

Abplanalp to Ziegler

(Fragments From an Alphabet)

A

Abplan, Abplan, Abplanalp—
There's a name to tingle the scalp!
Buying a villa in San Clemente?—
Abplanalp could save you plenty.
Something colonial?
Spanish baronial?
New concrete slab-plan?
Any old drab-plan?
Just whisper, "Halp!"
To Robert H. Abplan—
Alp!



B

Consider now this senator named Baker
(Who aims to be a mover and a shaker),
He's always probing for the whys and wherefores,
But somehow never grapples with the therefores.

D

Sing a song of Counsel Dean,
He who spilled the plural bean.
Ah, how well does he remember
What he said in mid-September.
How the President grew arch
On the twenty-first of March;
Yea, how Haldeman the rogue,
He and Ehrlichman and Krogh,
Mitchell, Liddy and Magruder
Talked of tactics cruder and cruder—
Framing Democrats with floozies,
Tapping phones of probing newsies,
Laying on assorted muggings,
Giving Teddy daily buggings,
Dumping foes across the border,
Spreading malice and disorder
In the Democratic caucus
(Tell the folks they're gay and raucous) . . .
So his tale went on for ages,
All in all three hundred pages,
Till he shocked good Mr. Gurney
Telling of his wedding journey
With his blonde and comely bunny

Using Maurice Stans's money.
Cried Gurney then, his patience burst,
"Of . . ."





E

No one puts the verve in
A committee like Sam Ervin.
He can quote you Nicodemus,
He can quote you Uncle Remus,
He can charm a Harvard highbrow
With the twitchings of his eyebrow,
He can parse the Constitution
Till you get a pat solution.
He can drive a balky witness into penitential fits,
Can our Senator Sam with his homily grits.

*He was savoring his dolce far niente
On the somewhat mortgaged sands of San Clemente
When reporters asked him, "Sir, what did go wrong?"
And he answered with this burst of carefree song:*

*"I know plenty o' nuthin',
Nuthin's plenty for me,
Oh, I don't know nuthin' 'bout the Watergate boys
Or the Ellsberg burglary—EE!
I know plenty o' nuthin'
Nuthin's plenty, you see,
'Cause I got my pad, got my friends
In the B & C Company—ee—EE—
Plenty for me."*

*Now, pray, who is this innocent who slept through
all the fun?*

He must be sui generis—yes, Nixon is the one!

N

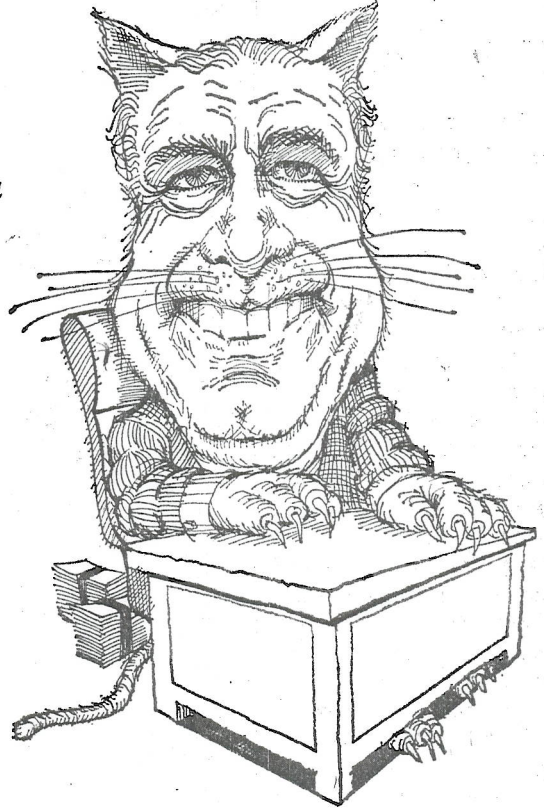
By Wallace Carroll

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Drawings by John Twohey

R

Now let the cellos play *misterioso*,
Here comes that quiet cat, Bebe Rebozo.
Let's have no smiles or smirking, please,
Unless you want a hazing from the IRS.
The Leader's pulse beats *molto furioso*
When some one cocks an eyebrow at Rebozo.



S

The man in charge of all Finance
(A faulty rhyme) was Maurice Stans.
He ran the fund to reelect
And, O, he was so circumspect.
In ways discreet from Maine to Texas
He twisted arms from out their nexes
Till greenbacks came in fat valises
Devoid of tell-tale marks or creases,
And if some bills were smudged, no quandary—
He sent them to a Latin laundry
Where all the stuff was scoured and boiled
To lift the print of hands well-oiled.
And when it all was neatly laundered,
He said, "Such gifts must not be squandered.
To Haldeman, the chief of staff,
I'll send three hundred grand, and half
Again as much to Lawyer Kalmbach
Who yearns to ease the itching palm—Mock
Not the needs of those who perjure
Or shred the files to save a merger,
Or plumbers plumbing warily
The cesspools of psychiatry."
But when some senators grew nosy,
He played them ring-around-a-rosey,
And when they pressed, he cried, "For Shame!
You've filched from me my one good name.
How dare you look at me askance!"
(Oh, damn the rhyme!) cried Maurice Stans.



T

Every night when work is done and Pat has drawn the drapes
 We sit beside the air-cooled fire and listen to the Tapes.
 Oh, it's fun when Haldeman goes *blippety, blippety, blip*,
 And how we laugh when Ehrlichman goes *skippety, skippety, skip*.
 But Pat just thinks the best of all (and here she cracks a rib)
 Is when it comes around to me and I just say *B-zib!*



H

*A man of taste is Anthony Ulasewicz,
 His choice of words is nothing but first-clasewicz.*

H

"Where is von Haldeman?
 Where is von Ehrlichman?"—
 All through the White House he volleyed and thundered.
 "Where has von Kalmbach fled?
 Where is von Krogh—in bed?"
 That's when the soldiers said
 Some *Von* had blundered.

Z

Let not the purist scorn nor seek to curb
 The coinage of a new and lovely verb,
 Derived from him who swore (such was his fate),
 "There is no Water and there is no Gate."
 Now let's admit, a sage may be inveigled
 And slyest fox may yet be bayed and beagled,
 The swiftest hare, alas, may quick be eagled
 And pious Klansman find his dues were kleagled—
 But how explain that every day of late
 The whole damn country let itself be *ziegled?*

