

# Dick and Pat and The Miami Redskins



— Arthur Hoppe

**G**OOD MORNING, housewives and other shut-ins. It's time for another chapter of "Will to Win," the heartwarming story of a poor grocer's son named Dick and his unending struggle to overcome wealth, power, landslides, five o'clock shadow and 16 million recalcitrant Asian peasants.

As we join Dick, it's Sunday and he's seated on the edge of his chair, watching the Super Bowl on television. That's his charming wife, Pat, sitting next to him, knitting.

**Pat:** As I told reporters the other day, dear, I just love watching football games with you. Then, when you have to go answer the telephone I can watch the game for you and tell you what happened.

**Dick:** Let me say this about that: after your help last week, I told them today to put through only the most urgent calls. (Muttering to himself) Third and eight for the Redskins. They ought to go for the bomb. That is my conclusion.

**Pat:** (worriedly): Now, dear, you promised you wouldn't bomb those football players — not after they lifted the local tee-vee blackout on this game.

**Dick:** Hmmm? No, no, "go for the bomb" means to throw, rightly or wrongly, a long pass. Let me say to you at this time, with all sincerity, please be quiet. Now, let's see, with the Dolphins in a shifting zone . . .

(The telephone rings)

**Dick** (leaping to his feet): Aha! A most urgent call! It can only be Coach George Allen asking me my opinion, in my opinion, on the course he should properly take on third and eight. Hello, George? Oh. It's you, Henry. This better be most urgent. The Redskins are in trouble. No, I haven't gotten us in another war. They're a football team. No, the season isn't over yet. What's the problem? Well, in my judgment, you should keep the pressure on by mixing power plays over their weak side

with a razzle - dazzle passing game. No, I haven't got time to explain what that means. (He hangs up) I'm going to have to get some real Americans on my team. What happened?

**Pat** (enthusiastically): Well, somebody threw the ball up in the air and somebody caught it. Then somebody kicked it and then somebody ran the whole length of the field with it.

**Dick:** Holy Moley! What color shirt was he wearing?

**Pat:** One of those cute black and white striped ones. I think somebody made a touchdown. Was it the Miami Redskins?

**Dick:** Jumping Jehoseaphat! It must have been the Dolphins. My team needs me. (He picks up the phone) Operator, operator, have you got my party yet? What do you mean Bill Kilmer won't accept my call? Did you tell him it was pre-paid? Oh. (He hangs up) Now what happened?

**Pat:** Well, somebody kicked the ball and then somebody ran a long way with it, but he dropped it and somebody picked it up and ran . . .

**Dick:** Never mind. Why's Joe Namath all lathered up? Oh, it's a commercial. What's happening? What's going on? What's . . . Wait! They're back to live action and . . . (The telephone rings) Hello, damn it.

**Pat** (from the television set): Oh, you really should watch this, dear. This one man's throwing the ball a long, long way and the other's running and . . .

**Dick** (into the telephone): Go for the bomb!

**Pat:** Oh, isn't that nice. You finally got your most urgent call from Coach Allen asking your advice. That was Coach Allen, wasn't it dear?

**Dick** (testily): No, it was Henry again.

**Pat** (frowning): But, dear, Henry doesn't understand football terms.

**Dick** (nodding with a satisfied smile): I know.