

# Can Dick Woo Pat?



## Arthur Hoppe

**G**OOD MORNING, housewives and other shut-ins. It's time for another heartwarming chapter of "Will to Win" — the story of a humble young lad's magnificent achievement in attaining a seat on the very pinnacle of power. Which is enough to make anybody squirm.

As we join Dick in the little white house around the corner, he is seated in the breakfast nook checking off names in a notebook as his loyal wife, Pat, reads the paper.

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**Dick:** Connally? No, the Democrats would never approve a winner like him. Nelson? No, the Republicans would never approve a loser like him. It's got to be somebody with no presidential ambitions, somebody I can trust, somebody . . .

**Pat:** Did you see this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Peron in the paper, dear? Such togetherness.

**Dick:** (snapping his fingers): By George, that's it! Pat, I want to pop the question. (getting down on one knee) Will you do me the honor of becoming my Vice President?

**Pat:** But you already have a Vice President, dear.

**Dick:** I know. But my Vice President doesn't understand me. I now see that the only way to true happiness is to give him up for you.

**Pat:** Me? But why me, dear? I'm only your wife.

**Dick:** I know. But I must think of our future. If anything happens to me, I know I can trust you . . .

**Pat** (alarmed): But you're in fine health, dear.

**Dick:** . . . to appoint me to the Supreme Court. And I'm sure Congress

would approve you. After all, what's good enough for Argentina is good enough for us.

**Pat:** Imagine me, only a wife, becoming Vice President! What would I have to do, dear?

**Dick:** First, you'll have to trade in your Republican cloth coat for a Republican cloth golf jacket, one Frank Sinatra will like.

**Pat:** But I don't play golf, dear. Are you sure I'm qualified to be Vice President?

**Dick:** Certainly you are. Say, "Nattering nabobs of negativism."

**Pat:** Nabboring negovs . . . Oh, dear!

**Dick:** Never mind. It only takes practice. And you'll get to go out to the airport to greet visiting heads of countries that don't have nuclear weapons, especially if it's raining. And I'll send you on trips bearing important messages like, "Hi there, Mrs. Meir. Merry Christmas, nu?"

**Pat** (frowning): Are you sure you aren't just trying to get rid of me?

**Dick:** Nonsense. After each of your trips, I'll want you to give me a full report. In writing of course. And we'll see each other often. You know, at State Banquets and such.

**Pat:** But won't we ever get to sit down together for intimate little chats?

**Dick:** Only if you get investigated by a Grand Jury. Well, what do you say? Will you accept the second highest office in the land?

**Pat:** I know you'll think me perfectly mad, dear . . .

**Dick** (eagerly): Yes!

**Pat:** But I'd rather be a wife than only a Vice President.