

reef and I'm prepared to go down with it. If someone wants to shoot me"—Dean's head snapped up and he stared at me—"just tell me what corner to stand on and I'll be there, O.K.?"

Dean searched my face to see whether I was joking. I wasn't, and he could see that. "Well, uh," he stammered, "I don't think we've gotten *there* yet, Gordon."

"All right. But please remember what I said."

"Believe me, Gordon, I will."

Thus assured, I changed the subject. If Dean was going to be the action officer, there were some practical things he should know about how to keep on top of the investigation. Routinely, he'd be sent FBI "letterhead memoranda" summarizing the investigation. That would be way behind the actual pace. If he pressed he might get the reports sent in to FBI headquarters by the Washington and other field offices. Those, too, would be behind the investigation; nor would they tell him the direction in which the investigation was heading. When, after World War II, the courts decided in the Judith Coplon espionage case that the defense must be given access to FBI reports, the Bureau devised a way to circumvent much of the effect of the decision. Instead of the report's containing page after page of narrative, each interview was placed on a separate form, called an FD-302. Only that form was given the defense. Further, investigative leads were placed on a separate page not given the defense. When lawyers got on to that, leads and sensitive matters were put in a "cover-letter" that accompanied the report but, because not considered a part of it, were withheld from the defense and the courts. To save teletype charges, "expedite" leads were sent on a blue form that went airmail and was called an "Airtel."

I told all this to Dean and advised him to get the Airtels and FD-302s before they were combined into a report. He thanked me, then said, "Where's Hunt these days?"

"Lying low. The reporters are after him. Why?"

It was at this moment, and not later, on the telephone after talking to Ehrlichman, that Dean said: "Well, for that reason, and what you've told me [which I took to be a reference to the Ellsberg matter], I think he'd be better off out of the country. Does he have someplace he can go?"

"Most of his family's in Europe right now, as a matter of fact. He could join them, I suppose."

"Good. Have him do that. The sooner the better."

"How soon?"

"Today, if possible."

"O.K. I'll tell him as soon as I can get hold of him."

We were nearly at the northernmost 17th Street entrance to the E.O.B. now, and Dean paused, saying: "Ah, Gordon, I don't think

it's a good idea for me to be understand."

I did. The White House between itself and me as possible circumstances.

"Sure, John. But if you're more, who is?"

"It'll be someone from 170

"How'll I know him? I can

"He'll come to you and ide

I was a bit mystified, but it to get out of Dean on this or first one foot and then the other company and back into the building the way things turned out, John

Dean took my hand and shaking and, I suppose, still had told him. "It sure is a narrow crossed the corner diagonally Hunt.

With Hunt so hot I thought Company. It might be staked speculated, Hunt might be being in the papers so I devised a plan to detect surveillance. Hunt was identified myself by my open Howard to leave his office, turn Avenue, and keep on walking agreed readily.

I posted myself at the corner watch Hunt approach and checked moved toward him and we walked my principals wanted him out of

"For how long?"

"They didn't say. I guess until

"Where?"

"Your choice. I mentioned your joining them a good idea."

"Damn, I dunno, Gordon; I fugitive."

"That's the beauty of joining do in the summer. They're already thing out of that."

"Not for *The Washington Post* Magruder's . . ."

Gordon Luddy, Will

it's a good idea for me to be talking with you anymore. I hope you'll understand."

I did. The White House was trying to put as much distance between itself and me as possible. That was reasonable under the circumstances.

"Sure, John. But if you're not going to be the action officer anymore, who is?"

"It'll be someone from 1701" (the committee).

"How'll I know him? I can't talk about this to just anyone."

"He'll come to you and identify himself. You'll know him."

I was a bit mystified, but it was clear that that was all I was going to get out of Dean on this or any other subject. He was standing on first one foot and then the other in his anxiety to get out of my company and back into the building. I stuck out my hand. "Sorry about the way things turned out, John."

Dean took my hand and shook it listlessly. "Yeah," he said, head hanging and, I suppose, still absorbing the full meaning of what I had told him. "It sure is a mess." I tossed him a final salute and crossed the corner diagonally to return to my office and try to raise Hunt.

With Hunt so hot I thought it best not to go over to the Mullen Company. It might be staked out by reporters. For that matter, I speculated, Hunt might be being followed. I didn't want to end up in the papers so I devised a plan to meet him that offered a chance to detect surveillance. Hunt was in when I called a little after noon. I identified myself by my operational alias, "George," and asked Howard to leave his office, turn left on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, and keep on walking, saying that I'd intercept him. He agreed readily.

I posted myself at the corner, reading a paper, where I could watch Hunt approach and check for a tail. He appeared alone so I moved toward him and we walked south on 18th Street. I told him my principals wanted him out of the country.

"For how long?"

"They didn't say. I guess until you cool off."

"Where?"

"Your choice. I mentioned your family's abroad; they thought your joining them a good idea."

"Damn, I dunno, Gordon; I don't like the idea of looking like a fugitive."

"That's the beauty of joining your family. It's a normal thing to do in the summer. They're already over there. Hard to make anything out of that."

"Not for *The Washington Post*. If this is another screwball idea of Magruder's . . ."