

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION
AND
PRIVACY ACTS

Subject: Alfred Sarant

File Number: 65-1664-A

Section: _____

Vol. 10

Serials: 1A93 - 1A95



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

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FILE DESCRIPTION
ALBANY FILE

SUBJECT SARANT

FILE NO. 65-1664A

VOLUME NO. 10

SERIALS 1993

THRU

1995

U. S. Department of Justice

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INVESTIGATION

Serial File Number

Serial No. 65-1664

65-1664-A
 Volume Number 10
 Serial 1495
 5-1495

65-1664 ^A

ALFRED SARRANT

ESP

7/20/50 65-1664-1A93 Microwave Transmission Design Data Book marked
Confidential #4964 "Sperry" (Red leather cover)
1A94 14 miscellaneous photos.
1A95 1 five page letter dated 10/4/49 signed "Batch",
(Betty Sanders)

65-1664A-114

SEARCHED
SERIALIZED
JAN 1950
FBI - ALBANY

Date Received 7-20-50

From A. Sargent
(Name of contributor)

St. Louis
(Address of contributor)

By _____
(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes ()
No ()

Description:
1 "Microscopic Transmission Design Book marked confidential
4964 - "Sperry"

File No. 65-1667-~~100~~ 182 (2) 1A93

72050
8
[Handwritten signature]

Date Received 7-20-50

From A. Sarant
(Name of contributor)

Albany Ky
(Address of contributor)

By _____
(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes ()
No ()

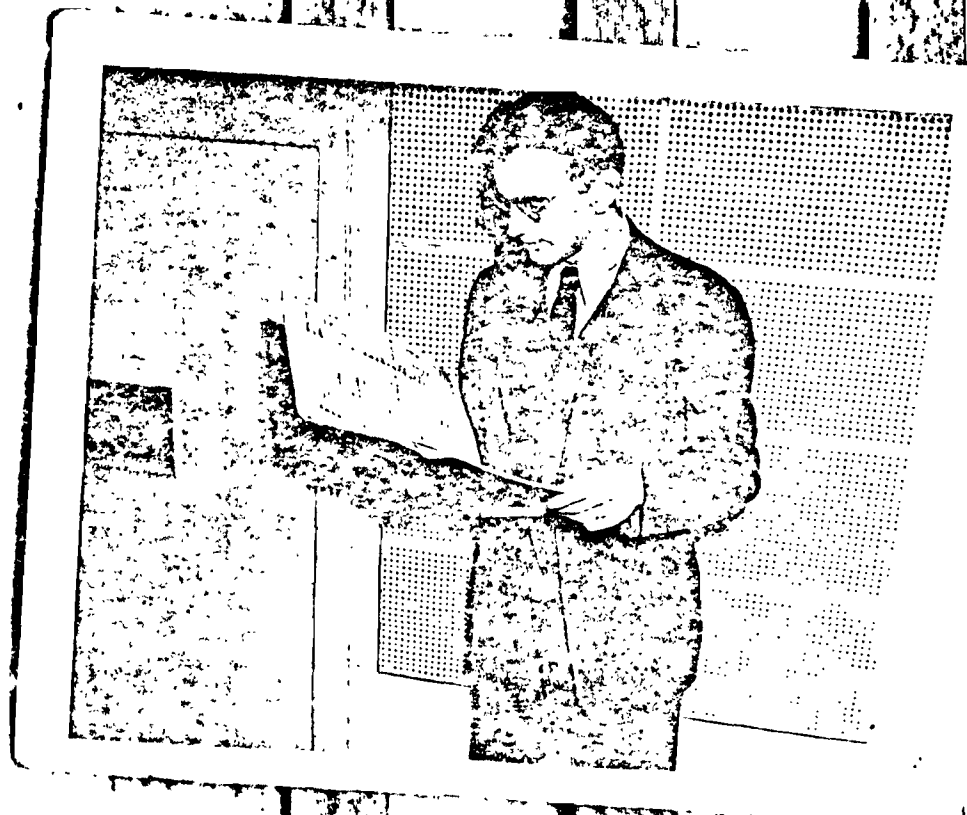
Description:

14 photos

File No. 65-1664 ~~115-1664~~ ~~115-1664~~

1A94

7-20-50
#9



EARL ROBINSON

CREDIT MUST BE GIVEN:

NYA 2123-6 CHIC WORKSHOP

(National Youth Administration for New York City)
265 West 14th Street, N. Y. C.

Subject: *Balleffo Americans*

Location: *Podw Workshop*

Date:

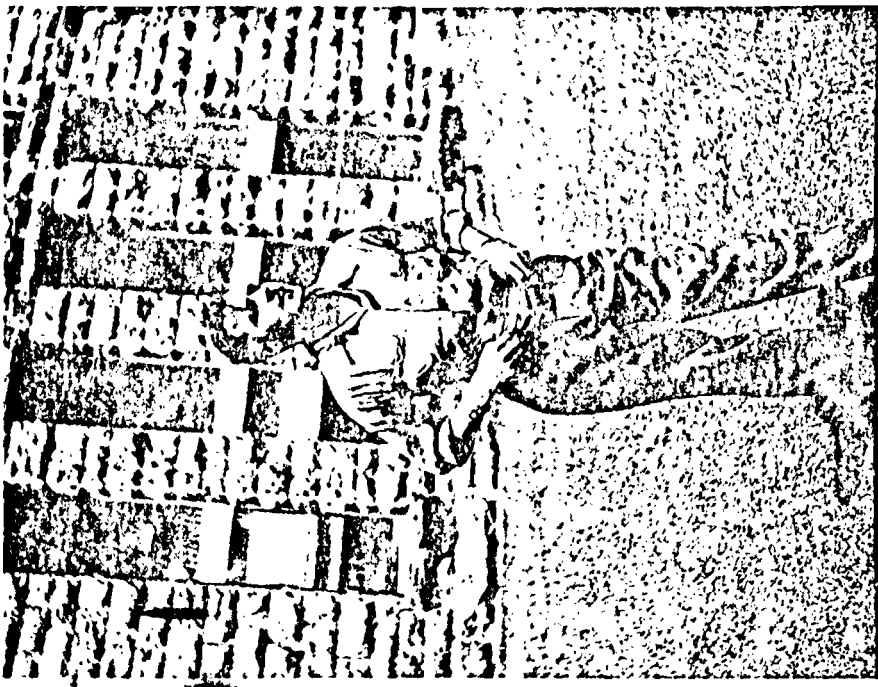
File # *2123-6*

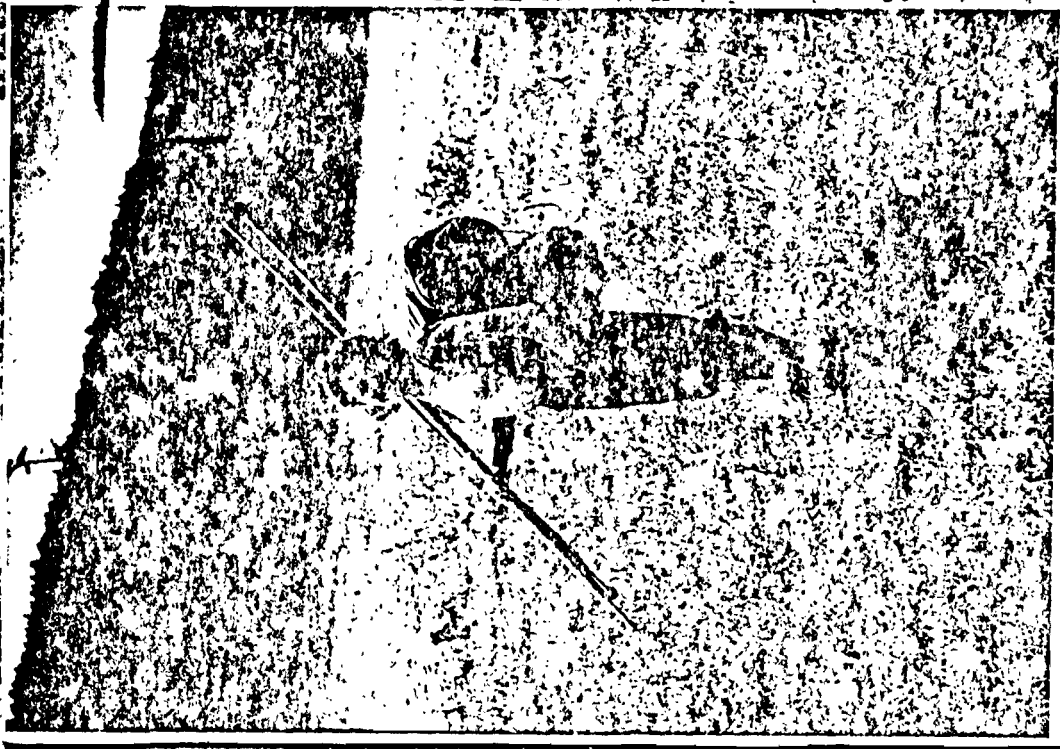
Photographers:

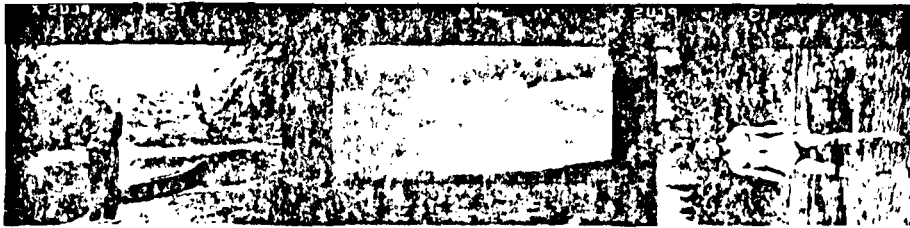
Engle
65-1664-1094





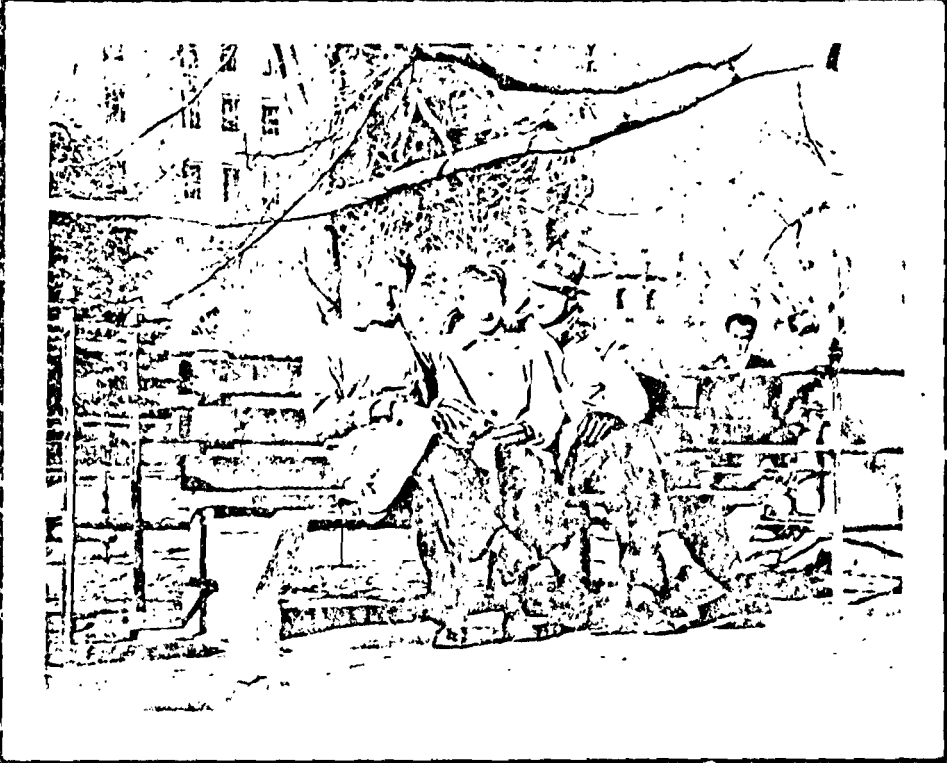












MAX FINE STONE

1W NY

65-1604-1A94

Date Received 7-20-50

From A. Sarant
(Name of contributor)

Shuca Ny
(Address of contributor)

By _____
(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes ()
No ()

Description:

1-5 page letter dated 10-4-49 signed "Batch" # 14
(Betty Sanders)

File No. 65-11664

~~119 (7)~~
1195

7/25/50

Oct 4 - 1949

Dearest Pussycat



Before you throw up at the note paper - be happy that this will be a long & exciting letter. Perhaps if I hadn't been given this about 15 minutes ago by a horrible young wives organization I wouldn't have had the final impetus to put all this on paper. The gold flicks are hard on the eyes, and so I've just passed to put on my glasses. Hope I last as long as the stories!

Starting somewhere with Peckskill number one, before which I was busy and lonely and not making any money. People's Artists presented the concert. About forty young boys were asked to go up a little early to usher & be tough in case of a little trouble. The concert area was a wide field the only entrance of which was a dirt road. About a hundred

odd girls, women & kids got in early for
some reason or other & then the forty guys
(including my brother). Very shortly
thereafter a large group of 3 or 4 hundred
organized "veterans groups" blocked the
road, forbade anyone else to enter &
tried to attack those already in. They
burned a cross, threw the music in the
fire, broke up hundreds of chairs for
which we are being sued and then started
an organized battle to attack those
already in the concert area. Those forty
boys of ours held the road for two &
a half hours against the four hundred
guys who came prepared with rocks,
bats & broken bottles. Our guys stood
seven abreast with left linked arms to
hold the road. When the first line couldn't
take anymore, they'd fall back & the next
would step in. In the meantime,



thousands of cars were jammed up on the road from Perkskill, Roberson never got there though he wanted to proceed on foot. Fortunately

Patterson stopped him. It's pretty well agreed that if those bastards had seen him Paul would have been murdered. And it is also fact that they (and I mean the many "theys" all over the country) are still trying to murder him. For two and a half hours, ~~they~~ our boys fought for their lives - and of course no sign of police. Later a couple of troopers came & broke it up. (Bobby says he'd swear with no doubt that the sheriff who came with the troopers had been swinging a bottle against us just a short while before.

It turns out that for two weeks prior to the concert, the Perkskill papers were

inciting this thing & promising that no police protection would be needed or sent. This was, of course, a go ahead signal. Among the vets orgs who participated were the American Legion, Catholic Vets, Protestant Vets and UFW + Jewish vets. Some of the Jewish vets made public but anonymous statements afterwards saying that they were shocked when they heard "Rike" as often as "nigger" screamed out. But in spite of that there was a contingent of Jewish vets participating in the second riot.

Concert no. 2 was to be a cinch. We could no longer count on police protection. But we had our own. By 10 A.M. we had 10,000 union men guarding the new concert boat. They were lined up at arms length for miles on the road & they surrounded the boat,



They were also hidden in the hills behind. This was a real battle tactic, but by noon, we knew we'd won. There were 20,000 concertgoers & 10,000 guards. The piddling 1,000 paraders with their brass band looked silly. The concert went on that afternoon and our police protection consisted of a few planes buzzing overhead to try to drown us out. But Robeson sang & he sang louder than ten planes, and the 30,000 people who screamed & applauded for him would have drowned out the whole air force.

And then we started to leave. The police held us up for an hour and a half while the hoodlums mobilized & got their boulders in position. And then they let us out. Slowly one by one, we were allowed to drive out on the dirt road. It started

immediately. There were only a thousand of them & there were several thousand troopers, militiamen, local & state police, watching & grinning, helping and occasionally clubbing a handy negro. Our discipline was just thrilling. If anyone of us had fought back, had thrown a boulder back at them or had tried to run a car into them, we'd have been shot by the police.

Boots tells a typical story of driving out in Peter's jeep which held Pete, who was driving, Josh & the two kids, Boots & Greta, Takashi & three other people. They huddled on the floor as much as possible & listened to the sickening thud of rocks on the metal sides. And then came the first crash through glass. Greta got hit on the forehead & when he looked up in a matter of a fraction of a second



she was completely covered with blood. He thought her eye was gone. Pete stopped at one of the frequent road blocks that had been conveniently set there by the police & opened the door to ask a cop where a hospital was. Without even looking at Pete he waved his billy & yelled "Move On!" There were two women who had brought beach chairs so that they could sit on the road & watch & they pointed in at Greta & laughed & slapped their thighs.

So that's the story, but multiplied by the 4,000 cars & buses. We've made thousands of heroes. All the people who drove the cars out, plus the dozens of guys who stole buses, when the drivers didn't dare (my brother again) plus those who came back again to act as ambulances.

And the stoning continued every few minutes half way in to N.Y. One bus which finally let out at 210th St, was stoned there.

I'm getting awfully tired so I'll finish briefly. Of course there were many mass meetings. And telegrams by the 10s of thousands poured in to Dewey to demand investigation. We got (People's Artists) a very frightening threatening letter from the K.K.K. thanking us "red niggers" for helping them to secure membership. Our delegations were not seen. And Dewey promised an investigation — of those who put on the concert. So that's us' and the C.R.C. for whose benefit we did it & the unions & organizations who sponsored it. So along with those people,



I will, as chairman of P.A. he called to a grand jury hearing promised some time in October. I'm afraid it's real soon because the jury was impanelled this morning.

I'm only a little scared. Somehow the thing had such tremendous impact & gives us such impetus to fight, and I have so many people with me, that all I think about is to be able to speak well enough. No indictments come at a grand jury hearing only afterwards maybe. As for me, I think I'm pretty small fry.

And on top of all this, I have fallen in love. I feel just wonderful mostly cause I can still do it. However it's another impossible "love object" and tomorrow we have our last dinner date. Can't tell

you much more because I find it
hard to write about. When I see you (when?)
I hope I won't feel sad anymore & it'll make
no more than interesting "over coffee" conversation.
But he's beautiful & warm & fun and twinkly
& you'd love him too & he loves me too really,
which makes me real happy. Some day when
we can learn to talk to each other without
wanting more, I think we'll get to be friends
again.

If for any reason you want to show the
Perkoliel story part of this letter to anyone,
you may, without this last sheet. And
within a few days, please destroy the whole
thing because I might not be able to
say all these things to the Grand Jury.
Besides which, the day might be very soon
when it would be unwise to have this in
your house.

Tonight write, I love you very much - Miss
the boys & write, when I do! (atch