,

It was my conclusion that nationalism and territorial disputes were obviously significant factors. Border conflicts, mostly in the form of massacres of civilians were practically every day affairs.

Jerry never confided to me whether he was aware of other factors, but I developed my own argument that the domino theory misrepresented the real nature of the widespread civil opposition that the previous, U.S.-backed regimes in these countries had generated. That was mostly due to the entrenched official corruption and widespread human rights abuses, notably in South Vietnam.

Chapter 5.

During each of my annual October visits with Jerry I was briefed on his summer visits.

In November, 1960 I called Jerry to share and celebrate the good news of Kennedy's victory over Nixon. Although I could hear his delight about the Democratic victory, I sensed an undertone, a hint of doubt or concern. I tried to discover his hesitancy but found him not very forthcoming. I switched subjects, asking him about his mom's health.

"She's doing better, Ted. She is at home now. We do have a full time nurse around the clock but this is the last week for her."

I asked, "What's new since I saw you a few weeks ago?"

He laughed. "Ted, if you are asking whether I have had any invites by the Democratic Committee or the Kennedy advisors, the answer is "No." Part of my mood is influenced by the idea that an invitation may not be forthcoming. My vocal opposition to some of the recommendations to Truman, in 1951, was not well received by our party leaders."

I replied, "I doubt they will hold that against you. Besides, your response to the Eisenhower mistake about the Suez is now clearly justified. Kennedy's people must be able to see that."

"That may be so, but if I were to be included, it should have happened before now. The Harvard gang must have helped him formulate the initial policies, particularly in regard to the Soviet."

I replied, "You may be giving them too much credit for long range planning. I think that their concentration on a hard fought campaign has prevented too much concentration on what will be happening now that the election is past."

Three days after that phone conversation, an exuberant Jerry called to say he would be in Washington two weeks later, asking if we could have some time together.

He went on to say, "They were impressed with the fact that I spent the recent summers in the Soviet. Apparently my articles in *The Atlantic Magazine* and "The Guardian" have been the subject of some conversation. I understand that Kennedy has called my publisher for an advanced copy of my book, 'USSR and US'. How about that?"

I was excited for Jerry and tried to set a date, but he demurred and said he would call as soon as he had more information.

Things must have moved quickly, because five days later Jerry called. "Ted, I'm at the Mayflower Hotel and just finished a long day with both Kennedys and four of his key advisors. It's four o'clock. Are you available for a drink and dinner?"

I was both shocked and delighted. "Yes. Where and what time?"

"Any time after five, in my suite."

Jerry was relaxed, in gray slacks, light blue shirt; open at the collar and barefooted. He gave me a hug and asked me to pour the drinks from the selections on the trolley.

We settled into wing-back chairs, feet up on ottomans and drinks in hand. “Ted, these are very private and definitely off the record as our talks always have been.”

I nodded.

“Have you heard anything about plans for Cuba by the Eisenhower administration?”

“Only that they were planning a stronger stand on restricting trade and visitation. I know that the President has felt we are facing a real danger because of Castro’s communist beliefs. Like many others, Ike wants to get rid of threat that lies so near our borders.”

“Well, today’s meeting was about going ahead with an Eisenhower-backed plan for the CIA to create an invasion campaign to Cuba in order to oust Castro, maybe even kill him, and restore democracy on the island.”

I asked, “What damned fools thought up that idea?”

He replied, “I have no idea, but I wasn’t hearing any objections in today’s meeting. The plan does not call for use of regular army troops. The CIA has a paramilitary group, to which will be added exiles who will be recruited and who have a passionate desire to unseat Castro.”

“Did you speak up in opposition to the plan?”

Jerry laughed. “I took your advice and decided to bide my time. Besides, I heard no one urging the President to give his approval, and that sort of worries me. He may not call another meeting of this particular group before he makes a decision. However, I am sure there is plenty of time. He won’t make a final decision until after he takes office.”

I asked, “Doesn’t he need to give the planners some lead time?”

Jerry replied, “My guess is that the CIA is well into the planning and the recruiting. They had the green light from the Eisenhower camp but were unable, for some reasons, to move quickly enough.”

“So, what’s running around in your mind?”

“If I don’t have another invite by January tenth, I think I will send a short paper on why he should avoid falling into an embarrassing situation.”

“Why do you think he will be embarrassed?”

“I believe that attaining victory will come at a much higher price tag in terms of lives lost, perhaps raising the need to send regular troops to support what will be thought of as a ragtag group led by a handful of professionals. Besides, if the plan fails, this administration will lose face and have a hard time exerting the leadership that the nation needs.”

“Do you think that there is chance of failure?”

“Let’s say that I am concerned. An invasion of a foreign shore requires strength and precision and as much surprise as possible. I see weakness in two areas. I don’t believe the CIA has a large enough military component and will require a huge number of recruits. Secondly, recruits from civilian life mean that there will be conversation at home or with friends that will make all plans known immediately to the enemy.”

Jerry did submit his paper to the President-elect but heard nothing until after Kennedy was in office.

He received an invitation to a meeting on January 29th. Kennedy was present for the first part of the meeting. Jerry reported to the entire group the position that he had taken in his memo then turned to Jerry.

Kennedy responded with “I appreciate your grasp of the potential political fallout if the campaign runs into trouble. It made me think about the consequences enough that I had a long conversation with the Allen Dulles of the CIA. He assured me that the risk of failure is minimal. The success will send this administration off to a resounding start.”

Jerry decided not to pursue the issue since a decision had been made. He was on record with the committee. “I understand, Mr. President.”

Kennedy nodded and said, “I like your style, Campbell, the fact that you took me head on. I want you to stick around so that you can poke me in the fanny when you think I am headed in a direction that is inimical to the best interests of the country. Bobby will see to future invitations.”

Unfortunately, Jerry’s acceptance was rather short lived.

When briefing Kennedy, Eisenhower emphasized that the communist threat in Southeast Asia required priority. Eisenhower considered Laos to be the hot spot in regards to the regional threat. In March, two months after taking office, Kennedy voiced a change in policy from supporting a "neutral" Laos, indicating privately that Vietnam should be deemed America's tripwire for communism's spread in the area.

In May, 1961 the President sent the Vice-President, Lyndon Johnson, to meet with South Vietnam's President, Ngo Dinh Diem. Johnson assured Diem more aid in molding a fighting force that could resist the communists. Kennedy announced a change of policy from support to partnership with Diem in defeat of communism in South Vietnam.

Jerry was in the meeting when Johnson’s report was read to the group. When the reading was complete, Jerry immediately stood and asked, “Is this a recommendation to the President or is this now the adopted policy of this administration?”

He was assured that this was the new policy. Johnson had been told by the President what promises he could make to South Vietnam.

Jerry told me later, “I was boiling and felt betrayed, but since the President was not present, there was little value in speaking my mind.”

That very evening he sat in front of his typewriter and again put down in writing his position that taking a military position in the internal affairs of Vietnam was a dangerous step for our nation and would lead us into a long struggle. He wrote to the President, "It is my firm understanding that Vietnam is no different from any other nation's struggle to lift the yoke of dominance by European nations. Whether the north dominates, bringing about communism or whether the South is victorious, surrounding nations will not necessarily follow the lead of Vietnam. I would predict that the best we may ever see will be another settlement as we did in Korea or even worse, a defeat in this new kind of war in the jungles."

It was a huge surprise a week later, to receive a "Thank you for past services," implying that those services would not be required in the future.

This time Jerry really felt betrayed. Kennedy had been clear that he wanted Jerry present as a kind of "loyal opposition" when hard decisions regarding international affairs were being confronted. Had his dismissal been the decision of Kennedy or one of his close gang of advisors?

He wondered if a phone call to the President would clarify or even correct a decision made by some well-intentioned associates. He gave up after three failed attempts to get a return call.

I happened to call Jerry about ten days after he received the "Thank you." I knew immediately that something unpleasant had happened. His tone of voice gave away his mood and his voice trembled as he began to tell me of his big disappointment and sense of betrayal by Kennedy's action.

I knew that he was deeply affected, but I had no idea how badly until years later when I read the notes in his private journal, one source he handed me as I prepared to help him write his memoirs. Here are some short paragraphs from that journal.

May 21, 1961.

"I wanted, desperately, to be a part of the future with Kennedy. For me, he was the brightest and most inspiring president to be elected in the twentieth century, barring none. The most joyous hour of my life was the hour in which his election had been announced. That hope was splintered with a "Thank You" note signed by that damned automatic signature machine.

I haven't been able to sleep during the last few nights, trying to figure out what I might have done differently, given my penchant for honesty and transparency.

Last night I made a decision to call Dean Acheson to ask where he stood on the matter of sending any type of troops to Vietnam. I gave up that stupid idea and then wondered how any of my past tutors, the "Wise Men," felt about the same proposition. Those and myriad of other questions preyed on my mind, making sleep impossible.

My performance in class yesterday was pitiful, causing one of my students to say so as he was leaving the classroom. I am so disappointed in the Kennedy administration

with egg on its face over the fiasco at the Bay of Pigs and what I thought was another bad decision regarding Vietnam.

I felt that I had been on the rim of acceptance to play a major role in International Relations, a dream that had been building inside me for the last few years. Now the dream had come crashing down around my head.”

The university semester came to an end shortly after that period. Jerry decided that he had to make a trip to South Vietnam in order to get a feel for what was happening. He decided he would find and hire a good interpreter, someone schooled in the U.S. or England. His plan was to travel into the countryside to get the pulse of the people.

Two weeks before he was to fly out, he changed his mind. He decided not to dwell on the past but to focus his attention on the larger issues of the cold war. He exchanged his reservations, heading for Russia, Czechoslovakia and then some sightseeing in Spain.

As a result of a long conversation with the managing editor of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, he was now a member of the newspaper's journalistic staff. He was sure that, as a journalist, he would attain some access to places unavailable to a tourist.

His first stop was Vienna, Austria, where he was able to attend the Khrushchev meeting with Kennedy. He was one of a handful of journalists, who, through a lottery, were given seats at the discussion.

Despite his emotions regarding Kennedy, he was determined to be as objective as possible. Internally he cheered when the President refused to allow Soviet pressure to force his hand, or to influence the American policy of containment. He thought the President had stalled Khrushchev, making it clear that the United States was not willing to compromise on a withdrawal from Berlin, regardless of any pressure from Khrushchev.

He could see the two leaders becoming increasingly frustrated at the lack of progress of the negotiations. In Jerry's eyes, Kennedy seemed to be no match to Khrushchev's power as a debater. What did surprise him was Kennedy allowing him to be drawn into this ideological debate with Khrushchev. Jerry watched sadly as Khrushchev outmatched Kennedy.

Jerry did not comment in his story, but he felt that the Russian would exit the meeting believing he had triumphed in the summit over a weak and inexperienced leader.

Jerry walked out of the meeting saddened by Kennedy's performance.

During the flight to Moscow, he had ample time to reflect on his career, his life to date and the state of affairs of the United States. No matter his resolve about focusing on the cold war, J.F. Kennedy kept returning to his mind. He kept asking himself, *“Will he turn out to be another candidate who learned to win an election but one unable to lead his nation?”* First, there was his failure to see the outcome of the attempt to invade Cuba. Secondly, he should be more forthright

regarding his position on civil rights, especially for black Americans. Now, this recent performance on the world stage, where he came out second to his major opponent.

He kept telling himself, *“Despite this start, I do believe he will emerge as one of our great presidents.”*

Ben Banks, Jerry’s debate teammate at Pitt, and now a military attaché in Moscow, was waiting outside the customs room at the airport. Warm handshakes and greetings were exchanged. Ben insisted on carrying the suitcase to the front of the building where the embassy limo was waiting for them. Jerry was surprised but said nothing. Once inside, Ben asked, “What would you like to do? You must be tired.”

Jerry smiled. “Tired but hungry enough for food and conversation that the bed can wait.”

After registering for his room, Jerry joined Ben in the hotel dining room for a light lunch and heavy conversation. Ben opened with, “Marie and the kids are fine. You can judge for yourself at dinner tomorrow. Right now, I need to hear how you are doing. Are you still in contact with Ted?”

“Yes, in the matter of Ted. We see each other at least once every year but we talk or write quite often. He has a broad shoulder to lean on and one hell of a good listener. He is one of the stars on the staff of the Washington Post, you know.”

“If you need a shoulder and a listening heart these days, then you are not in the brightest time of your life, my friend. Am I right?”

Jerry nodded affirmatively. “I’m at some critical point in life at age forty. I used to laugh at the idea of forty being a possible crisis time. Now, I am not sure.”

Ben waited for more. Eventually, Jerry was able to gather himself. “I’ve just blown any chance I had of fulfilling my hope of being consulted by a president or his key staff on matters of state. A very short time ago, I got my walking papers, after disagreeing with some of Kennedy’s “Irish Mafia” about getting into bed with South Vietnam.”

Ben let out a sardonic laugh. “So soon after you’re accurate, but unwise, political statement about the Bay of Pigs.”

“Yes, but Kennedy told me straight out that he wanted me around as a straight shooter who would and should speak my mind. Now, one critical comment and I’m out on my ass. It’s enough to make me a bitter old man.”

Ben laughed. You’ll get past this like you have every temporary setback. What you need right now is some time off. One would think you would be greatly appreciated for having the insight on the Cuba affair. By the way, and off the record, we informed our bosses in Washington that the Russians were expecting something like that and advised Castro and provided both equipment and counsel. Your analysis was right on. I’m sorry I couldn’t write back but I was applauding your efforts after getting your letter.”

“Thanks, Ben. Now, give me some clues that might help me get a firmer grip on the Soviet future. I’m not asking for privileged or secret info, but some hints that might help me interpret what I read in the future.”

A half hour later, Ben, noticing Jerry’s drooping eyelids, hustled him off to bed. On the way to the room he gave Jerry the addresses of several cafes where he might pick up some helpful conversations by unhappy Soviet citizens.

Jerry slept late into the early afternoon of the next day. He showered, dressed and ate the lunch that was on the side table when he stepped out of the shower. When he felt human again, he headed to the Banks’ apartment unit.

Ben’s wife, Marie, greeted him with open arms. She and Jerry had been close friends during their undergrad years. In fact, Jerry had introduced her to Ben and watched love bloom within the first month thereafter.

She had a carafe of coffee ready for his arrival. She took him into the small parlor of their apartment. “Ben is running some errands and then picking up the children at school, so we have time to catch up.” It did not take her long to read his unhappiness, in spite of his attempt to make light of his concerns.

“Jerry, we have been close friends for so many years, in some ways even closer than you and Ben. Don’t try to hide from me. I asked Ben to give us plenty of time. I need to hear more than the sketch Ben gave to me last evening.”

There was no way to resist and, in fact, unknowingly, he had hoped for this. He shared his story in detail with Marie. It was true. He felt closer to Marie than he did with either Ben or me. She had been the only one to understand his asexuality. At school Ben and I were always fixing him up with dates and he agreeably accepted without ever saying anything during those four years.

She took his hands in hers and looked directly into his eyes, which were holding back tears. “I can see the pain, Jerry. I understand the disappointment that a role you hoped to play and for which you had prepared yourself, has eluded you, at least for the present.”

He looked down, away from her face, in order to hide the tears that were about to escape. She reached for his head and brought it gently to her. It was several minutes before he could say, “Thank you, Marie. You always could read my heart and soul as well as my mind.”

She gave him a smile of thank you and asked, “Are you ready?”

When he came to the end she said, “Some ideas have been forming as I sensed your pain and frustration. Are you willing to hear them?”

“Sure.”

She said, “I know that you had planned to dig for more information regarding the future relationships of the Soviets with the western world. Jerry, instead of spending the whole summer digging for information about the state of international affairs, I suggest you take some time off.”

He looked at her closely. “You are serious, aren’t you?”

“Yep.”

“To what end?”

“I would like to see you divert your mind by doing everything except work. Perhaps you can spend a week in Petrograd to see and appreciate the beauty of old Russia. That might be followed by a few side trips to visit some other tourist stops for the same purpose.”

“What do I do for the rest of the summer?”

“The rest is even more dramatic. I would like you to involve, or even steep yourself, in some deep contemplation and then start over, planning how you want to spend the rest of your life.”

“Hell, Marie, I can’t do that. I have commitments.”

“Yes, but those commitments have a limited time span of a year or two. I am talking about the rest of your lifetime.”

Jerry lapsed into silence while Marie refilled their glasses. He asked, “Any ideas where I should start?”

“Why not start with a retreat, even a religious retreat. There are some great three to seven day retreats in Spain or Italy.”

“Afterwards, you can rent a room in one of the villas high on the hillside of a Mediterranean village. Sitting on a patio or a balcony in the sun, you can continue the retreat, digging into some biographies, such as Mahatma Gandhi, Teddy Roosevelt, Lincoln or personages from our history studies. You will know what to do to assist in your planning. Even if it all ends up with your being a professor, at least, you will have a better understanding of why you are doing what you do.”

Jerry said “The last part of your suggestion sounds like a good idea, but why the religious retreat?”

“Because the Jerry that I have known from our first days of friendship is a deeply religious person who does not wear his faith on his sleeve. Even in your last letter, you underscored a point based on your interpretation of a quote attributed to Jesus.”

They were interrupted with the arrival of the kids, who flew into Uncle Jerry’s arms, the youngest, being Gerald, who wanted to know where Jerry had hidden his present.

Jerry enjoyed the five days in Moscow with Ben and Marie, spending the weekend with the whole family, taking in all the tourist sites, always in the company of a so-called guide, who, in reality, was hired by the security police. Tourists were to stay within the prescribed geographical bounds. He spoiled the children with treats and gifts, as any real uncle would have done.

His trip to Petrograd was enthralling, taking two whole days at The Hermitage. This included the Winter Palace, the main residence of the Russian Tsars.

By this time, Jerry was relaxed and opens to the new suggestions. He changed his flight plans, with the idea of following the plan that had emerged after four days of discussion with Marie and Ben.

He flew to Palermo in Sicily and arranged for a bus transport to a fishing village called Santa Angelina.

His plan consisted of a long stay in a remote fishing village. He would read, meditate and mix with the villagers and end with a trip to a retreat center. The last part of the plan was preempted by a stroke of fate.

Chapter 6.

Looking out toward the marina from his room at the top of the hill, Jerry noticed a small cove where several adults were gathered in their swim wear, mostly mothers watching their children playing in the shallow water or building sand castles. He chuckled to himself. “Just what I need, an hour in the sun to start working on my summer tan.”

He changed into swim trunks, slipped into his sandals, picked up two of the large towels and headed for the beach. Since he spoke no Italian, he would not get involved with any of the folks. That was his thinking as he left his room.

Within a few minutes after he settled on one of the towels, two little boys rushed up to him, and by their actions he could see that they wanted him to play Frisbee with them. He began to decline but changed his mind and joined in their game. A minute later they were joined by a teenage girl who called to a slim figure lying on his stomach. The figure came to life, rose to his height of about six feet. He yelled something to one of the boys who was holding the Frisbee. Suddenly the Frisbee was headed to Jerry, who picked it out of the air and flipped it to the newest arrival. The game went on for about five minutes, until one of the mothers called and the three children took the Frisbee and waved goodbye.

The slender man approached Jerry, and in excellent American English with an Italian accent said, “You must be the new guest from America.” He put out his hand for a welcome shake. “I’m Tomas Gallic, the local priest. Welcome.”

“Gerald Campbell. My friends called Jerry.”

With a big grin on his face, the priest said “Then I will call you Jerry. Perhaps we can become friends.”

“That would be nice. I thought I might not find anyone who spoke English in this tiny village.”

“That is true among the adults, but our children are all learning English. Our teenagers and their teacher will be eager to practice their skill with a real American.”

Jerry was wondering how that would fit into his plans for meditation and reading. He quickly decided that he would take what the village had to offer. “I’ll look forward to the experience if they promise to teach me enough of the local dialect so that I won’t starve.”

Tomas burst into laughter. “No way will that happen. Mama Christi, your landlady, is the best cook in the village and will proudly feed you, even if you are blind, deaf and dumb. By the way, do you play chess?”

“I try, but I am no master, believe me.”

“Perhaps we can find an hour here and there to hone our skills. I need the practice. The locals play great games of checkers and cards but no chess.”

“I’ll look forward to that.”

“Jerry, if I may ask, how you decided to choose this village.”

“I was looking for a quiet place where I could spend some hours reading each day, in meditation and pondering my next steps.”

With a smile in his voice, Tomas said, “You have chosen well. If you have some time to spare, the children would love to practice their English or play a beach game. An extra player is always welcome.” He looked at his watch, and then said, “I have to run, but I shall see you at dinner. Mama was concerned about having an American who speaks no Sicilian so I am invited to be an interpreter as may be needed. I never turn down an invitation from the best cook in the village.” He let out a hearty laugh as he waved good bye.

The two men sat in silence, enjoying the coffee after what Jerry considered to be the best meal of his life. Tomas was tamping the tobacco in his pipe as Jerry watched. They were waiting for the moon rise, seeing a hint of light creeping over the horizon.

Not a word had been spoken until Jerry let out an “oh.” He was reacting to the glimmer of the moon shimmering on the surface of the Mediterranean as the full moon rose slowly in the darkening sky. He continued to gaze as the moon sliced through a wispy cirrus cloud and then emerged to bathe the patio with moonlight. It was a long time, during which he was stricken in awe.

Father Tomas broke the silence. “It is times like this that I am reminded of God’s majesty and his generosity to give us such experiences.”

Jerry, unable to respond, simply nodded his head.

As the full moon rose higher, the patio grew brighter. Jerry could hear the sound of voices rising from the beach. He thought that their voice sounded young, perhaps of young lovers holding hands, enjoying the romantic walk in the moonlight.

The priest broke the long silence. “During dinner hour, we were interrupted just as you were about to tell me what kind of reading you were doing.”

“I’m into biographies of eminent leaders in history such as our Presidents Lincoln, both Roosevelts and Mahatma Gandhi. I also have a copy of the Bible, where important stories point to great truths. I have always promised myself to do more study but never found the time to do so.”

“Do you mind sharing with me the reason you are focused on these particular persons?”

Silence fell on the twosome. Even the voices below faded, as Jerry wondered how much of himself he wanted to share with the priest. Finally he said, “I’ve come to a crisis, at least what I call a crisis, in my professional life. I’m hoping to find some answers during this month here on the edge of the sea.”

Tomas nodded, not saying anything but “Hmm.”

Another period of silence ensued, during which they were both aware that the voices had faded but the sounds of water lapping against some rocks had replaced those voices. Jerry said, “I also hoped to find a Catholic Retreat Center where I would hope to meditate for three or more days before returning to my home.”

“How will you determine that you will have the answers you seek?”

“I’m not sure. I guess I am hoping that I will find an inspiration at some point in the process.”

The priest commented, “That’s possible. I have been on a number of retreats and benefitted, but I found that the major changes in my life usually came after considerable interaction with friends, counselors or my superiors. I have been inspired by reading the lives of great men, but I could never fathom what actually changed them although anyone could read the changes that did occur. Does that make any sense?”

“I think you are saying that their biographies, or even autobiographies, clearly demonstrate the changes and the effects of the changes but never reveal what truly triggered the change.”

“Yes. That has been my experience. I think the reading is important but something else needs to occur.”

“Something else?”

“Yes. My entry into the priesthood is a good example. I did not even consider the priesthood until I was in my twenties. I had not been particularly religious. During my senior year at the university I had some opportunities to participate in community activities involving street gangs in the less affluent sections of Rome. One afternoon after breaking up a fight between two young adolescents, I found myself counseling the youngsters.

“I came away believing I could be useful in my professional life and being a priest offered opportunities. It was then that I began reading the lives of various saints. I went to one of the Franciscan fathers in the large parish located near the university and found a great counselor who was seventy or older.

“We must have had a dozen conversations, most of them taking two or three hours. He dug deep into my history, my motivations and mostly, what I expected to gain from my hoped for vocation. He cautioned me about possible rejection by parishioners, the infighting among staff in large parishes as well as potential disappointments when a personal goal eluded me.

In spite of those warnings, I chose to be a priest. I opted for the Jesuits rather than the Franciscans, for reasons I did not really understand.”

He paused but Jerry knew he was trying to phrase an additional comment. “I believe it is in the heart to heart dialogue and interaction with others that God shows us the path he has planned for us.”

Jerry wasn't sure how to respond. His mind was whirling with questions. Opting for an indirect approach, he asked, “for a highly educated Jesuit, as I know most of you are, how did you choose to minister in this small village?”

Tomas laughed. “What you are too polite to ask is how I fouled up so badly that I was sent here?”

Jerry could not hide the flush of red that rose to his cheeks. “The thought did flash across my mind, but I am trying to grasp the idea that this is God's plan for you.”

The priest smiled. “If you are interested, or believe that the story would help you in any way, I'll be happy to share it. Not tonight, however. Mama, whose ear has been waiting for some news to share with her neighbors, needs her sleep.

Both men rose, shook hands and headed for the door. “Maybe we will have time after a game of chess at the beach tomorrow.”

“I'll look forward to hearing your story.”

Just before dawn, Jerry was awakened by the aroma of baking bread coming from Mama's kitchen. He dressed and headed downstairs. Mama signaled that breakfast would be served in forty five minutes, so he headed for a walk on the beach. A few minutes later, with the sun just peeping over his shoulder, he was watching the last of the fishing fleet heading for the horizon.

An hour after lunch, he joined Tomas who was unfolding the chess board and laying out the pieces. Ninety minutes later, Tomas was folding the board after a standoff, the game being called a draw.

Pietro, a lad of ten or so, saw the priest folding the board and hustled over to invite the adults to join in a volley ball game.

Four o'clock saw the men seated at a table on the tree shaded patio of the rectory, sipping iced coffee and munching on some biscuits baked by the rectory housekeeper.

Tomas asked, “Do you truly want to know why I am the village priest in Santa Angelina?”

“Definitely. I am not sure how that may put some light on my quest, but I feel that it may bind us closer together.”

Tomas nodded and began. “It may help you to understand the way Jesuits are organized. The order is divided into geographic provinces, each of which is headed by a Provincial Superior,

generally called Father Provincial. These men are chosen by the General, personally. He has authority over all Jesuits and ministries in his area.

With the approval of the General, the Father Provincial appoints a novice master and a master of tertians to oversee formation and rectors of local houses of Jesuits.

“Each Jesuit community within a province is normally headed by a rector who is assisted by a minister (from the Latin for servant,) a priest who helps oversee the community's day-to-day needs.

“I was ordained and sent to Genoa in 1935, at the age of thirty, a little older than some of my fellow Jesuit soldiers.

I was assigned to work in the poorest section of the city, catering to the poverty-stricken families and spending most of the time trying to find useful or fun activities for the teenage boys. I organized athletic games and field trips to museums and football games. I was thrilled and happy in my work.

“I was moved to Rome and then to Palermo at the end of the war. There I was made the minister of the community, headed by a hard-nosed rector in every organization. There are people who can fool their superiors.

Ignatius Balistri was such. He loaded all his work on my back in addition to my regular duties and then looked for ways to criticize my performance. I was what you would call an “unhappy camper.”

“I endured this treatment for about two years or more and began considering going over his head. My two recent requests for transfers were denied by him. My opportunity came in a strange manner.

“I was leading a class for teenage boys in one of the school classrooms, when one of the kids asked “Father, do you really believe that crap about a dead man being resurrected from the grave?” I was caught unawares, although I had dealt with the question in my mind for many years.

“I avoided a direct response, saying, “We are the resurrection. You and I, a part of the church, followers of Jesus the Christ. Before I could say another word, I heard the voice of the rector saying, “Gallic”, in my office, now. Boys, you are dismissed.

“In the office, I received a tongue lashing, as though I were a child who had disobeyed his father. His voice was loud enough to be heard in adjoining rooms by a half dozen others. He called me a traitor to the faith and a scourge. He used words like pestilence and bane and pronounced that my punishment was banishment to my cell, except for meal time. That was to be in effect until my hearing at provincial headquarters.

“The only redeeming part of the event was that I did not have to face any of my colleagues. In fact, at meals I had to sit at a small table aside from my brothers, prohibited from speaking to any of them.

“I spent two days in solitary, plenty of time to pray and speculate on my future. My greatest fear was that of being banished from the Society of Jesus. Of all my prayers, the petition to God that I remain in the Society was most often on my lips.

By this time in the story, Jerry felt as though he, himself, was about to go to trial.

Tomas continued, “You’ve heard the word “fear and trembling.” That was my experience when I knelt before the Father Provincial. I sensed that the two of us were the only ones present. I had been expecting to be accused here as I had been at the rectory.

“Father said, “Come sit opposite me and tell me your side of the story. There usually are at least two sides to every story.”

I must have looked bewildered because Father smiled. “Yes, I mean it. Tell me what incurred the rector’s wrath.”

My answer was word for word of the question and my beginning response. I then said, “I had no chance to explain to my student because I was interrupted and sent to the office as I had once been when I was fourteen.”

“And then in the office?”

“I hesitated, thinking I should tone down the scolding but Father insisted, “Every word to the best of your ability.”

“Emboldened I repeated the entire vituperation and then the banishment to my cell.

“He listened with care and then said, “I have no choice except to provide some form of penance, since you were formally charged by a superior. I have reviewed your record, particularly your work in the poor districts of Genoa. For the next year or so, I need you to study the four gospels and the writings of Paul. I am sending you to be the priest in a parish that serves three small fishing villages.

“I will send for you at some time in the future so that you can relate to me what you have read and understood of the life and ministry of Jesus and your understanding of the risen Christ.”

“I must have looked so relieved that a smile appeared on his face, but it was quickly masked in front of this lowly soldier under his command.

“It was almost three years later that Father Provincial sent for me. He greeted me with a smile. After the housekeeper poured the coffee and offered some sweet cakes, Father said, “I hear fine reports of your ministry with the fishermen families, especially your relationships with the teen age children. Does that mean you enjoyed your work there?”

“I felt myself beaming, unable to mask my feelings. “I do, Father. One of my greatest joys is the ministry with the youngsters. I find that their desire to learn English and my ability to help them learn makes it very easy to discuss the catechism and answer their questions.”

“Have you faithfully studied the gospels and the epistles?”

“I have, Father.”

“Do you have a clear understanding of your responsibility as a Jesuit missionary?”

“I believe so.” At that point, I was certain he would ask me about my position regarding the resurrection, but he surprised me.

“What kind of assignment do you believe would afford you the best way to serve our Lord and Master?”

I took my time answering, since he caught me off guard. I was not expecting a Father to ask me but, rather, simply to assign me. “I have prayed over that very question during these last months, hoping that I had a clear view of my ministry. I believe that serving the poorer families on a one-to-one basis seems to be my forte. I seem to be respected by the parents as well as the children. Attendance at worship has increased over the three year period in each of the villages. That has been a source of joy”

“Yes, I agree, although your joy is not the most important matter. May I assume that a similar appointment would stimulate you to serve with greater zeal for our Lord?”

“I would be honored to minister in any manner that Father believes best.”

“Have another sweet and more coffee while I consult with my administrator.”

Ten minutes later, he returned and asked me to join him at the table. He laid out a map of the western Mediterranean and pointed to the southern coast of Sicily. “There are five villages in this particular stretch. Santa Angelina is bounded by two smaller villages to the east and two to the west. I am sending two young priests, each to serve two villages under your supervision and guidance. You will serve Santa Angelina which has the largest population and a larger chapel.”

“Thank you, Father.”

“There is no need for thanks. You are suited for the assignment and we expect a good and faithful ministry from you. Now let us kneel and pray for strength and wisdom as you start your new work.”

Tomas turned to Jerry “That’s the brief version. I did take time to retreat on two occasions, finding the time very worthwhile. My spirit was lifted and my mind clearer but neither helped, in my opinion, to shape my dream of the future. That came directly from my relationships with my parishioners and some conversations with fellow Jesuits, who came by to vacation and renew our friendships.”

“Thanks for story, Tomas. I am pleased for you, although still amazed that you have chosen a path less demanding of your formal education and more demanding of your love for the people.”

“Thank you.”

Jerry said, “Your comments have given me much to ponder. I need to let that sink in for a bit.”

Tomas looked at his watch. There is a little time before dinner. Why don't we take a walk on the beach? Mama will sound her bell to summon us in time to eat.”

The waning moon was higher in the sky than it had been last evening. Tomas lit his pipe, while Jerry nursed a final cup of coffee. Tomas asked “Were you serious about using me as a foil or a guide to your thinking out loud about the options that are up for consideration?”

“Yes. In these few days together, I have a sense of trust that I have known only with three others in my life time. I also believe you can help me structure the approach.”

“Fine. If you are open to a first suggestion then I think we ought to take the idea from your friend, Marie. Retreat first, then plan.”

“Okay. Where do we begin?”

“You mentioned a desire to do some Bible study and you have been involved in political counseling. Have you done any study of the prophets?”

“Not really. I have only a passing acquaintance with a few names like Micah, Daniel and Isaiah.”

“Good. I think we can start with Isaiah and Jeremiah. Both were giving advice to their kings, welcome or not. Why not plan six sessions, preceded by reading of part of the texts that are applicable to our study?”

Jerry asked, “Surely there is more to a retreat than study?”

“Oh, yes. We need to be in long sessions of prayer, some together and hours of private prayer and meditation.”

“How many hours a day?”

Tomas smiled. “Four hours of study together, an hour of prayer together, two hours of meditation and hour or two of reading the scripture with self- study. Since there will no conversation about worldly affairs or watching television, we can fill in the other hours with recreation, such as chess or checkers and some play time with the children.”

Jerry grinned. “Sounds like a plan. When do we start?”

Two days from now. I leave in the morning for consultations with my colleagues in the other villages. Meanwhile continue your reading of the biographies and do some preliminary reading of Second Kings and Chronicles in order to get a grip on the situation in which Jeremiah and Isaiah ministered.”

Jerry began with Isaiah, which is often called "The Book of Salvation." The name *Isaiah* means "*The Lord is salvation.*" While reading some collateral material, he learned that the author, Isaiah, who is called the Prince of Prophets, shines above all the other writers and prophets of Biblical Scripture. His mastery of the language, his rich and vast vocabulary, and his poetic skill has led some to call him, "Shakespeare of the Bible." He was educated, distinguished, and privileged, yet remained a deeply spiritual man. He was committed to obedience during his ministry as a prophet of God. He was a true patriot who loved his country and his people.

Jerry remembered that the nation was divided into two kingdoms, Israel in the north and Judah in the south.

Isaiah's calling was primarily to the nation of Judah (the southern kingdom) and to Jerusalem, urging the people to repent from their sins and return to God. Many of his prophecies predicted events that occurred in Isaiah's near future, yet at the same time they foretold the events of the distant future.

The essential message of Isaiah is that salvation comes from God, not man. God alone is Savior, Ruler and King.

It took great courage to accept the call of prophet. God's message through Isaiah would be anything but popular.

Speaking for God, a prophet had to confront the people and the leaders of the land. Isaiah's message was scathing and direct, and although at first he was well-respected, he eventually became very unpopular because his words were so harsh and unpleasant for the people to hear.

At his point in his readings, Jerry was sensing identification with Isaiah. While not born to the purple, he thought of himself as very privileged.

Jerry was fascinated as he read that, as is typical for a prophet, Isaiah's life was one of great personal sacrifice. Yet the prophet's reward was unparalleled. He experienced the tremendous privilege of communicating face to face with God, of walking so closely with the Lord that God would share with him his heart and speak through his mouth.

He reread the first thirty nine chapters which are referred to as First Isaiah, clearly a different book from that which is contained in Chapter Forty and later. He was inspired and challenged by the meaning and the symbolism contained in this book.

Here was a man who was born to the purple, an accepted member of the elite, dared to challenge and policies of this king.

After a walk on the beach and a game of Frisbee with a couple of the young girls, he returned to his reading, choosing the biography of St. Francis.

That evening he was alone on the moonlit patio. After a ten minute attempt at meditating he decided to try prayer but felt totally inadequate, finding it difficult to even begin after reciting the Lord's Prayer. He finally gave up and retired for the night.

The next morning he used Tomas' key to the library where he found two books on prayer and studied them cover to cover over the next few hours.

That afternoon he devoted himself to reading the references to Jeremiah in Second Kings. He spent several hours playing with the kids until ready for a break and then dinner.

The following morning he began study of the prophet Jeremiah.

After carefully reading the book twice, he jotted some notes, trying to distill the book for a conversation with Tomas. His notes read as follows:

Jeremiah worked in the early part of the sixth century B.C. The king of Judah had turned the nation toward repentance from the widespread idolatrous practices of his father and grandfather. Jeremiah's sole purpose was to reveal the specific sins of the nation and explain the reason for the impending destruction by the Babylonian army and impending captivity.

The message God gave to him was to say "And when your people say, 'Why has the Lord our God done all these things to us?' you shall say to them, 'As you have forsaken me and served foreign gods in your land, so you shall serve foreigners in a land that is not yours.'"

Jerry was unaware at the moment of his reading that a certain phrase in that narrative would come to mind often in the years to come. "Attack you they will, overcome you they can't."

Jeremiah was attacked by his own brothers, beaten and put into the stocks, imprisoned by the king, threatened with death, and opposed by a false prophet.

When Nebuchadnezzar seized Jerusalem in 586 BC, he ordered that Jeremiah be freed from prison and treated well. It came true. He was not overcome.

At the bottom of the notes he wrote, 'I have the feeling that Tomas is going to make a big point of these two bible stories. He is going to challenge me.'

Chapter 7.

Sitting on the patio late that evening, Jerry heard the priest thanking a driver for a nice trip to his house.

As usual, Jerry was headed for his morning walk on the beach. He heard a voice call, “Jerry, wait up if you would like some company.”

Tomas gave Jerry a brief run down on two successful visits with his priestly colleagues and then they returned to Mama’s for a huge breakfast.

It was time to plan the retreat. Tomas suggested that Jerry set the structure. He approved Jerry’s planned three day event. After breakfast each morning they would meet in the chapel for an hour of prayer, followed by a walk or lying on the beach in silent meditation. Both would use the next two hours for scripture study. The afternoon would begin with an hour of meditation which could include both prayer and silence. The scripture study and dialogue would be divided in two parts, split by time with the children.

Jerry said, “Tomas, silent meditation will be my greatest challenge. I need a few hints.”

Tomas answered. “I usually start with some deep breathing in order to focus my mind and then some stretches to relax my muscles. I begin with the idea that I will concentrate on one area, such as, “What am I grateful for this day?”

“Eventually, frustration tries to creep in or my mind begins to wander. At that point I return to center in on my breathing and eventually back to my selected focus.

“When I am indoors I often use a lighted candle as a focal point and for the ambience that I feel helps me stay on target. By the way, at various times during a day I try to be aware of what is my subject for the day.”

Jerry struggled in that first hour. He decided to focus on the years his mom tutored him as; he struggled to grasp Shakespeare. His mind would not stay centered. He knew his frustration level was growing, but he returned to his breathing exercise and eventually returned to his focal point. By the end of the third day, he felt that he had grown significantly so that this would become a daily practice in his life.

Tomas led their prayer time by introducing him to the value of reading the Psalms as prayer, reading from the Book of Common Prayer, reciting various litanies and even the value of reciting the rosary. What he appreciated most, however, was the way Tomas used prayer simply as a way of listening for God’s inspiration.

The historian in him looked forward to his self-study of the books of the kings and the corollary chronicles. As he concentrated on the Book of Acts and the writings of Paul, he found a new appreciation for the dedication of Paul’s life to spreading the good news, enduring criticism and physical abuse that came with his dedication.

He spent extra hours reading beyond the agreed assignments. He read and studied all the Minor Prophets and their commitment in the face of rejection.

The two studies of Jeremiah and Jonah, the subjects of his sessions with Tomas had the deepest effect and presented him with challenges that surprised him.

He found his conversations with Tomas regarding the ministry of Jeremiah to be discomfiting. During the discussion of this reading with Tomas, Jerry asked, “Are we centered on this study as some kind of message to me, Tomas? Are you playing with my mind?”

“That is not my intent, but it does seem to have some serious effect on you.”

“It sure as hell does. If I consider this as some kind of personal challenge, then I have to question my past and possible future as an advisor to political leaders. I sure as hell don’t want to face circumstances that resemble this prophet’s. I have never seen myself as a messenger from God.”

Tomas responded, “I am aware that we do not see ourselves that way, but I’m not so sure that we ought to dismiss the idea too quickly. Our very presence on earth is a gift. Certainly, there must be some purpose for our lives here and it is up to us to either fulfill that purpose or not.”

“This study is making me think I ought to change the direction of my professional life.”

“Perhaps you should, but, after all, facing that question is what brought you to this place. It is possible that you may have been avoiding the hard question for some time. You may have been running away, unconsciously, from your real calling while, at the same time, unable to do so completely. I once read a statement that I recall quite often.

“A person must be willing to let go of the life he has been planning so as to have the life that is waiting for him. That is, at least, my best memory of it.”

Tomas continued. “I’m not sure, since I know so little of your past, but you have given me inkling. I think our next study may trigger something that will help you to see yourself more clearly.”

You mean the story of Jonah and the whale?”

“Yes. Have you ever studied the story and its deeper meaning?”

“No, but I guess I am about to.”

Tomas smiled and asked, “What do you recall from your study of second Kings and the book of Jonah?”

“Jonah is ordered by God to go to the city of Nineveh to prophesy against their behavior. Jonah seeks instead to flee from ‘the presence of the Lord’ by sailing geographically, in the opposite direction.

“A huge storm arises and the sailors, realizing this is no ordinary storm, learn that Jonah is to blame. Jonah admits this and states that if he is thrown overboard, the storm will cease. The sailors try to dump as much cargo as possible before giving up, but feel forced to throw him overboard, at which point the sea calms.

“The sailors then offer sacrifices to God. Jonah is miraculously saved by being swallowed by a large fish, where he spends three days and three nights.

“While in the great fish, Jonah prays to God in his affliction and commits to thanksgiving and to obedience. God orders the fish to spew Jonah out.

“God again commands Jonah to go to Nineveh and to prophesy. This time he goes and enters the city, crying, “In forty days Nineveh shall be overthrown.” After Jonah has walked across Nineveh, the people of Nineveh begin to believe his word and begin a fast. The king of Nineveh puts on sackcloth and sits in ashes, making a proclamation to decree fasting, sackcloth, prayer, and repentance.

“God sees their works and spares the city at that time. The entire city is humbled and broken with the people in sackcloth and ashes. Even the king comes off his throne to repent.”

“Jonah is upset when God spares Nineveh because he was promising destruction but he misses the point of the merciful God.

Tomas then asked, “Did you try to see if the story spoke to you, as I asked you regarding Jeremiah?”

“Yes, and it come too damned close to home. As I see it, my heart keeps telling me to be direct and honest, while I keep hoping that I can stay in the favor of our nation’s leaders. I don’t want to offend them, even though I know that I have to speak my mind. That parallels Jonah’s attempt to sail away from God’s role for him. I definitely sympathize with Jonah.”

Tomas sat silently, waiting for Jerry to continue, which he did. “I’m confused and not sure that this part of the retreat has been what I needed or was looking for.”

The priest nodded, saying, “The surprise should not be a new insight. You must, as I, have seen times when we had plans and Life changed those plans. One could substitute the word God for the word Life.”

Jerry grinned. “Thanks, Tomas. I have much to think about. This has been a significant three days. I have learned to meditate for the good of my body and mind. I found new meaning in prayer and discovered important truths in the midst of history.”

The priest nodded, saying, "I have often been amazed at new understandings that come when reading God's history as written by generations of biblical writers. What seemed at first to be just a series of events I found contained pointers to truths beyond the facts?"

He continued. "I am glad for you, Jerry. During these three days I, too, have been challenged and will spend time evaluating my current role in order to discover, if possible, whether there is some other role for me. I do have my annual visit with the Father in about six weeks."

While the official retreat had ended, the rest of his stay in Santa Angelina was more than Jerry had hoped for. His long morning walks were filled with the discipline of meditation. He spent long periods in prayer just before retiring each evening. Added to this rich experience was the time spent with Tomas, during which he was inspired and challenged to live a life with more meaning.

His chess game was sharpened, as was his mind, thanks to Tomas. Some of his richest moments were spent playing with the youngsters and in intimate conversation with some teenagers as they tuned their language skills.

He even extended his stay an extra week, but the time to return home had arrived. The entire community turned out for a fish fry and beach party. Parents thanked him and the youth serenaded him with some traditional Sicilian music.

Each of the children handed him a special polished stone which he put into a small chamois bag. It was a gift that he was to cherish for the rest of his life. In memory of this life-changing experience.

He was leaving with three special gifts: deep friendships with Tomas and his young parishioners, a clear mind and a clarion call to a new direction in his professional life.

Chapter 8.

Jerry dropped by his office at the university a week after his arrival. He heard his name being called by a familiar voice, that of Dr. Fisher, his department head and professional “godfather.”

“Jerry how fortunate that you decided to stop by. I was planning to call to see if you had returned from your trip to Europe. Do you have time for a chat?”

Jerry was extremely pleased. This is what he had been hoping for. He wanted to try out some ideas with Dr. Fisher. “I certain do, Charles. I figured I might get caught up since I didn’t think you would be in.”

Fisher said, “Mary and I had three weeks touring in Canada and I spent the last few days in Washington. I’m trying to put the final touches on plans for the coming semester. Please come into my office.”

Fisher was so excited about his own news that he neglected to ask Jerry any details of his European trip.

“Do you remember our last conversation after the rude dismissal of service that you had hoped to render to Kennedy? Well, I found out that he had nothing to do with the decision at the time, but also that he decided not to fight his ‘gang.’ I spent an afternoon at the State Department where the word is that we are upping our participation, planning to send helicopter crews and a hefty number of Special Forces personnel to Vietnam in the near future. They are not to be considered fighting forces, merely advisors and trainers.”

Jerry said, “I consider that to be bad news. We continue to be sucked in and one day we will wake up to read that some of our military men have just lost their lives. I presume there is no way to stop this escalation.”

Fisher replied, “I heard no opposition from the President’s close advisors or from any of the invited guests, like myself.”

“Charles, I have some other bad news. A classmate, who had been in the ROTC when we were undergrads, is now a colonel in the army. He is home on leave. His most recent duty was serving a small detachment in Vietnam.

“We bumped into each other yesterday. During a pleasant lunch in which we both had more Scotch than was wise, he imparted some information that he did not consider to be classified. I have been contemplating using the information as the basis for an article that I would submit for publication. Any ideas?”

“If it is in the same vein as your original position regarding Vietnam, you do realize that it will antagonize the administration boys and probably put you on the S*** list forever.”

“I realize that, but I feel compelled to get a public debate on Southeast Asia. That may be the only hope for the people ever learning what is happening and the perils of the path we are traveling.”

Dr. Fisher shook his head. “Being aware that most of our staff and doctoral candidates are probably enthusiastic Kennedy supporters, you can expect less than enthusiastic support for your position.”

“I’ve thought about that, but I’ve just spoken with a journalist, recently returned from Vietnam. I trust him completely as an objective observer. His boss does not want to publish anything that hints of opposition to the Kennedy administration.”

As a test run, Jerry submitted a short “Letter to the Editor” of the Post-Gazette opposing our support of South Vietnam in the struggle with the Viet Cong. His position that, although some of the Viet Cong fronts were communistic leaning, the bulk of the VC simply wanted an independent South Vietnam not subject to any outside dominance or influence.

The public response to his letter was generally negative and heated but so was support for his position, even though smaller in numbers. Some of his colleagues ribbed him, while a few refused to talk with him.

The article he submitted to the *New Republic* magazine was printed.

“As this writer previously stated, dominance by something called ‘World Communism’ has been overstated. The greatest evidence is the split between Chinese Communism and Soviet Communism, which is now more than a year old. I have no doubt that there are communist leaders around the world who believe their system of government is superior to democracy, including such leaders in Vietnam.

“It is also true that some communists within the Viet Cong have such ambitions. There are, however, major components in the VC who want an independent country not under the dominance of influence of external powers.

“It is true than violent confrontations by Viet Cong against South Vietnam forces have been on a rapid increase, but at no time have the national forces failed to defeat the VC.

“I have it on ‘good authority’ that the Administration is planning to increase our military personnel presence by a five figure number along with military aircraft of some indeterminate number.

“It is this writer’s opinion, that much increased support will drive the VC to seek additional military support and that means they look to the nearest source, North Vietnam.

“Each of the readers of this article can draw their own conclusions on what comes next. GC.”

The issue containing the article appeared on the newsstands the middle of the first week of school.

Since American public opinion during the early 1960's was very anti- communist and in favor of our government's actions on behalf of South Vietnam, Jerry expected negative response to his article.

The reaction burst over him like the Johnstown flood. Ninety-five percent of the phone calls and letters to *The New Republic* blasted Jerry and the magazine for even publishing such an article. He found himself truly isolated within the faculty at the university, especially in the strongly leaning democratic staff in the Political Science department.

He was certain that Dr. Fisher would not desert him, but Charles was out of town for a few days, according to the department secretary. Never in his lifetime had he felt so alone.

He was summoned to the Vice Chancellor's office, where he was chastened for bringing such a negative response to the university. He was told that more than hundred phone calls had been received. The bulk of the callers were asking when the university would terminate his services.

He began to see unsigned hate-mail notes dropped into his mail slot in the outer office of the department.

On Friday morning, just before he started toward the class room for his ten thirty class, he received a note that thirteen of his registered thirty four students had re-registered for another class.

He walked out of that class feeling the chill of his reception during the hour. The chill was eased when two members of the class approached him as he was leaving. "Thank you, Dr. Campbell. You were courageous to make a public statement that opposes the position of the Administration regarding Vietnam."

His feeling of rejection brought a sadness that totally enveloped him. Not wanting to face one more critic, he decided to skip returning to the office. He took the elevator to the ground floor, exited the Fifth Avenue side of the building and hopped a street car that was heading toward his apartment.

During the short trip home, his mind ran back to the three day retreat with Tomas. He recalled the moment afterward when he saw a clear path, one that would eventually bring him to a moment like this.

At home he dressed in his jogging suit and headed for the park and a leisurely run. Afterwards, a shower was followed by donning pajamas and a robe.

He opened a modern version of the Bible and opened to Psalm 23, sensing that the message would speak to him. He read:

*The LORD is my shepherd, I lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
he leads me beside quiet waters,
and he refreshes my soul.*

*He guides me along the right paths
for his name's sake.
Even though I walk
through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.*

*You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies.
You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.
Surely your goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the LORD
forever.*

He re-read the short poem two more times and let his mind just absorb those ancient words and came to feel that they had been written to be read at just this time in his life.

He tried to keep his mind off the subject of his disappointment and the feeling of isolation. He picked up a novel. That worked for a while, until he read a phrase that shot his mind back to that sense of loneliness.

He watched TV, and soon some statement in the dialogue triggered his mind back to dwelling on his problem.

It seemed like some predator was lurking in a hidden corner, waiting for the chance to pounce in order to remind Jerry of the unfair response to his attempt to bring truth into the light.

At one point, Jerry began to doubt himself. *Was his motivation based on his sense that the nation was preparing to travel a perilous road, or was he working out some anger at Kennedy?*

Sleep did not come easily, so Jerry tried to free his mind by reciting the rosary, as Tomas had taught him. However, the moment he finished, he was faced with that nagging thought. The predator crept back into his consciousness. His remedy was one short litany and a recital of the 121st Psalm that would set his mind and body to rest for the night

He laid in the dark, reciting Psalm, 121.

*I lift up my eyes to the hills.
From whence does my help come?
My help comes from the LORD,
who made heaven and earth.*

*He will not let your foot be moved,
he who keeps you will not slumber.*

*Behold, he who keeps Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.*

*The LORD is your keeper;
the LORD is your shade
on your right hand.
The sun shall not smite you by day or the moon by night.*

*The LORD will keep you from all evil;
he will keep your life.
The LORD will keep
your going out and you're coming in
from this time forth and for evermore.*

He must have fallen asleep just after he began the second recitation.

He spent the weekend preparing for the coming week lectures and questions for the seminar. He took in two movies. Afterwards, he entered some detailed notes of the week activities in his journal.

Dr. Fisher followed Jerry into his office on Monday morning. "Jerry, I know you must be hurting, not only with the criticism but also from the reaction of your colleagues. I want you to know that I am with you and will stand by your side. I am not sure I agree with your judgment, but it is only right that the American public know that there is risk to the way our government is acting."

"Thanks, Charles. It is true that I am deeply disappointed with some of my colleagues, but I presume that will eventually pass. I didn't expect applause but I am stunned with the almost total avoidance by my associates who have known me for so many years."

Charles asked, "What should I be doing. What help do you need?"

"You have just given me what I need, your continued friendship and offer of support. I presume that you approve of my position, a loyal opposition on this matter, to my beloved President."

"I do."

When Jerry picked up the phone at two that afternoon he heard me say "Jerry, this is Ted. I am just back from assignments in London. Some of your friends must be giving you a bad time after reading your article.

"It's great to hear from you, Ted. Are you in town?"

"No, but I will be next week. Are you available on the weekend?"

"I'll make myself available."

“Good. Anything you want to talk about today?”

“Nope. See you next week.”

I found Jerry at home the following Friday evening. He was fairly relaxed and, over a couple of drinks, I got the whole story of the Sicilian venture, his decision to find ways to inform the public of the potential risk regarding Vietnam. His mood darkened considerably when he discussed the reaction to his story in the *New Republic*.

He said, “Ted, there is a good side to all this. I am about to sign a contract with *The Atlantic Monthly* to do a monthly article on our nation’s foreign policy. The *New Republic* has inquired about articles, on a regular basis, on domestic political issues.”

I said, excitedly, “That’s great news!”

“In a way, it is, but there is a general understanding that I will bring up issues that the leaders may not want publicized. These issues need to be out in the open. That path will obviously lead to criticism similar to this recent affair.”

“How do you feel about that?”

“I’ve given that a lot of thought and prayer. I decided that any personal hell can be endured if the subject matters enough.”

I could feel my pride that my friend would put himself in such a position in order to expose what politicians wanted to keep out of sight. Yet, there was a side of me that was fearful for what might happen to him emotionally or psychically.

I kept my thoughts to myself, but I asked, “How do you expect to discover information that will help you?”

“Both magazines are making investigators available and expense money for me to spend more time in Washington expanding a network of government acquaintances. I have tentative approval from Dr. Fisher, who feels that, despite controversy, having a high profile member on the staff will be an asset. I’m not so sure of that, but I have his blessing.”

Jerry cooked dinner for the two of us while we explored issues that might be considered by him. I knew that, from my own research, I could feed him information as long as it did not compromise my relationship to the Washington Post.

In the following months, Jerry wrote articles, mostly favorable, regarding foreign policy in Latin America as well as Kennedy’s work on nuclear issues.

He read with interest an article in the *New York Times* that the leaders of the United Presbyterian Church, his own denomination, were under fire from some of its parishioners. Several of the church councils and leaders were calling for Washington to create legislation providing greater opportunity for minorities, meaning specifically women and people of color.

He knew that those leaders would continue to be subject to criticism, even though their action was based on sound Biblical and theological premises.

He decided that a study of the Kennedy stand on civil rights might provide the basis of a good article for the *New Republic*.

After months of gathering information on the issue of civil rights, he wrote an analysis of the Administration's concern for the rights of minorities. He wrote, in part,

“In spite of President Kennedy verbally supporting racial integration and civil rights, during the 1960 campaign, the Administration must be viewed as lukewarm, at best.

As we can read in a recent article by Robert Kennedy, the Administration's early priority is to "keep the President out of this civil rights mess." Every civil rights leader that I have interviewed sees the President as lukewarm.

The evidence is there for us to see. The Freedom Riders, who organized an integrated public transportation effort in the South, were repeatedly met with violence by whites, including law enforcement officers, both federal and state.

The President has assigned marshals to protect the Freedom Riders although not federal troops. He is to be commended for not sending those uncooperative FBI agents.

Kennedy, however, speaking for the President, urged the Freedom Riders to "get off the buses and leave the matter to peaceful settlement in the courts," hardly an endorsement of support.

This writer believes that it is time for Congress and the Administration to bring forth new civil rights legislation to acknowledge that all are created equal and entitled to equal opportunity.

The reaction from the public was mixed, as many who wrote approved, while the other half expressed their criticism, much of it vituperative and castigating, as they upbraided the writer.

At the office he did receive some enthusiastic support from colleagues, while the university received dozens of maligning calls asking for Jerry's dismissal.

The surprising anti-Campbell response came in the form of a letter to the University from the office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The Vice Chancellor would not give a copy of the letter to Jerry, but he did read parts of it. “Mr. Campbell has seen fit to describe this office as uncooperative in matters of upholding civil rights of our citizens. That kind of reckless, ignorant and un-American journalism is not worthy of

a member of a great institution as the University of Pittsburgh. Mr. Campbell has been under investigation since his traitorous article that criticized our relations with the South Vietnam government.”

The Vice Chancellor was visibly steaming as he finished with, “The letter is signed in his own handwriting by the Director, J. Edgar Hoover.”

He was frustrated that he could not dismiss Jerry, but he let it be known that the Chancellor and some members of the Trustees believed that Jerry should do the right thing by separating himself from the University.

Jerry did not want to debate with the administration. He said, “I am sorry to disappoint you but I love my work and my students and I plan to stay.”

As he closed the door behind him, his mind began playing the game. *“Are they right? Am I doing serious harm? Should I believe him about the Chancellor? Knowing the Chancellor as I do, he would summon me to his office for this conversation. No. I’ve heard enough of his thinking that he is probably privately rooting for me. Or, am I fooling myself?”*

By the time he arrived at his office, he dismissed the subject and began prepping for his next class. As he reached for a pen on the desk, he frowned. Things were not exactly in the same place on the desk as usual. He always was precise about the placement of his notepad in relationship to the books that he was taking to class.

“I wonder who has been messing with my desk.”

“It could have been anyone since I probably had left the door unlocked, a bad habit of mine.”

That evening at his apartment he had a similar experience. He was certain that he left his black shoes under the bed. It was silly to remember such a detail, but it stood out because he had decided to wear the brown shoes at the last minute and had no time to place the black ones in the closet. Now they were sitting just outside the bed instead of under where he had jammed them at that last moment.

His mind was whirling. *“Could it be? My housekeeper isn’t due for two more days. Dare I believe that the FBI is secretly trying to find information to discredit me?”* He tried to dismiss the idea as being ridiculous, but the nagging thought continued to pop up during the evening.

Several days later, he overheard a few words of a conversation between two faculty members in the Poli Sci department. The words he heard were “he had identified himself as an FBI agent.”

He mentioned the incident to Dr. Fisher, who, after a talk with the professor, reported to Jerry that “the FBI was interested in your friends.” He wanted to know any information available about organizations to which you belong. He wondered if anyone in our office suspects you of being a communist.”

Jerry said, "That's interesting. I wonder why he picked Henry, who is one of the newer members of our staff and knows less about me than anyone else."

Dr. Fisher said, "That is also what Henry said. He had the feeling that the agent knew more than he did. His comment to me was, 'That guy sounded more like he wanted me to know that Jerry was being suspected of being subversive. It was a strange conversation.'"

Jerry said, "It feels like the FBI is trying to intimidate me with rumors, in the form of questions, along with letters to the Chancellor."

Jerry decided he needed to make a trip to Washington in order to get a feel about the way some Washington insiders felt about Hoover. Perhaps his investigators could get some inside dope that would fuel an article in the *New Republic*.

In addition to his meeting with the *New Republic* investigators, Jerry had a visit with his congressman and a friend who worked at the White House. Both conversations proved to be fruitful. Three weeks later the issue with his article hit the newsstands.

An excerpt:

"Ever since my article on the Administration's civil rights position, in which I referred to FBI agents as not being cooperative in matters of support for victims of civil rights abuse, this writer finds himself the subject of investigation by the FBI.

In the course of this activity, the FBI may have committed an illegal search of my office and home. I have evidence of illegal entry and find no reason to believe it was burglars since nothing was taken in either instance. Of course, this is only speculation, but when considered in light of letters to my employer requesting my dismissal for being un-American, it is difficult to dismiss.

Furthermore, there is evidence of a smear campaign by innuendo conducted by at least one agent on the Pitt campus.

I also have it on good authority that this is happening to one congressman as well as others. I have also learned that Negro activists are being researched by the FBI

I recall that we were warned of the possibility of this type of behavior by one of our former Presidents.

President Truman accused Hoover of transforming the FBI into his private secret police force; Truman stated that "we want no Gestapo or secret police. He said, "The FBI is leaning in that direction. They are dabbling in sex-life scandals and plain black mail. J. Edgar Hoover would give his right eye to take over. It seems that all congressmen and senators are afraid of him."

I have no fear of investigation, since I am willing for the public to read where I stand, but I do worry that I or other subjects may be charged with sine activity without sufficient evidence. Just a decade ago this nation's citizens were being held captive by such behavior from Senator McCarthy.

I have not proof that has happened as of date, but I do worry when there are rumors that congressmen and senators are fearful of Mr. Hoover.

It is time for a major review by our representatives in Washington."

The mail and phone response to the publisher was moderate and approximately equal pro and con. Jerry wondered what official response might come from either branch of Congress, although he was not expecting anything official. The big question was "What will Hoover do?"

All was quiet on that front during the following week. Faculty and student conversations were buzzing, bringing about Jerry's accusations, where students gathered. Regardless of how faculty members felt, the question was, "What action will the FBI take against this foolhardy college of ours?"

Later in the week when Jerry and Fisher appeared in the faculty club for lunch, they were surprised to be invited to join two professors from the Economics Department. They were hardly seated before Jonsey, the head of the department, said, "Congratulations, Campbell. You've got guts. I loved your article. A number of us have been talking about Hoover for some time. We're sure he has it in for us "Pinkos."

The four of them laughed and Dr. Fisher asked, "Do you believe he thinks of you in that way?"

The other member, Dr. Kay, laughed. Hoover is really as bad as McCarthy. But loaded with authority. Anyone left of Eisenhower is considered to be a "Pinko," a threat to the nation that is greater than a communist. He considers liberal thinking to be subversive."

Jonsey agreed with that point of view and then said, "Campbell, you've hit him square on the chin and I am sure that he and his insiders are planning something evil for your near future. I wouldn't be surprised if he trumps up some charge with little or no evidence."

At that moment Jerry felt a slight shiver and a bead of sweat appear on his forehead. He was to learn within a short time that Hoover was about to plan the use illegal tactics that he used against civil rights leaders and organizations that he targeted as communist threats.

Those tactics were an abusive use of some counter intelligence program approved by the Attorney General.

Jerry had never heard the term "ContelPro," which stands for Counter Intelligence Program, a series of covert, and at times illegal, projects conducted by the FBI aimed at surveying, infiltrating, discrediting, and disrupting domestic political groups but was illegally used against individuals.

Among the methods used were psychological warfare and abuse of the legal system.

The FBI and police used a myriad of "tricks" They planted false media stories, they forged correspondence, sent anonymous letters, and made anonymous telephone calls. They spread misinformation and manipulated or strong-armed parents, employers, landlords, school officials and others to cause trouble for activists. Some activities had lethal consequences.

The FBI was known to abuse the legal system to harass dissidents and make them appear to be criminals. They used local officers of the law to give perjured testimony and creative evidence as a pretext for false arrests and wrongful imprisonment.

Jerry was about to discover what it meant to be the target of the abusive side of this program.

One morning, a slightly older male walked into Jerry's advanced seminar. Jerry said, "I'm sorry, young man. This seminar is only for those previously registered."

The young man said nothing rose and left, but he was standing about twenty feet from the door when Jerry emerged after the class. Jerry noticed but paid little attention. He walked to the coffee room and was soon aware that the visitor walked in a minute later.

Jerry wondered, "*Who is this young man? He seems more like an alumnus than one of my doctoral students.*" His mind drifted to a question raised but unanswered during the seminar.

Jerry took his usual morning stroll, encircling the Cathedral of Learning. About half way around he again noticed the visitor. He turned into the east entrance and stood just inside the rotating doors. Sure enough, the young man came hustling in and bumped directly into Jerry.

Jerry grabbed him by the lapels, asking gruffly, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"Max Maguire, FBI." He flashed his badge but Jerry waited for the full answer. The agent finally said, "I was appointed to observe and report on your activity."

"To what end and for how long?"

"I wasn't told why and will continue until relieved."

Without a word, Jerry walked away, thinking that the FBI was simply trying to intimidate him. He went to his office, worked for a while, went to lunch and handled two lectures. He noticed the FBI agent nearby and even in the back of the large lecture hall during the last session.

He missed seeing the agent during the streetcar ride home but there was a slightly older gent in an identical suit that got off the trolley after he did. "*I am beginning to feel intimidated and looking for the man who isn't there,*" he thought. But he was not mistaken.

The same man boarded the same streetcar that he did the next morning and was visible all through the day. The following day, Maguire was back on the job, making sure that Jerry was aware of his presence.

For the rest of the week and over the weekend, Jerry knew that an agent was within his line of sight.

Monday morning, after the seminar, Jed Taylor, one of the students, asked “Why are you being followed by the FBI?”

Jerry was taken back. “How do you know I am being followed?”

“That guy, Maguire, told me when I asked. I noticed him a number of times last week and each time there you were. He wasn’t trying to be secretive. In fact, I think he was pleased I asked.”

That conversation disturbed Jerry, stirring him to ask Maguire. The response he received was, “We don’t mind if the whole world knows we have you under suspicion.”

By Wednesday, all his students were abuzz with his predicament. Jerry knew that soon a load of faculty and students would be talking about Jerry and the FBI.

At first, he was embarrassed that his students were knowledgeable about his being the focus of the FBI. Now he was annoyed that the discussion had widened well beyond a few dozen. He did not know that this was but the preliminary round.

Thursday of the same week there were three calls just before his class and three more in the afternoon. Each caller was unidentified with a one word message “Communist” or “Traitor” or “Pinko.”

The next day there were almost a dozen with messages like, “Resign before you poison our youth.”

In some manner, his unpublished number at home had been discovered, allowing for a constant ringing of his phone with similar messages. Jerry realized he was running scared. If his unlisted number had been available to the FBI, they were capable of digging into every part of his life.

Three days later, he was summoned to the Vice Chancellor’s office. “Dr. Campbell, you are bringing disgrace on this University.”

Jerry sat silently. The next words really shook him. “A Mr. Maguire, an FBI agent, has been assigned to watch your activities. He just reported to me that he witnessed your hosting a wild drinking party with a lot of sexual activity taking place at your apartment. That is disgusting.”

Jerry could feel the rush of blood to his face. “That, sir, is impossible. I never host any gatherings at my apartment and certainly did not host this one of which I am accused. The insult

is that you have accepted his word as truth and then accused me without asking me for a comment. That, sir, is unbecoming a person of your stature and responsibility.”

The Vice Chancellor was taken aback and began stuttering before he said, “Why should I not take the word of an FBI agent?”

“I would expect you to evaluate the source of any such accusations. The press has, on a number of occasions, pointed out the less than proper behavior of the FBI. During the last few weeks, Maguire and some other agents have been trying to intimidate me and the reason seems to point back to my article in which I refer to uncooperative agents when involved in civil rights enforcement. That was not an idle comment. It was based on public knowledge, but obviously irked Mr. Hoover.”

Now it was the face of the Vice Chancellor that turned red. The silence that followed was deafening. Eventually he said, “You are right, Dr. Campbell. I am sorry for acting hastily. I pray you will accept my apology.”

“Accepted. I should warn you that I do not believe that Mr. Hoover is finished. I have a feeling that I publically brought discredit to the FBI when I accused them of strong prejudice in matters of certain civil rights, especially the rights of persons of color. All of a sudden I am being inundated with hate calls at the office and to my unlisted number. One agency with access to an unlisted number would be the FBI.”

“I understand and again I beg your pardon.”

“Thank you. I would appreciate knowing of any smears that come to your attention, even if they are minor. I need to protect my name as well as the honor and eminence of this institution.”

While he had faced down this situation, he was feeling the results of the intimidation. He was worried enough about next steps that he called the law firm that advised him during his tussle with the McCarthy committee.

He met late that afternoon with an attorney, who was a specialist dealing with victims of accusations by Federal agencies. After listening to Jerry’s detailed account of all the events, he said, “Dr. Campbell, you know as well as I do, that there is no practical legal action that you should undertake. So far, there is no illegal behavior worth a criminal charge. A civil suit would be long, drawn out and expensive and hard to prove since the source of phone calls and hate mail is well hidden by experts with lots of practice.”

Jerry said, “I understand. What is your guess about the possibility that I may be illegally charged with some crime? It has been strongly hinted that is a technique not unknown to the FBI.”

“I can tell you privately that there is more than a hint of that method. At the moment I see only two options. One is to be patient. Some major event may come along that will divert their energies elsewhere. The other is to use your columns to put Hoover on the defensive.”

“Are you suggesting something like Ed Murrow did with McCarthy on his television show?”

“Yes. If you are careful with your sources and facts, J. Edgar may decide to back off simply to minimize exposure of their methodology.”

“I hadn’t planned on the necessity of doing that, but I thank you for the suggestion.”

The attorney said, “By the way, any hint of some trumped up charge, call me, day or night. Both numbers are on this card. Night hours have been a favorite time for police harassment.”

By the time he arrived home, Jerry was stricken with a deep-seated sense of loneliness. Except for Charles, his boss, there was no one available on staff with which he could discuss personal matters. Whenever he approached small group in the office or at the club, conversation stopped. It always felt like he must have been the subject. He knew that was ridiculous, but he had a feeling of paranoia.

Since he had not raised the window blinds that morning, the apartment was dark. He slipped off his jacket, sat in his recliner without turning on any lights. He stared into the darkness, his mind roiling with questions and doubts.

He was totally unaware that he had begun reciting the rosary. His mind travelled back to Santa Angelina and his friendship with Father Tomas. He centered on as much as he could remember of the three day retreat.

He found himself reciting several of the short Psalms, particularly the 23rd and the 121st.

He awakened four hours later, his body stiff and his eyes refusing to open although he was wide awake. He remained that way for a minute then realized he had passed the interlude of loneliness and that sense of depression that had overtaken him.

It was in that moment that he decided to strike back at the FBI.

He called a meeting of his editor and the investigators of the New Republic magazine. As he explained his decision, he asked for their willingness to find a story of some public figure that may have been the subject of public humiliation as a result of information leaked from an FBI investigation.

Three weeks later he had his story. Geraldine Powers, a wealthy socialite from Chicago, had been charged by the Chicago police for providing guns to members of an NAACP chapter in the south side of the city. His investigators had discovered that the charges were made on information provided by the FBI without any basis and only allegations without proof.

After the story made the headlines in the press, stories were leaked of her romantic relationship with one of the men.

Mrs. Powers used her position and wealth to hire a firm of high powered investigators to discover the source of the trumped up charge and the false story of her romance. Within two weeks and prior to the criminal case coming to trial, the firm discovered the facts and, with Mrs. Powers' permission, presented the information to the press, who wrote an apology, but on page six and page eight respectively of the two major newspapers of that city.

Jerry wrote a story of two cases, side by side. On the left was the Powers story and on the right was the story of his harassment by the FBI.

His last paragraph was addressed to Mr. Hoover, and the supervising congressional committee, requesting an investigation into the persons responsible for such abusive and improper behavior of the nation's highest police force.

Three days later, J. Edgar wrote a letter to the editors of the Washington newspapers decrying the poor judgment of the New Republic in its editorial policy.

Never the less, the watchdogs disappeared and Hoover apparently backed off, at least for the moment.

Chapter 9.

A light rap on the slightly ajar door brought Jerry out of his book. He had been bored with his reading material and was delighted with the interruption. He stood to welcome his visitor, a young man. He made a quick appraisal. Age about thirty, handsome, casual dress, turtle neck and a warm smile.

The visitor said, "I hope I haven't come at a bad time."

"Not at all. The author of the book is pedantic and boring. I welcome the change."

"My name is McGrath, the new Protestant Chaplain and director of the campus YMCA. I am introducing myself to faculty members, who often are the first to observe students undergoing severe stress. I want as many as possible to know that I am here to help staff and students who need assistance to find the resources available on campus or in the community."

Jerry said, "Have a seat at this side table. I have just heated some water for tea, if you would care to join me."

James McGrath nodded and smiled as he sat.

Jerry took a shine to Jim McGrath within the first ten minutes. His guest was in his mid-thirties, younger looking than his age. He had an engaging manner that made conversation easy. He discovered that Jim was an ordained minister in the United Presbyterian Church.

They were soon in the midst of discussing the tensions in the denomination, especially the criticism of the General Assembly executives, emanating from the Pittsburgh area. Jim asked gently, "Were you in anyway motivated by the problems in our denomination when you chose to write the civil rights articles?"

Jerry gave him a rueful smile. "Just a bit. I had almost given up on the church. Our leadership and pastors were not speaking up on matters of justice within our nation."

Jim commented, "The behavior of the FBI must have given you a bit of a head ache?" Jerry sensed that Jim was probing but wasn't about to close off the conversation. Perhaps he had just been introduced to a compassionate listener.

He laughed. "That's putting it mildly. I went through a gamut of emotions during that experience and even now I have doubts as to whether the current quiet is real or is I about to come under some new threat from J. Edgar."

Jerry looked at his watch. "I have a class to lead. I would love to continue this at some future time."

Jim stood, "Are you available for a dinner? Jane is a great cook, even for an ordained minister."

"I would not turn down that kind of invitation."

“Great. Jane is a hospital chaplain with a variable schedule. May I call you at this room number?”

“Certainly. Let’s head for the elevators so I can be on time.”

Jerry was feeling stuffed after a dinner of roast chicken, mashed potatoes, veggies and a fine white wine. The discussion centered on getting to know each other. It was Jane who gently pushed Jerry as to the reasons for his becoming a columnist for two major magazines. That led, of course, to his telling them of the entire series of events, including the rejection by the Kennedy advisors.

When they had retired to the living room after dinner, Jane said, “Jerry, you must be in pain. As I understand your story, you missed your dream of working with JFK because of your sense of being honest. Now you have chosen to proactively open for national discussion issues that politicians and bureaucrats want to remain hidden from the public. Am I anywhere near the truth?”

Jerry gave her a wry smile. “Too damned right. You read it loud and clear.”

Jim chimed in. “When we came to town, I picked up on your troubles and bought some back issues of both magazines. I have an observation. You seem to have gained strength and I am guessing it comes from the suffering.”

Jerry said, “I’m not sure about your conclusion about the source of my strength, but you have deduced correctly that I am feeling stronger.”

Jane opened her mouth and hesitated. The three sat in silence as she seemed trying to recall something.

She asked, “Jerry, have you ever read anything by Paul Tillich, the theologian?” He nodded so she continued. “It was something I read in our study of Tillich. He said something like, *‘Suffering pulls you deeper into yourself. People who endure suffering are taken beneath the routines of life and find they are not who they believed themselves to be.’*”

“What occurs to me is the comparison to people suffering from severe alcoholism. It is only when they hit the bottom and fall through the floor that they can begin a new life in recovery.”

Jerry was nodding affirmatively. “I haven’t hit bottom but I’ve learned a great deal. I understand my limitations with more clarity. I live now with the reality of the fact that I have limitations. I know now that my dreams were fantasies. I can’t explain it, but my life is not entirely my own. I am compelled, at least for now, to follow this path. I must do my best and let life deal with my offering.”

Jim asked, “Would you consider using the word ‘God’ instead of ‘Life’?”

Jerry was stunned with the question. Then he said, "Of course. I keep thinking secularly but the answer is yes. I believe that God will take my offering and do with it as may be best for the people whom he loves."

Jerry could see by their faces that they were attuned to his thinking. This was beginning to feel like those earlier days with Marie, Ben and Ted during their undergrad years. Even though Ted and Ben had sworn off the church, Marie and Jerry often turned their philosophical gab fests into religious discussions.

The conversation kept stirring his mind on the way home. In the still of the night, he lay watching the stars outside his window with blinds drawn wide open. He sensed that the evening was a breakthrough. *"I am no longer alone. Whatever comes next will be a little easier because I have someone to turn to for solace. It's not that I have a plan to bring suffering, but it is inevitable at some point that what I will be forced to say will seriously offend someone in power or even the people of this nation that I love."*

Just about the break of dawn, he woke with a start, sat up and tried to recapture the dream in which he was a student in a philosophy class. Dr. Ferguson had just finished a quote from the mythologist Joseph Campbell. He kept trying to recapture those words. In determination he rose, grabbed his robe and headed for his office. Twenty five minutes later, he found the quote.

"We must be willing to let go of the life we planned so as to have the life that is waiting for us." Joseph Campbell.

As the years unfolded, he often referred back to that morning as his reconciliation with the life he had been called to, rather than the one he had chosen

Some of his articles during the early part of 1963 had been supportive of Kennedy's foreign policy, especially in regard to Latin America. He felt a great sense of admiration with the way he handled the Cuban Missile crisis.

Jerry could never be accused of being a prig. He never judged people who, like himself, were fallible. He did feel that persons in leadership role were called to portray a high standard. He had known of JFK's affairs earlier in his career, especially with the Hollywood star, Gene Tierney. The recent information that he had an affair with Marilyn Monroe was known to many but was never publicized. Nevertheless, the news was spreading around the edges and, in Jerry's opinion, had the makings of a scandal that would rival the Profumo sex scandal in Britain.

He decided to write a satire that he hoped would get the attention of the President and, perhaps, cause him to think about his personal behavior while in the office of the Presidency.

He based the satire on the Biblical story of Jeremiah, who for years told his king that his sinful behavior would lead to dire circumstances for the nation.

He was certain that his own life would once more become a living hell when the veil of satire had been pierced. He reread his script once more and laid it aside while he felt like his heart was made of lead. This was not the story of Camelot.

He had worked through his lunch time. He rose from his home office desk and walked to the kitchen to prepare a sandwich. He flipped on the small kitchen television, turned toward the refrigerator. He heard Walter Cronkite, the famed journalist, in a cracked voice saying, "The President has been shot."

Jerry felt like he had been stabbed. Tears literally gushed, rolling down his cheeks onto his sweat shirt. He fell into a chair and turned up the volume. For three hours he sat with ears tuned and a hopeful heart waiting for the good news that the President would survive, but it was not to be.

The phone rang just after six. He listened for the greeting and said, "Hi, Charles. It is good to hear from a friend." There was a long pause, Jerry realizing that Dr. Fisher was trying to collect himself. They commiserated for ten minutes before Dr. Fisher asked, "Would you be in favor of cancelling classes until after the funeral, which seems to be setting up for Tuesday?"

Jerry said, "I vote 'yes.' It would be shameful not to do so."

"Definitely. Francine and I are polling the entire staff and will report to the Chancellor. By the way, plan to have lunch at my home on Tuesday. I would be pleased to have your company as we witness and celebrate the life of a potentially great president."

"Thanks, Charles. Tell Susan I look forward to seeing her. Give her my love."

Little conversation took place that Tuesday through either lunch or the entire ceremony as they watched the television screen. A visitor would have seen three sets of cheeks glistening with tears and soaked tissues. So steeped in his grief, Jerry was hard put to remember anything of his ride home.

When classes resumed on Wednesday, it was difficult to stay with any planned lesson plan. Every Poly Sci student wanted to explore the subject of President Johnson's plans. Their big question was, "Will he be faithful to the Kennedy dream or swerve off into a new direction?"

Jerry was impressed with the types of questions that were being raised and the logic used to speculate. He was privately thrilled in the seminar group when his favorite, brilliant grad student reminded his buddies "that LBJ had loads of cronies in Congress and might have more success on civil rights issues since he was a reformer but also a part of the southern conservative "old boys club."

Based on the day's experience, he felt that the balance of the semester would be exciting for him and all the students in this class, and he was right. In addition, life off campus was enriched by attention from his new friends, the McGraths.

Jane McGrath, when she learned that Jerry no longer had any family, invited him to dinner often, especially on the holidays. Conversations among the three covered a range of subjects, often with reference what had been the emphasis of the last Sunday sermon or some article they had read in an issue of the Christian Century.

On one particular Sunday evening, the three of them were joined by the young associate pastor who had preached the sermon this morning. The subject had been “Jesus - In, But Not of This World.”

Jerry asked the young man, “Paul, what resources did you read to help you develop this morning’s sermon?”

Without hesitation, “Tillich, and the Niebuhrs, Reinhold and H. Richard, particularly Richard. Have you read any of his works?”

“I’ve read about all three but never any of their writings.”

“I’ve been following your writings in *The Atlantic Magazine* and the *New Republic*. If I dared to try to discover your long term intentions, I would guess that you challenge some of the things in our culture that seem to thwart God’s hope for his people?”

“I might not express it that way, but perhaps it is.”

Paul said, “You might find Richard Niebuhr enlightening and even helpful, particularly his *Christ and Culture*.”

Jane said, “I find the writings by Reinhold Niebuhr, his brother, to be challenging. From what I read, both have influenced some of the finest current philosophers and ethicists. I think you will resonate with

Richard’s description of Christ transforming culture. This view point stresses more on the presence of God in time than with conservation of what has been given in creation or preparing for what will be given in a final redemption. I think you might find his position supportive as you pursue your mission.”

Jerry said, “Thank you, Jane.”

Jerry left the engaging diner party with a promise to visit the great library within the next forty eight hours.

Within an hour of the beginning of registration for the second semester Political Science Seminar, Moderated by Campbell, registration was closed. Students were clamoring for a waiting list or a second seminar. The registrar called Dr. Fisher who, after a conference with Jerry, agreed to a second seminar on the same subject, “The Civil Rights Act.”

This was a carryover from the Kennedy agenda. It had been introduced in late 1963 and was considered to be a highly debated bill and a hot subject for student debate.

Both seminars had women grad students who were eager to argue for greater equality for women and several students from Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, who were strong opponents of the house bill as introduced. Jerry was elated with the obvious amount of preparation his students had given before each session.

Passions ran hot, requiring Jerry to remind the participants to modify their behavior in deference to those who disagreed with a specific point of view.

Jerry had expected hot debate between students from the south and those from northern states. His surprise was discovering the intensity of racism in many of the northerners. As the discussions progressed it was fear that was showing its face of many who argued against the proposed legislation.

It was his female students who faced the most violent opposition, as they prosecuted their case for equal rights in business, the professions and politics. He loved the fact that they had joined together to form a coalition to fight for their position, while the males all spoke from individual positions.

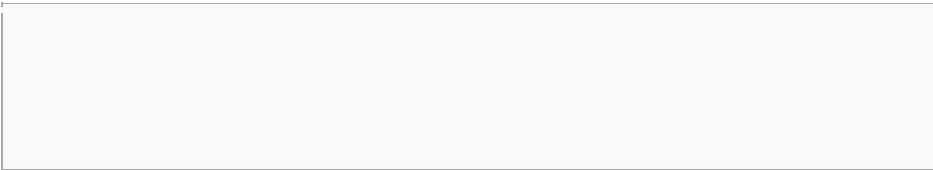
Jerry was to tell his new friends, Jim and Jane, that he had learned more about human motivation in that one semester than he had throughout his entire career. He had said, "Of course, it is not a surprise that I am often the greater beneficiary of those seminars than are my students.

Jerry thought that the intensity would moderate after the house passed the bill in February. He was prepared to substitute another issue for discussion, but the students wanted to continue until the Senate had acted. It turned out that the debate in the Senate lasted until May, when the amended bill was voted affirmatively and the house accepted the amendments.

With permission from his students, Jerry wrote a series of articles for the New Republic using the arguments of his students as the subject of the articles, the public response was very positive, many commenting with approval on the inclusion of arguments pro and con specific proposals.

The final bill as approved read as follows:

An act to enforce the constitutional right to vote, to confer jurisdiction upon the district courts of the United States of America to provide injunctive relief against discrimination in public accommodations, to authorize the Attorney General to institute suits to protect constitutional rights in public facilities and public education, to extend the Commission on Civil Rights, to prevent discrimination in federally assisted programs, to establish a Commission on Equal Employment Opportunity, and for other purposes.



The seminars finished the semester discussing the Economic Opportunity Act, which became law in August of 1964.

Jerry wrote articles complimentary to Johnson on his leadership to get the legislation passed as well as his declaration of “War on Poverty.”

While Jerry was focused on Congress and the President creating greater opportunities for the disenfranchised, there was action that was less appealing to Jerry. On the Southeastern Asian front, the President was informed of an incident in the Gulf of Tonkin in which the Hanoi navy had attacked one of our navy destroyers.

As a result, Johnson ordered the launching of retaliatory air strikes on bases of North Vietnamese torpedo boats. He announced, in a television address to the American public that same evening that U.S. naval forces had been attacked. Johnson requested of Congress the approval of a resolution "expressing the unity and determination of the United States in supporting freedom and in protecting peace in Southeast Asia". He wanted the resolution to express support "for all necessary action to protect our Armed Forces.”

He received swift support and action in congress, the Gulf of Tonkin resolution on his desk on August 10.th specifically, the resolution authorized the President to do whatever necessary. This implied the use of ground forces.

Within hours, President Johnson ordered the launching of retaliatory air strikes, code name, Operation Pierce Arrow.

Jerry uncovered his typewriter and began a flurry of words to express his concern. His deadline for submission of an article for the next issue of *The Atlantic Magazine* had been three days ago. He called the editor to see if some space could be cleared for a special article. The editor’s first response was, “Impossible. The press will be rolling in six hours.”

Jerry turned on the heat enough to get a “Let me try.” Five minutes later he was hustling to the nearest telegraph office to send his article. The issue hit the newsstands on the afternoon of August 9th.

The article was in the form of a letter, a copy of which had been sent to the President at the same time that the original had gone to the New Republic.

It was only a few paragraphs.

He began with, “Mr. President, I know you requested this resolution, but I urge you not to sign it if the resolution comes to your desk. You may feel the need for some action, but I would remind you that this will lead to an action without Congress declaring war. That is in violation of the First Amendment and will open the way for your successors to commit the nation to the dangerous risks. The following are the words that I said to President Kennedy early in his administration.

“Offering assistance with funds and material **but** training troops brings us a step closer to military involvement. What makes us feel that we can do what the French have not been able to do, even with all their experience in that part of the world? I have no doubt that at some future date, we will be asked for troops to be used in combat. I am afraid those years from now, after being enmeshed in battles we will be settling for an agreement similar to our recent experience in Korea.

“It seems that you are setting the stage for a serious elevation of military action that will pull us into a morass from which we will be unable to escape. I have it from a sound authority that President Kennedy admitted this in a private moment shortly before his death. You have the respect of the nation, and I believe that you can lead us out of the morass, but, first, there should be no escalation of our participation, despite the resolution that will come to your desk. ”

It was a valiant effort but was to no avail. The Johnson administration subsequently relied upon the resolution to begin its rapid escalation of U.S. military involvement in the Vietnam hostilities and began a war with North Vietnam.

Johnson’s popularity brought down upon the *Republic* the full force of criticism from every quarter of the nation. Threats from advertisers and tons of mail and phone calls inundated the publisher.

The same response was experienced at the university, Phone calls and letters from the public and from strong financial supporters, members of the Alumni Association were inundating the administration. Much of the valuable time of the Vice Chancellor and the Chancellor was spent responding to the influential alumni explaining their own frustration and inability to terminate Jerry’s services.

This time the isolation from his colleagues was almost total. Once again he chose not to frequent the faculty club. Colleagues in his department turned their backs when they saw him approach. Francine, the office secretary, was coolly civil as she greeted him or when she delivered messages.

Even the doorman at his apartment building suddenly became very formal when Jerry approached.

Jerry held one under grad class during the summer session. When Jerry walked into this advanced class for senior undergraduates, the entire class stood, clapping their hands and a few voices shouting, “Bravo.” He was stunned, looked around the room, noticing that every student was present and everyone was standing as they saluted him. Whatever plans he had for the class had to be junked,

The first question was, “Dr. Campbell, are you willing to share with us the reason you dared to chide the President of our nation?”

Without giving thought to any possible implications, he nodded, saying, “Yes, if each of you agrees to listen to each other, argue and clarify any of my thinking.”

There was a flurry as everyone returned to their seats, while nodding and agreeing verbally. When they were seated and silently waiting, he said, “While I have not made a public statement to the effect, I am deeply opposed to our participation on moral grounds. Although I am not a bible thumping Christian, I consider myself to be a serious student and follower of Jesus. His message is one of love and justice, two traits that do not seem to be part of our reason for being in Vietnam. The second moral reason is based on the first. We are imposing our will on the South Vietnam people for our own selfish reasons President Kennedy, in the summer of sixty three expressed his regret, aware that people in South Vietnam hated us, mostly for our imperialistic behavior.”

“There are other reasons, which I believe you can articulate as well as I do. We could set up a general discussion of pros and cons, even debate the points on which we find disagreement.”

While the class nodded in agreement, Phyllis Jackson said, “Aren’t we morally justified to stop the spread of Communism, which has proven to oppress the people of those nations under communist control?”

Jerry replied, “Perhaps one of the others would like to take a stab at answering before I do. Any brave one out there?”

Mike Demarco raised his hand. Jerry said, “Go ahead, Michael.”

“One of the reasons used by the administration for our participation is the Domino Theory, which, in my opinion, has been pretty well disputed. We need look only at the current history of Southeast Asia. Also, while humanity is often faced with the choice of two evils or two graces, in this case there is no reason to compare moral positions.”

Al Benyak jumped up. “Imperialism, whether practiced by a republican government or a communist government is still a violation of basic human rights.”

Someone asked, “Why are we being considered imperialistic or even patronizing?”

The group was silent, expecting Jerry to comment. He said, “Our first steps were taken as early as 1945 when the Truman administration set up a program for aid to South Vietnam. We did that without a request from the Vietnam government. I believe that I can prove that every subsequent action has been one sided, forced upon our so- called allies, the South Vietnamese. That is imperialistic in my opinion.”

Suddenly it seemed that everyone wanted to speak. One voice that of Marv Peters dominated and was saying,

“I believe that the Communist threat has been used as a scapegoat to hide imperialistic intentions and that our intervention in South Vietnam interferes with the ‘self-determination’ of the country. The war in Vietnam is a civil war that ought to determine the fate of the country. We have no right to intervene.”

Jerry was now the moderator, providing opportunities for each to speak his or her piece.

The hour came to an end with Betty Black saying. “I think it’s immoral for young men to be drafted to fight a war that has no moral basis for being fought.”

The hour was up and as much as they wanted to stay, most of the students had other classes that were beginning in a few minutes.

Jerry was surprised that there was no follow up at the next class session. He thought that was strange, not like those students who were so passionate yesterday. After class, as he headed for his office, he noticed Marvin and Mike following a few steps to the rear. They were on the third floor, known as the Nationality Floor, where the class rooms were individually decorated to honor the various nations around the world from whence students would come to this university.

Marvin called, “Mr. Campbell, would you care to join us for a few minutes? The Chinese room is not in use during this coming hour.”

Wondering what this was about; Jerry agreed and led the way. When they were seated, Mike said, “After the class yesterday, Marv and I talked with some of the others and have decided to form an informal organization called the Pitt Peace Association. At the first meeting of fifteen members it was decided that an invite should be issued through the first edition of the Pit news, the first day of the fall semester next month

“The invitation to the student body would be to a meeting in the field at Schenly Park, across Forbes Street. The meeting would be a sort of learning opportunity regarding the issues surrounding our sending military personnel to South Vietnam.”

Marvin interrupted. “We were so taken with your statement in class and the manner in which you moderated the session. We would like you to be one of our principal presenters. We are asking Dr. Cliff Johnson of Carnegie Tech to be the other presenter. Mike has agreed to moderate the gathering.”

Mike said, “We have chosen the Park so that this is not considered a Pitt event, even though that is how it will be perceived.”

Jerry’s mind was racing with thoughts, problems, excitement and pleasure with the young creative minds of his students. “This is big, Mike. I do have to think about this. I am in enough hot water with the Chancellor and have to tread carefully even if not tenderly.”

That brought a chuckle to Marvin, who said, “Of course. That is why we chose to be off campus. Mike and I figured that would preclude interference by the university. “

“I appreciate your consideration. Give me twenty four hours. Perhaps Dr. Johnson will have responded within that period.”

Marvin asked, “May we meet here after class tomorrow? That is our last meeting for this summer session.”

“Of course.”

Jerry stood to shake their hands. “I appreciate the way you and the others are thinking about Vietnam. I hope you are aware of the reaction you will get from the majority of students and faculty. It can get pretty lonesome.”

Marvin said, “The lack of popularity is no reason for hesitating to do or speak out on important issues.”

Mike was nodding his agreement.

Jerry thought, “These two minds are on the same track.”

Marvin estimated that there were about six hundred gathered at the event, including students and at least two members of the faculty from Carnegie Tech. It had been a quiet and serious gathering. Attendees listened and responded with hand claps for the presenters. Questions were pointed, as were comments from some of the attendees.

Phyllis Jackson, one of the students in the class, now a member of the committee, waxed enthusiastic. When she met Jerry after the event, she said, “Dr. Campbell, thank you for your words. I was looking into faces in the crowd and noticed the way you moved those that I could see. There are more than a hundred waiting in line to join the Association.”

“Thank you, Phyllis. I had the same feeling, similar to a day when I feel that my class and I are one.”

Chapter 10.

At nine o'clock on the next morning Jerry responded to a call from the Vice Chancellor's office. When he was ushered into the private office he heard, "Come in Dr. Campbell. Let me introduce myself. My name is David Fritz. I am the new Vice Chancellor." He had not risen from his seat nor asked Jerry to be seated. Jerry ignored the rudeness and took a seat across the desk from Fritz. He could see the frown of disapproval cross the Vice Chancellor's face but sat up straight and looked into Fritz's eyes.

Fritz looked away but in a strong voice said, "You are temporarily suspended from all duties of your position on the staff of this university."

Jerry was not totally surprised, in fact, had been certain that some confrontation with the administration but he was shocked to hear the word "suspended."

He steeled himself to remain calm, and then asked, "On what basis?"

In what Jerry thought was smug tone he heard "For conduct unbecoming."

Coolly, Jerry asked "Specifically what conduct?"

"There are various charges being considered by the special investigating committee."

"That is not satisfactory. Suspension can come about when specific charges are proven after an independent inquiry."

"That Dr. Campbell is your mistaken opinion. You are dismissed."

Jerry rose, asking "What about my eleven o'clock seminar for upper classmen?"

"We have a substitute who will take over for the present."

Jerry was steaming inside but kept his cool. He went to his office, called his attorney, who happened to be in. "Felix, the administration is suspending me on undeclared charges. My classes are being handled by a sub. If possible, I need and want a way to stop this."

After listening to Jerry's recounting of the event, Felix said, "Stay by your phone, Jerry. I'm moving on this right now."

Jerry got some coffee, fiddled and fidgeted while he drank it. He paced when unable to focus on reading. He worked the morning paper crossword puzzle. It seemed that time was crawling.

His mind kept running over recent events, trying his best to recall any behavior that might have precipitated this action. He decided that the only basis was his involvement with the students at Schenly Park.

He poured more coffee and began reading a few Psalms from the Bible, hoping to calm his mind. He literally jumped when the phone rang. It was twelve ten. "I have a restraining order which we can serve this afternoon. Do you have another class, today?"

"No."

"Good. Can you come in at five? I should be back at my desk by then."

"I'll be there."

Just as he hung up, his student, Mike Demarco, knocked on the door jamb. "May I come in?"

Jerry waved him in and pointed to a chair. Mike dropped his briefcase with a thump. "This is totally ridiculous. When that young instructor told us that you were suspended and he would be our teacher, we rebelled. The vote was unanimous telling him to leave and inform his superior that is not we had signed up for. I asked him on whose authority he had taken this class. He said that a Dr. Smythe, acting for Dr. Fisher, had assigned him."

At that moment, Mike's buddy, Marvin, walked in. "Damned stupid people. Smythe, without asking for an explanation, took a call from that new bird, Fritz, and sent a young buck. He had no explanation for why."

Jerry waved Marvin into a chair and gave a word for word account of the nine o'clock meeting. "I will be at Wednesday's class. A restraining order will be served this afternoon along with a demand for a regularized meeting according to my contract."

Mike said, "We should not have had you involved at the Schenly Park affair."

"Mike, there is something else. I checked out the possibilities about the park affair and I may have upset the school but they have no basis for disciplinary action. It is possible that the administration is accusing me of some other behavior that was unbecoming."

Mike looked at his watch. "I doubt that. I am sure it is all about our stand on Vietnam. I have to run. Please keep us informed. We want to help. By the way, we now have over two hundred members of PPA. Our next meeting is Thursday at the rotunda in the park."

"Good luck." The two students were on their way.

When Jerry exited the Fifth Avenue side of the building, he was surprised to see about fifteen students demonstrating on the lawn just off the long walkway. Placards, reading "Unfair to Dr. Campbell." "Join our Protest." "Join the PPA."

Standing nearby with a smile on their faces were two Pittsburgh policemen who apparently had been called to prevent a riot. Jerry asked them, "Have they caused any problems?"

One officer said, "No, sir. I did have to remind them not to block any pedestrians but they are well behaved. That girl at the card table has been getting a lot of students to sign something, probably a petition. Nice kids."

When the charges were handed to Jerry, he was astounded. Three ridiculous charges were listed.

First. "Inciting students to disturbing the peace."

Second. "Guiding students to forming a Un- American organization."

Third. "Personal behavior relating to students activity off campus."

He was informed that he had the privilege of having an attorney present as well as witnesses able to rebut the charges. He called Felix, who met with him at Jerry's apartment, along with Mike and Marvin. After a full examination of the two students by Felix, he laid out a tentative plan that was close to what later was finalized. He had a list of the witnesses for the administration, which consisted merely of three elderly citizens who frequented the park and the Vice Chancellor Fritz.

No matter what an attorney tells you about his confidence in winning the case, it is difficult to dismiss the opposite from one's mind. Each day of inactivity makes room for doubt and speculation about one's future that does not include teaching at this university.

He lost his appetite for food and thus lost weight. He noticed that his trousers required another notch on the belt to fit properly. In the mirror, his face appeared drawn as he shaved in preparation for the hearing.

He was soon tired of trying to escape through the television. Most of the daily content was boring and almost childish.

His reading kept being interrupted by a wandering mind that wanted to focus on some undefined future vocation.

Evenings and night times were the hardest. His mind was filled with negative thoughts, in spite of reassuring himself. He found some calm through prayers and reading a few psalms. He remembered Psalm 102, a good cleansing of his soul. It was a sort of true confession admitting his deepest fears yet knowing that this too would pass as he received God's grace.

He remembered the Psalm as a prayer of an afflicted person who has grown weak and pours out a lament before the LORD, which described his own state at this moment. He picked up the Bible and read:

Hear my prayer, LORD; let my cry for help come to you. Do not hide your face from me when I am in distress. Turn your ear to me when I call. Answer me quickly.

For my days vanish like smoke; my bones burn like glowing embers. My heart is blighted and withered like grass.

I forget to eat my food. In my distress I groan aloud and am reduced to skin and bones.

I am like a desert owl, like an owl among the ruins. I lie awake; I have become like a bird alone on a roof. All day long my enemies taunt me; those who rail against me use my name as a curse.

I eat ashes as my food and mingle my drink with tears because of your great wrath, for you have taken me up and thrown me aside.

My days are like the evening shadow; I wither away like grass.”

Reading the passage felt like he was offering his feeling to the Almighty, bringing a sense of relief and thus rest.

I was back in my office at the Washington Post. I had been on a field trip when I noticed a news item on the back page of the Denver Post, that a University of Pittsburgh professor had been suspended prior to being formally charged by the administration. The source of the article was a story in the daily paper of the University of Denver.

When I returned to my desk at the Post, I checked to see if any such story had been talked about among the reporters. One of my fellow reporters said “No printing here but I understand that the daily papers of George Washington U and Georgetown have featured the story, quoting the source as the Pitt News. As far as I can tell, there is nothing in either of the Pittsburgh dailies.”

As I looked at a list of calls during my absence I noted two from Jerry.

I dialed Jerry’s private number at home and after ten rings, Jerry picked up the phone. His voice was not very welcoming. Jerry, its Ted.”

“Hi, Ted. It is great to hear your voice. I called you a couple of times. I’m going nuts and needed a friend to talk to.”

“I saw a squib in the Denver Post, of all papers, to read about your suspension. Do you know that the news of the suspension is featured in a number of university dailies?”

Jerry’s voice seemed to brighten a little. “The Pitt News has been very critical of the administration for improper and rash judgment. They have also run a very complimentary profile, emphasizing my support as well as my criticism of national policy.”

“That must give you some satisfaction.”

“It does, but I doubt it will influence the investigating committee. Students are supportive but the faculty members steer clear of me as though I were poison ivy or worse. When I walk into the Poly Sci department, all conversation seems to cease until I enter my private office.”

I said, “I expect that will pass when you are cleared of any charges.”

Jerry said, “I’m not sure. Most of my colleagues are strong supporters of LBJ, pleased when my articles are complimentary but scorning me when I challenge his decisions, especially regarding Vietnam.”

I asked, “Would you like me to come up for a few days?”

“That’s not necessary, Ted. The hearing will be soon. It is heartwarming to be able to talk with a friend. There are times when I regret that my only friends beside you reside in Russia and Sicily. It does get lonely.”

“Speaking of friends, do you hear often from any of the three?”

“Occasionally, but they are busy. I am, however, planning a trip to Sicily at the semester break this winter.”

“That’s good. Oops, I need to call home. It is a promise I made as the first activity when I return from a long trip. I’ll call soon.”

Jerry said, “I’ll call you as soon as the hearing is over. Take care and give my love to the family.”

As the first witnesses presented their statements, Jerry could read the faces of the hearing board. They were unimpressed with the statement of a few elders having their reading time in the park disturbed by a rowdy group of students who should be in class instead of disturbing the peace in the park.

One of the men kept railing about those pinkos who didn’t appreciate the way our government was protecting us from that evil, communists. “I listened to all that rubbish

but what made me mad was those two professors who agreed with the students. They ought to be fired, being a bad influence on other young people in their classrooms.”

Felix didn't bother with any cross examination of the elders, since he was certain the committee members had already dismissed their testimony as irrelevant. He whispered to Jerry, “I never waste the time of jurors in a court case, something they seem to approve, and as I feel this committee will.”

Jerry was taken aback when the next witness was Petra Reed, one of the class members. At no time during their discussion did she state an opinion on the subject of Vietnam and seemed to approve and agree with much of the discussion.

She testified, “In my opinion, Dr. Campbell, who is charming and usually warm, had spellbound the students into a cohesive anti-war mood. Furthermore he carefully used words that hinted about organizing to oppose out government's fight against communism.”

Responding to a leading question from Fritz, she said “I saw Dr. Campbell in huddle with Mike and Marv right after the meeting. Marvin kept looking around to see if anyone was approaching. Within hours, Mike and Marvin were talking with every member of the class to help form the Pitt Peace Association.”

Jerry's stomach was doing flip flops. The facts she presented were accurate even if her conclusions were inaccurate. The implications to be drawn were damning.

Felix rose to cross examine. He approached her and gently asked, “May I call you Petra?” She nodded, seemingly pleased with his warm manner. He asked, “What do think of Dr. Campbell as your teacher?”

“Oh, he is terrific. In fact, I would say he is one of my favorite professors in the university. He is certainly the best of all my Poly Sci instructors.”

Felix said, “That is good to hear. Any idea how other students respond to him in class?”

“I think everyone would say he is great. He is so fair, almost making room for all political opinions and other points of view.”

Felix said, “You seemed to be sharply critical of him in your statement a few minutes ago. Was your tone of voice indicating that you feel he has changed?”

“No, sir. I don't hold with his views on Vietnam and I guess that upset me. I don't want to be on any side opposite him. He is so brilliant that I felt guilty when my mind was disagreeing with him. Does that make sense?”

“Oh, yes, it does. I have had similar experiences. Do you think he was intentionally trying to convince those who disagreed with his point of view?”

“I wouldn’t say that. He didn’t exhibit any passionate salesmanship, but he was firm in his belief when he responded to questions by the students.”

“Thank you, Petra. Now, you said you saw him huddle with several students. What do you mean by huddle?”

“They were in conversation while there were no others nearby.”

“Do you think they were displaying a sort of conspirator huddling?”

She hesitated for a long moment and said, “That might be a bit of an overstatement. They were in deep conversation, and just a short time later those two were pitching the rest of us to start this organization.”

“So, you are saying that it was an impression. You can’t be certain that the conversation led to the initiating of organizing activity?”

“I guess not, but the events sure seemed like it to me.”

Felix felt that he had demonstrated clearly to the committee that she had been expressing a point of view unsubstantiated by any solid facts.

Dr. Fritz gave the final bit of testimony.

“Dr. Campbell has for several years brought criticism and disrepute on the name of this illustrious institution. Members of the public as well as Alumni have been demanding his dismissal. Even the FBI has had him under surveillance and complained of his behavior to the university.”

Dr. Fritz went on to detail some of the events of the past. Jerry admitted that Fritz was a spellbinding, silver tongued orator and seemed to be impressive.

He came to his major point. “Once more, the FBI has come to us with serious charges. Dr. Campbell has been known to associate with communists and now advises this new pro-communist organization, the PPA, after he promoted and helped get it organized.”

At that point, Marvin stood up and shouted “That’s a big damned lie, Dr. Fritz, and you know it.”

A gavel wrapped, accompanied by a gentle voice. “Please have a seat, young man. You will have an opportunity to challenge Dr. Fritz.” He turned to Fritz. “Anything more to add?”

“Yes, one additional point. We have information from the FBI that Dr. Campbell hosts parties for his students in which there is a great deal of alcohol consumption. Students are seen leaving, some inebriated, holding onto each other for support. Hosting

drinking parties for students is a clear violation of university ethics and grounds for dismissal.”

“Anything more?”

“No, sir. We believe that we have proven our case and ask for Dr. Campbell’s dismissal since he had broken the contract with his behavior.”

It is one thing to read it on a piece of paper but to hear someone asking for the ending of your life and career likes a punch in the gut from boxing champion, Joe Louis. I was letting the imaginary predator enter my mind again. I should have known that Felix would gain the dominating hand.

He asked Dr. Fritz, “Are you aware that this is not the first time that the FBI has fed bad information to your office?”

“I don’t understand your use of the words “bad information,” but I am new to this office and have no information of any FBI disinformation.”

“Do you know that the FBI has previously maligned Dr. Campbell with a made-up and unfounded charge that was never followed up by your predecessor? It was refuted by my client in the press and never answered by the FBI. I will let that pass for the moment.”

“Dr. Fritz, how do you know for certain that Dr. Campbell is an advisor to the PPA?”

“It is a fair assumption, since the organizers are his students and he has spoken at one of their rallies.”

“Sir, you, above all, should know that assumptions are dangerous and lead to poor judgment. I will prove to the satisfaction of the committee that your assumptions had brought discredit to a man of honor. Now how did you decide that the PPA is pro-communist?”

“Any organization formed in order to discredit our government is favoring its enemies. Everyone is aware of the risk that communism poses for our nation. That can truly be said for those who are trying to limit our military effort to fight communism.”

Felix, in a biting and caustic tone, said,
“Sir, I am surprised to hear such faulty deductions by a personage of your standing and education. I have no further questions.”

Felix opened his testimony with the two park police officers who had been present throughout the event in the park. One officer said “In all my years as a park policeman, I have never witnessed a student gathering as peaceful and serious as this gathering.”

Two faculty members from Carnegie Tech gave substantially the same testimony. Jerry could see in the body language of the committee members that a change was occurring. He listened very attentively as Marvin described the events leading to the formation of PPA. He finished with, "I would say that most of the upper class students who take his class do so because of Dr. Campbell's reputation for transparency."

Dr. Fritz declined to cross examine any of the witnesses.

By the time Felix portrayed the FBI under the leadership of Hoover as a less than trustworthy witness, using illegal tactics, now known to the world, to back their charges, Jerry could see victory and redemption.

A student reporter from the Pitt News was waiting in the hallway as the participants emerged. He headed straight for Marvin and Mike and began questioning and jotting in his notebook. Jerry quickly walked away, not wanting to be quoted as to his feelings regarding the favorable decision.

The next day, the headline in the Pitt News was "Dr. Campbell exonerated." The story contained direct quotes from Marvin and Mike regarding "the pitiful and baseless charges by the administration" and "the shredding of the charges by Dr. Campbell's attorney." One paragraph alluded to the inept presentation by the new Vice Chancellor.

Both the Post-Gazette and the Pittsburgh Press carried the story on page 2, referring to the Pitt News story as the source of their stories. The Press editorial page presented an editorial on the responsibilities of educational institutions to be careful when trying to intimidate faculty members. The editorial concluded with "universities, of all institutions, should be the one place that encourages the freedom of speech."

Chapter 11.

From my vantage point in Washington, I watched Jerry's articles lay out serious issues which he felt our nation needed to attend to, as well as complimentary articles praising Congress and LBJ

Jerry called me out of the blue in 1966. I was surprised to hear his voice. "Hi Ted." Without any preliminaries he asked, "I'm on my way to Washington. Can you spare me a few hours late tomorrow afternoon?"

I sensed sadness in his voice, probably indicating a need for a friendly ear. Without hesitation, I said, "Absolutely. The rest of the family is gone for a few days. You can stay with me. I need the company. When are you coming?"

"I'll be free after four tomorrow. Are you sure about staying with you? I already have a hotel reservation for tomorrow evening."

"I wouldn't hear of it. Cancel the hotel. Grab a cab when you are done and meet me at the Post." So it was arranged.

Conversation was casual during the ride home, mostly focused on current events after I gave him a run down on the state of affairs in the family. I figured that we would get to the real reason for his visit once I set out the drinks tray. I was right.

"Ted, I need to bend your ear and, perhaps in so doing, I can clear my head."

"Definitely okay." I smiled. "Fire when ready, Gridley."

"I have been in great emotional pain during these last months. I have been and continue to have great admiration for LBJ. The legislation on civil rights and enabling the poor to ease some of the chains that have handicapped them has moved our nation forward beyond anyone's wildest expectations.

"My heart has been bursting with pride at the accomplishments of our party, but in the midst of all this, here I stand. While he has the backing of Congress and much of the population favors his foreign policy, I have been compelled to speak publically in opposition to his Vietnam policy. I feel like a traitor."

I said nothing as he paused to sip his drink and gather together more thoughts. "I may be forced to say more as the months pass by. I can't see him stopping or our limiting military action, which means the loss of more troops and material, taking on a spiral path to disappointment and even embarrassment."

He continued. "You must see that despite the increased investment in this war, the increase in results is pitifully small and, maybe, reversing. If that continues, public support for the President will erode and put much of his dreams of a War on Poverty in jeopardy."

I asked, "How do you come to that conclusion, Jerry? Do you think these student protests and demonstrations are that effective?"

He nodded. "Not by themselves, but adults from other facets of society may find it feasible to join in their expression of opposition. Some will take advantage of the demonstrations to forward their own disappointment in other phases of government action."

I probed a bit deeper. "What will be the motivation?"

"Soon the media will be reporting the facts, that what LBJ is saying about progress is an exaggeration. A credibility gap creates suspicion and his enemies will take advantage.

"At home, his domestic programs mean heavier government spending and increases in taxes. There is also a significant disenchantment with his civil rights legislation. When you put all that together with an increased frustration with results in Vietnam, you have a recipe for a public that will want change.

"At least that is how I see it, based on my thinking as an historian. "

"Do you foresee a specific scenario of some sort that is worrying you?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. If the picture in my mind turns out to be anything close to the future, this country will be turned over to Republicans, who will try to undo all the great accomplishments of this Administration.

"I must continue my call to pull out of Vietnam, mostly because I believe so strongly that we are doomed, while we carry on an immoral battle. My heart bleeds for the young men who continue to put their lives at risk for death or major disabilities.

"For what little influence my writing may have, it will be seen as adding fuel to the fire of discontent. It feels like Catch-22."

I heard a tremor in his voice as he spoke that last sentence. I choked a bit as I empathized with his pain. Neither of us spoke for several minutes. The weight of his words hung heavy as I pictured the next two years unfolding as Jerry had painted it.

As I look back over those two years, I now see clearly what I only saw dimly that day. It was Jerry who had the clear view. The next two years played out exactly as he portrayed it for me that day, ending with LBJ opting not to continue and an election that put the Republicans in power.

Shortly after President Nixon's inauguration, I received a new assignment as the Washington Post reporter at the White House. As you would expect of any good reporter, I began developing friendships with staffers at various levels of responsibilities. I was always on the lookout for some news which is of interest to my editor.

I was in my cubicle when the current issue of *The Atlantic Magazine* was delivered by a young messenger who, with a big grin, said “Page 31.”

An Open Letter to the President.

For all your talk about peace in Vietnam, Mr. President, all evidence points in the other direction. After more than a year in office, military activity in Southeast Asia by U.S. troops has widened. Bombing in Cambodia has apparently increased and now you, as Commander-in Chief, have authorized sending our troops into Laos.

Your past political history is dotted with false accusations of opponents and empty promises during election campaigns and this writer is asking if the America public will be treated to more of the same. Even if you continue to reduce our presence in Vietnam, this widening of the war still leads to more deaths, all children of God, no matter what nationality.

The size of demonstrations and protests continues to increase, dividing our nation. Too many members of our society now treat returning veterans as if they are the enemy. Deep psychic wounds are being inflicted for which there may never be a healing.

You have the power to call a halt. Please do it now for the sake of humanity. If that is not your plan, please tell us. This war has provided more than enough duplicity

Following this current path in Southeast Asia spells death to a great presidency.

Gerald Campbell

I dashed out of my office in the White House press room, heading for my special contact. He promised to let me know of any activity that might be forthcoming as a result of the *Atlantic* issue.

Later in the day, according to reports, a call was placed by the chief of staff to the office of the FBI. An hour later, Mr. Hoover’s limousine was seen entering the grounds of the White House.

Jerry told me later that the editor of the Atlantic magazine received a phone call from the deputy chief of staff, demanding his presence at the White House on the following day.

According to Jerry, the editor said, “I am not subject to demands of any White House staff. If your boss wants to talk with me, have him call me or better yet, he is welcome in my office at any time except the last hours before we publish.”

I told Jerry about the arrival of J. Edgar, himself, with an hour or so of the arrival of *The Atlantic*. He laughed when he heard. "I guess I can expect company and probably some trumped up charges."

Two days later, Jerry was surprised to see Mrs. Silverman when he responded to her knock on the door. "Jerry, do you have a minute?"

He gave her a warm smile and said, "Definitely. I was just preparing to have a drink. I hope you have time to join me."

She laughed. "This old lady would not consider turning down a spot of Jack Daniels when offered by a handsome young man."

Helen Silverman, a recent widow and survivor of Auschwitz, loved to spend time with Jerry. He was empathetic, as though he was feeling her pain, which was rooted in three and a half years in the concentration camp.

She loved engaging him in discussions of world politics, especially European affairs. They also spent hours discussing her disagreement with Israel's treatment of Palestinian residents within the borders of Israel. She often said, "Knowing my own history, I would hope my people would be kinder to those who shared their land for decades."

Often, on a weekend, she would cook a special meal for the two of them so that she could pick his mind on some current event taking place on the continent. These get-togethers also offered Jerry a chance to let off steam with his friend.

Her apartment faced the street, while Jerry's faced the garden in the rear of the apartment house. She had kept him apprised of the FBI agents who had watched him during his tussle with J. Edgar.

She was keenly interested in Jerry's critique of the administration, she being hypersensitive to government's lack of transparency in Nazi Germany. She asked Jerry about his day and then of course, gushed just a bit about his audacity by writing the open letter to the President. "Jerry you are so brave, although a bit foolish by challenging our President."

Jerry nodded as if in agreement but said nothing. She continued after a minute. "I had some company today, a visitor who also knocked on the door of Mrs. Deasy and the Wideners'.

Jerry asked, "FBI?"

"Nope. That I was expecting after reading your latest. This was the Secret Service. Have you been active in some way that you are under suspicion for being a threat to the President?"

Jerry couldn't believe what he was hearing. "No. Definitely, No. What made you ask that question?"

She frowned. "It was the type of questions they kept asking. "Do you know him well? Has he ever shown sign of violence to animals? Have you ever seen him carrying a gun?" There were more questions in which they seemed to be concerned about your character. I ended up telling the young man that he was wasting his time."

When Jerry did not respond immediately, Mrs. Silverman said, "I kept watch but there are no strange faces hanging around and Mrs. Widener, who is on the lookout in the gardens, says she has seen no one suspicious."

Jerry said, "Thank you Mrs. S. I feel so blessed having you, the Deasys and the Wideners for neighbors. I assure you I am no physical threat to the President or to any human being. I certainly do not own a gun and haven't held one since the war. I have no idea what this is about."

She placed her hand on his. "I never thought you were and that is what I told the young agent."

When Jerry arrived at the office, Dr. Fisher waved him into his private office, asking, and "Are you in trouble with the Secret Service? Two young agents have been talking with a number of us this morning. From the kind of questions they were asking, one has to infer that you are under suspicion of threatening the President or some highly placed official."

Jerry said, "I haven't the slightest idea why. An agent has been snooping in my neighborhood doing the same thing."

"As you might suspect, Fritz has already called saying that the Chancellor is very upset and worried that you may be getting violent. I assured him that there was some misunderstanding and the Chancellor had no reason to worry. Care to speculate?"

"You know me well enough to realize that my mind has been filled with conjectures. Only one thought survives the eliminating process. What is left is J. Edgar and friends at the FBI."

Fisher said, "I hope not. From what I hear there are times when the FBI, under Hoover's direction, resemble the German Gestapo of the thirties and forties. They have made persons suffer and hounded a few to the point of suicide and gotten away with the transgression."

Jerry said "I am keenly aware of the talk that the FBI has used covert operations against domestic political groups and individuals since its inception. There is no doubt in my mind that there is a file on me. Our previous combat never came to an official end, making me suspect that the war is about to break open again."

“What more can they do than you had to face the last time?”

“If my facts are right, and I believe they are, then the answer is a lot more. The FBI have been alleged to include discrediting targets through psychological warfare, smearing individuals, using forged documents and by planting false reports in the media. There are instances of harassment; wrongful imprisonment; and illegal violence. You have accusations of assassinations under the guise of national security.”

Fisher said, “I’ve heard some rumors but they seem hard to believe.”

Jerry said, “There is great evidence that if an individual or an organization is considered communist or communist leaning such as civil rights groups or critics of the war, the FBI considers each to be threat to our security or a threat to the current social order. That is enough to put the target in the gun sight of the FBI.”

“One would hope that is not the way our government treats its own citizens, but there is that old adage that where there is smoke there is fire.”

In his office, Jerry opened the New York Time, turning to the Op-Ed page to see if there were reactions to his open letter to the President, but he found nothing. He did see a letter to the editor from a congressman from Missouri, attacking his letter and urging more action by the President, stating, “Your recent moves will bring Ho Chi Minh to his knees.”

Jerry dismissed the writer as just one more hawk who believes our military as invincible.

He flipped on his small TV set to catch the noon news, hearing the end of a quote, “the well-known columnist of the Chicago Tribune says that our Gerald Campbell has it all wrong. We need to simply put more pressure on the North Vietnamese in order to claim victory.”

Those viewpoints made his stomach churn. He had hoped for some positive reactions in the Times or the Washington Post, who were known to oppose the war, but nothing! *“God, it’s lonely. I feel like all the famous pundits are moving in one direction while I move along another path, yet I am sure I am doing the right thing.”*

That night he tossed and turned for what seemed like ages before sleep finally took him. It seemed like no time had passed before he awakened in a sweat. The nightmare had been so real that he could not rid himself of the frightening scene.

In the dream he had been standing on a podium urging a message to the King’s court while a mob of orators stood facing him, shouting rebuking words **there** was a rifle shot and suddenly they were rushing the stage with venom streaming from their eyes and clubs held high or waving in the air as they rushed forward. Fear was griping his guts. He felt his knees weakening while his entire body broke into a sweat.

He had no idea what to do. There was room to run although he wished the ground would open and swallow him. A prayer flashed through his mind but he was sure that nothing would save him.

At that moment his eyes flew wide open, the mob disappeared but the emotions lingered. He could not shake the scene even though he recognized it as a dream. He rose from the bed, walked to the kitchen to warm some milk, but the scene would not let him escape. He took the milk to the parlor and sat in the Lazy Boy. He reached into his memory bank for those words from the 23rd Psalm which gave him comfort:

Even though I walk
through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies.
You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

Surely your goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

By the time he had recalled the words a second time, a calm descended on him and he was able to recall brighter times and rewarding moments in his life. He levered the chair into the reclining position, soon bringing sleep until first light of morning.

He would describe himself as calm and at peace as he showered, dressed for the day and prepared his breakfast. Deciding that rain was in the offing, he picked up his umbrella as well as his brief case. Just as he started for the door, he heard a loud knock and the ring of the doorbell.

He walked to the door, pulled it open and gasped at the sight of three Pittsburgh police officers and a young man in a gray suit standing behind the officers. One officer shoved some papers at him, causing him to drop the umbrella as he tried to take the papers. He missed and the papers drifted to the floor. He heard the words “search warrant” as the officers rushed past him and spread out to search his apartment. Jerry

stooped to recover the papers and then looked toward the young man, asking, "What is this about? Who are you?"

"They are looking for a Forty Five colt which you purchased recently and for which you have not requested a permit. My name is Michaels." He flashed a wallet carrying his Secret Service badge.

Jerry protested, "But I don't own a gun of any sort and certainly haven't purchased one recently."

The agent said, "We have copy of the bill of sale in our possession and will be searching these premises, your office and your automobile."

Jerry felt his knees buckle as he said weakly. "I haven't owned a car for years. You are quite mistaken and are embarrassing me. My neighbor is curious, I'm sure, but they will vouch for me. At the office, I will have to do a lot of explaining when this foolishness is over."

He received no response from the young man, who moved to the den where one officer was creating a mess as he dug into desk drawers, not bothering to set papers or file in their proper places as he rummaged through each drawer.

Two hours later, the four intruders departed, leaving hours of cleaning up and sorting for Jerry. The agent did leave his business card that contained his phone number and the room at the William Penn hotel where he was in temporary residence.

Meanwhile, Jerry had called Dr. Fisher to alert him to the arrival of police executing the search warrant. Fisher said, "In fact, they are just leaving. What were they looking for?"

"A Colt Forty Five, which I do not own nor ever did. I haven't handled a gun since I left China during the war."

"Are you being charged with a crime?"

"Not yet, but I am scared. Would you please arrange for someone to handle my one o'clock class? I need to see the young agent for more information."

"Of course."

Before he departed, he called his attorney in order to alert him of possible arrest. He asked, "What does it take to get a warrant?"

The answer he got was, "To obtain a search warrant, an officer must first prove that probable cause exists before a magistrate or judge, based upon direct information obtained by the officer's personal observation or hearsay information. Hearsay information can even be obtained by oral testimony given over a telephone, or through an

anonymous or confidential informant, so long as probable cause exists based on the totality of the circumstances. Both property and persons can be seized under a search warrant.”

At the hotel, Michaels, the agent, answered his question but remain cold and distant. “The information came to us from the FBI who had discovered the bill of sale. That fact, together with the severe criticism of the President, was sufficient evidence for us to request and the judge to award us the right to search for the weapon.”

Jerry decided to go softly. He noticed an air of suspicion or hostility that had raised a wall between them. He needed some information and that meant the wall had to come down. “May I ask where it is that I was supposed to have purchased the gun?”

Michaels hesitated. Jerry asked, “Is there some legal reason for your not telling me?”

A grunt greeted his question but the agent said “New Bedford.”

A look of consternation swept across Jerry’s face. “Why, I have never been to New Bedford. The closest I ever came was on the turnpike.”

“That may be so but the evidence from the FBI tells another story.”

Jerry asked politely, “May I have a copy of the paper work that the FBI sent to your office?”

“I can’t give you a copy but let me show it to you.”

He opened a brief case and handed Jerry a copy of the bill of sale. Jerry reached but hesitated. “Where is the other paper work that I allegedly filled out? My attorney says that an application is required when purchasing a weapon in this state.”

“Sorry, I have no other paper work. Since we are not interested in proving or disproving the purchase, we have no need. We are interested in you only as a possible threat to the President.”

Michaels must have noticed the frustration on Jerry’s face as he handed the bill of sale to him. His tone of voice had softened as he said, “The Pittsburgh police will have a copy of the while file. They would have needed it to apply for the warrant, based on information and paper work from the FBI.”

“Thank you. Tell me... are you aware of any time in the past when information provided by the FBI turned out to be baseless?”

“Not personally.” But Jerry noticed an inflection that hinted at a “Yes, but I can’t say anything.”

Jerry thanked him. He left and headed to police headquarters. After a series of delays, he was finally admitted to the office of Captain Quinn. Jerry knew he was facing a steel curtain of resistance, a barrier that would take time to penetrate.

After about ten minutes of preliminaries, Jerry asked if he could see the paper work that was taken to the judge as the basis of the requesting the warrant. Quinn mumbled some words which sounded like “They’ve been filed away and I don’t think you are entitled to see that file.”

Jerry felt he was on the verge of shouting “Quit stalling,” but again opted for the soft approach. He said “Captain, I believe the accused is entitled. I am not trying to create a fuss. I don’t own a weapon and I would like to find some information that will prove that to you. I need to remove this cloud of suspicion that is being rumored around the campus.”

He could see that Quinn was not hostile but still was hesitant. Jerry thought, “*He is either embarrassed or afraid.*”

He said, “I believe I have been set up by someone and I need to clear myself. If I was not set up, then there is another Gerald Campbell who purchased a Colt Forty Five.”

Quinn took a deep breath, rose to cross the room. He pulled a file from a cabinet, returned, laid the file before Jerry, who opened it. He looked suspiciously at the Captain. “This file contains only a copy of the bill of sale. There is no accompanying paper work or a memo of any sort of request from the FBI to apply for and execute the search warrant.”

He could see Quinn’s face turning red, as the Captain averted Jerry’s eyes. Silence took over for a good two minutes before the Captain said. “The communication was by phone. The local FBI SAC that is the local honcho, called me as he has done in the past. He assured me he had all the necessary proof including the bill of sale which was enough to get a warrant. I took his word for it and went to Judge Murray as I had on previous occasions.”

“That is a bit irregular, wouldn’t you say?”

Quinn’s flush deepened. “I guess so but if the judge is willing, why do I need more?”

Jerry was in the mood to give him a lecture but decided to keep his focus on getting to the bottom of this accusation. He asked the Captain, “Do you have another file on me or do you have me under surveillance?”

He could see that Quinn was about to reply in the negative but held off. He said. “The FBI has asked us to let them know if you **leave** town. We have asked the auto rental

agencies to let us know if you **hire** a rental. We also have our officers at the airport and the train stations to let us know if you appear there as a possible passenger.”

Jerry was pleased but surprised to have Quinn make the admission. He said, “Thank you for your frankness, but I am surprised.”

“It was a split moment decision. I have a nephew who is a political science major at Pitt.” Before he could finish, Jerry laughed “Patrick Quinn, a junior and a brilliant student.”

“Yep. He speaks so highly of you, respecting your courage and especially because you, like he, opposes the war in Vietnam. I also read your articles in *The Atlantic Magazine* and like what I read.”

Jerry was about to interrupt but Quinn continued, “There is another reason. I’ve cooperated with the FBI often and usually their info is right on. However, there have been a few instances when I felt we were on very shaky ground and that we ended up either arresting or letting it be known to the press that certain individuals were being suspected of felonies. Two of those persons had their lives ruined and I felt helpless to offer any real help. I think you should be aware that I have my doubts about this search and hope nothing comes of it.”

Jerry asked, “What would happen if I were seen at one of the locations making plans to depart?”

“Our people are instructed to simply take your picture that shows you in line for the departure and send it to me. I have been asked to send a copy of each picture to the SAC at the local FBI office. My officer is to call the FBI to tell them the time of departure and/or the destination, if known.”

Jerry mulled over the information, trying to determine the implications of having his picture taken as he was leaving the city. He thanked Captain Quinn and headed for his office with a photocopy of the bill of sale.

When he arrived at his office, he was surprised to see a note on his desk from me. “Hi, Jerry, I’m in town for the day. I hope you are free for dinner. I will come by your apartment at six. Regards, Ted”

We met for dinner during which he brought me up to date. I was dismayed, to say the least. I was now certain that Mr. Hoover was determined to harass Jerry and even smear him.

. J. Edgar could sure hold a grudge.

I decided to call my boss in order to get assigned to a special investigation of the FBI and its recent activity, including Jerry’s situation. I called the next morning and got

the approval. Jerry and I met for lunch during which I hatched a preliminary plan. I said, "For beginners, I will go to New Bedford. Let me have a copy of the bill of sale and a recent photo of yourself."

Late that afternoon I walked into Ray's Gun Shop. Fortunately, no customers were present, giving me the opportunity to have a nice chat with the owner. At first he was reluctant to discuss any transaction with me since I was not a policeman or an agent of any sort. I finally convinced him that I was ready to publicize his refusal to discuss a situation in which a felony had been committed, after I called in the local police. He relented and pulled his records.

The copy of the bill of sale, the short application for purchase and a receipt for the cash payment made up the file. I looked at the brief description of the purchaser and the height, weight; hair color could have described Jerry. I turned to the owner, who said, "The buyer fudged a little. He wasn't as tall as he printed on the form but I thought he just made a mistake. He was well dressed and looked like a professional. I asked him what he did for a living and he said he taught at a university."

By this time, the owner and I were on friendly terms and I was guessing he was being cooperative. I pulled Jerry's photo from my briefcase. He looked at the photo and quickly said, "He might be a cousin but this photo is not that of the guy who bought the gun." The blood drained from his face. "Am I in some kind of trouble?"

I quickly assured him that he was not but it was possible that he might have to repeat this discussion at some future time. He sighed with relief. I thanked him and started the return trip to Pittsburgh.

When I returned that evening, I called Jerry to give him the good news. We made a date for lunch at the faculty club at one the next day.

When I arrived at his office to accompany him to lunch, I was shocked by his very sober and drawn expression. He said "Ted. The word that I am under suspicion as threat to the life of the President is spreading across the campus like wildfire. I have no idea of the source but I am betting it is the FBI, one of their many forms of dirty tricks. Do you think I am paranoid?"

I replied, "No way. I'd place my money on your gut guess."

"What the hell can I do? Even with your information, Michaels of the Secret Service can't do anything. He says they are instructed to watch me and not try to disprove the FBI accusation.

Quinn of the PPD can't help since the gun shop is out of his jurisdiction and, furthermore, there is no crime being charged that authorizes him to investigate."

“At this moment, I’m in shock Jerry. We both are. Let’s go out to lunch and develop a strategy or some ploy to get you off the hook.”

At lunch, we did develop a plan that had some possibilities. Jerry took me to visit Captain Quinn who was eager to help and promised to play his part.

Three days later I met the owner of Ray’s gun shop when he parked in the police parking lot. We shook hands and walked to Quinn’s office as planned, I was doing an investigative story for the Washington Post. Quinn had arranged for the Post-Gazette police reporter to be on hand for the interview.

I initiated the conversation after Quinn insisted that the conversation be taped. I said “Captain, I brought the person who handled the sale of a forty five Colt to a Gerald Campbell. I want the police department to consider withdrawing the warrant to continue the search of the gun which is alleged to be in Mr. Campbell’s possession.”

“How does this help me make or recommend that decision?”

“Ray Schmidt is the proprietor and only sales clerk of the gun shop where a Gerald Campbell purchased such a weapon and his testimony will show that you have served the warrant on the wrong Gerald Campbell.”

Quinn turned to Ray. “What do you say, Mr. Schmidt?” The police reporter was scribbling as fast as possible. It was obvious to him that he had a scoop. The Pittsburgh police had been caught napping and he was sure his story would get him a byline.

He dropped his pencil when he heard Quinn say, “That is quite revealing, Mr. Schmidt. You are quite certain that the man who purchased that gun is not the Mr. Campbell who is here in this room.

“I shall take your report to my superiors and the judge for a review.”

As Quinn and I had planned, I asked “How will you deal with the person or organization that provided you with the information that initiated our action?”

“We’ll see. There may be some repercussions. It appears that my source either intentionally mislead my office or assigned some inept agent to handle this matter.”

The police reporter was hoping for something more specific and began to question the Captain but was gently asked to delay his questions. If the reporter hadn’t been so intent on the big scoop he might have noticed that I was taking no notes. He had no way of knowing that I had the inside information.

I suggested he might interview Jerry so that Jerry might be able to express his relief to be cleared of suspicion that he had been a threat to the President.

The editor at the Post-Gazette did a good job of rewriting the reporter's story to hint but not directly accuse the FBI intentionally misleading the Pittsburgh police. He did give his reporter credit and put the story on page 2 at the top left of the page.

The prime editorial for the morning issue was on the personal damage that accrues to victims of poor behavior on the part of any level of police activity.

My editor decided that the story did not warrant space in the news section but asked me to take the entire story to the editorial board. The weekend issue carried a strong position on the abuse of power by certain federal agencies.

Jerry called me on Tuesday afternoon to tell me that most of his department colleagues had rallied behind him, thanking him for challenging the action of government agencies that were not in the interest of the people. He casually mentioned that Dr. Fritz, the Vice Chancellor smiled at him in the Faculty Club yesterday.

Chapter 12.

Jerry could not help smiling inwardly while he penned his monthly letter to Father Tomas. It was a pleasure to share good news. He had just received Tomas' monthly letter informing him that Mama Christi, his landlady in Santa Angelina, had died. He had lived in her home during that retreat period in Sicily when he had forged the deep relationship with Father Tomas.

Through all the years since that visit they had, though correspondence, deepened their love and respect for each other. They had exchanged their inner most thoughts and feelings as well as their experiences. Jerry regretted the fact that this friend lived thousands of miles away.

He gave explicit details to Tomas of the recent confrontation with the police and the Secret Service. He shared his fears of being accused of threatening the life of the President. He concluded with, "I guess I ended up with an ally in law enforcement circles, Captain Quinn, who has a nephew studying Political Science who is in one of my classes."

Jerry spent the following Sunday with Jane and Jim McGrath, his new young friends. After attending worship, they picnicked in Schenly Park, finding a great spot in the shade of a grove, a good distance from the noise of passing Sunday traffic.

Jane, in a lightly scolding tone, asked Jerry why he hadn't come to them when he was under pressure of the latest bout with the FBI.

Jerry said, "I thought about it but I could not bring myself to add my burden onto any others.

Jim cut in. "That sharing of another's burden is what chaplains are called to do."

Jane could see that Jerry was uncomfortable, so she decided to change the direction of the conversation. "Jerry, would you consider yourself a pacifist?"

"By no means. I carried a gun, although I had no occasion to shoot during the big war. I thought we did the right thing in Korea because I believed we owed it to our new ally when the North Koreans invaded the south. I also am acutely aware that we gained no victory although we did save the south."

"Yet, you strongly have opposed our getting involved in Vietnam."

"Yes, partially because there were lessons learned in Korea that precludes a victory without invading North Vietnam. Secondly, the activity of the Vietcong says that not everyone in South Vietnam wants our presence. We are being seen and distrusted as another invader by the VC and others, according to reports from some of the members of the press. Thirdly, in our fight against communism, we underrate our nation's impact in the world. There is no such thing as world communism. China, Russia, Yugoslavia are

communist form governments but certainly form no union. They oppose each other on major issues rather than being a unified force.”

Jane said, “That brief statement makes me think of Reinhold Niebuhr. Have you had time to read any of his works?”

Jerry nodded. “I did read ‘Moral Man and Immoral Society’ and found much that I liked.”

Jane said, “You remind me of him in some ways, Jerry. His disciples in the early part of the century saw him as a prophet not acceptable in his “home town.” He couched his ideas in a Christ-centered principle

Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with thy entire mind and love thy neighbor as thyself.¹

He viewed sin as a social event, as pride with self-centeredness as the root of all evil.”

Jerry smiled. “I suppose you could think of me as a latter day disciple. I certainly like his idea.

“The sin of pride is apparent not just in criminals, but more dangerously in people who felt good about their deeds. The human tendency to corrupt the good is manifested in governments, business, democracies, utopian societies, and churches.”

“I think that paraphrase is accurate.”

Jim and Jane both laughed. Jim said, “Right on! Besides, he was a debunker of hypocrisy and pretense.”

Jerry said, “Well, I am no Niebuhr, but I do resonate with his thinking. It seems that once people achieve success and power in business or politics, the sense of pride accompanies the sense of power, a combination that does not bode well for themselves or those whom they are called to serve.”

Jane said “Enough of philosophy for the moment! I’ll unpack the picnic basket. Jim, breakout the Cokes and root beer.”

Jerry napped while Jane and Jim packed the left overs and enjoyed a game of chess.

That evening, relaxed in an easy chair, Jerry reflected on this new relationship. He felt a kinship with this warm couple who gave of themselves on his behalf while expecting nothing in return. At some later time he told me, “This felt like those school years with Ben, Marie and you, Ted.”

Jerry knew that he had some friends to go to when the going got tough, as he continued to prod government leadership to serve the people. At the moment he had at least two powerful enemies looking for one slip up, namely, LBJ and Edgar, with more possibilities in the future.

Subsequently, he wrote articles praising the President for his ability to get Congress to legislate on behalf of the minorities and other poor sections of the population. They were received by his readers with great affirmation.

In his next article, he pointed out the threat to the War on Poverty. Needed funds were being diverted to finance the Vietnam War and the President became less popular with a growing disenchantment with the war.

He closed that article with one more request. "Mr. President, I know that my request sounds like a broken record, but isn't it time to close the chapter on Vietnam?"

As 1968 progressed, Jerry was certain that the Democrats were in danger. The "Solid South" was disintegrating, embittered with the LBJ legislation. Jerry was certain that support would move in the direction of Richard Nixon, the leading candidate for the Republican nomination.

He knew he had been right when LBJ announced his intention to not run for re-election.

As much as he hoped for continued federal control by the Democrats, Jerry knew that a major shift was in the making. He studied every speech and press release given by Nixon. He had hopes that Nixon would carry out his campaign promise to end the conflict in Vietnam.

As the early months of the new Administration progressed, he became more cynical of Nixon's promises.

Contrary to his campaign pledge, the President authorized incursions into Laos and escalated the bombing of North Vietnam.

The very next issue of *The Atlantic* carried Jerry's scathing article accusing the President of clearly deceives the American public. He ended the article with, "I had hoped that your Quaker roots would spur your efforts to bring a peaceful ending to this immoral action, but I guess your history of winning elections continues. This is not the first time you have used deceit to gain political advantage."

He was aware that most critics of Nixon would harken back to his early congressional days when he was known as "Tricky Dick," but he stopped short of using that title.

His editor thought the use of the word “deceive” was too severe. He had wanted Jerry to delete the final phrase but Jerry insisted. The editor said, “You are making this a personal challenge. Nixon will take it personally and sic the dogs on you.”

Jerry replied, “I am aware of the President’s temper. He has a history of cursing his enemies. In fact, he seems to think anyone outside his family is an enemy. You are undoubtedly right, but unless you believe that we will face legal problems, I would like the statement to stand as is.”

“We will publish it but, Jerry; the administration will pull no stops.”

The editor was right. At the following morning press conference, Nixon’s press officer was besieged with questions by the press about the President’s response to Jerry’s article. After the first two questions, the flustered press officer pronounced the subject off limits, taking no other questions on the subject.

However, Jerry came under personal attack by columnists in cities where the local news publishers were known for their Republican positions, such as Phoenix, Dallas and especially in Chicago by writers for the Tribune.

He hadn’t expected the barrage to come from the press but accepted that as a result of what could happen to one who, publicly, decried the history and actions of his President. He figured that more was to be expected.

The New Republic asked him to write a commentary on the lack of progress in the area of civil rights.

He researched the subject, using the archives of the Pittsburgh Press and the Post-Gazette. He studied a variety of subjects including court cases, state laws of the past, women’s inequality, heel dragging in southern states, separate but equal education, etc.

Jerry, finding it difficult to praise the newly elected Republican President, nevertheless, felt compelled to acknowledge his first major move. Nixon had been quoted as saying, “Two great pieces of legislation of the recent past lie dormant. We need to enforce the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Act. Governments at all levels are not upholding those laws. That is unfair to our minorities.”

Jerry had nothing but praise for this stand and the way Nixon proceeded to create the changes that brought greater benefits to African Americans and Latinos as well. His next article was very supportive of the President’s actions.

Jerry’s columns in the New Republic that covered local and state issues received favorable response; his subsequent articles on the administration continued to draw heavy fire. In his heart he distrusted the President and did his best to accent the inconsistencies of Nixon’s actions.

He made a point of the President's approval of the 1970 Clean Water Act and then his veto of the improved 1972 Clean Water Act.

Nixon called for more money for sickle cell research, treatment, and education in 1971 and signed the legislation in 1972. However, Jerry pointed out that, while Nixon called for increased spending on such high-profile items as cancer and sickle cell, at the same time he sought to reduce overall spending at the National Institute of Health.

On the other hand, since Jerry had written an earlier blistering article on Nixon's actions that expanded the military action in Southeast Asia, Jerry was waiting for the next show to drop.

It was public knowledge that Nixon railed at reporters and writers who were critical of his actions. Because the President had not singled out Jerry, at least publicly, he felt that something was in the offing.

Would the FBI conjure up some new tricks? Perhaps some new charge of Jerry threatening the President would be the next ploy. If the President was paranoid enough to consider Jerry a traitor, the CIA could become involved.

He knew from his sources that, for some unknown reason, Richard Helms, the CIA director and the President were "tight."

On the morning of June 18th, 1972, just as I entered my office at the Post, I heard that a major story was breaking. I nosed around and discovered that there had been a burglary at the Watergate here in Washington. It was reported that the break-in had occurred at the Democratic National Committee offices at the complex. The burglars were connected in some way with the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

From the outset, Jerry was convinced that President Nixon knew all about the spying on the Democrats. To himself he said, "*He is probably living up to his tradition. Tricky Dick is willing to approve any action to get him elected.*"

He called the editors of *The Atlantic Magazine* and the *New Republic* asking for and getting additional investigators added to their respective teams. One of the added *Atlantic* team members was a real find with an in straight to the President's staff.

Chapter 13.

Within just a few days, Jerry had information that Nixon and top administration officials, during a regular weekly staff meeting, were discussing the use of government agencies to "get" what they perceived as hostile media organizations.

Jerry remembered that, at the request of the administration in 1969, the FBI tapped the phones of five reporters. In 1971, the White House requested an audit of the tax return of the editor of Newsweek, after he wrote a series of articles about the financial dealings of one of Nixon's friends.

What Jerry did not know until he received a call from his investigator was that he and two other journalists were on a special list.

In a Monday morning batch of mail was a notice from the IRS informing Jerry to produce his financial records for the last five years. IRS auditors would arrive at his office ten days from the date of the letter. He sensed the hand of the President in this requirement for an audit. He tried to call to request additional time but could not reach or even discover the name of the auditor, thus forcing him to meet their date.

His attempt to schedule the meeting at his home office was ignored. *"I guess I am being squeezed."*

At breakfast on the very morning of his first meeting with the auditor, he happened to see an article on page six of the morning Post-Gazette. "Pitt professor being audited by the IRS." It was a brief article, quoting the *Sewickley Evening News* as the source. The brief article stated that Jerry was siphoning funds from the Political Science Department funds to feed his gambling habits.

Jerry gagged, threw down the newspaper and felt the tears rush from his eyes. He could not finish his breakfast. He knew the pressure was on.

The smear campaign was once again in play. His schedule would be interrupted with demands from the auditor and some joker from the FBI or the CIA would probably be assigned to follow him.

His guess on that matter was confirmed as he stepped out the door of the apartment building. Across the street, near the streetcar stop, was a stranger, dressed in a blue suit, white shirt and blue tie wearing a gray hat, standard FBI uniform.

They wanted Jerry to know that he was being watched.

Having forgotten his umbrella, he returned to the apartment to retrieve it. As he opened the door, he heard the phone ring. He walked to the phone stand, picked up the instrument. "This is your cousin, Phil, from New Kensington. What kind of trouble are you in? Our family name is being smeared in the local newspaper."

He stopped for a breath but started in before Jerry could say a word. “The FBI had an agent asking me questions yesterday and the IRS is requesting an audit, specifically asking for information regarding any funds you may have sent me.”

Jerry finally was able to interrupt his ranting to explain that all this was probably the work of the FBI related to his articles in *The Atlantic Magazine*. It took fifteen minutes to mollify his cousin and assure him that his good name would not suffer as a result of Jerry’s writings.

The auditors took two weeks, using all of his non-class room time chasing down minutia and bothering the University financial staff. The auditors were not rude but stayed reserved with Jerry and demanding of the University staff. Jerry figured that they had their orders to teach this young whippersnapper a lesson in the game of politics.

Of course, there was no follow up notice in the news indicating that the audit discovered no improprieties.

The blue suit continued to hover in the back ground, although the shape and size changed each week.

After the auditors had departed, Jerry invited Dr. Fisher for a private meeting. After Charles had poured coffee for the two of them, he said, “Gerald, you look beat. I hope this meeting is a request for some time off.”

“Charles, as my friend, you read me well. Yes, I need a rest, a long rest. In fact, I am considering submitting my resignation. My last seminar ends on May 10th. I will have served here for twenty five years.”

Dr. Fisher turned pale. He was stunned. A deep silence fell over them as Jerry watched Charles’ features contort several times and tears fall from behind his lashes.

Finally, after a very long pause, Charles said, “Gerald, I think that is a bit premature. I don’t want to lose you. This university needs you more than ever. Our department is facing an all-time high request for senior and post grad seminars, even from students who know they may not be in one of your seminars or classes.”

Jerry started to object, but Charles cut him off. “Of course, the Chancellor’s office thinks you’re a pain in the ass but they love the increase in registrations. Our department is being hailed as a forerunner in the world of Political Science, thanks to you.”

Students adore you and admire your courage to test the thinking of politicians, including the presidents of our nation.”

“Charles, allowing for that very generous picture, I still believe that I have worn out my welcome here. I also need a rest from my magazine columns, so I am preparing letters of resignation to both journals.”

“Each column I prepare is taking a heavy toll, Charles. I don’t like having to be an adversary to the leaders of our country, but I feel compelled to find and publish the truth, which, too often, is not what I believe is good for the nation.”

“Gerald, I understand and emphasize with your spiritual and emotional discomfort, but I think you are acting without a complete analysis. I don’t know how the journals will respond, but as your friend, colleague and supervisor I am asking you to take time to consider the impact on the rest of your life. I will offer you a paid sabbatical starting May 15th and ending at the beginning of the winter semester in January.”

After another twenty minutes of discussion, Jerry agreed, but with the added stipulation that he would be allowed an additional twelve months with no remuneration. “Just in case I need more time. I am leaving the country for a while. I cannot take the hassle that federal agencies continue to exert, apparently at the bidding of the Administration.”

As Jerry departed, Charles said to himself, “*His love for the nation is so passionate that he is tormented by the weaknesses of our leaders.*”

Jerry returned to his office and immediately penned a letter to his friend, Father Tomas Gallic, the Jesuit priest in Santa Angelina. Recently Tomas had been transferred to Palermo.

In his talk with the editors at both magazines, he submitted his idea for time off until the end of 1974, plus a few extra months, if needed. He also got them to agree to publish his next article in both publications.

The closing date for submission was May 3rd and publication date was May 9th for both. He promised that both would be explosive and he hoped they would not cut out any of the real meat while they applied their usual blue pencils to the text.

His draft to date was full of implications that the administration was covering up the Watergate scandal. That changed when he heard the President’s message to the people:

In one of the most difficult decisions of my Presidency, I accepted the resignations of two of my closest associates in the White House, Bob Haldeman, and John Ehrlichman, two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know. Because Attorney General Kleindienst, though a distinguished public servant, my personal friend for 20 years, with no personal involvement whatsoever in this matter has been a close personal and professional associate of some of those who are involved in this case, he and I both felt that it was also necessary to name a new Attorney General. The Counsel to the President, John Dean, has also resigned.

When he read that message, Jerry decided to quit pussyfooting around. Instead of implications, he used direct statements, challenging the President to “come clean and admit his role in the original scheme to spy on his opponents during the election campaign.”

He likened the campaign to the one when Nixon had run for his first congressional seat in which he had used dirty tricks to gain political advantage.

“Now we have dirty tricks such as bugging the offices of political opponents and people of whom the President or his aides consider suspicious. He or his close aides ordered harassment of activist groups, certain journalists and political figures, using the FBI, the CIA and the IRS. I know this from personal experience with all three agencies.”

His packed bags were in the trunk of Jim McGrath’s car. His friend, the Presbyterian clergyman, had driven him to work the morning of May 10th and was waiting to drive him to the airport immediately after his morning seminar.

He was surprised to see Dr. Fisher gathered with his students in the seminar room, then stunned when the entire assemblage stood to give him a rousing round of applause when he moved toward his usual seat. It seemed as though they would not cease applauding. He finally waved them to desist and took his seat.

The students never discovered his original agenda for the meeting. They centered on questions about his courage to challenge the President along with wanting details of his experience with the FBI and the Secret Service.

The time went too swiftly, but he had to say “goodbye.” The entire seminar stood at the closing and gave Jerry another round of applause as he walked out the door.

Jim held the car door open for Jerry. He could see from Jerry’s body language the sadness that filled his spirit. The first minutes of the drive were passed in silence.

Jim broke the silence with, “I was deeply moved by our conversation at dinner last night. So was Jane.”

Jerry let out a mirthless laugh. “You mean my period of confession.”

“Yes, if you want to use that expression. After you left, Jane and I shared a time of grief for you starting on a self-imposed exile. While you did not use those exact words, we likened your phrasing to those of Jeremiah’s lament. We re-read Jeremiah’s Lamentations in the Old Testament.”

“What made you do that?”

“Jane and I have often discussed the parallel. While Jeremiah was critical of his king, you have been outspoken with the leaders of our country. We focused particularly on the twentieth verse which reads....”

Jerry interrupted with,

“See, LORD, how distressed I am!
I am in torment within,
and in my heart I am disturbed.

“I find myself wanting to give up the agreements with the journals and return solely to my role as teacher but then my conscious takes over. I have struggled in this way for so long that I feel I need a significant change. I keep asking myself if there is some other way to serve my fellow man.”

Jim asked, “So you are taking a sabbatical in order to rediscover your role?”

“I had really decided I wanted to resign but Dr. Fisher turned the resignation into a sabbatical. At this point, only God knows what role I will play on the stage of life. It will take more than one voice to stem the tide in which power and greed will be corrupting the ideals of our forefathers.”

Jerry called me at the Washington Post but I was away on assignment. His brief message read, “I am beginning a long sabbatical. Staying in the States seems like a bad idea at the moment. I’ll try to keep you posted.”

Chapter 14.

He was the last to enter the shuttle to the airport, having intentionally waited as he scoured the group. He was uptight, hoping that the FBI hadn't sent an agent to keep track of his movements.

At the terminal he continued his vigilance. *"I'm probably being paranoid, but Nixon's friends will not take kindly to my words."*

He felt his muscles tightened in tension, unable to relax. He sighed with relief when he felt the plane begin to pull away from the terminal.

Tomas rushed to greet Jerry with open arms. The grin on his face was a mile wide. "Welcome to Palermo." Jerry's bags were being stowed in the trunk of a large black sedan. "Come, Jerry. My driver will take care of your baggage while we have some refreshment here in the terminal. He will come back in an hour to deliver us to the rectory."

The two friends played catch up during those sixty minutes. He discovered that Tomas was a special assistant to the Palermo regional Jesuit Rector. His duties consisted mostly of being the direct and personal liaison with the Jesuit priests in the small villages on the island of Sicily.

On the ride from the airport, Tomas said, "Tomorrow we shall take a tour of Palermo. Young Francisco, my assistant, will be our guide. He grew up in the slums of the city, but he is now a promising candidate for ordination during the coming year."

Jerry wasn't the least bit interested in a tour of Palermo, but accepted the idea graciously. He finally understood the reason when Tomas said, "I want you to see seven special programs that the priests of Palermo have in place to save some of our youth from the gangs that reign roughshod over the slums of the city."

Jerry asked, "With your new responsibilities, will we be able to spend some time together?"

Tomas heard the anxiety in Jerry's voice, saying quickly, "Oh, yes. I have arranged a plan. The day after tomorrow I want you to accompany me on a visit to three priests in small fishing villages. The third is Santa Angelina. There we can spend up to three weeks, the length of my furlough, granted to me by the Rector."

He thought he heard a sigh escape Jerry's lips. He said to himself, *"My friend is in need of rest and support."*

As they began the drive in the morning, Francisco, at Tomas' beckoning said, "Palermo had the makings of a great city but any opportunities were lost in the decades after the war, owing to incompetence and corruption."

“The main topic of the concern today is the struggle against the Mafia.

“The country has had to share effective control of the territory, economic as well as administrative, with the Mafia families.

. The reduced importance of agriculture in our economy had led to a massive migration to Palermo. Instead of rebuilding the city center, the town was thrown into a frantic expansion towards the north. The Mafia played a huge role in this process by taking advantage of corrupt city officials, especially a former mayor of Palermo.

“Many civil servants lost their lives in the struggle against the criminal organizations of Palermo and Sicily, including, priests who had fought for the young people living in the suburbs.”

Jerry was impressed with the activity in the seven special programs. He saw youngsters playing games, while others were in classes and some older kids played soccer. Tomas waxed enthusiastically while he described the programs at the centers.

As they began the long drive homeward, Jerry asked Francisco if he would be willing to answer a few questions. Receiving a nod he asked, “How did you decide to pursue a ministry with the Jesuits?”

Francisco took his time responding. “When I was about ten years old, an older cousin invited me to join a club. I mentioned this to my mother, who immediately hustled me to see the parish priest. My very street smart mother was aware of the operations of the gang in our neighborhood and the role of our cousins in that gang.

“Father Joseph took me for a walk out to the playground to show me some of the activities. He asked me a lot of questions about my interests. My school work, the classes that I liked best. After I answered his questions, he said, ‘It sounds like you prefer school and reading to hanging around a street corner with a bunch of other kids.’

“I agreed, saying that I did not like the way those older kids on the corner treated us younger kids. The result of that conversation was a big turnaround in my life. Father Joseph introduced me to books that I never knew existed, particularly history and geography books. He whetted my appetite for more and more knowledge.”

Jerry asked, “How did that lead to priesthood?”

“Over the years, Father Joseph took extra time with three of us boys and one of the girls. One day, Lucy asked Father how she could learn more about Jesus. Before he answered her, he inquired “How about you, boys? Does the subject interest you?”

He saw eagerness in three sets of eyes and was encouraged. He found four Bibles, suggesting we read anything we wanted, and then bring our questions to class. “After a few sessions of questions and answers, we can make a decision regarding a study of one of the gospels. So, I want you to include one of the gospels as part of your reading.”

A month later the group decided to study the gospel of Luke. I think I was the one who perked everyone's interest when I asked Father Joseph about the meaning of a passage. When I said that the passage was part of the fourth chapter of Luke, he beamed. "Francisco, you have a way of getting directly to the heart of things."

"We began our study with those few lines before going back to the first chapter. Father led a full blown discussion, not attempting to tell us what he believed.

"The Spirit of the Lord is on me,
because he has anointed me
to proclaim good news to the poor.
He has sent me to proclaim freedom for the prisoners and recovery of sight
for the blind, to set the oppressed free,
to proclaim the year of the Lord's favor."

"From that time forward my focus was on the priesthood. Like Jesus, I wanted to try to free the prisoners of a corrupt society, enable people to see the truth by opening their eyes. I had been one of the prisoners of the system and had been given a chance to escape."

Jerry was overwhelmed with the passion and sense of gratitude that emanated from Francisco.

As the young driver lapsed into silence, Tomas said "Jerry, you may have noticed the depth of his knowledge of Sicily and particularly Palermo. He has been told that soon after his ordination, he will be serving as a special aide on the Rectors staff. The Rector wants Francisco to focus on the study of corruption so that the Society of Jesus can take on the battle with the Mafia, which has moved into the cities from the rural areas."

The day's activities and Francisco's story were just the right medicine for Jerry. He didn't have even a minute to think about his own situation. Dinner with others at the Rectory was also a stimulating event. Conversation ranged from Palermo politics to national politics, tensions between the western nations and the Soviet bloc. There was a moment when someone mentioned the problems of President Nixon but no discussion of the subject followed.

During the first leg of their journey to the villages, Jerry related the full story of his involvement with the Nixon administration. He finished his narrative with the details of his last articles. As he neared the end, his voice was cracking. Tomas could see that deep emotions were at play, although Jerry's actual words did not speak of his feelings.

Tomas waited for a long moment when it was apparent that Jerry was at the end of his story. Then, in the same manner that had been their style, he asked, "So, my friend, since you have been honest with your understanding of the nature of the presidency, why is you so distraught?"

Several minutes must have passed as Jerry tried to compose himself and recover control of his voice. "I feel like a traitor, even though I know that I am right. I have a great love for my nation and our form of government. It breaks my heart not to be in a position to offer my services

Instead; I have become some sort of prophet of doom, trying to expose the corrupt underbelly of our leadership. That is not what I hoped for vocationally.”

He paused to take a deep breath. Tomas waited, sure that there was more? Eventually Jerry said. “As I prepared the columns asking the President to admit his role, I knew I would incur his wrath. Without doubt of any sort, I felt I would become the target of one or more of the agencies of the federal government.”

“I was and am frightened enough to go into exile. I have arranged for a long sabbatical during which I must decide my future.”

Tomas put his hand on Jerry’s shoulder. “Then we shall meditate, pray and explore your options during the next three weeks in Santa Angelina. By the way, are you willing to include Francisco in some of our sessions?”

Jerry smiled. “I was about to ask you the same question. My answer is an enthusiastic ‘Yes!’ ”

The next day, the visits with the village priests at the first two stops completed, they headed for Santa Angelina. “Jerry, although Mama is dead, her cousin, Lucilla, is offering us rooms while Francisco stays with the local priest in the Rectory.” He laughed as he patted his belly and continued. “I have it on good authority that she inherited Mama’s culinary skills.”

They did their scriptural studies at the library in the Rectory, took individual walks on the beach during their meditation periods. One hour at the end of the morning was set for prayer in the chapel. Unison prayers included readings of the Psalms. The three alternated leading group prayers of praise and intercession. Jerry often recued the Rosary and repetitions of the Lord’s Prayer during the period of silence.

Often, Francisco and Jerry would join in the children’s games just after the final bell. Jerry was recruited to lead English classes on Saturday mornings.

Their after dinner discussions started out with a range of options for Jerry to consider as his mission in the productive years ahead. He acknowledged that he needed to continue to earn enough for the next twelve or so years until his pension and social security would provide a living income.

Francisco sought out Tomas for a private meeting, asking questions regarding funds available for his own new assignment. Francisco said, “I have an idea for Jerry.” Tomas made a phone call to Palermo and passed the information along to Francisco.

The discussion on the following evening centered on the possibility of Jerry performing some free-lance articles on European politics for *The Atlantic* and *The New Republic* or even some other journals. He told his friends “That income will help but not cover all my expenses.”

That was the right moment for Francisco to put forth his idea. “Jerry, if you want to consider living in Italy for a few years, I would like to invite you to join me in my new assignment.

Because of my youth, the General will undoubtedly assign someone with more life experience to be my counsel or guide. Perhaps I could suggest that you be that counsel.

“If you don’t mind living simply, I believe I can provide housing for you and a stipend that will take care of basics.”

Jerry perked up. The new glow on his face encouraged Francisco to continue. “I could use your political science background to help me wend my way through the morass of provincial politics within the parameters of national politics. I also can use your writing skills to put together our formal files as well as our publications which, I hope, will encourage people to join in our fight against political corruption.”

By the end of the evening, Jerry saw a path opening for him, a path that offered hope for a rewarding vocation. The few remaining evenings were devoted to fleshing out a proposal to the provincial General of the order.

Three weeks later all the details had been worked out. Jerry had wired the magazines. While *The New Republic* was not interested, *The Atlantic* jumped at the idea. The executive editor had Jerry call him collect, a call that lasted over an hour, during which they laid out the full agreement.

Jerry wrote a long letter to Dr. Fisher notifying him that he would not be returning before the fall semester of 1975.

Dr. Fisher assured him that he would convince the Chancellor’s office to extend the unpaid portion of the sabbatical until that date. He also said he would handle other details such as finding a sublet for Jerry’s apartment and shipping or providing storage for Jerry’s personal effects.

In one of the letters from Dr. Fisher, Jerry was surprised with the suggestion that his friend thought of creating a small group of Poly Sci grad students or recent alumni to serve as a volunteer group similar to the Peace Corps. “Perhaps Jerry and his associates could figure out a way to make use of such a volunteer corps in Palermo.”

Over the next few months, as Jerry and Francisco melded into a close knit team, they worked out a plan in which they would recruit four students or recent university grads to join with the American contingent to be investigators for the project and spend time exchanging political ideas as a transnational seminar.

Over the months, they were rewarded with a successful program that began to show signs of a strategy that would lead the people to escape the terror and subjugating by the Mafia.

Jerry was visiting one of the seminars the following summer when one of the young Americans asked the group, “Have you heard the latest from the States?”

“President Nixon has resigned due to his role in the cover up of the Watergate affair.”

Anyone watching would have noticed the tiniest of smiles cross Jerry's face. He thought, *“Francisco is off to a great start. It's time for me to go home. I must wire Ted at the Washington Post. Perhaps he can meet me at the Dulles airport.”*

The end.