

were placed into a small drawstring bag and handed to me. I took this written information on Kansas and put it into the bag with the rest of the materials, and Howard and I left.

On 25 August Hunt and I flew to Los Angeles and checked into the Beverly Hilton, which was, according to our map, only a few blocks away from Dr. Fielding's office. We then walked to the vicinity of the office, located it, and returned. The next morning we had breakfast with someone Hunt wanted me to meet—Morton "Tony" Jackson, a prominent Beverly Hills attorney and sometime radio broadcaster who had served with Hunt in the CIA. Hunt introduced me under my alias and indicated in conversation that we were on a drug control mission. After the meeting Hunt told me that he wanted me to know Jackson because he was a "solid" guy to whom we could look for support in an emergency.

After breakfast, Hunt and I disguised ourselves and went to Fielding's office to photograph it from all angles. To allay suspicion he posed me in the foreground of the photographs like a tourist. In the rear we found a private parking lot adjacent to an alley and commercial lot and on the other side was a commercial parking garage. In a space in the private lot marked "Dr. Fielding" was a Volvo sedan. We photographed it, being careful to include the license plate.

The Fielding office building had glass doors in the front and to the rear at the side opening on the private lot. We photographed potential escape routes and then rented a car to drive to Fielding's residence. There we photographed the front and rear of the apartment house, the latter from an alley, and I went into the building to locate the apartment exactly. I found it on the upper floor at the rear where its windows overlooked the alley. Now all we had to do was survey the target again at night, the actual conditions under which the entry would be made, but that would have to wait until dark, so we returned to the hotel.

By the time we reached the hotel I was having considerable difficulty with the gait-altering device. I was limping, all right, but the damn thing was killing me. I took it out and decided to go for a normal walk in the park to get some sun. I still had on the brown wig. I sat down on a park bench and let the sun warm me. I hadn't been there five minutes when a huge young man, who appeared to be an American Indian, started walking nearby, passing me, coming back, glancing at me and hesitating, as if undecided about something.

"Jesus!" I said under my breath, "I'm being cruised by a seven-foot Navajo. It's gotta be this fucking wig." I got up and returned to the hotel to put away the wig, complaining to Hunt. He roared with laughter and I never wore the wig again.

That evening Howard and I returned to the Fielding office building. Lights were showing on the top floor, which was a residential

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