

Presidents (Box score)

Atlantic
4/12/69 Sat. Rev.

4/15/69.

Gentlemen:

Here is "President I Have Known," my reaction to a chain letter I and many others recently received from Richard Nixon.

By way of background, I am the Anatomy of a Murder man; and in the past you've seen a lead article, a short piece, and many book reviews of mine.

Sincerely,

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

RICHARD M. NIXON

WASHINGTON, D.C.

December 2, 1968

Mr. J. Voelker
Deer Lake Rd
Ishpeming, Michigan 49849

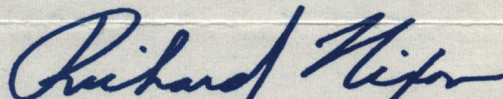
Dear Mr. Voelker:

As you may know, I have pledged to bring into this Administration men and women who by their qualities of youthfulness, judgment, intelligence and creativity, can make significant contributions to our country. I seek the best minds in America to meet the challenges of this rapidly changing world. To find them, I ask for your active participation and assistance.

You, as a leader, are in a position to know and recommend exceptional individuals. The persons you select should complete the enclosed form and return it to you. I ask that you then attach your comments. My staff will carefully review all recommendations for inclusion in our reservoir of talent from which appointments will be made.

I will appreciate greatly, Mr. Voelker, your taking time from your busy schedule to participate in this all-important program.

Sincerely,


Richard M. Nixon

RMN/jww
Enclosures

Dear P. H.:

I travel ^{awful} ~~at~~ [^] lot so I don't
get much of a chance to meet
exceptional individuals. But I do
know one that kind of ~~likes~~ ^{wants} to
visit Chile. I enclose the dope on him.

Maybe you could fix it up for
to appoint
him to ~~be~~ a part-time

Ambassador down there -- during
the fishing season, I mean.

P.S. He is ^{already} learning to speak Chilean.

I'm in his ~~reservoir~~ ^{reservoir}.

1st
12/16/68

~~WHO DAY SAID THAT LAST WHO'S WHO DAY~~

My Pal Dick Peacher ^{and smiled}

X

FDR once waved at me (at least, I think it was me, although there was twenty thousand people in the crowd); I once shook hands with Harry Truman ("Ah, good to meet you, Richard Travis," he said "I've always enjoyed your mysteries"); I once touched the ^{grave} ~~stone~~ of John F. Kennedy; and I, ^{enjoying} ~~enjoying~~ the distinction of ^{being} ~~being~~ ^{totally} ~~totally~~ ^{ignored} ~~ignored~~ by Lyndon Johnson. Only Richard Nixon appreciates my ^{inner} ~~inner~~ ^{whole} ~~whole~~ ^{being} ~~being~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{address} ~~address~~ ^{solidly} ~~solidly~~ to ME to prove it...~~

ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{reunion} ~~reunion~~ with Warren, "Dear Mr. Travis," he wrote ^{me} ~~me~~ before his recent

1st
12/16/68

|| Caps → Presidents I Have Known
my friend Richard

+

F.D.R. once smiled and waved at me, at least I think it was ^{at} me, although there were twenty thousand people in the crowd; I once briefly shook hands with Harry Truman -- "Ah, good to meet you, Richard Travis," he said, "I've always enjoyed ^{reading} your science fiction," and I once ~~met~~ touched the sleeve of J.F.K. ~~that~~ ^{only} Ike and L.B.J. ~~struggled~~ ^{But at all of} falling under the spell of my charm. Only Richard Nixon appreciates my true inner worth; I've got a personal letter from the man to prove it. And what did my ^{friend} ~~pat~~ ^{Richard} ~~Richard~~ want? He wanted my counsel and advice, of course.

somewhat
escaped

The Presidents I have known only

NEW
PAGE

"Dear Mr. Travis," he wrote ^{me,} several weeks before his swearing-in reunion with his old friend Warren. "As you may know, I have pledged to bring into this Administration men and women who by their qualities of youthfulness, judgment, intelligence and creativity, can make significant contributions to our ~~own~~ country. I seek the best minds in America to meet the challenges of this rapidly changing world. To find them, I ask for your active participation and assistance."

4) Attention, please, here comes the ~~rest~~ ^{good} part. "You, as a leader, ^{are} in a position ^{letter ran on,} "are in a position to know and recommend exceptional individuals. The persons you select should complete the enclosed form and return it to you. I ask that you then attach your comments. My staff will carefully review ~~your~~ all ^{recommendations} ~~comments~~ for ~~use~~ inclusion in our reservoir of talent from which appointments will be made."

recommendations

squealed with delight when I

"I will appreciate greatly, Mr. Traver, your taking time from your busy schedule to participate in this all-important program." And it was signed by ^{my friend Richard} the great man himself.

NEW PAGE

Naturally I took a ^{quick} ~~quick~~ at the enclosed form and found two. "Thank you, Dick," I ^{gratefully} murmured, "for so thoughtfully providing ~~me~~ a duplicate for my file."

(Or should it be filling it in?)

In the days that followed I wrestled ^{for hours} with filling out that form, ~~filling it out~~. Besides the usual stuff -- name, age, sex, trade schools attended and the like -- several questions particularly intrigued me. They occurred in the part called "Confidential resume for Federal Government." List three persons whom you believe would recommend you for federal office. Delicately cynical nibbling my ballpoint (and stoutly banishing ^{the notion} any notion that my friend Richard was capably rounding up the names of other local wheels ^{for} in preparation for ^{the} '72 campaign), I finally came up with the names of three other trout fishing pals with whom I had often discussed the ^{heady} prospect of winter fishing in Chile if ^{only} we could afford it. "See," I mused, "I'll appoint THEM to my staff and we'll all have a ball."

In 4. The answer to the line entitled "Please describe what position in the Federal Government you believe yourself to be best suited for" was ^{dead} easy. "Ambassador to Chile," I wrote ^{boldly}. Equally simple was my response to the part called "Please state briefly what you consider to be your outstanding achievement." "Wild time I hooked and landed that four-and-a-half ^{4 1/2} pound rainbow on a No. 16 spent-wing Clowns and a 12-foot leader tapered to 5X," I ^{proudly} ~~practically~~ responded.

W. J. P.

no need of the
~~the~~ ~~other~~ shortness of our
acquaintance

There had to be a covering letter, of course, and I grappled for days on just how I should address my ~~new~~ friend Richard. "Dear Dick" seemed a little presumptuous and precipitate just as "Honored Sir" seemed a little too remote and aristocratic ^{and stuffy}. I had to find a middle ^{ground}. So I visited the local library and thumbed through Emily Post and Long Vanderbilt and ^{all} the rest and came up with the answer.

New
PAGE

W. J. P.

"Dear Mr. President," I wrote. "Thank you for your recent letter. I trout fish an awful lot so I don't get much chance to meet exceptional individuals. But I do know one outstanding guy that kind of happens to visit Chile in the winter. (As you know, of course, when it's winter up here it's summer down there and vice versa.) I enclose the dope on him on the form you so thoughtfully provided.

"Please, Mr. President, couldn't you fix it up to appoint him part-time Ambassador down there -- during their trout-fishing fishing season, I mean?"

Hoping to remain from you, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Robert Traver.

P.S. He is already learning to speak Chilean."

I was sitting ^{home} by the fireplace, studying ^{all} my new maps of Chile,
having a drink and ^{lenders!}

NEW
PAGE

I was all set to mail my letter ^{to my friend Richard} when the
blow fell. I ^{suddenly} picked up ^{the evening} newspaper and read
that my friend Richard had sent identical letters
and forms to 66,000 other people. Or was it
88,000? He'd ^{seemingly} lodged their names and addresses
out of "Who's Who" or some such. After a ^{spell} I
thoughtfully downed my drink and went over to the fireplace
and, tearing my letter to bits, gently dropped ^{the pieces} ~~them~~ in
the ^{scouring} flames.

And that's how close I came to swimming in
that terming "reservoir of talent" of my friend Richard.

X

and I've spell (needling) ← needling
for a time charity. ^{off for further reflection}

I toyed with ~~but resisted~~ the heady temptation of adding a ^{highly} little needling paragraph something like this: "While my man didn't vote for you, his cleaning lady did, and he hasn't fired her yet -- which ^{actually} proves his tolerance and ^{softly} ~~softly~~ ^{generally} magnanimity. Anyway good cleaning ladies, however eccentric, are awful hard to come by. ^{these days,} I rejected the notion ^{however} ~~because~~ because I had a wee intuition I had

that my friend Richards' reputedly sensitive sense of hilarity might not ^{quite} hold still for that; that it might ^{in fact seem} ~~get~~ as it ~~was~~ a ~~stuffy~~ Chile response. ^{but} Instead I ~~appended~~ added a ^{cultural} brief postscript: "I'm ^{already} ~~already~~ learning to talk Chilean."

"The applicant"

lot 7 Dec. '68.

No # 54

2 pages, please.

PRESIDENTS I HAVE KNOWN

F.D.R. once smiled and waved at me, at least I

think it was at me, although there were twenty thousand people in the crowd; I ~~once~~ briefly shook hands with

Harry Truman--"Ah, good to meet you, Richard Travis,"

he said, "I've always enjoyed reading your ~~science~~

~~fiction,~~ and I once ~~brushed~~ the sleeve of J.F.K.

Ike and L.B.J. somehow escaped falling under the spell,

of my charm. But of all of the Presidents I have known

only Richard Nixon appreciates my true inner worth;

I've got a personal letter from the man to prove it.

And what did my friend Richard want? He wanted my

counsel and advice, of course

as discerning Richard ~~had found~~ that fast had a worthy successor.

Only ~~at last~~ ~~uncovered~~ a worthy successor had been found to

to that late ~~friend of~~ ~~President's~~, Bernard Baruch,

or
N

at a huddle of writers, I once

though Robert Bunker
I have yet to write
my 'book';

mysteries

grazed

Only

managed to

my

alone

thus been palsied with

my new friend

him of me?

more discerning he sought my counsel

that late friend of Presidents,

as discerning Richard

Only at last a worthy successor had been found to

to that late friend of President's, Bernard Baruch,

7

"Dear Mr. Traver," he wrote me ^g several weeks before
~~recent~~ his swearing-in reunion with his old friend Warren. "As ^{Earl}
^ you may know, I have pledged to bring into this Administration
men and women who by their ~~practical~~ qualities of
youthfulness, judgment, intelligence and creativity, can make
significant contributions to our country. I seek the best
minds in America to meet the challenges of this rapidly
changing world. To find them, I ask for your active
participation and assistance. ~~g~~

f

~~Attention, please, here comes the good part.~~ "You,
as a leader," his letter ^{went} ~~ran~~ on, "are in a position to
know and recommedd exceptional individuals. The persons
you select should complete the enclosed form and return
it to you. I ask that you then attach your comment.
My staff will carefully review all recommendations for
inclusion in our reservoir of talent from which appointments
will be made.

"I will appreciate greatly, Mr. Traver, your taking
time from your busy schedule to participate in this
all-important program." And it was signed by my friend ^{new}
Richard himself.

grassroots
a realist like Richard

^{at once}
I interrupted my busy schedule to take a quick
form application
Naturally I ~~quick took~~ a gander at the enclosed form
and squealed with delight when I found two. ^{not one but} "Thank you,
Dick," I gratefully murmured, "for so thoughtfully providing
a duplicate for my file." For surely ~~he~~ did not for
a moment think ~~that~~ I intended would
recommend anyone but myself. "Thank you, Dick,
I murmured gratefully, "for so thoughtfully
providing an extra copy for my file."

[Take A to A from p. 6]

f

In the days that followed I wrestled for hours filling out that form. (~~Or should it be filling it in?~~) Besides

the usual stuff--name, age, sex, ~~trade~~ schools ^{and jobs} attended

and the like--several questions particularly intrigued

me. "List three persons whom you believe would recommend you for federal office," ^{gave me a little more trouble.} Delicately nibbling my ballpoint

(and ~~steadily~~ ^{cynical} banishing the notion that my friend Richard

was cagily rounding up the names of ~~other~~ ^{usual} local wheels

in preparation for his '72 campaign), I ~~finally came up with~~ ^{celebrated until inspiration}

the names of three ~~men~~ trout fishing pals with whom I ~~had~~ ^{did} often

discussed the ~~heady~~ ^{dream} prospect of winter fishing in Chile -- ^{Trout}

if only we could afford it. "See," I mused, "I'll appoint

~~them~~ ^{them} to my staff and we'll ^{all} ~~have~~ have a ball."

[Now, I, take balance of p. 6] ^{B to B}

them
struck, and I quickly scribbled

f

A) I'd always longed to go trout fishing in South America so my

enjoy the fabled

The answer to the line entitled "Please describe what position in the Federal Government you believe yourself to be best suited for" was dead easy. "Ambassador to Chile,"

[ENJOY BACK TO P. 5]

I boldly wrote. ~~Equally simple was my response to the part~~

B

called ~~it~~ "Please state briefly what you consider

filled me with nostalgia.

to be your outstanding ~~and~~ achievement

"That June evening on the Big Exanation trout"

when I →

hooked and landed that ~~4 1/2~~ 4 1/2 pound rainbow trout on a No. 16

that the ~~all~~ trout

4 1/2 - pound HYPEN?

spent-wing Adams and a 12-foot leader tapered to 5X,"

I proudly ~~it~~ responded. B

slot of a

+

perfect
a total stranger

There had to be a covering letter, of course, and I
grappled for days on just how I should ~~address~~ ^{pondered} ~~my friend~~ ^{greet} ~~my friend~~ ^{new}

Richard. "Dear Dick" seemed a little presumptuous and
precipitate in view of the shortness of our acquaintance

just as "Honored Sir" seemed a little too austere and
stuff ^{so graciously} I had to find a middle ground, ^{come take a dip} ~~so~~ I visited

a salutation ^{for}

to a man who had ~~just~~ ^{so graciously} invited me to ~~sum~~ ^{come take a dip} in his

the local library and thumbed through Emily Post and Amy
Vanderbilt and ~~the~~ ^{at last} the rest, and ~~came~~ ^{quack} up with the
answer.

come take a dip
in his
Museum of Talent.

←
of the ^{etiquette} ~~gals~~ ^{gals} who ^{naturally} ~~write~~ ^{write} Presidents every day

6

in these parts who

"Dear Mr. President," I wrote. "Thank you for your recent letter. I trout fish an awful lot so I don't get much ^{of a} chance to meet 'exceptional individuals,' to borrow your ^{up here} ~~that~~ kind of hankers to visit Chile in the winter. (As you know, of course, when it's winter up here it's summer down there and vice versa.) I enclose the ^{confidential} ~~dope~~ on him on the form you so thoughtfully provided.

But ~~But~~ ^{But} I do know one outstanding guy ^{up here} ~~that~~ kind of hankers to visit Chile in the winter. (As you know, of course, when it's winter up here it's summer down there and vice versa.) I enclose the ^{confidential} ~~dope~~ on him on the form you so thoughtfully provided.

to borrow your penetrating phrasal

^{I do hope,} "Please, Mr. President, ^{that can see your way clear to} couldn't you ~~fix it up to~~ appoint him part-time Ambassador down there—during their trout-fishing season, ^{that is!} ~~I mean?~~ I mean?"

Dear real quincy
 "Hoping to remain from you, I am
 Sincerely yours,
 Robert Traver.

P.S. He is already learning to speak Chilean."

candid and ^{something of a} being ^{and old} ^{an old} ^{by} ^{tease to} ^{loat}
 I briefly toyed with ^{the} heady notion of adding
 a ^{needing} little paragraph something like this:
 "While I must confess that the applicant didn't
 vote for you and Spiro his cleaning lady did, and
 he hasn't fried her, yet - ^{thus} proving his ^{vast} tolerance
 and charity. Anyway, ^{these days} good cleaning ladies, however
~~politically wayward and eccentric~~, are awfully hard to
 come by ⁱⁿ ^{frigid} these days. But I resisted the temptation ~~to~~ ⁱⁿ
~~to~~ ^{flash of} ^{antipathy} ^{to} when, I ^{had} ^{an} ^{well} ^{flash of} ^{intuition}, I
 concluded that my friend Richards' reputedly low threshold
 of hilarity might not hold still for that; that ~~in fact~~
^{indeed} ^{it} might ^{even} ^{get} ^a ^{Chile} ^{reception}. Instead I ended
 on a ^{high} cultural note in the following ^{brief} ^{postscript}
 "The applicant is already ^{learning} to talk Chilean."
 COLON →

F

I was all set to mail my letter when the blow fell.

It happened while I was sitting home by the fireplace having a drink and studying ~~all my new~~ maps of Chile. I ~~idly~~ picked up the evening newspaper and suddenly read that my

friend Richard had sent identical letters ~~and forms~~ to 66,000

"leaders" Or was it 88,000? ~~Seeing~~ he'd cadged their

names and addresses out of "Who's Who" or some such.

After a spell I thoughtfully downed my drink and went over

to the fireplace and ~~tearing~~ my letter to bits, gently

dropped the pieces in the soaring flames.

If so -- along with ~~at least~~ 66,000 other ~~wistful~~ supplicants -- Richards' ~~that~~ teeming

"reservoir of talent" of my friend Richard, ~~along with at~~

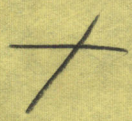
~~least 66,000 other wistful supplicants~~ ~~As the days~~ ~~more and more I concluded that~~ ~~perhaps~~ ~~that~~

perhaps ~~was~~ ^{this} is the time for all ^{good} fishermen to come to the aid stay home and come to the aid of their country.

"spectacular individuals" 13

Please retype the first & last pages in duplicate.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Deer Lake Road
Ishpeming, Michigan
~~No. 54~~



PRESIDENTS I HAVE KNOWN

by

Robert Traver

F.D.R. once smiled and waved at me, or at least I think it was at me, although there were twenty thousand people in the crowd; I once briefly shook hands with Harry Truman—"Ah, good to meet you, Richard Travis," he said. "I've always enjoyed reading your mysteries," (though Robert Traver has yet to write *one*); ~~his first~~ and I once touched the sleeve of J.F.K. Only Ike and L.B.J. somehow ~~managed to escape~~ *escaped* falling under my spell.

But of all of the Presidents I have thus been palsy with Richard Nixon alone appreciates my true inner worth; I've got a personal letter from him to prove it. And what did ~~he~~ *the man* seek of me? He sought my counsel and advice, of course; only *I* discerning Richard had at last uncovered a worthy successor to that late 'adviser to Presidents,' Bernard Baruch.

"Dear Mr. Traver," he wrote me several weeks before his swearing-in reunion with his old friend Earl Warren. "As you may know, I have pledged to bring into this Administration men and women who by their qualities of youthfulness, judgment, intelligence and creativity, can make significant contributions to our country. I seek the best minds in America to meet the challenges of this rapidly changing world. To find them, I ask for your active participation and assistance.

"You, as a leader," his letter went on, "are in a position to know and recommend exceptional individuals. The persons you select should complete the enclosed form and return it to you. I ask that you then attach your comment. My staff will carefully review all recommendations for inclusion in our reservoir of talent from which appointments will be made.

+

hilarity might not hold still for that; that indeed it might even get a cool if not Chile reception. Instead I ended on a *lofty* cultural note: "The applicant is already learning to talk Chilean."

I was all set to mail my letter when the blow fell. It happened while I was sitting home by the fireplace having a quiet drink and day-dreaming about Chile. I picked up the evening newspaper and, idly glancing, suddenly read that my friend Richard had sent identical letters to 66,000 other *discerning* "exceptional individuals." Or was it 88,000? Seems he'd cadged their names and addresses out of "Who's Who" or some such. After the initial shock wore off I downed my drink and went over to the fireplace and thoughtfully tore my letter to bits, gently dropping the pieces in the soaring flames.

So that's how close I came—along with some 66,000 other wistful supplicants—to swimming in Richard's teeming "reservoir of talent." ~~But as the winter days were on~~ *in fact more I guess* I really didn't want to go to Chile anyway. ~~More and more I concluded~~ *maybe* that ~~perhaps this was the time for all good fishermen to stay home and come to the aid of their country.~~

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Deer Lake Road
Ishpeming, Michigan
No. 54

*Old
Revised*

PRESIDENTS I HAVE KNOWN

by

Robert Traver

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Old record

hilarity might not hold still for that; that indeed it might even get a cool if not Chile reception. Instead I ended on a cultural note: "The applicant is already learning to talk Chilean."

lofty

I was all set to mail my letter when the blow fell. It happened while I was sitting home by the fireplace having a quiet drink and day-dreaming about Chile. I picked up the evening newspaper and, idly glancing, suddenly read that my friend Richard had sent identical letters to 66,000 other "exceptional individuals." Or was it 88,000? Seems he'd cadged their names and addresses out of "Who's Who" or some such. After the initial shock wore off I downed my drink and went over to the fireplace and thoughtfully tore my letter to bits, gently dropping the pieces in the scaring flames.

disarming
^

So that's how close I came--along with some 66,000 other wistful supplicants--to swimming in Richard's teeming "reservoir of talent." But as the winter days wore on I guessed I really didn't want to go to Chile anyway. More and more I concluded that perhaps this was the time for all good fishermen to stay home and come to the aid of their country.

In fact
^
maybe
^
every
^
guessed
^
his
^
^

*

(new)

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Deer Lake Road
Ishpeming, Michigan

PRESIDENTS I HAVE KNOWN

by

Robert Traver

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"I will appreciate greatly, Mr. Traver, your taking time from your busy schedule to participate in this all-important program." And it was signed by my new friend Richard himself.

Naturally I at once interrupted my busy schedule to take a quick gander at the enclosed application form, ^{and} I squealed with delight when I found not one form but two. For surely a grassroots realist like Richard did not for a moment think I would recommend anyone but myself. "Thank you, Dick," I murmured gratefully, "for so thoughtfully providing an extra copy for my file."

In the days that followed I wrestled for hours filling out that form. Besides the usual stuff—name, age, sex, schools and jails attended and the like—several questions particularly intrigued me. *For example—*

I'd always longed to enjoy the fabled trout fishing in South America so my answer to the line entitled "Please describe what position in the Federal Government you believe yourself to be best suited for" was dead easy. "Ambassador to Chile," I boldly wrote.

"List three persons whom you believe would recommend you for federal office" gave me a little more trouble. Delicately nibbling my ballpoint (and banishing the cynical notion that my friend Richard was cagily rounding up the names of other local wheels in preparation for his '72 campaign), I cerebrated until inspiration struck, and then quickly scribbled ⁱⁿ the names of three trout fishing pals with whom I'd often discussed the dream of winter trout fishing in Chile—if only we could afford it. "See," I mused, "I'll appoint them to my staff and we'll all have a ball."

"Please state briefly what you consider to be your outstanding achievement" filled me with nostalgia. "That enchanted June evening on the Big Escanaba when I hooked and landed that ~~4 1/2~~ 4 1/2-pound rainbow trout on a No. 16 spent-wing Adams and a 12-foot leader tapered to 5X," I proudly responded.

There had to be a covering letter, of course, and I pondered just how I should greet my new friend Richard. "Dear Dick," seemed a little presumptuous and precipitate in view of the shortness of our acquaintance just as "Honored Sir" seemed ~~little~~ too austere and stuffy a salutation for a man who had ~~just~~ ^{just} graciously ~~invited~~ ^{invited} a perfect stranger to come take a dip in his ~~private~~ ^{private} reservoir of talent. I had to find a middle ground, so I visited the local library and thumbed through Emily Post and Amy Vanderbilt and the rest of the etiquette gals who naturally write Presidents every day and came up with the answer.

"Dear Mr. President," I wrote. "Thank you for your recent letter. I trout fish an awful lot so I don't get much chance to meet 'exceptional individuals,' to borrow your penetrating phrase. But I do know one outstand^{ing} ~~guy~~ ^{guy} in these parts who kind of hankers to visit Chile in the winter. (As you know, of course, when it's winter up here it's summer down there and vice versa.) I enclose the dope on him on the form you so thoughtfully provided.

"I do hope, Mr. President, that you can see your way clear to appoint him part-time Ambassador down there--during their trout-fishing season, that is."

Being something of a kidder and an old tease ~~to boot~~ I briefly toyed with the heady notion of adding a candid and needling little paragraph something like this: "While I must confess that the applicant didn't vote for you and Spiro his cleaning lady did, and he hasn't fired her, yet--thus proving his vast tolerance and charity. Anyway these days good cleaning ladies, however eccentric, are awfully hard to come by."

But I resisted the temptation when, in a wee flash of intuition, I concluded that my friend Richard's reputedly low threshold of

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So that's how close I came—along with some 66,000 other wistful supplicants—to swimming in Richard's teeming "reservoir of talent." I guess I really didn't want to go to Chile anyway.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Deer Lake Road
Ishpeming, Michigan

PRESIDENTS I HAVE KNOWN

by

Robert Traver

F.D.R. once smiled and waved at me, or at least I think it was at me, although there were twenty thousand people in the crowd; I once briefly shook hands with Harry Truman—"Ah, good to meet you, Richard Travis," he said. "I've always enjoyed reading your mysteries," (though Robert Traver has yet to write one); and I once touched the sleeve of J.F.K. Only Ike and L.B.J. somehow escaped falling under my spell.

But of all of the Presidents I have thus been palsy with Richard Nixon alone appreciates my true inner worth; I've got a personal letter from him to prove it. And what did the man seek of me? He sought my counsel and advice, of course; only discerning Richard had at last uncovered a worthy successor to that late 'adviser to Presidents,' Bernard Baruch.

"Dear Mr. Traver," he wrote me several weeks before his swearing-in reunion with his old friend Earl Warren. "As you may know, I have pledged to bring into this Administration men and women who by their qualities of youthfulness, judgment, intelligence and creativity, can make significant contributions to our country. I seek the best minds in America to meet the challenges of this rapidly changing world. To find them, I ask for your active participation and assistance.

"You, as a leader," his letter went on, "are in a position to know and recommend exceptional individuals. The persons you select should complete the enclosed form and return it to you. I ask that you then attach your comment. My staff will carefully review all recommendations for inclusion in our reservoir of talent from which appointments will be made.

"I will appreciate greatly, Mr. Traver, your taking time from your busy schedule to participate in this all-important program." And it was signed by my new friend Richard himself.

Naturally I at once interrupted my busy schedule to take a quick gander at the enclosed application form ^{and I} squealed with delight when I found not one form but two. [✓] For surely a grassroots realist like Richard did not for a moment think I would recommend anyone but myself. "Thank you, Dick," I murmured gratefully, "for so thoughtfully providing an extra copy for my file."

In the days that followed I wrestled for hours filling out that form. Besides the usual stuff--name, age, sex, schools and jails attended and the like--several questions particularly intrigued me. *For example*—

I'd always longed to enjoy the fabled trout fishing in South America so my answer to the line entitled "Please describe what position in the Federal Government you believe yourself to be best suited for" was dead easy. "Ambassador to Chile," I boldly wrote.

"List three persons whom you believe would recommend you for federal office" gave me a little more trouble. Delicately nibbling my ballpoint (and banishing the cynical notion that my friend Richard was cagily rounding up the names of other local wheels in preparation for his '72 campaign), I cerebrated until inspiration struck, and then quickly scribbled ⁱⁿ the names of three trout fishing pals with whom I'd often discussed the dream of winter trout fishing in Chile--if only we could afford it. "See," I mused, "I'll appoint them to my staff and we'll all have a ball."

"Please state briefly what you consider to be your outstanding achievement" filled me with nostalgia. "That enchanted June evening on the Big Escanaba when I hooked and landed that 4½-pound ~~slab of~~ a rainbow trout on a No. 16 spent-wing Adams and a 12-foot leader tapered to 5X," I proudly responded.

There had to be a covering letter, of course, and I pondered just how I should greet my new friend Richard. "Dear Dick," seemed a little presumptuous and precipitate in view of the shortness of our acquaintance just as "Honored Sir" seemed ~~little~~ too austere and stuffy a salutation for a man who had ~~so~~ ^{just} ~~graciously~~ invited a perfect stranger to come take a dip in his ^{private} reservoir of talent. I had to find a middle ground, so I visited the local library and thumbed through Emily Post and Amy Vanderbilt and the rest of the etiquette gals who naturally write Presidents every day and came up with the answer.

"Dear Mr. President," I wrote. "Thank you for your recent letter. I trout fish an awful lot so I don't get much chance to meet 'exceptional individuals,' to borrow your penetrating phrase. But I do know one outstand^{ing} ^{guy} in these parts who kind of hankers to visit Chile in the winter. (As you know, of course, when it's winter up here it's summer down there and vice versa.) I enclose the dope on him on the form you so thoughtfully provided.

"I do hope, Mr. President, that you can see your way clear to appoint him part-time Ambassador down there--during their trout-fishing season, that is."

Being something of a kidder and an old tease ~~to boot~~ I briefly toyed with the heady notion of adding a candid and needling little paragraph something like this: "While I must confess that the applicant didn't vote for you and Spiro his cleaning lady did, and he hasn't fired her, yet--thus proving his vast tolerance and charity. Anyway these days good cleaning ladies, however eccentric, are awfully hard to come by."

But I resisted the temptation when, in a wee flash of intuition, I concluded that my friend Richard's reputedly low threshold of

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