

# ART HOPPE



## Mr. Nixon Soaks the Rich

**O**UR PRESIDENT is constantly accused of being overfriendly to the wealthy. Nonsense. Take The Great San Clemente White House Deal.

After two-and-a-half years, Mr. Nixon's aides have finally figured out and made public how he bought the San Clemente White House with the help of New York tycoon Robert Abplanalp.

What they haven't yet made public is how Mr. Nixon sold Mr. Abplanalp on the deal.

Actually, Mr. Abplanalp answered one of those ads: "Be our guest to inspect San Clemente Sunny Acres. Free transportation on Air Force One. Free glass of champagne. Low down! E-Z Terms!"

He was met at the gate by Mr. Nixon, who was wearing dark glasses, a sharkskin suit and blue suede shoes.

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**"W**ELCOME TO San Clemente Sunny Acres, Mr. Applenap," said Mr. Nixon heartily. "And here is our glass of free champagne at no cost or obligation."

"Abplanalp," said Mr. Abplanalp. "But what I'm interested in is the low down payment and easy terms."

"I'm glad you asked that question, Mr. Aplanapla," said Mr. Nixon. "Please inspect this beautiful 38-room mansion which can be had for absolutely nothing down."

"Gosh," said Mr. Abplanalp, "it must be worth more than half a million easy. You mean I can get it for no money down at all?"

"No, Mr. Planalpba," said Mr. Nixon. "I

can."

"Haven't you got that backwards?" said Abplanalp.

"Not at all," said Mr. Nixon. "You see, what we're primarily interested in as subdividers is good neighbors. And as my good neighbor, I'm going to allow you to loan me \$626,000 to cover the \$420,000 down payment on these 26 sunny acres."

"But we're not even neighbors."

"We will be, Mr. Napalblap. Because if you qualify, I'm going to sell you 77 per cent of these 26 acres for only 82 per cent of the \$1.5 million they cost."

"Wait a minute, I won't pay a nickel over 77 per cent for 77 per cent of the land."

"Golly, you sure drive a hard bargain, Mr. Lapanapple. But you win. Sign here."

"Which 77 per cent of the mansion is mine?"

"As luck would have it, Mr. Panalnab, the mansion happens to be on my 23 per cent. But, don't worry, to increase property values I'm spending more than \$100,000 in public funds for national security — such as building an eight-foot wall around all 26 acres, erecting three gazebos and installing electric heating in the house."

"That's national security?"

"Isn't everything these days? Who wants a cold President? Nor can we afford a red President. So, for national security, I've included a shade-providing cabana on the beach, which you can visit any time."

"Holy moley, what a great deal! I'll sign."

"Any time you can get over the eight-foot wall. But let me say, Bob, you're just the kind of good neighbor we were looking for."

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**W**ELL, YOU can't help enjoying our President's fleecing a smart tycoon like that. But poor Mr. Abplanalp. Imagine him going home and trying to explain to his wife how come he was snookered out of \$1,249,000 for 20.1 barren acres. And he didn't even ask about schools or bus stops.

In fact, all he got out of it was the President now calls him Bob.