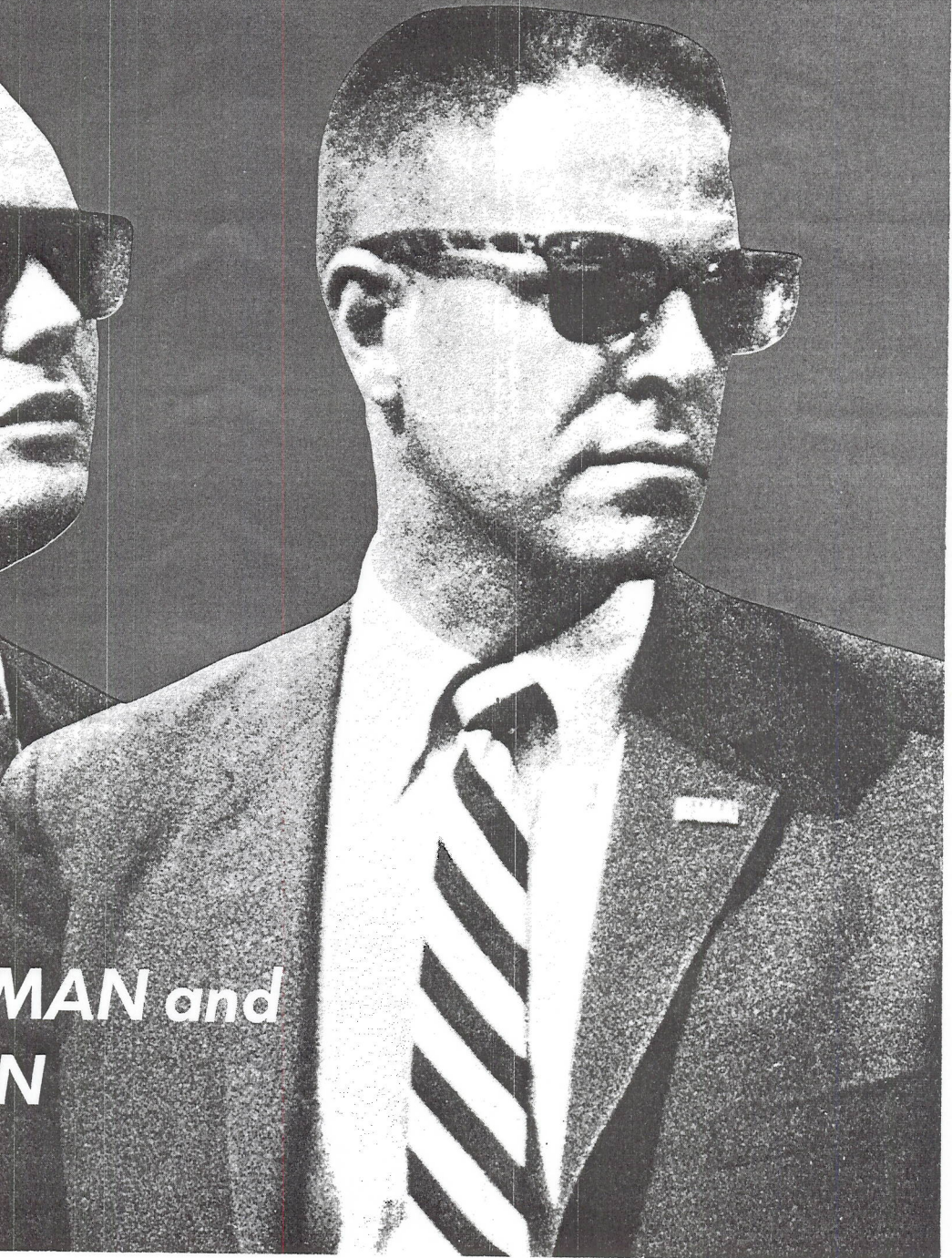


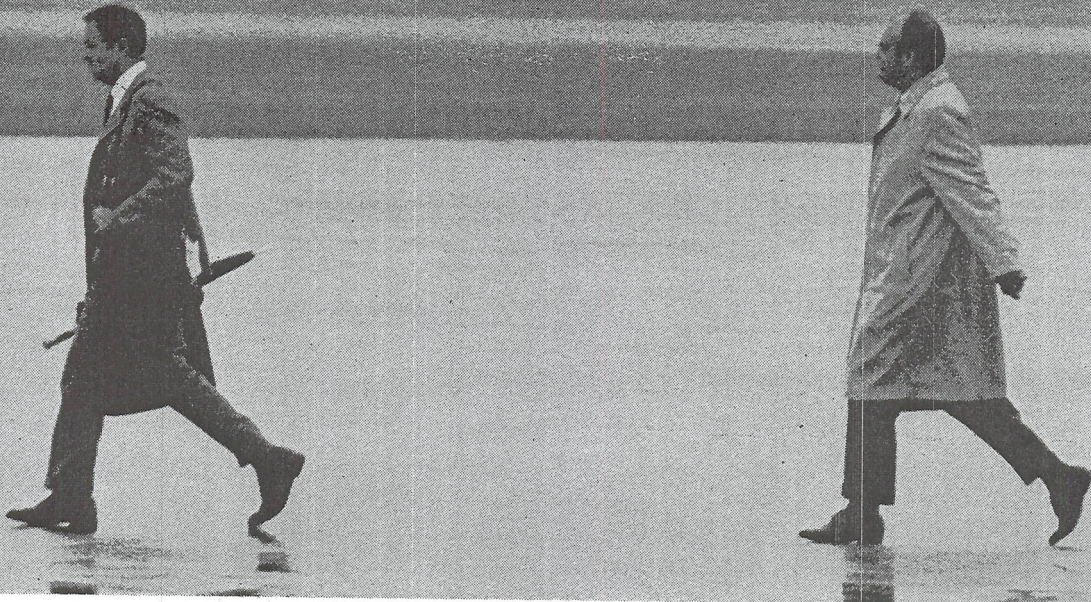
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# Newsweek<sup>®</sup>

## The White House In Turmoil



**JOHN EHRLICHMAN and  
H. R. HALDEMAN**



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Haldeman and Ehrlichman: Could the government function in an orgy of recriminations?

## A Government in Turmoil

The tangle of corruption called Watergate plunged the Nixon Administration into deepening crisis last week—a plague of scandal and suspicion that wrecked reputations, drove men from high office, brought the White House near paralysis and edged ever closer to engulfing the Presidency itself. Richard Nixon tried to ride out the rising storm, behaving in public as though nothing were happening and agonizing in private over how to retrieve the damage his most trusted associates had done him. But the scandal did not respond to his waiting game; instead, it kept metastasizing into new corners of government and politics far beyond the botched burglary that started it all.

The blows fell with trip-hammer speed through the week:

- Acting FBI director L. Patrick Gray III was disclosed to have burned some files retrieved from the office of one of the original Watergate gang—at the wish, so he thought, of White House topsiders John Ehrlichman and John W. Dean III. The tale wounded both Presidential aides, for all their denials, and wrote finis to Gray's short, unhappy reign over the bureau: he quit as acting director at the weekend and was succeeded—on a few hours' notice—by one of Mr. Nixon's surviving Messrs. Clean, William Ruckelshaus, until then the head of the Environmental Protection Agency.

- The government derailed the Pentagon papers trial in Los Angeles with a stunning confession—that Watergate spymasters G. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt had burglarized the offices of defendant Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist to pilfer the Ellsberg file. What they ac-

tually took, and for whom, remained a mystery—but on its face the episode smacked of the secret-police tactics favored by the Papadopoulos regime in Greece. A visibly angry U.S. Judge Matt Byrne made the secret admission public and ordered an investigation of whether the prosecution had used the file.

- Ehrlichman and former Attorney General John Mitchell were both caught up in the ongoing investigation of mutual-fund financier Robert L. Vesco and what he might have thought he was buying with a secret \$200,000 cash contribution to the Nixon campaign. Mitchell, already under suspicion in the Watergate case, was hailed before a second Federal grand jury in New York—inquiring, among other things, into whether he had opened doors to help Vesco in his deepening difficulties with the Securities and Exchange Commission. And Ehrlichman was reported to have promised to intercede for Vesco in an effort by the New Jersey financier to take over a Lebanese bank. Ehrlichman flatly denied the charge.

- The Watergate grand jury for the first time began poking seriously into fast financial practices in the Nixon campaign page 24—and was immediately rewarded with a whole series of enticing new leads. The Washington Star-News turned up yet another mystery fund, this one a \$500,000 cache controlled by the President's private lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach. The Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader alleged that Liddy, Hunt and old Nixon operative Murray Chotiner were involved in collecting \$1.1 million in donations from the Teamsters union and Las Vegas gambling interests at a

point when their interrelationships were under Federal investigation. (Chotiner and the Teamsters denied it.) And the General Accounting Office filed its fourth formal complaint against the President's re-election financing committee for hiding or failing to report "substantial expenditures"—in cash.

Through all this, Mr. Nixon put on a conspicuous show of going about his business, taking the sun on an Easter weekend in Florida and jetting out late in the week to inspect flood damage on the Mississippi River with recuperating Sen. John Stennis. But the signs of crisis—and the pressures on him to respond—grew daily more urgent; at the weekend the President was in seclusion at Camp David, and the word in Washington was that he might come back with a



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Hunt: Now, an Ellsberg connection

Newsweek

statement designed to resolve the crisis. So beleaguered was his Presidency just six months after his landslide re-election that Spiro Agnew felt obliged to vouch for the boss in a stilted, no-questions-taken press conference: "I have full confidence in the integrity of President Nixon." In New York, Henry Kissinger begged an audience of media executives not to promote "an orgy of recrimination" about Watergate lest they end up damaging America.

The damage was deep enough—and deepening. A whole range of decisions from routine appointments to critical issues of war and inflation were stalled. The White House fell into turmoil, its staff demoralized and its lines of authority dissolved; its two top hands, Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, were under de facto suspension from their normal duties, and one regular visitor wailed, "You don't know who to deal with any more." The Federal system of criminal justice was further compromised by Gray's fall, the Ellsberg revelation and the removal of Attorney General Richard Kleindienst from the Watergate case; Kleindienst was said to be looking for an honorable moment to resign. There were even mutterings about impeachment on Capitol Hill; nobody was seriously pushing it, but the mere fact that the word could be spoken was a measure of how inflamed relations between the President and the Congress had become in the Nixon era—and how badly Watergate had bloodied the Presidency.

Across the country, the dimensions of the scandal were beginning to appall citizens who had been able to dismiss it for months as just another political prank. "I hate to say it," said a Detroit auto executive who had long defended Mr. Nixon in arguments with his McGovernite son, "but it looks as if my long-haired kid was right." Solid conservatives reacted to the latest developments in near-apocalyptic tones. Chesterfield Smith, the newly elected president of the American Bar Association, called the scandal "a domestic crisis of unparalleled proportions." Kansas Sen. Robert Dole, a former chair-

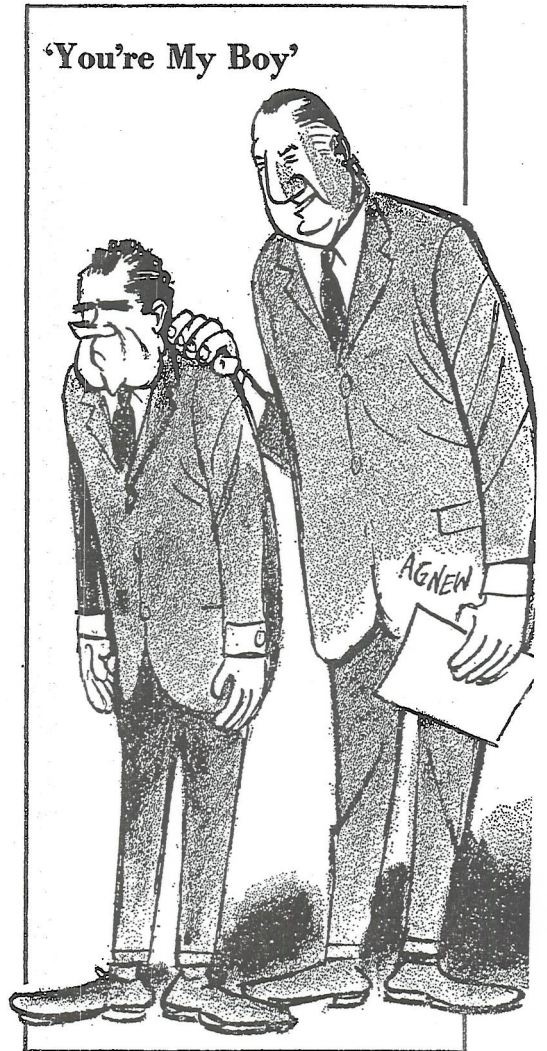
man of the Republican National Committee, called on Ehrlichman and Haldeman to resign, saying: "Right now the credibility of the Administration is zilch, zero." Even the Rev. Billy Graham said he was "sick about the whole thing."

Worse still, it seemed all but certain that the depths of the mess had not yet been plumbed. "Just wait till you see all the horror stories that are going to come at the White House," said one knowledgeable former official.

#### What to Do Next

Still, Mr. Nixon deferred any overt move. His dilemma was whether to start cleaning house immediately or wait to see whom the grand jury indicts; the signals suggested that he would soon have to act. He was under mounting pressure to turn the case over to somebody other than the Justice Department—to a special prosecutor or even a Warren-style commission of inquiry—but no decision was taken. He was said to be shopping for a prestigious outsider to come in and clean house; ex-Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, Secretary of State William Rogers and former HEW Secretary Robert Finch were prominent in the gossip, but nobody was tapped. Mr. Nixon was plainly eager to keep as much of his topside team as possible; the Justice Department sent word round that Haldeman might be salvaged, but that Ehrlichman, Dean and former deputy campaign director Jeb Stuart Magruder ought to be fired or allowed to resign. Magruder did quit his post-election job at the Commerce Department, but Mr. Nixon put off moving against anyone else for the moment. The result of the delay was further uncertainty, and further paralysis, in the Administration. "The government," said one higher-up, "is in shambles."

Gray's final disgrace was perhaps the hardest blow of all—a fall from glory that shook the FBI, further shadowed Mr. Nixon's reputation as a judge of men and exacerbated doubts about whether the Administration was serious about investigating the case. It was a personal wound to the President: he was said by a



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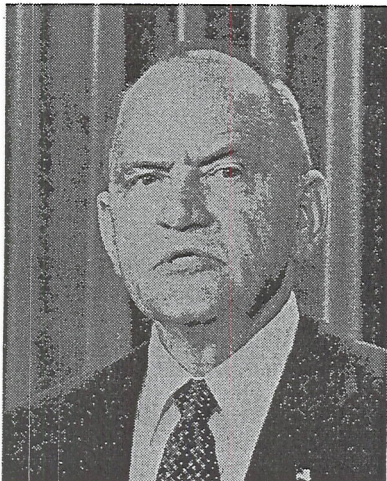
Republican source to have been "devastated" by the tale, and particularly by Ehrlichman's place in it. And it provided what may be the most incisive response thus far to the entire squalid Watergate mess. When told what had happened, Henry Petersen, the assistant attorney general assigned to the case by Mr. Nixon, said simply: "Incredible." Did that mean, a reporter said, that it wasn't true? "I didn't say that," Petersen said. "I just said it's incredible."

Gray's downfall began in the days after the June 17 Watergate arrests, when Dean had Hunt's quarters in the Executive Office Building emptied and subsequently discovered two folders full of sensitive papers—among them some faked "cables" purporting to connect John Kennedy with the assassination of South Vietnam's President Diem and his brother in 1963. "We believe future success of Vietnam efforts depends upon displacement Nhu and Diem," a draft of one such message was reported to have said. "Moreover, leaders of successful coup deserve clean slate . . . by making sure neither brother survives. All of us here realize this instruction places you in uncomfortable and distasteful position."

Kennedy-era officials indignantly denounced the cables; McGeorge Bundy, now head of the Ford Foundation, called



AP



UPI

The Ellsbergs: Police-state tactics

Gray: Into the burn bag

May 7, 1973

**NATIONAL AFFAIRS**

them "the crudest kind of forgery." As Nixon Administration aides pieced the story together, the papers were all forged by Hunt—then a White House staffer—and were to be used to discredit the Kennedys if Teddy became the candidate in 1972. The single undisputed fact is that the papers were turned over to Gray in Ehrlichman's office on the 28th, eleven days after the bust. Ehrlichman insisted that they were given to Gray for "safekeeping" and that he himself did not know their contents; Dean's version to investigators was that Ehrlichman had told him, "John, you go across the river every day—why don't you drop the blankety-blank things in the river?"

The meeting itself, as Gray recalled it, began with Ehrlichman telling him,



**Mitchell: Did he open doors?**

"John Dean has some papers he wants to turn over to you." Dean passed him the two folders, each an eighth of an inch thick; he said something to the effect that they were "very sensitive papers" that had nothing to do with Watergate but were nevertheless "political dynamite . . . [that] should never see the light of day." Gray took that to be a signal to destroy the material; he took it home that evening, left it in a closet for a few days while he took an out-of-town trip on bureau business, then tore it up and put the pieces in the "burn bag" on July 3. He told friends he had never looked at the material while it was in his possession and never suspected he had

*(Continued on page 26)*



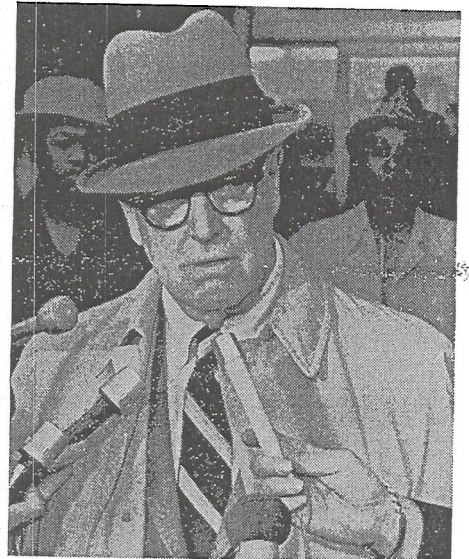
**New FBI boss Ruckelshaus with Ziegler: The credential was cleanliness**

*(Continued from Page 24)*

done anything wrong until Henry Petersen questioned him about the episode a fortnight ago. "Pat was trained in the Navy to deal with classified material on a need-to-know basis," said a friend in the aftermath, "and in this case he felt he had no need to know."

His innocence was fetching, but not for an FBI chief—and particularly not on so politically charged a case as Watergate. His subservience to the White House in the matter had already cost him his nomination for director; his latest gaffe moved him to submit his resignation as acting director before anybody asked for it. The President persuaded him to wait overnight, but Gray next day issued a statement that he was quitting "with a clear conscience" to protect the FBI from blame for his own "personal acts and judgments." Within hours, the President—then aboard Air Force One on his flood tour—settled on Ruckelshaus as interim successor and sent for him by air-to-ground telephone. The new acting director, one aide said, "didn't have a clue"; he was puttering in his rose garden when the message came: "The President wants you."

Ruckelshaus, 40, is a square-jawed, square-bred Midwesterner with little law-enforcement experience: his mobility route to Washington was Indiana politics (he was a state legislator and a loser for U.S. senator) and his first job there was heading the civil division at the Justice Department, where he became a friend of John Mitchell. His credential was his reputation for cleanliness as Mr. Nixon's man in ecology. White House press secretary Ron Ziegler marched him before a press conference looking



**Attorney Wilson: A line to Mr. Nixon**

unhappy. Somebody asked him whether he would prosecute the President if he were implicated in the bugging. "That is a hypothetical question," Ruckelshaus answered; he thereupon bade the reporters good evening, turned on his heel and walked out.

The disclosure of the raid on Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office was similarly devastating to an Administration twice swept to office on its law-and-order pretensions. The tip came from none other than John Dean, the latest of the Nixonians to begin telling tales and naming names. He apparently could not date the raid, but government investigators got the impression that it was one of a whole series of capers run by Liddy and Hunt in 1971-

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

72—quite possibly while they were still members of the White House staff, and the Administration's "plumbers" were trying to find the original Pentagon papers leak. The Justice Department scarcely helped its own faded image with its response to the news; it sat on Dean's tip for ten days and only then showed Judge Byrne a secret intradepartmental memorandum that it had been tipped to the attempt "to obtain the psychiatrist's files relating to Ellsberg."

The memo went on to report that there was no indication as to what was in the files or whether they had been communicated to the prosecution in the Ellsberg case. But the judge, visibly angry, made the burglary public and demanded that the government find out whether Hunt and Liddy worked for the government at the time, as well as who had ordered the burglary and whether anything they got might have "tainted" the evidence in the Pentagon papers case. "And that would be just the start of what I want to find out," bristled Judge Byrne.

### The Message of Watergate

The defense planned to move for a mistrial, a motion that—if successful—would make the Pentagon papers case only the latest casualty of the Nixon scandals. Ellsberg himself angrily refused to identify the psychiatrist or say when he had been under treatment; reporters learned, however, that the consultations had been in Los Angeles in the late 1960s, when Ellsberg was working for the Rand Corp. Ellsberg did offer the tantalizing guess that the doctor's file was among the papers retrieved by Dean from Hunt's office and consigned ultimately to Gray's burn bag—and he offered a bitter reading of the Nixon Administration: "The message of Watergate is that in the eyes of the people who work for the President, all law stops at the White House fence."

Dean's tattling was only the latest in a cycle of recriminations among the President's own men—a demoralizing scramble for position in which the principals in the investigation sought to save themselves by spreading the blame for the Watergate bugging and the cover-up that followed. Their tales looked merely anarchic in the daily headlines, but the Nixonians were in fact coming together in two loosely knit groups, one supporting Haldeman, Ehrlichman and their protégés, the other friendly to Mitchell and Dean. Each sought to blame the other side for instigating the bugging; each asserted that its people were first to carry the tale of betrayal to the President. "Both parties are climbing the same tree," sighed one lawyer in the case. "But they're on opposite sides eating different leaves."

Out of the Rashomon swirl of leaks and counter-leaks, two rough hypotheses for the same set of events took form:

■ **The Haldeman-Ehrlichman Scenario.** The two White House topsiders, accord-

Newsweek, May 7, 1973

ing to their allies, had nothing to do with the bugging; Magruder, one of their people, has in fact told Federal prosecutors that it was cleared in advance with Mitchell and Dean. Thereafter, according to this version, Dean was a central figure in the cover-up, arranging the disposition of Hunt's papers, interfering with the FBI inquiry, finally managing the in-house "investigation" of the case and returning an oral report that nobody then employed by the President was involved. At one point, these sources say, Dean even suggested that Hunt get out of the country, at which White House colleague Charles W. Colson is said to have exploded: "Do you want to make the White House an accessory to a fugitive from justice?"

### 'Give Me Some Evidence'

As early as last August, according to this scenario, Ehrlichman approached Clark MacGregor, Mitchell's successor as head of the Committee for the Re-election of the President, to urge that "the time was right" to reinvestigate the case and make the fullest possible disclosures. Nothing happened. Beginning in winter, perhaps as early as December, some staffers took their doubts directly to the President; in February, Ehrlichman and Colson alerted him to their growing suspicions about Mitchell and Dean. The President was eager to learn the truth but reminded his callers that both men had denied any involvement. "Give me some evidence," one source quoted him as saying.

By mid-March, however, Mr. Nixon's trust began flickering, and he ordered Dean to Camp David to set down a written report of his investigation. Dean couldn't do it, and the President angrily took him off the case. He was confronted in mid-April with Ehrlichman's and Colson's charges that he was implicated in the bugging and the cover-up; Dean in turn ran to the Watergate prosecutors, counter-charged that Haldeman and Ehrlichman were both deeply involved and asked for immunity in return for telling more. He was denied it, under Mr. Nixon's own policy declaration that no high official should be immune from prosecution. But his story led to Magruder, who cracked and talked.

■ **The Mitchell-Dean Scenario.** According to their allies, Mitchell and Dean in fact had heard about the bugging plan in advance but had rejected it and assumed it was dead. Mitchell as a result "went up the wall" at the news of the arrests; the raid, he insists, was "counter to my orders" and he is said to believe that Magruder got it approved at the White House. In the aftermath, one Mitchell-Dean source said, "things were done to mitigate the damage." One of these things was Dean's whitewash investigation, but in this version Dean in fact had no real choice in the matter; the blanket not-guilty verdict was handed down to him by his superiors as a "fait accompli," as one friendly source told

it, "and John was caught in the middle."

He did as he was told, assuming that it was the President's wish, and his oral report led to Mr. Nixon's own declaration last August that nobody still in the Administration had done anything. Ehrlichman did in fact discuss the issue with MacGregor that month, but his supposed concern, MacGregor said last week, "was never communicated to me." Quite to the contrary, other sources said, MacGregor was under pressure at the party convention in Miami Beach to deliver some answers about Watergate to his re-elect-Nixon apparat; he relayed their concern to Ehrlichman, according to this version, and was tartly advised: "Tell them there's nothing to it."

The lid thereafter remained on until March, when Dean went to Camp David for what he thought would be a week-

Presidency. Mr. Nixon, shocked, shortly thereafter called Henry Petersen, thus setting in train the widened inquiry he announced a fortnight ago.

Whoever was telling the truth, the spiral of charges and countercharges not only damaged the White House but endangered the President as well. The *cordon sanitaire* separating him from his underlings—and from any direct blame for Watergate—held intact last week. But one consequence of their warring was to leave the suggestion that he was alerted as early as December to the gravity of the situation and still had not acted. Dean and Mitchell, moreover, were known to be angry at being singled out for blame; Dean's friends said that whatever he might have said about going to jail held good only if Haldeman and Ehrlichman went with him—and that



Mr. Nixon and Stennis in Mississippi: A strained air of business-as-usual

end holiday. Instead, in this version, a top White House official demanded a written report on Watergate; Dean indeed couldn't produce one—not after running the sanitized inquiry he thought his betters had wanted. He went back to Washington, visited the President and said he couldn't do a report. Mr. Nixon seemed surprised; he said he hadn't expected a report. Dean began in that instant to suspect that the earlier orders given him in the President's name were similarly false, and he started blurting out his version to Mr. Nixon. The scandal, he said, was bigger and the complicity wider than had come out. He told Mr. Nixon that Ehrlichman and Haldeman were responsible for the cover-up—a charge Dean is now prepared to repeat under oath to the grand jury this week—and according to one version added that somebody "may have to go to jail" to protect the President and the

his public refusal to be made a "scapegoat" was intended as a warning both to them and to the President.

Mr. Nixon mollified Dean a bit with a happy-Easter phone call from Key Biscayne—"You're still my counsel," he said. But the runaway momentum of the inquiry left open the possibility that, as one Administration hand put it, somebody would someday remember a conversation in which Mr. Nixon himself ordered up a political intelligence-gathering operation or speculated about ways to soften up the impact of Watergate. "All of those conversations would have seemed quite normal in politics at the time," this official said. "Now, they might have very sinister implications."

Mr. Nixon kept a sharply lowered profile during the week, mulling over his options—and, according to one longtime intimate, "still hoping it will all go away." It wouldn't, not even in church on Easter

Sunday morning; the preacher at Key Biscayne Presbyterian chose a pointed text from the Book of Acts ("For the king knoweth of these things . . . for this thing was not done in a corner") and lectured his flock about the time having come for "some decisions that will be tough to make." The President listened with a fixed, pleasant expression and thereafter repaired to some decisions that will be tough indeed.

His first impulse was plainly to wait until after the grand jury hands up its indictments, and see then who can be salvaged. There was evidence that the sacrifice of Mitchell would not be as painful to him personally as it once might have been; White House insiders told NEWSWEEK that even before Watergate he had sent Haldeman to collect Mitchell's resignation as CRP director, and relented only after Mitchell confronted him face to face. "Damned if the President didn't fudge," one insider recalled.

### The Pursuer and the Pursued

But Mr. Nixon clearly wanted to save his topside team at the White House, Haldeman and Ehrlichman particularly. He went to the extraordinary length of granting two audiences in a week to John J. Wilson, the tough old Washington trial lawyer they had hired apparently at his suggestion. The spectacle of the man nominally in charge of the pursuit thus favoring the attorney for the pursued was at the very least curious. The official line was that Wilson, an old friend, was merely sharing his "perception of developments" with Mr. Nixon; the fact, said one White House source, was that he was assessing for the President the over-all implications of the scandal—and particularly the implications for his two clients.

Their involvement at the fringes of the story confronted the President with an acute personal dilemma. Some of his closest advisers have pressed him to get rid of Haldeman particularly, indictments or no; Mel Laird, one of the men under consideration to run a clean-up at the White House, was said to be reluctant to come at all—and adamantly set against it unless Haldeman were fired first. But the President seemed to waver. He downgraded both Haldeman and Ehrlichman, leaving them behind on the Easter jaunt and letting out word that the daily senior staff conferences over which Haldeman had presided for four years had been cut out. But if he intended to signal them to leave and spare him having to push them, he betrayed no sign of it. His only promise thus far has been to suspend anyone who is indicted and fire anyone who is convicted. "Don't jump to conclusions," he told some senior Cabinet people in the thick of the pressure to dump Haldeman. "Don't prejudge people."

But the spill of events threatened to overwhelm his early wait-and-see strategy. The expected indictments were stalled for perhaps another week while

Newsweek, May 7, 1973

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

the prosecution tried to plug the leakage of testimony into Jack Anderson's syndicated column and reviewed the thousands of pages of transcripts logged to date.\* The waiting time thus strung out even as the week's gush of new disclosures intensified the pressure on Mr. Nixon to act now. Intimates pushed him to start a purge immediately, beginning not just with Haldeman but with Ehrlichman, Dean and any others tarnished by the scandal as well. Democrats demanded that he take the inquiry out of the hands of Petersen or anybody else in his employ and give it to a special prosecutor—a move that had been rejected earlier at Justice but was now under active study in the White House. The ABA's Smith led the cry for an even more dramatic stroke—submitting the whole Watergate mess to an independent commission of inquiry.

More serious still was the pressure from within—the evidence that each day's delay in confronting the case head-

you have regularly dealt with has his power lines any more."

The harm was real and pervasive. The scandal forced the President's attention away from the whole issue of ballooning inflation; he was forced to cancel a scheduled crisis conference with his senior economic advisers to make his weekend retreat to Camp David. His capacity to conduct foreign affairs stood to be diminished, in Henry Kissinger's words, to exactly that degree that foreign governments believe his authority to have been eroded by Watergate. His hold on the Republicans in Congress was threatened, and with it his precarious balance of power on the Hill; one GOP senator got back a fund-raising letter adorned with an angry scrawl—"Not after Watergate!"—and the experience was common enough to set his colleagues scuttling to show their independence of the President. An Administration built around top-down rule from the White House was suddenly adrift. "I doubt we'll ever re-

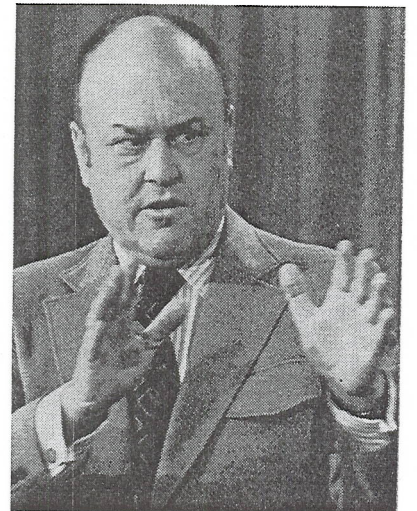
frastructure and are likewise vulnerable should their patron fall—a precariousness that plainly was not lost on them. "They used to give you a hard time over the most petty things," said a Presidential aide outside Haldeman's orbit. "Now, they're actually being nice to people." In truth, prying the compromised out of the government might be as ticklish as boning a shad.

### King Timahoe

Watergate had thus brought down a full-blown crisis of confidence on the Nixon Administration, and it was a somber President who fled to the quiet of the Catoctin Mountains for a weekend alone with his personal staff and his red setter, King Timahoe. His government was wounded, his design for his second term disrupted, his own reputation set suddenly teetering: a numbing 63 percentage majority in a new Louis Harris poll simply didn't believe the White House about



Photos by Wally McNamee—Newsweek



UPI

Friends in need: Old comrades Rogers, Laird and Finch were talked up as prospects for the post-Watergate Nixon term

on was further eroding the President's capacity to govern. The White House was immobilized by suspicion and fear at the top, and by doubts down the line that the men in charge today would even be around tomorrow. Haldeman and Ehrlichman were barricaded in their offices, their phones virtually silent. A senior staffer with daily urgent business to transact found it "more and more difficult to get anyone's attention around here." A lobbyist with close ties to the White House found his wires to his old friends at the top suddenly tangled. "It's not even a question of who's guilty," he said. "It's a question of whether the guy

cover fully," confessed one Presidential staffer. "Right now, nobody is paying attention to anything except Watergate—and I'm afraid that even when we get the monkey off our backs, a lot of people *still* aren't going to pay attention to us any more."

The malaise filtered on downward through the structure of government. Appointments backed up unfilled—59 of them, by one count, in sub-Cabinet, ambassadorial and other top-level jobs. Chains of command came unlinked. "You try to get the agencies to do anything," one White House staffer protested, "and they say, 'Well, maybe we will and maybe we won't.' We're just sucking air with them now." Old CRP hands spotted in patronage jobs around the government felt suddenly exposed; most of them, said one Nixonian, "are clean as a whistle, but the agencies want to get rid of them all." Haldeman's men are likewise scattered through the Federal in-

Watergate, and only 9 per cent were still willing to accept the official accounting of the case.

Mr. Nixon had hoped to choose his own time to act. But the strain of suspicion, accusation and disclosure had spread too far too fast, and had come too close to the President himself, to be resisted much longer. The widespread suspicion in Washington, indeed, was that the time of troubles was far from abating—that, as one well-connected Republican was going about warning colleagues last week, still worse tales remain to be told "and you aren't going to believe the half of it." The betting was that Mr. Nixon would come down from the mountains this week with a seventh-crisis scenario blocked out on his yellow legal pad. The stake was high—whether he would truly be able to govern America for three and a half more years.

\*The leaks sent a shudder of something like paranoia coursing through the Justice Department, which was already under fire for its conduct of the case; at one point, a Federal prosecutor telephoned a lawyer for James W. McCord, the Watergate bugging technician, and charged furiously that McCord had wired the grand-jury room. Anderson said only that he had an Administration source for the transcripts; he agreed finally to stop printing them after a government plea that more disclosures would jeopardize the whole investigation.