

Confession of an Extreme Partisan

All right, I surrender. Take me to your Vice President. I did it. It was ideology through and through. I am the handful of extreme partisans who wish to revoke the people's mandate of 1972. Who ever thought they'd catch up with me? Leave it to Gerald Ford.

I'll start from the beginning. I told Haldeman that I was Ehrlichman, and Ehrlichman that I was Colson, and Colson that I was Liddy, and Liddy that I was Hunt, and Hunt that I was Liddy, and Liddy that I was Colson and Colson that I was Ehrlichman, and Ehrlichman that I was Haldeman, and then, disguising myself as a band of Cuban Freedom Fighters, I broke into the Democratic headquarters. My plan was to get caught and have Richard Nixon impeached.

It was I, pretending to be a bagman from Howard Hughes, who gave that \$100,000 to Bebe. Ah, how Bebe resisted, but soon the potion that I had

The writer is a columnist for The New Leader from which this article is reprinted.

slipped into his rum collins took over. He was half asleep, still murmuring, "No, don't, please don't," when I stuffed the bills down his shirt front.

Yes, I was the one who negotiated with the milkmen. I inveigled the President into meeting with them by telling him it was a 4-H conference. He thought the cash was earmarked for a deductible dairy farm at San Clemente where poor Indian children could come and be with cows for 10 days every summer.

And, oh, the trouble I had persuading the President to take a \$500,000 credit for his papers and push the date of the contribution back a little, and not pay his California taxes. Not to mention the persuading it required to get him to have the General Services Administration decorate his houses and environs for Pat and the kids and Bebe. It was about as hard as persuad-

"... a few extreme partisans ... seem bent on stretching out the ordeal of Watergate for their own purposes, whatever they might be. ... And make no mistake about it—it is an all-out attack. Their aim is total victory for themselves, and the total defeat not only of President Nixon, but of the policies for which he stands.—Vice President Gerald Ford, Atlantic City, January 15, 1974.

ing Spiro Agnew to take money. Nixon fought like hell until I pointed out to him that not decorating the place would be the easy thing to do.

That's right, I was the one who fixed up the ITT deal. John Mitchell wanted desperately to prosecute the antitrust case and send those big shots to jail. He was ready to let them turn slowly in the wind, as the saying goes. But I went behind John's back and fed peyote to Dita Beard. It was me in the orange wig. I put the ITT money into unmarked envelopes so Maury Stans was not able to return it, though heaven knows he tried.

Yes, I put Chapin up to putting Segretti up to putting those other collegians up to doing their tricks - but it was in behalf of the radical lib party, not the Committee to Re-Elect the President. I thought when I wrote the letter about Henry Jackson and Hubert Humphrey being queer that I was cornering the Gay Lib vote. I was trying to do Edmund Muskie a favor when I made him cry. How was I supposed to know American voters get nervous about politicians who cry?

Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist? Sure it was me — who else would it be? Only it had nothing to do with Ellsberg; that was an unfortunate coincidence. I was rifling lots of psychiatrists' files at the time to see what they had on the President. All those fellows were writing books proving he's nuts, and I wanted to get hold of the raw data so I could leak it to Jack Anderson.

You want to know about the tapes? Well, I was the one who ordered that the whole White House be bugged. Why would a man eavesdrop on himself? It makes no sense. It's as far-

fetched as having your own brother tailed by plainclothesmen. But I was determined to get the goods on our President. It was I, not the Secret Service, who installed the equipment. You think the U.S. Secret Service would do such a sloppy job? You think those fellows are clucks?

When I listened to the tapes, however, I discovered there wasn't an incriminating word on them. Nixon was as clean as Checkers' tooth. It was all John Dean's fault. Just like Sen. Hugh Scott said. So what I did was deep-six a batch of the most unincriminating transcripts in the Potomac River, and I kept Rose Mary Woods stretched out by her telephone for 90 minutes while that crazy tape went back and forth, back and forth.

Incidentally, it was also I who put the Arabs up to holding back their oil. I planned the Soviet wheat deal, too. And I'm the one who's hoarding toilet paper and bidding up the price of meat. I confess. Now lay off already. One year of Watergate is enough.

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