

Martha Hopes To Silence The Silencers

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Martha Mitchell says she wants to set the record straight before she leaves town.

"I want to be sure my side is revealed and that people know I'm not sitting here a mental case or an alcoholic," she said in an exclusive interview at her Watergate apartment here yesterday.

"I think it is rotten after all I have done for the Republican Party for them to cast aspersions on me."

Mrs. Mitchell freely talked about her much publicized ultimatum to her husband that he get out of politics last June. However, she would not discuss the alleged "going over" of the headquarters of the nearby buildings in the Watergate complex. Republicans occupy the highest places in the government. She said she has been "bullied" and "intimidated" and told her "dirty" news of the past.

She added her own account, which she said yesterday she had been in a melee in her hotel in Newport, Rhode Island, in June. She said that Steve King had roughed her up.

King is the new security chief for the committee for the Re-election of President Nixon which her husband, former Atty. Gen. Mitchell, formerly headed. Mitchell resigned after she demanded he leave politics. King was appointed security chief after his boss, James McCord Jr., was arrested in connection with the alleged Watergate bugging.

MRS. MITCHELL said King had grabbed the telephone from her and ripped it out of the wall while she was answering a question—about the Watergate bugging—from a newswoman.

She said her left hand had been cut when King "threw me into a window, smashing me into a glass." She displayed scars on her left hand—one on her middle finger, another on her ring finger. She said the middle finger wound had required six stitches and was still stiff—"I think it might be permanent."

She said she also thought her ring finger, which had had five stitches, may be permanently enlarged. "All my rings are too small, they may have to be made bigger. I can't get any of them on—not even my wedding ring."

SHE THREATENED to describe the incident in detail.

She said she had filed a suit and that when a doctor came the next morning he "cut the hand and the wrist." He gave her an injection in the buttock, while she lay on her back. She said she had to bleed, she said, and finally King took her to the emergency room of Newport Presbyterian Hospital where she was stitched up. "I was all covered with blood when they took me to the hospital."

She seemed quite bitter about the fact that she had been given no food and held incommunicado for 24 hours in the hotel. She said Lea Jablon, her secretary who did not help her during the scuffle, told her she could eat a day-old club sandwich if she was hungry.

OTHERWISE, Mrs. Mitchell was in a good mood and obviously delighted to be leaving Washington as she moved among packing boxes stacked six-feet high in her dining room.

"I personally packed all the silver and china—they're heirlooms and I was afraid the movers might break them." Upstairs in her bedroom, she chatted as she tossed clothes into half-packed suitcases which covered most of the floor.

She was thinner and paler than in her last public appearances in June. "I ought to be pale," she said wryly, "I can't even go on my balcony."

Asked if she intended to write a book about what she knows about Washington, she said, "You bet! I'm going to tell it all," and then she laughed.

Her good humor was apparent in most of her comments. "In New York I think I'll go

into local politics—I think that'll take care of Lindsley." (Lindsley is her name for New York Mayor John Lindsay, whom she dislikes.)

SHE CHUCKLED over a story she had heard recently that the Democratic committee's lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, said he isn't going to subpoena her because she would cry on the witness stand and make people think Williams was mean.

The conversation was interrupted by telephone calls about uniforms and school arrangements for her daughter, Marty, 11. Marty will be attending the Sacred Heart School in New York where Caroline Kennedy was a pupil.

Mrs. Mitchell was both tickled and annoyed by a reporter who had ensconced herself down the hall from her door. "I understand from the management she bribed a maintenance man to get in."

Mrs. Mitchell said she understood a number of reporters had been in the lobby trying to see her during the day.

She said she had no secret for losing weight. She looked trim rather than drawn in white pants and a sleeveless overblouse. "I'm not going to all those parties and I don't have to eat all that stuff I couldn't handle. I've had diverticulitis for years."

SHE POINTED TO her Hammond organ and said the movers were sending a special person to disconnect and pack it. She is also taking the grand piano on which both President Nixon and Vice President Agnew have played tunes.

She said she didn't know when her family would be able to move into its New York apartment. The people who sold the apartment to the Mitchells are in Europe and must return home to clean it out. She declined to say where they would be staying in the interim.

Marty arrived at the apartment at the end of the interview. She was laden with books after saying goodbye to the staff of her favorite Washington toy store.