

# THE CAPITAL



## Gunga Dean

By William Safire  
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### Washington

YOU MAY talk o' Hunt and Liddy  
When you're feeling' gay and giddy  
And you think you have the White House in your  
sights,  
But when your side is achin'  
To prove Nixon said "Go break in"  
You need an aide who sat there at the heights.

NOW IN D. C.'s sunny clime  
Where I used to spend my time  
A-servin' of the public, sight unseen,  
Of all the crewcut crew  
The straightest lace I knew  
Was the man in charge of ethics, Gunga Dean.  
He was "Dean, Dean, Dean,  
"You smoothie of a lawyer, keep us clean.  
"With your ardor never dampened  
"We'll see rectitude is rampant  
"For no scandal can deflect us, Gunga Dean."

NIXON ENTERED the campaign  
And considered it insane  
To concern himself with breakin' any rules,  
For watching the committee  
And its forty-million kitty  
Was his counsellor from all the finest schools.  
But while leading lambs to slaughter  
Came the shockin' gate o'water  
And all the district fuzz began to fly.  
To give him true reports  
Of any White House torts  
Nixon wrongly chose an implicated guy.

IT WAS "Dean, Dean, Dean,  
"I want the deepest probe you've ever seen.  
"Don't blow anybody's cover  
"But try and soon discover  
"If CREEP did anything illegal, Gunga Dean."

FOR SIX long months Dean battled  
(Nobody caught had tattled)  
And kept sending word he had the problem  
solved,  
When the Oval Office queried  
Dean would smile, and with eyes bleared,  
Say: "No one in the White House was involved."  
Then McCord untied his knot  
And the story went to pot  
And the hunter was the hunted sudden-ly;  
Dean ran out hell-for-leather  
Said "We were in it all together  
"— And nobody makes a scapegoat out of me."

THEN IT was "Dean, Dean, Dean,  
"For your testimony we are very keen.  
"Point the finger, show who's sleazy,  
"And we'll see the judge goes easy,  
"Here's your chance to cop a plea, Gunga Dean."

"THANKS BUT I'll not heed ya,  
"I've got contacts in the media  
"Who'll print my leaks until the price has risen.  
"I'll use them for my ends,  
"According to Dean's friends',  
"For the likes of me does not belong in prison."  
He would sing out any tune  
To hear Sirica say "Immune"  
("No less than forty times I've made the scene.")  
Justice balked, but Senate crumbled,  
To Ervin's saving arms he tumbled,  
And now they cannot jail you, Gunga Dean.

SO IT'S Dean, Dean, Dean,  
Smear your leader, save your skin and vent your  
spleen.  
Though the Fifth Amendment aids you,  
By the TV that parades you—  
You will never drag down Nixon, Gunga Dean.  
Yes, it's Dean, Dean, Dean,  
Star of everybody's television screen  
You will claim that you obeyed,  
But the truth is you betrayed  
A far better man than you are, Gunga Dean.

Arthur Hoppe is on vacation