

The President's Will Inflames the Mob



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Following is the text of an address by Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler.

FRRIENDS, Americans, countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to expose the President's finances; not to praise him. The evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones. So let it be with the President.

The noble press hath told you the President is unfit to govern. And the press are honorable men. Yet the President did bring many treaties home and won Peace with Honor. Did this in the President seem unfit?

And the press say the President is corrupt and avaricious and uncaring of the common good. When that the poor have cried, the President introduced Welfare Reform. And did he not last year alone give \$295 to charity? Avarice should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet the press say he is avaricious. And the press are honorable men.

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SIXTY-FIVE PER CENT of you did love him once, not without cause. What cause withholds you, then, to love him now? O' judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason.

(Applause. Cries of, "If thou consider rightly of the matter, the President has had great wrong.")

But yesterday the word of the President might have stood against the world. Now he lies in the White House, and none so poor to do him reverence. O, masters, if I were disposed to stir your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should wrong

the press, who, you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong. But here's a parchment with the seal of the President. I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will.

Let but the the people hear this testament — which, pardon me, I do not mean to read — and they would go and kiss his wounds; yea, beg a hair of him for memory, and, dying, bequeath it as a rich legacy.

(Cries of, "The will! Read the will!")

You will compel me to read the will? Then let me show you the press clippings of him who made it. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

Look, here they quote the perfidious Dean. See what a rent the envious Washington Post hath made. And mark you well how Alsop, who was the President's angel, did shaft him with his demand that he resign. O, that was the unkindest cut of all!

(Cries of, "O, traitors! O, ungrateful villains!")

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HERE, THEN, is the will under the President's seal. He hath left you all of his walks, his private arbors and new-planted orchards in San Clemente! He hath left them for you and your heirs forever! Common pleasures, to walk around and recreate yourselves! Here was a President! When comes such another?

(Cries of, "Never! Never! Revenge! Stop the presses!" Exeunt citizens)

Mischief, thou art afoot. I can't wait to see the next Gallup Poll.