

Watergate Amendment

A NOVEL

BY

John Fitzgerald

Dedicated To:

Pammy Sue!

My Children

Erin, Sean and Kiernan

My Grand Children

&

To Mary

Who held the light.

## PROLOGUE

President Nixon sat staring fixedly into the camera. He knew what he was about to say, but could not comprehend how it all came about. The technician finished a whispered countdown, "Four, three, two, one," and pointed his finger at the camera. "Good evening, my fellow Americans. I am addressing you from the Oval Office. On thirty-seven other occasions, I've spoken to you from this office, where so many decisions have been made that shaped the history of this nation. Tonight, I wish to discuss another situation that will have an effect on our nation, and me as president. I shall resign from the office of the presidency effective noon tomorrow..."

He mustered all the strength and discipline he could as he labored on through the prepared phrases, remembering not to display clenched fists or his forced smiles. His real thoughts were on how this all happened. On his last election, he carried forty-nine out of fifty states. How could everyone turn against him? How could he be brought to such a humiliating end of his public life?

He'd never find out.

## Preface

It was a warm summer day as Father Mulrooney drove through the rolling farmlands of upstate New York. The fields were a lush green, as it had been a wet spring and warm summer. The black and white Guernsey cows looked content, grazing in the open pastures, some under shaded trees. This time of the year he enjoyed being a priest; summers afforded him a lot of free time. He could play golf when he wanted and fish the many streams and lakes in his parish. He had a long list of invitations from his parishioners to use cottages or boats. He enjoyed this casual, leisurely lifestyle. However, he did take on the responsibility of visiting the Farview Hospital for the Criminally Insane, the local state mental hospital. It was an interesting, but temporary assignment, just for three summer months. He took over this summer post as Hospital Chaplin for Father Horan, who was off studying in Rome.

This was the third visit Father Mulrooney was to make to Farview. After entering the large facility, he had to go through a security check just like any other visitor. It was not so much a concern with smuggling in contraband, but rather innocent items that could be used as weapons or help in fabricating tools. Father noticed that he was always checked when he went into the hospital, but never checked when he left.

After completing his security check he remarked to the guard, "You gentlemen always check me on the way in, but not on the way out. I guess you're more concerned with things appearing

than disappearing."

"Well, Father," said the smiling guard, "it's that most visitors don't understand that what they bring in could cause problems. As an example: a gift of a regular belt to you is fine. But to certain patients it could be a means of suicide, or they could strangle someone with it. Even some types of magazines can cause certain patients problems." He then smiled at the priest and added, "So we just make sure we understand what is going in for everyone's safety, and the patients well-being, Father."

"I understand, Officer Labinski," Father Mulrooney said. "One of the patients gave me a present. It was a Kleenex box holder made out of playing cards. It was quite an interesting piece of artwork."

"Oh, you must have gotten that from Jude Thaddeus," said the guard. "He's an interesting one. Been here longer than me, and that's been many years now. He just sits by himself and plays chess all day. I heard him babble one time about some big chess game in the 1800s in Berlin. Anderssen versus Dufresne, I think. He kept saying it was the greatest grand masters match of all time."

The guard paused, thinking for a few moments. "He must have done something horrible; don't know what it was. His file is locked away deep in the vaults. They have to keep him on heavy medication."

Father Mulrooney said, "I didn't have the box checked when I left; I just took it for granted that it was okay."

"That's fine, Father. You might say it's like food," the guard said in an exaggerated Irish brogue. "We're more concerned about what's going in than we are about what's coming out." Both men laughed.

Father Mulrooney made the rounds of the hospital. In the

early afternoon he celebrated Mass in the small chapel. Some patients and a few staff members attended the service. Afterward, Father Mulrooney noticed one patient who remained at the rear of the chapel, and recognized that it was Jude Thaddeus. He was holding another tissue box.

Father Mulrooney smiled at him while walking slowly up the aisle to greet his summer parishioner. "Hello Jude. How are you today?"

Jude sat in the pew, slumped over, clutching his prized tissue box. He lifted his head; his eyes clear and hopeful. "Father, can you hear my confession?"

"Yes, Jude. if you like I'm free now, ," Father Mulrooney said.

"I don't want to go into the confessional. I think it's bugged," Jude said, pointing at the two small closet-sized rooms used for confession. "I want to sit in the middle pew, in the center of the chapel."

"That's fine Jude," Father said in a kind voice, as he waved his hand in the direction of the center of the chapel. The two men walked slowly and sat down, both facing the altar.

"Bless me Father for I have sinned." Jude spoke in a low but determined voice. "Now this is an official confession. Upon your sacred vow to the Catholic Church and God, you can't disclose to anyone what I am about to tell you."

"In confession, it's between you, me, and God alone. What is said here remains here. Jude, I took a vow of obedience to the sacraments. I'm obligated with my life and soul to keep that vow," Father Mulrooney said with compassion and authority, but he was thinking, *perhaps he will confess his terrible crime.*

"Father," Jude cleared his throat. "I have little time between medications, and they're probably looking for me now, so I must be quick." He then handed the box to Father Mulrooney.

"I made you another tissue box. It looks like the first one. I had to make the first one to make sure it got out undetected. This one has the first ten sheets clean and on the remaining tissues I've painstakingly written a manuscript. Do with it what you can. It's my story, and that's why I'm here."

The rear door of the chapel suddenly opened, and standing there in white uniforms were two large male nurses. "Jude, we've been looking for you," said one of the men. The nurses walked quickly down the aisle.

"I'm hearing confession," Father Mulrooney said flatly.

Jude stood up, looking directly at the priest and said softly, "I'm finished telling my sins, Father. If they ask I only talked about chess." He then walked like a robot toward the two nurses. "In Berlin 1852, Anderssen put on the greatest exhibition of precise devastation. He crushed chess's Grand Master Dufresne with a record of subtle moves."

The large male nurses latched onto his arms and started escorting Jude down the hall. He was still talking loudly. "Anderssen would crush Spassky, Smyslov, or Larsen. And I could crush Anderssen."

As Father Mulrooney witnessed this sorrowful event, he was saddened that such a brilliant young man had lost his mind because of his obsession with the game of chess. Later that day Father Mulrooney left the hospital. He walked out holding the tissue box Jude had given him and no one took notice. He carried it back to the rectory, hurried up to his bedroom, and in the privacy of the room, he lifted off the top tissues. He was surprised to see the neatly printed words written quite legibly on delicate tissue. *It must have taken Jude years to complete this work.* That very evening, he started to transcribe the tissue writings to type. This book is a result of that work. This is Jude's story.

# Chapter 1

Pocantico Hills was a beautiful estate in the lush green Hudson Valley of New York. The grounds were groomed to perfection on this warm spring day. The trees were filled with leaves, and flowers were everywhere. Jude seemed in a trance as he looked out the limousine window as they slowly drove up the mile long driveway. This would be the day Jude had planned and dreamed about. He was being courted by one of the richest, most powerful men in the world, Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Jude was confident he would make the right impression. His college professor from Harvard, Henry Kissinger, was sponsoring him for this rare introduction.

Dr. Kissinger had his own thoughts as he stared out the window without speaking. He had made many visits to this estate, but this trip was somewhat different. He was introducing a real maverick to Governor Rockefeller. Jude Thaddeus was a genius all right, but he was raised in an orphanage. Jude had no family or background to feel comfortable with. His appearance was quite common, although his jet-black wavy hair blended well with his dark almond eyes. He had a Roman look with chiseled features. He stood almost six feet tall, not muscular, but trim. The girls were attracted to him like moths to a light. However, he had kept his distance from any long-lasting relationships. Dr. Kissinger liked him, respected his intellect, and the fact that he was quite mature for his age. He was a loner and a planner.

Kissinger reflected on his own background: escaping from Nazi Germany in 1938, coming to America without money, and how the Rockefeller Foundation helped support him. Henry worked in the army's counter-intelligence service during World War II. That's when he worked very closely with Nelson Rockefeller. Both were members of the OSS, which later became the CIA. Those were good times, and Nelson had helped Henry to get a scholarship to

Harvard. Kissinger studied the world of politics and power. He and Nelson would work very closely, so they could make this world a better place if they had control.

When their limousine reached the main house, a doorman was waiting to escort both Jude and Dr. Kissinger. The three walked quietly down the impressive hallway. The walls were adorned with an original and expensive art collection. The white and black marble floors glistened, reflecting the abundant flowers on the various tables. Before Jude realized it, he was entering the Governor's study.

Governor Rockefeller rose from behind the enormous desk, showing his guests the famous "toothy smile." Extending a hand to Kissinger, he said, "So nice to see you again, Henry."

Kissinger said something pleasant in return; his marked German accent was an odd contrast with Rockefeller's raspy, nasally New York voice. Kissinger continued, "Governor, I would like you to meet the young gentleman we discussed, Jude Thaddeus." Kissinger put an arm around Jude's shoulders. "Jude, it gives me great pleasure to introduce you to a very good friend of mine, Governor Nelson Rockefeller."

Jude jerked his eyes away from a series of pictures showing Rockefeller greeting notable world leaders, politicians, and celebrities, and gripped the Governor's extended hand. Managing a stiff smile, nervous but confident, he said, "It's a great pleasure to meet you, sir. I have studied you and what you have accomplished. It's a remarkable record."

The Governor's smile became broader, showing most of his large, square teeth. "I've heard a great deal about you. I'm pleased to meet you too, Jude."

Jude reflected for a moment basking in the warmth of his host's greeting. Rockefeller managed to sound as if he were interested in his meeting with Jude. Or was it because Dr.

Kissinger had arranged the meeting? Rockefeller didn't have any idea, yet, of just how interesting this meeting would be.

While Jude was trying to decide whether or not to sit without being invited, Governor Rockefeller went over to the elaborate, cupboard-topped bar against the sidewall. His back to them, he asked, "Would you like a glass of Sherry, grown and fermented right here on Pocono Hills? I can assure you this is the finest white Sherry outside of Spain."

Mildly lecturing, professor to student, Kissinger told Jude, "This is perhaps one of the finest Sherry's in the world. The Governor takes great pride in his vintage wines."

Jude said, "I'd appreciate the chance to taste vintage Sherry." He wished they'd get these preliminaries over with so he could tell Rockefeller the opportunity he was prepared to offer him for the right price - ten million dollars.

Jude sat down when Kissinger did, in the big leather chairs facing the large ornate desk. Rockefeller handed his guests their glasses and took his place in the even bigger, throne-like chair behind the desk.

After ceremonially tasting the wine, the Governor looked directly at Jude and he remarked, "The secrets of making great wine are in the selection of the grapes and the timing of the harvest. Doctor Kissinger has told me you're one of the brightest students he's met at Harvard and you possess some unique talents."

"He has a very unique ability to see things others miss and he has the highest intellectual mind of any student I have encountered," said Kissinger.

"Yes," Jude agreed calmly, and looked the Governor directly in the eyes. "Thank you Dr. Kissinger, I believe you're correct."

As if a little annoyed by Jude's objective assessment, the

Governor said, "If you're so intelligent, why don't your Harvard grades reflect it?"

Kissinger put in, "I didn't say he was the best student I have encountered - only the most intelligent."

Jude said nothing, watching Rockefeller, who was again attending to his Sherry. After a minute, Jude said, "I have the brains and ability to get higher grades than anyone who ever attended Harvard. But why should I? I'd be conspicuous, and that's not what I want. I prefer to be noticed only when I want to be. I don't have any interest in being famous - at Harvard or anyplace else. I want to be wealthy. A straight four-point-0 won't get me that. There's an old saying, 'A student's work for B students that manage companies that are owned by C students.' Being inconspicuous and making things happen is the best way... for those of us, not already in the political or business arena," Jude added, pointedly looking around at the expensive knickknacks decorating the Governor's study.

"Only money and power can buy invisibility," remarked the Governor dryly. "Unless you're broke and stay broke. Then it's easy to be invisible. However, I trust you seek money and power. Just how are you going to achieve such a lofty goal? And please be brief."

"From you, Governor Rockefeller," said Jude bluntly and firmly. The Governor smiled, but was not amused. He had just acknowledged the end of the preliminaries. Jude went on, "I can attain my goal by helping you to attain your life-long goal... the goal you have been seeking all of your adult life. The goal you have been planning for, working for, and campaigning for. You see I understand your main drive in life is to be president of the United States, and my plan is to make you the president of the United States."

"The presidency?" The Governor laughed out loud and shook

his head, though still not amused. He turned and looked at Dr. Kissinger and then turned his stare to Jude. He continued his criticisms. "I didn't invite you up here to discuss political matters or my ambitions. I don't care how smart you think you are, or that others think about you. You're just a kid, a senior in college, even if it is Harvard." The Governor rose from his desk and started walking towards the large bookshelves on the far wall. He stared at the books and the many pictures as if thinking as he walked slowly. Now with more emotion in his voice, he said, "I am the governor of the most powerful state in the Union. I have more money than my children and their heirs will be able to spend. I have more business and political power than anyone you know or know about. I can make or break millionaires with the stroke of a pen. I have enough political power to make a call to the White House...it doesn't matter who is there...and they will listen to me."

Jude sat motionless as did Dr. Kissinger. Rockefeller took a sip of his Sherry and said, "You may be a bright kid...Doctor Kissinger thinks so. And I was willing to meet with you to see if you're the kind of person that could fit into our organization. I pay top dollar for key people. In fact, I think enough of Henry's opinion that I was willing to double the best offer you had. You will make more money working for me than you would with any other job you will ever have. I know we can find a spot for you, and you will have a bright future with us." He paused for a moment, and then in a low voice, said, "Now, let's not start off with you trying to sell me the Brooklyn Bridge. Hell, I almost own it now. I am not interested in chasing distant clouds at my age."

"It's not the Brooklyn Bridge or clouds, sir," Jude responded steadily. "It's the presidency, and it's not chasing, it's achieving."

"Now, Jude..." Kissinger broke in anxiously in a high-pitched voice. He then fell silent at a slight gesture from Rockefeller.

"All right kid, I'm listening," Rockefeller said with a serious look on his face.

"I'm not interested in being invisible because I'm part of your organization, or any other organization where everybody stays anonymous for a salary. I intend to make my fortune by manipulating people and events. I'll only be paid if I deliver." Jude paused for a moment and then continued, "I will deliver. I am good at chess." Annoyed at having slipped into false modesty, Jude corrected himself. "Hell I'm better than good, I'm excellent at chess! I've taught some international masters, and I've beaten them all at one time or another. It was me who trained and coached and laid the game plan of Bobby Fisher to beat the Russian."

Rockefeller nodded, still willing to listen a little longer. "You remained under the radar screen, you might say," he suggested

"Precisely chess, like life, involves maneuvering players and their interactions and circumstances. Chess is a game of knowing when and where to move and how to make your opponent move for your advantage. A chess player learns how to be patient, how to bide time, how to see an opponent's strengths and weaknesses, and how to take advantage of both. He learns how to set up promising situations and how to take advantage of other's mistakes. If I'd wanted my picture in chess magazines for a month, the major papers for a day, I would have taken the title from that fat Russian and walked away with a couple hundred thousand dollars. I believe that's cheap notoriety. Instead, I decided to take charge and ensure that for the first time in history, a young American would be the World Chess

Champion. My price for this service was that if a verified representative came to ask about it, Bobby Fisher would admit that his win was due to my influence. He will also admit that I've beaten him in unofficial matches in the last two years. Governor, you are welcome to send a representative to verify this information."

Rockefeller's playing-along look had faded. His face was now perfectly blank...no expression at all. After a few minutes thought, he remarked, "It's a little hard to see where you'd fit in. If you have a campaign plan for an election, forget it. So far I have spent thirty million dollars and have gotten one electoral vote for it. I'm not going to spend anymore, so forget about getting rich on my campaign treasury. I guess it's just the Brooklyn Bridge, after all. I already have a few fast talking people that have many ideas and plans. I don't need any more. And certainly not one with delusions of second-hand grandeur."

Dr. Kissinger set his glass down carefully on a low table between the chairs. It made a little click. "Governor, I wasn't forewarned about Jude's proposition. But, it occurs to me that I've seen him play chess. He plays with uncanny determination and I don't recall ever seeing him lose."

" Rockefeller and Kissinger traded a long, expressionless look. Then Rockefeller turned, looking directly at Jude with piercing eyes, holding his glass in one hand like a pointer. "Just for the sake of discussion, then, what game or strategy do you have in mind, Jude?" he asked in a smooth, questioning manner.

Jude's lips turned up slightly forming a devilish smile, with eyes of confident determination he asked, in a soft voice, "Have you ever heard of a chess player by the name of Frank Marshall?"

Both Rockefeller and Kissinger again glanced into each other's eyes seeking some indication for response. Both men mumbled no, they hadn't.

Jude waited till there was silence, and then began to speak as if he were lecturing the two adults in the room. Jude continued speaking in an informative pleasant voice saying, "Frank Marshall was a brilliant chess tactician and a champion player and was the U.S. Chess Champion from 1909 till 1936. He became famous for his unique strategy he termed 'The Swindle'. The swindle strategy is not even taught today, because it is so difficult to pull off. But Marshall was proud of this ploy he developed, even wrote a book on the subject. Marshall's Chess Swindles. Bear in mind gentlemen, in the game of chess a swindle is a ruse by which one player tricks his opponent into not realizing the real strategy. Utilizing this tactic, one employs a hidden agenda with the freedom to implement undetected movements cloaked by obvious but plain faulted moves. Utilizing this psychological method he can create confusion and other subtleties as means of controlling the board. He can direct the opponent into pitfalls and other areas for his own benefit which will result in victory. In this game plan our player appears to be in a total loss position, or in this case with no chance of success, then in faint incomprehensible moves, he eliminates his unaware opponent. The end result of this victory is achieving our goal with the Governor becoming President Rockefeller."

Rockefeller and Kissinger traded a long, expressionless look. Then Rockefeller turned, looking directly at Jude with finely tuned eyes, holding his glass in one hand like a indicator. "Just for the sake of discussion, then, what game or strategy do you have in mind, Jude?" he asked in a smooth, questioning manner.

"I'd like to have another meeting with you in two weeks, Governor." Jude spoke as a clever salesperson closing in on a deal, only to make sure the customer was worthy of the product. "At that time, I'll have prepared for your consideration a complete game plan that will put you in the White House...as president."

The Governor smiled, looking back toward Kissinger. "I appreciate your bringing this young man so I could meet him, Henry. But you know my schedule's going to be busy for quite a while. I believe the best way to handle this would be for Jude to meet with Jack Chandler. Jack's knowledgeable about our plans and our resources. He can put Jude in the picture."

Kissinger's grunt was noncommittal. Jude wasn't sure if he was being given an opportunity to prove himself or shoved off on some subordinate. He felt uncertain until the Governor spoke again quickly.

"Jack will report to me, and if your plan makes sense to him, he'll have the authority to approve the plan and make all the arrangements. He is a key member of my inner circle. He has access to power and influence like no one you have ever met." The Governor paused for a moment longer, then said, "As to your fee, Jude...if Jack approves and we can accomplish the goal, you will be paid your ten million dollars."

"I appreciate that, sir," said Jude, thinking that at least Rockefeller hadn't choked when Jude stated the price tag, and that he was being taken seriously. He was to get a hearing - a real hearing. All he had to hope for now was that this Chandler didn't turn out to be the deal-killer type. Jude was aware that many powerful people would have on their staff those appointed to keep them out of trouble. Their job was to hear proposals and then politely and effectively say no thanks.

As if reading his mind, Rockefeller added, "Jack's a

capable man with my complete trust. Top of his class in law school - Yale." Rockefeller again showed his toothy smile. "He's in *Who's Who*, if you want to look him up - he is not the anonymous type, that's not his style. But he is effective."

"Your confidence in him is all I need, sir," Jude said quickly. "I look forward to meeting Mr. Chandler. Perhaps Doctor Kissinger can contact him and let him know how to reach me."

The Governor smiled and walked over to both men, offering his hand first to Kissinger and then to Jude. "I'm afraid I have another meeting now. But this certainly has been interesting. I appreciate your bringing him up here, Henry." He then turned, looking directly into Jude's eyes, saying, "Jude, we'll be in touch. I hope you have a comfortable trip back. Goodnight and thank you again for coming."

As they left the office, a tall man in a gray pinstriped suit, an aide or secretary perhaps, approached them. He fell into step with them as they moved down the corridor and remarked, "Your car is waiting." Then he handed each of them an envelope. "This is from the Governor, for your time. I trust you'll have a pleasant journey home, Mr. Thaddeus. Always nice to see you again, Doctor Kissinger."

Jude waited to open the envelope until they were safely on the private plane. While Kissinger was in the restroom, Jude quietly tore the envelope open. His eyes grew large, for this was the first time he had ever seen a thousand dollar bill. His envelope contained three of them. He folded them carefully but kept them in his hand, thinking. When Dr. Kissinger returned, Jude said, "The envelopes must have gotten mixed up. Mine had three thousand dollars in it." He opened his hand to expose the cash, looking for a response from Henry.

Kissinger smiled and shook his head. "No mistake. The

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