Suppose that until recently one traditional (if rather odd) question asked of all newly-elected or newly-seated U.S. presidents at their first press conference was this one: “Had you never entered public life, what do you think would be your chief claim to fame at this time?” (In their logologically-fancied responses that follow, the word “my” is always exogenous.)

John Adams: “My jam-on-shad.”
James Madison: “My joss-man I made.”
James Monroe: “Me? My major nose.”
John Quincy Adams: “My joy—quad chins, man!”
Andrew Jackson: “My ‘Cajon Ken’ sword.”
Martin Van Buren: “My Burnt Vermin ana.”
William Henry Harrison: “My hairy men’s ill-worn hair.”
John Tyler: “Try my hen, ‘J-Lo.’”
James Polk: “My joke ‘lamps.’”
Zachary Taylor: “My crazy ‘royal’ hat.”
Millard Fillmore: “Me, I am my droll frill.”
Franklin Pierce: “My pink fern ‘Claire.’”
James Buchanan: “My Cuban ‘hen’ ‘jamas.”
Abraham Lincoln: “My ‘banal lion’ charm.”
Andrew Johnson: “My funny · · · J-Lo.”
Ulysses Simpson Grant: “My Messy Sarongs Nip Lust.”
Rutherford Birchard Hayes: “My hardy brother Ed’s fur chair.”
James Abram Garfield: “My marmalade-fiber jags.”
Chester Alan Arthur: “My A Churl’s Earthen Art.”
Grover Cleveland: “My clever ‘Groveland.’”
Benjamin Harrison: “Jasmine,’ my rhino barn.”
William McKinley: “My wily Limekiln Mac.”
Theodore Roosevelt: “My Shoe Tree Lover to-do.”
William Howard Taft: “O! My wild ‘fat mail’ wrath!”
Thomas Woodrow Wilson: “Oh, my town! Warm wood silos!”
Warren Gamaliel Harding: “Hard...My gaming warren, Leila?”
John Calvin Coolidge: “My jovial conch ‘Goldine.’”
Herbert Clark Hoover: “My Herbal Rocker throve...”
Franklin D. Roosevelt: “My dark Flint Loon verse.”
Harry S Truman: “My marshy rat run.”
John Fitzgerald Kennedy: “Oh, my rank, dented, jingly fez!”
Lyndon Baines Johnson: “My old ‘nanny’ job shines on...”
Richard Milhouws Nixon: “My rich, loud mini-saxhorn.”
Gerald Rudolph Ford: “Ralph, my old furred dog.”
James Earl Carter: “Ere smarter, my jacal.”
Ronald Wilson Reagan: “My role in ‘Law and Organs.’”