

# Mr. Nixon Proves His Innocence



**Arthur Hoppe**

**T**HANK GOODNESS! The whole Water-gate mess is over at last and we don't have to talk about it ever again. Mr. Nixon is totally innocent. And, what's more, he's got the evidence to prove it.

Senator Hugh Scott was the first to say he saw it. He said he couldn't say what it was. "But I saw what I saw," he said firmly, "and I am what I am and I stand on what I said."

As if that weren't enough, Vice President Ford said last week that Mr. Nixon, himself, had shown him the evidence and it certainly looked good — even though he hadn't gotten around to reading it yet. (Friends said his lips were tired.)

Moreover, numerous reporters said White House aides had called to tell them about it. The aides said they couldn't say what it was and they hadn't read it, either, but the reporters were perfectly free to write about it — if they quoted "unidentified sources."

It was no surprise, then, when a score of White House tourists disclosed that an usher at the East Portico had shown them the evidence last Friday. "He whipped it out from under his coat and let us look at it for at least ten seconds," said Miss Elmira Gotch of Bismark, Ohio. "It sure appeared convincing to me."

So there's no question evidence of Mr. Nixon's innocence exists. And his admirable restraint in making it public should be an inspiration to us all. It certainly inspired Fred Frisbee.

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**F**RED WENT OUT to buy a pint of ice cream last Friday night and returned home at 4 a.m. Sunday. His wife, Felicia, was understandably perturbed.

"There's lipstick on your collar," she

noted, "booze on your breath and, I trust, guilt on your soul."

"I am totally innocent," replied Fred with dignity. "And I have the evidence to prove it."

"What evidence!" demanded Felicia. Fred removed a document from his breast pocket, waved it under her nose and replaced it carefully. "There," he said. "Now are you satisfied?"

"What on earth was that?" she asked.

"The evidence of my innocence," said Fred. "And having personally seen the evidence of my innocence, you, as a fair-minded person, have no choice but to retract your charges."

Just then the phone rang. It was Fred's best friend, Hugh. "I just wanted you to know, Felicia," he said, "that Jerry and I have seen Fred's evidence and we agree he's completely innocent."

"But what's in it?" asked Felicia, her voice rising.

"Why, the evidence of his innocence, of course," replied Hugh.

This was followed by several anonymous phone callers — all assuring Felicia they knew for a fact the evidence existed. And she could quote them on it.

"There!" said Fred triumphantly. "You've seen the evidence and you've been assured it proves my innocence. What more could you want?"

At this point, Felicia said the hell with it and went to bed, adding she never wanted to discuss the subject again.

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**S**O NOW that Mr. Nixon has produced proof of his innocence, we'll never have to discuss the subject again. And rest assured that if the present trend continues, he'll let all 200 million of us see it — one at a time.