

satire By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN *minute-by-minute chronicles of the diurnal duties and diversions of nine men and one woman, any one of whom just might be our next head of state—as a day in the life of jim bishop might have been spent recounting them*

**A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT GEORGE ROMNEY—OR ROBERT KENNEDY, RICHARD NIXON, RONALD REAGAN, MARTIN LUTHER KING, CHARLES PERCY, HUBERT HUMPHREY, NELSON ROCKEFELLER, LURLEEN AND GEORGE WALLACE**

MR. JIM BISHOP, the man who takes us into the bathtubs of the mighty, has written *A Day in the Life of President Johnson*, a book that preserves

for the ages the manner in which the President shaves, eats beef for breakfast and pauses with just one leg in his pants to summon an aide.

What's next for Mr. Bishop in his showerhead view of history? Here, as a PLAYBOY exclusive, are the opening pages of some best-selling sequels.





### A Day in the Life of President Romney

President Romney awoke at five, angry at having wasted so much time asleep. He went to the window, looked down at the earth and saw that it was good. Then he put on his sweat pants and took his regular morning run around his point of view.

At 5:30, Mrs. Romney awoke and said, "Good morning, George."

He scowled at the familiarity; but then, recognizing her position in his affairs, he smiled and tenderly shook hands.

"A lovely day," she said.

"I'll have a statement on that later," he replied; and then he switched on the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and marched reverently to the shower.

As the cold water cascaded over his well-scrubbed brain, the President double-timed in place and reappraised his recent stand against long sideburns. I should have made it clear, he thought, that I oppose them only on *men*.

At 6:15, he put on the pants of his blue suit, careful to insert both legs down from the top, first one, then the

other, in the custom of the time. Then he began applying talcum to his temples, allowing himself the pious hope that temples across the land were shining brightly, too.

At 6:30, his closest advisors, Ham, Shem and Japheth, entered the bedroom. "I'm afraid, sir," said Shem, "that you can't keep delaying a statement on Vietnam. This is the fifth anniversary of Mao's occupation."

"I do not envisage any forthcoming elaboration of my previous exploratory position," the President said crisply.

And then he finished dressing, 117



checked the angle of his jaw and strode down to the Oval Office, where he went right to work showing colorful slides of the Michigan budget.

#### A Day in the Life of President Kennedy

President Robert Kennedy awoke at 6:30, sweating from a nightmare in which he'd seen himself with no more scores to settle. The First Lady was already kneeling beside him, kneading and pounding his shoulders. Turning to her, he smiled boyishly and said, "Did you have any children during the night?"

"No," she said, "I was surfing. But I'll always keep you in the picture."

"Way to go," he said. "I always want to know. Remember, you're either with me or against me; there's no in between."

And then he leaped from the bed and cartwheeled to the bathroom, where he started tugging his forelock. "Put on the record!" he called, and the suite was soon filled with Sir John Gielgud's resonant reading of *Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*.

By 6:45, he had showered, shaved, stretched his hair and was back in the bedroom, where he wolfed down a breakfast of Wheatena and Schlitz.

"Ready . . . set . . . go!" cried the First Lady, clicking a stop watch as the President started reading the *Times*.

Four minutes and 38 seconds later, he reached the obituaries. "Damn!" he said. "That was rotten!"

"Maybe," she said, "the four-minute *Times* can't be done."

Slamming the table, he cried, "There's *nothing* that can't be done! Now let's hit The List. Who are we up to?"

Picking up a long sheet of paper, she said, "Portland Hoffa. Wait a minute: *She's* no relation."

"OK, spare her. Who's next?"

As the First Lady read, the President settled down to the morning's work.

#### A Day in the Life of President Nixon

President Nixon awoke at eight and lay for a moment in the still room, listening to his beard grow. Then he reached out for the result of a poll on whether he should get up. It was starting the day with a tough decision: Only 51 percent of the people wanted him up (42 percent didn't and 7 percent were undecided), but he still had a majority, so he rose, removed his pajamas and walked to the bathroom with his copies of *The New York Times* and *Boys' Life*. At once, he saw a jarring headline:

IS THE NEW NEW NIXON  
JUST THE FIRST ONE?

He decided to name a fact-finding team to read the story for him, interpret it and have the author fired. It had been so many years since he'd been ruthless and today he was feeling nostalgic.

While brushing his teeth (25 real, 13

false, thus giving him six spares), he thought, It's so nice to finally be President. At last I can be my real self.

On a pad above the sink, he wrote, "Find a real self. Arrange briefings."

At 8:15, he entered the shower; and at 8:19, his head now clean both outside and in, he went back to the bedroom, where he met Mrs. Nixon, an old friend.

"I want to take this opportunity," he said in the silly secret talk they often shared, "to thank you for all your support."

And then he called in his secretary and began dictating a position paper on a possible stand against urban riots.

"While the riots seem to do more harm than good," he said, "I am frank to admit that a wider sampling would be a better basis for generalization. Now, if we could also have Toledo, Tampa and Yonkers. . . ."

#### A Day in the Life of President Reagan

President Reagan awoke at 6:45 and smiled at the brilliant sun, hoping it was beaming as brightly on all the shuffleboarders, prunepickers, movie fans and old fanatics who had started him down the road to the White House.

"Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, look at that sky!" he told the First Lady. "I gotta do some location stuff. Let's go dedicate a national park or a statue of Barry and *then* let's go and throw some Federal funds in the Colorado."

"You have a press conference at eleven," she said.

"Oh, hell, have 'em use a rerun. I'm not taking any newfangled stands right now; I still like the old ones. Hey, that reminds me: How'd you like my speech on the Marshall Plan?"

"I thought you were *for* it."

"Well, by golly, this one really had me on the fence; but then I went up to Grant's Tomb and prayed awhile and the whole thing came to me in a flash: That damn Marshall Plan is just another case of the Federal Government doing something that the *states* can do *themselves!*"

The First Lady smiled proudly, put her head on the President's shoulder, saw that he needed a touch-up and got the Clairrol. Tenderly rubbing it in, she said, "You know, Ronnie, sometimes I just have to pinch myself."

"Gee, honey," he said, "I should be doing that *for* you, but it leads to all that scratching and biting and then I need make-up, which of course I never use."

"Oh, I'm not talking about *sex*. I don't mind waiting till your term is over; it's not *that* big a change in our routine. I pinch myself because I just can't believe that a General Artists man is really President. I always thought the White House would go to Ashley Famous."

"The G. A. C. boys should be proud:

I've ad-libbed the whole Presidency. I didn't learn a *line* for it, not even the Constitution. Anyway, this wonderful country runs itself—very nicely. I might add, without interference from the Federal Government."

At 7:10, while putting Plus White on his teeth, the President tried to remember some of the prayers that Knute Rockne's mother used to say; but he gave up when he realized that she'd said them in Norwegian.

A few minutes later, he and the First Lady went in to breakfast. Bowing his head toward the Sugar Pops (whose irreverent crackling made him frown), the President softly said, "O Mighty Boss of the Big Academy in the Sky, let me govern today in one take, with no static from Steve Allen, but with a clear voice for all the little folks in the loges, who still know that thy greatest temple will always be Shirley."

#### A Day in the Life of President King

At 6:30, President Martin Luther King awoke from a wonderful dream in which Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown had both been white and SNCC had stood for South Norwalk Chamber of Commerce.

When the First Lady awoke, she smiled at him and he tried to smile back, but he missed it once again and had to settle for a slight widening of his eyes.

"You know," she said, "I'm gettin' just a little tired of that book end you use for a face."

"I understand," he said. "Verily yes. Let us make sure that you never lose the right to reject it."

"What I mean," she said, "is, compared to *you*, Gandhi was a *swinger*."

To accent her point, she threw an ashtray at him, catching him squarely in the mouth, because, in the words of Alvin Dark, "They're all better players."

"Thank you," he said, "but I don't smoke."

"And you don't *smile* and you don't *fight* and—how the hell did you ever get elected?"

"Of the nine million who voted, I'm gratified that a majority wanted me."

"Well, sometimes I wish Javits had won."

The President walked to the TV set and turned it on. A newscaster was saying that the jury was still out in Adam Clayton Powell's third trial.

"The Reverend Powell would be of much greater help to our people," said the President, "if he would just admit that he's white. That's no crime, you know. In fact, it's probably coming back in style."

"That Powell," said the First Lady, getting dressed, "now *there's* a hip deacon. Marty, let's face it: You're the

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## A DAY IN THE LIFE (continued from page 118)

African Coolidge. You should've married Mahalia Jackson and then you two could've stayed up all night blessing each other."

"If you like, my dear, you can leave me. I won't hold you. I have fought too hard for your freedom."

As she walked in to breakfast, the First Lady wondered if there had ever been a divorce naming mankind as correspondent.

A Day in the Life  
of President Percy

At 7:48, President Percy stood before the bathroom mirror, once more upset to see no reflection. On this particular morning, the mirror's lack of response was especially depressing, because he'd forgotten his age.

"Dear," he called to the First Lady, "how old am I?"

"Either two years younger or two years older than Bobby," she said. "If you want, I can look it up."

"No, no: it'll come to me."

Tight-lipped, the President turned back to the wall and said:

"Mirror, mirror beside my towel,  
Am I relatively as young as I was  
at Bell & Howell?"

At 8:10, the President looked out at the Washington Monument. He had come a long way since he'd been a movie usher, but he knew that he still had a long way to go. He just couldn't figure out where. So he stopped brooding about statesmanship and went back to bed with the First Lady.

"Charles, please," she said, when he gave her a tight-lipped, no-nonsense kiss on the shoulder. "Doing *that* doesn't prove you're young. Men of *seventy* are doing *that*."

"To you?"

"Not that I recall."

"Well, let's go through with it, anyway," he said. "I hate starting things I don't finish; it's a bad example for the boys in Junior Achievement. Anyway, I've got you down for 8:12 and I believe in keeping appointments."

"You could always goof off for three or four minutes."

"Look, don't you feel romantic? Or do you *always* get taken to motels by Presidents?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey; I was just teasing; I forgot you don't joke. Of *course* I feel romantic; and coming here's a great idea. I could just never respond at Camp David. But it *was* silly to register under another name. I mean, you *know* that nobody knows you."

A Day in the Life  
of President Humphrey

When the First Lady awoke at 7:20 and didn't see President Humphrey, she knew he had spent another grim night with *The Book*. Throwing on her robe, she ran to the library and found the President asleep in a chair, his head resting on *The Wisdom of L. B. J.*, as told to Courtenay Valenti. She gently shook him and he awoke, smiling and waving.

"It's only me," she said, "and I voted for you."

"It's really a delightful pleasure," he said, "and, I might add, a pleasant delight, to greet my very own wife on this grand and significant occasion."

"That's good," she said. "You can use it if you ever have to dedicate or launch me."

"You know, Muriel, I had the nicest dream. I dreamed it was before the accident and Big Daddy was still President and I was again coping with those wonderful old responsibilities of praising him. Gosh, I was even using new adjectives, words I *wish* I'd thought of when he was alive, words like Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

"He would have liked those. He would have wanted you to keep using them. But now it's *your* turn, Hubert, and you have to go on—in His name. Come upstairs; breakfast is ready."

At 7:30, as he followed the First Lady to the dining room, the President stopped smiling with a sharp crack of his cheeks. He was clearly worried.

"You know, honey," he said, thoughtfully spinning one of his spurs, "maybe I just wasn't cut out for the top job. Maybe I should've stayed in the drugstore. I might still have the liberals if I were just selling 'em Kaopectate."

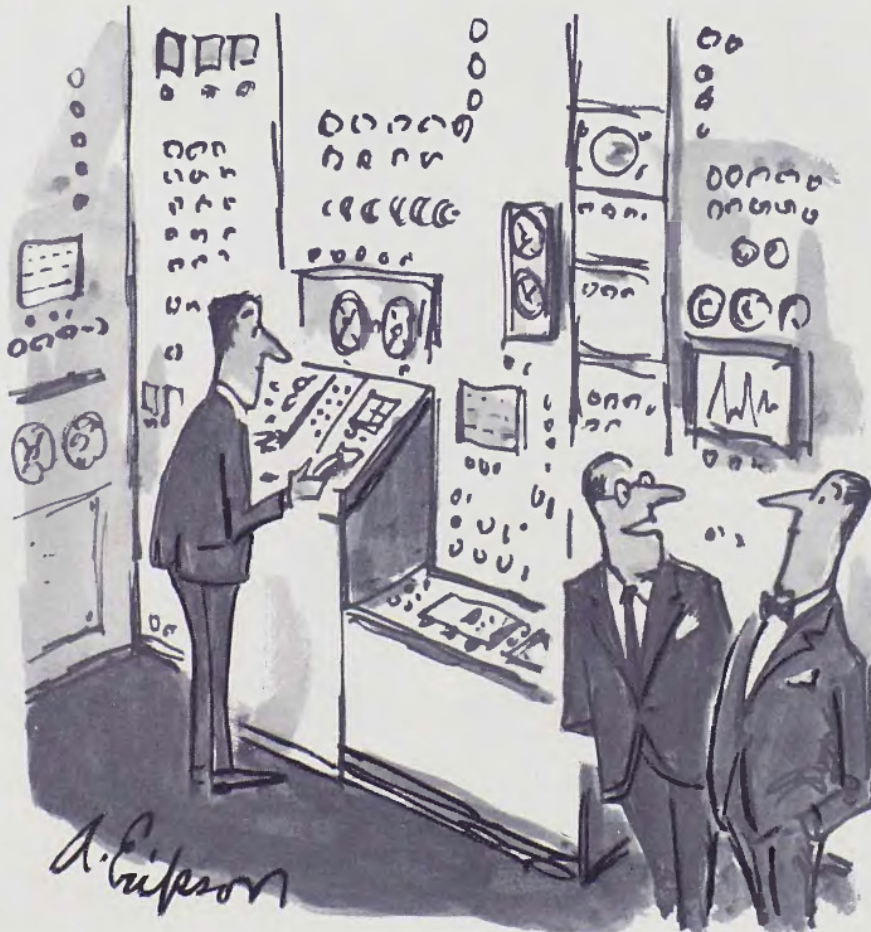
"Oh, screw the liberals," she said sweetly. "You've still got me and the children."

"Good old Muriel! I can always count on you to help me keep my perspective."

Then he took out his notes for the dedication of the oatmeal.

A Day in the Life  
of President Rockefeller

At 7:10, President Nelson Rockefeller awoke, sat up and made some notes for his autobiography, tentatively titled *The*



"He found his wife by computer. Now he's trying to find out how to get rid of her."



*Importance of Being Earnest.* When he finished writing, he leaned over and gave the First Lady a playful punch on the chin.

"C'mon, fella," he said. "Time to hit the deck."

"OK, honey," she said with a yawn. "I love to watch you running the country."

"And I love to see you beside me, with all the men admiring your looks and all the women wondering if you're pregnant. You're a grand girl. Grand."

"Say, that reminds me: Tell me again how much it is."

"Oh, Happy, you know I never count it."

"Sorry; I'm such a silly goose about security."

As the President took off his pajamas and Dartmouth T-shirt, the First Lady said, "You know, Nelson. I was reading a history book last night and I learned something very interesting. Your grandfather was a bastard."

"My little ricochet romance," he said, playfully punching her again and wondering if he should have married Bobo. She smiled at him, the sweet little smile that bugged so many Catholics, and at 7:25, they fell into an embrace.

At eight o'clock, they walked together toward the shower, stopping only when they met a reporter.

"Hi, guy," said the President.

"Mr. President," said the man, "the entire Free World is wondering why you always sound so nasal. Is it ingrained wealth or adenoids?"

"Lemme tell ya something about this wealth business, fella. How many meals a day can a guy eat? Three, four at the most. A *knish* here, a boiled potato there, some *ravioli*, and a few egg rolls around midnight. And how many places can he own? Half a dozen at the most. A place in New York, a hunk of Westchester and the middle of Venezuela. And how many TV spots can he buy? Twenty, maybe thirty a day; forty at the outside—unless, of course, he's behind."

And then, excusing himself, the President led the First Lady to the shower, where he sang the song that had won him both the nomination and election—*Happy Talk*.

#### A Day in the Life of the Presidents Wallace

The President and Mr. or Mrs. Wallace awoke at 6:50, simultaneously, one assisting the other. George got up at once, went to the window and looked out at the South Lawn. The rising sun sent a long shadow from the iron jockey below.

"Splendid mornin', sugar," he said. "I think the first thing I'm gonna do today is cut loose another state. Let's see, now—how many we got left to dump?"

"Gee, honey," said Lurleen, "I think we've gone and whittled this crummy ol' Union down to about thirty-one or -two. How about freein' Montana next?"

"Montana? That one of ours?"

"So they tell me."

"OK, then as soon as I get to the office, I'll—"

"Hey, just a minute, George; it's my turn to run the country."

"No it ain't, sugar; you had it yesterday."

"But I couldn't do anything with it; it was that time of the month."

"Too bad; that ain't in the Constitution."

"It's in *mine*."

By 7:15, when they had almost finished dressing, their Presidencies had agreed to make America HIS until noon, HERS until six, and then give it to the National Guard while they got some chicken and went to a drive-in. As he combed his hair, George wondered if Negroes really *did* have natural rhythm. For several minutes, he tried to think of all the

Negroes he knew who couldn't dance; but he finally came up with just A. Philip Randolph and a headache.

"Hey, honey," said Lurleen, "know who I'm seein' today? The wife of the President of Ghana."

"Why? We short a maid?"

"Say, I'll bet she *is* a classy cleaner. Maybe she'd like to come in once or twice a week for a little diplomacy and light housework."

"Sure; it could be a great li'l cultural exchange. She could show you how they dust in Gonna—"

"Ghana."

"—And you could show *her* what knives and forks are for."

With a sudden rush of affection, she embraced him and cried, "Oh, I just *love* you, Georgie!"

"Likewise, sugar. 'May your days be merry and bright.'"

"—And may all your Christmases be white!"



"But darling, the female praying mantis always eats the male during copulation. Any other way would be unnatural!"