

Poster

*The
Listing
Ship
Of
State*

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A Commentary

By

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The extent of the animosity that Nixon and his co-conspirators in the White House have for my newspaper, The Washington Post, couldn't be fully known before the release of his political hate list. Only two former staff members are on it. Our dread rivals, The Washington Star, has placed three players on the Nixon antiteam. The Boston Globe has achieved similar recognition. Even the howlingly pro-Nixon New York Daily News has managed to put one man on the White House fecal roster.

Failing to win a Pulitzer Prize is nothing compared to this humiliation. Even our great cartoonist, Herblock, a man second to none in the depth and longevity of his contempt for Richard Nixon, is excluded, while one William Hines Jr., the science and education writer of The Chicago Sun-Times, has worked his way onto the all-star team. How are we Post Toasties going to explain that the chairman of the board of IBM and the president of the Otis Elevator Company can get on the list and we can't? The public is going to conclude that we're secretly on the Nixon payroll or that we get our honeymoon money from the blackmail fund.

Luckily, a tape recording exists which will exonerate us and prove that we staffers were excluded out of the malice Nixon bears for us. The recording was made by a cleaning woman who comes in to the White House once a week to tidy up. Ordinarily when she works for a family, she limits her activities to sweeping and dusting, but she was forced to stick a recording machine in the pocket of her apron to protect herself when she overheard Dean, Haldeman and Ehrlichman trying to figure out a way to blame Watergate on her.

Here's the transcript:

Rose Mary Woods (President Truthful's private secretary, emerging from the Oval Office and addressing the above-mentioned three plus Charles W. Colson and John

Mitchell): The boss says more speed please. The number of his enemies is growing faster than you're writing their names down.

Dean: I think we should start with a few and when we get the bugs—whoops, sorry about that word)—ironed out of the machinery then we can go big time.

Ehrlichman: Think small, think small. Play it safe, put a memo in the files. All you ever do is worry about covering your fanny.

Dean: I'm trying to be practical. We have a very small concentration camp capability.

Colson: Shut up and write.

Dean: I've run out of names.

Colson: Rose Mary, get this timid perk a copy of the Chicago telephone book and then tell him to start copying.

Ehrlichman: Colson, what's your grandmother's name doing here?

Colson: Anything for my President!

Mitchell: Why is Jane Fonda on the labor leaders list?

Haldeman: She's supposed to be on the one with Shirley Chisholm, Barbara Jordan and Yvonne Braith-

waite Burke.

Mitchell: But she's white, isn't she?

Haldeman: I want her sterilized anyway.

Mitchell: Do Jews have a special category, too?

Haldeman: **Will you shut up?** Kissinger's in the next room negotiating with the Chinese.

Mitchell: You want him on the Chinese list?

Dean (grabbing Ehrlichman's list away from him): Hey, what the hell is this? Why am I on your list? John, you're trying to set me up again.

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The Listing Ship

COMMENTARY, From B1

Ehrlichman: Oh yeah? Let me see yours. (He takes Dean's list away from him.) Just as I thought. Listen, Dean, I'll take your name off when you take mine off.

Dean: I wanta see a lawyer.

Colson: Rosemary, get the Akron, Ohio, and the Springfield, Mass., phone books and a lot more paper.

Ziegler (entering from the Green Room): Hi, fellas. Gee, you guys are working real hard.

Colson (in a stage whisper): Oh, hell, it's the dummy . . . Hi, Ron, we're just working over a few names as possible presidential appointments. You know, like Daniel Shorr of CBS for Secretary of Defense.

Ziegler, looking over Colson's shoulder): That's nice. But you've got Sen. Fulbright and Sen. Proxmire down there.

Haldeman: Oh, that's a different list. That's a list for a party we're giving. Like a weenie roast and camping. You know, like a camp. Now you run along to the press room, Ron, and announce it . . . (exit Ron) if there's anybody left to announce it to.

Mitchell: There'll be those guys from The Washington Post. Why won't you let me put their name down?

Haldeman: I told you. The boss doesn't want to dignify shabby journalism with incarceration.