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# The Agony of Egil Krogh



## By Craig Waters

**The Court:** *Mr. Krogh, is there anything you wish to say to me before sentence is imposed?*

It is dark and cold and the earth is a rolling blanket of black. Only by tracing the absence of stars can you see the outlines of the Appalachians. At 6 AM, squares of yellow light flash on on the side of the hill. The patchwork quilt of windows defines five buildings—four strung out across the hill, the fifth located near its base. The buildings are cold and angular—one-story icebergs. At 6:30, men begin to trickle through the doorways of the four dormitories. They wear khaki shirts and pants and overcoats. When they hit the early morning air, their breath turns white.

The shadows drift down toward the cafeteria. Inside, the men queue up for toast and coffee and scrambled eggs. As they eat, the sun rises above the mountains that seem to surround White Deer Valley. The stars dissolve and the features of the land emerge. There is a pond with cattails growing at its edge. And a small faceless factory. And a long asphalt road.

The road begins at Route 15, a highway that keeps the Susquehanna River company as it winds through central Pennsylvania. A few miles south of Bald Eagle Mountain and a few miles north of Reptiland, the road and Route 15 cross. The road heads west, passes by a country club, then through the opening in a chain link fence. The metal script on top of the gate reads "ALLENWOOD." The road curves around the base of the hill, then begins to ascend the slope. There it dead-ends—in the parking lot of the administration building.

For the new prisoner, this is where the Allenwood Federal Prison Farm begins.

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If Egil Krogh Sr. gave Egil Krogh Jr. anything at all, it was the desire to succeed—not only to succeed, but to excel. The inheritance passed from father to son not so much by instruction as by example—Egil Krogh Sr. was a self-made man. A Norwegian immigrant, he set a world steeplechase record and was a member of a world-record four-mile team while he was a student at the University of Chicago. When he left the university's school of business, he set off in pursuit of a career. He married the daughter of an old Virginia family, had two daughters of his own—Letitia and Joegil—and, by the time that his son was born in 1939 had become a vice president at Marshall Field department store.

There never was any doubt in the mind of Egil Krogh Jr. that Egil Krogh Sr. was an important man. The family lived in expensive homes, first in Chicago and then in suburban Winnetka. The children attended private schools. But from the beginning, Krogh tempered the trappings of his success with the philosophy that there was more to life than winning trophies and making money.

He wanted to name his son after himself, but, realizing that "Egil" was a heavy burden to put on a child, decided "I'll name him Egil, but we'll call him Bud." A proud American, he was disappointed at being too old to serve during World War II and com-

pensated by dressing his young son in little Army and Navy uniforms. He was pleased when Bud got good grades, became an excellent runner, and was elected to school office, but he never enthused too loudly about his son's accomplishments. In fact, when Bud's grades got "too good," Krogh began to worry. He wanted his son to understand that in life a sense of balance was more important than success.

Only once did Krogh counsel against moderation—when Bud was fourteen, his father became a member of the Christian Science Church. He gave up smoking and drinking and decided that Bud should forswear them too. The oath which he exacted from his son was sealed with a handshake—a handshake that has been binding to this day.

Krogh's career took him to department stores in New York and Seattle. In order to minimize the impact of so much moving, Bud was enrolled in Principia Upper School, a Christian Science high school in St. Louis. When he graduated, he went on to Principia College in southern Illinois, where he majored in English and minored in political science and history. He continued to run, winning conference titles in the half-mile and mile for the Principia track team, and was a reader in the Christian Science organization.

A college roommate remembers him as "a spontaneous, outgoing person—very straightforward and honest. He was the sort of person that you felt close to after a short period of time. He was a good athlete and a student leader, but he was also very active socially—he dated a lot, but he was pretty much a one-girl fellow—they were fairly serious relationships. He didn't take himself too seriously—he did all of the fooling around that guys generally do in college."

Though he had attended school away from home for eight years, Bud maintained a close relationship with his family, and especially with his father. They spent their summers together, once vacationing in Europe, frequently fishing for steelhead trout on remote stretches of Washington State rivers.

The two men looked like father and son—both were ruggedly handsome; both had the same strong Scandinavian jaw. Krogh, however, had lost his hair and gained some weight—the angles were gone from his face. Sitting in their boat across from one another, it must have seemed to Bud that he was looking at his future and to Krogh that he was viewing his past.

When he graduated from college, Bud followed in his father's footsteps, enrolling at the University of Chicago's School of Business. He attended on a track scholarship, but after a few weeks realized he wasn't meant to be a businessman. He dropped out and enlisted in Navy Officer Candidate School.

"That was very like Bud," his ex-roommate explained. "If he didn't like something or it wasn't working out, he didn't stick with a bad decision—he made a change."

In 1962, three weeks before he was scheduled to graduate from OCS, Bud's father died. For a while, Bud considered

leaving OCS, but finally decided to stay because he felt his father would have preferred it. His graduation photos show Bud and his mother and two sisters, smiling bravely.

A few months later, his mother also died.

**Defendant Krogh:** *Your Honor, these days have been agonizing in some respects for me and for my family. They have been days when I wondered whether we were ever going to see the light. . . . But, from these hearings, investigations, indictments, convictions, sentences, and sentences to be served, I have great hope that what is actually being done is a wonderful healing process whereby what this country represents and what it means are going to be more clearly understood.*

The night is nearly over. A pink glow suffuses the eastern sky. But beneath the trees it is dark. The trees are old and tall—Greenvale Street is filled with the rustle of their dance.

The neighborhood, just west of Rock Creek Park near the Maryland-DC line, is relatively well to do. In one house—a two-story structure of dark red brick—an attractive young woman is preparing her sons and herself for school. Suzanne is 36, but looks years younger—she has a lithe figure, an unlined face, and shoulder-length blonde hair. She is a teacher at St. Aidan's Montessori School on Military Road; her sons, Peter, eight, and Matthew, four, are students there.

She gets the boys up, starts them dressing, and goes downstairs to prepare their breakfast. A running dialogue—questions, answers, orders, and jokes—ties the morning's activities together, but despite the company her sons provide, there really is no one for Suzanne to talk to.

For more than a month now, Bud Krogh has been at Allenwood.

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The Navy was good for Bud. The death of his parents had hit him hard, but the Navy doesn't provide time off for mourning. Bud served as communications officer and as officer of the deck, and he soon adopted the military lifestyle as his own. The Navy became a second father to him.

During his three-and-a-half years in the service, Bud took two cruises in the western Pacific. The first took him to Tokyo. While his shipmates searched for sake and women, Bud sought out a Christian Science church . . . and found a woman. Suzanne Lowell was a graduate of Florida State College who had wound up teaching at an international school in Tokyo. She also served as an usher at the church Bud visited that day. And when he walked in, she decided that she was going to meet him. "He was the best-looking man who had walked into church in months," she remembers.

When the service was over, she introduced herself and she and Bud spent the next few hours together. Bud made a lasting impression—"He was intelligent—imaginatively intelligent. And in some cases brilliant. And to keep all of that from getting too thick, he had a tremendous sense of humor," she recalls. (continued)

That afternoon, Sue broke off her engagement to another man—Bud wasn't the reason, she says, and she laughs at the memory. But on the other hand, meeting Bud didn't do anything to dissuade her.

The following Sunday, Sue and Bud spent the day together and Bud won the Lowell seal of approval—"I gave him a choice of three things to do," she explains. "Two were very urban entertainments. The third choice was hiking in the hills around Tokyo. He chose hiking . . . and passed the test."

After Bud shipped out, he and Suzanne wrote to one another and, when he returned to Tokyo three months later, they resumed dating. When school let out in June, Sue and Bud headed for Seattle, where she met his sisters, and then to South Miami, where he met her parents. In July of 1963, Suzanne Lowell married Bud Krogh in a small service in her parents' home.

The newlyweds settled in Long Beach, California, where the Yorktown languished in dry dock for a year and a half; Sue taught third grade in a public school. Eventually the carrier went to sea once more, this time sailing for the coast of Vietnam. Sue followed her husband about the Pacific until she became "very pregnant." Peter was born in June of 1965 and at about the same time Bud was discharged from the Navy.

Bud had long been interested in the law, seeing it as a virtual prerequisite to a career of government service. During the year before his release, his interest had been reinforced by reading Oliver Wendell Holmes. In September, he enrolled at the University of Washington Law School in Seattle; a trust fund set up by his father took care of the expenses.

It was not long, however, before Bud's idealized vision of the law began to crumble. The law was not the good, true, beautiful mistress that Holmes had eulogized. Law was whatever men wanted it to be. And it was dull. For a while Bud considered dropping out of law school. He discussed alternatives with his wife—he could drive a truck, or go on to graduate school, or study acting. His sister Joegil had a master's in drama and had frequently requisitioned her younger brother to help with her plays—he built sets, painted scenery, and appeared in *Song of Norway*. Later, Bud had become a member of Joegil's play-reading group.

But at about that time Bud made Law Review, and, encouraged by the unexpected success, decided to stick it out. The honor didn't make law any more interesting, though, and Bud continued to search for ways to avoid his studies—he watched television, went to movies, and during his final year, took a month off to go to Vietnam. During his tour of duty with the Navy his views on the war were hawkish, but following his discharge they moved toward center of the road—he eventually came to feel that US involvement was a mistake, but that the commitment to South Vietnam was one that had to be honored.

Christmas of 1967 found Bud and one of his law school professors discussing the subject of land reform with peasants in South Vietnam—the study, commissioned by the

Stanford Research Institute, attempted to find out whether tenants enjoyed the same rights as landlords in the land reform courts. Bud's own conclusion was that massive land reform was required—without it, he felt, South Vietnam would never enjoy a lasting peace.

Bud was proud of his accomplishment, but deep down Sue resented it—she didn't like being left alone at Christmas.

**Defendant Krogh:** *As I stated in the affidavit I filed before Judge Byrne, Mr. Ehrlichman gave the unit authority to engage in covert activity to obtain information on Dr. Ellsberg. The precise nature of that authorization and the extent to which it specifically covered the break-in are matters that will be the subject of testimony in the prosecution pending in California and that may be involved in a prosecution in the District of Columbia. So are the origination of the idea of a break-in and the manner of its formulation. I have expressed the desire to which the Special Prosecutor has acceded—to defer any testimony until after sentencing.*

During his three years in law school, Bud supplemented his income by selling hats at Frederick & Nelson, a Seattle department store where his father had served as vice president, and by clerking for the law firm of Hullin, Ehrlichman, Roberts and Hodge.

Bud had known John Ehrlichman since he was ten. Joegil, who was twelve years older than her brother, was one of Mrs. Ehrlichman's best friends and the Ehrlichmans had been frequent guests in the Krogh home. Because of the difference in their ages, the relationship between Bud and John Ehrlichman had never been particularly close, but when Bud took up the law, it was only natural that he clerk for the firm of an old family friend. When he graduated and was admitted to the Washington State Bar, Bud went to work for Hullin, Ehrlichman, Roberts and Hodge full time in the summer of 1968.

The job seemed to be the goal that Bud's life had been heading for. He was interested in government, and Ehrlichman was one of the most astute political powers in the state—he had been a Nixon advance man during the 1960 Presidential campaign and was serving as the President's "tour director" in 1968. Bud's other abiding interest was land use, and Ehrlichman was acknowledged to be one of the country's best land-use lawyers. Hullin, Ehrlichman, Roberts and Hodge looked like a place where Bud could learn.

He settled into the job. And settled down in Seattle. An avid outdoorsman, he jogged, hiked, climbed mountains, and skied. Assured of a steady income, he bought a Columbia twenty-two-footer to sail on Lake Washington.

His work proved equally satisfying—he was allowed to specialize in land-use planning and environmental law and found the association with Ehrlichman rewarding. Bud's relationship with his boss tended to be of the father-son variety. At the office the mood was formal but friendly. When Ehrlichman invited Bud and his wife to salmon bakes at the lake, the barriers came down a little, but inhibitions remained. It was never

a relationship of equals—Bud sought approval; Ehrlichman sat in judgment.

While Ehrlichman was beating the drum for Nixon, Bud and Sue tried local politics—Bud was a delegate to the Republican county primaries but was unable to attend because of a law school exam; Sue rang doorbells for Republican Governor Daniel J. Evans but gave it up when after an arduous evening of reciting the party's spiel she found herself telling one voter, "Hi—my name is Sue and I'm governing for doorbell Dan. . . ."

Then the settled-down life came apart—Nixon became the 37th President of the United States and the word went out that Ehrlichman would be going to Washington. When Ehrlichman went East and returned, he called Bud into his office and explained the situation—he would be serving as counsel to the President and he needed an administrative assistant and would Bud be interested?

It was like asking a child if he'd like to visit the world's biggest candy store.

Bud debated the pros and cons—for about ten seconds—before deciding that, yes, he was very interested.

He had been a lawyer for only three months and he was on his way to the White House.

**Defendant Krogh:** *I also would like to tell you how serious I feel the action which took place was. In contrast to Watergate and other political activities, the actions of the Special Investigations Unit—the Plumbers—represented official government action. As official government action, as I have come to see it, it struck at the heart of what this government was established to protect, which is the individual rights of each individual. It was never my intention, while serving in the White House or while serving as the director of the Special Investigations Unit, for that to take place.*

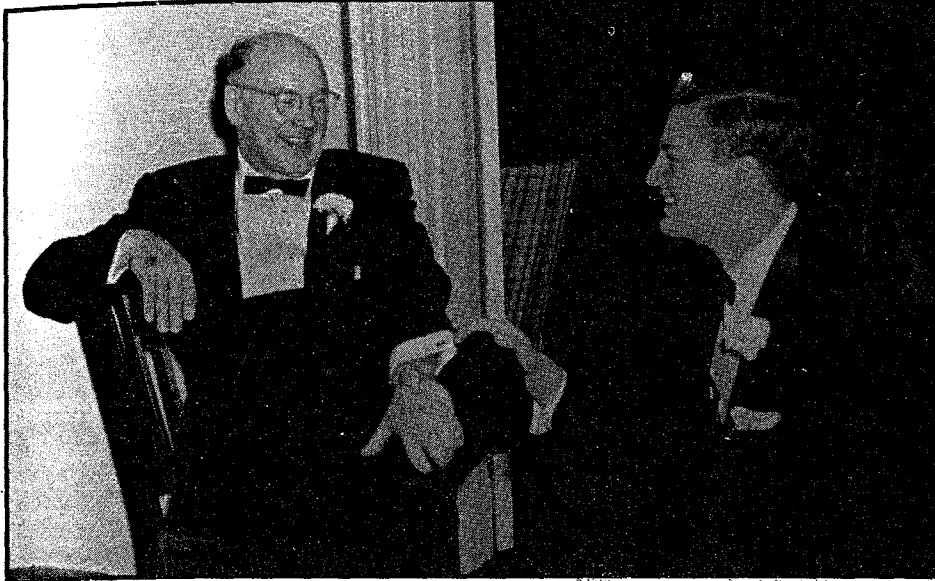
*But it did.*

Bud was eager and excited about the move. He didn't seem to have reservations about his inexperience. Humility had never been one of his strong points, but then Bud wasn't a loser. He was a winner. And confidence and pride came naturally. Suzanne shared his enthusiasm and his belief that he could handle the job—"I'd never seen him do anything poorly . . . except wash dishes and mow lawns."

And it was unlikely that he would be asked to do either at the White House.

When Bud jetted off to Nixon's headquarters at the Hotel Pierre in New York City, Sue stayed in Seattle, packed, and sold the family's two cars and their sailboat, which had barely gotten wet. When Nixon's staff moved down to Washington, Sue and Bud moved into an apartment on Connecticut Avenue near Van Ness Street.

At the time, Nixon had not yet filled out his staff, and those staff members had found themselves taking on more and more responsibilities. Those who did well were given more and more power. In May 1969, six months after he had arrived, Bud Krogh was named deputy counsel to the President. In November Ehrlichman became assistant to the President for domestic affairs, and Bud once more followed in the footsteps of his



*Egil Krogh Sr. and Jr.*

mentor, becoming the deputy assistant.

The two men had offices across the hall from one another. They worked together but independently—Ehrlichman set the goals and Krogh found the means to effect them. Bud's ability to work on his own with little supervision was, in fact, one of the reasons Ehrlichman had selected him. This time, however, the decisions set before him strained his talents.

"Every day, he realized that he was out of his league," his wife recalled. "He was aware of what a big job he had and of how little preparation he had had for it. He worried about the impact of what he was doing and about not doing well enough. But he never considered resigning—not Bud."

Instead, he charged on and parlayed his innocence, common sense, and intelligence into an impressive string of successes. Like a reporter setting out to write an article about an unfamiliar subject, he sought out one expert, who directed him to others. Then he began contacting the people who could effect the necessary changes.

The approach was simple and refreshing—here was someone at the White House who didn't have all the answers. Early in the game, Krogh earned the reputation of being a man who would listen to all points of view before he began making decisions.

One of his first assignments was to serve as White House liaison for the District of Columbia. At an early meeting, President Nixon declared that he was appalled by Washington's crime rate and turning to Bud, he told him, "This is your responsibility—do something about it!" Flustered at being caught with his credentials down, Bud phoned DC Police Chief Jerry Wilson—"The crime rate's got to come down," he told Wilson, and then hung up.

Later he called Wilson back and began to ask questions about how the White House could help curtail crime—did the city need more lighting, more police? Some of the answers were incorporated into the 1970 crime legislation he helped through Congress.

Bud found District affairs more interest-

ing than his other responsibilities. He lived in Washington but more than that, it was one of the few areas where he could see the results of his labors. Things were happening here—not a thousand miles or half a world away.

Unlike his predecessors, he did not make the mistake of attempting to run the District from the White House. The President's position was that, as far as possible, the District should be allowed to run itself. The freedom gave the DC government the opportunity to develop some muscle. But when problems arose, Krogh was quick with assistance.

He was active in the areas of budget, the Bicentennial, drug rehabilitation, higher education, and welfare reform. He was instrumental in getting Congress to release funds for Metro and he helped prevent clashes between demonstrators and police during anti-war rallies and Indian occupations.

Ted Lutz, now a deputy under secretary of Transportation, was with the Office of Management and Budget in the early 1970s and worked with Krogh on District affairs. Lutz remembers the civil disturbance aspect of Bud's responsibilities most vividly. "He took a very compassionate view regarding the demonstrators," Lutz explained, "but he was also concerned that the public and their property be protected."

Krogh's major achievements for the District, however, were in the areas of transportation and drug rehabilitation. The city, confronting the crime issue, decided that it needed treatment centers for heroin addicts. When a suitable program had been outlined, the proposal was presented to Bud—Deputy Mayor Graham Watt explained: "After Bud had reviewed the proposal and had had others look at it, he worked with HEW and the Department of Justice, as well as with the District agencies, asking them, 'Now what can we do? How can we go about implementing this program? Who's going to fund it? Who's going to operate it?' and then there was the necessary follow-through—to make sure that those who had said they would provide certain things actually did

so." The drug treatment program that resulted owed its existence, in large part, to Krogh.

The White House's young man in Washington played a similar go-between role in getting Metro moving. Representative William H. Natcher of Kentucky, chairman of the DC Appropriations Subcommittee, had repeatedly tied up funds for the subway—he said that he favored the project, but only if the city's freeway system was completed. As long as the highways were in doubt, the Metro money remained frozen. And subway construction costs escalated. Finally, another member of the subcommittee was led to remark that, for all practical purposes, Metro was dead.

Krogh got the job of reviving it.

Lutz remembers how he went about it: "The first thing that Bud did was to organize the city people into an effective group to work on the federal government. He got community leaders, businessmen, and members of the Federal City Council together at the White House and implored them to work together in behalf of Metro. Then he activated Presidential support, getting Nixon to meet with Congressional leaders and comment on the need for the system. He got people in Congress to push very hard, and, so that he could explain Metro knowledgably, he toured the construction sites in person. It was really a case of using the power tools of the White House to defend the District's interests."

The fight was won when the House overrode Natcher and appropriated funds for Metro.

Producing the Metro vote was the most obvious accomplishment of Krogh's work with the District. But in the minds of many, his most valuable and lasting achievement was creating a climate in which home rule became a real possibility.

"By working with the mayor—by letting the mayor and council take control—Bud demonstrated that the mayor and council could get things done," Lutz said. "There was a general, gradual discovery that city government was actually capable of solving problems.

"For years, certain Congressmen had been saying, 'We can't let the District do it—they'll screw up,' and other Congressmen had been agreeing—'Yeah, they'll screw up.' Well, for the past five years, the District has been doing it. And they haven't screwed up anymore than anyone else. Bud, and the mayor and council, created a climate in which home rule could be achieved."

Krogh enjoyed an excellent rapport with most of the DC officials with whom he worked and his relationship with Mayor Washington amounted to nothing less than a mutual admiration society. When the President approved six major DC bills in October 1972, Krogh told the press, "One individual . . . stands out above all others for his outstanding contribution to the present well-being of the nation's capital: Mayor Washington. The President and all of us here in the White House who have had the privilege of working with him . . . have grown increasingly grateful and appreciative to him for his selfless, unceasing work on the

city's behalf."

Mayor Washington might easily have returned the compliment. A spokesman for the mayor recalled the "conscientious, work-like way" in which Krogh dealt with the city's requests, and Deputy Mayor Watt said that, "In terms of effectiveness, I would have to rate Bud very high. He appreciated the complexity and magnitude of local problems—there were a lot of very independent interests and agencies involved, and it was difficult for anyone to assemble all of the groups. That was Bud's major talent—he assembled people and got them working together."

Former Deputy Mayor Thomas Fletcher added, "Bud was very, very effective. He was very personable, the sort of man that you liked and trusted immediately. He was strong and capable, but there was nothing officious about him. He was very warm—very concerned about people. As a result, he was very effective in working out compromises."

A member of the Federal City Council summarized the District's sentiments when he said, "In terms of White House relations, it was the most productive era the District has ever seen."

Though Krogh did the job well, the work never became routine or easy. The District, to which he devoted at least one day each week, was just one of his many White House responsibilities. Corrections, legal services, transportation, and international trafficking in narcotics were among the others. The only common element was the lack of experience Krogh brought to each. And no sooner had he developed expertise in one field than he was assigned responsibility for another about which he knew nothing. It was a treadmill that never slowed down.

His day began at a 7:30 AM breakfast meeting with Ehrlichman and his staff, and rarely ended before 7:30 at night. Frequently it went on until nine or ten. Peter took afternoon naps so that he could wait up for his father, but by the time that Bud got home he was generally exhausted—he had neither the interest nor the energy required to play husband and father.

"The syndrome is so typical of the hard-charging young men in government and business," Krogh's friend, DC City Councilman Tedson Meyers, explained. "You become blinded by the power—you begin to think that you're indispensable. Suddenly, family obligations seem unworthy of your talents."

**Defendant Krogh:** *The thinking that led to the break-in in 1971, in my judgment, spawned trouble—trouble that, while I did not know what was to transpire later, nevertheless led to other problems. The victims of this crime in California—Dr. Fielding and Dr. Ellsberg—both of them were deprived of rights to which they were entitled. . . . The perpetrators of the crime, men that worked for me, have suffered enormously, as have their families and their children. More than that, the American people—many of them—have been confused; many have been disturbed by what took place in 1971; and it has raised many doubts—many questions about what the country represents and what*

*it means. Those doubts and those questions probably never would have been raised but for this action in California . . . which I approved.*

The marriage had "disintegrated," and Bud saw no purpose in perpetuating a myth. In September 1970, he and his wife separated. Sue remained at home with Peter and Matthew, who was only a few months old. Bud moved into an efficiency apartment in Crystal City, across the Potomac from the White House. He spent most of his salary—about \$36,000 a year—on his family, and visited his sons regularly, but it was, according to a close friend, "a lonely time for Bud Krogh."

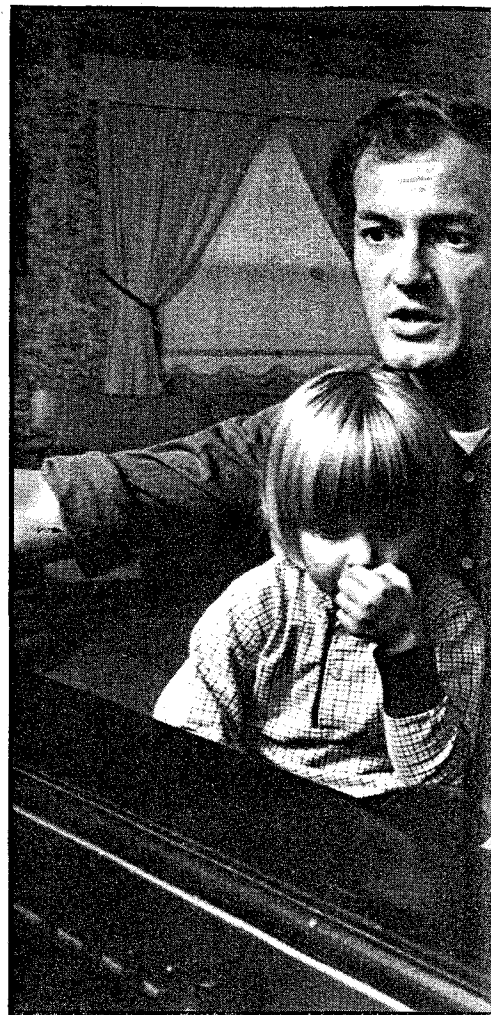
Bud lost himself in his work—it was easy since there was always more to do. Among the new assignments was responsibility for a special unit set up to investigate the unauthorized disclosure of the Pentagon Papers by Dr. Daniel Ellsberg. The Plumbers were to ascertain what Ellsberg's motives had been, if he had had any assistance, and whether or not he might release additional classified information in the future. Less than a month later, in July 1971, the unit also was instructed to determine the source of a leak regarding the fallback position of the United States at the SALT talks.

The President was particularly disturbed by the latter—"He was deeply concerned that any further disclosure of such information could only undermine the SALT and Vietnam peace negotiations," Krogh later testified. "His intense determination was evident. He instructed that further leaks *would not be allowed* and made me feel personally responsible for carrying out this instruction."

By that time, the atmosphere at the White House had become tense. "There was an attitude . . . that demonstrators and others were just out to sink the President, were out to destroy his policies—a feeling of us versus them," Krogh told Mike Wallace of CBS. The President's personal objectives were more and more frequently equated with the public good, and Krogh said political opponents became "traitors" and "enemies of the state." Krogh said that he later recognized the misestimation of the situation, but, at the time, he was "hypnotized" by the President's incantations of national security—"To suggest that national security was being improperly invoked was to invite a confrontation with patriotism and loyalty," Krogh explained in an affidavit, "and so appeared to go beyond the scope and in contravention of the faithful performance of the duties of my office."

And so Krogh and the other members of the Plumbers—David Young, E. Howard Hunt, and G. Gordon Liddy—went ahead. Phones were tapped. People were polygraphed. And finally, when the FBI was unable to provide a psychiatric profile of Dr. Ellsberg, approval was given to break into the Los Angeles office of Dr. Lewis Fielding, Dr. Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

Apparently, the President was never told about the plan. Ehrlichman had endorsed a "covert activity," but whether or not he knew that the "activity" was a burglary has never been made clear. Nor has the matter of who originated the idea—Mrs. Krogh is

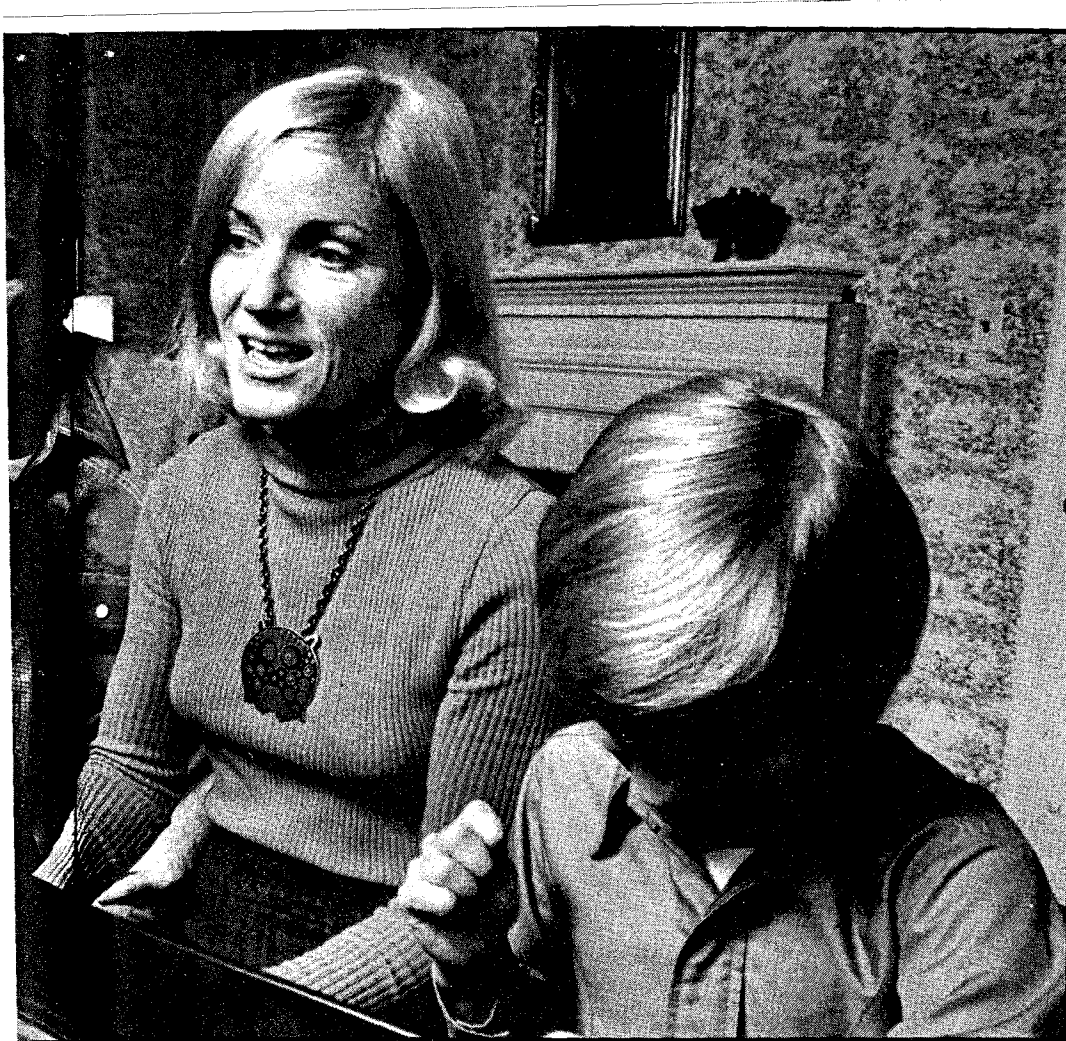


convinced that it was either Liddy or Hunt. In any case, it was Krogh who authorized the two men to proceed with the break-in.

Hunt and Liddy enlisted the aid of Bernard Barker, Eugenio Martinez, and Felipe DeDiego. During the Labor Day weekend of 1971, they broke into Dr. Fielding's office and ransacked his files.

**Defendant Krogh:** *To my knowledge, the break-in netted nothing. When I saw the photographs that had been taken of the damage done, I immediately felt that a mistake had been made. The visibility of physical damage was somehow disturbing beyond the theoretical impression of covert activity. I recommended to Mr. Ehrlichman that no further actions of that sort be undertaken. He concurred and stated that he considered the operation to have been in excess of his authorization.*

The experience had planted seeds of doubt—it had raised questions that Krogh couldn't answer. The doubts continued to grow, and the search for answers led him back to Christian Science. The reexamination of his religious beliefs prompted him to take a fresh look at his life—at his marriage, his work, his goals. Though they had been contemplating divorce, Bud and Sue now began to spend more time together and their relationship began to grow. Bud once more was responsible for the District, and he dedicated himself to that and his other tasks with renewed vigor. A heavy load was lifted from



The Krogh family—Matthew, Bud, Sue and Peter.

his shoulders when, after refusing to authorize a wiretap, he was removed as the head of the Plumbers.

In July 1972, he and Sue went back together. In October, he beat more than 200 other persons in a 2.2-mile jog around the Ellipse that highlighted National Jogging Day. A few weeks later, Nixon approved the six major District bills. And in December the President nominated Krogh to the post of under secretary of the Department of Transportation.

Yes—1972 was a very good year. With the exception of Watergate.

The break-in at the Democratic National Committee headquarters shocked Krogh—he had thought that the Fielding incident was a single mistake . . . his mistake. Suddenly, it became apparent that it was but a part of a larger pattern of illegal activity. He knew then an investigation of Watergate would inevitably lead to the Plumbers. Two of the men arrested at the Watergate complex on the morning of June 17 were named Barker and Martinez.

Krogh's first inclination was to tell everything he knew, but he still felt bound by "national security." On several occasions Ehrlichman had told him that the President considered the work of the Special Investigations Unit a matter of the highest national security and under no circumstances, Ehrlichman had said, was Krogh to discuss it—with anyone.

In August, Krogh was questioned about

the Watergate break-in by representatives of the Department of Justice. When the topic turned to the California travels of Hunt and Liddy, he pleaded ignorance.

It was only a matter of time.

On February 12, 1973, Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony J. Russo Jr. went on trial in California on charges of espionage, theft, and conspiracy. On April 27, presiding Judge Matthew Byrne released a Justice Department memorandum stating that two of the convicted Watergate defendants—Hunt and Liddy—had broken into Fielding's office with the intention of stealing Ellsberg's psychiatric records. Byrne requested anyone with information about the burglary to provide it to the court.

Convinced that the time had come to speak, Krogh sought the President's permission to make a statement. The approval came on May 2, and on May 4 Krogh submitted an affidavit detailing his role in the break-in to Judge Byrne. On May 9, Krogh left the Department of Transportation—in his letter of resignation, he told President Nixon that the incident "was my responsibility, taken in excess of instructions and without the knowledge or permission of any superior.

"I believed that my decision was dictated inescapably by the vital, national security interests of the United States," he said. "I now see that this judgment may well have been in error, though prompted by what was then my highest sense of right.

"I cannot remain in the Administration

while my role in the Special Investigations Unit is submitted to the legal scrutiny it must now properly receive," he explained.

Two days later, Judge Byrne dismissed all charges against Ellsberg and Russo.

**Defendant Krogh:** *The time is here when you will have to pass sentence on me. For many months—up until the end of November—I dreaded this moment. But, after the entry of the plea of guilty on November 30, much of the dread and fear dropped away, and in its place, I am grateful to say, there was a sense of peace and a sense of calm.*

*As I said to you on November 30 of last year—the reason I pleaded guilty was that I no longer wanted to be associated with that basic violation of a principle of individual rights. In addition to that, I pled guilty because that conduct deserved to be convicted—it needed to be convicted!*

At the age of 33, the young man who had gone so far so fast found himself unemployed, under investigation by federal authorities, and facing the very real prospect of criminal prosecution. He blamed no one but himself—he would accept the consequences of his deed. He secluded himself at his home—Suzanne provided support, Matthew and Peter provided comic relief. It was a comfortable place to be, but Krogh's financial and legal situation worsened daily. Finally, a friend broke through.

Unable to reach Krogh by phone, Tedson Meyers finally picked up a bottle of sparkling Catawba, climbed onto his motorcycle, and headed for Bud's house. He was disturbed by what he found. As the two men sat barefoot on the living-room floor, drinking Catawba and talking, Krogh sounded like a captain who was determined to go down with his ship.

"He was utterly ashamed of everything," Meyers recalled. "His attitude was, 'God will dispose of me.' Now that may be very good Christian Science, but it's lousy law. He was acting out of the deepest, most honest religious convictions, but out of the worst understanding of his own rights. As a lawyer and as his friend, I couldn't allow him to do that."

Meyers tried to convince Krogh that he had to do something—that he had a responsibility to his family. He asked Bud how he intended to support them. Job offers, after all, had not been pouring in.

"He told me that he had been thinking about driving a truck," Meyers said, "or of becoming a laborer with Metro. I told him that was nice—he'd be getting some exercise—but what union did he belong to? 'Uh oh,' he said, 'I'm a Republican.'" The impracticality of his position began to become clear, but it took another two days of discussion for Meyers to convince Krogh that he owed himself, and his family, a defense. For defense counsel, Meyers suggested a friend, Steve Shulman.

But Krogh was still reluctant. Shulman found himself in the position of having to protect a client—from himself. "He was willing to take responsibility for everything," Shulman said. "He even felt responsible for Watergate—'If it could happen in the Ellsberg case,' he reasoned, 'why not in

Watergate?' We had very, very long discussions about all of the moral, religious, and philosophical issues. He was always asking, 'But what do you think would be best for the country?' It was very difficult to get him to think about what would be good for Bud Krogh.

"He just wanted to plead guilty."

Eventually, Shulman prevailed. Called before a House subcommittee to testify on CIA involvement in the Fielding burglary, Krogh took the Fifth Amendment 52 times. "It was the most difficult thing he'd ever done," Shulman said. "For Bud, the Hill was where you went to testify—not to conceal the truth. Having to do so really hurt him." Questioned in California about the break-in, Krogh took the Fifth again. Finally, he was indicted—on burglary charges in California and on perjury charges in Washington. He entered pleas of not guilty.

For months, Krogh virtually lived at Shulman's Connecticut Avenue office. The atmosphere was tense, but not without its lighter moments. Krogh did impersonations of Nixon—"They're hilarious," Shulman avers—and engaged his attorney in one-arm pushup contests.

The defense they formulated was that, in approving the break-in and in lying about the California travels of Hunt and Liddy, Krogh had been acting under instructions in the interest of protecting national security. Federal Judge Gerhard Gesell rejected what he called Krogh's "Nuremberg defense." "He made pretty short shrift of the argument," Shulman recalled with some embarrassment. "He said that to accept such a position would make it impossible for society to exist.

"His remarks had a profound effect on Bud. More and more, Bud began to think that the legal aspects of the case should be resolved in the same way that the moral aspects had been."

Finally, Krogh reached a decision. It was Thanksgiving. And he and his family were vacationing in Williamsburg.

"We went down there in the Volvo with the bicycles in the back," he recalled. "Riding around past the House of Burgesses and all, I began to think how the country was designed to protect each individual. Here I was—a man who was under indictment in two different places, and still I was free—free to speak and to travel, to meet with my friends, and, most importantly, to pray.

"How could I continue to defend conduct that had stripped another person of his constitutional rights?"

On November 30, 1973, Krogh pled guilty to the charge of conspiracy to violate the civil rights of Dr. Fielding. "I now feel that I cannot in conscience assert national security as a defense," he told Judge Gesell.

He indicated that he was willing to testify in connection with the Fielding or Watergate inquiries, but only after he had been sentenced. He did not want his testimony linked with any "deal" for a lighter sentence.

There were those who believed that Krogh's guilty plea was motivated by self-interest—"He can't afford a jury trial," they said. Krogh's legal fees already had run to \$110,000, but a defense fund had been

formed, and those who knew him best found it impossible to doubt his sincerity.

Asked what guarantee they had that Krogh would testify, James S. Doyle, spokesman for the Watergate special prosecution force, replied, "All, we've got is his word—that's enough for me. I think that what we've got here is a long dead night of the soul, and a conversion.

"I think that he's a very impressive man."

Krogh returned to his home. The time that was left was devoted to his wife and children—preparing them, and himself, for the separation.

On January 24, 1974, he once more stood before Judge Gesell.

**The Court:** *As your statement illustrates, you need no rehabilitation. Yet there are other considerations. Justice Brandeis once said: If the Government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt for the law. It invites every man to become a law unto himself. It invites anarchy. I think this is true. Because you are a lawyer, because you held high responsibility when the offense occurred, because you have had many of the advantages which our society offers, because you committed perjury when properly questioned by law enforcement officials and thus concealed your breach of the public's trust, any punishment short of jail would, in the Court's view, be inadequate.*

*Considering the many exemplary aspects of your life, and your eventual but genuine remorse, your incarceration will be short and your sentence will, accordingly, be partly suspended.*

*You are sentenced to a term of two-to-six years, of which you shall serve six months and remain on unsupervised probation thereafter for a period of two years.*

Winter leaves White Deer Valley reluctantly. The winds and the cold linger on after spring has come to Washington. At Allenwood, the stark buildings and barren hills do little to reassure the camp's 400 prisoners that there is any warmth left in the world. The men fill their days to make their days pass by.

Krogh is assigned to Farm I—"He writes with pride that he can drive a tractor," his attorney noted, "but he's also shoveling a lot of cow shit—Bud doesn't swear, so in his letters, it comes out 'cow blank-blank-blank.' I think that his ideas of becoming a gentleman farmer have changed."

In his spare time, Krogh jogs, writes letters to relatives and friends, and reads—"He found a copy of Machiavelli in the library and he's reading it to find out what he should avoid next time," Meyers smiled.

And there is Sue. Each weekend, she bundles the boys into the back of the Volvo for the four-hour drive to Allenwood. Then she and her husband can sit in the visitors' center, hold hands, and talk about their plans.

Though his guilty plea meant an automatic suspension from the Washington Bar, Krogh hopes that he won't be disbarred. He would like to return to government service somewhere here in Washington.

Each weekend, each visit, the winter loses ground. Soon the warmth, the renewing of the earth will begin.

And Sue will come to take Bud Krogh back home. □

## A Letter from Egil Krogh

**Editor's note:** *The Federal Bureau of Prisons prohibits interviews with individual prisoners—it was therefore not possible to speak with Egil Krogh in preparing this article. However, Mr. Krogh and the author did communicate by mail. The following letter was written from Allenwood by Egil Krogh on March 30, 1974.*

I'll do my best with your questions. I think I ought to avoid any commentary on the various Watergate affairs, the President, etc. While I am a citizen, I'm still an inmate in a federal institution, a potential witness, and still a friend—I hope—of many individuals involved. So it seems best to me to eliminate this area right now.

My thoughts about the Ellsberg incident itself are pretty well exhausted in the statement I submitted to Judge Gesell prior to my sentencing. I suppose if there were any feeling I have come to experience more since my incarceration it would be for the need of more mercy and gentleness as we work through these turbulent times and critical issues. I know I have been blessed with the compassion of many people who have written me some of the most beautiful letters of support and kindness it would be possible for a man to receive. I just wish I could share some of these sentiments with others who have been engulfed in these troubles.

But to get to your questions. As you have visited at length with Sue, you probably have a good picture of our marriage from her. We have gone through a lot together over the past few years. The reasons for our separation stem from what can only be described as an overly selfish view toward life on my part. She remained a close friend throughout our separation, always looking for ways to help me with any problems. Reconciliation came about because of our joint recognition that we hadn't tried hard enough. In fact, when we got married, we agreed that if it didn't work out, we could always get a divorce—not a very substantial footing on which to launch a marriage. When we for the first time started to trust each other, then we were able to start building our marriage again. This doesn't read much different from the way others have reconciled, I suppose, but then there aren't that many different reasons for a separation and subsequent reconciliation anyway.

We agreed to try again, that is, to reconcile, in July 1972. I was in St. Louis, and I called her and asked her to fly out to meet me. She did. We then decided, practically at the airport, to try again. The next day we went to a jeweler in downtown St. Louis and bought new wedding rings. I haven't had mine off since. We then drove back to Washington, DC, going over everything about our new marriage as we passed through Illinois corn fields, Indiana flatlands, and upstate Ohio hills. We stopped at a "dig"

into prehistoric times in southern Illinois. It was the first time since our courting days in Japan that we enthusiastically investigated something together.

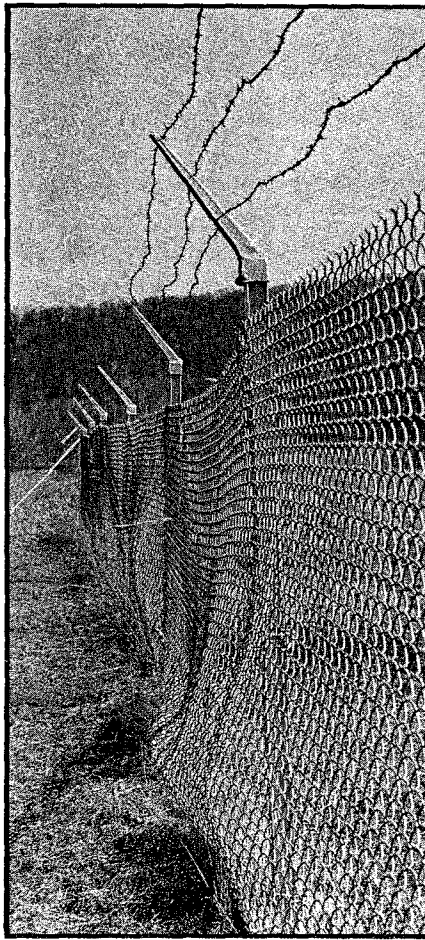
Peter's reaction on our getting home and hearing that I would be coming to live with them again was, "Oh boy. That's good. Now we'll have more money." Ah well. It's nice to be remembered and appreciated for something.

Sue has been an indispensable support throughout these past few months. No decision, no public statement, no official document has been made or submitted without our working over it, revising it, agreeing to it together. Our view is that it's *our* life together, *our* family which is at stake, not just my own life. Whatever we've done, we've tried to approach from this sort of communal point of view. We often asked ourselves, "What will Peter be faced with if we do it this way?"

Now to District affairs. If there was anything I really loved doing in the White House, it was working on DC affairs. I don't think there is a more fascinating city on earth. It's terribly complex, and the two fundamental interests involved—the federal interest with the city as the seat of national government, and the local interest with the city as home to 750,000-plus citizens—are in inevitable, continuous tension. There's no way to avoid having these two interests. The heart of working on DC affairs is how to reconcile them, harmonize them where possible, and convince adherents of each interest that common action is more productive than riding one's own point of view to a point of no return.

Mayor Walter Washington, Gil Hahn, and Ted Meyers taught me many lessons. Mayor Washington possesses one of the most healing perceptions I have ever seen. I feel the city has been truly blessed with his leadership over the past few years. Ted Meyers, a man who put into living practice his principles about city life right in his own neighborhood, has brought a lot to the City Council. I was distressed to read about an effort to unseat him because of his opposition to the proposed Civic Center. While I disagree with Ted's position on the Civic Center issue—we've come too far now to stop it and change the rules for getting approval—I feel it would be a severe blow to the city's government, and to the future of real home rule, if he were removed for his views. It's hard to know, of course, what's really going on there, but I feel Ted's work in the city has been outstanding, selfless, and a great contribution with few rewards.

It became abundantly clear to me right at the beginning of my White House stint as DC liaison that I really didn't know much of anything about how to work with a city like the District. So I viewed my role as primarily a supportive one: providing federal financial and technical help on programs such as narcotics and



crime control, subway development, vocational education, and Bicentennial programming where this help would be of most value to the city and also, perhaps, promote policies of the Administration which were national in scope.

You asked about achievements. It's pretty obvious, I think, that every achievement, such as a winning vote on an appropriation for the DC share of Metro funding, or a victory in the decision to build Fort Lincoln, or a new authority for Metro to run the bus service throughout the metropolitan area, is a venture involving many, many individuals and organizations. In Congress, I was able to work closely with Ancher Nelsen who gave a great deal to the city—particularly in gaining approval for Washington Technical Institute and for establishing the Nelsen Commission, and winning the vote on the non-voting delegate, Walter Fauntroy's seat. And Walter Fauntroy has brought an essential advocate's voice for the District to Congressional debates. I'd have to say, too, that Chairman Diggs' role in the recent successful effort to advance home rule in the city was nothing short of spectacular. I have always been of the view that real progress in self-government would be gradual, gaining ground by increments. Proving that the city can govern itself *better* than the skeptics of home rule would ever think possible would be

necessary for further home rule. This has, I think, been happening.

In the city itself, Joe Danzansky was the strongest support I could have had in generating enthusiasm in the business community for Metro votes, Civic Center approval, and Bicentennial programs. It's hard to cover DC affairs in brief. I was supported by Ted Lutz, currently the Deputy Under Secretary of D.O.T. and Sallyanne Payton, currently Chief Counsel of the Urban Mass Transit Administration. They could, I think, give you more current and probably sharper recollections of the issues we faced together.

The most important issues to me in the city were the subway victories, the narcotics and crime control programs, the approval of Fort Lincoln and other elements of the Bicentennial program, and sustaining the decision to keep Washington Technical Institute in the Van Ness area. I had very little to do with the school system itself, but I was heartened to read a few weeks ago about an entirely revolutionary approach to grouping and teaching students advanced by the new superintendent. The school system, pretty much autonomous, needed a real boost, and the new superintendent is giving it, it seems.

Regarding prison. I spent ten days in the Rockville Jail before coming here. I met some fine men, as I have here, who have gone out of their way to help me adjust to prison life. So much of the criminality evident on the outside drops away inside. But keep in mind that I'm not incarcerated in what is considered a tough "joint" and I can't speak with any experience on the maximum security places.

My first day at Allenwood: Got a physical, and waited. It wasn't for a week that I was assigned to the farm. I have fed some of the 1,000-plus cattle, cleaned cattle pens, chopped underbrush and trees, and, most recently, been plowing some of the 400-plus acres to be cultivated. I drive two of our bigger tractors, the Massey-Ferguson 1100 and 1105, and enjoy the outdoor work. Frankly, I haven't really felt "imprisoned" since I turned myself in. I think this is so much a matter of one's thinking, and I've been pretty free in thought.

My spare time is spent in running, after a day on the farm, for about six miles, and in the evening, I read, write, or study. Am enjoying Bill Corson's new book, *Consequences of Failure*; Bill is a close friend.

That's about it. Have to turn the typewriter (one for 400 of us) over to another. I hope that some day this summer, after June 21, my release date, we can meet each other.

Meanwhile, my very best to you and all good wishes for a happy Springtime.

Sincerely,  
EGIL KROGH JR.