

# Don't Let Dick Become Resigned



**Arthur Hoppe**

**G**OOD MORNING housewives and other shut-ins. It's time for another chapter of "Tooth and Nail," the heart-warming story that asks the question: Can a poor, honest boy from Whittier struggle ever upward against overwhelming odds to win fame and fortune? And not get caught?

As we join Dick and his loyal wife, Pat, Dick is reading the newspaper at the dinner table, calmly and coolly facing up to his 342nd crisis.

**Dick:** Can you imagine? They're saying that even though I'm innocent, which I am, I should resign because I've lost public confidence. They say nobody will do what I tell them to any more.

**Pat:** Nonsense, dear. Now just relax and eat your cold beans.

**Dick:** Cold beans? You mean the cook's quit, too?

**Pat:** Don't worry dear. I changed the Help Wanted ad. It now says, "Wanted: 32 assistants, 48 typists, six Cabinet secretaries and one cook. Equal opportunity employer."

**Dick:** I hope somebody applies soon. It's so quiet around here. And Henry won't come home from Paris until his secret negotiations win Peace with Honor. Again.

**Pat:** (shaking her head): How long can that Brigitte Bardot hold out? But look on the bright side, dear. At least Spiro's still saying nice things about you.

**Dick:** Then why won't he return my phone calls? Why won't anyone return my phone calls?

**Pat:** Maybe you should talk it over with your new dear friend and close trusted adviser, Mr. Connally. He's so discreet. The papers say he's never seen in public lately.

**Dick:** Good idea. What's he look like? It's hard to remember.

**Pat:** Really, dear. You should get

away. What about a nice Florida cruise with Bebe?

**Dick:** I can't. He's laid up his boat because of the hurricane.

**Pat:** What hurricane?

**Dick:** I don't know. He just said he'd love to see me as soon as the storm blows over. Of course, we could go out to San Clemente . . .

**Pat:** Now, dear, you know how it upsets you to see that Bide-An-Hour Motel Mr. Abplanalp put up on the land you sold him. And since they changed the configuration on Air Force One . . .

**Dick:** (frowning): I don't mind flying tourist. But paying \$2 for a headset to watch "Patton" . . .

**Pat:** (thinking): We could go for a nice drive, if Ford hadn't recalled your limousine. I know! Why don't you go for a little walk? It'll do you good.

**Dick:** I'm afraid to go out.

**Pat:** I'm sure nobody would recognize you. It's been so long since you've been out.

**Dick:** That's just it. I'm afraid they won't let me back in. But at least I still have you and my loyal dog, King Timahoe, ever faithful. Here, King! Here, boy! Come here, boy! What's the matter with that dog!

**Pat:** I think he wants me to take him for a walk. Don't worry. We'll be right back.

**Dick:** (suspiciously): Then why are you carrying that suitcase?

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**W**ILL DICK once again at a nadir in his fortunes, come back? Will Pat? Can we long survive without a strong leader telling us what to do every single minute?

Well, tune in next time, friends. And, meanwhile, let your prayers and sympathy go out to all once-omnipotent men now shorn of some of their powers. And let's keep it that way.