

Mr. Nixon Cops Our President



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THE WAY things have been going lately there can no longer be any doubt as to the catastrophe that has befallen our great nation: Mr. Nixon has kidnapped our President.

For the past five years, as everyone knows, the country has been governed by two men. Our wise, dignified and honorable President has conducted our foreign policy with skill and aplomb. Mr. Nixon, alternately manic and surly, has handled campaign contributions, personnel, electronic devices and other sordid domestic affairs.

The last confrontation between the two, we know, occurred when our President finally discovered the sleazy chicanery the oily Mr. Nixon had been secretly engaged in behind his back. Our stunned President fired the knave on the spot.

It was then, of course, that the desperate Mr. Nixon seized our President and locked him in a closet off the Lincoln bedroom. Since then, the scenes have been dramatic.

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OUR PRESIDENT (rattling the door, his voice muffled): Please, Dick, you must let me out. I have to confer with my Energy Czar, Governor Love, as to how best help my beloved people through the Energy Crisis.

Mr. Nixon (smiling evilly): There is no longer any Love in your administration. I've replaced him with William E. Simon. From now on your beloved people are going to be playing "Simon Says."

Our President: Good heavens! That will destroy all my careful plans to ameliorate the crisis!

Mr. Nixon (rubbing his hands): Exactly. Your beloved people are going to shiver and freeze through the winter without cars, lights or jobs. Oh, how they'll suffer!

Our President: You fiend! But at least I

managed to deliver to Judge Sirica those seven tapes you failed to steal. They will prove my innocence.

Mr. Nixon: (smirking): You might like to know I erased 18 minutes from the crucial one exonerating you. And I persuaded Rose Mary to take the blame.

Our President: Not my loyal Rose Mary! One by one, you have destroyed my trusted associates, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Agnew, Dean, Richardson . . .

Mr. Nixon (glancing at his watch): Please, I only have an hour.

Our President (grimly): There is no honorable alternative. I must resign. While I have done nothing wrong, for the good of my beloved people I must renounce my high office and . . .

Mr. Nixon (scowling): Never! You resign and I'll be arrested. I'm going to let them impeach you instead.

Our President: Impeach me? But the Democrats will drag out the proceedings for three years, keeping my beloved country in constant turmoil . . .

Mr. Nixon (buffing his nails): I doubt it. I figure in two years your beloved, cold, hungry, poverty-stricken, disillusioned people will tear your beloved country apart.

Our President: You monster! How could you?

Mr. Nixon (with frenzied rage): Revenge! They may have loved you, but they've always hated me. Now they'll pay for it!

Our President (with dignity): You have won, Dick. At least give me a pistol so that I may put an honorable end to my life. For there is no honorable way out of this closet.

Mr. Nixon (gleefully): Oh, but that would be the easy way. And you've never been one to take the easy way out.