

The President Should Be in Jail

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MR. VERMONT ROYSTER, the eminent thinker for the Wall Street Journal, thinks we may wind up with our President in jail. Not President Nixon, President Agnew.

Suppose, Mr. Royster supposes, that Mr. Agnew is tried, convicted and tossed in the clink. And suppose the shock either causes Mr. Nixon to go bonkers or gives him, heaven forbid, a fatal fit of apoplexy. Mr. Agnew, Number 437-8692, would then become our President.

True, Congress would move swiftly to impeach him. And, knowing how swiftly Congress moves, they might even get the job done before his term of office expires in 1977. Meanwhile, this mightiest nation on earth would be governed by a President in the hoosegow.

Mr. Royster thinks this would be a terrible prospect. Personally, I think this just might save our cherished democratic heritage.

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THE Leavenworth White House, July 4 — President Agnew, Number 437-8692, spent a quiet Independence Day in his Oval Cell working on his Prison Reform Bill.

With no visiting Boy Scouts to greet, no long plane trips to make and no cornerstones to lay, political experts agreed that Mr. 437-8692 has accomplished more in his first three months in office than any American President in history.

As a concession to the occasion, a fellow inmate played "Hail to The 437-8692" on the harmonica when Mr. 437-8692 entered the mess hall this evening. Mr. 437-8692, gazing down at the beans on his tin tray, was heard to mutter with a sigh, "Another bleeping State dinner!"

"He's a model prisoner," Warden Homer T. Pettibone told newsmen. "He's met a lot of old friends here from his White House days. But he spends most of his time in his Oval Cell working. A real hard worker, that one. And we don't treat

him any different than any other inmate. You know how he feels about coddling criminals."

Warden Pettibone refused to confirm or deny reports that Mr. 437-8692 would hold a Summit Meeting with Soviet Party Chairman Brezhnev during visiting hours from 2 to 4 p.m. next Tuesday. "Every inmate's got a right to privacy," the Warden said.

Meanwhile, the General Accounting Office reported the Federal Budget would be balanced this year for the first time in memory thanks to Presidential savings.

Most of the money, a GAO spokesman said, would come from the sale of Air Force One, the armada of Presidential helicopters and the fleet of White House limousines to the Sultan of Swatt, a potentate notorious for his love of pomp and pageantry.

Moreover, the White House staff of more than 5000 has been reduced to 16 tour guides; the Marine Corps Band has been sold to Warner Brothers and 242 Secret Service agents have been retired — Presidential security no longer being a problem.

As for Mr. 437-8692 himself, friends say, he's a changed man. Like his predecessors, they say, he's fond of humbly telling visitors what a "lonely, frustrating, awful position" he holds. But, they agree, he's the first President in history who really means it.

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SO YOU CAN'T help feeling that having the President of our democracy in the pokey would be a good thing for us anti-monarchists. Who knows, we might even return to the theory of our Founding Fathers that the President was merely the first among equals.

Unfortunately for this lovely dream, you can also guess what any such President's first Presidential Order would be. It would consist of merely two words: "Pardon me."