

ARTHUR HOPPE

6/22/66

## In the Muddle of the Road

The New Right has a shining new candidate in Mr. Ronald Reagan. The New Left has a bold new action group called The National Conference for New Politics. To meet these new threats it was inevitable that a new group should coalesce called "The New Middle."

Typical of the New Middle is Mr. John B. Middlerode, a middle-aged, middle-height, middle-weight member of the middle class from the Middle West.

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Q. Mr. Middlerode, could you tell us who comprises the New Middle?

A. Well, yes, I guess it's mostly members of the Old Middle who have moved over. In this fast-changing day and age you can't just keep doing the same old thing.

Q. What primarily does the New Middle do that distinguishes it from the Old Middle?

A. We worry more. You see, we felt we were in danger of losing members from the Middle who might slip over the edge to the New Right or New Left. So we analyzed the function of the Middle and found it consisted primarily of worrying. Thus we conceived of our militant new action program of worrying more.

Q. Most constructive. And what do you worry about?

A. Oh, you know, the stock market, who's going to win the pennant, aphids, time payments, funny noises in the transmission, lung cancer, crab grass and thinning hair. The usual.

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Q. Is that what all members of the New Middle worry about?

A. Oh, no. The Ladies' Auxiliary worries about children's grades, what to have for dinner, drip-dry shirts, gray hair, what to do on Sunday afternoons and getting worry wrinkles. Of course, that's only a very small portion of the many, many things the New Middle worries about.

Q. What about politics?

A. Politics?

Q. Yes, are the members of the New Middle Democrats or Republicans?

A. Invariably.

Q. But don't you worry about political goals?

A. Sure, I guess so. I mean lower taxes and government efficiency and things like that.

Q. What about specific issues? Do you take a position, for instance, on Vietnam?

A. Oh, yes, usually at cocktail parties. We agree that it's an awful

mess and we ought to end it as soon as possible.

Q. How?

A. Well, you know, one way or another.

Q. Do you picket or march or . . .

A. Good heavens we're not radicals! Oh, we may write an occasional letter to the editor decrying the lack of a stop sign at a school intersection. You know, some worthwhile cause.

Q. Would it be fair to say then, Mr. Middlerode, that the New Middle really doesn't care much about politics?

A. Yes, I guess that's true. But the reason we don't care much is that we know this country is in very good hands and has been for years.

Q. Whose hands?

A. Why, ours, of course.

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ARTHUR HOPPE 8/11/66

# Who Wants to Follow a Hero?

"Good show, Drab!" cried Captain Buck Ace, snapping off a burst at the jungle around them. "I'm putting you in for a decoration."

"A decoration, sir?" said Pvt. Oliver Drab, 378-18-4454, tilting back his helmet which had fallen over his eyes.

"And a promotion too, Drab," said the captain firmly. "The way you crawled over here on your belly under heavy enemy fire to aid us outnumbered men of Able Company."

Well, I've never seen anything like it. Consider yourself Acting Pvt. 1st Cl. Drab and congratulations."

"Yes, sir. Thank you."

"It's only a first step, son. You've got guts. You'll make corporal, then sergeant. In no time, you'll be there leading your men into battle."



"Out there, sir?" said Pvt. Drab, risking a peep over a log and dropping flat at the answering burst of small arms fire. "Leading the men? I'm not sure. I'm qualified, captain?"

"Don't worry about being smart enough, soldier," said Captain Ace, patting him on the back. "You don't need brains to be a leader in this man's Army. Brains are a dime a dozen. You need guts. Give me a leader with the guts to stand up out there and zap the enemy— zap, zap, zap! With guts, there's a solution for every tight spot — even the one we're in now."

"There is?" said Pvt. Drab hopefully.

"That's right, soldier. Here's what we do: When they close in on us we get on the radio and call our bombers in smack on our own position."

"We do?"

"Don't worry, Drab. When we go, we're going to take a lot of them along with us."

"Oh."

"That's what I mean about guts, son, and . . ." The captain paused and looked at Pvt. Drab curiously.

"What's the matter, Drab, don't you want to take a lot of them along with us when we go?"

"Oh, I don't mind taking them along one way or another, sir. Honest. It's the going part I don't much care for."

"What kind of talk's that, Drab?"

snapped the captain. "You're not showing much leadership ability."

"I know, sir," said Pvt. Drab apologetically. "But I've got this kind of thing about staying alive. I'm sorry about it, sir, but . . ."

"Damn it, Drab. Then why did you crawl all the way over here from Baker Company when you knew we were outnumbered two-to-one? Can you explain that, soldier?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Pvt. Drab. "Baker Company's outnumbered five-to-one."

"Well," said Pvt. Drab later to his friend, Cpl. Partz, after they'd all been rescued by a relief column in the nick of time, "it was nice being an acting private first class for a while. But I guess I'll never make a leader of men. Who'd want to follow me?"

"I would," said Cpl. Partz.

"Would you? Honest?"

"Sure," said Cpl. Partz, spitting thoughtfully. "Who wants to follow a hero?"

ARTHUR HOPPE

8/21/66

## On to Final Victory--!

It was in the 45th year of our lightning campaign to wipe the dread Viet-Narian guerrillas out of West Vhtnng. And even our Loyal Royal allies were getting a little tired of the whole thing.

"I have a new strategic plan that is bound to bring peace to West Vhtnng," the Premier of the week, Gen. Hoo Dat Don Dar, confided to the head of the American troops, Gen. Zapp. "Why don't you go invade East Vhtnng?"

"Marvelous idea," said Gen. Zapp.

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Naturally, there was some protest in the United States, based mainly on the fact that America wasn't at war with East Vhtnng. But as the President said: "East Vhtnng has been supplying the guerrillas of West Vhtnng with arms, matzoth balls and chicken soup. We must interdict these supply lines and destroy the forces of aggression at their source." And that certainly made sense.

After a couple of years of fighting in East Vhtnng, Gen. Zapp didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Of course, it was much quieter in West Vhtnng. Except that the distant artillery sometimes disturbed General Hoo Dat Don Dar's sleep.

"I have a new strategic plan that is bound to bring peace to both East and West Vhtnng," he wired Gen. Zapp. "Why don't you go invade Red China? Everybody knows they've been supplying the East Vhtnngians with arms, peanut brittle and cherries jubilee."

# All the Way for a Friend

BY ARTHUR HOPPE

Howdy there, folks. How y'all? Time for another tee-vee visit with the rootin'-tootin' Jay Family, starring ol' Elbie Jay—a lovable cuss whose only aim is making friends and keeping 'em. In their place.

As we join up with ol' Elbie today, he's a packin' his valise. And he's lookin' a mite grim around the dewlaps as his pretty wife, Birdie Bird, enters.

BIRDIE BIRD (happily): Oh, Elbie, you're going out campaigning! It'll do you a world of good to howdy and press the flesh again. Frankly, you've been just a wee bit testy lately.

ELBIE: Arrrggghh!

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BIRDIE BIRD: But I knew your fellow Democrats would finally persuade you to come out and help them win the election. What happened? Did you finally hear from California?

ELBIE (grumpily): Yep. They said I was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts . . .

BIRDIE BIRD: Oh, Elbie, that's wonderful!

ELBIE . . . of 42.6% of my fellow countrymen and maybe I'd like to campaign in Pennsylvania.

BIRDIE BIRD: My, how generous of them. And what did Pennsylvania say?

ELBIE: They said my personal appeal was desperately needed. Most likely in New York or Ohio.

BIRDIE BIRD (frowning): How confusing.

ELBIE: Right. So I called in the party strategists. And I told them humbly: "Friends, I'm willing to use my immense magnetism and tremendous popularity to help any Democrat in this great land of mine achieve victory. I don't care how far I got to go in this glorious cause."

BIRDIE BIRD: That's nice Elbie. Where are they sending you?

ELBIE: Asia.

BIRDIE BIRD: Asia?

ELBIE: Well, they figure it'll help the Democrats at home if I show folks all the friends I've made for us in Asia.

BIRDIE BIRD (brightening): That makes sense. And you've been wanting to see Japan . . .

ELBIE: I don't seem to be going to Japan. Something about the State Department not wanting to topple their government.

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BIRDIE BIRD (consolingly): Well, there's a lot of other important places — Indonesia, Burma, India, Pakistan, Cambodia . . .

ELBIE (scowling): They appear to have been left off this itinerary. But at least I'll get a warm welcome from all my friends over there. (Checking his list.) All six of them.

BIRDIE BIRD (cheerily): And I don't recall when anyone's gone so far to campaign for his friends at home.

ARTHUR HOPPE

# There's No Way to Say It

"Hey, I got my draft notice," he said with a tentative smile. "I go in two weeks."

I didn't know quite what to say. He's the son of a friend, a big, handsome young man, intelligent, decent, polite. I've known him since he was 12—not well, but enough to like him very much. And I didn't know what to say.

You can't say, "Congratulations." After all, he wasn't volunteering to risk his life for some cause he believed in deeply. He was being drafted. He was being ordered to risk his life—to kill or be killed—or go to prison. You don't congratulate a friend who is given a choice like that.

Nor can you say, "Oh, what a shame!" Not face to face, you can't. There he stood, so very young and alive. Perhaps he dreaded what lay ahead, but you could feel in him, too, excitement at the immediate prospect of leaving home, being on his own, manhood, adventure. And to say how awful you thought it was would be somehow betraying him.

So I didn't know what to say.

It was different, I think, in World War II. We had a cause then. One country, one cause. Bands and flags and USO girls. And when we young men signed up, they'd shake our hands and pat us on the back and tell us how proud of us they were.

"I wish I were 20 years younger," the old gaffers would say. "I'd sign up myself."

And maybe it was a lousy war, long and bloody like all wars. But

how bravely we marched off to it, excited and proud, confident of the righteousness of our cause, the phrases of gratitude and encouragement and envy ringing in our ears.

But now I couldn't even give this young man that. I couldn't tell him I envied him. I didn't. I couldn't tell him I was proud he was going. I wasn't. I couldn't tell him how righteous was his cause. I'm far from sure of that.



"I think I'll get in the Marines maybe," he said with that tentative, almost-questioning smile.

I thought of how we'd gotten into this war. And how we'd let it grow over the years. And of how we couldn't seem to win it or lose it or end it. And because we couldn't find any way to win it or lose it or end it, we were now sending him out to fight it. To risk his life. To kill or be killed.

And what I wanted to say most was how terribly sorry I was. But you couldn't say that.

So we talked for a few minutes about where he might be sent for training and what he would do when he got back. Then we shook hands, he still with that tentative smile, and I said, "Well, lots of luck," and he nodded and went away.

And so we sent still another young man off to fight still another war, the way nations have for centuries. And maybe I shouldn't have felt ashamed and inadequate. Yet how totally we've failed when we don't know what to say.

# Pick Your Battleground...

BY ARTHUR HOPPE

"Well, Drab," said Capt. Buck Ace, permitting himself a fatherly smile, "did the President's visit make you feel better?"

"Well, sir," said Pvt. Oliver Drab, 378-18-4454, who was squatting in the mud and thoughtfully scratching a sore on his ankle, "I don't feel any worse."

The captain frowned. "I hope you read where he said afterward that you were the flower of our manhood and you were giving your all to fight Communism."

"Yes, sir, I read that story," said Pvt. Drab. "Only I think he was dead wrong. No offense."

"Wrong?" said the captain. "Wrong about fighting Communism?"

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"Oh, not that, sir. I mean when he said, 'It is better to do it there (meaning here) than in Honolulu.' Right off, I said to myself, 'He's wrong. No offense. It'd be better in Honolulu.'"

"In Honolulu!" The captain put his hands on his hips and eyed the private suspiciously. "What are you talking about, soldier?"

"Well, sir, the climate for one thing. This may be a nice place to sit, but I wouldn't want to fight a war here. It's too hot. Either that or it's raining. Then there's all this muck and boondocks . . ."

"Drab, Honolulu's an American city."

"Right, sir. There's a lot more to do off duty. I remember, when we came through, there was this little place on Canal street . . ."

"What the President meant," said Capt. Ace, mustering his patience, "is that American civilians don't want to be subjected to the horrors of war."

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"And they're right, too, sir. The natives here feel the same way. But I think the President forgot Honolulu's on an island. We could really keep out infiltrators and stuff. And then it's only a couple of thousand miles from home. We'd get our mail a lot faster and with two weeks' leave . . ."

"Now look here, Drab. I doubt there's more than a handful of Communists in all of Honolulu."

"Gosh, sir, I hadn't thought of that," said the private enthusiastically. "It'd sure better the odds. Why, we could win a war there in no time."

"Damn it, Drab," snapped Capt. Ace. "You can't pick where you want to fight Communists."

"Oh, I know that, sir. But the President can, can't he? I mean there's Communists all over the world. Like take the south of France, sir. I read in a magazine where it's real lovely there this time of year."

"The flower of our manhood," said Capt. Ace with a weary sigh. "And I get all the nuts."

"Well, I still think the President's wrong," said Pvt. Drab later to his friend, Cpl. Partz, as they huddled under a poncho. "Would you rather fight a war here or would you rather fight a war in Honolulu?"

"To tell the truth," said Cpl. Partz, spitting out a soggy cigarette butt, "I'd rather not."

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# Our 50-Minute Foreign Policy

Sen. Fulbright, in his continuing attempts to get to the bottom of our foreign policy, took a logical step: he called in a psychiatrist.

Unfortunately, I don't have a transcript of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing at which Dr. Jerome Frank of Johns Hopkins University testified. I assume it was a 50-minute session. And anybody who knows anything about psychiatry knows how it went.

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Q. (jovially) Are you comfortable on the couch? Well, well, now, what seems to be your trouble?

A. (fearfully) They're out to get me, doctor.

Q. Who's out to get you?

A. The Communists. There's millions and millions of them all over the world. They hate me. They want to bury me. But I'll teach them they can't attack my vital areas.

Q. (making a note, "incipient paranoia") Are they attacking you now?

A. Yes, in Vietnam. And that's close to home.

Q. (making a note "aberrant depth perception") And how are you teaching them?

A. I'm killing them. Hundreds of them by actual body count every week. Hundreds! I count the bodies.

Q. (making a note, "necrophilia?") Do you hate the Vietnamese that much?

A. (surprised) Hate them? Oh, no, I love them. They're wonderful people. Shy and gentle. Marvelous people, really.

Q. (making a note, "definite schizophrenia") Then why do you kill them?

A. Because I love them so much. You see, I have to save them from their leaders. Besides, if I don't stop them there, these Commie peasants will sweep across the Pacific and attack me at Pismo Beach or some place.

Q. (making a note, "marked hallucinations") And how are you doing?

A. (elatedly) Extremely well. I'll definitely achieve total victory in Vietnam by the end of last year. Or was it the year before last?

Q. (making a note, "periods of euphoria") And this year?

A. (grimly) Maybe it isn't going

too well right now. But I am prepared to fight on for years and years.

Q. (making a note, "involuntary melancholia") I'm a little unclear. Are you winning or losing?

A. (confusedly) Sometimes one, sometimes the other.

Q. (making a note, "manic-depressive syndrome") But you'll win in the end?

A. (nobly) Oh, I have to. It's not just for me. I'm saving the entire free world.

Q. (making a note, "creeping megalomania") Your friends are helping you, then?

A. (angrily) No, the rats! They've



"Okay, Doc, so I'm a mess. What do you suggest doing about it?"  
Cartoon by Crockett

left me out there all alone. All alone out there in the open.

Q. (making a note, "agoraphobia?") In the open?

A. (pounding fist) But I don't care. I'll show them. I'll show them all. I've got these bombs, see? These great big bombs. I can blow up the whole world! I can . . .

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No, Sen. Fulbright's gone too far in calling in a psychiatrist. For there's only one prescription. And I say that a nation cannot long endure with a pre-frontal lobotomy.

Besides, I wish to add patriotically that we are certainly no crazier than the Communists. And I have faith that we can settle our disputes through the United Nations. You know, group therapy.

ARTHUR HOPPE

LA-11/9/65

## He and War Are Polls Apart

It's heartwarming to read the polls which show that the majority of us Americans support the war in Vietnam. We're a fighting nation of patriots, we are. And we don't mind telling the polltaker so.

"Sir," he says, "do you support U.S. military action in Vietnam?"

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"You bet," you say. "We got to lick those Viet Cong rats who are now only 10,000 miles from our shores. Don't tread on me, I have not yet begun to fight, never give up the ship and my only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country."

So he writes that down, you shake hands and we all feel much better. But polltakers never leave well enough alone. And now along comes the noted public opinion analyst, Mr. H. Russell Joyner, who wishes to measure exactly how much we support the war in Vietnam. To do so he has constructed the following poll.

"I support the U.S. military action in Vietnam to the extent that:

"1 — I am willing for strangers to be drafted to fight.

"2—I am willing for my friends to be drafted to fight.

"3—I am willing for my brother, son, husband or father to be drafted to fight.

"4—I will serve in a car pool to drive volunteers to the recruiting office.

"5—I will volunteer to fight soon (within 90 days).

"6—I will volunteer to fight now (within 3 days).

"7—On second thought, I, personally, do not support U.S. military action in Vietnam."

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Is a poll like that fair? Of course not. Next thing you know some nut will be suggesting that all wars be fought solely with volunteers. "If you think a war is just," he'll say, "get out there and fight it."

Oh, it sounds fine in theory. But how many battles could we win with a

front line division of doddering senators, paunchy businessmen and little old ladies in tennis shoes?

What about morale on the home front? How many fighting congressmen would demand we bomb the enemy capital, knowing they would be immediately given a B-52, a flak suit and their inalienable right to go bomb it?

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And what on earth would we say when the polltaker rang our doorbell? "Do you support the war?" he'd say for openers. Why, just knowing what was coming next would destroy our fighting spirit.

So I say Mr. Joyner has gone too far with his poll-taking business. Somebody ought to punch him in the nose. Go ahead. You can count on me backing you up in the finest traditions of us fighting civilian patriots. I'll hold your coat.



ARTHUR HOPPE

LAT-3/25/66

# That Un-American France!

Once upon a time there was a wonderful country named America. It was a very patriotic country. Every American went around saying things like, "My country, right or wrong." And all agreed that no virtue was more praiseworthy than love of one's country.

America had lots of friends. One was France. America liked France very much. Of course, Frenchmen were oversexed, impractical, supercilious and they'd cheat you blind. And, of course, France was a second-rate, decadent sort of country that had seen better days. But it was an amusing place to visit and they did cook well.

So America gave France lots of money when it was poor. And America even let France into its club.

"We are a wonderful country with mighty bombs," said America with a kindly smile. "We'll take good care of you. For old times' sake. You don't have to worry about a thing."

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It was a fine arrangement. It proved once again to all Americans what a wonderful country America was. Then along came a big, tall, somber French general with a funny nose.

America liked the general. He talked a lot about restoring French honor and French glory. "A true patriot," said America approvingly. (For there is no more praiseworthy virtue, as everyone knows, than love of one's country.) Besides, he had a funny nose. So you couldn't take him too seriously.

But then the general decided to make a "force de frappe." Which is kind of a French "bombe" with whipped cream on it.

"What do you want a bomb for?" said America irritably. "We have plenty of bombs already. More than enough to go around. We are a wonderful country. You can count on us to take good care of you."

"The honor and glory of France," said the general stiffly, "demands

that we have our own bomb. So that we can take care of ourselves."

The Americans grumbled. But there wasn't much they could do about it. Except to point out in editorial cartoons that the general had a funny nose.

Things went from bad to worse. The general dinged America's friends in Europe. He made snide remarks about America's war in



"Now I lay be down to sleep—keep an eye on things while I'm off duty."

Cartoon by Fischer

Asia. And he even recognized people America had been cutting dead for years. In the cartoons, his nose got bigger and bigger.

The last straw came when the general announced he was withdrawing from America's club. "What!" cried America. "Don't you love us?"

"But I love France more," said the general.

"What!" cried America. "Don't you know we're the most wonderful country in the world?"

"But no," said the general, surprised. "France is."

Well, there wasn't much America could do. The general's nose was already as big as it could get. So America had to be content with denouncing the general for petty chauvinism.

"It's narrow-minded nationalism like that," said America, shaking its head sadly, "that will ruin the world."

MORAL: There is, indeed, no more praiseworthy virtue than love of one's country. As long as it's yours.

ARTHUR HOPPE

5/25/66

## All Together, Folks, Let's...

Once upon a time there was a Great Big Bull who led his herd into a quagmire. It could happen to anybody. But in his mighty struggles to get them out he managed only to sink them all in deeper.

Naturally, a few members of the herd — mostly rebellious young calves—questioned the Great Big Bull's judgment. Some thought they ought to go back the way they'd come and some were for charging off to the right or to the left or whichever.

At first, the Great Big Bull smiled tolerantly at this small minority. "It is a tribute to the democratic way I run this herd," he said, "that I allow these well-intentioned but misguided critics to speak out at a time like this. Now let us struggle on."

So the herd struggled on, floundering and thrashing about. And pretty soon they were all in up to their knees.

"Maybe we ought to stop for a minute to get our bearings," a bespectacled bull named Nellbright suggested somewhat hesitantly. For all members of the herd were understandably afraid of the Great Big Bull.

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"You have the inalienable right in this herd to suggest anything you want," said the Great Big Bull testily. "Even though you are obviously blind to experience, deaf to hope and are perhaps giving aid and comfort to the quagmire. Now let us struggle on!"

So the herd struggled on, floundering and thrashing about. And pretty soon they were all in up to their bellies.

"I know we are the mightiest and most powerful herd in the world," said the bespectacled bull named Nellbright with a worried frown. "But it seems to me our struggles are merely getting us in deeper." This made the herd a little uneasy. "Nobody," snorted the Great Big Bull, "wants to get out of this quagmire more than I. Now let us struggle on!"

So the herd struggled on, floundering and thrashing about. And pretty soon they were all in up to here.

"We must tie a rope around our necks and all pull together," ordered the Great Big Bull. "Straight ahead, now. One . . . two . . ."

"But if we go that way," protested the bespectacled bull named Nellbright, "we'll all go right over the top!"

ARTHUR HOPPE

11/2/66

# Peace Offensive? It Sure Is

"Hey, out there!" Pvt. Oliver Drab, 378-18-4454, shouted into the jungle blackness. "I'll stop shooting at you, if you'll stop shooting at me."

"Thunderation, Drab!" snapped Capt. Buck Ace, crawling up to the private's foxhole. "What in blazes do you think you're doing?"

"I'm mounting a one-man attack, sir," said Pvt. Drab proudly. "In my small way, I want to do my part to assure the success of our great new offensive."

"Offensive?" said the captain. "What offensive? Divisional Command didn't order any offensive in our sector."

"Oh, no sir. The order

came from a higher command. The President, himself. Haven't you heard, sir? He's ordered an all-out peace offensive. Hey, out there! How about a little peace and quiet?"

"Shut up, Drab," said the captain. "That isn't the

peace over here, too. Our offensive has been a smashing success everywhere we've carried it."

Both men ducked as mortar shells whistled overhead.

"That's sure good news, sir," said Pvt. Drab, brushing dirt off his shoulder. "And how did our envoys do with those fellows out there?"

"Great Scott, Drab. We can't talk to them. They're guerrillas. We don't even recognize them."

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"Oh, I can recognize them, sir. They're about 5 feet tall and wear those black pajamas. So I could talk to them and say I was for peace, too. Mainly because I really don't want to be killed. And if they didn't want to be killed either, maybe . . ."

The captain eyed Pvt. Drab ominously. "The one thing you've got to learn, soldier," he said, "is that peace is none of your business. Now shut up and start shooting."

"Honest to Pete," said Drab later to his friend, Cpl. Partz, as he fed another belt of ammunition into their machine gun. "I'm still all fired up to do my part in this big peace offensive the President's launched. Aren't you?"

"Gee, yes," said Cpl. Partz, squeezing off a long burst. "But it's just our dumb luck to be in the one place in the world where we ain't getting to see an action."



Hoppe

way a peace offensive works."

"It isn't? But I thought . . ."

"You aren't in this man's army to think, soldier. But you can rest assured our President has launched the greatest peace offensive in history. He's sent envoys and ambassadors to Canada, London, Paris, Yugoslavia, India, Pakistan, Iran, Tunisia, Morocco . . ."

"Oh, that's grand, sir," said Pvt. Drab. "And have they all stopped shooting at us?"

"They weren't shooting at us, Drab. But they're interested observers. And it's pretty clear from the reports that when our envoys told them we were for peace over here, they agreed that they were for

ARTHUR HOPPE

## Why, Hello There, Guyana

Welcome, Guyana, to the family of nations. Come right in. Make yourself at home. Glad to see you. The more the merrier, we say.

The hearts of us all, I'm sure, go out to you Guyanans down there on the northeast coast of South America now that you have at long last shed your colonial shackles; changed your stationery from "British Guiana" to "Guyana," and emerged into the world as a free and independent republic, equal to all, beholden to none.

Got your flag? You have to have a flag, of course, so that young Guyanans will have something to die for. And an anthem for the older folks. (It doesn't have to be singable.) An army's essential. And you'll need customs officials so that visitors will know they're foreigners, mimeograph machines, postage stamps and all that. You just can't set yourself up in the nation business without the proper equipment.

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And what about joining the United Nations? I'd recommend it. Makes for valuable contacts. You could write it off as a business deduction. But you'll need a foreign policy. You can't be a free and independent nation these days without a foreign policy.

Actually, as a free and independent nation, you've got three choices. You can become "a Democratic People's Republic struggling to throw off the yoke of Capitalist imperialism." Then you get a lot of rubles or yen, depending on which direction you want to struggle in.

Or you can request certification as "a bastion of democracy struggling to stem the rising tide of Communist aggression." That gets you lots of dollars, a great deal of technical help and an invitation to the annual Pan-American Ball in Washington.

Lastly, as a free and independent

nation, you can align yourself firmly with the "unaligned Afro-Asian neutralist bloc." This gets you both rubles and dollars and is clearly the most profitable. But seeing you're neither Afro nor Asian, I doubt they'll let you in.

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Unfortunately, your decision to be a South American country rather than an Afro-Asian one also makes becoming a Democratic People's Republic most risky. True, you could form an Organization of Un-American States with Cuba. But you'd have to worry constantly about being overthrown by revolutionaries—like the CIA and the U.S. Marines.

To remain free and independent, I'd say the wisest course is to become a bastion of democracy. That way, you get to be overthrown by your own army.

This is because most of the aid we send you will go to build up your army in order to protect your freedom and independence. Once big enough, the army will quickly decide the most efficient way to accomplish this is by installing a military junta.

But don't worry. Under our good neighbor policy, we never interfere in these native, indigenous revolutions. Not as long as they are run by the army.

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So welcome to the family of nations, Guyana. Enjoy your freedom and independence. While you can. I wish you bloodless revolutions, minor border disputes, a minimum of foreign occupation and narrow-scale riots.

Of course, now that you've emerged and taken a look at what our family has to offer, you may wish to turn right around and duck back in again. What heartens me no end is that even with all things considered, you undoubtedly won't.

"I'm proud to report, Mr. President," said our Secretary of State, "that General Hoo Dat In Dar has at last managed to achieve a stable and democratic government in the Republic of—let's see here—Eastern Northern by Two Points South Western Southern West Vhtnng. All citizens have an equal voice and he is universally admired by the populace."

"Marvelous!" cried our President. "Send him more troops."



The Chief of Staff frowned. "I'm afraid that's tactically impossible, sir. Three privates and a corporal are with him now and there just isn't room to maneuver."

"It's a small country, sir," explained our Secretary of State, hastily, "48 square feet to be exact. But as it goes, so goes Northern Southern Eastern . . ."

"Oh, shut up," said the President irritably. "But I guess we've got to go on honoring our commitment. Drop him a note that he's a bastion of democracy, a key to Southeast Asia and we'll never give up the struggle for him and his brave peoples."

"Yes sir," said the Secretary. "But can we leave out that part about his brave peoples? It always makes him feel lonely."

Unfortunately, when this good news reached his country, General Hoo Dat in Dar jumped for joy, landed on a cake of soap and toppled head first into the bathtub.

There was some talk in Washington of supporting his successor, General Hoo Dat Ouht Dar. But it was generally agreed that our commitment expired with General Hoo Dat In Dar. For, after all, he had overthrown himself.

"Listen, you Nervous-Nellie," belted the Great Big Bull, frustrated beyond endurance, "you're trying to pull us apart to promote yourself. Anybody who turns on his own leader, his own herd, is a Nervous Nellie. Now, to preserve our democratic way of life, everybody shut up, pull together and follow me." And it worked! The herd, not wishing to be thought Nervous Nellites by the Great Big Bull, shut up, pulled together and blindly followed their leader—out of the quagmire, up a small rise, and right over an

It was in the 63rd year of our lightning campaign to wipe the dread Viet-Narian guerrillas out of West Vhtnng that we at last achieved a stable, democratic government in that beleaguered nation.

The happy chain of circumstances started with the revolt of the Buddhists, led by Trich (Venerable) Oh Treet. This resulted in the establishment of Northern West Vhtnng, distinguished from Southern West Vhtnng, which was still led by General Hoo Dat In Dar.

"Never mind," our President said to General Hoo at their famous meeting on Catalina, "we will continue to honor our commitment to you and your people who love you so well."



The next day, a mountain tribe known as the Ghet Lhost revolted and established the autonomous Republic of Eastern Southern West Vhtnng.

"The people of Western Southern West Vhtnng," warned our President grimly, "must resolve their differences."

This was promptly followed by a revolt of 18 Catholics, nine Protestants and an Animist who set up Northern Western Southern West Vhtnng.

"Cheer up," our President cabled General Hoo. "You still control Southern Western Southern West Vhtnng and I know you will be able to establish a stable, democratic government. Best to the missus."

Unfortunately, the following three weeks saw two new civil wars, three revolutions, four coups and a divorce. An emergency meeting of the National Security Council was called to reassess our policy.

## A Wholehearted Confusion

Q—Welcome to "Face the Press." We have with us tonight the distinguished Sen. Dorey M. Hawk, ranking member of the Consensus Party, and a noted Washington spokesman. What is your position, senator, on the Great Vietnam Debate?

A—Well, I feel there's been a great deal of misunderstanding on this grave issue. But basically, I think I can say I agree wholeheartedly with Gen. Gavin, Secretary McNamara, Sen. Bobby Kennedy, Gen. Taylor and the President. To name a few.

Q—Let's see, I think you referred first to Gen. Gavin, who proposed "The Enclave Theory." I take it, then, you agree we should withdraw our troops in Vietnam into fortified enclaves and hold firm?

A—Well, I think the general has made it perfectly clear subsequently that he had been thoroughly misunderstood. He was merely proposing the Enclave Theory as an alternative to our present policy. But let me say firmly right here that I agree with him wholeheartedly: it is an alternative.

Q—I see. But with Secretary McNamara testifying about plans to call up the reserves . . .

A—Now just a minute. Mr. McNamara announced the very next day he had been misunderstood. He was only talking about calling up the reserves. And I wholeheartedly agree that's what he was talking about.

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Q—You did, however, mention agreeing with Sen. Kennedy, too. I suppose a highlight of the debate was his dramatic proposal to reverse completely our present policy and negotiate directly with the Viet Cong, allowing them in the government on the basis of free elections.

A—Yes, it certainly caused a furor. Gen. Taylor, who had been vociferously defending our present policy, immediately agreed with Sen. Kennedy. Vice President Humphrey immediately didn't. Sen. Kennedy said he'd been misunderstood. The White House said it was glad he agreed with the President, one way or the other. And I wholeheartedly agree with Sen. Kennedy.

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Q—On what?

A—That he'd been misunderstood. In fact it was the biggest misunderstanding around here in years.

Q—Well, senator, all in all would you say a useful purpose has been served by this vigorous battle in Washington over our Vietnam policies?

A—Yes, it's certainly shown a great lack of understanding. But I'm heartened by the fact that virtually every important figure here now agrees wholeheartedly with virtually every other important figure on the course to pursue.

Q—Maybe so, senator. But it's been a confusing debate at times. Aren't you afraid the voters still won't understand what you're all agreeing about?

A—No, I'm afraid they will. Please misunderstand me.

ARTHUR HOPPE

2/18/66

## In 48th Year of Viet War

It was in the 48th year of our lightning campaign to wipe the dread Viet-Narian guerrillas out of West Vhtnng. The President had just made another televised speech to the nation to explain his clear-cut policies. The text follows:

My Fellow Americans: We are engaged in the most vitally important war of all time. No matter what the cost in men, money and effort, we must stem the tide of communism in Southeast Asia. There can be no compromise with the forces of aggression. And we will fight on, I promise you, until we achieve total victory.

At the same time, of course, I have dispatched our Vice President on his 23rd round trip to 16 Asian nations as part of our relentless effort to force Hanoi to the bargaining table in hopes a settlement can be negotiated.

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Meanwhile, I say to you we must pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to upholding the commitment I made last Tuesday in Pago Pago to Gen. Hoo Dat Don Dar, the democratic leader of West Vhtnng, that the status of his government was not negotiable. And let me say this was the very same commitment I made the week before in the Joint Declaration of Adak with his predecessor, Gen. Hoo Dat Opp Dar—thus proving again the stability of our commitments.

To demonstrate our firm resolve to prosecute this vital war to a total victory, I have tonight ordered bombing attacks resumed on Monaco in order to bring pressure on the Dodecanese Islands to seek help from the Falklands in urging Peking to ask Hanoi to plead with the Viet-Narians to come to the conference table.

Before resuming the bombings, however, I requested our vice consul in Bern to lay before the International Red Cross, the League of Nations and the International Society of Ornithologists our willingness to negotiate on the basis of the Geneva Accords, the Kellogg-Briand Pact,

the Treaty of Ghent, the Council of Nicene or the Russo-Japanese Sardinia Fisheries Agreement of 1906.

In other actions today, I asked Congress for \$14.3 billion to prosecute the war vigorously for the rest of this month, dispatched the secretary of urban affairs to Borneo in a new peace feeler, raised the number of our troops in the field to 3.7 million men, urged the Coalinga Ladies Whist Club to pray for Divine intervention and joined with the Arapaho Indians in a dance on the South Lawn to propitiate Ugan-wa-tua, the god of Happy Endings.

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Thus I say to those faint-hearted critics of the war, who are giving such aid and comfort to the enemy, that they have no sense of history. For history shows that I have obviously left no stone unturned. One way or another.

And as I stand before you tonight, holding this American flag and rubbing this rabbit's foot, let there be no doubt about the clear-cut policy of this administration: we shall gladly persevere in this noble cause, this holy crusade, this glorious defense of freedom.

We will, that is, until I can think of some way to get us out of this mess.

ARTHUR HORPE

## Roadmap Through an Enigma

In response to popular demand, herewith is another chapter of that unfinished reference work, "An American's Guide to Foreign Lands."

The first chapter was entitled, "Red China—An Enigma." This one is called, "Latin America—An Enigma."

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Latin America is a hot, dirty area south of Tijuana. It is about the size of New Jersey. You cannot drink the water. But it's a nice place to visit if you can't afford to go to Europe.

The people are illiterate, gay, poor, friendly, apathetic, happy and always stirring up revolutions. We are the best friend they have. We feel sorry for them.

Actually, Latin America is a lot of little countries. They are called "Our Sister Republics." In the interests of Western Hemisphere solidarity, we are always very careful to address Our Sister Republics as equals. Even though we can never remember their names.

The only country that is not Our Sister Republic is Cuba. That's because Cuba tries to export guns and revolutionaries to Our Sister Republics. This is unethical, underhanded and an unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of other countries. Such acts cannot be tolerated. That's why we ship guns and revolutionaries to Cuba.

In addition, Cuba is run by a dictator and the people are not free. That's why its government must be overthrown. All the dictators of Our Sister Republics agree with us on that.

Not all Our Sister Republics are run by dictators, however. Some are

run by military juntas. They are called in Washington "a force for stability." We are against stability. We are for "rapid social change." That's because in Latin America we are "sitting on the edge of a volcano."

The reason for this is that there are two classes of people in Our Sister Republics — the downtrodden peons in whom burns bright the flame of freedom, and the ruling officials, all of whom are corrupt.

To produce rapid social change we formed the Alliance for Progress. It is a partnership of equals. In return for our pledge to give them \$20 billion, the corrupt officials agreed to accept it. So far, it hasn't done the peons much good. Nobody knows why.

But at least we have come a long way since the days of "Gunboat Diplomacy" when we sent battleships and Marines to force our will on Our Sister Republics. That was last year!

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Thus we see the challenge we face today in Latin America. We must staunchly support the beloved, corrupt, stable governments of Our Sister Republics while helping the ignorant, lazy, freedom-loving peons kick them out of office. Yet we are vigorously opposed to forcefully intervening in their affairs. Unless we can't think of anything else.

This is called "Our Good Neighbor Policy." At heart it means that they can count on us, their Big Brother, never to forget the special ties that bind us to Our Sister Republics to the South. Whatever their names are.



ARTHUR HOPPE

11/25/66

## White House Show-and-Tell Time

"I'm mighty glad to see all you fellows home again. And I'm right proud of the way you went flying all over the world in 68 different directions in search of peace. And now it's time for Show and Tell. You first, Hubert."

"Yes, sir. And let me say, sir, I was pleased as punch you sent me to India for the funeral. I mean it dispelled a lot of vicious rumors that there was some reason you didn't wish me to represent you on these grim and sorrowful occasions."

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"Stop smiling, Hubert."

"Yes, sir. Honest, I didn't smile once over there. And I had this great peace talk for hours and hours in New Delhi with Premier Kosygin, who was there, too. See? Here are my press clippings. They say it was the longest conference in years between us and them."

"And what did Kosygin say, Hubert?"

"Well, here's the 248-page transcript of our conversation, sir. You'll find his remarks on the very last page. See? Where he says, 'Nyet.'"

"That's fine, Hubert. I'm sure my sending you over there convinced everybody I'm a peace-loving man. And quiet-loving, too. Now what about you — ah . . . What's your name? Dean?"

"Sorry, sir, my name tag slipped. But Averell and I had a fine trip. As you know we were the only ones to visit Vietnam. And I'd like to show the agreement we hammered out over there."

"With the Viet Cong, Dean? You been talking to them?"

"Oh, no, sir. Not on your life. The agreement's with our ally, Premier Ky. See? We promise to go right on sending him troops and money. And he promises to go right on accepting them."

"I never lost hope that one of you fellows would bring home an agreement. And such a lasting one, too! That's mighty fine, Dean. Now it's your turn, McGeorge. And stop scowling."

"Frankly, sir, I was a little hurt that you'd only send me as far as Ottawa in search of peace. Think how I feel at Georgetown

cocktail parties when people say, 'Hi, there, McGeorge, and where have you been lately?' When I mumble, 'Ottawa,' they arch their eyebrows and go off to talk to Joe Alsop."

"Trouble with you, McGeorge, is you haven't got your heart in your work any more. Look at Soapy, here. He goes all through Africa in search of peace and this time he doesn't get punched in the nose once. Or Arthur, here. You know what he found out in Rome? He found out the Pope's in favor of peace, too. Headlines everywhere. Yep, thanks to all these fine fellows flying millions of miles everybody now knows I'm a peace-loving man. What a tremendous success. What a strategic triumph. What a blow for peace."

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"But, sir, we don't seem any closer to peace than before."

"Nonsense, Dean. Seeing it's my turn, let me show my latest private poll. Look at that. I'm up 12 points. Yep, due to the greatest peace offensive the world ever saw, I'm going to get a little peace at last."

"In Vietnam, sir?"

"Vietnam! Nope, I mean where I need it most. Here at home. And now that Show and Tell is over, it's game playing time. Robert, get out the board and the dice and we'll have another round of Risk." ~~to another west off~~

ARTHUR HOPPE

2/10/66

## She's Such a Nice Girl, Too . . .

Howdy there, folks. How y'all? Time for another tee-vee visit with the root-in'-tootin' Jay Family, starring ol' Elbie Jay, who can rope, hogtie and brand 500 congressmen quicker'n a wink. 'Course, he's also got two young daughters.

As we join up with ol' Elbie today, he and his pretty wife, Birdie Bird, are in the parlor of the big white house. Birdie Bird keeps lookin' out the window and ol' Elbie appears a mite fidgety.

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ELBIE: Well, I suppose we got to talk to them about the marrying. Where they from? Waukegan, Illinois? Waukegan! It ain't even in Cook County.

BIRDIE BIRD: Now, Elbie, you know Pat's a very nice boy. And I'm sure his parents are lovely people, too.

ELBIE: Maybe so. But what's wrong with that daughter of ours? Why, she could've married a duke or a prince—some young fellow whose folks we could treat as equals.

BIRDIE BIRD: Shhh! Here they come now. Now you be nice, you hear?

(The parents of the intended groom, a pleasant-looking middle-class couple, enter. Elbie rises and extends his hand with a professional smile.)

ELBIE: Sure nice of you to come howdy and oppress the flesh. That's a fine boy you got. You must be mighty proud of him, serving in his country's uniform.

GROOM'S MOTHER: Yes. Of course, every time

I think of how fortunate he was to be assigned to duty right here in Washington, I thank God.

ELBIE (with a wave of his hand): Don't mention it. Glad to do it for the young man our daughter has democratically chosen as her intended. Like I said to Birdie Bird here, "Our country ain't got no room for class distinctions."

GROOM'S FATHER: How odd. That's virtually what I said to Mother here after Pat broke the news to us.

GROOM'S MOTHER: Yes, I will admit I was a little disappointed at first. I did have my heart set on Pat marrying a college girl.

ELBIE (frowning): What do you mean? She goes to college.

GROOM'S MOTHER: Oh, yes, a nursing college, isn't it? I'd thought more of a real college. But then Father here said there was no disgrace in having a nurse in the family these days. Not if she's a registered nurse. And by the way, how are her grades?

ELBIE (testily): She's had a lot on her mind lately. And her sister does real well in college.

GROOM'S MOTHER: Oh, the one that runs around with movie stars? I suppose girls in Texas do mature early, don't they? For Pat's sake, I hope so. Not that we have anything against Texans, mind you. In Waukegan we treat them as equals.

GROOM'S FATHER: Yes, as I said to Mother here, "At least it beats Pat's fighting in Vietnam."

And after all, I said, this is democracy. So despite the obvious handicap of an immature wife with a penchant for notoriety who comes from the backwoods section of Texas and who is not — er — academically inclined, I'm sure that Pat will somehow still manage to go far.

ELBIE (thundering): Yep, about 10,000 miles. Just as soon as I can sign his transfer orders.

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Well, tune in to our next episode, friends. And meantime as you mosey on down the long trail of life, remember what Elbie's ol' granddaddy used to say:

"Tain't no use for proud daddies to fret about their tads marrying beneath 'em. They ain't got no other choice."