

CARL BERNSTEIN

BOB WOODWARD

Authors of The Final Days

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

In the most devastating political detective story of the century, two Washington Post reporters, whose brilliant, Pulitzer Prize-winning investigation smashed the Watergate scandal wide open, tell the behind-the-scenes drama the way it really happened.



IDENT'S MEN

A TOUCHSTONE BOOK

Published by Simon & Schuster

New York London Toronto Sydney Tokyo Singapore

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First Touchstone Edition, 1987

Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.
Simon & Schuster Building
Rockefeller Center
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

TOUCHSTONE and colophon is a registered trademark of
Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Designed by Edith Fowler

Manufactured in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 Pbk.

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication data

Bernstein, Carl, date.

All the President's men.

(A Touchstone book)

Includes index.

1. Watergate Affair, 1972-1974. 2. Bernstein,
Carl, date. 3. Woodward, Bob. 4. Washington
Post (1877) I. Woodward, Bob. II. Title.

[E860.B47 1987] 364.1'32'0973 87-12938

ISBN 0-671-64644-3 Pbk.



ALL THE PRES

Carl Bernstein
Bob Woodward

Acknowledgments

Like the *Washington Post's* coverage of Watergate, this book is the result of a collaborative effort with our colleagues—executives, editors, reporters, librarians, telephone operators, news aides. Since June 17, 1972, we have had their assistance, support and advice. Some persons stand out. Our particular gratitude to Katharine Graham, Benjamin C. Bradlee, Howard Simons, Harry M. Rosenfeld, Barry Sussman, Leonard Downie, Jr., Lawrence Meyer, Larry Fox, Bill Brady, Douglas Feaver, Elisabeth Donovan, Philip Geyelin, Meg Greenfield, Roger Wilkins and Maureen Joyce.

Others contributed their time, energy and counsel to the preparation of this book. We are indebted to Taylor Branch, Mary Graham, Elizabeth Drew, Haynes Johnson and David Obst for their help and kindness. To Nora Ephron, Barbara Cohen and Richard Cohen, special affection and thanks.

Richard Snyder and the staff of Simon and Schuster—in particular Chris Steinmetz, Elise Sachs, Harriet Ripinsky and Sophie Sorkin, who prepared the manuscript for production—extended us enormous tolerance as deadlines were missed, production schedules altered and complicated technical problems accommodated. Throughout, the staff, especially Dan Green, Milly Marmur, Helen English and Terry Mincieli, was a source of enthusiasm and, more important, friendship.

This book would not have been possible without the work of Robert Fink, who assisted us in the research, lent us his ideas and gently offered us his criticism.

And most of all, our appreciation and respect to Alice Mayhew, our editor, whose thought and guidance are reflected on every page.

CARL BERNSTEIN
BOB WOODWARD

Washington, D.C.
February 1974

*To the President's other men and women—
in the White House and elsewhere—
who took risks to provide us
with confidential information.
Without them there would have been
no Watergate story told by the Washington Post.*

And to our parents.

Cast of Characters

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

RICHARD M. NIXON

THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

ALFRED C. BALDWIN III	Security guard, Committee for the Re-election of the President (CRP)
ALEXANDER P. BUTTERFIELD	Deputy Assistant to the President; aide to H. R. Haldeman
JOHN J. CAULFIELD	Staff aide to John Ehrlichman
DWIGHT L. CHAPIN	Deputy Assistant to the President; appointments secretary
KENNETH W. CLAWSON	Deputy Director of Communications, the White House
CHARLES W. COLSON	Special Counsel to the President
KENNETH H. DAHLBERG	Midwest Finance Chairman, CRP
JOHN W. DEAN III	Counsel to the President
JOHN D. EHRLICHMAN	Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs
L. PATRICK GRAY III	Acting Director, FBI
H. R. HALDEMAN	Assistant to the President; White House Chief of Staff
E. HOWARD HUNT, JR.	Consultant to the White House
HERBERT W. KALMBACH	Deputy Finance Chairman, CRP; personal attorney to the President
HENRY A. KISSINGER	Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs

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RICHARD G. KLEINDIENST	Attorney General of the United States
EGIL KROGH, JR.	Deputy Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs; aide to Ehrlichman
FREDERICK C. LARUE	Deputy Director, CRP; aide to John Mitchell
G. GORDON LIDDY	Finance Counsel, CRP; former aide on John Ehrlichman's staff
CLARK MACGREGOR	Campaign Director, CRP
JEB STUART MAGRUDER	Deputy Campaign Director, CRP; former Haldeman aide and Deputy Director of White House Communications
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JOHN N. MITCHELL	Campaign Director, CRP; former Attorney General
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RONALD L. ZIEGLER	Press Secretary to the President

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EUGENIO R. MARTINEZ
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FRANK A. STURGIS

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Assistant U.S. Attorney for the District of
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DONALD E. CAMPBELL

Assistant U.S. Attorney

SEYMOUR GLANZER

Assistant U.S. Attorney

THE JUDGE

JOHN J. SIRICA

Chief Judge, U.S. District Court for the
District of Columbia

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Chairman, Senate Watergate Committee

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JUNE 17, 1972. Nine o'clock Saturday morning. Early for the telephone. Woodward fumbled for the receiver and snapped awake. The city editor of the *Washington Post* was on the line. Five men had been arrested earlier that morning in a burglary at Democratic headquarters, carrying photographic equipment and electronic gear. Could he come in?

Woodward had worked for the *Post* for only nine months and was always looking for a good Saturday assignment, but this didn't sound like one. A burglary at the local Democratic headquarters was too much like most of what he had been doing—investigative pieces on unsanitary restaurants and small-time police corruption. Woodward had hoped he had broken out of that; he had just finished a series of stories on the attempted assassination of Alabama Governor George Wallace. Now, it seemed, he was back in the same old slot.

Woodward left his one-room apartment in downtown Washington and walked the six blocks to the *Post*. The newspaper's mammoth newsroom—over 150 feet square with rows of brightly colored desks set on an acre of sound-absorbing carpet—is usually quiet on Saturday morning. Saturday is a day for long lunches, catching up on work, reading the Sunday supplements. As Woodward stopped to pick up his mail and telephone messages at the front of the newsroom, he noticed unusual activity around the city desk. He checked in with the city editor and learned with surprise that the burglars had not broken into the small local Democratic Party office but the headquarters of the

Democratic National Committee in the Watergate office-apartment-hotel complex.

It was an odd place to find the Democrats. The opulent Watergate, on the banks of the Potomac in downtown Washington, was as Republican as the Union League Club. Its tenants included the former Attorney General of the United States John N. Mitchell, now director of the Committee for the Re-election of the President; the former Secretary of Commerce Maurice H. Stans, finance chairman of the President's campaign; the Republican national chairman, Senator Robert Dole of Kansas; President Nixon's secretary, Rose Mary Woods; and Anna Chennault, who was the widow of Flying Tiger ace Claire Chennault and a celebrated Republican hostess; plus many other prominent figures of the Nixon administration.

The futuristic complex, with its serpent's-teeth concrete balustrades and equally menacing prices (\$100,000 for many of its two-bedroom cooperative apartments), had become the symbol of the ruling class in Richard Nixon's Washington. Two years earlier, it had been the target of 1000 anti-Nixon demonstrators who had shouted "Pigs," "Fascists" and "*Sieg Heil*" as they tried to storm the citadel of Republican power. They had run into a solid wall of riot-equipped Washington policemen who had pushed them back onto the campus of George Washington University with tear gas and billy clubs. From their balconies, anxious tenants of the Watergate had watched the confrontation, and some had cheered and toasted when the protesters were driven back and the westerly winds off the Potomac chased the tear gas away from the fortress. Among those who had been knocked to the ground was *Washington Post* reporter Carl Bernstein. The policeman who had sent him sprawling had probably not seen the press cards hanging from his neck, and had perhaps focused on his longish hair.

As Woodward began making phone calls, he noticed that Bernstein, one of the paper's two Virginia political reporters, was working on the burglary story, too.

Oh God, not Bernstein, Woodward thought, recalling several office tales about Bernstein's ability to push his way into a good story and get his byline on it.

That morning, Bernstein had Xeroxed copies of notes from reporters at the scene and informed the city editor that he would make some more checks. The city editor had shrugged his acceptance, and Bern-

stein had begun a series of phone calls to everybody at the Watergate he could reach—desk clerks, bellmen, maids in the housekeeping department, waiters in the restaurant.

Bernstein looked across the newsroom. There was a pillar between his desk and Woodward's, about 25 feet away. He stepped back several paces. It appeared that Woodward was also working on the story. That figured, Bernstein thought. Bob Woodward was a prima donna who played heavily at office politics. Yale. A veteran of the Navy officer corps. Lawns, greensward, staterooms and grass tennis courts, Bernstein guessed, but probably not enough pavement for him to be good at investigative reporting. Bernstein knew that Woodward couldn't write very well. One office rumor had it that English was not Woodward's native language.

Bernstein was a college dropout. He had started as a copy boy at the *Washington Star* when he was 16, become a full-time reporter at 19, and had worked at the *Post* since 1966. He occasionally did investigative series, had covered the courts and city hall, and liked to do long, discursive pieces about the capital's people and neighborhoods.

Woodward knew that Bernstein occasionally wrote about rock music for the *Post*. That figured. When he learned that Bernstein sometimes reviewed classical music, he choked that down with difficulty. Bernstein looked like one of those counterculture journalists that Woodward despised. Bernstein thought that Woodward's rapid rise at the *Post* had less to do with his ability than his Establishment credentials.

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

The first details of the story had been phoned from inside the Watergate by Alfred E. Lewis, a veteran of 35 years of police reporting for the *Post*. Lewis was something of a legend in Washington journalism—half cop, half reporter, a man who often dressed in a blue regulation Metropolitan Police sweater buttoned at the bottom over a brass Star-of-David buckle. In 35 years, Lewis had never really "written" a story; he phoned the details in to a rewrite man, and for years the *Washington Post* did not even have a typewriter at police headquarters.

The five men arrested at 2:30 A.M. had been dressed in business suits and all had worn Playtex rubber surgical gloves. Police had seized a walkie-talkie, 40 rolls of unexposed film, two 35-millimeter cam-

eras, lock picks, pen-size tear-gas guns, and bugging devices that apparently were capable of picking up both telephone and room conversations.

"One of the men had \$814, one \$800, one \$215, one \$234, one \$230," Lewis had dictated. "Most of it was in \$100 bills, in sequence. . . . They seemed to know their way around; at least one of them must have been familiar with the layout. They had rooms on the second and third floors of the hotel. The men ate lobster in the restaurant there, all at the same table that night. One wore a suit bought in Raleigh's. Somebody got a look at the breast pocket."

Woodward learned from Lewis that the suspects were going to appear in court that afternoon for a preliminary hearing. He decided to go.

Woodward had been to the courthouse before. The hearing procedure was an institutionalized fixture of the local court's turnstile system of justice: A quick appearance before a judge who set bond for accused pimps, prostitutes, muggers—and, on this day, the five men who had been arrested at the Watergate.

A group of attorneys—known as the "Fifth Street Lawyers" because of the location of the courthouse and their storefront offices—were hanging around the corridors as usual, waiting for appointments as government-paid counsel to indigent defendants. Two of the regulars—a tall, thin attorney in a frayed sharkskin suit and an obese, middle-aged lawyer who had once been disciplined for soliciting cases in the basement cellblock—were muttering their distress. They had been tentatively appointed to represent the five accused Watergate burglars and had then been informed that the men had retained their own counsel, which is unusual.

Woodward went inside the courtroom. One person stood out. In a middle row sat a young man with fashionably long hair and an expensive suit with slightly flared lapels, his chin high, his eyes searching the room as if he were in unfamiliar surroundings.

Woodward sat down next to him and asked if he was in court because of the Watergate arrests.

"Perhaps," the man said. "I'm not the attorney of record. I'm acting as an individual."

He said his name was Douglas Caddy and he introduced a small,