

The Grandeur That Is Home

by Jack Anderson

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Consider the scene at one of President Nixon's state dinners. His entry into the East Room of the White House was heralded by the blast of trumpets. The Marine Buglers wore scarlet tunics festooned with gold braid; banners were draped from their elongated trumpets.

At the sound of the fanfare, the President descended the grand staircase, with the First Lady on his arm, while the Marine band played him down with processional music. Mr. Nixon took deliberate, measured steps, beaming benevolently in the manner of monarchs. As he entered the East Room, the band snapped into "Ruffles and Flourishes," followed by the traditional "Hail to the Chief."

Later, when the Nixons passed from the East Room into the dining room, trim military aides bedecked with medals and braids stood starchily at attention in two rows.

... the wallowing in the panoply of neo-Kaiserism down to the comic opera uniforms, with white jackets and pointed plastic hats, that Nixon once presumed to deck the White House police in.