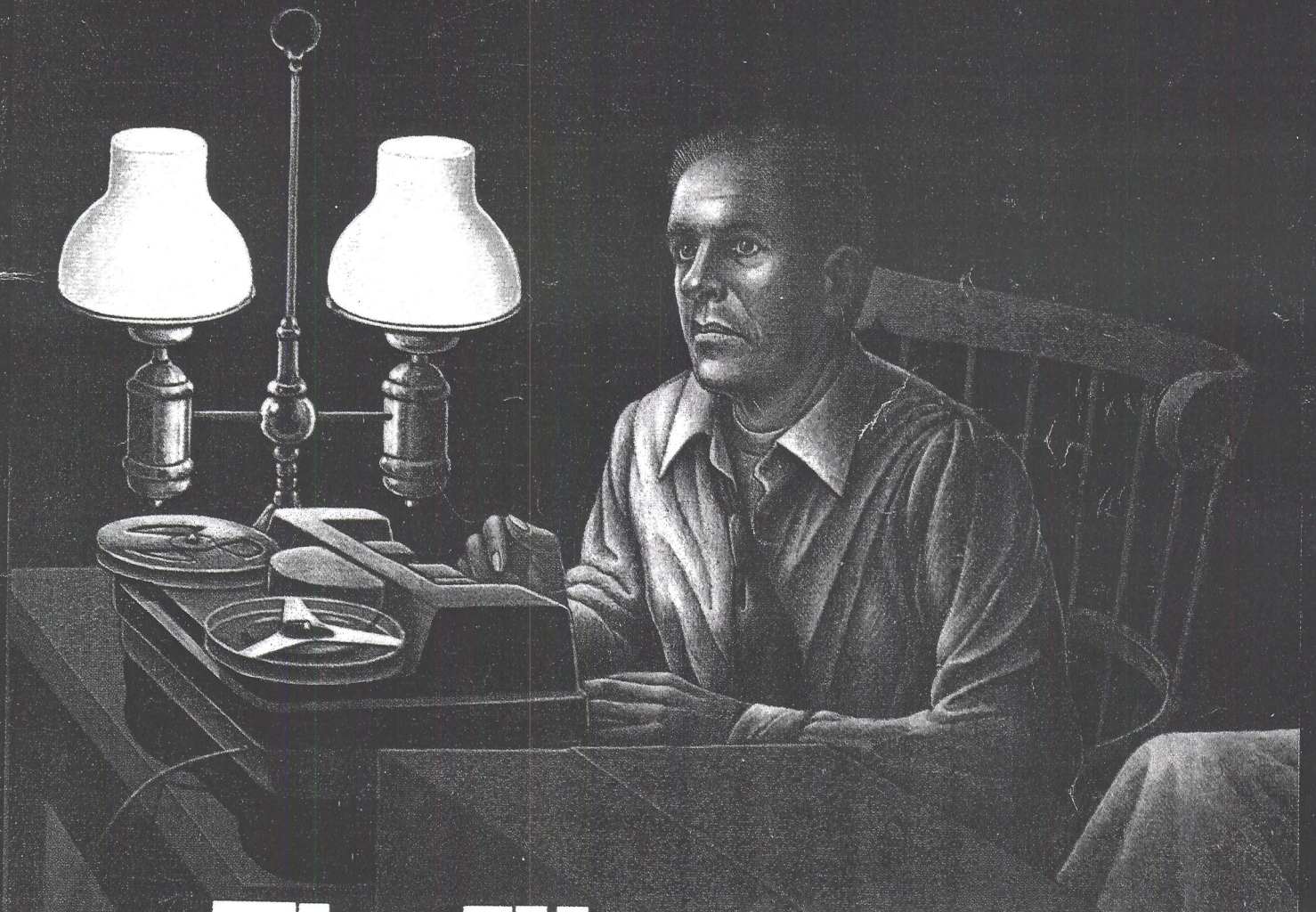


SPECIAL ISSUE:  
The Hidden Scenes of Our Greatest Political Scandal

50 CENTS

JUNE 17, 1974

# NEW YORK



**The Illustrated  
Secret History of  
Watergate**

---

---

NEW YORK

# The Illustrated Secret History of Watergate

Part I:

The Plot, the Preparations, and the Crime

By the Editors of *New York Magazine*.  
With paintings by Julian Allen,  
Melinda Bordelon, Harvey Dinnerstein,  
Alex Gnidziejko, Roger Hane, Richard Hess,  
James McMullan, Burt Silverman,  
David Wilcox

Despite conflicting and often confusing testimony, one of the most interesting things about Watergate is how much is known for certain about the planning, the break-in, and the subsequent cover-up. Many of the key events and personalities, as well as the location of key actions, are attested to by memos, transcripts, and other documents, sworn eyewitness testimony, physical evidence, etc. (Perhaps the prime evidence is the Presidential tape recordings—the discovery of which is told by Aaron Latham on the following pages.) But, because of the secret nature of many of these events, there were no television or newsreel cameramen and no still photographers present to make a pictorial record of deeds and misdeeds.

By drawing on the extensive documentation now available, we have reconstructed a number of these covert scenes, with the purpose of making a contribution to the historical record. In the chronicle that begins in this issue, all of the events illustrated are known to have taken place; none are based on hearsay or one man's word.

# 'There Is Tape In the Oval Office'

By Aaron Latham

---

"... Butterfield paused after answering Sanders's historic question. He confessed he had hoped no one would ask him that..."

---

*Presidential lawyer J. Fred Buzhardt Jr. made a mistake. If the President ever looks back and asks where he was first tripped up, this could be it.*

*Buzhardt's blunder led an obscure Watergate committee counsel to ask a little-known former White House aide if Nixon's offices were bugged. The man who posed the question was Donald G. Sanders. In him, history had chosen an especially unlikely instrument.*

It was Friday the thirteenth, a hot, boring July day in 1973. Don Sanders had gone to lunch with Howard Liebengood at the Republican Capitol Hill Club. Sanders ate slowly and deliberately, which is the way he does almost everything. He was in no hurry because he had forgotten all about the interview with Alexander P. Butterfield which was scheduled for 2:15 that afternoon.

It was a slow lunch during a slow day in what was becoming a slow investigation. The dramatic high point in the Watergate hearings had been reached two weeks earlier, when John Dean testified. By the morning of the thirteenth, the committee was reduced to listening to grandfatherly Richard Moore, a White House aide who turned out to be so deadeningly verbose that he made one long for the silence of a Gordon Liddy. While Moore droned on and on, Washingtonians were leaving the capital for the weekend, and Americans all over the country were leaving their Watergate-logged television sets. For the moment, almost everyone seemed weary of Washington and its problems.

Sanders was simply weary. The Republican side of the investigation had not yet hired its full staff and everyone was overworked. Sanders had joined the staff as deputy minority counsel in March. Liebengood had recently been hired as a staff lawyer and he was still learning his way around. For all practical purposes, then, Sanders was the

only Republican counsel regularly available for interviewing witnesses informally off-camera.

The Democratic side of the investigation had a much larger staff and as a result scheduled most of the informal interviews. As deputy minority counsel, Sanders attended as many of the debriefings set up by the majority as he could, but he simply could not get to them all and run his own investigations at the same time. When he had been notified that the Democrats planned to interview Alexander Butterfield, Sanders decided that this session might be worth attending, even though he knew almost nothing about Butterfield. In fact, by noon Friday, Sanders had forgotten that Butterfield even existed.

As lunch was coming to a leisurely close, Sanders suddenly remembered the 2:15 interview. He hurried to finish eating, rushed out of the restaurant, and hustled over to the Dirksen Building. He arrived fifteen minutes late, but the interview had not yet started. Others had wandered in late, too, or had not come at all.

One of those who skipped the interview altogether was James Hamilton, an assistant chief counsel who had authorized the calling of Butterfield. He was busy investigating major witnesses and at the last moment told one of his deputies, "I don't think I'll show up."

Another assistant chief counsel who missed the interview was David Dorsen, who had been conducting an independent investigation into the possibility of Presidential bugging. Three days earlier, on July 10, Dorsen had received a call from a former Secret Service agent who said he had a hunch there might be some recording apparatus in the White House. During the morning of what was to be a historic day, July 13, Dorsen talked to a former aide of Lyndon Johnson's to ask him if he knew of any bugging system at the White House which Nixon might have

inherited. The Johnson aide said no. Dorsen's investigation hit a dead end only hours before the secret tapes were discovered. Dorsen had the Butterfield interview marked down on his calendar, but left town that afternoon.

The interview began at a little past 2:30 P.M. in Room G-334, just down the hall from the converted auditorium which the committee staff uses as its headquarters. The room was as characterless as John Dean's monotone. There was no art on the walls. The staff had seen too many movies where bugs were hidden behind pictures.

Only four people showed up for the interrogation of Alexander Butterfield.

There was Scott Armstrong, 27, a committee staff investigator who had gone to Yale, dropped out of Harvard Law, worked as a car salesman, and acted as a consultant for prison systems. He had considered a job analyzing crime in vertical public-housing projects but instead had taken his present job analyzing crime in the government's most expensive piece of public housing—the White House.

There was G. Eugene Boyce, 40, an assistant majority counsel who had been a personal-injury lawyer in Raleigh, North Carolina. He had managed Ike Andrews's successful congressional campaign and had come to Washington in January, 1973, planning to stay three months and go home, but the Watergate committee prevailed upon him to join its staff because it had no one with trial experience. Since then, this Southern whiplash lawyer had given the White House several jolts.

There was Marianne Brazer, 25, a committee staff assistant who had dropped out of the University of Pittsburgh and had come to Washington in August, 1972, where she had a series of boring jobs which failed to keep her busy. She had interviewed for a job with the committee on April 30, 1973, the



**Historic question:** *Donald Sanders, former F.B.I. man who ought to know a bugging situation when he sees one, reacted to Buzhardt's memo by asking, "Is there validity to Dean's speculation that Nixon was trying to avoid being overheard by a tape recorder?"*



**Historic answer:** *Alexander Butterfield, former deputy assistant to the President whose responsibility had been to see that the President's day ran smoothly, replied to Sanders's question during pre-hearing investigation: "There is tape in the Oval Office."*

Photographed by Stanley Trelick

---

“...The memo was Buzhardt’s mistake. It would be to the cover-up what the tape on the lock had been to the break-in...”

---

day Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dean, and Kleindienst lost their jobs. During the interview, she kept asking if the committee was sure it really had enough work to keep her busy. When she got the job, she found herself simply overwhelmed by work and happy at last.

Finally there was Donald Sanders, who seemed like Richard Nixon’s kind of man. Born in 1930 in St. Louis, Sanders had graduated from the University of Missouri Law School. After two years in the Marine Corps, he had joined the Federal Bureau of Investigation, where he spent the next ten years. When he left the bureau, Sanders went to work as chief counsel and staff director of the House Internal Security Committee, which was the successor to the infamous House Committee on Un-American Activities where Nixon got his start. Sanders says, “We went after S.D.S. and the Black Panthers.” In other words, the man who asked the question that rocked the President was a man who was himself very much like the President.

Scott Armstrong opened the questioning of Alexander Butterfield, the former White House aide who had gone on to become the director of the Federal Aviation Administration. When he had worked at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Butterfield’s title had been deputy assistant to the President, and he had occupied the office next to the Oval Office.

There is some controversy over why Butterfield was called in the first place. Armstrong says that *Washington Post* reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein had repeatedly suggested to him that Butterfield be questioned. Armstrong, however, needed the approval of a committee counsel to proceed, and none seemed interested.

Samuel Dash, the chief counsel, says that the committee would probably have gotten around to calling Butterfield on its own. The committee had made “satellite charts” of the people who revolved about the major witnesses. Butterfield was one of the many moons on the Haldeman chart, but there was no sense of urgency about calling him.

Then John Dean revealed in his nationally televised testimony that a friend of Butterfield’s had once had custody of the \$350,000 which was ultimately used as hush money. Whatever languor there may have been about calling Butterfield evaporated. Assistant Counsel Hamilton authorized an interview, which was scheduled. But it was canceled. Another interview was scheduled. But it was canceled too. Finally, in mid-July,

when matters had settled down a bit, a third interview was scheduled and held.

In his questioning, Scott Armstrong concentrated on record-keeping at the White House. Butterfield explained that if the President were meeting with an outsider, a staff member usually sat in and later dictated a memorandum on what was discussed. Armstrong asked if staff members wrote memos describing their own private meetings with the President. Butterfield said rarely.

Part of Butterfield’s job was filing the briefing papers which were written for the President on every conceivable subject, no matter how trivial. Butterfield said that he had once sent a message to the President in Key Biscayne reminding him to call Vice-President Spiro Agnew and wish him happy birthday. A message had come back requesting a briefing paper. Butterfield sent the following, which conformed to the White House format of numbering all points to be discussed:

1. *Happy birthday to you.*
2. *Happy birthday to you.*
3. *Happy birthday dear (point of decision) (a) Ted (b) Spiro.*
4. *Happy birthday to you.*

Butterfield said the people in Key Biscayne were not amused, and he had to write a real briefing paper on the happy birthday call.

Armstrong handed a memorandum to Butterfield. The former aide seemed surprised by it. He asked where the committee had gotten such a document.

Armstrong said that Fred Buzhardt had provided it for the committee.

This was Buzhardt’s mistake. This memo would be to the cover-up what the tape on the lock had been to the original break-in.

The Watergate committee had asked Buzhardt for a list of the dates on which the President had met with John Dean, but the White House lawyer violated an old lawyer’s rule about never volunteering information and gave the committee more than it had asked for. Buzhardt provided not only a list of the dates when the President met with Dean, but he also included summaries of what they talked about. The summaries inevitably raised more questions than they answered—including the question. But that came later.

Butterfield sat silently examining the Buzhardt memorandum, which covered twenty meetings and ran five single-spaced typewritten pages:

*September 15, 1972 . . . Dean reported on I.R.S. investigation of Larry O’Brien.*

*Dean reported on Watergate indictments.*

*March 17, 1973 . . . Dean told the President of the Ellsberg break-in but that it had nothing to do with Watergate. . . .*

*March 21, 1973 . . . Dean gave the President his theory of what had happened. He still said no prior June 17 White House knowledge, that Magruder probably knew, that Mitchell possibly knew, that Strachan probably knew, that Haldeman had possibly seen the fruits of the wiretaps through Strachan, that Ehrlichman was vulnerable because of his approval of Kalmback’s fund-raising efforts. . . . He stated Hunt was trying to blackmail Ehrlichman about Hunt’s prior plumbers activities unless he was paid what ultimately might amount to \$1 million. . . .*

Butterfield seemed to spend an especially long time studying March 21. He observed that there was a lot of detail in the memo. He added that the President’s memory was good, but not that good. Armstrong asked where the information could have come from.

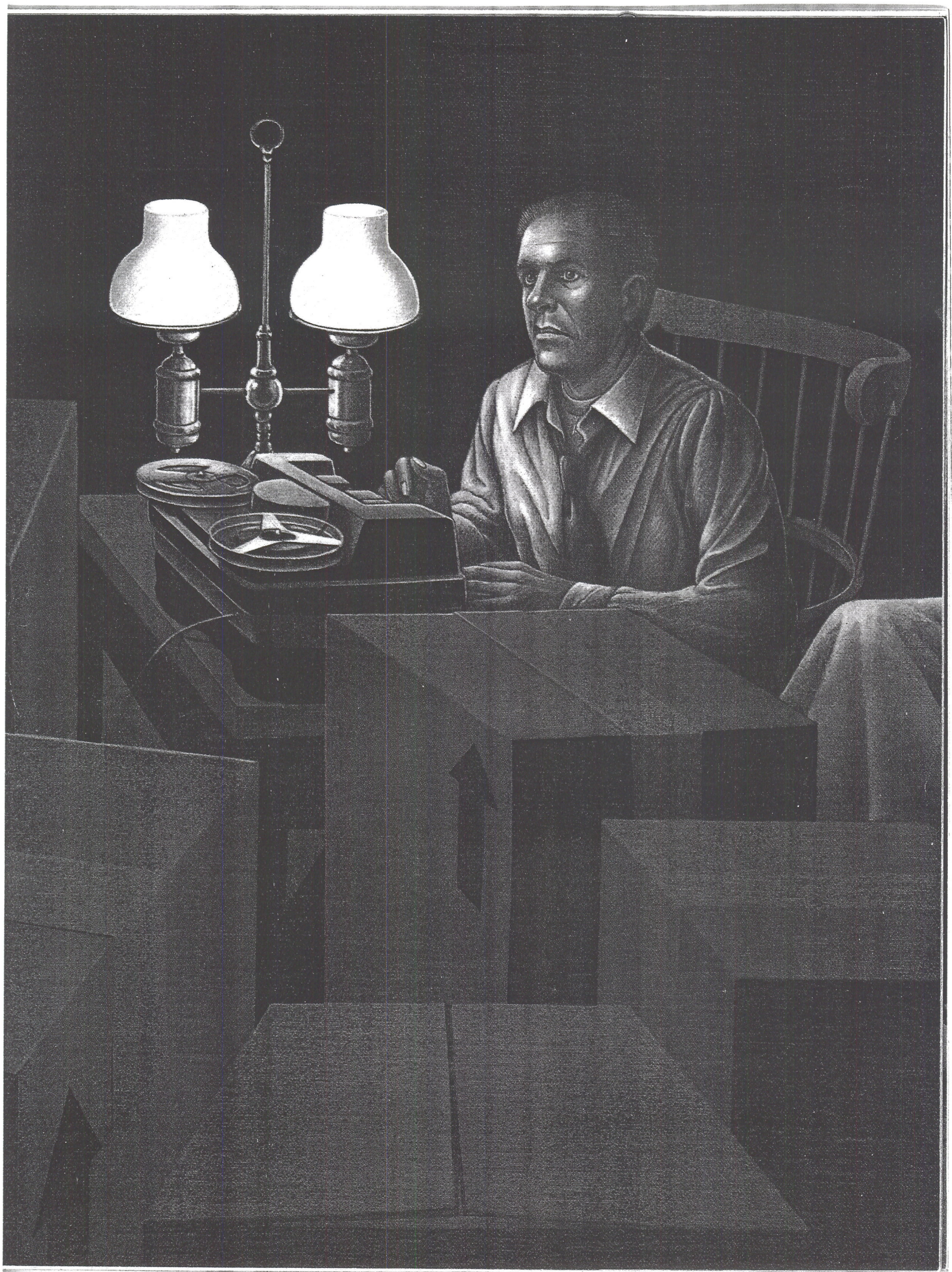
Butterfield said, “Well, let me think about that awhile.”

The interview rambled on to other subjects, but it was apparent that Butterfield had not forgotten about Buzhardt’s memorandum. He would pick it up, then put it down, then pick it up again, then put it down again.

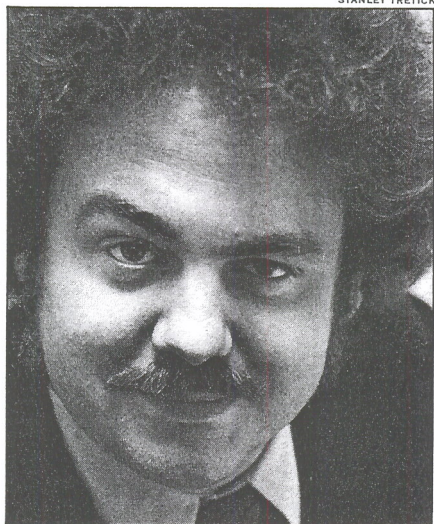
At about 5:30 p.m., Scott Armstrong paused in his interrogation. He had been questioning Butterfield for three hours. Now the time had come to see if the minority counsel had any questions which he would like to ask.

Don Sanders had prepared no questions beforehand. He had no plan of attack. He simply ad-libbed questions as Butterfield continued to play with the memo. Slowly Sanders began moving closer and closer to the question. The problem was that he could not think how to phrase it. Somehow it seemed indelicate to *(Continued on page 60)*

**H. R. Haldeman, private citizen (right), listens to the Presidential tapes. After Alexander Butterfield’s testimony on July 13, 1973, the whole world knew Nixon had bugged his own office. H. R. Haldeman, Nixon’s chief of staff, had known before, for in early June, when he was no longer a White House official, he took four tapes home to an empty house, and, surrounded by packing cartons, reviewed two conversations between Nixon and White House counsel John Dean. Later, Haldeman swore to the Watergate committee that the President had said, in connection with raising \$1 million in cover-up money, “it would be wrong.” But as Nixon’s own transcripts were to show, the President spoke of right and wrong not in connection with a cover-up fund, but only about an offer of executive clemency.**



“... Sanders had a question, but how to phrase it? Somehow it seemed indelicate to ask, ‘Is the President’s office bugged?’...”



Scott Armstrong, committee staff investigator, handed Butterfield the Buzhardt memo.



G. Eugene Boyce, assistant majority counsel, was one of four who heard the word.

(Continued from page 46) simply come right out and ask: *Is the President's office bugged?*

Don Sanders had learned long ago that the man who solved the big case was often simply the man who got lucky. Homework and legwork often lost out to chance. In Room G-334 that day, it almost seemed that history had spun a bottle which wound up pointing at the deputy minority counsel.

Years earlier, Sanders had helped solve another big case in a similarly accidental manner. Except for Watergate, it was the biggest case he had ever worked on. It happened over a decade ago when he was a G-man assigned to the F.B.I.'s Birmingham bureau. His boss in Birmingham had been Clarence Kelley, who is now the director of the F.B.I.

Sanders recalls that the Birmingham office received a call from a used-car dealer who was suspicious of a man trying to sell him a used car. The man was trying to sell it too cheap. Moreover, the dealer thought that the man looked like a man on the F.B.I.'s Ten Most Wanted list whose picture had recently run in the local paper.

Kelley flooded Birmingham's used-car row with F.B.I. men. Agent Sanders was part of the dragnet. By chance, he and his partner spotted the suspicious man sitting with another man in the car which the dealer had refused to buy. The two agents charged and pulled the two men out of the car. Sanders found a loaded .45-caliber pistol on the car seat. He later learned that the suspect had said he didn't plan to be captured alive.

Sanders, pleased with having realized the dream of every G-man, capturing one of the Top Ten, delivered his prisoner to headquarters. A fingerprint check revealed that he had not captured one of the Top Ten after all. He had a case of mistaken identity on his hands.

But he was still suspicious. Innocent people do not normally sell cars cheap or carry .45's on the seat. Moreover, the man had a doctor's black bag in the back seat, and he was obviously no healer. Sanders and his fellow agents kept interrogating the man until he finally told his grisly story.

His name was Victor Harry Feguer. He had kidnapped a doctor in Iowa and driven him into Illinois, where he shot him in the back of the head. He had left the doctor's body in a cornfield. The corpse had not yet been discovered. It was still lost out there in the Midwestern Corn Belt.

Feguer was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. After eating an olive with a pit in it, so that the tree of peace would grow from his grave, he became the very last federal prisoner to be killed.

The whole case had been unraveled by accident, or at least by indirection. Don Sanders was just a lucky investigator. Law enforcement often seemed to work that way.

The memo was the doctor's bag in the new case. Somewhere toward the end of Armstrong's questioning—or perhaps as late as the beginning of his own interrogation—the former G-man decided that Buzhardt's summaries had to be based on a more precise system

of record-keeping than anything Butterfield had so far described. After all, the President did not normally take notes during meetings. Also, Buzhardt couldn't have enlisted Dean's aid in reconstructing the meeting, since Dean had already left the White House. And there had been no stenographer present. So where had the summaries come from?

Since Sanders had been in the F.B.I. for so long, he was familiar with such tools as bugging and wiretapping. To him, electronic surveillance was not an impossible idea. Perhaps it took a bugger to know a bugger.

But how was one to put it? Sanders nervously toyed with the wording of the question the way Butterfield toyed with the memo. Mentally, Sanders kept picking the question up and then putting it down again. For some reason, he did not want to be crude about it. He wanted a question that approached the issue obliquely. At last, he thought of a way. He would lean on a particularly intriguing piece of guesswork in John Dean's testimony before the Senate Watergate committee.

Don Sanders reconstructs the question he asked as follows: "Is there any validity to Dean's public speculation that the President was trying to avoid being overheard by a tape recorder when he supposedly took Dean off to a side of the room to talk about discussing executive clemency with Colson?"

A look of consternation passed over Butterfield's face. A pause followed. Perhaps he was being as careful with the wording of his historic answer as Sanders had been with the wording of his historic question. As a professional, Butterfield, too, shunned such a vulgar term as bugging in favor of a loftier phrase.

Butterfield replied: "I was wondering if someone would ask that. There is tape in the Oval Office."

No one's expression changed. For all the visible impact of this revelation, Butterfield might just as well have said that the weather was hot. Staff assistant Marianne Brazier's first reaction was mild anger at Scott Armstrong. Since no one evinced surprise at Butterfield's answer, she assumed that the others had known about the White House tapes all along. She could not understand why Armstrong had not told her beforehand. Why did he want to keep secrets?

For Butterfield, having already revealed the existence of the corpse, there was no turning back now. Before going

“... Worried about leaks, the interrogators pledged they would tell only the majority and minority counsel about the tapes...”

on, however, he paused to confess that he had hoped no one would ask him that question. He said that he had given a lot of thought to what his response would be if the question ever did come up. He had thought about the effect it would have on national security and international affairs. (He would later admit that he had also worried about its impact on his own career.) In spite of the possible repercussions, however, Butterfield said that he had decided he would have to respond truthfully and candidly if asked.

With the air of a man ridding himself of a burden, Butterfield then went on to explain the whole bugging network. He said that for over two years practically everything that the President of the United States said during his working day—whether in his Oval Office, his Executive Office Building office, the cabinet room, or his Camp David retreat—was preserved on tape. Halde- man, with the President's blessing, had ordered aide Larry Higby to have the Secret Service install and maintain the tapes, while Butterfield was responsible for activating the tapes in the cabinet room and generally overseeing the entire system.

All protocol was off now. Scott Armstrong, who had already interrogated Butterfield for three hours, started questioning again. Gene Boyce, who had not yet had his turn, joined in the questioning too. The interview continued until about 6:30 P.M., by which time the city was almost empty and the roads full.

When the interview broke up, Butterfield stopped to chat with Armstrong for a moment in the corridor. So far, the witness had been answering all of the questions. Now he had one he wanted to pose.

Butterfield asked, “Does this mean I can't go to Moscow?”

While Butterfield went off to worry about delaying his F.A.A. trip to Russia, the interrogators sat down to try to decide what to do next. They were worried about leaks. Sanders, who rarely asserts himself, decided that the time had come to do so. He suggested that they agree among themselves to tell Majority Counsel Sam Dash and Minority Counsel Fred Thompson, but no one else. They all took the pledge.

Armstrong and Boyce caught Dash just as he was leaving his office. He said he didn't have time to meet with them because his wife, Sarah, would be mad if he was late for dinner. They insisted. When Dash had heard the news, he said, “I'd better call Sarah and tell



Marianne Brazer, committee staff assistant, typed, shredded, and retyped her notes.

her that I'll be late.”

When Sanders went to tell Thompson what he had discovered, he learned that the minority counsel had already gotten away. The former F.B.I. agent finally tracked Thompson down in the Carroll Arms bar. Two newsmen seemed to have him in custody. Sanders joined the group for a beer, so, as he puts it, “the newsmen wouldn't get suspicious,” and then asked Thompson to step outside. On the street corner in front of the Carroll Arms, Sanders told Thompson that the President had bugged his own conversations. Thompson took in the news without a change of expression.

Sanders drove home to Springfield, Virginia, hoping that the tapes would prove the President innocent but afraid they might not.

Armstrong was an hour late meeting his date that evening. She was not surprised by his tardiness, but she was surprised by his good mood. They went to dinner at the home of friends. Armstrong was bursting to tell what he had learned, but since he was sworn to silence he confined himself to telling the story of the happy birthday briefing paper over and over again.

Getting a much later start than anticipated, Gene Boyce drove home all the way to North Carolina, where his family was waiting up for him to celebrate his birthday. Boyce had a passenger with him, a young North Carolina man named Lacey Presnell, who also worked for the committee. The two men sat huddled side by side for four hours in Boyce's tiny Datsun 240Z. All of the way home, Boyce could think

of nothing but the White House tapes, and yet he could not tell his passenger anything about what he had learned. It almost killed him.

Boyce reached his home in Raleigh long before Marianne Brazer reached her apartment in Washington. After the interview, she had been instructed to transcribe her notes and seal them.

Ms. Brazer went back to her desk in the converted auditorium and started typing up the Butterfield interview. Every time anyone came into the room, she would stop typing and roll the page down in her typewriter so that no one could read over her shoulder. Starting and stopping that way, it took her a long time to transcribe her notes. When she finally finished typing the interview, she cut it up in sections and rearranged the pieces into what she thought was a logical order, cutting and pasting, bringing order out of disorder. She finished her final draft of the interview at about 11 P.M. Since she was still worried about some kind of leak, she decided to shred her working papers.

She carried her paperwork to the shredder and quickly turned it into confetti. Then she felt sick. She suddenly realized that she had destroyed more than her working papers. She had accidentally shredded the final draft as well. She wasted several minutes trying to put the confetti back together like a jigsaw puzzle before giving it up and returning to her desk.

She had to transcribe the whole interview all over again. At first, she was afraid that she would be too sleepy to make sense out of her notes, but she was slowly able to re-translate her hieroglyphics. She finished at four o'clock in the morning and went home through dangerous streets.

*The Buzhardt memorandum may hold still more peril for the President. The Senate Watergate committee staff is looking into the possibility that Nixon himself may have listened to the tapes on June 4, 1973, and then passed his notes along to his lawyer with instructions to convey them to the Watergate committee. Since the summaries are in several points contradicted by the transcripts of the tapes released on April 30, there is a possibility that the summaries may have been knowingly falsified. Moreover, submitting “any false writing or document” to a federal official violates Section 1001 of Title 18 of the federal code. It is punishable by five years or \$10,000 or both, and may be an impeachable offense.*





July, 1970

## J. Edgar Hoover Opposes Nixon's Intelligence Plan

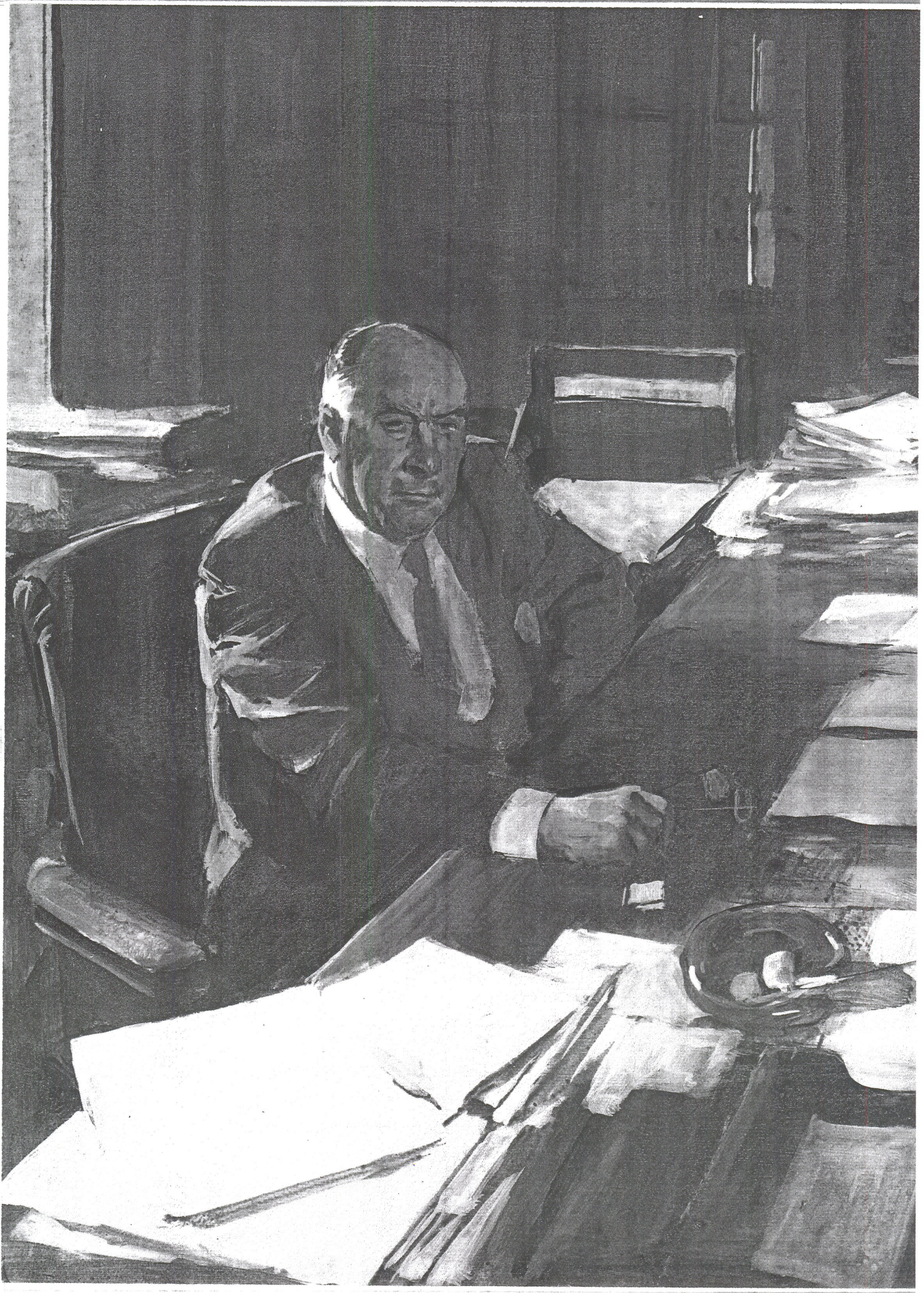
F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover confronts Attorney General John N. Mitchell in Mitchell's office to protest the President's plan to use the F.B.I. to gather domestic intelligence by unprecedented extralegal methods.

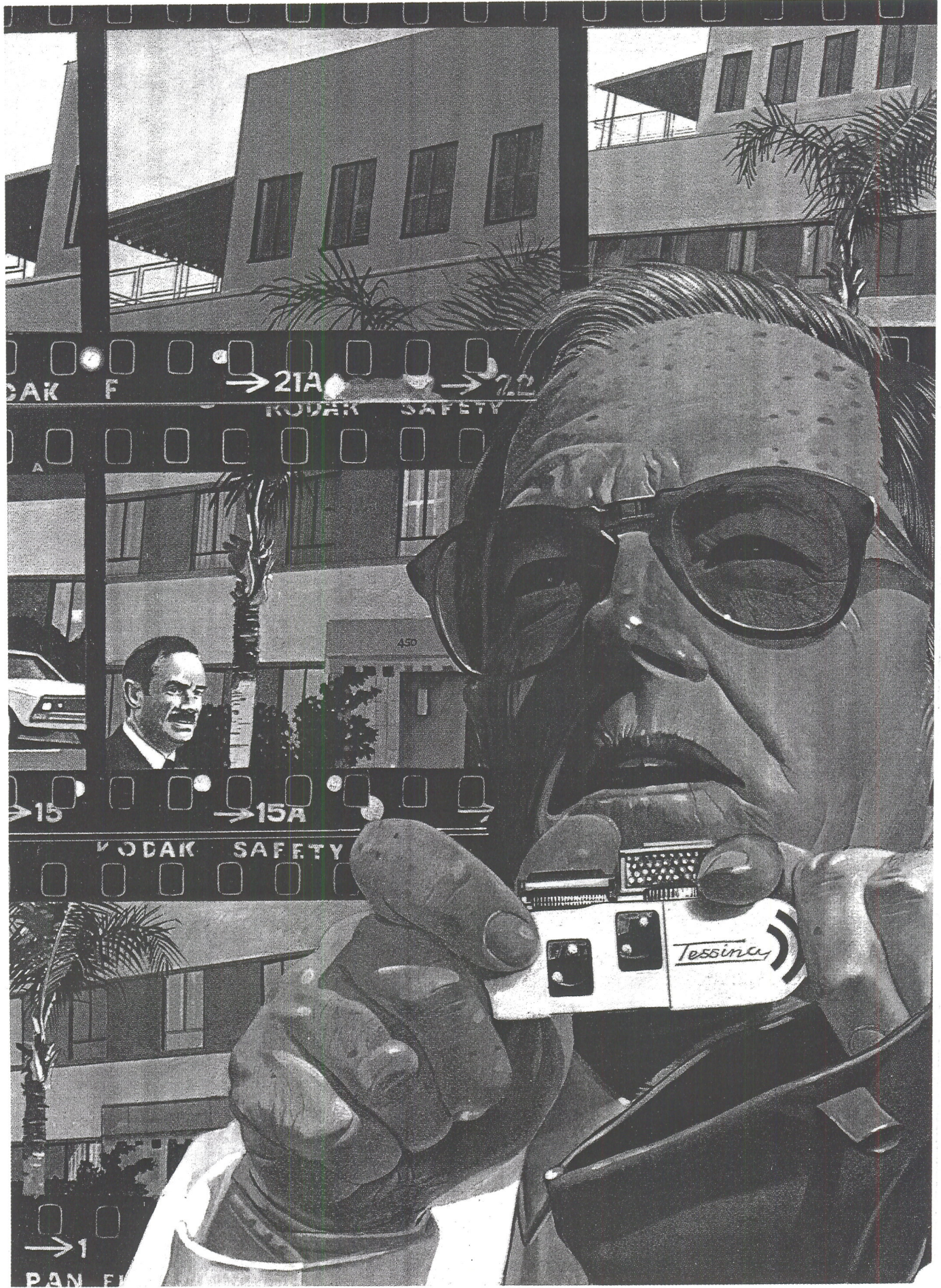
During the period of national unrest following the invasion of Cambodia in 1970, perfervid conservative 29-year-old White House staffer Tom Charles Huston nurtured and then proposed an astonishing plan which was approved by Richard Nixon. Huston and the White House wanted to establish an intelligence agency for permanent, extensive surveillance of antiwar activists, minority leaders, foreign diplomats, and other persons considered threats to "national security." The plan authorized garnering of information by such illegal means as bugging, burglary, and opening mail.

On June 5, the President held an Oval Office meeting of the heads of the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the National Security Agency, and the intelligence component of the Defense Department, to discuss the Huston plan. Hoover, ostensible head of the project, heavily annotated his copy of the plan with objections. Nevertheless, the White House sent the participating intelligence agencies a "Decision Memorandum" on July 23. Hoover promptly arranged a meeting with Mitchell. Hoover refused to participate in the plan unless he was given written permission to violate the law, which Mitchell and/or Nixon refused to give. Hoover's motives for refusing to cooperate are still unclear, but few Hoover-watchers imagined his motives were other than self-protective. Mitchell, now cautious, urged the administration to bow to Hoover's demands. Huston, who still supported the plan, was transferred to another part of the White House staff. On July 28, five days after issuance, Haldeman asked that the intelligence agencies return their copies of the plan. However, neither Huston nor Mitchell nor White House counsel John Dean (who replaced Huston) can remember seeing orders that actually canceled the plan. If the Huston plan was scuttled, the unprecedented commitment to such measures remained—a commitment which eventually led to the burglarizing of a Beverly Hills psychiatrist's office and the Democratic Committee headquarters in Washington.

Painting by Burt Silverman

NEW YORK 49





August 25, 1971

## The Plumbers Prepare to Rob Dr. Fielding

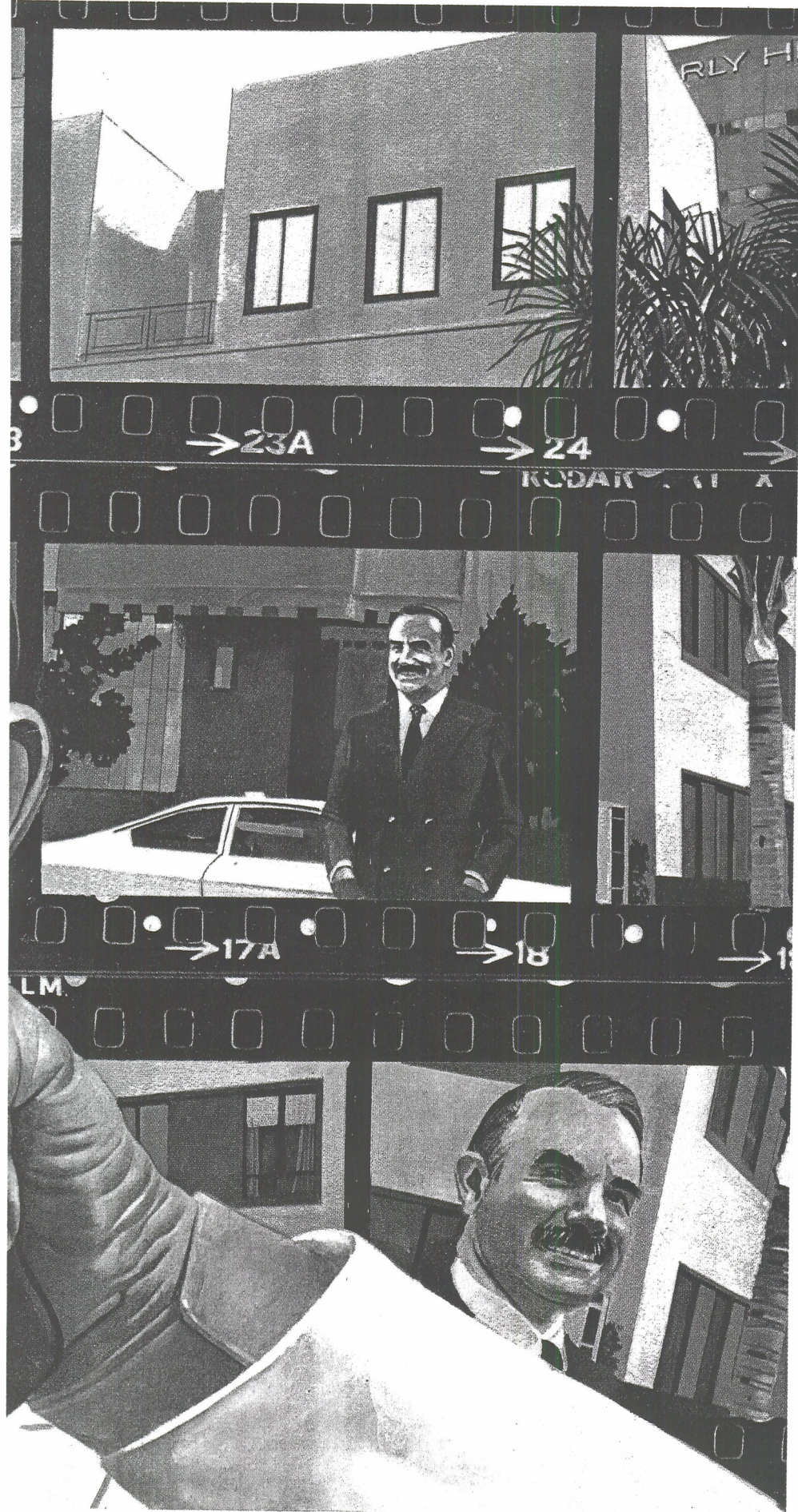
E. Howard Hunt removes his miniature camera from a tobacco pouch to make a "vulnerability and feasibility" study of psychiatrist Lewis Fielding's office building, in preparation for stealing the doctor's files on Daniel Ellsberg. G. Gordon Liddy poses in front.

Right after the publication of the Pentagon Papers, the secret history of U.S. involvement in Vietnam, Richard Nixon delegated White House counselor John Ehrlichman, who delegated aides Egil Krogh and David Young, to investigate alleged security leaks independently of the F.B.I.

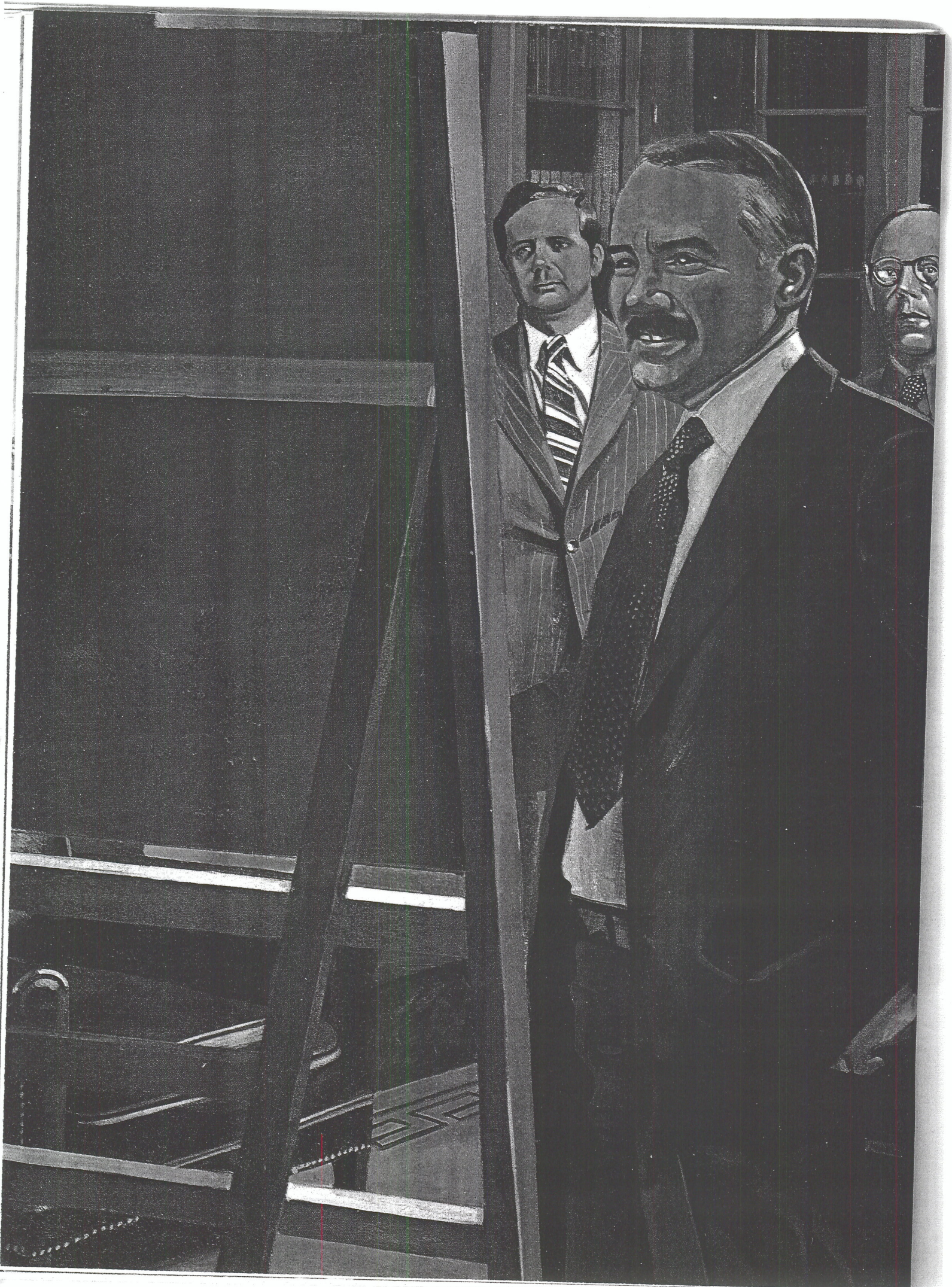
G. Gordon Liddy, counsel to the Committee for the Re-election of the President, and E. Howard Hunt, White House consultant and an ex-C.I.A. man, were recruited as part of the group that became known as the Plumbers. Among their first targets was Daniel Ellsberg, who had acknowledged leaking the Pentagon Papers to the press. Hunt and Liddy set about compiling a "psychiatric profile" of Ellsberg that would "destroy his public image and credibility."

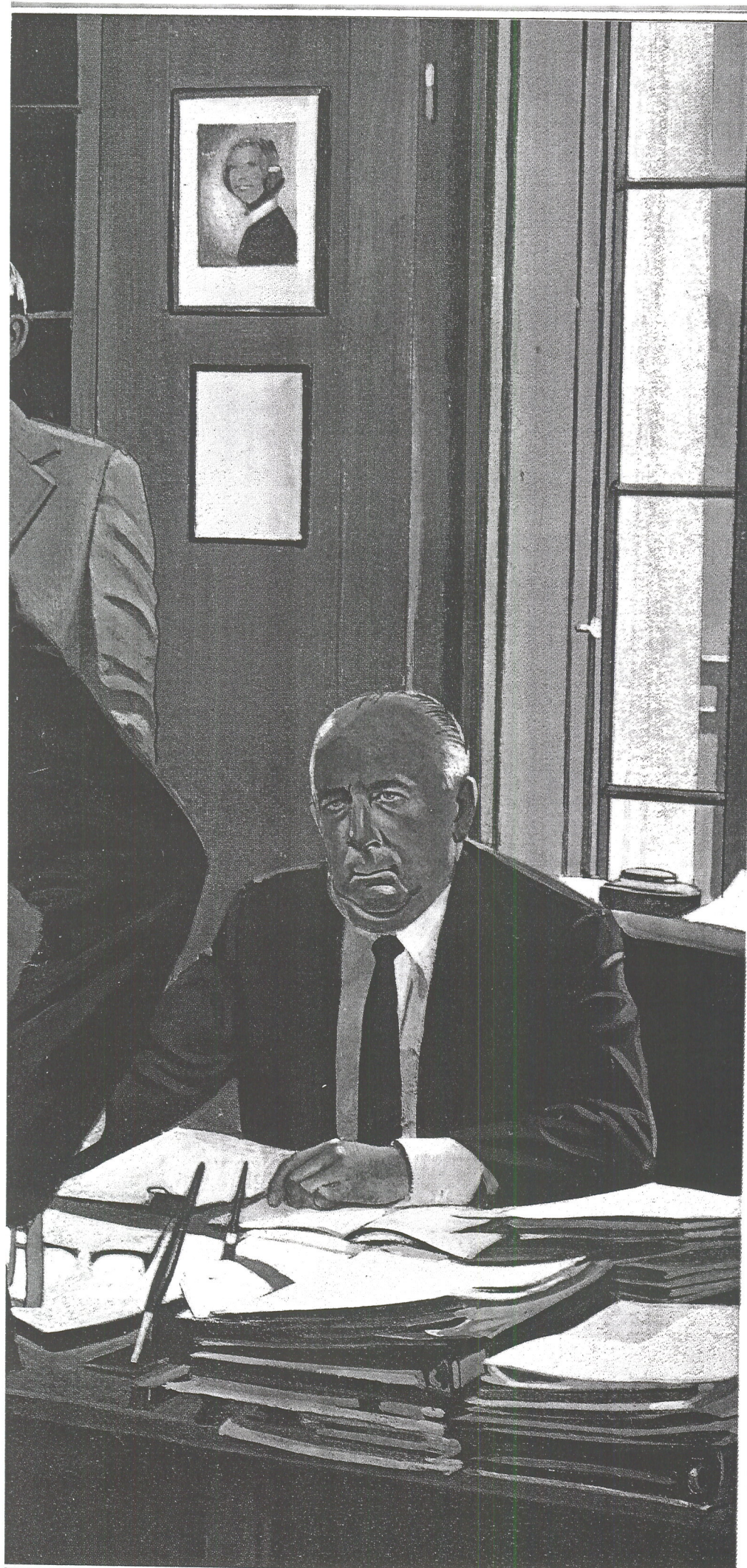
A week after their preliminary photographic reconnaissance of Fielding's Beverly Hills office, Hunt and Liddy returned with three accomplices from Miami. On the evening of September 3, two of them, posing as deliverymen, were able to leave a suitcase in Fielding's office. The suitcase contained a camera, light, and film for photographing Ellsberg's records. After midnight, the three Miami men broke through a window and forced the door to Fielding's office. (Hunt had stationed himself outside Fielding's home; Liddy was driving around looking for police.)

The operation was futile in its immediate objective, for there is still dispute as to whether or not Ellsberg's file was ever found. And the break-in continued to backfire on the administration. When the Watergate-Fielding connection was finally made during the 1973 Pentagon Papers trial, Judge Matthew Byrne dismissed the case against Ellsberg. And on May 24, 1974, Federal Judge Gerhard Gesell ruled, in the trial of those accused of violating the civil rights of Dr. Fielding, that even if the break-in had been a matter of national security, the President's power to conduct foreign affairs does not include the right to enter homes and offices without a warrant.



Painting by Julian Allen





January 27, 1972

## Gordon Liddy Makes a Modest Proposal

George Gordon Liddy, general counsel to the Committee for the Re-election of the President, shows charts of an elaborate intelligence-gathering scheme to (left to right) White House aide Jeb Stuart Magruder, Nixon's lawyer John Dean (the man who had brought Liddy into CREEP), and John Mitchell in the attorney general's Justice Department office.

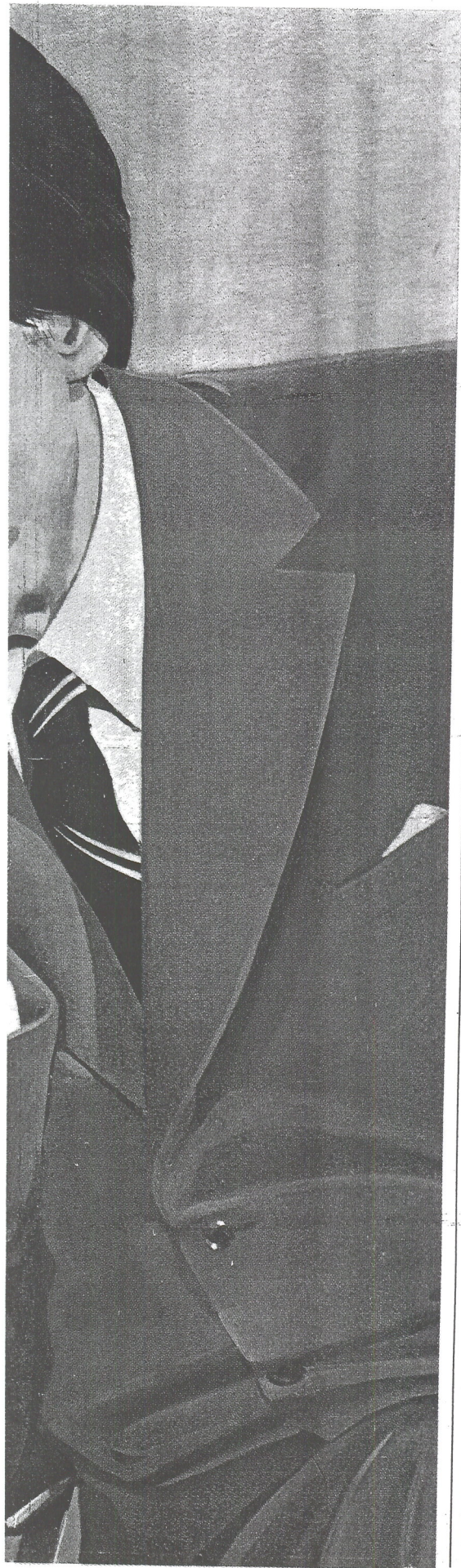
Liddy's half-hour show and tell—the genesis of the Watergate break-in—was presented with his typical flamboyance. (He had, a former associate recalled, “a brilliant capacity to turn the most routine and monotonous case into what would appear to be an earth-shattering event.”) This time his plan was, in fact, earth-shattering. His colorful, professionally drawn charts, headed with such code names as “Gemstone” and “Target,” outlined plans for extensive political espionage: wiretapping, electronic surveillance, mugging and kidnapping radicals who might cause trouble at the Republican National Convention. Liddy suggested renting a yacht in Miami, then hiring call girls to compromise members of the Democratic National Committee. Liddy's last chart was a summary of his proposed expenses and activities. He wanted \$1 million for the job.

Liddy, who claimed to have spent \$7,000 on his handsome charts, was disappointed that his proposals were not accepted immediately, but on February 4, he returned to Mitchell's office and offered a scaled-down plan (the Democratic headquarters at the Watergate and D.N.C. Chairman Larry O'Brien were mentioned as possible targets) with a budget of \$500,000.

In his Watergate testimony, John Dean said, “I probably should have been much more forceful in trying to stop the plan.” Mitchell swore that the plan “was rejected again.” But when Samuel Dash, the Ervin committee's chief counsel, asked Magruder, “Would it be true to say that at least Mr. Liddy was encouraged to continue in his planning?” Magruder replied, “Yes, I think that is correct.”

On March 30, Liddy submitted a third proposal, with a price tag of \$250,000. Magruder claims that Mitchell approved the plan. Mitchell denies this. Nevertheless, on June 17, 1972, one part of Liddy's plan did take place: the burglary attempt on the D.N.C.'s Watergate headquarters.





March, 1972

## Dita Beard's Change of Mind

E. Howard Hunt, his red wig askew, interviews I.T.T. lobbyist Dita Beard in her Denver hospital room.

On February 29, 1972, columnist Jack Anderson reported that the Justice Department had dropped an antitrust case against I.T.T. in return for a \$400,000 pledge to help underwrite the 1972 Republican National Convention. Anderson's source was a memo, written and authenticated by Dita Beard, which stated: "Other than permitting John Mitchell, Ed Reincke, Bob Haldeman, and Nixon . . . *no one* has known from whom that 400 thousand commitment has come. . . . Mitchell is definitely helping us, but cannot let it be known."

The Senate Judiciary Committee, concerned about Richard Kleindienst's handling of the I.T.T. case, reopened hearings on his confirmation as attorney general. Dita Beard was to testify, but she was suddenly whisked off to a Denver hospital by G. Gordon Liddy, too "ill" to talk.

White House Special Counsel Charles Colson sent a disguised E. Howard Hunt to Denver. Claiming to represent "high levels of the administration," Hunt bearded Beard from 11 P.M. to 3 A.M. on her memo.

A few days later, on March 17, Dita Beard issued a sworn statement which said: "Mr. Anderson's memo is a forgery, and not mine." But, in 1973, the Senate Watergate hearings finally linked the President and Mitchell to the I.T.T. settlement.

April 19, 1971

## Nixon Gives an Order on I.T.T.

President Nixon orders Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst to drop the appeal on the I.T.T. case.

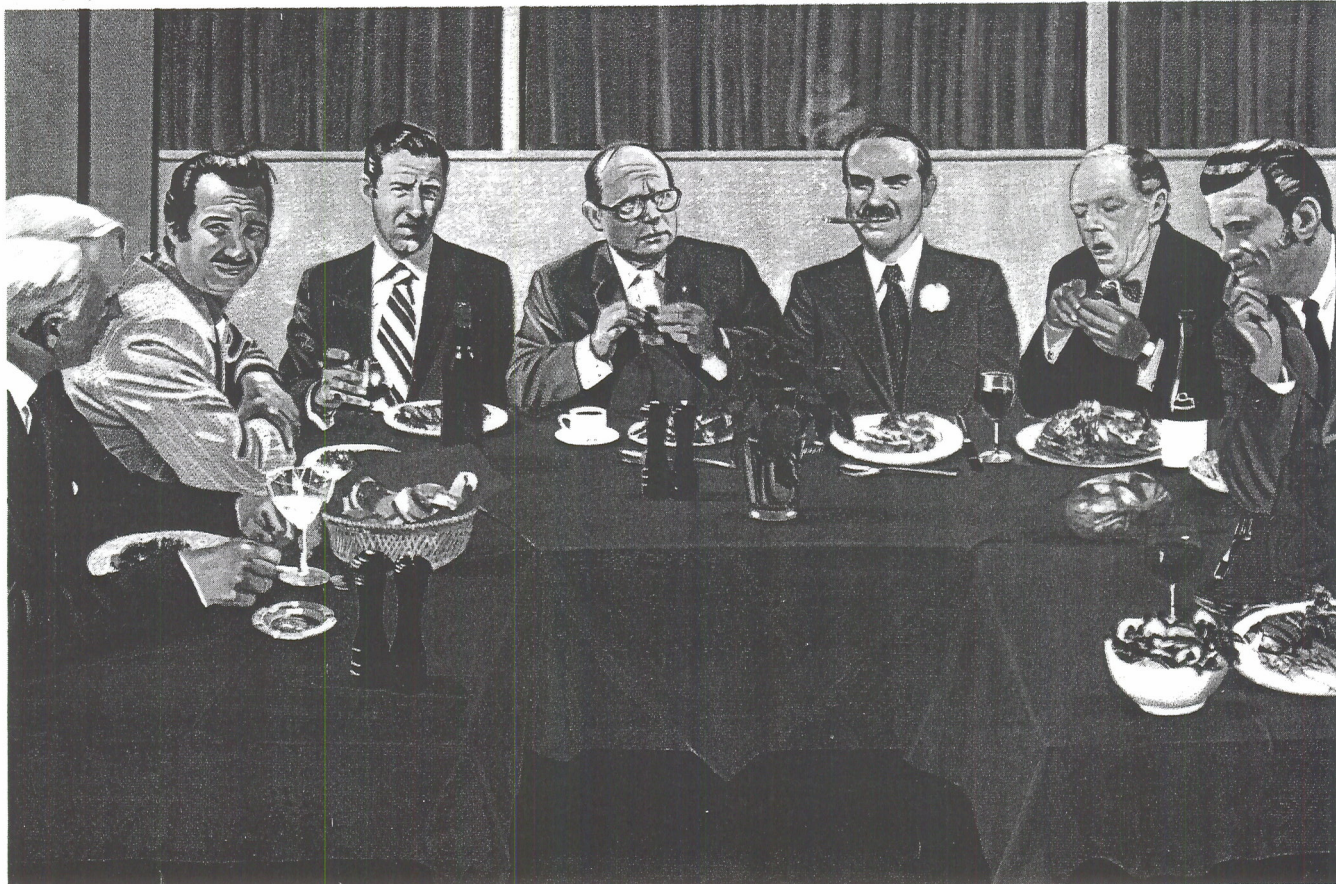
In July, 1971, instead of going ahead with its landmark antitrust test case against the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp., the Justice Department announced an out-of-court settlement. No one announced that I.T.T. had just pledged \$400,000 to the 1972 Republican Convention.

On February 29, 1972, columnist Jack Anderson linked the contribution and the case. In March, Kleindienst insisted "I was not interfered with by anybody at the White House." In October, 1972, however, he told Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox a very different story:

On April 19, 1971, Kleindienst recalled, White House domestic counselor John Ehrlichman had called and told him that the President did not want him to file the government appeal on the I.T.T. case. Kleindienst refused to comply. Nixon himself called next. "Listen, you son of a bitch," he said. "Don't you understand the English language? Don't appeal that goddamn case, and that's all there is to it."

Kleindienst went to John Mitchell, and told him that he would resign rather than drop the case. Later, Mitchell told Kleindienst, "I've talked to your friend [Nixon]. He said do anything you want on antitrust cases." Kleindienst filed the appeal, but before it could be argued, the Justice Department settled with I.T.T.





May 26, 1972

## The Break-ins Begin—With A “Banquet”

On the night of the first Watergate caper, eight members of the break-in team gather for dinner at 8 p.m. in the Continental Room of the Watergate Office Building. They are (left to right): Eugenio Martinez, Felipe De-Diego, Virgilio Gonzalez, Bernard Barker, G. Gordon Liddy, E. Howard Hunt, and Frank Sturgis. Not shown is Reinaldo Pico, who was at the dinner but not identified as a participant in the work that followed.

Dinner was a catered affair, a long and sumptuous one—the bill came to nearly \$30 per person. But the location alone would have justified the price. A door in a corridor adjacent to the Continental Room connected with the first floor of the Watergate Office Building proper. There, a stairwell led to the sixth-floor offices of the Democratic National Committee.

Near midnight, while waiters were taking away the last of the cheese and the fruit, Howard Hunt, the ex-C.I.A. agent and spy novelist, and Virgilio Gonzalez, an anti-Castroite and trained locksmith, left the banquet table and

slipped into the corridor. The door leading to the office building was locked. After the waiters had cleared out, Gonzalez went to work on the lock, but the door wouldn't open. Worse, waiters had locked the doors behind the two men after their dinner companions had left. Hunt and Gonzalez were trapped. They reported their failure to Liddy by walkie-talkie and spent the rest of the night in the corridor.

Liddy himself had no better luck on another mission that night. After the banquet, he had led some of the other Cubans to McGovern headquarters on First Street, S.W., near the Capitol. They were joined there by James McCord, the ex-C.I.A. man who was “chief security coordinator” for the Committee for the Re-election of the President, and Alfred Baldwin, an ex-F.B.I. agent initially hired by CREEP as a bodyguard to Martha Mitchell. They were deterred from entering by a man who was standing near the front door of the building. They tried to outwait the man—he might have been only a harmless drunk; then again, he might not—but, toward 5 a.m., they decided to “abort the mission.”

Next night, May 27, 1972, they tried again to penetrate the Democratic National Committee headquarters, by a different route, and succeeded. They planted two telephone bugs, sampled the contents of several files, and photographed documents.

June 17, 1972

## The Watergate Burglars Are Discovered

After 1 a.m. on the morning of June 17, in the course of his rounds, Frank Wills, a 24-year-old private security guard at the Watergate Office Building, discovers that the catch on a garage-level door lock is taped to prevent its closing.

At first, Wills thought nothing of it. Assuming the tape had been put there by some workers in the building, he simply removed it and went off on a coffee break. The tape had in fact been put there earlier in the evening by James McCord, CREEP's “security coordinator.” McCord was planning to lead yet another sortie into Democratic National Committee headquarters on the sixth floor. But after 1 a.m., when McCord returned with four accomplices, the team was surprised to find the tape gone. Undaunted, one of their number forced a door and taped the catch for the rest to follow. Security guard Wills, making his rounds again, found the new tape sometime toward 2 a.m. This time, he put in a telephone call to the Washington, D.C., police.





June 17, 1972

## The Arrest— 'Are You Police?' Asked McCord

Around 2 a.m., on the sixth floor of the Watergate Office Building, Sergeant Paul Leeper (holding gun at left, over glass partition) and Officers John Barrett (peering around partition at right) and Carl Shoffler of the Washington, D.C., Second District Casual Clothes Squad, catch and arrest (left to right): Bernard Barker, James McCord, Eugenio Martinez, Frank Sturgis, and Virgilio Gonzalez.

Why, given their ultimately successful efforts to bug two phones there, did they break into Democratic National Committee headquarters a second time? According to James McCord, in testimony before the Senate Watergate committee a year later, the team had three objectives: to photograph additional documents and, as long as they were there, to see why one of the bugs was not working and to supplement the phone bugs with a device that would transmit conversations held anywhere in a senior committee executive's office.

It was his understanding, McCord testified, that these objectives were determined by former Attorney General John Mitchell himself. McCord said he got that impression from Gordon Liddy. John Mitchell subsequently denied all responsibility. Liddy has offered no testimony at all.

Whoever the final authority, the whole operation came to light only when Frank Wills, a 24-year-old security guard, decided to call the police after discovering tape on a door lock in the Watergate garage. Because of his call, the entire conspiracy began to come apart early in the morning of June 17, 1972, when James McCord, his hands in the air, asked, "Are you gentlemen Metropolitan Police?"

It seems clear, though, that the administration did its best to prevent disclosure. On June 14, 1973, almost exactly one year to the day after the arrest of the "Watergate Five," Jeb Magruder, posted from the White House to work on the Nixon re-election committee, told the Ervin committee: "The cover-up began . . . when we realized there was a break-in. I do not think there was ever any discussion that there would not be a cover-up."

*Part II of "The Illustrated Secret History of Watergate" will appear next week.*