

Capitol Punishment

And Sundays, Instead of Buchwald...

By Art Buchwald

David Eisenhower has just revealed that when he gets out of the U.S. Navy he does not want to study law. He said he might want to pursue a career as a newspaperman and do investigative reporting.

I don't know how David's father-in-law, President Nixon, greeted this news, but it still is no crime to imagine what happened.

"Sir," says David, "I just got my first job as a reporter."

"That's wonderful," the President says. "Some of my best friends are newspapermen."

David says, "It's with The Washington Post."

The President gulps on his meat loaf. "The Washington Post?"

"Isn't it wonderful?" Julie Nixon Eisenhower says. "That means we can live right here in town. And we can see you when you have to come to Washington on business."

"What sort of a job do you have with The Washington Post?" the President asks.

"They've made me an investigative reporter, and my first story is to find out what really went on with the Committee to Re-Elect the President."

Julie says, "The Post told David if he comes up with anything good, they'll give him a byline."

"They want me to see Maurice Stans and ask him what he did with all the cash he collected before April 7th," David says.

"I wish you wouldn't bother your Uncle Maurice," President Nixon says. "He's an awfully busy man."

"I spoke to him at last Sunday's prayer meeting, and he said he really didn't have anything to do except to talk to his lawyers. He said he'd help me in any way he could."

"David," the President asks, "are you sure this is really what you want to do in life? Investigative reporting is hard work, requiring long hours, and it doesn't pay very well. Now I promised when you married Julie that I wouldn't interfere in your future, but I didn't know you were think-

ing of becoming a newspaperman."

Julie says defensively, "David will make a wonderful newspaperman. He's already spoken to Gordon Liddy, Charles Colson and Dwight Chapin, and they've told him some fantastic things about the Committee to Re-Elect the President. David might even win a Pulitzer Prize when his story comes out."

"David, when you talked to these people, did you tell them you were working for The Washington Post?" the President asks.

"Of course not. The Post told me the very best way to get a story is not to tell your sources who you're working for. This thing is really interesting, Dad. It takes in Mexican bank accounts, ex-CIA employees, bugging equipment, FBI files . . ."

"I know what it takes in," the President says angrily. "But it also involves people in my administration, and it could easily embarrass me."

"Don't worry, Dad," David says. "I checked into that with Ron Ziegler, and he assured me no one in the White House had anything to do with any of the committee's nefarious dealings. You have nothing to worry about."

"David," the President says, "I'm not worried about myself. I'm worried about you and also Julie. Suppose they call you in front of a grand jury and demand you reveal your sources?"

"I'll refuse, and go to jail," David says.

"Do you realize," Mr. Nixon says, "that would make me the first President in history to have a convict for a son-in-law?"

"Oh, Daddy," says Julie. "You're ruining everything. David is a natural reporter, and The Washington Post has great faith in him. Don't spoil everything when we're both so happy."

"All right," the President says. "I don't know what your grandfather would say about this, but I'll give you my blessing."

Julie hugs her father, and David shakes his hand. "But," says the President, "I have one favor to ask of you."

"What's that?" David asks.

"Don't tell your Uncle Spiro what you're doing. He takes these things to heart."