the Watergate—desk clerks, bellmen, maids, waiters in the restaurant.

Between calls, Bernstein looked across the newsroom to Woodward's desk about 20 feet away. He could see that Woodward was also working on the story.

That figured, Bernstein thought. Woodward was a prima donna who played heavily at office politics. Bernstein thought his rapid rise at the *Post* had had less to do with ability than with his establishment credentials: Yale, Navy Officers Corps, lawns, staterooms and grass tennis courts. (He'd even been invited to Presidential aide John Ehrlichman's tennis party at Camp David but hadn't been able to attend.) But Bernstein guessed that Woodward probably didn't have the street savvy a good investigative reporter needed. And he knew that Woodward couldn't write very well. One office joke had it that English was not Woodward's native language.

They had never worked on a story together. Woodward was 29, Bernstein 28.

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The *Post*'s first Watergate story described an elaborate attempt by five burglars to bug the Democratic headquarters. The next day, June 18, the reporters wrote that one of the five burglars was James McCord, security coordinator for the Committee for the Re-election of the President. John Mitchell issued a statement denying that McCord was acting under instructions from him or from any other senior official at CRP.

After midnight, Woodward received a call at home from Eugene Bachinski, the *Post*'s regular night police reporter.

Bachinski had something from one of his police sources. Two address books, belonging to two of five men arrested inside the Watergate, contained the name and phone number of E. Howard Hunt, with the small notations "W. House" and "W. H."

Also listed in a confidential inventory of the suspects' belongings were "two pieces of yellow lined paper, one addressed to 'Dear Friend Mr. Howard,' the other to 'Dear Mr. H. H.,'" and an unmailed envelope containing Hunt's personal check for six dollars made out to Lakewood Country Club in Rockville, along with a bill for the same amount.

Woodward sat down in a hard chair by his phone and checked the telephone directory. He found a listing for E. Howard Hunt in Potomac, Maryland, the affluent horse-country suburb in Montgomery County. No answer.

At the office the next day, Woodward called an old friend and sometime source who [illegible] the Federal Government and [illegible] to be called at his office [illegible] couldn't [illegible]

. . . until a couple of young reporters decided to investigate what the white house called "a third-rate burglary"

when the *Post*'s editors list in a "news budget" the storie they expect for the next day's paper.

Woodward, who had been assigned to write the nex day's Watergate story, picked up the telephone and diale 456-1414—the White House. He asked for Howard Hun The switchboard operator rang an extension. There wa no answer. Woodward was about to hang up when th operator came back on the line. "There is one other plac he might be," she said. "In Mr. Colson's office."

"Mr. Hunt is not here now," Colson's secretary tol Woodward, and gave him the number of a Washingto public-relations firm, Robert R. Mullen & Compan where she said Hunt worked as a writer.

Woodward walked across to the national desk at th east end of the newsroom and asked one of the assista national editors, J. D. Alexander, who Colson was. Ale ander laughed. Charles W. Colson, special counsel to th President of the United States, was the White Hous "hatchet man," he said.

Woodward called the White House back and asked clerk in the personnel office if Howard Hunt was on th payroll. She said she would check the records. A fe moments later, she told Woodward that Howard Hu was a consultant working for Colson.

Woodward called the Mullen public-relations fir and asked for Howard Hunt.

"Howard Hunt here," the voice said.

Woodward identified himself.

"Yes? What is it?" Hunt sounded impatient.

Woodward asked Hunt why his name and phone num ber were in the address books of two of the men arreste at the Watergate.

"Good God!" Hunt said. Then he quickly added, "I view that the matter is under adjudication, I have n comment," and slammed down the phone.

Woodward thought he had a story.

A while later, Woodward phoned Robert F. Bennett president of Mullen, and asked about Hunt. Bennett the son of Republican Senator Wallace F. Bennett o Utah, said, "I guess it's no secret that Howard was wit the CIA."

It had been a secret to Woodward. He called the CIA where a spokesman said that Hunt had been with th agency from 1949 to 1970.

Woodward, puzzled, placed another call to his Govern ment friend and asked for advice. Hi friend sounded nervous. On an off-the record basis, he told Woodward that th FBI regarded Hunt as a prime suspect i the Watergate investigation for many rea sons aside from the address-book entries an the unmailed check. Woodward was boun [illegible] story, be [illegible] But his frien [illegible] could be nothing [illegible] that reported th

address-book and country-club connections. That assurance could not be used in print, either, but it was the underpinning of the story Woodward was about to write.

Barry Sussman, the city editor, was intrigued. He dug into the *Post* library's clippings on Colson and found a February 1971 story in which an anonymous source described Colson as one of the "original back-room boys . . . the brokers, the guys who fix things when they break down and do the dirty work when it's necessary." Woodward's story about Hunt, which identified him as a consultant who worked in the White House for Colson, included the quotation and noted that it came from a profile written by "Ken W. Clawson," a current White House aide who until recently was a reporter.

The story, on June 20, was headlined, "WHITE HOUSE CONSULTANT TIED TO BUGGING FIGURE."

That morning at the Florida White House in Key Biscayne, Presidential press secretary Ronald L. Ziegler briefly answered a question about the break-in at the Watergate by observing: "Certain elements may try to stretch this beyond what it is." Ziegler described the incident as "a third-rate burglary attempt" not worthy of further White House comment.

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Bernstein meanwhile set out to learn what he could about Colson. He called a former official of the Nixon Administration who he thought might be able to supply some helpful biographical data. Instead of biography, the man told Bernstein: "Whoever was responsible for the Watergate break-in would have to be somebody who doesn't know about politics but thought he did. I suppose that's why Colson's name comes up. . . . Anybody who knew anything wouldn't be looking over there for real political information. They'd be looking for something else . . . scandal, gossip."

The man knew the inner workings of the White House, of which Bernstein and Woodward were almost totally ignorant, and, better yet, he maintained extensive contacts with his former colleagues.

Bernstein asked if he thought there were any possibility that the President's campaign committee or—even less likely—the White House would sponsor such a stupid mission as the Watergate raid. Bernstein waited to be told no.

"I know the President well enough to know if he needed something like this done, it certainly wouldn't be a shoddy job," said the former official. But it was not inconceivable that the President would [illegible] campaign aides to have every [illegible] political intelligence and [illegible]

talk about devices. There was always a great preoccupation at the White House with all this intelligence nonsense. Some of those people are dumb enough to think there would be something there."

This picture of the White House was in sharp contrast to the smooth, well-oiled machine Bernstein was accustomed to reading about in the newspapers: those careful, disciplined, look-alike guards to the palace who were invariably referred to as "the President's men."

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Since June 17, the Committee for the Re-election of the President had seemed inviolate, as impenetrable as a super-secret national-security bureaucracy. Visitors were met at the door by a uniformed guard, cleared for access by press or security staffs, escorted to their appointments and led back out. The committee's telephone roster of campaign officials—a single sheet of paper listing more than 100 names—was considered a classified document. A *Washington Post* researcher who obtained a copy from a friend at the committee was told, "You realize I'll lose my job if they find out."

The managers of the committee's various divisions, the real campaign heavies generally known to the press and the public alike, were conspicuous on the roster because they had private secretaries listed below their names. Because the floor numbers were listed next to the names and phone extensions of committee personnel, it was possible to calculate roughly who worked in proximity to whom. And by transposing telephone extensions from the roster and listing them in sequence, it was even possible to determine who worked *for* whom.

For Bernstein and Woodward, studying the roster became a devotional exercise not unlike reading tea leaves. Divining names from the list, they had, by mid-August, begun visiting CRP people at their homes after the 7:45 P.M. first-edition deadline.

When Bernstein knocked on his first door, the occupant pleaded with him to leave "before they see you." The employee was literally trembling. "Please leave me alone. I know you're only trying to do your job, but you don't realize the pressure we're under." Bernstein tried to get a conversation started but was told, "I hope you understand I'm not being rude, please go," as the door closed.

Another said, "I want to help," and burst into tears, crying, "God, it's all so awful," as the reporter was shown to the door.

The nighttime visits were fishing expeditions. And the trick was just getting inside where the conversation could be pursued, conscience could be appeal[illegible]

[illegible]

straightforward: A friend at the commi tee told us that you were disturbed some of the things you saw going o there, that you would be a good perso to talk to . . . that you were absolute straight and honest and didn't kno quite what to do: we understand th problem—you believe in the Preside and don't want to do anything th would seem disloyal.

Woodward could say that he was a re istered Republican: Bernstein coul argue a genuine antipathy to the politi of both parties.

Sometimes it worked. People wante to know who at the committee had give the reporters their names. That gav Woodward and Bernstein a chance t explain that they must protect confide tial sources, assuring whomever they we talking to that he or she would be sin larly shielded. Once inside, notebook were never used.

Then, working around the edges, th began accumulating little pieces: Has th FBI talked with you? "I can't understan it; they never asked." . . . "The FI wanted to know if I saw anybody usi the shredder." . . . "I heard from som body in Finance that if they ever got look at the books, it would be all over. they burned 'em." . . . "From what I hea they were spying on everybody, follow ing them around, the whole bit." . . "Please don't ever call me on the tel phone—God, especially not at work, bu not here either. Nobody knows wh they'll do. They are desperate."

In early September, the reporte picked up a copy of the committee's la est expenditure report, which listed th names of all salaried employees. Ber stein noticed the name of someone h had once met and called her for lunc He suggested half-a-dozen places whe they could meet and not be seen, but sh insisted on a sandwich shop where do ens of Nixon campaign workers were ea ing. When they sat down, she explaine why: "I'm being followed. It's open her and doesn't look like I'm hidin anything. People won't talk on th phones; it's terrible."

Bernstein asked her to calm down an said he thought she was overdramatizin "I wish I were," she said. "They kno everything at the committee. They kno that the indictments will be down in week and that there will only be seve (Along with the original five burglars an Howard Hunt, G. Gordon Liddy, finan counsel to CRP, was now a suspect Once, another person went back to th D.A. because the FBI didn't ask her th right questions. That night her bo knew about it. I always had one insiti that I believed in [illegible] FBI. No more.

[illegible] citizen. [illegible] to the D.A. too. But I'm [illegible] never come on [illegible] truth. You'll never get th

truth. You can't get it by reporters' talking to just the good people. They know you've been out talking to people at night. Somebody from the press office came up to our office today and said, 'I sure wish I knew who in this committee had a link to Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward.' The FBI never even asked me if I was at the committee over the weekend of the break-in. I was there almost the whole time."

She asked Bernstein to walk back to the office with her, to avoid any appearance of furtiveness. While they were waiting to cross the street at 17th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Maurice Stans, finance chairman for CRP, pulled up across the avenue in his limousine.

"He was an honest man before all this started," she said. "Now he's lying, too."

Bernstein studied Stans from across the street as the former Secretary of Commerce entered the building.

About five o'clock, the woman telephoned Bernstein. She sounded almost hysterical. "I'm in a phone booth. When I got back from lunch, I got called into somebody's office and confronted with the fact that I had been seen talking to a *Post* reporter. They wanted to know everything. It was high up; that's all you have to know. I told you they were following me. Please don't call me again or come to see me."

Later that night, Bernstein went to her apartment and knocked on the door.

"Go away," she said, and Bernstein went off to bang on other doors.

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On the evening of September 11, Bernstein knocked at the front door of a small tract house in a Washington suburb. The owner of this house was a woman who worked for Maurice Stans. "She knows a lot," he had been told.

A woman opened the door and let Bernstein in. "You don't want me, you want my sister," she said. Her sister came into the room. He had expected a typical bookkeeper, a woman in her 50s, probably gray, but she was much younger.

"Oh, my God," she said, "you're from *The Washington Post*. You'll have to go, I'm sorry."

Bernstein tried to hold his ground. The sister was smoking and he noticed a pack of cigarettes on the dinette table; he asked for one. "I'll get it," he said as the sister moved toward the table. "Don't bother." That got him to [illegible] into the house. He bluffed, telling the bookkeeper that he understood she was afraid; there were a lot of people like her at the committee who wanted to tell the truth, but some people didn't want to listen. He knew that certain people had gone back to the FBI and the prosecutors to give more information. [illegible]

"When do you reporters [illegible] what [illegible]

Bernstein asked if he could sit down and finish his cigarette.

"Yes, but then you'll have to go; I really have nothing to say." She was drinking coffee and her sister asked if Bernstein would like some. The bookkeeper winced, but it was too late; Bernstein started sipping, slowly.

He went into a monolog about all the fine people he and Woodward had met who wanted to help but didn't have hard information, only what they had picked up at third and fourth hand.

"You guys keep digging," she said. "You've really struck close to home."

How did she know?

"I ran the totals for the people. I have an adding machine and a deft hand." The way she said it was almost mocking, as if she knew she had been watching *Naked City* too much. She shook her head and laughed at herself. "Sometimes I don't know whether to laugh or cry. But in some way, something is rotten in Denmark and I'm part of it." She was glancing at his coffee cup. He tried to look relaxed and played with the dog. She seemed to want to talk about what she knew. But to *The Washington Post*? The enemy? Bernstein had the feeling he was either going out the door any minute or staying till she had told the whole story.

Her hands were shaking. She looked at her sister, who shrugged her shoulders noncommittally. Bernstein thought he had an ally there. The sister got up to get another cup of coffee. He took a gulp and handed his cup to her. She refilled it. Bernstein decided to take a chance. He took a notebook and pencil from his inner breast pocket. The bookkeeper stared at him. She was not going to say anything that they probably didn't know already, Bernstein told her, and absolutely nothing would go into the paper that couldn't be verified elsewhere.

"There are a lot of things that are wrong and a lot of things that are bad at the committee," the bookkeeper said. "I was called by the grand jury very early, but nobody knew what questions to ask. People had already lied to them." The bookkeeper had worked for Hugh Sloan, the treasurer for CRP. "Sloan is the sacrificial lamb. His wife was going to leave him if he didn't stand up and do what was right. He left CRP because he saw it and didn't want any part of it.

"I don't know anything about how the operational end of the espionage worked," she said. "I just know who got the money and who approved the allocations. And from what I can see, you've got all the notes. Track a little upstairs and [illegible] of the [illegible]," [illegible] advised. "I [illegible]

going to get the seven and that's it. Th power of the politicians is too strong.

"There was a special account belo April seventh. Back then, they were ju expenditures as far as I was concerned; didn't have any idea then what it was a about. But after June 17, you didn't hav to be any genius to figure it out. I'd see the figures and I'd seen all the peopl And there were no receipts."

How much money was paid out?

"A lot."

More than half a million?

"You've had it in print."

Finally it clicked. Sometimes he coul be incredibly slow, Bernstein thought t himself. It was a slush fund of cash kep in Stans's safe.

(Six weeks earlier, the reporters ha written that a $25,000 Nixon campaig check had been deposited in the ban account of one of the Watergate bu glars. This story triggered an audit o Nixon campaign finances by the Gener Accounting Office. On Saturday, Augu 26, four days after the President was r nominated in Miami, Woodward receive a Government Accounting Office repo that listed 11 "apparent and possible vi lations" of the new campaign-contrib tions law and referred the matter to th Justice Department for possible prosec tion. It also stated that Maurice Sta maintained a secret slush fund in h office totaling at least $350,000.)

"I never knew it was a 'security fund or whatever they called it," she sai "until after June 17. I just thought it w an all-purpose political fund that yo didn't talk about—like to take fat cats t dinner, but all strictly legal."

Three hundred and fifty thousand do lars in dinners? How was it paid out?

"Not in one chunk. I know what ha pened to it. I added up the figures There had been a single sheet of pap on which the account was kept; it ha been destroyed, the only record. "It w a lined sheet with names on about ha the sheet, about 15 names with th amount distributed to each person ne to the name. . . . I saw it more than onc The amounts kept getting bigger." S had updated the list each time a di bursement was made. Sloan knew th whole story, too. He had handed o the money.

• • •

Hugh Sloan's daughter was born o September 25 at Washington's Georg town University Hospital. Bernste talked by phone with Sloan the next da Bernstein had spent an evening talki to Sloan at his home in McLean, Vi ginia. Sloan had since been a source o stories about the secret fund and th destruction of records at CRP after th Watergate break-in.

(Sl[illegible] never identified as a sour in th[illegible] stories, he had been guar[illegible] He had [illegible] agreed

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allow the use of his name for the first time.)

But on the morning after the birth of his daughter, even mentioning Watergate seemed wrong. They chatted for a few minutes about the baby, her mother—she was understandably ecstatic, Sloan said—and the grandparents, who would be coming into town that week.

Perhaps sometime Sloan could find a few minutes to sit down with the reporters, Bernstein suggested. Sloan said he'd try and suggested that Bernstein call back in a couple of days.

Two days later, Bernstein called Sloan. He might have some time the next morning, but he didn't really see how he could be very helpful. . . . Well, if the reporters had some information that he could confirm or steer them away from, that would be all right. He wouldn't be violating any trust in doing that. Could they check with him early the next morning?

Bernstein called him before eight. Sloan said he had to clean up the house before his in-laws arrived, but if the reporters could get to McLean quickly, they could stop by for a few minutes.

Sloan was dressed in sports clothes and, except for the broom he was holding in his hand, he still looked like the Princeton undergraduate he once had been. He introduced himself to Woodward, who immediately volunteered to help clean up the house. Sloan declined the offer and served coffee.

They discussed Stans's office—who worked there, the lines of authority. Sloan was devoted to Stans. People who thought Stans would knowingly have anything to do with political espionage did not really know him, he said. Stans was in anguish. He had allowed himself to be maligned in the press to protect the political people. He had never known what the money was to be spent on.

Did that mean that Stans had known of the outlays beforehand?

Sloan hesitated. He was trying to plead Stans's case and instead was getting him in deeper.

The bookkeeper had refused to say whether or not Stans knew of the withdrawals when they took place. Bernstein tried playing devil's advocate, suggesting that Stans would have been derelict had he not asked to be kept informed of disbursals of money from his own safe. Sloan agreed. Then he said that Stans had authorized withdrawals from the fund but that he had not given his authorization until after he had received assurance from the political managers of the camp[illegible] they wanted the money di[illegible]

Who [illegible] political managers?

[illegible]

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other words, a group of people in the political management of the campaign had authority to approve disbursements from the secret fund?

That was right, Sloan said, but he did not want to go into it further.

Get those names and it would all be over, Bernstein thought.

Bernstein reminded Sloan of an earlier remark that Mitchell almost certainly knew of the cash outlays from the secret fund. Was he one of those "authorized," as Sloan had said a few minutes earlier, to approve disbursements?

"Obviously," Sloan said. There were five people with authorizing authority over the fund, and Mitchell was one of them. Stans was another.

How had it worked? How had Mitchell exercised his authority over the fund? By voucher?

It was a routine procedure, Sloan said, and in the context of a campaign with a budget of over $50,000,000, it had seemed insignificant at the time. When Sloan had first been approached for money, he had simply picked up the telephone and called Mitchell at the Justice Department. It took only a few seconds. Mitchell would tell him to give the money out. There had been a number of phone calls, beginning in 1971.

Bernstein and Woodward avoided looking at each other. While Attorney General of the United States, John Mitchell had authorized the expenditure of campaign funds for apparently illegal activities against the political opposition. They wanted to be sure they had heard Sloan correctly.

They had. Not only was Mitchell one of the five people with control over the fund but he had exercised it frequently. Indeed, initially he had been the sole person to authorize the expenditures. Later, the authority had been passed to others. Jeb Magruder, deputy campaign manager, was among them, said Sloan.

Mitchell, Stans and Magruder—that left two others who could authorize the payments, by Sloan's account. Were they also on the political side at CRP?

Neither worked for the re-election committee, Sloan said.

The two other persons authorized to approve payments from the fund, were they members of the White House staff?

Only one, said Sloan. The other was not an official in either the campaign or the Administration, not a Washingtonian.

The reporters suggested that only three persons at the White House seemed likely to have had control over the fund: H. R. Haldeman, Colson and Ehrlichman. Their money was on Colson.

Sloan shook his head. That wasn't the way [illegible] Chuck was too [illegible] through someone else, and that hadn't happen[illegible]

The only reason the reporters [illegible] mentioned Ehrlichman was because his high position at the White House. Stans and Mitchell had had to be consu[illegible] ed before the money could be disbur[illegible] someone of similar stature at the Wh[illegible] House must have been involved. Ehrlic[illegible] man had no major role in the campaig[illegible] as far as the reporters knew. Haldem[illegible] because he was the overseer of CRP, a[illegible] because of his reputation, seemed a mo[illegible] logical choice.

Haldeman, known to the reporters [illegible] little more than his reputation for ru[illegible] ning the White House staff, was t[illegible] President's eyes and ears in the ca[illegible] paign, Sloan said. Through his politi[illegible] aide, Gordon Strachan, Haldeman w[illegible] kept informed of every major decisi[illegible] made at CRP. Magruder was Haldema[illegible] man at the committee, installed there [illegible] make sure that Mitchell did not run t[illegible] committee without proper input fro[illegible] the White House.

Sloan would not give a yes-or-no a[illegible] swer. But he said nothing to steer the r[illegible] porters away from Haldeman, as he h[illegible] with Colson. They were almost convinc[illegible] it was Haldeman.

That left one more person—someo[illegible] who worked for neither the White Hou[illegible] nor CRP.

Bernstein threw out a name Woodwa[illegible] had never heard before: Herbert Kal[illegible] bach, Nixon's personal lawyer. It was [illegible] guess. Sloan looked surprised.

Bernstein had remembered reading [illegible] piece in *The New York Times* the pre[illegible] ous February that referred to Kalmba[illegible] as "Nixon's personal attorney on t[illegible] West Coast" and said that prospecti[illegible] clients who had business with the Go[illegible] ernment couldn't talk to him for l[illegible] than $10,000.

Sloan said he didn't want to get into [illegible] guessing game. The reporters could n[illegible] tell whether this was because Kalmba[illegible] was a lucky guess or a ridiculous on[illegible] That could wait. Haldeman was the i[illegible] portant name—if it *was* Haldeman.

If it was not Haldeman, then why n[illegible] say so?

"I just don't want to get into i[illegible] said Sloan, doing nothing to shake t[illegible] reporters' belief that they were on t[illegible] right track.

After a few more minutes of gener[illegible] talk about the campaign, the three [illegible] them walked to the door.

"S[illegible] today maybe you'll be President[illegible] Woodward told Sloan.

Bernstein was astonished at the r[illegible] mark, for it did not sound as if it h[illegible] been made lightly. Woodward had mea[illegible] it as a form of flattery, but there was [illegible] element of respect in it. And more[illegible] hope that Sloan would survive the me[illegible]

• • •

[illegible] he report[illegible] Woodward placed

(continued on page 2[illegible]

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quick call to a source working on the Federal investigation. By then, the reporters checked regularly with a half-dozen persons in the Justice Department and the FBI who were sometimes willing to confirm information that had been obtained elsewhere. The sources rarely went further, often not that far.

This time Woodward was lucky. Sloan had told the whole story of the fund to investigators; so had the bookkeeper, Mitchell, Stans, Magruder. That was right. The source would not volunteer the names of the two other persons who had controlled the fund. It was certain that the money had paid for espionage against the Democrats; whether or not it had financed the Watergate operation was unclear, depending on whom you believed. The details of the fund's operation were as described by Sloan and the bookkeeper, he said.

Haldeman?

The source would not say.

A few minutes later, the reporters met with executive editor Ben Bradlee, managing editor Howard Simons, metropolitan editor Harry Rosenfeld and city editor Barry Sussman in Bradlee's office, a comfortable carpeted room with a picture window looking out into the newsroom.

Bradlee, whom *The Wall Street Journal* once described as looking like an international jewel thief, listened attentively as Woodward ran down what details the reporters had about the secret fund, its control by Mitchell, Stans and Magruder and the probability of Haldeman's authority over it as well. Bradlee was interested in Sloan's description of Mitchell's involvement with the fund. (The reporters referred to Sloan merely as "our source.")

Bernstein and Woodward thought they were on the verge of learning the names of all five persons who controlled the secret fund and perhaps more about the individual transactions. Then they planned to write what would be a definitive account—who controlled the money and precisely how it related to Watergate.

They started to explain their plan to Bradlee and noticed that he was doodling—a sign that he was becoming a little impatient. He interrupted with a wave of his hand, then got to the point.

"Listen, fellas, are you certain on Mitchell?" A pause. "Absolutely certain?" He stared at each of the reporters as they nodded. "Can you write it now?"

They hesitated, then said they could. The reporters understood Bradlee's philosophy: A daily newspaper can't wait for the definitive [illegible] of events.

[illegible]

do it."

[illegible]

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that Mitchell was not someone to be trifled with, that now they were playing real hardball? Bradlee was not interrogating them. He was administering an oath.

They nodded, aware that they were about to take the biggest step yet.

Writing the story took surprisingly little time. It moved from Bernstein's typewriter to Woodward's, then to Rosenfeld and Sussman and finally to Bradlee and Simons. Only minor changes were made. By six P.M. it was in the composing room:

> John N. Mitchell, while serving as U.S. Attorney General, personally controlled a secret Republican fund that was used to gather information about the Democrats, according to sources involved in the Watergate investigation.
>
> Beginning in the spring of 1971, almost a year before he left the Justice Department to become President Nixon's campaign manager on March 1, Mitchell personally approved withdrawals from the fund, several reliable sources have told *The Washington Post*.
>
> Four persons other than Mitchell were later authorized to approve payments from the secret fund, the sources said. . . .

That night, Bernstein dialed the number of the Essex House in New York. He asked for room 710. Mitchell answered. Bernstein recognized the voice and began scribbling notes. He wanted to get everything down on paper, including his own questions. Moments after the call had ended, Bernstein began to type it out. In his agitated state, it was difficult to hit the right keys.

MITCHELL: Yes.

BERNSTEIN (after identifying himself): Sir, I'm sorry to bother you at this hour, but we are running a story in tomorrow's paper that, in effect, says that you controlled secret funds at the committee while you were Attorney General.

MITCHELL: JEEEEEEEESUS. You said that? What does it say?

BERNSTEIN: I'll read you the first few paragraphs. (He got as far as the third. Mitchell responded "JEEEEEEEEESUS" every few words.)

MITCHELL: All that crap, you're putting it in the paper? It's all been denied. Katie Graham's gonna get her tit caught in a big fat wringer if that's published. Good Christ! That's the most [illegible] publishing of *The* [illegible]

MITCHELL: What time is it?

BERNSTEIN: Eleven-thirty. I'm sorry to call so late.

MITCHELL: Eleven-thirty. Eleven-thirty when?

BERNSTEIN: Eleven-thirty at night.

MITCHELL: Oh.

BERNSTEIN: The committee has issued a statement about the story, but I'd like to ask you a few questions about the specifics of what the story contains.

MITCHELL: Did the committee tell you to go ahead and publish that story? You fellows got a great ball game going. As soon as you're through paying Ed Williams and the rest of those fellows, we're going to do a story on all of *you*. [Edward Bennett Williams is the principal attorney for *The Washington Post*.]

BERNSTEIN: Sir, about the story——

MITCHELL: Call my law office in the morning.

He hung up.

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On the night of September 28, Bernstein was called by a man who said he was a Government lawyer but had nothing to do with the Watergate investigation. He said he could have some information that might or might not have something to do with the things Bernstein and Woodward had been writing about.

Such calls were becoming more frequent, though most of the "tips" the reporters received were requests that the *Post* pursue theories about the deaths of John Kennedy, Mary Jo Kopechne, Martin Luther King and others. As for tips related to Watergate, they had checked out dozens that had proved to be either inconsequential or without foundation.

The lawyer on the phone now said he had a friend who "had been approached to go to work for the Nixon campaign in a very unusual way."

Bernstein put a sheet of paper in the typewriter and began taking it down.

The caller's friend was Alex Shipley, an assistant attorney general of the state of Tennessee, living in Nashville. In the summer of 1971, Shipley had been asked by an old Army buddy to join the Nixon campaign.

"Essentially, the proposal was that there was to be a crew of people whose job it would be to disrupt the Democratic campaign during the primaries. This guy told Shipley there was virtually unlimited money available.

"This guy was a lawyer. The idea was to travel around, there would be some going to towns and waiting for things to happen. For instance, a [illegible] would be [illegible] candidate [illegible] have a rally. [illegible] would be to call up the [illegible] the event

had been rescheduled, to fuck up the logistics."

Shipley had told the story "during a drunken conversation at a picnic" and the caller did not remember many other details. Reluctantly, he gave Bernstein his name and telephone number, on the condition that he never be disclosed as the source of the information. Bernstein thanked him and asked him to stay in touch.

Bernstein got Shipley's number from Nashville information, but there was no answer.

The next day, Bernstein showed Howard Simons his notes and said he was convinced the information—admittedly very sketchy—was important. By itself, the Watergate bugging made little sense, particularly since it had occurred when the Nixon campaign was at its strongest. But if it had been part of something much broader, it might make some sense, Bernstein said.

Simons was interested and urged Bernstein to get to Shipley fast. That night, Bernstein reached Shipley at home. He sounded pleasant and was surprised that a reporter would be so interested in the approach that had been made to him.

"The deal I was offered was slick," Shipley said. "We'd say we were working for so-and-so in the Democrats and really we'd be working for Nixon. Say, for instance, my job would be to go to a Kennedy rally. I'd say to one of Kennedy's people: 'I'm also with you people. We want you to go get a job in the Muskie office. And when you find out anything, you let me know and we'll get it back to Kennedy.' "

Somewhere, Bernstein had been told that the CIA did that kind of thing abroad. He'd called it Mindfuck when he first heard about it, but the agency called it Black Operation, or Black Advance.

Shipley continued. "There would be as much money as needed. I was promised pie in the sky by and by. Expenses plus salary. I'd be working for him." At first, Shipley did not want to give the man's name. Then he decided to tell the whole story.

"I've been thinking about talking to somebody. About six months ago, I made a memo to myself and it's up at the office—I've got dates. And I'll give you the best of my memory."

First, however, he wanted to obtain permission from his boss before talking to the press. He thought his boss would approve. The attorney general of Tennessee was a Democrat, and so was Shipley. That was perhaps the strangest aspect of the approach in Shipley's mind.

Beyond the man's word, Shipley had no proof that the offer was made on behalf of Nixon's reelection campaign. He had [illegible] in the Army. "My impression [illegible] he would not be very [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible]

Bernstein did not want to press for the recruiter's name—yet.

He called Shipley the next evening. The Democratic attorney general of Tennessee told Shipley to do what he thought right, and Shipley had gotten his notes together. The man who had approached him was named Donald Segretti.

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Later, during a routine telephone check with a Justice Department official, Bernstein asked if the official had ever heard of Donald Segretti. It had been a throwaway question.

"I can't answer your question, because that's part of the investigation," the Justice official replied.

Bernstein was startled. Woodward and he had thought they were alone in pursuing Segretti.

There could be no discussion of Segretti, because he was part of the Watergate investigation, right?

That was correct, but the official would not listen to any more questions about Segretti. Bernstein went down his list of checks, crossing out each item, writing "No" or "Nothing" in the margin.

Herbert W. Kalmbach?

"That's part of the investigation, too, so I can't talk about it," the official said.

Sloan had refused to say if Kalmbach was among those who could give out money from Stans's safe. But since the fund was intended for "intelligence gathering," Segretti might have been bankrolled that way. Shipley had the impression that Segretti had got money from a "big spender" who was not in Government. That would fit Kalmbach, Nixon's personal attorney.

Was there a connection between Segretti and Kalmbach?

The official would say nothing more.

Bernstein told Robert Meyers, a West Coast reporter who had done interviews with Segretti for the *Post*, that the Feds knew about Segretti. He should go back and contact anyone who might know him, find out if his acquaintances had been contacted by the FBI, what questions had been asked, everything they might know about him. The University of Southern California and Boalt Hall Law School at Berkeley, where Segretti had studied, seemed the best places.

The next day, Meyers called to say that, as a USC undergraduate, Segretti had been close to several persons who were to become part of the Nixon White House. (Among the USC graduates at the White House were Ron Ziegler, the President's press secretary; Dwight Chapin, the Presidential appointments secretary; Herbert Porter, a former White House advance man and CRP scheduling director who had received money from the fund; Tim Elbourne, who had served as a Ziegler press assistant; Mike G[illegible] a member of H. R. Haldeman's National Security Council staff; and Strachan, Haldeman's political aide and the White House liaison to CRP.)

Bernstein and Woodward sent feelers out through the *Post* newsroom, looking for anyone who had more than superficial contact with members of the White House staff. Their expectations weren't very high, given the relationship between the Nixon Administration and *The Washington Post*.

But Karlyn Barker, a former U. P. I. reporter who had joined the city staff on the same day as Woodward, said a friend of hers had gone to USC with the White House boys and had stayed in close touch with them. Within a few hours, Barker had given Bernstein a memo headed "Notes on USC Crowd."

Her friend had known Segretti, Chapin and Elbourne since college. He friend of hers had gone to USC with the White House and said Segretti and Elbourne had been called by their schoolmates, Chapin and Ziegler, to help in the Nixon election business.

All belonged to a campus political party called Trojans for a Representative Government. The Trojans called their brand of electioneering "ratfucking." Ballot boxes were stuffed, spies were planted in the opposition camp and bogus campaign literature abounded. Ziegler and Chapin had hooked onto Nixon's 1962 campaign for governor of California—managed by Haldeman. After graduation, Ziegler, Chapin and Elbourne had joined the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency in Los Angeles, where Haldeman was a vice-president. Segretti had been summoned to Washington and trained to work in a Presidential election, according to Karlyn Barker's friend.

Bernstein called the Justice Department official who had originally told him that Segretti was part of the Watergate investigation. It was Saturday, October seventh.

"No, I can't talk about him," the official said once more. "That's right, even though he's not directly linked to Watergate, to the break-in. Obviously, I came across him through the investigation. Yes, political sabotage is associated with Segretti. I've heard a term for it, 'ratfucking.' There is some very powerful information, especially if it comes out before November seventh," the day of the election.

The official refused to say anything more.

Bernstein hit with another call.

"*Ratfucking?*" The word struck a raw nerve with a Justice Department attorney. "You go right to the top on that [illegible] when I heard about it [illegible] it. These are public [illegible] You're [illegible] out from the

best schools in the country. Men who run the Government!"

Bernstein wondered what "right to the top" meant. But he wasn't given time to ask. The attorney had worked himself into a rage.

"If the Justice Department could find a law against it, a jury of laymen would convict them on that. It's absolutely despicable. Segretti? He's indescribable. It would be useful for you to write an article about this type of conduct. I was so shocked. I didn't understand it. It's completely immoral. All these people, unbelievable. Look at Hunt. I don't think he's involved in the ratfucking. But he's capable of anything. And he had access to the White House.

"The press hasn't brought that home. You're dealing with people who act like this was Dodge City, not the capital of the United States."

Bernstein was impressed. He had never known the man to be so outraged.

The secret fund—had it financed the ratfucking?

"That's a fruitful area." The attorney was calm for a moment, then became angry again. "Why else would they have all that money lying around? It's a scandal. But it will all come out at the trial."

Kalmbach?

"I won't discuss names. There are so many things that nothing would surprise me. It'll come out at the trial, which is the best context of all, because the people will know it is truth. The prosecutors have the truth. They want an opportunity to [illegible] The people who did this [illegible] the sound."

[illegible]

[illegible]

know about it, because it was strategy—basic strategy that goes all the way to the top. Higher than him, even."

The attorney realized he had gone too far. *Higher than Mitchell?* At most, there were three persons who went higher than John Mitchell: John Ehrlichman (maybe), H. R. Haldeman and Richard M. Nixon.

Basic strategy that goes all the way to the top. The phrase unnerved Bernstein. For the first time, he considered the possibility that the President of the United States was the head ratfucker.

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Woodward had a source in the Executive branch who had access to information at CRP as well as at the White House. His identity was unknown to anyone else. He could be contacted only on very important occasions. Woodward had promised he would never identify him, or his position, to anyone. Further, he had agreed never to quote the man, even as an anonymous source. Their discussions would be only to confirm information that had been obtained elsewhere and to add some perspective.

In newspaper terminology, this meant the discussions were on "deep background." Woodward explained the arrangement to managing editor Howard Simons one day. He had taken to calling the source "my friend," but Simons dubbed him "Deep Throat." The name stuck.

At first Woodward and Deep Throat talked by telephone, but as the Watergate stakes increased, Deep Throat's nervousness grew. He didn't want to talk on the telephone [illegible] they could meet somewhere.

[illegible]

phone even to set up the meetings. He suggested that Woodward open the drapes in his apartment as a signal. Deep Throat could check each day; if the drapes were open, the two would meet that night. But Woodward liked to let the sun in at times and suggested another signal.

Several years earlier, Woodward had found a red cloth flag lying in the street. Barely one foot square, it was attached to a stick, the type of warning device used on the back of a truck carrying a projecting load. Woodward had taken the flag back to his apartment and one of his friends stuck it into an old flowerpot on the balcony. It had stayed there, serving no function whatever.

When Woodward had an important inquiry to make, he would move the flowerpot with the red flag to the rear of the balcony. During the day, Deep Throat would check to see if the pot had been moved. If it had, he and Woodward would meet that night about two A.M. in a predesignated underground garage. Woodward would leave his sixth-floor apartment and walk down the back stairs into an alley.

Walking and taking two or more taxis to the garage, he could be reasonably sure that no one had followed him. In the garage, the two could talk for an hour or more without being seen. If taxis were hard to find, as they often were late at night, it might take Woodward almost two hours to get there on foot. On two occasions, a meeting had been set and the man had not shown up—a depressing and frightening experience, as Woodward had waited for more than an hour, alone in an underground garage in the middle of the night. Once he had thought he was being followed—two well-dressed men had stayed behind him for five or six blocks, but he ducked into an alley and did not see them again.

If Deep Throat wanted a meeting—which was rare—there was a different procedure. Each morning, Woodward would check page 20 of his *New York Times*, delivered to his apartment house before seven A.M. If a meeting was requested, the page number would be circled and the hands of a clock indicating the time would appear in a lower corner of the page. Woodward did not know how Deep Throat got to his paper.

The man's position in the Executive branch was extremely sensitive. He had never given Woodward incorrect information. It was he who had confirmed to Woodward on June 19 that Howard Hunt was definitely involved in Watergate. During the summer, he had told Woodward that the FBI badly wanted to know where the *Post* was getting its information. He thought Bernstein and Woodward might be followed and cautioned them to take care when using their telephones. The White House, he [illegible] the last meeting, regarded the

stakes in Watergate as much higher than anyone outside realized. Even the FBI did not understand what was happening. He had been deliberately vague about this, however, making veiled references to the CIA and national security that Woodward did not understand. He had said he would help out when he could, but only to confirm or lend perspective.

When Sussman and Bernstein wanted to run the Segretti story, Woodward, who was in New York, argued that not enough details about the sabotage operations were known and that their scope and purposes were unclear. Moreover, the implications should not be hinted at until there was more solid information.

Woodward prevailed. He would catch the next plane to Washington and contact Deep Throat.

He left on the last Eastern shuttle and, from a telephone booth at National Airport, called Deep Throat at home.

They had recently arranged a method by which Woodward could call to request a garage meeting without identifying himself. Woodward put his suitcase in a locker. Taking a cab to a downtown hotel, he waited ten minutes, took another, walked the rest of the way and arrived at the garage at 1:30 A.M.

Deep Throat was already there, smoking a cigarette. He was glad to see Woodward and shook his hand. Woodward told him that he and Bernstein needed help, really needed help on this one. His friendship with Deep Throat was genuine, not cultivated. Long before Watergate, they had spent many evenings talking about Washington, the Government, power.

On evenings such as those, Deep Throat had talked about how politics had infiltrated every corner of Government—a strong-arm take-over of the agencies by the Nixon White House. Junior White House aides were giving orders to the highest levels of the bureaucracy. He had once called it the "switchblade mentality"—and had referred to the willingness of the President's men to fight dirty and for keeps, regardless of what effect the slashing might have on the Government and the nation. There was little bitterness on his part. Rather, Woodward sensed the resignation of one whose fight had been worn down in too many battles. Deep Throat never tried to inflate his knowledge or show off his importance. He always told rather less than he knew. Woodward considered him a wise teacher. He was dispassionate and seemed committed to the best version of the obtainable truth.

He also distrusted the press. "I don't like newspapers," he had said flatly. He detested inexactitude and shallowness. Aware of his own weaknesses, he readily conceded his flaws. He was, incongruously, an incurable gossip, careful to label rumor for what it was but fascinated by it.

He knew too much literature too well and let the allurements of the past turn him away from his instincts. He could be rowdy, drink too much, overreach. He was not good at concealing his feelings, hardly an ideal trait for a man in his position.

Of late, he had expressed fear for the future of the Executive branch, which he was in a unique position to observe. Watergate had taken its toll. Even in the shadows of the garage, Woodward saw that he was thinner and, when he drew on his cigarette, that his eyes were bloodshot.

That night Deep Throat seemed more talkative than usual. "There is a way to untie the Watergate knot," he began. "I can't and won't give you any new names, but everything points in the direction of what was called 'Offensive Security.' . . . Remember, you don't do those 1500 [FBI] interviews and not have something on your hands other than a single break-in. [The White House and the Justice Department had cited the number of interviews conducted by the FBI as evidence of the thoroughness of the Watergate investigation.] But please be balanced and send out people to check everything, because a lot of the [CRP] intelligence gathering was routine. They are not brilliant guys, but it got out of hand," Deep Throat said. "That is the key phrase, the feeling that it all got out of hand. . . . Much of the intelligence gathering was on their own campaign contributors, and some to check on the Democratic contributors—to check people out and sort of semiblackmail them if something was found . . . a very heavy-handed operation."

Deep Throat had access to information at the White House, Justice, the FBI and CRP. What he knew represented an aggregate of hard information flowing in and out of many stations. Reluctantly, after prodding, he agreed that Woodward and Bernstein were correct about the involvement of higher-ups in the Watergate break-in and in other illegal activities as well.

"Mitchell was involved."

To what extent?

"*Only the President and Mitchell* know.

"Mitchell conducted his own—he called it an investigation—for about ten days after June 17. And he was going crazy. He found all sorts of new things that astounded even him. At some point, Howard Hunt, of all the ironies, was assigned to help Mitchell get some information. Like lightning, he was pulled off and fired and told to pack up his desk and leave town forever. By no less than John Ehrlichman."

Woodward reacted with [illegible] of shock and skepticism. Ehrlichman was the good guy, the resident [illegible] in the White House who [illegible]

crises. Politics was Haldeman and Mitchell's turf. Woodward recognized the gravity of Deep Throat's remark that "Only the President and Mitchell know." But Deep Throat would not elaborate.

Woodward asked if the Watergate bugging and spying were isolated, or if they were parts of the same operation as the other activities Deep Throat referred to.

"Check every lead," Deep Throat advised. "It goes all over the map, and that is important. You could write stories from now until Christmas or well beyond that. . . . Not one of the games [his term for undercover operations] was free-lance. This is important. Every one was tied in."

But he would not talk specifically about Segretti's operation. Woodward could not understand why.

"Just remember what I'm saying. Everything was part of it—nothing was free-lance. I know what I'm talking about."

Ratfucking?

He had heard the term; it meant double cross and, as used by the Nixon forces, it referred to infiltration of the Democrats.

Deep Throat returned to Mitchell on his own steam: "That guy definitely learned some things in those ten days after Watergate. He was just sick, and everyone was saying that he was ruined because of what his people did and what happened at the White House.

"And Mitchell said, 'If this all comes out, it could ruin the Administration. I mean, ruin it.' Mitchell realized he was personally ruined and would have to get out."

Woodward asked about the White House.

"There were four basic personnel groupings for undercover operations," Deep Throat said. The November Group, which handled CRP's publicity, including fake ads in newspapers; a convention group, which handled intelligence gathering and sabotage planning for both the Republican and the Democratic conventions; a primary group, which did the same for the primaries of both parties; and the Howard Hunt group, which was the "really heavy operations team."

"The Howard Hunt group reported to Chuck Colson, who maybe didn't know specifically about the bugging. There is no proof, but Colson was getting daily updates on the activities and the information." He shook his head. "There are stories all over town—check every one, each is good."

Deep Throat then issued an explicit warning: "They want to single out the *Post*. They want to go to court to get at your sources."

It was three A.M. There was more general discussion about the White House, its mood, the overall atmosphere. Woodward and Deep [illegible] resting agi[illegible] of Wood[illegible] Bernstein

couldn't go much further, what they had was too vague. Watergate would not expose what the White House had done—not without more *specific* information.

Deep Throat again told Woodward to concentrate on the other games—not the break-in at Democratic headquarters.

Still, they needed help. Woodward said. Could they say for certain that the games were White House sponsored?

"Of course, of course, don't you get my message?" Deep Throat was exasperated. He stood up.

What games? Woodward asked.

"There's nothing more I can say," Deep Throat replied and began to walk off.

Woodward grabbed Deep Throat's arm. The time had come to press to the limit. Woodward was angry. He told Deep Throat that both of them were playing a chickenshit game—Deep Throat for pretending that he never fed Woodward primary information and Woodward for chewing up tidbits like a rat that didn't have the guts to go after the main dish.

Deep Throat was angry, too, but not at Woodward.

"OK," he said softly. "This is very serious. You can safely say that 50 people worked for the White House and CRP to play games and spy and sabotage and gather intelligence. Some of it is beyond belief, kicking at the opposition in every imaginable way. You already know some of it."

Deep Throat nodded confirmation as Woodward ran down items on a list of tactics that he and Bernstein had heard were used against the political opposition: bugging, following people, false press leaks, fake letters, canceling campaign rallies, investigating campaign workers' private lives, planting spies, stealing documents, planting *provocateurs* in political demonstrations.

"It's all in the files," Deep Throat said. "Justice and the Bureau know about it, even though it wasn't followed up."

Woodward was stunned. Fifty people directed by the White House and CRP to destroy the opposition, no holds barred?

Deep Throat nodded.

The White House had been willing to subvert—was that the right word?—the whole electoral process? Had actually gone ahead and tried to do it?

Another nod. Deep Throat looked queasy.

And hired 50 agents to do it?

"You can safely say more than 50," Deep Throat said. Then he turned, walked up the ramp and out. It was nearly six A.M.

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The next morning, October tenth, the reporters wrote one of their most significant and comprehensive stories to date. The opening paragraphs read:

FBI agents have established that the Watergate bugging incident stemmed from a massive campaign of political spying and sabotage conducted on behalf of President Nixon's re-election and directed by officials of the White House and the Committee for the Re-election of the President. . . .

During their Watergate investigation, Federal agents established that hundreds of thousands of dollars in Nixon campaign contributions had been set aside to pay for an extensive undercover campaign aimed at discrediting individual Democratic Presidential candidates and disrupting their campaigns. . . .

The story went on to list the kind of sabotage and espionage involved including:

> Following members of Democratic candidates' families; forging letters and distributing them under the candidates' letterheads; leaking false and manufactured items to the press; throwing campaign schedules into disarray; seizing confidential campaign files and investigating the lives of dozens of Democratic campaign workers.

Woodward called DeVan Shumway, CRP's principal spokesman, and read him the first six paragraphs.

Shumway called him back an hour later and said: "Now, are you ready? We've got a statement: 'The *Post* story is not only fiction but a collection of absurdities.'"

Woodward waited for more.

"That's it," Shumway said.

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From Hugh Sloan, Woodward and Bernstein knew that the fifth person who controlled the secret fund was a White House official. There were many reasons for believing that it was H. R. Haldeman, the White House chief of staff. Indeed, there was some cause to suspect that lurking behind the "Watergate reign" crouched trim, crewcut Harry Robbins Haldeman.

At the age of 42, Haldeman had gone from managing the Los Angeles offices of J. Walter Thompson to managing the business of the President of the United States.

Throughout the Administration, Haldeman was held in awe. At the mention of his name, Cabinet officials would become silent and fearful. The few who would talk knowledgeably about him said they might lose their jobs if he ever found out. Tough . . . pragmatic . . . ruthless . . . devoted only to Richard Nixon . . . would stop at nothing. . . . The descriptions were often similar and many quoted Haldeman's celebrated self-description: "I'm the President's son of a bitch." But Haldeman was far more complicated than such descriptions indicated.

One of Haldeman's methods of operation, the reporters knew, was

"deniability." This was the device of insulating himself from controversial decisions by implementing them through others, so that, later, he could deny involvement. The reporters were certain, therefore, that Haldeman would never hire a Hunt as a White House consultant. He would make someone else—Colson or Ehrlichman—the employer of record. If Haldeman were behind Segretti's operation, he would not have come in direct contact with him.

The reporters knew from Sloan and others that Haldeman seldom dealt directly with CRP. That was left to Gordon Strachan, one of Haldeman's beaver patrol: the bright, fiercely loyal young men he brought into the White House from the advertising and marketing worlds. Deniability was the rule in the White House staff system; the bosses stood behind an impenetrable beaver dam.

On October 19, Woodward dragged his balcony flowerpot back into position to signal Deep Throat. About one A.M., he left his apartment for the long journey to the underground garage. He arrived about 2:30 A.M. Deep Throat was not there. Fifteen minutes passed, then half an hour. An hour. Woodward worried.

Deep Throat rarely missed an appointment. In the dark, cold garage, Woodward began thinking the unthinkable: Maybe Haldeman had learned that the reporters were making inquiries about him. Had Deep Throat been spotted? Had Woodward been followed? People crazy enough to hire Gordon Liddy and Howard Hunt were crazy enough to do other things. Woodward scolded himself for becoming irrational, fighting the notion of some goon squad terrorizing Deep Throat. Would it leave a black glove with a knife stuck through the palm in Deep Throat's car? Just what did a 1972 goon squad do—if it worked for the White House? Woodward went outside to look around, and then walked back down the ramp into the dark. In the next half hour he grew more and more terrified—of exactly what he wasn't sure—then ran from the garage and most of the way home. He told Bernstein that Deep Throat had failed to show. They knew there were a hundred possible explanations, but they both worried.

Later that morning, Woodward's copy of *The New York Times* arrived with a [illegible] on page 20 and a clockface indicating a three-A.M. meeting. He took the familiar route, arrived about 15 minutes early, descended to the level of their meeting place and there, smoking a cigarette, was Deep Throat. Woodward was relieved and angry. He told Deep Throat that he hadn't appreciated the anxiety of the previous night. Deep Throat said that he [illegible] chance to [illegible] the [illegible] and couldn't [illegible] the house [illegible] getting hotter.

Woodward, [illegible] though it wasn't true, told [illegible] in last a story for the following week saying that Haldeman was the fifth person in control of disbursements from the secret fund.

"You'll have to do it on your own," Deep Throat said.

Woodward tried another angle. Would Deep Throat feel compelled to warn him if his information was wrong?

Deep Throat said he would.

Then you're confirming Haldeman on the fund? Woodward asked.

"I'm not. You've got to do it on your own."

The distinction seemed too subtle.

"You cannot use me as a source," Deep Throat said. "I won't be a source on a Haldeman story." As always, the stakes seemed to quadruple when Haldeman's name was mentioned.

Deep Throat was tired and in a hurry. He said that he would try to keep the reporters out of trouble.

Woodward asked if they were in trouble on Haldeman.

"I'll keep you out," Deep Throat said.

Since he had not cautioned them on Haldeman, he was effectively confirming the story. Woodward made it clear that if there was any reason to hold back, he expected some sign from Deep Throat.

Deep Throat replied that failing to warn Woodward off a bad story "would be a misconception of our friendship." He would not name Haldeman himself. He shook hands with Woodward and left. Woodward was now more certain of two things about Haldeman: He was the fifth man and he had accumulated frightening power. Deep Throat did not scare easily.

On Monday, October 23, Woodward reconstructed the meeting for Bernstein. Bernstein was uncomfortable with the "confirmation." Was it absolute? Yes and no, Woodward said.

That night, the reporters visited Sloan. They went over the secret fund and Sloan's repeated unwillingness to discuss the amounts of money spent. There were five people who had authority to approve the disbursements, right? Bernstein asked.

"Yes, I'd say five," Sloan said.

Magruder, Stans, Mitchell, Kalmbach and someone in the White House. Woodward reiterated.

"That's right," said Sloan.

"Did you mention the names before the grand jury?" Woodward asked.

Sloan thought for several seconds. "Yes," he said.

"We know that it's Haldeman," Bernstein said. The way he said it was meant to convey both urgency and inevitability. He wanted Sloan to think he would be giving nothing away by confirming. "Haldeman, right?" he repeated.

Sloan shrugged. "That may be. I'm not your source on that."

All they needed was [illegible] confirmation. Bernstein said, "No one else [illegible] Haldeman."

"Not here," Sloan responded.

Woodward then asked if it was John Ehrlichman.

"No," Sloan said. "I can tell you it wasn't Ehrlichman."

"Colson?" asked Bernstein.

"No," said Sloan.

Unless they were way off base, that left only Haldeman and the President. Bernstein said. Certainly it wasn't the President.

"No, not the President," said Sloan.

"Then it had to be Haldeman," Bernstein repeated. "Look," he said, "we're going to write it and we need your help if there's anything wrong about it."

Sloan paused. "Let me put it this way, then. I have no problems if you write a story like that."

"Then it's correct?" Woodward asked.

"Yes," Sloan said.

The reporters tried to contain their excitement. They asked a few more questions for form, then shook hands with Sloan and walked down the path to Woodward's car.

That was almost enough, Bernstein said. A rule had evolved at the *Post* that no story would be published unless at least two sources could be found to confirm it. But he was still uneasy. Woodward was more confident, but he agreed they should try for one more confirmation.

Of the people who were in a position to confirm or deny that Haldeman was the final name, there were only two they hadn't contacted. One was an FBI agent Bernstein had talked to during the first week of October.

Now Woodward picked up a telephone extension while Bernstein called the agent to ask him about Haldeman.

Bernstein knew he would never get the information by merely asking. He decided to try to provoke the agent by telling him they were working on a story about what a lousy job the FBI had done. Woodward, listening on the extension, took notes.

AGENT: We did not miss much.

BERNSTEIN: Then you got Haldeman's name in connection with his control over the secret fund?

AGENT: Yeah.

BERNSTEIN: But it also came out in the grand jury?

AGENT: Of course.

BERNSTEIN: So it came out, then, in both the FBI interview with Sloan and when he was before the grand jury?

AGENT: Yes.

BERNSTEIN: We just wanted to be sure of that, because we've been told that it came out only in the grand jury. That you guys [illegible] my

AGENT: We got it too. We've [illegible] everybody involved in the money . . . we know that 60 percent of your information comes from Bureau files.

You either see them or someone reads them to you over the phone.

Bernstein said he would not talk about their sources. He returned to the question of Haldeman and asked again if Haldeman was named as the fifth person to control the secret fund.

"Yeah, Haldeman. John Haldeman," he replied. Bernstein ended the conversation and gave a thumbs-up signal to Woodward. Then he realized the agent had said *John*, not *Bob* Haldeman. At times, it seemed that everyone in Washington mixed up the "German shepherds," as they were called. But the reporters could not let the confusion persist. Bernstein called the agent back.

"Yeah, Haldeman, *Bob* Haldeman," the agent said. "I can never remember first names."

Deep Throat, Sloan, the FBI agent. The reporters decided that they finally had the story firmly in hand. They left for home before midnight feeling secure.

Bernstein spent most of the night unable to sleep, thinking about the implications of what they had written and what they were about to write. What if they were being unfair to the President of the United States, damaging not just the man but the institution? And, by extension, the country? Suppose the reporters' assumptions were wrong, that somehow they had been horribly misled. What happened to a couple of punk reporters who took the country on a roller-coaster ride? Could it be that the wads of cash in Stans's safe had been merely discretionary funds that had been misspent by a few overzealous underlings? Or that the reporters and their sources had fed on one another's suspicions and speculations? No less awful, suppose the reporters were being set up. What if the White House had seen its chance to finish off *The Washington Post* and further undermine the credibility of the press? What if Haldeman had never asked for authority over the money or had never exercised his authority?

Maybe all the fears were inflated and irrational. Maybe Nixon never read the damn paper, anyway. Maybe nobody paid any attention (sometimes it was almost a relief when the polls showed that Watergate wasn't having much impact).

Bernstein was a shambles when he arrived at the office the next morning—sleep-starved, full of doubts, timorous. He [illegible] to Woodward. Woodward, too, had gone through periods of apprehension about whether the foundation of their reporting—largely invisible to the reader—was strong enough to support the visible implications. Before informing Sussman that they had established the Haldeman connection solidly, the reporters [illegible]

and watch the green lights flash on one by one.

The afternoon of October 24, they wrote the Haldeman story. Essentially, it contained only one new fact—that the fifth person who had been in control of the campaign fund for political espionage and sabotage was the President's chief of staff.

Bradlee summoned Simons, Rosenfeld, Sussman, Bernstein and Woodward to his office. During that seven-P.M. meeting, just before the deadline, Bradlee served as prosecutor, demanding to know exactly what each source had said.

"What did the FBI guy say?" Bradlee asked.

The reporters gave a brief summary.

"No," Bradlee said, "I want to hear exactly what you asked him and what his exact reply was."

He did the same with Deep Throat and the interview with Sloan.

"I recommend going," Rosenfeld said.

Sussman agreed.

Simons nodded his approval.

"Go," Bradlee said.

On the way out, Simons told the reporters he would feel more comfortable if they had a fourth source. It was past 7:30; the story could not hold beyond 7:50. Bernstein said there was one other possibility, a lawyer in the Justice Department who might be willing to confirm. He went to a phone near Rosenfeld's office and called him.

Bernstein asked the lawyer point-blank if Haldeman was the fifth person in control of the secret fund.

He would not say.

Bernstein told him that they were going with the story. They already had it from three sources, he said; they knew Sloan had told the grand jury. All they were asking was that he warn them if there were any reason to hold off on the story.

"I'd like to help you, I really would," said the lawyer. "But I just can't say anything."

Bernstein thought for a moment and told the man they understood why he couldn't say anything. So they would do it another way: Bernstein would count to ten. If there was any reason for the reporters to hold back on the story, the lawyer should hang up before ten. If he was on the line after ten, it would mean the story was OK.

"Hang up, right?" the lawyer asked.

That was right, Bernstein instructed, and he started counting. He got to ten. OK, Bernstein said and thanked him effusively.

"You've got it straight now?" the lawyer asked.

"Right [illegible] again and hung up.

He [illegible] and Woodward [illegible] for [illegible] Deep Throat.

With the deadline only minutes off, the story was dropped down to the composing room to be set. There would be an insert for the ritual White House denial.

Shortly before nine P.M., Woodward got a call from Kirby Jones, press aide for the McGovern campaign. "I hear you've got a good one for tomorrow," Jones said. "How about sending a copy over?"

Woodward said that he and Bernstein were having enough trouble already with accusations of collusion. He told Jones to get his own copy of the paper at a newsstand, like everyone else, and slammed down the phone.

The reporters finally left the paper, forgetting to give Sloan a courtesy call to alert him that the story was coming. He would be besieged by other reporters, and they should have warned him what to expect. But they had to finish putting together their outline for a book on Watergate. The outline had to be submitted to Simon & Schuster at lunch the next day.

They were up almost until dawn writing and met at nine A.M. in the coffee shop of the Madison Hotel.

At breakfast, they quickly read through the Haldeman story in the *Post*'s final edition, and about 10:30, Bernstein and Woodward strolled across 15th Street to the *Post*. At their desks, they were going through their notes to decide whom they should see that afternoon when Eric Wentworth, an education reporter, came over to Woodward.

"Hey," said Wentworth, "have you heard about what Sloan's attorney said?"

Woodward hadn't.

"Sloan's attorney said that Sloan didn't name Haldeman before the grand jury. He said it unequivocally."

Woodward froze.

Wentworth repeated his words, then went to his desk and typed out what he could recall from a CBS radio account he had heard on his way to work. Woodward followed him. Wentworth handed the piece of paper to Woodward, who returned to his desk. He had to sit down.

Woodward went over to Bernstein's desk and tapped him on the shoulder. "We may have a problem," he said softly and handed Wentworth's note to Bernstein. Bernstein suddenly felt sick and thought he might throw up. Flushed, he sat in his chair until it passed.

Then he and Woodward walked into Sussman's office and passed him the note. All three went into Rosenfeld's office and turned on the television. What they were watching on the screen was something they would never forget. Sloan and his attorney, James R. Stoner, were walking into a law office where Sloan was to give a deposition. [illegible] S[illegible] the [illegible] CBS [illegible] ing there with [illegible] Sloan approached Sloan and asked him about the *Post*'s report of his testimony before the grand jury. Sloan said his attorney would have a comment. Schorr moved the microphone to Stoner.

"Our answer to that is an unequivocal no," he said. "We did not—Mr. Sloan did not implicate Mr. Haldeman in that testimony at all."

Sussman, Woodward and Bernstein looked at one another. What had gone wrong? They had been so sure.

Bernstein and Woodward decided not to cancel their lunch with Dick Snyder, their publisher, but to hurry through it instead. As they walked to the Hay-Adams Hotel, directly across Lafayette Square from the White House, the magnitude of what was involved began to sink in. They had made a grievous error—Sloan would never lie. But how? And what was the mistake? There was no question that Sloan had confirmed Haldeman as the fifth controller of the fund. So had the FBI agent. And Deep Throat. It had something to do with the attribution itself, about Sloan's testimony before the grand jury. There, they had gotten something horribly wrong.

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As they walked, Ron Ziegler was beginning his regular daily press briefing in the Executive Mansion. It began at 11:48 A.M. After ten minutes or so of announcements about the President's campaign and speech schedule, a reporter asked: "Ron, has the FBI talked to Bob Haldeman about his part in allegedly managing a secret slush fund for political sabotage?"

That began 30 minutes of denunciation of the *Post*.

ZIEGLER: I assume you base your question on the *Washington Post* story this morning?

QUESTION: No, it has nothing to do with that, Ron. (Laughter)

ZIEGLER: What do you base your question on?

QUESTION: It just struck me as a good question.

ZIEGLER: The answer to your question is no, they have not. . . . We have already denied the story based on information that we had last night. I believe it is the type of story that deserves only one denial . . . this is another example of a story based on hearsay, a story based upon information that was supposedly given to *The Washington Post*, but here, again, they will not identify or refer to the source of their information. . . .

I personally feel that this is [illegible] in by *The Washington Post*. . . . I think this effort on the part of the *Post* is getting to the point of absurdity. . . . The [illegible] Line ["TESTIMONY [illegible] SIDE TO SECRET

FUND"] . . . refers to a secret fund, a term developed exclusively, virtually exclusively, by *The Washington Post*, based again on hearsay and based again on information obtained from an individual that they again refuse to identify, anonymous sources . . . now, *The Washington Post* last night was told that they had misinformation . . . and yet they ran it as their lead story this morning, with a distorted headline that was based totally on hearsay and innuendo. . . . I think this is the shabbiest type of journalism . . . a vicious abuse of the entire journalism process by *The Washington Post* . . . it is political . . . an effort to discredit individuals within this Administration based on hearsay . . . a blatant effort at character assassination. . . .

QUESTION: If all of these men—Haldeman, Chapin [who had been linked to Segretti in earlier stories] and Colson—are clean and innocent of this, why are they not made available for questions? When we ask you questions to ask them specifically, we do not get direct answers.

ZIEGLER: . . . We are not going to play into the hands of *The Washington Post* that way or play that particular game with them. . . .

QUESTION: Ron, *Time* magazine and *The New York Times* have also carried various articles about the incidents that allegedly have taken place. Do you include those in your general condemnation as being shabby journalism?

ZIEGLER: Quite frankly, I wouldn't lump those publications with *The Washington Post*. . . .

QUESTION: Is the White House still subscribing to *The Washington Post*? (Laughter)

ZIEGLER: We have to, out of self-protection.

* * *

Lunch was nerve-racking and strained. Woodward and Bernstein were too preoccupied to discuss anything coherently, much less the publication of a book. If the situation was deteriorating as badly as they feared, they would probably offer their resignations to the paper.

When the meeting with Snyder ended, they stepped into the hotel's old, oak-paneled elevator. Herbert Klein, the White House director of communications, was inside. All three stared at the floor in silence as the elevator descended. At the lobby level, Klein stepped out hurriedly and strode to a White House car waiting in the driveway.

Bernstein and Woodward held copies of the *Post* over their heads as they walked back to the office in the rain.

Soaked and shivering, Woodward called [illegible] Sloan's attorney.

[illegible]

Woodward was at a disadvantage: He couldn't betray Sloan's confidence and tell Stoner that his own client had been one of the sources.

Was Stoner certain that Sloan hadn't named Haldeman before the grand jury? Woodward tried to say it suggestively.

"Yes," said Stoner. "Absolutely certain." He anticipated the next question: "The denial is specifically addressed to your story. No, he has not said it to the FBI. No, he has not said it to any Federal investigators."

Woodward tried another approach. Leaving aside the question of whom Sloan might have divulged it to, was the story's essential fact correct? Did Haldeman indeed have control of the fund?

"No comment."

Wasn't that the important question?

"No comment. I'm just not going to talk about information my client may or may not have."

Woodward directed Stoner's attention to the *Post*'s repeated recognition that Sloan was not criminally involved in Watergate. It had been the first newspaper to say so. It had said explicitly that Sloan had quit his job because he was honest.

Stoner said he appreciated that fact.

Did the *Post* owe Stoner's client an apology for misrepresenting what he told the grand jury?

Stoner said that no apology was necessary.

Woodward paused. Maybe he should ask if Haldeman deserved an apology. But suppose Stoner said yes. A printed apology would probably have to appear. That was almost unthinkable.

Painful as the answer could turn out to be, Woodward asked if an apology to Haldeman was in order. He couldn't think of anything else to ask.

"No comment."

Woodward told Stoner that the *Post* had a responsibility to correct an error.

No comment.

If an apology was called for, it would be given.

No comment.

Woodward raised his voice to impress on Stoner how serious it was when a newspaper made a mistake.

Finally, Stoner said he wouldn't recommend making any apology to Bob Haldeman.

For the first time since the radio report of the denial by Sloan's lawyer, Woodward relaxed a little.

He asked whether Sloan had been asked by the grand jury or investigators whether Haldeman controlled the fund.

No comment.

Could the FBI's investigation have been so bad, he wondered aloud, and the grand jury's investigation so inadequate that Sloan was never asked about Haldeman?

No comment.

That left them dangling, Woodward said. Stoner said he sympathized with their precarious position. Woodward couldn't argue with that. There was nothing left to say.

Both reporters were losing their composure. Woodward couldn't contact Deep Throat until that night at the earliest. Bernstein couldn't reach Sloan. The whole office was in limbo; a pall had descended over the newsroom. Other reporters watched silently as the tension built. Bradlee and Simons occasionally came out of their offices to tell the reporters to stay cool, touch all bases.

At three P.M., Bernstein and Woodward left the office to find the FBI agent who had confirmed the Haldeman story two nights before. They found him in a corridor outside his office. Bernstein approached him and attempted to ask if the reporters had misunderstood.

"I'm not talking to you," the agent said, backing away.

Bernstein moved toward him as the agent backpedaled in the corridor. Inexplicably, the agent seemed to be smiling. This was no fucking joke, Bernstein told him.

It was a deadly serious business, not some G-man version of hide-and-seek. They wanted some answers—immediately. Woodward walked up and joined the discussion. He was holding a folded copy of notes typed from Bernstein's conversation with the agent. It was time for some straight answers or the matter would be taken up with his boss, Woodward told the agent.

The agent was no longer smiling. He looked panicked. "What the hell are you talking about?" he said. "I'll deny everything. I'll deny everything."

Woodward unfolded his copy of the notes and showed it to the agent. They didn't want to get anyone in trouble, he said. They just needed to know what, if any, error they had made. And they needed to know that minute.

"I'm not talking to you about Haldeman or anything else," the agent said. "I can't even be seen talking to you two bastards."

Bernstein tried to calm him. Something had gotten screwed up and they needed to know what; there was no reason to suspect each other of being devious or acting in bad faith.

The agent was sweating, his hands were trembling. "Fuck you," he said and walked into his office.

The reporters spotted one of the agent's superiors in the hallway. Their next move represented the most difficult professional—unprofessional, really—decision either had ever made. They were going to blow a confidential source. Neither had ever done it before; both knew instinctively that they were wrong. But they [illegible] had been set up. Their [illegible] they told [illegible] They walked over to the