

ART HOPPE



Mr. Nixon Splits

HOW THE PRESIDENT rose from the muck of Watergate to achieve true greatness in his final three years in office can now be revealed. The key, of course, was his firing of Mr. Nixon.

The President had won universal admiration for his courage and wisdom in handling foreign affairs. But as Mr. Nixon's chicanery and deceit in dealing with domestic matters dragged the President down into the mire, the rift between the two men widened.

Things culminated one weekend in November as the President read a good book to improve his noble mind while Mr. Nixon sat idly watching the Redskins on television.

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The President: Listen to this, Dick: "He is such an incarnate hypocrite, that whatever object he pursues, he pursues crookedly . . . Creeping along the ground to some small end, he will always magnify every object in the way and consequently will hate and suspect everything that comes in the most innocent manner, between him and it. So the crooked course will become crookeder . . ."

Mr. Nixon (humbly): They shouldn't say that about us, sir. I'll attack the press again immediately.

The President: That's a description of Uriah Heep, Dick, from David Copperfield.

Mr. Nixon: Oh, it's nothing to do with us, then.

The President (thoughtfully): I'm not so sure. Anyway, I've decided to come clean with every Congressman and cooperate fully with the courts. You may have destroyed the tape of my conversation with John Dean, but I'll give them my recollections of it that I dictated into my Dictograph.

Mr. Nixon (smiling secretively): Gosh, I can't find them anywhere, sir.

The President: It's good I didn't trust you and also wrote down my missing recollections of that missing tape in my diary.

Mr. Nixon (slyly): If I'd known that, sir, I'd have used something else to start the fire.

The President (angrily): At last I see through you, you fiend! It was you who hired those Watergate bumblers, blackmailed the milk industry, pulled off the Vesco deal . . .

Mr. Nixon (fawningly): Only to assure your re-election, sir.

The President: It was you who bugged and burglarized innocent citizens.

Mr. Nixon (cringing): Only to protect your security, sir.

The President: It was you who advised me to defy Congress and the courts.

Mr. Nixon (desperately): Only to preserve your Presidential powers, sir.

The President: No! You were trying to ruin me. Why?

Mr. Nixon (his humble mask dissolving): Because everybody always loved and admired you, while they loathed and despised me! I couldn't stand it! I had to drag you down to my level!

The President (grimly rolling up his sleeves): Well, they're not going to have Dick Nixon to kick around any more.

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THE DEED DONE, the noble President lived happily ever after, dealing openly and honestly with all. As for the disgraced and slithey Mr. Nixon, he last surfaced in Tijuana, where he ran a used car lot until run out of town by the Better Business Bureau.