

The Watergate, when I was a young man during the Great Depression, was a marble wall of a graceful curve on the still-clean Potomac River in Washington, D.C. where an old Navy barge was anchored. On it Hans Kindler put his less than first-rate National Symphony Orchestra summer nights in those day before air conditioning and the people, ordinary people, sat where they could, mostly on steps leading up to the beautiful calm of the ^{cool} Lincon Memorial and heard music that, too, was beautiful even when to the knowing it was less than perfectly played.

the
Those were days when hunger stalked the land, when many of us young adults heeded Franklin Delano Roosevelt's call to rebuilt the troubled land and rushed to Washington for whatever small part in this noble adventure we could play. The spirit was great but the pay was lousy. Most government clerks got \$30 a week, beginners generally less. And from this, many of us sent money home.

I went to The Watergate often, not to escape the heat but to hear the music and because it was a wonderful date. On all those time I never sat on the seat. West of the short stretch of commercial buildings at the foot of Wisconsin Avenue K Street became little more than a country road. At about where Thirty-eighth Street would be there was Dempsey's Boat House. For a buck I got a canoe for the night. With a picnic supper one of us would prepare, my current girl friend and I would paddle down the river to Te Watergate, as early as we could, to get one of the choicer spots near that barge and its music. Then, for a marvelous night we'd lie, arm in arm, rocked like old-fashioned cribs babies in ~~cribs~~ by the undulations of the water occasionally made a little rough by passing power boats, and life was as good as it could be. There was peace, There was beauty to the eye and to the ear. It was a joyous time in a trouble world.

Going and coming, however, there was an ugly sight that today had an appropriate symbolism. Through an enormous round hole in that pure marble wall flowed the endless contamination of countless Washington sewers. Over the years they have so polluted the river that for years it has been unfit for swimming. In those early days, when during the daytime my office in the Senate Office Building was too hot for comfortable

work, the woman who became my wife and I would go to or near The Watergate and fish. The then-clean river ~~abundant~~ was full of fish and eels. We'd make up the work at night, when collar winds blew in through open office windows.

And it was relatively quiet then, day and night.

The DC2 was the standard commercial airplane. The DC3 was just coming in. Where the Pentagon, another appropriate symbol in this story, now obliterates the view of what was then a graceful countryside, then there was the old Washington airport.

Progress, as World War II drew closer, was in the flotilla or barged and dredges farther down river, toward Alexandria on the Virginia side. Night and day they sucked up the bottom of the river and poured it onto the shore of Gravelley Point, and gradually the shore projected further and further into the river so there could be what is now National Airport. Then it seemed like progress. Today it also pollutes, offending the nose and ~~the~~ assaulting the ear.

Not far to the west of The Watergate and the Lincoln Memorial, up Virginia Avenue - all Washington's many avenues are diagonals - there then stood an ugly collection of large tanks for the storage of gas that flowed through pipes to fuel the city's cookstoves. They were a blot on the horizon. The area was known as Foggy Bottom. It was the southwestern edge of a slum.

When one speaks of Foggy Bottom ~~and~~ in Washington today one speaks of the new State Department Building, which is directly north of the Lincoln Memorial and along the south side of Virginia Avenue. Its western ~~edge~~ limit is Twenty-Third Street. The one constant landmark in the immediate area, still another symbol, is the old Marine Barracks, which begin on the other side of Twenty-Third Street and stand on a knoll.

Where those gas tanks rose like a cluster of small buildings today there is ^{now} what is known as The Watergate. It is a complex of posh, ultra-expensive apartments, offices and assorted businesses. If we want more symbolism we can find it in the fact that in this monument to wealth and ostentation the rich have complaints about shoddy construction much like the clerks who have fled to the suburbs and about poor maintenance

There were a few pleasant places in Foggy Bottom in the old days. One was another Watergate, one of several fine restaurants owned by a woman I knew, Marjorie Hendricks. Her restaurants were among the customers of my farm in the years of my farming after World War II.

2B

no graf

When the Societa Generale Immobiliare (right) of Rome announced it would develop the 10-acre triangle formed by New Hampshire and Virginia Avenues and Rock Creek Parkway, its value then, in 1964, was given as \$75,000,000. By 1973 reliable authorities estimated the worth at almost twice that, in excess of \$125,000,000 at least. Of the 743 cooperative apartments in three dwelling units, at the time the scandal was really coming apart, only three, in the newest of Watergate South unit, were unsold.

Then there is The Watergate Hotel (260 rooms), whose business boomed with the scandal. And two Watergate office buildings, one along New Hampshire Avenue and the other, the one in which the Democratic National Committee has its offices on the sixth floor, facing Virginia Avenue, accross the street from an also-new Howard Johnson's motel.

just like the poor still delighted in the city's slums.

Over the years, The Watergate has always been a symbol. First it was of peace and beauty. Then, with the erection of the complex, of wealth and power. This lasted only a few years, until ~~about~~ ^{just before} 2 a.m. the morning of Saturday, June 17, 1971. From that moment on and through all of history it will be symbolic of the deepest subversion in our history, of stupid excess that finds a parallel in a Munich beerhall, of raw and limitless power run amok, and of indescribable contempt for decency and honor, for people and for our system of society.

When at that early hour five until then unknown men were ineptly caught in an inept ~~crime~~ common crime that was stupid and inept and would have served no useful purpose if it had succeeded, American fascism became visible. In the months that followed, in all the words written and spoken by writers, analysts, politicians and professors, this ugly word, fascism, was never once use.

and much longer in fact,
For years, five in my own writing, this ~~crime~~ malignant authoritarianism had been growing unnoticed in the American body politic.

extra space

To the north and to the northwest of The Watergate, the small area bounded by the meandering Potomac on the south and Rock Creek Park on the east, lies one of Washington's more exciting sections, Georgetown. ~~Before the American Revolution,~~ Before the American Revolution, it was a separate settlement, known as George's Town, after the king of England. Then and through the abbreviated ~~administration~~ Kennedy administration Georgetown, although it held fine shops and housed government clerks, was best known as the home of the socially and politically prominent. Those of means rebuilt the larger and finer old buildings, or bought them from those who close to a had. Values of a quarter of a million dollars were attached to residents that were not large, had cost nothing like that, and could have been built for considerably less.

The winter of John Kennedy's content, after he had whipped Richard Nixon and before, as President, he moved into the White House, the press froze in waiting and observing outside Kennedy's N Street home in Georgetown. It was a winter of heavier than normal snow, but the reporters of the printed press and of the electronic media stamped their feet and flailed their arms to keep their blood circulating while watching the coming and going of visitors, then to conjecture whether each would hold a post in the new government and if so, what one. Formal announcements of appointments were made from the Kennedy doorstep, into the narrow street. Nothing like it had happened in any earlier interregnum.

Here, too, there is a symbolism. Those who succeeded Kennedy, both men who could never have been President had Kennedy not been assassinated, were never so open. Lyndon Baines Johnson went into a fury if word of his appointments leaked out, sometimes ~~canceling~~ cancelling the appointments if he could not announce them as a surprise. Nobody was going to "scoop" LBJ. And Richard Nixon, known as a solitary man, although that is hardly a full characterization, was to run the most secret administration in United States history, to show less of himself to the people when it was possible for him to be more visible because of the advances in electronic communication.

Georgetown is the one part of Washington about which Charles L'Enfant, the Frenchman

could do nothing. L'Enfant, a Frenchman, was imported to lay out the federal city when the former colonies became a nation and esig designated as its capital the city that bore the name of the military leader of the Revolution and the first President. Eight years of bloody war fresh in mind in those days of constant warfare between states, the ~~years~~ ^{years} of the end of monarchies. L'Enfant was not alone in anticipating other wars would touch the shores of the first representative society. In laying out the capital city, its military defense was foremost in his thinking and in his design. While all the dangers that lay ahead were political in origin, the city was built to be defended against military attack.

There were two in Washington's history. It fell to the first and was sacked by the British in 1812. The rebellious forces of southern slaveholders held most of the southern side of the Potomac, the State of Virginia, and circled from the west and north, coming as far into Washington as what is now the spacious grounds of Walter Reed Army Hospital, where observers spied on the city to the south from a large tree still standing and known as the spy tree.

In neither military struggle did L'Enfant's design make any difference. In truth, the greatest dangers to Washington and the ~~in~~ ^{nation} it symbolizes were never foreign and were always ~~in~~ political.

Washington, save for Georgetown, is laid out like a ~~wheel~~ series of wheels, with small circles at the hubs to control the streets running in all directions from the circles. This means diagonal thoroughfares as well as streets running east-west and north-south. The diagonals are designated avenues and are named after the States.

The most famous of these avenues is the most crooked and unpredictable, confusing strangers. Its most famous address is 1600. That is the address of the White House, first the home and then the home and the office complex of President.

Washington was to have been a square composed on almost equal ~~parts~~ cessions of land from Maryland and Virginia. Virginia never gave its part. Maryland's contribution is divided into ~~four~~ quadrants designated by the compass points, Northeast, Southeast,

Southwest and Northwest, except in conversation called by the initials.

The geography has significance in the story to follow.

To the west of the White House is ~~now~~ one of the oldest government office buildings. When the country was young and small, ~~it~~ when it was ^{pre-Civil War} for its/day a very large structure, it was known as The State War an Navy Building. Later, it became the State building until the rebuilding of Foggy Bottom. Once the ^{Department of State}, the Foreign Office in other countries, had other housing, it became The Executive Office Building, the place in which the President's burgeoning personal staff overflowed from those structures added to the grounds of the White House proper.

To the east of the White House is The Treasury Building. It remains what it has ~~always~~ always been, the home of the Department of the Treasury. With the passing of time and the increase in and diversification of its functions, it had taken space in other buildings as needed.

These three ~~government~~ structures of the executive branch of the government lie along the souther side of Pennsylvania avenue, between 17th street on the west and 15th street on the east. At 15th Street Pennsylvania Avenue seems to disappear by jogging off at an angle into New York Avenue. However, at the souther end of the Treasury building it resumesagain, going southeastward to the Capitol grounds, the home of the Congress, ~~now~~ dominated by the Capitol, now the meeting place of the two houses of the national legislature. With the growth of the country, office buildings have been added for members of the Senate, to the north of the Capitol, and of the House of Representatives, to the south. Pennsylvania Avenue there runs between the Capitol building and the three buildings for the office suites of the House of Representatives whose members are known as Congressmen.

As Washington was rebuilt, with the center of the city becoming look-alike office buildings, all the other corners at 17th and Pennsylvania Avenue were made over, the one on the northwest corner into a federal structure, the other two into commercial space. Their addresses are 1700 and 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW. Both will

Being so close to the White House and its offices, both are prized addresses. Both buildings are an integral part of The Watergate Story.

As it proceeds westward, Pennsylvania avenue merges into M Street after it crosses Rock Creek. Its separate identity disappears at 27th Street, which is really the beginning of Georgetown on that side. There it merges into M Street which in turn disappears in seven blocks, becoming Canal Road as it runs along the canal built westward in the days of primitive transportation, paralleling the Potomac that soon become unnavigable. When the canal was in use, when it was built, its eastern end was ~~xxxxxxx~~ at The Watergate.

The former splendor of M Street's fine shops is gone. Today they cater to the young who have taken to the swank neighborhood, sharing it with the elite. With the influx of the young and their ways exotic to the elite and The Establishment there has been a dramatic increase in petty crime, the inevitable concomitant of the drug culture.

Georgetown is no long staid and sedate, no longer quiet. It is an exciting place, excitement and crime both increasing weekends.

The weekend of June 17, 1972 was and forever will be remembered as the most exciting of all, if it was not then immediately detected or reported.

Down at that southern edge, at The Watergate, at least eight men gathered together in two hotels for an uncommon burglary, a "bag job" in which nothing was to be stolen. Five were caught. Two escaped immediately, a third, left to clean up, soon melted into the night. At least one other was on the alert in an apartment within easy walking distance.

None of this was immediately reported by the papers. Later in the day, a bobtailed account was permitted out, less than what the police then knew. The police themselves knew much more than they let the press know. Above all they knew they were immersed in an unparalleled crime of exceeding delicacy. The accident that this was a weekend crime has much bearing on what followed, including the first provocative suggestion of

double-agentry by the some of those involved in the conspiracy.

Here is the account of the drime as revised at 3:58 p.m, Eastern Daylight Time, by United Press ^Anternational, what is known as a "night lead", although there are only radio and TV night-time uses on Saturdays and the Sunday morning papers:

141-foi lit attached.

More than 12 hours after the arrests, the police were well into their protective falsifications. Official mendacity began earlier and never ended.

The most conspicuous of these lies is, "there was no evidence to indicate that the individuals belonged to any specific group." Almost immediately, again by accident, one of the five was recognized as the "security director" of Nixon's re-election campaign.

This meant that Nixon was burglarizing his political opponents. That is something the police were not about to say. Not with Nixon President!

more serious

There is no reference to a ~~greater~~ crime in the midst os which this quintet was redhanded, caught/wiretapping and bugging. The police were even less inclined to throw this into the fan. Washington is a political town. All the police are conscious of political realities. If:

If they didn't know the full story - and we may never know all of it - this small fraction immediately known left no doubt that this was a mind-boggling political crime like nothing in the past, one requiring utmost caution and tact, a delicacy not common when burglars are caught in the act.

Insert 40A
Lying and withholding information were the immediate need as they became the unended need.

One of the accidents that dominated what ensued is that, with this a weekend, and with little or no national news in prospect, the "national" staffs of the newspapers were not working. The local or "city" side reporters were on duty. One of these, on The prestigious Washington Post, was a young reporter Bob Woodward. It fell to him to write the original story.

By all accountings, The Washington Post is one of the "top ten" newspapers in

The actuality is that before this account was put together in the Washington bureau of UPI, the fact that this was a Republican political crime in which a Republican official had been arrested had been reported by Republican officials remaining in Washington to the national campaign director, former Attorney General John Newton Mitchell, then in California, and instructions to get his successor as Attorney General, Richard Kleindienst, had been dispatched back to Washington. Two Republican officials Gordon George Liddy, the other campaign press director, Powell Moore, in Washington, one of them one of the as-yet uncaught criminals, found Kleindienst at ~~playing his way around the Burning Tree golf course, the criminal official,~~ ~~making arrangements for~~ ~~George Liddy~~ begged Kleindienst ~~to spring security-director~~ ~~W. Jr.,~~ James McCord, while ~~his companion, Powell Moore,~~ signalled caution from behind Liddy's back. All this and much more ~~back. This happened before the time of the UPI night lead.~~

~~phoned and informed~~
Liddy had ~~reached~~ Mitchell's assistant campaign director, Jeb Stuart Magruder, who was with the Mitchell party. Magruder, in turn, informed former Assistant Attorney General Robert Mardian. After consultation with Magruder, Liddy began the wholesale destruction of all the critical evidence. His terror was such that he shredded all the files, the wrappers of the motel and hotel soap he collected as a hobby (he saved the soap itself), even brand new \$100 bills numbered serially and tracable. Earlier in the morning Moore has seen Liddy stuffing Republican shredding machines, so Moore was suspicious. Liddy's personal behavior also inspired Moore's apprehensions, with no more than the news reports needed to stick Liddy's conduct and the arrests together.

the country. In most evaluations, it and The New York Times are the top two. The New York Times in its Washington Bureau alone has more "national" reporters than the entire "national" staff of the Washington Post.

Bob Woodward, new to the Post, broke into reporting under an old friend of mine, a former Washington Post veteran, Roger Farguabar. Roger edited the State of Maryland's largest and best weekly newspaper, the Montgomery County Sentinel, in Rockville, a Washington suburb. (Montgomery is the county in which I farmed for some years before returning to writing.)

Roger is a man under whom a number of fine reporters got their early training. Another is NBC's Ron Nessen whose courage is such he was wounded repeatedly covering the war in Vietnam, a war that is also an essential part of The Watergate story and journalistic crimes. Ron's integrity is such that despite his wounds and his heroism, the South Vietnamese dictatorship expelled him for reporting the unwanted truth.

Because the Post serves adjoining parts of Maryland and Virginia, what is usually known as the "city" desk has three parts, one for each area served. The "metro" or Washington third is presided over by Barry Sussman, a ~~slow~~ ^{calm} man who speaks softly, a man quite unlike the city editor of the movies and the novels.

One of the wiser major editorial decisions of the Post's management was to keep this national story under the then little-known Sussman and his city-side staff. As the story and the ~~immense~~ staffing demands grew, national-side reporters filled in from time to time.

Had the Post not made this early decision, supervision of the reporting would have competed for the attention of the national editor, Richard Harwood. It would thereafter have been part of all the news of the nation and the nation(s) government to which Harwood, whose earlier experience was as an investigative reporter, had to devote himself. Sussman and his staff of reporters devoted themselves, as the story grew, to it, as little as possible interfering with the intense attention they gave it.

When the alarm was phoned to the police and the dispatcher sought a regular, marked police cruiser, with uniformed officers, the only available one was driven by Patrolman Dennis @ P. Stephenson. He had ~~just about reached~~ almost reached the Second Precinct ~~where he intended to gas up.~~ ^{precinct's} where he intended to gas up. His tank was almost empty. On getting the assignment he called the/night watch commander, Captain Ernest Garner, to report his plight and ask off further for time to catch up on reports, the overdue paperwork that is the bane of street police.

The next call was to any car in the area. It was an unmarked car manned by roughly-^{three} dressed officers, a tactical squad. They wear old civilian clothes and use other devices so they can blend with the general population and appear unobtrusive as they prowl in trouble-prone areas. Sergeant Paul Leeper and Patrolmen John Barrett and Carl "holfer took the call and sped to 2600 Virginia Avenue, the main Watergate entrance. This tac unit was then two hours past the end of its shift, not unusual with any police and less unusual than average in that area on a weekend night.

~~XXXXXXXX~~ Accidental developments on the ~~particular~~ part of the police, of which two are more significant, fed conspiratorial rumors the Republicans, in their desperation, soon seized upon to claim that the crime was contrived by the Democrats to embarrass the Republican. The belief lingers. There is so much sinister in this story, there are so many conspiracies known and probable so many unknown and to remain unknown, it is worth beginning the account of the crime and the greater crimes of which it was part by trying to lay this one to rest, before the account of the caught crime, that single boil that burst, to uncomplicate a story that in reality is complicated enough.

When the alarm was phoned to the police, the only scout car with uniformed policemen in it was almost out of gas. The dispatcher then asked by radio if another squad was in the area. A crew in plain clothes was. It was in ~~plain~~ civilian garb, made up, so to speak, in garb and in hair to blend with the changed character of the Georgetown area, where beards and rough clothing are "camp."

Because of the unsolved crimes on which they were working and the higher rate of weekend crime, this crew was working overtime.

In the entire metropolitan area, which I know well from long years of living and working there, of all the many police precincts in the metropolitan area, there are none as close together as the two closest to The Watergate. I know both from business at them of the past. The closer one, the ^{Second} Third Precinct, in which The Watergate is, for decades had been housed in an old building on the south side of K Street, between 20th and 21 Streets, next to an old farmer's market that in recent years also yielded to the rebuilding of the commercial parts of the city. Because of the higher incidence of crime to the west and because of the scarcity of expensive land, it was rebuilt at 23rd and L Streets, roughly a half-dozen blocks along diagonal New Hampshire Avenue from The Watergate. (There is no "J" Street in Washington.) Next to it to the west is the police station on Volta place, a short street that begins on the west side of Wisconsin Avenue between P and Q Streets. ^{Lower} the part in Georgetown, Wisconsin Avenue has become the main drag of the younger set.

The two police stations are only a dozen blocks apart, the unusual actuality.

But because the crew that responded to the call from The Watergate was working past the end of its regular shift, because they were hippie-like in their dress and appearance, and because they were in an unmarked car, the suspicion that their answering the call ~~was~~ ^{was} part of some other conspiracy, in which it was the design for the five men to be caught, was logical enough. So was it logical that in their desperation the Republicans seized upon it and sought to exploit it in their own exculpation.

Of the many Republicans who sought ~~to victimize the~~ ^{to} further to victimize the crime of which they had been the real victims was Vice President Spiro Agnew, Nixon's running mate. Agnew had been what wag's called "Nixon's Nixon", a reference to ~~the~~ Nixon's vile campaigning when he had been vice-presidential candidate running with Eisenhower. The difference between the two men is in style, not content, Agnew is more soft-spoken, more dignified-looking, that the younger Nixon had been. His words were no less harsh, if chosen with more care. He had launched a dishonest attack on the press when its exposures became an embarrassment to the Nixon administration, seeking to transfer guilt to the media. With The Watergate he did precisely that until his position became intolerable even to him. After the ~~his~~ election, when worried about his own ambition to become President, he fell silent for months. During the campaign, that was impossible.

He continued his vilification of the press, focusing on The Washington Post, which became guilty because it brought most of the fact to light. And as late as three months after the arrests, he was still laying the crime to the Democrats.

James T. Wooten's report of Agnew's September 19, 1973 1972 campaign appearance in Minneapolis, Minnesota, printed in the next day's New York Times, begins:

Vice President Agnew's formal campaign began here today with ~~his~~ ^{the} suggestion from him that the men indicted for the break-in at the Democratic headquarters in Washington last ~~year~~ ^{year} were 'set up' by someone attempting to embarrass the Republican party.

Asked to identify that person, Mr. Agnew declined...

(Prior to this, Agnew's ploy had been to deprecate the whole stink, as in his August 24 press conference, where he asked, "What is there in the Democratic headquarters that's so vitally important to the Republican party this year? Although he knew otherwise, knew that the crime was ordered by and was for the Party and in the last analysis

stemmed not only from the "hite House but from the President himself, Agnew said that there was neither party nor White House connection with it, another dirty way of victimizing the Democrats for telling the truth.)

Aside from the vicious and unprincipled misuse of it by official and unofficial republican spokesmen, there is nothing conspiratorial, nothing untoward, about the detection of the crime and the criminals on the part of the police.

What is exceptional is how the criminals were detected, more exceptional still that they were caught because of the insensitivity and stupidity of the guard who became a hero because the press looks for heroes, not because he was one. And more exceptional than even this is the fact that the Republican agents - they were hardly common crooks -experienced as all were in this kind of clandestine work, continued with their project after they knew it had been detected.

This reality, the incredible combination of arrogance and stupidity that would not be credited in a grade B movie or a cheap spy novel, is the incredibility without which there would be no Watergate, none of the knowledge of the more serious and genuinely subversive crime created by Nixon himself, that gradually, and despite Nixon's best efforts and those of all of his henchman, in and around the White House, directly and indirectly involved in a catalogue of crimes so long it will never be compiled, managed to ooze out of the much to which Nixon had reduced the once honorable calling of politics.

(new chapter can begin here)

Let us address these crimes as an intelligence analyst would, beginning with the essential facts of the initially-detected crime.

A total of eight men ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ are known to have been at the scene. There is reason to believe there were more. Of those, once, a former FBI agent from Connecticut, Alfred C. Baldwin III, was holed up in the Howard Johnson Motel across Virginia Avenue from The Watergate. Earlier, until the moment of the break-in, his boss, James W. McCord, Jr., Republican security director, had been with him. In The Watergate itself, in the hotel part, registered with intended irony in the room of "Earl Warren", the name of the previous liberal Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, a man they detested,

were Liddy and Everette Howard Hunt, Jr. And four anti-Castro Cubans from Miami, where they were joined by McCord, were in the garage, where the locksmith among them picked the automatically-closing lock, whence they made their way into the stairway leading upward in the section of The Watergate housing offices.

As they opened each of the locked and self-locking doors, they immobilized the latch with common masking tape. There was a lock to be kept open for escape at each landing and in each corridor they had to use, as there was on the sixth-floor main entrance into Democratic National Committee headquarters, the outer side of which fronted on Virginia Avenue, its balconies, one of the architectural features of The Watergate, within Baldwin's unobstructed view.

Two separate crimes were planned. That they were combined violated everything these experienced intelligence men had all been taught and had for years practised. The combined experiences of the seven men brought to trial when the federal government-Nixon's government - could no longer delay it, exceeded two long lifetimes. Baldwin was not prosecuted when he turned State's evidence.

Hunt, who had been the political genius of several of the CIA's more spectacular operations, was the political genius of The Bay of Pigs, as he, not I, regards his role. In it, the leader of the revanchist Cubans, Bernard L. Barker, known as "Ernie", had been Hunt's next-in-command, as Barker and Hunt both describe it. Barker had worked for the FBI as well as the CIA. He had also been part of Cuban Dictator Batista's secret police. An American born Cuban, his service to Batista, which was also service to both the CIA and the FBI, cost him his American citizenship.

McCord, like Hunt, had had a World War II military career. He was then a reserve colonel in an unusual intelligence function. After training and service as an FBI agent he had switched to the CIA, whose director of security he was when he reached retirement age. He performed other CIA services with quiet efficient efficiency, some spectacularly but unreported because of the silent nature of secret intelligence.

All the Cubans, associated with, friends of and subordinate to Barker, had previous CIA careers. There is reason to believe that with some this connection was still alive.

All were ~~Day~~ of Pigs veterans, derring-do, soldier-of-fortune types who regarded anything that in their distorted view could be conceived as anti-Castro as the ultimate in patriot~~ism~~ism, to the United States, not really to ~~some~~ ^{activist} Cuban exiles an adopted country, and to their native ~~island~~ island.

Frank Sturgis, born and better-known as Frank Fiorini, ~~when~~ got the name Sturgis when his mother remarried and settled in tidewater Virginia, where the historic James River empties into the Atlantic ocean. Fiorini made quite a name for himself in his anti-Castro activities, the best-known of which was an overflight of Havana, which he "bombed" with what was taken as Batista propaganda.

The others, soon infamously on all front pages, were less well known only because their activities had not been reported. ~~XXXXXX~~ Like all the others, they hold political views that it is not unfair to term American fascism, they are that extreme. The views of all are with all articles of faith, of deep and sincerist belief. ~~Going~~ ^(name) along with the idiot politics they share with their caudillo is an idiot morality common to all.

Initially he gave the police more concern than the others because he had in his possession a passport in the name of Edward Joseph Hamilton, the name he gave on arrest. Fiorini was equipped to skip out. ^{ed} He claims to have a salvage company and to be a part-time salesman for Miami's Pan-American Aluminum Corporation.

And like all the others, they gave fake names, with complete sets of false identification papers to support their false identities. In real life they are Virgilio R. Gonzalez and Eugenio R. Martinez.

Martinez ~~is~~ was then employed by Barker's real-estate firm, Barker and Associates, 2301 NW Seventh Street, Miami. Gonzalez was a locksmith, employed by the Missing Link Corporation, 221 NW Eight Avenue, Miami.

If one were to set out to ridicule the simply unbelievable series of gross errors each of these experienced spooks committed in a satirical movie, it would be regarded as excessive. Rank amateurs would be expected to know better. Without these professional

and logical blunders even after detection they would not have been caught. And after they were caught and gave false identifications, their real identities were immediately established by the collection of identifying personal objects all had with the, on their persons or in their room in that very complex.

Liddy, spymaster of the project, was so certain after the initial arrests that he and others, assured Nardian, in person, that the men could not be traced to the Republicans. He offered his own life, unmasked, if it turned out he was wrong. He had "moral scruples" against suicide, he said, so they could pick out any street corner to their liking and he would be standing there at any time they chose, waiting to be assassinated!

Barker, that assisting genius of the Bay of Pigs debacle, had his pockets stuffed with 53 \$100 bills immediately traced to him and the ~~MM~~ Republicans by their serial numbers.

Were these not more than enough, there remained a generous supply of clues, ^{including} personal letters, address books.

To pun on the popular TV series, this was an authentic Mission Incredible crew.

McCord, at least, had emptied his pockets in Baldwin's room. He could not leave his face behind, however. He worked with the Washington police. One recognized him at first glance.

As it later turned out, this same ~~same~~ motley crew had broken in to the same Democratic headquarters a few weeks earlier. The second trip should have been easier, for they then knew the lay of the land.

After the initial penetration following midnight June 17, when they returned with their equipment - they planned quite a night of it - they discovered that the tape had been removed from the ^{two} doors leading into the building from the garage.

They did not then and there abort the mission, as reasonable, circumspect men would have. These are authentic authoritarians. They had to have orders. So, using one of three expensive walkie-talkies McCord had bought with Republican money, they radioed Hunt and one of ~~the~~ Liddy, who were in/The Watergate Hotel/ rooms. After a full explanation, the team got its

They followed suit with all the doors and locks on that level.

orders:

"Carry on!"

As fearless as they were made, the five did.

First they picked ~~and taped~~ the lock from the garage into the stairwell and retaped they jimmied the lock that permitted access to the corridor. it. ~~At the sixth floor,~~ Just past another stairway leading down to the lobby, they picked and taped another lock, which permitted them to pass a bank of four elevators and gain access to Democratic headquarters through a pair of double glass doors. Once they passed the unoccupied reception desk, they picked still another lock, letting themselves into the office of party secretary, Mrs Dorothy Bush. Here they removed two ceiling panels and McCord set to ~~his task~~ one of his tasks, planting a "bug", an electronic device for transmitting what its microphone picked up to the receiving station already in operation across the street, manned by Baldwin. From the time of the break-in he had been eavesdropping and making regular ~~reports~~ reports to McCord, on what he overheard. Under Barker, the Cubans ~~started~~ started ransacking files, seeking incriminating documents. They were prepared to copy until daylight, judging from the capture of 40 rolls of unexposed 35mm film captured with them.

check
1st name

EXTRA SPACE

Meanwhile, the dolt of a 24 year old, \$80 a week "security" guard, making another round, discovered that the doors from which he had removed the tape had ~~its~~ their locks taped again. The first time he had merely assumed the taping to be innocent, a new concept in his own words, Frank Willis said it clearly, "I wasn't suspicious." in security and in guarding. The second time he returned to the lobby and phoned the police. After the short delay radioing back and forth because the marked car with the uniformed crew was running out of gas, the mod squad cops arrived.

The papers had to have a hear in this tale on unalloyed stupidity and villainy. Willis was the only one available, so they made a hero of him. And making an ersatz hero of him made him extra money. Non-existing dangers were invented to jeopardize him. He went for it, as did his friends. Later he was to philosophize, brave man that he is, "If they knock me off, they knock me off. They can't eat me. I can't drive around in an Army tank." This months after that first night, months in which nothing happened to

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him, month in which there was no reason to dream anything would happen to him. He was in greater danger crossing the street in normal traffic.

The quotation is from an interview in The Washington Post 11 months after the arrests. That same month the same paper reported that Willis had hired a lawyer, ~~in~~ Dorsey Evans, to represent him. When representatives of news organizations sought interviews with this intrepid ignorer of the obvious, he referred them to his mouthpiece. The mind of this alert young man, the words of the newspapers, put it all together this way:

"The Washington Post, the TV stations, lots of people are making plenty of money off of Frank Willis except Frank Willis [sic]."

Evans supported him in these words, "If the papers are making money off the Watergate, they shouldn't mind sharing a little of it."

Even the normally conservative National Association for the Advancement of Colored People got into the hero-worship act, three months after Willis got him a mouthpiece. It honored him with a lifetime membership at its 64th annual convention, in Indianapolis, Indiana. Treasurer emeritus Alfred Baker Lewis explained it this way:

The newspapers are patting themselves on the back for all they've done about Watergate, but they couldn't have done it if it hadn't been for Harry Willis."

Sad to say, this is true. Sadder, had the band of five self-described patriots not been arrogant and stupid beyond belief, it still would not have ~~happened~~ been exposed. Hero Willis had given them all the warning they needed to scam, but the big brains, Liddy and Hunt, had ordered them to stay with it.

extra space. can be new chapter.

Willis was waiting in the lobby when the unmarked police car pulled up into the entrance. Peering from his Howard Johnson's hideaway, Baldwin observed this. He noticed the rough appearance of the three men as they rushed into the fancy appearance, that some had long hair and beards. He wondered.

After a brief conference with Willis, who told him what he knew, Lepper left Sholfer behind, in the lobby, to be ~~sure~~ able to capture anyone who might seek to escape. He and Barrett proceeded to ~~begin~~ seek the intruder or intruders.

At that moment, it was not known if a crime had been committed or was about to be. There was no reason to suspect ~~him~~ what they discovered in tracing the path of taped doors to the sixth floor. There they entered the taped door, still not knowing what to expect or where to look.

Barrett's curiosity took him out onto the balcony. Baldwin, ^{knowing} ~~knowing~~ this was not one of his operations. The rough garb and the hair, which he could make out, filled him with apprehension. He radioed an alarm. His repeated calls went unanswered until finally, from the third of McCord's sophisticated equipment, licensed for security use at the coming Republican convention, came an excited inquiry. Baldwin took the voice to be Hunt's. Hunt then tried to raise his patriot burglars, without success.

Meanwhile, Lepper, then joined by Barrett, searched Democratic headquarters to the farthest corner. There, in a real cul de sac, in the office of Mario Cunningham, secretary to Democratic Party Deputy Chairman Stanley L. Greigg (right), were the five, hiding as best they could behind the office furniture.

From the later accounts of the Cubans, who said remarkably little, it seems that they also were deceived by the ~~maritime~~ physical appearance of the two from the tac squad, one of whom at least had his pistol out. These Cubans, themselves burglars, feared real burglars had blundered into the same offices, bent of stealing and capable of shooting. They were not worried about being arrested. They were afraid of getting shot, perhaps killed.

Accounts of the words uttered in terror differ, but they are all consistent with

what these circumstances call for.

"Don't shoot!" one of the Cubans is quoted as having said as he held his hands up, joined, one at a time, by the other four.

"They got us!" Baldwin says he finally heard over his \$1,700 walkie-talkie.

Whether or not Hunt and Liddy heard these words is not known. Liddy has preserved a steadfast silence. As late as July 19, 1973, when called before a subcommittee of the House of Representatives Committee on Military Affairs, then inquiring into CIA operations, Liddy refused even to be sworn as a witness. Unless the test he then initiated changes the law, the requirement is that a witness claiming immunity for any reason, including under the Constitution's Fifth Amendment protection against self-incrimination, must first be sworn and then, under oath, claim whatever protection he invokes. Refusing to take the oath could in itself add a long period for contempt to Liddy's time in jail, where he then was. That is placing a high value on silence. Liddy placed that value on his. Hunt, in the last minute before trial, remained silent. Then, ~~him~~ at that last moment, changed his plea to guilty and eliminated a trial of himself. (The Cubans followed his lead.) Some time thereafter Hunt underwent another change of attitude and started talking. But by the time of Liddy's refusal to take an oath, Hunt's testimony had been in secret, to two grand juries and a Senate inquiry into the CIA, behind the closed doors of an executive session; and in private, to The Watergate prosecutors and the staff of the Senate investigation, prior to public testimony.

What is known is that, whether inspired by those deathless words so common to cops-and-robbers movies of the past or from comprehension of the situation, they fled.

In abject terror, these two hero/patriots. Baldwin saw them ~~flee through the house~~ fleeing The Watergate. Liddy just disappeared. Hunt rushed to Baldwin's room. This is Baldwin's account of what then ensued:

The foregoing narrative, which is intended as an encapsulation and illumination rather than a full account of The Watergate break-in, includes information not immediately available, in secret or in public. However, little information and none not in the first day's accounts ~~was~~ ^{was} essential for United States political analysts and those in foreign intelligence services to know that something quite extraordinary, extra-legal and opposed to all American ~~ix~~ belief and tradition was afoot.

Knowing that Republican operatives were caught inside Democratic national headquarters in the dark of night and engaged in bugging, wire-tapping and photographing files on a grand scale, was enough, and this was reported immediately.

When to this is added what was known almost immediately, that the Republican security director was also caught red-handed, and that the four men with him were all Cubans, there is no reasonable doubt that in each land intelligence analysts out their thinking caps on immediately, weekend or no weekend.

Because of my own work, my personal experiences with some revanchist Cubans, my investigations of them and their ~~2~~ compadres and most of all, my knowledge of the bitterness of their anti-Kennedy and anti-Democratic beliefs they hold sincerely, I was particularly stimulated to thought when they were identified.

Anti-Castro Cubans were deeply involved in the investigation of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. One of those to whom we shall come had, according to an FBI report in my files, predicted that assassination two weeks before it happened.