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Neither old Sam Ervin, who by then had become, symbolically, "Uncle Sam", nor those of his committee members with the interest, nor his large staff, had learned Chotiner's Law by the time Harry Robbins Haldeman appeared to read a long, prepared, ^{statement} booby-trapped ~~statement~~ latex in the afternoon of ^{Monday} "unday, July 30, 1973.

Their memories failed, too. All of them, collectively. Thus that septagenarian disgrace to white hair before them as Haldeman's lawyer, Wilson, was able to pull his part of Nixon's gambit. Wilson, who had just finished a week as Ehrlichman's lawyer, had pretended professional offense when Senator Weicher asked if there could be any conflict between the testimony Ehrlichman had given and that Haldeman would give. The wily Wilson, trading heavily on his years and the political position of the committee, had behaved badly. Insolently and giving genuine insult. At the same time he kept interrupting to ask if his integrity was being questioned. Now a lawyer representing a client before a Congressional committee has but a single right. He is not expected to interrupt and he has no right to. Wilson had been, with more regularity than all who proceeded him together. Often it was at a moment when he felt his client needed a moment to collect himself. By his bad manners and his focusing attention on himself, his behavior and his feigned injured sensitivities, the fox diverted the committee for a much more significant connect he had, which gave him an irreconcilable conflict once Haldeman mentioned the content of the ^{Nixon's} tapes.

Wilson also represented Nixon.

All three at the top, Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman.