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For FBI Director

--Jack Armstrong!



Arthur Hoppe

AS YOU KNOW, Mr. L. Patrick Gray broke Mr. Nixon's heart by voluntarily withdrawing as a candidate for the head of the FBI.

"But, Pat, you can't do this to me! I promised to back you to the hilt."

"And that you did, sir. Could I keep it as a souvenir?"

But despite the President's disappointment, the search for an FBI director had to go on. The initial front-runner, it can now be revealed, was none other than that famous American, Mr. Jack Armstrong, who seemed ideally suited to the all-important role.

He was interviewed that very day by a top White House official whose name must be withheld.

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"COME RIGHT IN, Mr. Armstrong," said the top White House official whose name must be withheld. "I see by your application that you have all the necessary qualifications of an FBI man — three gabardine suits (one blue, one gray, one tan), six white shirts that don't button down, one dozen starched handkerchiefs for breast pockets, and close-cropped hair silvering at the temples."

"Thank you, Mr. Haldeman."

"Please withhold my name. Have a cigarette, Mr. Armstrong?"

"What's a cigarette?"

"A, good answer, Mr. Armstrong. Tell me, do you drink?"

"Yes, sir. I find that after a hard day there's nothing like relaxing before dinner with a big glass of warm milk."

"And what about your attitude toward sex?"

"Frankly, sir, I've always felt there should be two — although I've never quite understood why."

"Fine. Do you have any unusual habits?"

"To tell the truth, sir, yes. Some morn-

ings, I put the sugar on my Wheaties first and then the milk. And some mornings I pour the milk on first. I don't know why."

"I think that's acceptable. Now I hope you understand that we can't afford to be accused of nominating political cronies. Again. So let me ask what political party you favor."

"I never go to parties, sir, favors or no favors. I prefer to sit home at night and read the great books of our time."

"Like what?"

"Oh you know, sir. Like 'My Six Crises,' 'The Emerging Republican Majority' and 'The Collected Works of Victor Laszky.'"

"I like a man who improves his mind, Mr. Armstrong. Now about stamping out crime . . ."

"I'm for it, sir. I believe in vigorously prosecuting criminals who smoke mary-wanna, saboteurs who desecrate our flag, traitors who sit during our National Anthem and others with long hair."

"Do you think you can do the job?"

"I've been practicing, sir. And in all modesty, I can now draw my gun, shout 'You - have - a - right-to-remain-silent-and-be-represented-by-an-attorney!' and shoot a mary-wanna smoker through the eyeball in 1.6 seconds."

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"AMAZING Mr. Armstrong. You're just the man we've been looking for, a model for all Americans. One last question: if a group of bunglers were caught bugging an office and the trail seemed to lead to the White House . . ."

"Say no more, sir. You can count on me. I'd work night and day to ferret out the culprits, clap them in irons and force them to publicly reveal everything they knew in the interests of justice and decency!"

"Thank you, Mr. Armstrong. Next?"