

INTERVIEW II

DATE: FEBRUARY 12, 1977

INTERVIEWEE: JOSEPH LAITIN

INTERVIEWER: MICHAEL L. GILLETTE

PLACE: Mr. Laitin's residence in Bethesda, Maryland

Tape 1 of 1

G: Do you want to start with the advance work, as long as we've got that at the top, or is there any place else you'd like to start?

L: Do you want me to just start talking, or do you want to fire questions at me?

G: I'll bring in my questions as we go along. There are two incidents: one, advancing for the Pope.

L: First, I should say that as a result of my service to LBJ, I probably became the world's foremost authority in an area of expertise for which there is very little demand, and that is arranging meetings between the President of the United States and the Pope. By, I'm sure, sheer coincidence, I was the advance man in Rome when LBJ, on that round-the-world trip, went to the funeral, as I recall it, in Australia of the prime minister who was drowned, and decided to come by Rome. Then, preceding that, when the Pope came to New York, I did the primary press advance work. Actually in New York I was doing more than the press advance; I did the whole advance, even to the point of picking out the scene of the meeting and arranging all the details. I'll say this for Bill Moyers, he had a great deal of faith in me and my representation of him. He was concerned with more substantive matters. In New York he put the whole thing into my lap. Usually the man from the press office just handles the press arrangements and then the political advance men do the other work. Of course, this was not political in that sense, so the whole thing was in my lap.

Laitin -- II -- 2

Let me take up the Rome advance first, although it wasn't in that sequence. I believe the New York meeting came first, but you can check that out. By this time I was now back in the Bureau of the Budget; however, a good part of my time there was taken up by the White House, about half of my time. For instance, I'll never forget calling the Director of the Bureau of the Budget, Charles L. Schultze, who is now the chairman of the economic council in the Carter Administration. I called him and said, "Charlie, you'd better get somebody in my office to handle some of the work there. I don't know when I'm coming back." He said, "I can hardly hear you. Where are you calling from?" I said, "Vietnam." That was the time I did the advance for LBJ's first surprise visit to Vietnam at Cam Ranh Bay following the Manila Conference.

Maybe I've started that. I'll continue that advance and then go back to Rome. This was after, as I said, I had left the White House. They were planning the trip for the Manila Conference. I was entirely out of it. I must say, I felt a little bleak at the time being left out of it, but at the same time I had wanted out of the White House. LBJ wanted me out of the White House, too. I never could understand that or why he wanted me out. That was a situation where apparently it was quite an embarrassment to Moyers. The President for some reason took a rather strong dislike to me. I can't trace it to anything, but the feeling began to be mutual. At one time--it was the one time he did it--he humiliated me in front of other people, some news photographers and newsmen.

G: What did he do? Do you recall?

L: Yes I do. It was very unlike LBJ, by the way. I had some forewarning of this. It was at a [reception for] some astronauts who had just come back from outer space. He loved to greet these astronauts. We'd make what is now known as a media event out of it. One day Moyers was very disturbed [and] came out of the office. This was I would say in the late spring of 1966. He said, "Look, the President is very unhappy about the scenario for the arrival of the astronauts." I thought I'd actually prepared a rather good one. You

Laitin -- II -- 3

know, what can you do? This was the seventh visit of the astronauts. But I had worked up some new gimmick, I forget what it was at the moment. He said, "Now the President wants something more imaginative." Anyway, Moyers really laid it on me on that one. I said, "Look, apparently the President has taken a dislike to me. Why don't you send somebody like Hal Pachios in there?" He said, "No, you go in there." So I went in there and the photographers came in and the reporters, and he turned on me. LBJ turned on me and made some rather unpleasant remarks about the way the thing was handled. He said, "Can't you think up anything new?" This was rather crude. When I walked out of that Oval Office, I decided that I was through, that he was never going to do that to me again. Obviously you can't talk back to the President of the United States, and I did not. Actually, Moyers knew that was going to happen, but he just sent me into the lion's den as a sacrificial lamb. In a sense, he was protecting his own hide. Moyers never did anything there to protect me that would cost him anything.

But when the President finally fired me, and he did, no question about that, that was the day when he announced the appointment of Bob Fleming--he was the bureau chief of the ABC network--as the deputy press secretary. Mind you, my title was assistant press secretary, but actually I was the number-two man; I was really the deputy press secretary. The President called the press into the Oval Office to announce the appointment of Bob Fleming. He was there, which is more than he ever did for me, by the way. The press was questioning him, and finally I was standing in the back of the Oval Office near the fireplace. I'll always be grateful to this correspondent. He was the representative of the UPI, Al Spivak. He should crop up on one or two other things that I want to tell about that happened down in Austin on a Vietnam incident, if I had not already done so, and also something at the Bethesda hospital after the operation. Al Spivak said, "Mr. President, will Joe Laitin be remaining and staying on the staff?" I will never forget, I was grateful for his asking the question. But I couldn't hear the answer of

Laitin -- II -- 4

the President standing in the back of the office. It wasn't until I got the transcript that I read, "Yes." That's the way he answered, with one word. But things got stickier and stickier after that.

G: How so?

L: Well, I'll tell you the details about it. Also, help me get back on the track on the other thing, on Vietnam.

After that press conference I came back into Moyers' office. Moyers was in a state of some agitation. He looked at me and said, "Joe, you deserved better than that." He said, "Look, Joe, why don't we try to get you a better job somewhere in government." I said, "Fine, I really don't want to stay on here. I would like to have an understanding with you if I stay on, that I will not do any more advance work and will not travel anymore. I want to stay here and look around and see what I can find." So we made that agreement, but like a lot of agreements made by Moyers--I shouldn't badmouth Bill on this. I would say that [is true of] any agreements made around the White House, even by the President. The President will say to people, "Now if you have any problems you call me." Presidents mean that when they say it, but they are in no position to carry out that promise.

Within a very short time--it was close to Easter as I recall--they all went down to Austin. The President very quickly became disillusioned with Fleming, who is not really the brightest guy in the world. Of the three bureau chiefs at that time, Bill Small of CBS, Bill Monroe of NBC, and Bob Fleming was ABC, I would have ranked Bob third. As a matter of fact ABC kind of unloaded him on the White House. Bob in many ways was a nice guy, but like a lot of terribly insecure people, you've got to be careful of them and your relationship with them.

So Bill one day called me from Austin and said, "Joe, can you take a plane down over the weekend? I've got to come back to Washington, and the President and Fleming

Laitin -- II -- 5

are not getting along very well. Will you come down here? If you're down here, it would help." I said, "You want me to come down tomorrow? It's Easter Sunday. It's the one day I want to stay with my family and have Easter Sunday dinner." "I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll lay out a Jetstar especially for you and you can take the plane and leave about three o'clock Sunday afternoon. You can have Easter Sunday dinner with your family and then I'll take the Jetstar back." Well, when a guy goes to that length--you know, it's pretty flattering to have a Jetstar plane at your disposal, also just being wanted. Also [I was] just curious as hell to want to know what was going on down in Austin, and here I am suddenly the white-haired boy again. I said, "Okay, when you put it that way, fine."

That was on Saturday, as I recall. My memory may be a little faulty there, but I believe it was Saturday. Next thing I knew I got a call from the White House military people saying, "The Jetstar would have to leave a little earlier in the day, at one o'clock or twelve-thirty." At this time I'm in no position to say, "No, I can't go." So you go along, and we rearranged the Easter dinner. Along about seven o'clock at night I was called and was told the Jetstar was not going to be leaving from Washington. The Jetstar happened to be out in California somewhere. It was not available to me, but they were putting me on board a military flight that was going down to San Antonio. I was being put aboard that together with three other people from the White House. One of them was married to that fellow at the State Department that's just gotten a divorce, John something or other. I forget her name; you probably [remember her,] Angela--it really isn't important to the story. She was one of the old LBJ retainers.

At any rate, now the plane is a Convair. It was leaving at nine o'clock in the morning, and there went my Easter Sunday with the family. Now, you know at this point you're committed, and what am I going to do, call Bill Moyers and say, "Sorry, I can't do it." So I had to get up at six o'clock in the morning and be out at Andrews. We got on

Laitin -- II -- 6

this old twin-engine Convair that was carrying something like thirty or forty lieutenant colonels and colonels. It was a really beat-up old Convair. What really embarrassed us is that here we were, there were four of us as I recall. There was a little corner of the plane that had a table they had put there. It was kind of like a VIP arrangement. Here were all these guys sitting on, not bucket seats, but it was not a plush plane. Also, there was one steward assigned to us. Came lunch time, all of these colonels and lieutenant colonels were being given these typical Air Force box lunches and a spread was put out for us. They brought out Scotch whiskey for us. I refused to drink any of the whiskey. I said, "Unless you offer every guy in this plane, except the pilot and co-pilot, a drink." Everybody was kind of embarrassed. I, at that time, didn't realize that this is the way the military would react. Later on, when I went to work in the Defense Department as assistant secretary of defense, I realized this. But I could not accept the fact that here we were, being treated as VIP civilians, with whiskey aboard, and these guys in uniform, who were also being moved from one point to another on Easter Sunday [weren't]. I don't recall if any of them accepted, but it created a rather awkward moment. And I felt better and I was able to consume the whiskey. But we ran into heavy head winds on the way down. It was ridiculous. I think our actual ground speed was something like eighty miles an hour. We had to stop two or three times to refuel on the way down to San Antonio. We didn't get there till very late in the evening. At any rate, when I got in I went to the hotel. At that time the press headquarters was in San Antonio rather than Austin.

I got a call. When I came in I asked where Bob Fleming was, and they told me he had taken some newspapermen out to the Ranch, for some reason. I forget what it was; they wanted to see something there. Just at that point the phone rang and they said, "Mr. Laitin, the President wants to talk to you." I got on the phone. "Hello, Joe, glad to know you're in town." He made some derogatory remark. I think it was, "Where's that idiot

Laitin -- II -- 7

Fleming?" I said, "Well, sir, he's out at the Ranch." "He's out here!" It was kind of one of those things. He greeted me so effusively he made me feel as though he couldn't conduct the affairs of the presidency without me down there. But that was the way he was. That was the way he'd greeted me when I first came aboard, and denigrated George Reedy in the process at that time when I first came into the White House. So I gathered that Fleming wasn't doing very well.

They were planning to go down to Mexico City for the visit down there. Fleming at that briefing that day had committed quite a *faux pas* for a briefer. He said that in the trip down to Mexico City they anticipated that a crowd of at least two million people would be there. Three million people would greet the President. Which is a *faux pas* for a briefer, because you never say in advance how many people you expect to greet the President, because if the amount is less you've got egg all over your chin. So you kind of leave that open, and later you say, "The crowds are greater than we anticipate." You know, it's almost elementary for a briefer. LBJ was very sensitive to things like that. He was unhappy. LBJ wanted to know why don't I hold the next briefing. I said, "Well, you'd better tell Mr. Fleming that. He's the deputy press secretary." I don't remember how that exchange went.

At any rate, Fleming conducted another briefing. I'm trying to remember the *faux pas* that he committed there. I can't remember at this moment what the particular incident was, but it involved an Associated Press story. At this briefing in the hotel room where the press was staying--it was at the hotel, and they were using it as the press room--Fleming on his own denounced this story which was obviously unfavorable to LBJ. It was unfair, as I recall, to the AP, and LBJ was furious about it when he heard about this thing. He called me and asked me to correct his position on it. He didn't like the way Fleming had handled it. Then I used my initiative and I called another press briefing. This is how confused things were. I called another briefing; I read the AP

Laitin -- II -- 8

story, whatever it was, into the record, which the UP now is grateful for because they couldn't have used it before. But when I put it into the record, they could quote me, you see, quoting the AP story. I forget how I handled that to cut the losses on LBJ, but I was doing it on the instructions of the President. The press was rather pleased about it. It clarified the whole situation. I forget what it was, but it should be in the record. It should be available to you, the facts of it. As I recall, it was an AP story written by Malcolm Browne out of Vietnam, out of Saigon. Anyway, when Fleming heard about this second thing, he was actually furious and was ready to repudiate this, and I said, "You'd better call the President before you do anything." And that was the end of that.

At any rate we did go down to Mexico. At this point I have confused two things: the Mexico thing and the Easter thing were separated by a month. The reason I remember that is that I flew down in another plane and landed at the LBJ Ranch for the Mexico trip. So I've got the two of them [mixed]. This was not the Mexico trip. But yet this incident, this *faux pas*, did occur before we went down to Mexico on that stopover, but was not part of that special trip I made down there for the Easter vacation. The Mexico trip was rather interesting, as a matter of fact. I don't know whether you've had anything on it. When we landed in the Mexico City airport, the Mexicans really did it up right, with the red carpet right from the plane. They built a beautiful platform there with gold, and of course LBJ could handle himself magnificently in this situation. His stride-- he was always so much taller than anybody else. I remember Moyers standing along side of me at the time, and Moyers leans over and said, "Boy, this is LBJ country." God, I remember that elaborate suite that Moyers had. Money didn't mean anything to Bill Moyers, but power and glory did. He loved this magnificent suite at the top of one of the real glamour hotels there.

At any rate, I really worked my head off on that trip. I stayed over. When LBJ went back I stayed over for a couple of hours because I loved Mexico. I used to spend a

Laitin -- II -- 9

lot of time there. I came back the next day. We spent, I think, two days down there. I came back with Mrs. Johnson; she'd stayed over, too. I remember in the plane she asked where was Lynda. It was rather interesting that she didn't know that Lynda had taken off on her own and gone to Los Angeles to see the guy she was going with, this actor, George Hamilton, at the time. Anyway, we came back. I remember Mike Mansfield was on there. It's interesting the things that you remember and the things you don't remember on a trip. The one thing that I remember is talking to the Secret Service agent who had gained quite a bit of prominence at the Kennedy assassination, Clint Hill, who was the fellow who was on the second car and leaped on the back of the presidential car and pushed Mrs. Kennedy down. Clint Hill was on the plane, and before we went I said, "When you come into Washington on *Air Force One*, do the customs people inspect your luggage?" He said, "No, they don't. But if they do, you'd better have only one gallon of whiskey, Joe."

Let me go back to the trip to Rome. As I said before, I was no longer in the White House. I was at the Bureau of the Budget. Again, I felt left out of things. I thought that when they were on their way to Australia that probably they would want me. I felt they couldn't go to Australia without stopping over in Vietnam again, and somebody would remember that I had done that first advance at Cam Ranh Bay, and because of my experience would want me again. I waited by the telephone until about seven or eight o'clock that night before they were all leaving. Nobody called so I sort of felt very much out of things.

I went home and the phone rang at five o'clock in the morning. It was Tom Johnson. He said, "Joe, I'm calling from the President's bedroom. He wants you to do one of the advances. Don't even tell your wife where you're going. Even George Christian doesn't know," which is rather interesting. I said, "I've got to know what to take along. I assume I'm going where it's pretty hot." I was thinking about Vietnam, you see.

Laitin -- II -- 10

He said, "No, Joe, you're going to Rome." He said, "Now you call So-and-so, and you stand by and we'll be in touch with you." Remember, this is very secret.

G: Who did he tell you to call? Do you remember?

L: It was somebody in White House Communications, one of the faceless military people that get the work done, but you never remember them. So the next couple of hours I got up, I dressed, I packed the bag, I said goodbye to my wife and said, "I can't tell you where I'm going." This was around December 20 or December 19. We had a large party planned for Christmas for friends here, twenty-five people or so. I said, "I hope I'll be back for Christmas." Anyway, I went into the office and I was told to report out to Andrews. It was late that night. We got on the plane, and I saw that nobody knew each other on that plane. It was a converted tanker, no windows. The only one I knew on that plane was a man named Gene Foley who had been sort of a political associate of Hubert Humphrey, but he had been head of the Small Business Administration in the Johnson Administration. He now was with the subsidiary of the Occidental Petroleum Corporation; he was in private life, but I had known him when he was in government. As I say, he was the only one I knew on the plane. I said, "Who's in charge, Gene?" He said, "I don't know. I thought you were in charge." I said, "Well, nobody else here is making the claim. Why don't we split the leadership?" It was one of those silly things.

We took off at night, and we were going to Madrid. That's all we knew: destination Madrid. We were scheduled to arrive at Madrid, as we did, at about 5:00 a.m. Madrid time, which probably meant that we took off probably around dinner time from Washington. We landed at El Torrejon. It was just at daybreak. We had no instructions. We didn't know why we were going to Madrid, particularly. They put the gangplank up, and who did I see? Down at the foot of plane was an air force colonel that I knew. The minute that he spotted me--I was the first one off the plane--he said, "I suspected this was a VIP plane coming in, Joe." Who was it? It had been Kennedy's pilot for *Air Force*

Laitin -- II -- 11

One, who then also continued as the pilot. He was the one that flew the plane with the coffin back from Dallas, you know, with LBJ aboard. His name escapes me at the moment. Oh, it was Colonel [James] Swindal. He had been treated rather badly by LBJ, I thought. He continued as the chief pilot with Cross as the co-pilot. Jim Cross was LBJ's boy.

G: He was there to greet you, is that right?

L: Yes, he was the commander of the MATS, the Military Air Transport base, at El Torrejon. He told me he saw the cables about this plane coming in from Washington, and nobody could figure out, "Was this just another plane?" But he said there was something about it that made him feel that this was an important mission so he decided to come out and meet the plane himself. When the door opened, he saw me and knew right away that he'd done the right thing. Now he was relegated [to El Torrejon]. He was still a colonel. He never got a star as far as I know. Now why LBJ did this to him instead of handing him a star [I don't know]. I'm sure it would have been just as easy. Look what he did for Jim Cross later. This guy had been and was one hell of a pilot.

One of the people on the plane was a fellow, a young kid from Texas, one of the new kids that had come up there. He was a young lawyer who really was a nice kid but he didn't know very much. He was the kind of kid that would sit around the breakfast table at the White House Mess and somebody would talk about NATO, and he'd ask what NATO was.

G: Who was it? Do you remember the name?

L: If you mentioned the name, I might, but I just can't. He was a young lawyer from down in Texas. He was the guy, I think, that used to mark up the *Congressional Record* every day. He'd get up at five o'clock in the morning and mark that up. At any rate, he and Gene Foley and I and a Secret Service man named Ned Hall--no, it was not Ned Hall; it was Ernie Olsson. I believe he is now an inspector in the Secret Service. That's right, it

Laitin -- II -- 12

was Ernie Olsson. Well, I think that it was either Ned Hall or Ernie Olsson. Both of them are now inspectors.

We were taken into Colonel Swindal's quarters. I forget whether there were any orders for us waiting there. There was some secret order that came in with orders for us to contact *Air Force One*, which at that time was somewhere over Pakistan. The mechanism started moving. This is one thing the military is very good at and that's communications. We contacted *Air Force One* and Marvin Watson's voice came through. His instructions were, first of all, that Gene Foley was in charge, that Foley, the Secret Service agent, and the other fellow, whose name I can't remember, were to proceed to Rome immediately, but to do so by civilian transportation. They were to go to Rome and not to make their presence there known to the Embassy, but to let *Air Force One* know through military communications in Madrid, to call back and let them know what hotel they were at. I was to remain in Madrid. I don't know what the reasoning was. I was terribly hurt by this. There might have been a good reason for it, I don't know. As it turned out there was a support mission from Madrid later. Maybe that's what I was to be left there for, I don't know.

However, then came the problem of how we get to Rome. Well, we found out there was a Venezuelan airline leaving from the civilian airport in Madrid that was stopping at Milan and then Rome. The question of how we pay for the transportation then came up. Gene Foley, who as I said was with a subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum, said he had an air travel card, and he could put the tickets on that. Then Colonel Swindal said, "Okay, let me have your passports." Well, it turned out that this young lawyer had not brought a passport with him. Colonel Swindal said, "Look, we cannot let you off the air base. It's okay for you to come here without a passport, but it's against the regulations to let anyone without a passport off here." So Gene Foley made a command decision based partly on the fact that I think he and I had hit it off well together, the fact that he

Laitin -- II -- 13

felt I was a better contact. He's quite an operator, Gene Foley. Gene Foley says, "Okay, if he can't go, Laitin, you come with me."

So we went over there and he paid for the tickets on this Venezuelan airliner for the three of us. Interestingly enough, Gene Foley was cautious enough when he checked in to make sure that it was an American built aircraft, [a] DC-8. Incidentally, that's something that I would do today, having spent a year and a half at the Federal Aviation Administration, but at that time it wouldn't have occurred to me. I figure you're taking your life in your hands getting on board a plane flown by a Venezuelan anyway, you know. But at any rate the plane came along. We got on there. We made a stopover in Milan and then to Rome. We got to Rome about four o'clock in the afternoon.

This business of being anonymous was kind of ridiculous. First of all, the Secret Service agent had a State Department passport and I had White House tags on my bags, which none of us had stopped to think about. This is the way we arrived, three secret agents in--what's the name of that airport in Rome? Four o'clock at that time of the year gets dark very early. It was beginning to get dark about four o'clock. Then we had to negotiate to get a cab and also find a hotel and none of us spoke Italian. So here were the three of us trying to negotiate with these taxi drivers, all of whom wanted our business. They figured, "Here are three American tourists and nothing but money." They could get a cut from the hotel, you know, the whole schmeer.

We finally got one guy that could speak a little English. We explained to him we wanted to go to a hotel, but not the best hotel, but where they understood some English and not too far away from the American Embassy. So he took us to this place. Actually, it was quite a nice old hotel, the name of which I forget at the moment. It had high ceilings, the sort of place that I love to stay at, but somehow always wind up at the local Hilton. It was one of the real old hotels, where the elevators are caged in the lobby. We came in and the clerk did speak some English. We told him we wanted to rent a car for

Laitin -- II -- 14

the evening with a driver, and we wanted a driver who could speak English and do the town. A little while later he said okay, but the only one available who could speak English, his car did not have a heater in it. It was cold as hell there. We said, "Okay, that's fine."

So the guy came around. Here were three healthy-looking males who got in the car. We said, "We just wanted to see all the interesting spots but without getting out of the car." For instance, we wanted to see the Vatican. Obviously we couldn't get into anything. We wanted to see the President's house and so forth. What we were doing was an advance, you see. We wanted to sort of case the place. This guy couldn't [understand this]. He says, "But you can't get in. You can't see anything." We said, "We're only in town for the night on business. We have to leave in the morning, and this is the best we could do. We knew this, but we appreciated"-- Well, you can imagine this Italian who spoke what passed for English. You know, it was a little broken. He was obviously a tourist driver. All evening long he'd say, "Let me take you to a nightclub." We said, "No, we really had no time." He said, "Well, I know some beautiful girls." He couldn't understand our lack of interest in these other activities because he had never encountered a situation like this. He felt he had three damn fool idiots, their one night in Rome, and here we were with no heater in the car, it was cold as hell, and we were going out to that broad--what do you call it in front of the Vatican?--that big arch. We get out, and here's a Secret Service agent saying, "Now, a helicopter could land over here, and we could go over here, and then we would go to the President's palace." This guy to this day probably can't figure [us] out. We were probably his three craziest customers.

At any rate, we get back to the hotel. It was very embarrassing; we were going up to the room in this cage elevator. Halfway up the elevator got stuck, and we had to ring the alarm bell. Here were the three people who were supposed to be there anonymously and everybody scurrying about; you know. We finally got the thing going. They brought

Laitin -- II -- 15

it down to the ground level. The crowd was gathered there. Among the crowd somebody comes up to this agent and identifies himself. Who is it? It's another Secret Service agent. It's the Secret Service agent in charge of the Paris office where the Secret Service maintains their European headquarters for counterfeiting and all that sort of thing. He puts out his hand and says, "What are you doing here?" to the guy that's in our party.

G: Did he know him?

L: Oh yes, sure. The other fellow says to him, "What are you doing here?" He says, "Well, I'll tell you. Can I talk in front of these guys?" So we went up to the room. The guy in Paris showed us a newspaper clipping from an Italian newspaper. It said that there was talk in Paris that the President might come to Rome. So he said, "I kept calling the White House and calling Secret Service headquarters back in Washington. I just got doubletalk from them so I decided that I had some legitimate business down in Rome. There was an accumulation of counterfeiting cases down here. That's what I'm doing here. I'm just here. I figured if there was any truth to this rumor that I'd be here, and then I find you." So our agent said, "Now, you remember this is actually confidential. You must not reveal our presence here, not even to the American ambassador. We've got specific instructions from the President not to reveal our presence."

The next day the Secret Service agent from Paris comes in and says, "Listen, this is putting me in a very awkward spot. I depend on the Ambassador here in the Embassy for cooperation. We have a very important relationship here. If he finds out later that I knew you were here and didn't tell anything to him, it's going to be awfully embarrassing to me. Can't I just sort of tell him a little bit about it?" He said, "Absolutely no." "Well, I'll tell you another thing," he says, "I met with the head of the Italian gendarmerie here. We discussed, 'Have you heard about the rumor that the President is coming here?'" This was the Paris agent. "He's the man I do business with all the time on counterfeiting, gold traffic and all the rest of them. So this head of the Italian gendarmes said, 'Did you see

Laitin -- II -- 16

that rumor about the President being here? Can you tell us anything about it?' I told him [that] no, I didn't know anything more than he did. He says, 'Well, on Christmas Eve I'm keeping all the police on duty. Christmas is a very important holiday here. We usually only have a skeleton force. They all like to be home with the family. If I keep this force on and the President doesn't come here, it's going to create a lot of problems for us.'"

So the Paris agent said he was getting very concerned because if it turned out that the President wasn't coming [it would be difficult for him]. You see, we had no idea whether he was coming or not, because there were big problems which I'll go into in just a minute. This Paris agent says, "If the President doesn't come here and he holds the whole police force on Christmas Eve"--the day before Christmas it was--"and then he later discovers I knew about this and I was involved, I could forget about cooperation from the Italian police." He was really getting nervous.

Anyway, we weren't supposed to leave the hotel but we were getting cabin fever. We asked this agent if there was a nice restaurant we could go out to that wasn't far from there where we wouldn't be recognized. So he said yes, there was a place there that he could recommend. It was right off the Via Veneto. So we began walking there for lunch. We rounded a corner, and this agent that was with us bumps into a girl. It was really a big bump and I think he knocked her down. She picked herself up and she said, "Ernie!" And they knew each other. They stopped to talk for a few minutes. I said, "Who was that?" He said, "She's with the CIA." I said, "For Christ's sake, they were tipped off when we arrived at the airport. They're watching us and wondering what the hell we're doing." They call the CIA CAS. That's the Secret Service's code name for the CIA, CAS. Don't ask me why. So I'm beginning to feel like I'm participating in comic opera or a Marx Brothers' movie.

G: Let me get this straight, the CIA really was watching you?

Laitin -- II -- 17

L: I suspected as much. We were so conspicuous at the airport. They must have their informers at the airport. They obviously wouldn't be a CIA agent stationed there. They must have had their informers there, and one of their informers must have picked up this little incident when we were negotiating with the cab drivers. We looked like a strange trio. Also, [they might have learned through] customs and the agent with the White House tags. Someone must have reported the White House tags, the State Department passport and all that sort of thing. I have no way of knowing but this is quite a coincidence, his bumping into a CIA agent. He says, "We were both on some South American presidential trip." He swore her to secrecy. I said, "This is getting to be a little bit ridiculous, don't you think?"

We were now in contact with *Air Force One*. This is another aspect of the comic opera side of it. We established contact by phone with *Air Force One* winging its way toward Rome. All of this was super secret. We still had not contacted the American Embassy, but Gene Foley is having telephone contact with the Vatican. So the Vatican knows we're in Rome, but the American Embassy doesn't. Then that night Gene Foley arranged to have dinner with the monsignor, whose name I forget at the moment. He was the monsignor very much identified with--

G: [Paul C.] Marcinkus.

L: Marcinkus. First, he invited me to go along and then he disinvited me. I don't know exactly why all this secrecy you see. It wasn't until later that I found out that all overseas calls--these were going through Frankfurt, as I recall--were handled by the Italian Post Office and the Italian Post Office was controlled by the Italian communists. All of these calls were going through the Italian Post Office where all of these communists were, and the conversation of course was available to them. I'm sure they were listening in on everything. One of the things that we were afraid of, you see, in the planning of the Secret Service and all of that, was to avoid demonstrations against LBJ because of the

Laitin -- II -- 18

Vietnam War. The only thing that we were banking on was that all the Italian communists, being Italians first, would rather be home spending Christmas with the family instead of out demonstrating, which is the way they are.

At any rate, with the Christmas traffic, the Secret Service agent decided it would be absolutely impossible to move around Rome by car. So he was picking out landing places that first night we were out. [We were] looking for landing sites for helicopters. The Presidential Palace, for instance, in town, he decided was just too close a shave for a helicopter to come, although we did negotiate through the Embassy later for the Italian president to just happen to be at the Winter Palace, which is in the suburbs. There was a place out in the suburbs where there was also a presidential palace, and because he "happened" to be out there that day, the President would go there so it wouldn't look as though they were there because of security reasons.

Anyway, at some point during this couple of days--and everything was kind of tossed up because you slept and cat-napped; somebody had to be awake in the suite of rooms we were sharing together to hear the phone ring--we made contact with the Embassy and announced our presence. We met in the Ambassador's office. He was not very happy to see us. This was [G. Frederick] Reinhardt. He was a career man, the Ambassador. Freddie Reinhardt I think was his name. As it happened, I discovered then that in the time we had been in Rome, somebody at the White House was trying to get hold of me. I don't know whether it was the presidential party or what; I really don't know. Something slipped somewhere, because the White House operator was calling the Ambassador to ask if he knew where Mr. Laitin was. It would be three o'clock in the morning, so it would be his hot line alongside of his bed. So here he was being called at three o'clock in the morning, asking where Mr. Laitin was. He didn't know who Mr. Laitin was or where he was, and didn't much care. They didn't know what hotel we were at, apparently. The coordination between them and *Air Force One* was not very good.

Laitin -- II -- 19

We were only dealing with *Air Force One*, not the White House. When I showed up there and was introduced to him, "This is Mr. Laitin," I got less than a hearty handshake, as I recall.

G: This was really the first he had been informed of your presence, is that right?

L: Yes.

G: When were you told to make contact with the Embassy? Was this *Air Force One* that told you to do this?

L: Yes, that's right. Meanwhile, we had been negotiating with the Vatican. Incidentally, part of the negotiations we were having with the Vatican, with Marcinkus, who told us the Pope would be delighted to see the President, but he had one small favor to ask and that was would he also see the President of Italy while he was there? LBJ didn't want to see the President of Italy. He had no business with him. He wanted to see the Pope and get his blessing for Vietnam, basically. That's what it was. [He wanted to come] on Christmas Eve and [be] photographed with the Pope, which would be an implied blessing. But they were making this simple request, "After all, we have to live here," in effect. LBJ didn't want to waste the time seeing the President of Italy. The press was speculating as to what all the problems were. The stories, if you go back and look at them, as I recall were that the Pope was an old man, and he would only see him in the afternoon, whereas he was arriving at night, and the Pope would be fatigued and it might be eleven o'clock at night. That wasn't it at all. They said, "We'll see the President anytime he comes here, even at two o'clock in the morning, but please see the President of Italy first." We had to convince the President that they meant business. They made it quite clear to us at the Vatican that they would not receive President Johnson unless he saw the President of Italy.

G: Did Mr. Foley explain this to Marvin Watson over the phone?

L: Sure. And the Italian communists were listening to this whole thing at the Post Office.

Laitin -- II -- 20

G: Did they ever get on with LBJ directly? Did Foley ever talk to the President directly?

L: I don't know whether the President himself ever got on. Marvin Watson was the point of contact on the plane, as I recall.

G: You all were to inform the Ambassador of the President's coming, is that right, when you met with him?

L: We were then to inform [the Ambassador and] to make the regular arrangements. By the time we went to see the President [Ambassador?], we had gotten the okay from *Air Force One* to see the President [of Italy] but, "Let's not waste too much time," in effect. So then we went to see the Ambassador. We laid out the whole thing and talked. Reinhardt was in a state of considerable agitation. It was the middle of the afternoon, toward late afternoon. I remember there were some requirements we had, and he said, "Look, will somebody explain to the President that coming to see the Pope and the President of Italy on a stopover is not quite the same as stopping over at Las Vegas on your way from Washington to Los Angeles." I thought that was a bit much, although looking back I can understand that exasperation. "Mr. Ambassador, would you like to explain that to the President yourself? I can arrange it." We finally got the preliminary plans worked out. You see, we had to work through him. We had no contact with the President [of Italy]. That's why we had to make our presence known. We were dealing with the Vatican. We could not deal with the President.

G: Of Italy, you mean?

L: Yes, of Italy. Now he had to carry all this. Meanwhile, here's this 707, you see, at six hundred miles an hour heading toward Rome but no plans for stopping there. They were prepared to bypass Rome and go right on to Madrid to refuel. When I talked to some of the correspondents later who were on the Pan American press plane that was accompanying him, they were trying to guess as they were flying over the Mediterranean where they were going. They were flying sort of toward Rome, over the Mediterranean,

Laitin -- II -- 21

following the lines of the northern coast of Africa. At that time, do you remember the man named [Louis] Washkansky, the first heart transplant of Dr. Christiaan Barnard, had just died? So they started a pool among the reporters on the press plane that they were going to the funeral of Washkansky in South Africa, in Johannesburg. That's how ridiculous [it was], and they really thought that's where they might be going.

Anyway, we called a little recess there, a break for an hour, so the Ambassador could get on the phone and start things going to let the President of Italy know that the President of the United States was coming, and could he receive him? So we decided to call a recess for an hour, hour and a half. The Ambassador--I remember that marvelous office of his in that old building, the Embassy. No wonder people like to be ambassador to Rome. It was a five-hundred-year-old building with the paintings and the mosaics, just beautiful. Well anyway, I turned to the Deputy Chief of Missions, whose name I can't remember, and I said, "Look, I've got an hour and a half to kill, could you tell me where I could find--" "She's not in Italy at the moment." I said, "How do you know who I was going to ask for?" He said, "All you fellows from the White House always ask for the same person when you come here." This was a little girl that had once worked in the press office in the White House. Now she was the assistant press secretary in the Embassy of Rome, which really didn't need an assistant press secretary. I must say that I was rather amused at this incident, because as it turned out she was back in the United States--a girl named Nancy, for the sake of the record.

At any rate, the Ambassador resumed this session an hour and a half later. Things were getting more and more intense. Finally the Ambassador said, "I've got to go to this formal reception and get into black tie. The Italian Foreign Minister will be there. This will be an excellent opportunity for me at this banquet for me to discuss the details and to explain the strange situation we're in. I will call you later on," and so forth. Well, he worked out all the arrangements. I don't know why, but LBJ was very unhappy with this

Laitin -- II -- 22

ambassador and later in effect fired him. I don't think he deserved it. Although I must say that even with hindsight he could have realized that this was just one of those things. The President wants it, you damn well better do it. But the career people in the State Department are that way. They don't like to be hustled. I've found that in my advance work overseas. I think he could have taken that in stride, but he didn't. But he was a very good ambassador, I think.

At any rate, the President did land that night. I did not go out there. He landed at the military field. The press plane landed at the civilian field.

G: He took a helicopter from [the field?]

L: Yes. Meantime there is one thing that I skimmed over. I was getting calls from this Colonel Swindal from Madrid because he was told to get the helicopters--they had no helicopters, you see--into Rome. But there was a heavy fog that morning and they were flying the helicopters in one of these big planes, dismantled. It was touch and go for a while as to whether the helicopters could make it. As it turned out, they got one of the helicopters in or maybe two, and then put it together at the airport. The American military pilot had never flown over Rome before, and here he was flying the thing at night.

G: I heard they got a city map or something to use.

L: That's correct. They got a city map and the thing was as haphazard--I remember at some point turning to a Secret Service agent that had one of these little Motorola things in his hand. In all this excitement I said, "Where's all this vaunted communications that the President of the United States always has at his disposal?" In case of atomic attack he's got all these gadgets--

(Interruption)

I asked this agent, I think it was Clint Hill that I referred to earlier, and he held up that little Motorola in his hand, and he says, "This is the principal link of communications to

Laitin -- II -- 23

the President of the United States right now, and the battery is running low." Anyway, the mechanics were putting this helicopter together, the city map, the whole thing. It's just fantastic when I think back on the thing.

G: I was under the impression that they borrowed a helicopter from somebody in Rome, either the Embassy or someone.

L: You'd better check on that because when it was all said and done I'm not sure they actually used that at the last minute, because the guy had never flown over Rome before. The Secret Service talked him out of using it and borrowed it from somebody else. You'll have to check on that. It's a pity, at the time I could have very easily established some of those facts.

G: That's just incidental.

L: One thing that isn't so incidental is that the instructions that I got from Marvin Watson from *Air Force One*, when it was determined that they were coming to Rome, is that on direct orders from the President, I was to do nothing to set up communication facilities for the press, which of course was my main function for having been there. But this also might have been the reason why, you recall, when we were in Madrid, that I was told to stay behind. But here I was in Rome, so they had to tell me. He was very explicit about this. The President said I was to do nothing to arrange for communications for the American press accompanying the President. Now I had a problem. I was officially now the press advance man on this. I had my reputation at stake. The timing, if you recall when they came in, it was the night in Rome of December 24. I forget what day of the week it was, but all I know is that the East Coast morning papers, at the time of the visit with the Pope, would be actually on deadline and the time of departure where minutes would count. So I had to make some decisions. Here I was, just short of direct orders from the President of the United States, transmitted only through a man I knew to be his trusted lieutenant, whose voice I recognized on the air--

Laitin -- II -- 24

G: This was Marvin Watson?

L: Marvin Watson--on this weak telephone circuit. Incidentally, George Christian, I recall, was on board the plane. So was Tom Johnson. None of this came through either one of them. This came through Marvin Watson. I don't know whether either one of those two were aware of this. What do I do? I was dealing with a man who is now the press officer of the United States Supreme Court right here in Washington. At that time he was the press attaché in the Italian Embassy. I can't think of his name at the moment but I will in a minute. He asked me what should he do. He was taking orders from me. So I said to him, "Look, I have absolutely no authority, but if I were you I would call the equivalent of the Italian President's press secretary or the Foreign Ministry's secretary"--whoever he was dealing with--"and tell him that the *crème de la crème* of the American press was accompanying the President of the United States on this trip." In his own tactful way he could tell them the jokes the American press often tell about Italian inefficiency and so forth and so on. Now here was a great opportunity for the Italian Ministry to show how efficient the Italians could be, and that everybody would be on deadline. If he could set up a room for communications at the civilian airport, it would make quite an impression on the American correspondents. But he was not requesting him to do it; it would be on his own initiative. As far as the American press was concerned and the White House, we didn't care. The communications were not that important. But if he was willing to do it on his own, he would informally tell them that this would be quite a public relations stunt for the Italian government. If he decided to go ahead with it, here is what the American press would require and would be most useful to them. I gave him the list of the telex machines, how many telephones, *et cetera*, with the operators who could speak English, you know, dual language, the room there, and the set-up. And if he could have one room there and if they could have available some good Italian wine and some whiskey, this wouldn't hurt either.

Laitin -- II -- 25

I must say this for the Italian ministry, they did a beautiful job. I don't know who he is to this day, but he really laid it on. So that when the press plane, it was a Pan American 707, landed at the civilian airport, the speed of communications was much more sensitive because of the time and Christmas coming and so forth. For some reason I keep thinking that these communications were necessary for Max Frankel, who was on the trip, to make the Sunday paper. I remember that very [well]. Without this set-up he could not have made the Sunday paper.

Then another thing that I was concerned about--it turned out that my anticipation was correct--there were a lot of tourists who were there who were calling home, the pre-Christmas calls, you know. If the American press and the White House press had tied that up, it would have done a lot of damage in stories later about how these people could not call home because the White House press had monopolized the few phones available at the airport. As it was, the communications worked beautifully. The press thought that I had done a great job, and, by God, the White House was really on the ball. I never did hear from Marvin Watson about this because as far as they were concerned--you see, they never came to the civilian airport. So they never knew how all [this was arranged]. The press on that trip told me that the press arrangements there at the airport were the best for any part of the round-the-world trip. To this day I do not know why the President ordered no communication facilities for these guys.

What else can I tell you about Rome? The only thing I can tell you is when I checked out of the hotel it was all so hectic, the hotel guy said, "Who's going to pay the bill?" I said, "Send it to the Embassy." As I walked out the Secret Service agent that I had come with, Ernie Olsson, called me over and he said, "Do me a favor. The Italian Police are getting very antsy about the fact that they've discovered some of the Secret Service agents are carrying guns. They may make an issue of this." He said, "Would you mind taking my gun on out to the plane, because they will not check there, but they will

Laitin -- II -- 26

check with the people over here, and they'll want to get something on us just to make an issue of it. I don't know what arrangements the other fellows are making, but will you take this and give it to me in Washington?" So I took this guy's weapon and put it in my coat without even stopping to think, what if I got caught with this thing?

I was out at the airport, and all this time I was lugging this heavy weapon around with me while I was making sure everything was going fine at the airport. Then I suddenly realized, "How do I get home?" Now mind you, I could go to the Embassy. I had taken the precaution of checking out of the hotel with my bag and telling them to send the bill to the Embassy. When I went out there while all this was going on, I went I guess it was to George Christian. I said, "Look, how about letting me go aboard the press plane?" Because I was trying to get home for Christmas. They were so loaded on there it was like a flying barroom anyway by this time. They'd been all around the world. These guys were all just beat, and everybody there was kind of wondering if they were going to get home for Christmas Eve, you know, families and all that stuff. They were all punchy. Anyway, George--with whom I always got along very well, and of course Tom was there--[said,] "Christ, what's one more passenger, come on." After all, I was one of them from my days in the White House.

G: Were they on the press plane, too?

L: Yes. When you say they, one of them was on board the press plane, whether it was Tom or George [I don't remember]. One of them was on board *Air Force One* and one of them was on the press plane, maybe George, I forget. There was some representative--Jiggs [Edwin M.] Fauvel, who was head of the transportation unit in the White House, was certainly on board. I just have a vague recollection. I remember some of the people on board from the press, the photographers and all that. It was quite a bunch. Anyway, the pilot of the Pan Am plane was Doug [Moody]. Pan Am was very good at this sort of public relations. They always assigned the same pilot and very often

Laitin -- II -- 27

the same hostess to the press plane. He was the fellow that was in charge of the press plane in Dallas when Kennedy was assassinated. He was a very good pilot, Doug Moody. I should think that might be part of the oral history sometime. Down in Dallas, Colonel Swindal could not find his co-pilot. He asked Doug Moody if he would fly co-pilot on 26000, which was the tail number of *Air Force One*. It was quite a tribute to Doug Moody that Swindal would ask him. Whether he actually did it or not, or if the co-pilot showed up at the last minute or not, I don't know, but he did ask him. Moody was on so many of these trips that he would be a valuable source of information. I understand that he has recently retired.

G: So you got on the press plane.

L: I got on the press plane just as a Secret Service agent came on the plane. He came up to me and said, "Do you have Ernie's weapon?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You'd better let me have it." I gave it to him, and that was the last I saw of it. So we took off. The last thing I did before I got on the plane [was to telephone my wife]. The White House had set up a direct line at the airport, as they always do, thinking the President might come there, so I picked up the phone. That's one of the nice things about traveling with the President, everywhere you go there's always a White House phone available to you. You can pick it up and somebody answers, "The White House," and you say, "Let me talk to my wife."

I called my wife, and she said, "Where are you?" I said, "I'm in Rome." She said, "What will I do about this party?" I said, "I'm coming home. I'll be home in ten hours." By this time it was midnight in Rome. She told me that a couple of times she had called the White House switchboard and she said, "I'd like to know where my husband is?" There would be a pause and they'd come back--it was the military. There were two switchboards at the White House, the civilian board and the signal board, which is the military board. She would call the military board. They would come back and say, "I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Laitin. We can't tell you. We can tell you he's alive and well."

Laitin -- II -- 28

Anyway, we got on board this plane. I had known Doug Moody when I used to be in charge of the press plane when I was the press officer. He called me up front at one point and he knew I was on board. He said, "Joe, I remember you told me you were married to a French woman, a Parisienne." I said, "That's right." He said, "I'd thought you'd like to see what Paris looked like at two in the morning, from forty thousand feet." I said to him, "What are we doing over Paris flying from Rome to Washington?" He said, "Didn't they tell you, those feather merchants back there? Before we left they all got together before you got on the plane. They all voted to stop off at Shannon at four in the morning to do their Christmas shopping. We're heading for Shannon." We put down at Shannon. We'd radioed ahead, and they kept the store open at the airport at Shannon, at four o'clock in the morning, for one hour. We cleaned that place out. We must have left a hundred thousand dollars there, just cleaned out that place. And that 707 waddled down that runway. Not only did it take us a couple of extra hours to go out of the way, maybe it was an hour and a half we'd stopped there.

We took off. Everybody by this time is not only punchy but drunk. So we landed at Andrews around noontime. I'll never forget, the customs guy came in, and he said, "Oh hell, don't declare anything." Everybody sort of lurched off the plane. I got home about--no, *now* it is December 24; it was December 23 before, even allowing for the seven-hour difference. That's right, it's December 24 now. I got home about two or three o'clock in the afternoon as I recall. I stretched out to try and get about three hours of sleep. Then it was an early Christmas dinner. The friends started arriving about six o'clock. I made the party. So much for the Rome trip.

G: Did you ever see the President while he was in Rome?

L: I never did see the President while I was in Rome. In our negotiating, by the way, before he came--Yoichi Okamoto was the President's personal photographer, who I knew quite well, of course--I said, "Now at some point over here when the President's with the Pope,

Laitin -- II -- 29

could we possibly--we know that the Pope has his photographers in the Vatican--have the President's photographer accompany him?" I forget, this Marcinkus says, "We would insist on it. You know, the Pope's photographer is getting to be a scandal. He's charging so much for his photographs, and we're being accused of the fact that he has a monopoly and so forth. We'd rather get a little competition from the President's photographer." This is in a way related to the incident, the meeting in New York, which I'll go into another time.

But no, I never did see the President, to the best of my recollection, during that period in Rome. It gets a little fuzzy. No, I did not see him. I'm pretty sure I did not see him.

G: That's a fascinating story though.

L: Just as a postscript, two months later I got a call from Chalmers Roberts, who is one of the more distinguished reporters in Washington, on the *Washington Post*. [He] called me about something he'd heard that happened in Rome during this period. It was one of the things that I had mentioned in the course of our tape recording. I forget exactly what it was. I rather suspected it was the problem with the fact that LBJ didn't want to see the President of Italy. That could be checked with the article. I told Roberts, "You know, that's a story that really ought to be told and never was. I'd be glad to tell it to you. But you know I'm still working there, and just protect your source." I always cite this story as a case of here was a pretty sophisticated reporter. I cite this story as an example of the fact that, one, the greatest lack I find among Washington correspondents is that very few of them know how to protect their sources, including [Rowland] Evans and [Robert] Novak. I mean, if you really are sophisticated enough in the ways of Washington, by reading Evans and Novak you can figure out who all their sources are. You would think this was the thing that Washington correspondents, particularly, would be expert at.

Laitin -- II -- 30

There are very few of them who really know how to protect their sources. It's a rather sophisticated thing actually.

Anyway, one of the problems is that too many Washington correspondents are source happy. That's S-O-U-R-C-E, not S-A-U-C-E. Their editors are in part to blame. The need to hang the authority, the source, which is simply shifting the responsibility from themselves to somebody else. If the *Wall Street Journal's* reporter has some reputation, why can't he simply state this as a fact and protect his source? No, it's got to be "according to"--some clue as to where it came from. Editors become very insistent on that. I think it's just they try to duck the responsibility.

Roberts wrote this story. It got a big play in the *Washington Post*. He attributed the source to a member of the advance party in Rome. As I told you, there were three members of the advance party: Gene Foley, who was a civilian who nobody knew, and a Secret Service agent, and myself. I thought this was going to blow up. It was one of those things that somehow I got through for some reason. I forget. You want to go into something else. Do you have time?

G: Just a second.

[End of Tape 1 of 1 and Interview II]

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON LIBRARY

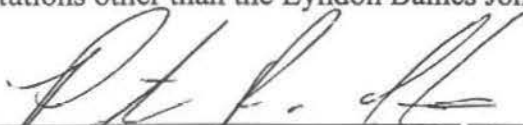

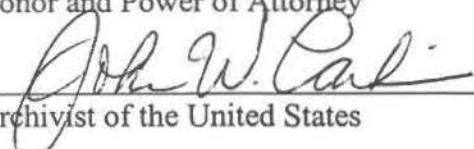
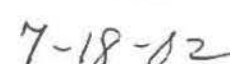
Legal Agreement Pertaining to the Oral History Interviews of

JOSEPH LAITIN

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 21 of Title 44, United States Code, and subject to the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth, I, Peter Laitin, son of Joseph Laitin, do hereby give, donate and convey to the United States of America all my rights, title, and interest in the tape recordings and transcripts of the personal interviews conducted with my father, Joseph Laitin, on February 2, 1976; and on February 12 and February 13, 1977, and prepared for deposit in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

This assignment is subject to the following terms and conditions:

- (1) The transcripts shall be available for use by researchers as soon as they have been deposited in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.
- (2) The tape recordings shall be available to those researchers who have access to the transcripts.
- (3) I hereby assign to the United States Government all copyright I may have in the interview transcripts and tape recordings.
- (4) Copies of the transcripts and the tape recordings may be provided by the Library to researchers upon request.
- (5) Copies of the transcripts and tape recordings may be deposited in or loaned to institutions other than the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

	
Donor and Power of Attorney	Date
	
Archivist of the United States	Date