

Quotations from Attorney General Saxbe

How's that again?

By John Twohey

Big Bill Saxbe, a hell of a nice guy and a fine golfer, says he's calming down these days, lowering the profile, and no wonder.

"I've been enjoined by about every paper in the country to keep my mouth shut," says the 70th Attorney General of the United States who declared a while back that President Nixon should have taken the tapes and destroyed them (just joking, he claimed later).

Earlier, then-Senator Saxbe, had called Haldeman and Ehrlichman "those two Nazis." And later, Saxbe had observed of the President (during the Christmas 1972 Vietnam bombings): "He's out of his f—mind."

If nothing else, William Saxbe's time as Senator and Attorney General has added color to the public dialogue—though more in the manner of a matador's red cape.

There was, for example, the curious behaviour of March 13. Chatting with reporters only hours before a new portrait of predecessor Ramsey Clark was to be unveiled in the corridor outside Saxbe's office, the A. G. suggested that classified files showed wiretapping of newsmen during the Kennedy and Johnson years (when Clark would have OK'd them). Pressed for details, Saxbe then backed off, admitting "I can't say for sure."

Clark, confronted with the allegation, called it "perfectly outrageous" for Saxbe to make such a charge without providing supporting evidence. By late afternoon the Department's press spokesman, Jack Hushen, conceded the files didn't show whether newsmen were in fact tapped.

So the education of William Saxbe — small-town lawyer, avid hunter, gentleman farmer, country club raconteur, lame duck Senator and now Attorney General — continued as Washington looked on, amused

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or outraged, depending. As his wife declared, "He's my own Martha Mitchell."

It is ten thirty on a Friday morning. The Attorney General of the United States is seated in the small, private, wood-paneled conference room adjacent to his formal office in the fifth floor of the Department of Justice. He is dressed in a blue and white checkered sport coat, gray slacks, dark alligator loafers. His blue tie is held firmly in place by a small silver tie-clip in the shape of a hunting rifle. The black leather of his reclining chair groans as he leans back, crosses his legs and begins to talk.

William Bart Saxbe is onto a subject that occupies a position very near the center of his life. He is talking golf.

"I try to play two, three times a week," he confesses in his slow, nasal baritone. "If I don't get out at least a couple times a week, I just can't cut it. Winter drives me crazy. My back starts to ache. I need that activity."

The previous afternoon William Saxbe had fashioned a tidy 82 at the Burning Tree Country Club. He is clearly proud of the accomplishment. His current strength, he confides, is his putting.

As he speaks, a thin black figure in a white steward's jacket enters the room. The man, whom Saxbe addresses as "Colonel," places a tall glass of iced tea on the table beside his chair, executes a quick bow and departs.

Saxbe says he usually plays in a foursome with superlawyer Clark Clifford, former Air Force General and Eisenhower aide Pete Quesada and lawyer Gene Carusi. Sometimes the foursome will include Bill Fulbright, the Senator from Arkansas. "We're playing tomorrow, we're out every weekend," he says, sipping on the iced tea.

There are times, it seems, when Bill Saxbe shares fully in the attitude once expressed to a reporter by his father, a successful livestock buyer and inveterate outdoorsman: "I have never allowed business to interfere too much with my recreation."

"He is," says golfing partner Clark Clifford, "a man who likes to be with men. He is an exceedingly engaging fellow. Men like to be with him."

The opportunities for such camaraderie are certainly there. In fact, Saxbe may well hold the record for most country-club memberships by a Republican Cabinet member: five. Burning Tree in Washington; three in Ohio (including his absolute favorite, Scioto Hills in Columbus, the home course of Jack Nicklaus); and one near his vacation home in San Jose, Costa Rica.

Some students of Saxbe's style at Justice describe him as an adherent to the laissez-faire school of management. The less meddling, the better. In fact, say the critics, so little does he manage that the Department seems to be on automatic pilot most of the time.

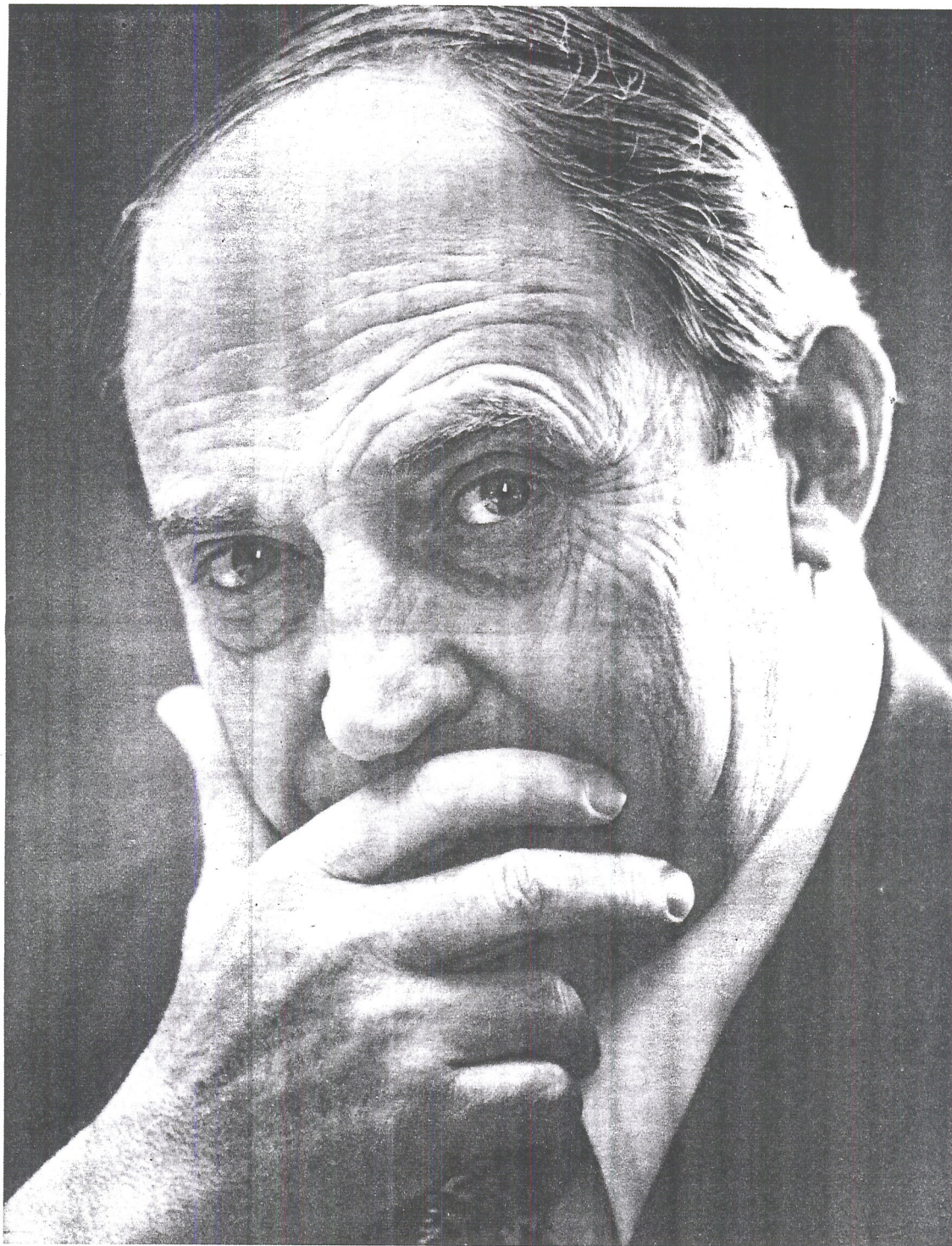
He is not one who subscribes to long evening hours at his desk. The lights in his office are among the first in the building to dim each day as the Attorney General exits punctually at 5 p.m. The exception is Wednesday when Saxbe will postpone his departure until 6 in order to attend the perfunctory weekly meetings of his assistant attorneys general.

Accounts of these sessions suggest either a very quick study or a man having trouble keeping up. The gathering of February 13, for example, was given over to a long discourse by Glen Pommerening, head of the Administrative Division, on "management by objectives." When Pommerening had completed his presentation, the Attorney General, according to a written report, declared:

"If everybody in this room thinks this is a lot of bull — I'll abandon it, but there may be something we can learn from it so let's give it a little try."

Added the report: "No one responded to that."

Some Justice Department veterans compare the new man's comfortable hours with the schedules of some predecessors. One recalls the long days of Robert Kennedy. He remembers the President's



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brother, in the midst of his pitched court battles with Teamster boss James Hoffa, closing shop one night around midnight and heading for home. Then, upon passing the Teamster building and seeing Hoffa's lights burning bright, he turned around and returned to his desk.

Saxbe is aware of the questions about his hours but the criticism does not seem to bother him.

"No, God no. I take that as a compliment. When I see a guy working all night I see a guy who can't get his work done. Not only that, but I don't think it's my job to come down here and run this place on an individual case basis."

A survey of his office underlines this view. The room is tastefully appointed in warm browns and yellows, showing signs of the \$24,000 invested in new decorations since Saxbe's arrival. At intervals across the thickly carpeted floor, where Saxbe sometimes practices his putting, stand golden cuspids. On the desk is a leather box filled with cigars and a packet of Union Workman chewing tobacco. In a book shelf against the wall rests a small plaque reading, "The Bunk Stops Here." But nowhere can one detect traces of a man engaged in paperwork. No baskets of correspondence, no stray paper clips, pencils or pens, no piles of newspapers or magazines, no untidy stacks of memoranda.

The written word has never been Saxbe's favorite medium of communication. In his book, there is just no substitute for plain old talking. His contempt for memo-writing is legendary.

"I used to have people who worked for me write memos from one desk to the next," he says in disgust, ". . . but I just don't operate that way. I mean you can get so swamped with memos that you've got no time to do anything else."

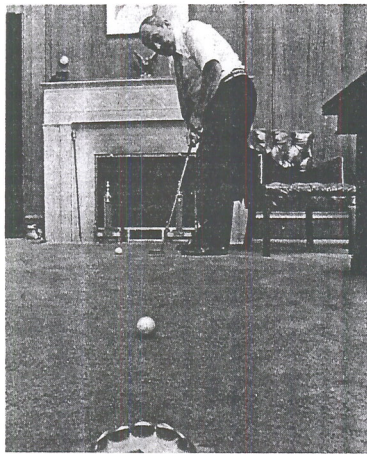
Some career veterans at the Department, skilled in the craft of memo production, are finding it hard to adjust to the new face-to-face method of communication.

"I'm here to set policy," Saxbe says, "and to hire people and set them to work."

One respected attorney in town, a political veteran with a long history of contact with both Democratic and Republican Attorneys General, says of the office: "There are two different types of Attorney General. One is deeply interested in the law. These men want to get into the cases themselves. Some actually argue before the Supreme Court.

"Others see their function as administration. They preside over the Department, delegating authority as much as possible and allowing the professionals to go their way. I think you'd have to put Saxbe in that second category."

Says the same observer: "This may be a wise strategy on Saxbe's part, to leave the pros alone. Things have been hectic over there. He's the fifth chief in five years. Maybe it's time to let the dust settle."



Saxbe putting across his office

It may indeed be time for that. And Saxbe may in fact be building morale in just that way. But there remains the difficult problem of his tongue, a weapon that seems often at odds with his goal.

That trouble goes back to his first week on the job when he decided to host a weekly doughnuts-and-coffee session with reporters in his office. So delicious were the quotes with which he flavored these meetings that attendance doubled within four weeks. Writers flocked to the meetings like kids to a candy store. Hardly a week passed without the new Attorney General bursting onto front pages across the country.

"Right now I'm seeing if I can keep my mouth shut for a month."

It was during this period that Saxbe, in rapid order:

- Announced that if the FBI could locate Patty Hearst, "we'd go get her."

- Publicly advised the Hearst family not to comply with SLA demands.

- Described the SLA as "common criminals," and Miss Hearst as "a part of it."

- Revealed that American diplomat John Patterson had been kidnapped in Mexico, news the State Department hoped to keep secret during delicate negotiations with his captors.

- Observed that during the McCarthy era, "the Jewish intellectual" was "very enamored of the Communist Party."

As Newton's law would have it, every Saxbe statement brought an equally strong reaction. Heated attacks issued from the Hearst family, the American Civil Liberties Union, the president of the American Bar Association, and the American Jewish Congress. Editorial pages became filled with denunciations of the Attorney Gen-

eral.

Bristled the New York Times: "This (the Jewish intellectual remark) and subsequent non sequiturs . . . offer some insight, however blurred, into Mr. Saxbe's mind. The picture that emerges is one of judgments formed of a jumble of stereotypes and ill-digested myths . . . It is fair to say that there has been no sign of malice in Mr. Saxbe's utterances—only a consistent show of harebrained obtuseness, mixed with ignorance. But his unthinking statements suggest strongly the limitations of mind that Mr. Saxbe brings to a once revered post that demands judgment, balance, discernment—and common sense."

Gradually, the message sank in. By late April the weekly press briefings had been discontinued.

Says another of Saxbe's associates, "After serving eight years as an executive in state government, he felt very comfortable moving into that job. I think he honestly believed it would be like being Attorney General of Ohio. But, of course, this is an entirely different league. He's not an unintelligent man. He just miscalculated the job. And it's been a bitter lesson."

Says Saxbe, peering at the ice cubes floating at the top of his glass, "When you're in law enforcement, you play by a different set of rules. It took me some time to realize that. You know, when you're in the legislature you're supposed to have opinions. But in law enforcement, you're not."

Aides say Saxbe was surprised and a bit hurt when his policy of candor with the press backfired. It was, after all, a procedure he had followed with much success in his earlier days as Attorney General of Ohio.

"Well, I have no secrets," Saxbe says, still examining the ice cubes. "I think people ought to know how I think . . . I think it was the Star that said, for goodness' sake, don't say anything else. And it baffles me to some degree."

"But I'm a great one for seeing if I can do things, whether it's going on a diet or quitting smoking or tobacco or drinking. I do something like that every year for a month or two just to see if I can. So right now I'm seeing if I can keep my mouth shut for a month."

Is it hard?

"No. In fact, it's very comfortable. I didn't realize I could."

On balance, despite its recent assaults on him, Saxbe seems satisfied with his treatment at the hands of the press.

"Over the years I've had no complaints. Generally, the press accurately report what I say. They've been pretty good to me. Without the press I'd have never gotten on in state or national politics. I had no big county or regional organization to support me."

Very early in his career Saxbe seems to have noticed the media's hunger for the peppery statement. It was an appetite to which he has shrewdly and successfully catered.

"The only way I got support was through exposure," he frankly admits. "I had to depend on the press. And it's worked."

Although the shells from his critics' cannon have landed all about him, nothing has shaken Saxbe's fundamental belief in the propriety, the positive rightness, of him sitting in the chair of the Attorney General of the United States.

It may have a lot to do with his abiding belief in the divine right of Republican businessmen to run the country. To think otherwise, the man holds, is simple, unadorned heresy.

It is a tenet Saxbe has, at times, spelled out in fine detail. Consider the statement of September 20, 1973, when the Senator from Ohio intoned of the condition of America:

"Look, Nixon had a chance to put businessmen back in the saddle and make the free enterprise system respected again. He blew it. From now on this town will be full of social planners like Walter Mondale. I don't want any part of it."

Later, as he sat in his office at the Department of Justice, I asked Saxbe if that prospect still worried him.

"I took every free trip I could get. I like to travel."

"Well," he began, turning to gaze out the window, "the context for that whole thing was this: I deplored the fact that the Nixon Administration, with that large middle class vote behind it, had missed the last best chance for the American middle class and for business to run the government. The next turn of events could see more of the social planner aspect of the thing—more pie in the sky. And we could very well follow the path of Uruguay and other countries, where people have the feeling there's no limit to the social progress that can be legislated."

The basic issue, Saxbe says, growing very serious, is "Who should be running the country?"

"Is it the social planners?" he asks. "Is it the have-nots, who are always with us? Minorities? The poor? Or people that speak for them? Or is it the people who have made a certain amount of success in this country and respect the institutions that permitted them to be successful?"

That may sound like textbook Social Darwinism but it's part of a vision that also allows Bill Saxbe to see things in sharp blacks and whites, hardly diminished by his time in the gray, compromising world of the U.S. Senate.

"We are either truthful or not truthful," he said in a recent commencement address to law students at Ohio State. "We are either moral or immoral. And it really doesn't take much soul-searching to know which is which."

Such clear vision came early to Saxbe. It developed naturally in children growing up in the Norman Rockwell world of Mechanicsburg, Ohio (pop. 1800.)

The family's roots in the town run deep. Saxbe's great grandfather settled there shortly after his arrival from England in 1825. Saxbe's father began dealing in livestock in 1906. He stayed in the business over 40 years, traveling across the Midwest, the Great Plains and up into Canada buying cattle, sheep and hogs for Ohio farmers. He once estimated that during his career he'd extended credit to the tune of \$20 million.

He was a man with abiding faith in other human beings, his son recalls. Never, in all his years of trading with farmers, he told his son, had he ever lost a penny on a bad livestock loan.

Frugality was a family trademark. Even today, Saxbe is vastly proud of his record of saving \$1000 a month during his \$42,500-a-year time in the Senate. Most has been invested in cattle back home. (At the time of his confirmation hearings, Saxbe placed his net worth at \$275,000.)

By the time Bill Saxbe was born in 1916, his father was firmly established as a pillar of the community, a man to watch. His mother, a stern woman with strong religious beliefs, counted Patrick Henry of Virginia as a forebear. The Saxbes had two children, son William and a daughter, now a retired school teacher in Ohio where her husband is a supervisor at a state prison farm.

Memories of his childhood, Saxbe says, are happy ones of a small town with swimming hole and a creek and activities centered around the church, Boy Scout troop and school. He worked with his father driving cattle on the road and early on acquired the name Billy Bart, which home town friends call him even now.

As it was for many small-town boys, Sunday school became a regular fixture of Saxbe's early years. It was here and at the dinner table that he imbibed the heavy doses of the uncomplicated religiosity he carries with him today.

Though an active Episcopalian through most of his years, Saxbe says he is now "on the outs with the church. . . well, not really on the outs, but unsympathetic to their views anyway.

"During the late '60s," he explains, "I thought the church was too indulgent of the radicals. They didn't even require that they have Christian beliefs, which disturbed me.

"They more or less turned the churches over to any radical cause," the Attorney

General continues, "whether it was for Indians or the Chicago Seven or any radical cause, anti-war or anything else. And they did it without demanding of them any respect for the institution itself."

Although his relationship with the church has fallen on hard times, Saxbe continues to be a near-regular at the Wednesday morning prayer meetings held in the Senate dining room by John Stennis.

After public grade and high schools, Saxbe enrolled at nearby Ohio State. He received a B.A. in 1940, married his college sweetheart, Ardath (Dolly) Kleinhans of Toledo, and settled in Mechanicsburg. His military service in World War II covered two years in the horse cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas, flight training in Texas and one year as a bomber pilot stationed at an Army Air Corps base in Shreveport, Louisiana.

Little in Saxbe's career over the next few years suggested his eventual emergence as the fastest tongue on the Potomac. Discharged in 1945, he returned to Columbus for law school. In 1946, while still a student, he gained election to the Ohio House of Representatives. Within five years he was majority leader and at age 37, Speaker of the House.

"The country is full of con men and a lot of them are in politics."

In 1954 Saxbe made his first bid for the Senate, challenging the party organization candidate, George H. Bender, in the GOP primary. He gathered only 42 per cent of the vote in what he now philosophically refers to as "a learning experience."

Two years later he was elected to a two-year term as state attorney general, defeating Democrat (later Senator) Stephen M. Young. He lost his campaign for reelection in 1958 when the Democrats swept the state with their opposition to right-to-work laws, but was elected to four-year terms in 1962 and 1966.

In 1968, Saxbe ran again for the Senate, this time against liberal Congressman John J. Gilligan. As the race unfolded law and order became Saxbe's primary theme. "What we've got to do," he would declare, "is be firm but fair." His TV spots featured the wings of an American eagle being chipped away. The formula worked; Saxbe won with 51.5 per cent of the vote.

In a Wall Street Journal profile published six months after Saxbe's entry into the Senate in 1969, reporter Alan Otten wrote: "He appears a solid, unassuming, old-shoe sort, and when he squeezed to victory last November, most Republicans in and out of Ohio looked forward, with relief and pleasure, to another sensible Senate conservative in the mold of Harding, Taft and Bricker. But Bill Saxbe is

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turning out to be somebody else. If he isn't yet a bombthrower, he certainly has been tossing a few firecrackers."

One small explosive came during Saxbe's first official visit to the White House. In polite fashion the new Senator from Ohio reminded the President that he'd been elected on a pledge to end the war. "If you hang onto it," he told Nixon, "it'll be your war." It was four years before the Senator received another White House invitation.

And so it didn't take long for Bill Saxbe to discover he wasn't going to like Washington. So quickly was he disappointed with the pace of Senate business that several Ohio papers speculated he might not return to the Capitol following the summer recess.

One year into his term Saxbe would look back and say: "The first six months in the Senate you wonder how you got there. The next six months you wonder how the rest of them got there."

As his restlessness increased, so did his absenteeism. It bottomed out in 1971 when Saxbe missed 45 per cent of all roll calls, the second worst record in the Senate (next to Barry Goldwater).

Many of the missed votes came during trips outside the country. He visited India twice, Japan, Africa, Russia, Israel, most of Europe, Thailand and Argentina. "I took every free trip I could get," he once admitted in a typically unguarded moment. "I like to travel."

Recalls Bob Taft, a long-time friend and Senate colleague: "My impression is he just lost patience with the way things are done around here."

Later, looking back on the decision to leave the Senate, Saxbe would tell a reporter: "I thought I could spend my time better elsewhere. I didn't like the speed of things. And you get a lot of lumps for nothing. You'd get 5,000 letters a day, hire people to answer them, then have to answer to everybody why you hired those people in the first place. I didn't like worrying about constituents' problems, running errands, all the social work."

Dolly Saxbe agrees: "That's right. After that first year, Bill decided to get out of the Senate. Being in the minority party and having no seniority, he just decided he could do more good elsewhere."

At the press conference to announce his intention not to run again, Saxbe said, simply: "If you don't like the heat, get out of the kitchen."

Patience, aides concede, has never been one of Bill Saxbe's strong suits. They cite, for instance, his first day on the job. The new Attorney General was riding to work in his official black Cadillac limousine. A police car pulled up alongside and ordered the driver to pull over. One of the officers announced that the car's inspection sticker had expired. Saxbe said he was hurrying to work and asked if the matter could be settled later.

No, the officer insisted. The sticker

problem was important. His temper rising, Saxbe demanded the names of both officers. One said he couldn't give out that information unless it was written on a citation.

"I don't give a damn," exploded Saxbe, his face turning red. "I want your name."

"You haven't told me your name," the policeman replied.

"It's Saxbe," said Saxbe in despair. "I'm the Attorney General."

"Look, I don't know who the Attorney General is," said the cop, finishing the citation. Then, slowly, he ripped it from his pad and handed it to the Attorney General of the United States.

Because of experiences like this, Mechanicsburg is more and more on Saxbe's mind, he admits. The place tugs at him and he looks forward to the final move home.

Unlike some Senate and Cabinet families whose roots take hold here, the Saxbes have never really warmed to Washington. They are not without some praise for the place, however. In fact, Bill Saxbe describes it as "the most beautiful city I've seen anywhere." That he enjoys.

In April, for example, he and Dolly climbed into their 1967 red Cadillac ("Sixteen miles to the gallon," he says proudly.) and spent an afternoon riding around town admiring the azaleas.

"Just breathtaking," Saxbe recalls, "especially up around Kenwood. I don't know any place that equals it."

"But, you know, most of our friends are in Mechanicsburg and Columbus," he explains. "And for what we want to do it just suits us best."

Thirty miles from Columbus, in the softly undulating countryside of central Ohio is the Saxbe homestead. It is a modest place, set on 12 acres over which grazes a small herd of prize heifers. Nearby is the 223-acre farm Saxbe inherited from his father.

The pleasures of Mechanicsburg are simple, Saxbe concedes. There is, for example, the bass-stocked lake on his property and his part interest in a bird-shooting preserve outside of town. "I've helped run that thing for 20 years. Once had a double A rating. We've got 60 members, people I've selected. But when are you going to enjoy it?"

"There just isn't enough time," Dolly agrees, "to do all these good things."

Along the way, especially on the cocktail- and dinner-party circuit, the Saxbes have had some good times and won some devoted friends.

One of the Saxbes' strong connections has been with former Indian Ambassador and Mrs. Lakshi Jha. "They were great friends," Dolly says enthusiastically. "We've been back to see them. He's now Governor of Kashmir."

The Saxbes have three children, William Bart Jr., 32, a doctor in Boston, Juli, 29, who lives in Columbus with her two children, and Charles, 27, a law student at Ohio State. A Marine Corps Vietnam veteran, Charles recently won the GOP nomination to run for the state House of Representatives from Mechanicsburg and would have entered law practice there with his father had the senior Saxbe not been summoned to the halls of the Justice Department.

Travel is a pastime enjoyed by both Saxbes. They have a home in Costa Rica, in the mountains outside San Jose, within a four-iron of a golf course. It is one of Dolly's favorite spots. "A great climate," she says. "Wonderful scenery. We're hoping the Americans don't ruin it."

Their housing situation in Washington is not nearly as satisfactory. With the decision to return to Ohio they sold their four-story, seven-fireplaced townhouse in the Harbor Square section of Southwest D.C. and moved into a small apartment. Dolly had become a dedicated gardener and their transfer to the glass-and-steel desert of high-rise living put an end to all that.

"I'm sorry we moved," she confesses. "I miss that garden terribly." In its place she is doing more and more oil painting. A fine arts major in college, she works every day. A number of her canvases are displayed on the walls of Saxbe's office and foyer. Cheerful still lifes and small-town scenes predominate, executed in a semi-cartoon style reminiscent of Grant Wood and Grandma Moses.

Several more are hung in the living room, halls and bathroom of the Saxbe apartment. But the piece-de-resistance of that collection is the large canvas hung above the headboard in the bedroom. It shows a well-endowed young woman, wearing only the slightest suggestion of a smile, resting comfortably atop what seems to be a couch.

"Inspiration," Dolly once winked to visitor Kandy Stroud of Women's Wear Daily.

Two television sets, one in the living room, one in the bedroom, testify to what Dolly tactfully calls "a small difference" in TV tastes. He likes golf matches and football, she "Upstairs, Downstairs." He enjoys Lawrence Welk, she the ballet.

The differences are put aside, however, when the couple entertains and the Saxbes are ecumenical in their selection of guests. Recent gatherings have embraced the Gaylord Nelsons, the Birch Bayhs, the Marlow Cooks and the Ted Stevenses. The high point of many of the Saxbes' dinner parties comes with what Bob Taft carefully labels "vigorous singing." Old Army tunes mostly, Dolly says. A current favorite is "Tattooed Woman."

Saxbe has been known on occasion to accompany himself on the washboard fiddle. Witnesses to these performances say some in the room have actually wept during renditions of romantic dance-hall tunes, though it is not clear precisely why.

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Saxbe's vocal talents also must have caused a bout of weeping frustration for the President's campaign managers in 1972 when they recruited the Senator as one of Nixon's many campaign "surrogates."

The unpredictable Saxbe observed that "the President wasn't being totally honest in promising no new taxes if he

wins a second term. I think we're living in a dream world. The country is full of con men and a lot of them are in politics."

Then before those wounds could heal, Saxbe fired again at the Administration: "I don't know whether or not it's the most corrupt, but it's one of the most inept."

Barely three months later the President, in what some claim was an illustration of

Saxbe's dictum, offered him the top job at Justice.

It was the generally accepted thesis that Saxbe was selected because the President knew that he would be confirmed by an increasingly belligerent Senate.

He was, but why, friends wondered, did he take the job, —while acclaim for Elliot Richardson echoed through the country?

"Here's the thing," says Saxbe, eager to explain. "You sit around the Senate for years

and think of what you can do. You shoot your mouth off. They hand you the ball. You can't go home and sit on the porch."

Obscured somewhat by his neon remarks have been, say his defenders, several demonstrations of a tough, strong-willed independence. He has consistently supported Watergate Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, promising to stay on until fired rather than interfere in Jaworski's work. He has ordered a special Department report on impeachment released to the public despite its value to the anti-Nixon forces. He has ruled that in any Senate trial the President must pay his own legal defense fees. And he has, on at least one occasion, directed a reluctant FBI to turn over files bearing on the rights of criminal defendants, in this case Indians on trial following the take-over of Wounded Knee, S.D.

But job satisfactions have not, Saxbe confesses, been exactly overwhelming. "So far there haven't been a great many. We're just beginning to get things into shape.

"I think we're hurt. Certainly the field of justice has suffered tremendous embarrassment over the last few years. But I look forward to the day when I can take pride in seeing this department working to bring respect to the system of justice in this country."

It is almost noon. William Saxbe has finished the last of his iced tea. His secretary announces a call from FBI Director Clarence Kelly. Saxbe reaches forward and flicks a ball of dust from one of the tassels atop his alligator loafers, leans forward, rises slowly and walks to the door.

"Hope this clears up before tomorrow," he says, nodding toward the rain-spattered window and thinking of his golf match the next morning. "Been raining too much lately. Time for a change." ■