

LAUTNER

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## Cheers for Lautner



I CAN'T much blame John Lautner for getting sore when his fellow communists removed his pants. It was drafty down there in that cellar in Cleveland.

Having taken his trousers, his fellow revolutionists also shucked him of his shirt, his shorts and his socks. Then they brandished blackjacks at him, as well as revolvers, butcher knives, rubber hoses and a lie-detecting machine. They said he was entirely too friendly with the FBI.

Veteran communist Lautner said he was not, either, but the bigwigs of the party who'd commandeered his pants wouldn't believe him. They threatened to kill him at the first favorable opportunity.

Then they handed him back his clothes, pulled his hat down over his eyes, hauled him to an industrial suburb in a sedan and dumped him. This was on a Saturday night in 1950.

The following Monday Mr. Lautner read in that compendium of communist manifestos, The New York Daily Worker, that he'd been expelled from the party as a traitor. This made him angrier still and Mr. Lautner went to the FBI, where he offered to tell the G-Men everything he knew about those who made the mistake of taking his pants.

FOR the last three years Mr. Lautner consequently has been working for the Justice Department, rounding up evidence against communists and testifying against them in court and before congressional committees. I met up with him when Sen. Joe McCarthy (R., Wis.) & Co. called him in to tell what he knew about Reds inside the United Nations. He knew a good deal.

Mr. Lautner turned out to be a solid-looking, sun-tanned citizen with gray hair, eyeglasses gold-rimmed on top but not on the bottom, a blue or G-Man suit,

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By Fred Othman

and a slight Hungarian accent.

He told the harrowing tale of how he'd been lured from New York communist headquarters to Cleveland for that nudist inquisition in the cellar, but he refused to say where he lived.

Seems he moves, frequently and without notice, and I can understand. He's taking no chances on the pals who want to kill him getting the chance.

I SUPPOSE it's not exactly fair to characterize Mr. Lautner as a poor man's Louie Budenz, the communist turned patriot, but his remarks concerning the dangers of communism did sound familiar. Eventually, Sens. McCarthy and Everett M. Dirksen (R., Ill.) got around to alleged communism in the United Nations. Mr. Lautner said that was an ideal place for Reds to operate. The senators asked, did he know Joel Remes?

That he did, said Mr. Lautner. He called Mr. Remes a high functionary of the party.

"Who's now working as an American civilian employe of the UN Polish delegation," added Sen. McCarthy.

The Senator went on to say that he was opening up shop at once in New York for further inquiry into Reds among the UN diplomats. He said it was odd about how he got the tip on 'em.

You doubtless remember Sen. McCarthy's inquiry into communists among the bookbinders at the Government Printing Office. He said that turned up the fact that the Federal printers, without orders from anybody or pay (except from us taxpayers), had been publishing large quantities of United Nations literature.

He looked into that, too, and he said that's when he discovered the commies in the glass-walled skyscraper of the UN. Mr. Lautner returned to the Justice Department, and if the communists will accept a suggestion from me: removing a fellow's pants may work in Russia, but it's no way to make friends and influence people here.



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