

Is Dick His Brother's Tapper?



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GOOD MORNING, housewives and other shut-ins. It's time for another chapter of "Will to Win" — the heartwarming story of a humble man named Dick, his love of knowledge, and his determined efforts to acquire all of it he can. Mostly electronically.

As we join Dick today, he is seated at the breakfast table, wearing his headset and fiddling with the dials in his lap. His loyal wife, Pat, is reading the newspaper.

Pat: Good heavens, dear. This is awful. The Washington Post says you've been tapping the telephone of your own brother, Donald!

Dick (indignantly): Am I my brother's tapper? Would I bug my own brother? Even if he's been bugging me for years? Would I bug a member of my own family? You know I wouldn't. As you said in your sleep just the other night . . .

Pat (blushing): I didn't know you'd come into my bedroom. I'm sorry I wasn't awake. We could have played Canasta. Which reminds me. I hope Mrs. Agnew won't wear her white tulle to our garden party this evening. I was planning on wearing mine.

Dick: Mrs. Agnew? Just a minute. No, she's wearing her black chiffon. My, that's interesting. They're still mad at their son. He just got remarried you know.

Pat: That reminds me. I want to get my hair done.

Dick: Too late. Your hairdresser just left for . . . Darn, only your hairdresser knows. Secretive type. Doesn't even talk to himself.

Pat: Well, I'm glad the Agnews' son got remarried. Just think, dear, you and I may be grandparents any day.

Dick: No such luck. As Julie told David

while he was shaving yesterday morning, the rabbit's ok. (frowning) And will you please tell the cook for the last time that I hate rutabagas. Have him cancel the order.

Pat: When did he order them?

Dick: Ten seconds ago.

Pat: But just last week you said you loved rutabagas. Remember? It was 7:32 a.m. and I was in the shower and you shouted through the door . . .

Dick: I most certainly never said I liked rutabagas. Did you say 7:32 a.m.? In the shower? Just a minute. (He fiddles with the dials and listens.) Well, a man's got a right to change his mind. I now hate rutabagas.

Pat: My, it's wonderful to be married to a man who knows everything. What will we talk about now?

Dick: Anybody. Oh, yes, you might take King Timahoe to the vet's. He's been groaning in his sleep. And don't pay that plumbing bill. The plumber told his wife he overcharged us \$17.92. And remind me to get Henry to stop gargling in the morning. It hurts my ear drums.

Pat: Yes, dear. But your constant search for knowledge is so inspiring.

Dick (humbly): I'm only doing my duty. After all, how can I build a better world based on mutual trust unless I know what's going on?

Pat: I know, dear. The only thing is . . . Well, it makes it hard for me to know what to talk about. (desperately, after a long silence) Do you think it will rain on my garden party?

Dick: God only knows.

Pat (sighing): I guess you're right.

Dick (fiddling with his dials): Just a minute. I'll check.