

Can the FBI Go Straight?



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HHEY! There's a new defense being offered for the burglaries, wiretapings, payoffs and what-have-you involved in the Watergate capers.

It seems these gentlemen who worked for our President didn't do anything the FBI, according to the latest press reports, hasn't been doing for 30 years. Which certainly should make every American feel much better.

The only problem now is to rewrite some of those old FBI movies which apparently gave everybody the wrong impression. We could start with "G-Man!"

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SCENE: The hideout of the FBI's Special Agent in Charge, Little Caesar Salad (played by Edward G. Robinson).

Little Caesar is seated in an easy chair, drinking champagne from the slipper of his efficient secretary, Cherries Jubilee, (played by Jean Harlow), who lolls in his lap, a garter showing.

Around the room are Little Caesar's three top G-men: the tough Irishman, Potatoes O'Grottin (James Cagney); the nervous hit man, Fingers Lickengood (Richard Widmark); and the tiny cat burglar, Shrimp Creole (Peter Lorre), who has burglarized more cats than any agent in FBI history.

Little Caesar: Okay, youse guys, here's the deal. We gotta wipe out the whole Pasta mob, including Spig Getty, Lynn Gweeney, Fatty Cheeney, Vermin Celli, Ma Caroni and even the guy on top, Tomatoes Soss.

Fingers (sweating): Jeez, boss, that's a tough mob. Unless they're boiled.

Little Caesar (angrily): Fingers Lickengood, you're chicken!

Fingers: No, honest, boss. Only how come we gotta wipe 'em out?

Little Caesar: On account we gotta uphold law and order. They're running the biggest burglary ring in town. And we can't uphold no law and order if we're only number two. We gotta try harder and stop these hoods from muscling in on our territory.

O'Grottin: Right, boss. Us G-men got our pride. What do we do first?

Little Caesar: To figure out where they're going to hit next, we gotta get a line on their psychology, see? So first, we cop their files by busting into the office of their psychiatrist, Dr. Egzphu Jung.

Shrimp: Brilliant, boss! Then we break into their headquarters and bug all their phones, right?

Little Caesar: Right. And if there's any squealers, we buy 'em off with this bag full of money. It's clean. I just got it back from a Mexican laundry.

Fingers (admiringly): Jeez, boss, you think of everything. We sure got the mob this time!

(Just then, the door bursts open and the top Mafioso whose very name strikes queasiness in the stomachs of G-men everywhere, Bananas Fritter — played by Efrem Zimbalist Jr. — strides in, gun in hand.)

Bananas: Hold it, you rats! This is the Mafia. (flashing his wallet) Here are my credentials. Now I'm going to blow your heads off if you don't promise to go straight and give up burglaries, wiretaps and payoffs forever.

Little Caesar (cringing): You got us dead to rights, Bananas. We got no choice. We promise. Curses, the forces of the law and order have been foiled again!