INVESTIGATIONS

Prisoner of Fifth Avenue

Throughout the long week of Jeb Magruder's devastating testimony, John and Martha Mitchell secluded themselves in their Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Manhattan's Central Park. Outside, reporters stood watches—some in five-hour shifts. They tanned themselves in the summer sun during the daytime, complained during the nights. Across the street, television camera crews lounged on the stone steps of the Marymount School of New York, which afford the best camera angle on the green-canopied entrance to the Mitchells' apartment building.

The waiting was in vain. Neither the former Attorney General, who rarely shows emotion and seldom talks to the press at even the best of times, nor his once effervescent wife emerged. Their chief contact with the outside world was a former Hungarian freedom fighter who serves as their general aide-de-camp and chauffeur. From time to time, he would run an errand or escort the Mitchells' daughter Marty to her private Catholic school.

UPI

MITCHELL DODGING REPORTERS LAST MONTH
Looking older and grayer.

Mitchell sometimes is able to sneak out for a short ride around Manhattan, friends say, but he rarely walks anywhere now for fear of being accosted by reporters. For the same reason, he rides to Washington in his dark blue Lincoln for consultation with his lawyers, William G. Hundley and Plato Cacheris, instead of taking an airplane or the Metroliner. Since they dare not venture out, he and Martha invite friends in for cocktails and dinner, which is prepared by a cook when Martha, herself a talented chef, prefers to stay out of the kitchen.

Reports a recent visitor: "There are always people floating in and out of there—friends from Rye, people they know in New York." Contrary to some reports, Mitchell stays sober, never drinking liquor until evening and then consuming perhaps a couple more than his customary two pre-dinner Scotches. Off and on during the day, he watches the Watergate committee hearings on television and prepares his defense in his small den. As he works, Mitchell has at times been so hyped up that Martha once asked his doctor to prescribe medication to slow him down. The doctor refused, saying Mitchell was fine.

Staying Silent. Mitchell already faces charges for perjury and conspiracy to obstruct justice in the Vesco case, but he has confided to friends that he is far more worried about the indictment federal prosecutors have told him that he can almost certainly expect in the Watergate investigation. Friends have urged him to issue a public statement to counter the mounting testimony against him, but he has followed his lawyers' advice to remain silent for fear of prejudicing the case they are building for his defense. They are analyzing every word of testimony, closely watching for weakness on the part of each witness and planning to shape an airtight position for Mitchell to take.

He appears most worried not about the testimony expected from John W. Dean III this week, but about what John Ehrlichman and Charles Colson might say when they appear before the Ervin committee. Mitchell strongly disliked both when he was Attorney General, distrusted them when he became Nixon's campaign manager, and fears they may be out to get him now. Already Colson has claimed that on three different occasions early this year he told Nixon that Mitchell had apparently helped plan the Watergate burglary.

Last week Mitchell was scheduled to meet with the Ervin committee staff in Washington for private questioning. But the session was postponed to enable Hundley to request formally that the committee excuse Mitchell on the ground that premature testimony might prejudice his expected trial. Since the request is likely to be denied, Mitchell anticipates testifying before the committee after it returns from its recess during the first week in July.

If he is depressed, Mitchell reportedly does not talk about it to friends, though they find him looking grayer and older. He has assured them that he has an adequate amount of money for his defense and his family's needs, though he is no millionaire. But not even his friends can say what happens when they are not around and John and Martha alone must confront his besmirched reputation and his shattered career.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Julie for the Defense

We have talked about it. But the whole family says: What would be the good of it? The way my father looked at it for a while was that, "I want to do what is good for the country—if resigning would be good for the country, well . . ." But all of us feel that wouldn't help the presidency. We feel that he has a lot to give the country still, and he should continue.

This astonishing insight into Richard Nixon's private musings on whether he should resign the presidency over Watergate came not long ago from someone who should know: his younger daughter. Julie Nixon Eisenhower, 24, is the only Nixon who has refused to shun public exposure in the wake of the scandal and has chosen instead to carry her father's case forcefully to the public.

Julie has actively sought speaking engagements and television appearances over the past few weeks, in most cases knowing beforehand that she would be subjected to hostile questioning about Watergate. "She feels that it is her personal responsibility as a member of the family to defend her father," says a close friend. The defense she has mounted, mostly before young audiences and on television, has been impressively detailed, lucid and levelheaded. She talks over with her father how to handle the thorniest questions, and she has faced down more than one interviewer with the icy calm and official poise only a politician's—perhaps only a President's—daughter can so effectively command.

She needs both attributes. At her own request, Julie recently attended the annual dinner of the Radio and Television Correspondents Association in Washington. She knew in advance that the evening would be peppered with

JULIE RINGING PEACE BELL IN BOSTON

Watergate jokes, but was unprepared for the deluge of stinging humor *(see* SHOW BUSINESS). Sitting with her was former Senator Eugene McCarthy, who gallantly kept her engrossed during the jabs at the President. Said one observer: "Without him, she wouldn't have made it." As it was, she gamely held on to the end, until Nicaraguan Ambassador Guillermo Sevilla-Sacasa said sympathetically: "Your father still has one friend." Tears began to fill her eyes as she quietly left.

That is the only time she has given way. She not only responds briskly to newsmen's queries and questions from her audiences but also launches cool counterattacks at times. On one occasion she observed: "How can you know everything that's going on in an Administration, go to China, go to the Soviet Union, control inflation, control riots —there have been no major riots while my father has been in office—and do all the other things?" Another time she observed: "I think the press is getting

AT STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL IN CONNECTICUT

BARRY TENIN

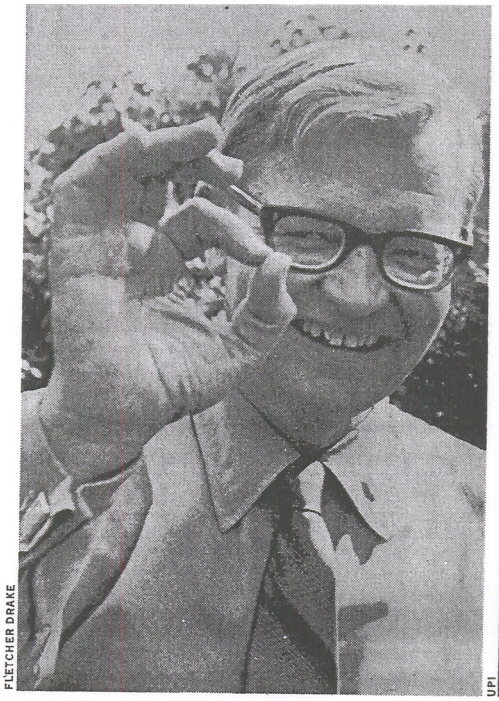
SPEAKING TO RURAL YOUTH AT WHITE HOUSE

DIRCK HALSTEAD

its due credit for bringing this whole murky thing out in the open. But all these unnamed sources they use—those are old McCarthyism tactics that hurt innocent people."

She likes to tell her audiences: "I was a political baby; I learned to walk in the House, and I learned to talk in the Senate." She describes Watergate as "a cancer. You wish you could go into the hospital tomorrow and have it all removed once and for all." Her ultimate message: "I have complete faith and confidence that events in the long run will put my father's achievements in perspective and that he'll be remembered for the generation of peace he was able to bring."

White House observers, some of whom have watched Julie grow up, sense more in this new-found activity than a restless urge for public speechmaking—or even a welcome chance to defend her embattled father. Says one: "Julie is running for First Lady." And why not? Husband David has encouraged her recent activity, and she says of a possible political office for him: "I think it would be fine. David and I will probably be involved with politics for the rest of our lives. We might be working for other candidates—or David might run." Then she adds, "Or perhaps I will."



FLETCHER DRAKE

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE HOWELL

UPI

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE GODWIN

Squaring off in a race where two Democrats are as good as none.

VIRGINIA

Disarray in the Old Dominion

You can't tell the players without a scorecard in Virginia these days. Party labels, loyalties and leaders are scrambled beyond the worst imaginings of old Harry F. Byrd Sr., who for much of his life ran Virginia politics like a military drill.

It is odd enough that at the moment the commonwealth has a Republican Governor, an Independent Lieutenant Governor, and a Democratic attorney general. But consider that when voters go to the polls this November, they will elect as Governor one of two well-known, longtime Democrats—neither of whom is running as a Democrat. Two weeks ago one was given the Republican nomination and the other elected to run as an Independent. Byrd's once invincible Democratic Party gave up and will field no candidate for the office.

Republican Governor Linwood Holton, 50, who by law cannot succeed himself, has been notably moderate on the issue of race (his own children attend desegregated public schools), much to the dismay of conservative Democrats who in 1969 helped make him the first Republican Governor in the commonwealth since Reconstruction. But this year those same conservative Democrats asked Holton to support as his replacement former Democratic Governor Mills E. Godwin Jr., 58, who defeated Holton in 1965 and is now at blistering odds with the McGovern leftists who have seized his former party. Holton agreed because there were no promising Republican candidates. Godwin, who has been referring to Republicans as "you people" and the party as "your party," more or less joined their ranks when he finally managed in his acceptance speech to describe himself to the G.O.P. convention delegates as "one of you."

Democrats, who grew fratricidal with the collapse of the Byrd machine (Byrd Sr. died in 1966, and in 1970 his son won re-election to the U.S. Senate as an Independent), have redoubled their bloodletting since the resounding McGovern defeat. McGovernites now control an estimated 60-70% of the party's positions in Virginia. This year's gubernatorial candidate could have been, with only a nod of his head, Lieutenant Governor Henry Howell, 52, a friend of the new McGovern forces and a shrewd populist with a liberal stance on race and broad support from organized labor. But Howell begged off on the reasonable grounds that nobody labeled a Democrat could win in Virginia in 1973, and on June 8 he filed as an Independent candidate.

He may be right. Virginians not only voted 69% for Nixon in 1972, but also replaced popular moderate Democratic Senator William B. Spong Jr. with conservative Republican William L. Scott, leaving the congressional delegation with eight Republicans, three Democrats and one Independent.

Taking the maverick road is consistent with Howell's past. Like Godwin, Howell is a graduate of William and Mary College and the University of Virginia Law School. Unlike him, however, he has long been a party rebel. In the 1969 Democratic gubernatorial primary he forced Byrd-machine Candidate William C. Battle into a runoff—the first ever for the Byrd machine—and so split the party that the general election was thrown to Republican Holton. When the Lieutenant Governor's office fell vacant in 1971, Howell ran as an Independent and defeated both major party candidates, polling 40% of the vote.

Howell has enviable strength in the black community (he supports busing and the redistricting of the Richmond school system to achieve racial balance), and a liberal sprinkling of small businessmen and young professionals also support him. Howell is a barn-burning orator with a readily understandable campaign slogan: "Keep the big boys honest."

Tough Politics. With only an estimated 20% of the voters undecided, Virginia's topsy-turvy political arena may ultimately favor Godwin, who has 25 years as a Democratic stalwart behind him and invaluable schooling as a loyalist in tough Byrd machine politics. A former FBI agent with a strong record as Governor, Godwin's biggest obstacle now that he has switched parties is to win over the Republicans who worked against him in 1965. While counting on big-business support, Godwin is not writing off the blue-collar vote. Though Godwin sponsored the fiercely unpopular state sales tax on food and non-prescription drugs, in the face of Howell's opposition he says he is now willing to substitute some other source of revenue. Godwin concedes Howell may carry most of the black and organized-labor vote, but predicts Howell's leftist image will hurt in traditionally conservative Virginia. In his new Republican voice, Godwin is still talking Byrd language. "I don't want to see the direction reversed," he says. "Continuity and predictability have been [Virginia's] prime assets."