

The Doggity Chiefs Report

Week 12 – Chiefs vs 'Roiders at the Head – Score: KC 27 – Oak 24

The Doggity Report is all over the carpet at www.georgeblowfish.com!

Overview – See, I told you all that the score would be 27-24, didn't I? OK, I said the East Bay Convicts would win, but, hey, I don't mind being that sort of wrong. Tip o' the cap to Mr. & Mrs. Blowfish for inviting me to sit in the front row again. I even caught a Twinkie from KC Wolf! (Which, being the nice guy I am, I presented to the lovely young lady sitting next to me. The Dog needs to watch his carbohydrate intake) I realized after the game that I should have saved last years' Doggity Report of Oakland at KC for this year.

<http://www.georgeblowfish.com/Doggity%20Week%20208.pdf> This autumn wind was like a Raidah – as the late John Facenda so eloquently versed for NFL Films. It was cold and blowing, with flurries jetting around inside the Arrowhead bowl like one of those snow globes you get in an airport gift shop. This game was much closer than it should have been. We were at home and Oakland is not as good a team as the Bengals (I can't believe I just said that), otherwise the outcome this week would have been more like November 23, 1969. I guess the historical freaky factoid, along with a lame defensive effort was strategically designed to keep the stands full despite the climate. It worked. The crowd was noisy and on its feet until MA's 35-yard field goal into the howling wind barely cleared the crossbar. Well, except for the Gold Level. Those seats were nearly bare. They all must have been in the Arrowhead Club sipping a cognac by the fire and reminiscing about fraternity pranks of days gone by. I am left with two overall impressions. First, any team with a big back and a mobile quarterback can beat the Chiefs just about anytime they want to. Secondly, unless Trent Green is running a no-huddle and making audibles – then no one can beat the Chiefs – at least not at home.

Offense – The O came out and made an early statement, scoring 14 unanswered points and dominating the game. They did it with 4,712 screen passes to Priest and Derrick Blaylock. Every time they ran a screen, they popped it for 20 yards. Derrick Blaylock looked like Marcus Allen against that bewildered Oakland D. Finally, the Faders figured out what was going on and they snuck up the safeties. At that point we should have gone up top. But for some reason we didn't. Al Saunders kept calling screens, only now they were being stuffed for losses. So the offense went into a shell that they finally shook off just in time. How you ask? They went into the no-huddle and put the play-calling in Trent's hands. I honestly believe the Chiefs would have scored a TD on the final drive if not for the unbelievable phantom pass-interference call on Gonzo, or if Morton had caught a pass on the next play that hit him in the proverbial bad place (the hands). In either case, it was immaterial. Marc "Milk Carton" Boerigter did something that the receivers for Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and many others have been unable to do. He ran a route two yards past the first down marker! Imagine that! No doubt Philip Buchanon playing 20 yards off him didn't hurt. A couple of guys who get no love on this unit, deserve to be called out for their contributions on Sunday. Derrick Blaylock left little doubt why #1 pick Larry Johnson is in streets. Jason Dunn – the "blocking" tight end now has three times as many TD receptions as Jerry Rice. And finally, Casey Weigmann is an under-rated stud on this O line. On one screen pass that set up a TD, Weigmann ran out in front of Priest and took out two guys. That is the sort of thing you occasionally see a tight end do, but not a center!

Defense – When was the last time I told you that I hate this defensive scheme? That long, huh? And it is not just scheme. This unit lacks basic fundamentals. They don't tackle well, they don't cover gaps well, and they are slow to the ball on running plays. The die is cast. You beat the Chiefs by playing conservative. Run the big back up the gut. Don't go up top. Throw high-percentage stuff underneath. Only risk the bomb when you see a safety blitz and have Toasty Warfield on an island against a guy wearing #80. Do that, and don't make stupid mistakes and you win. Fortunately, thanks to Bill "Al Junior" Callahan, the Raiders can't get through 60 minutes without doing a few amazingly stupid things. Seven penalties for 65 yards was actually pretty good day for the inept Convicts. What was inexcusable was the way Rick "Notre Dame's Ryan Leaf" Mirer and a patchwork quilt on the line managed to keep our front four at bay. Tyrone "third

string” Wheatley gashed the KC D. The ‘Roiders ran at will. Even Twinkle-Toes Mirer ran up the gut 5 times for 38 yards and a score. Granted, one of those runs was facilitated when Umpire Undrey Wash laid a nice block on Scott Fujita. Why did we not mix up this washed up QB and inexperienced line? We ran a totally vanilla defense, except for that one inexplicable “send the house” blitz that resulted in Rice’s first score of the year. That blitz was so obvious, that some kid sitting behind me yelled, “blitz” before the snap. Mirer audibled and an extra blocker appeared next to him. We went anyway and the result was Toasty all by himself with Jerry-atric Rice. Toasty went for the ball, rather than the tackle – of course – and then couldn’t catch Rice, even with the Oakland receiver dragging his walker and bedpan. We now know for absolute certain that Dr. Evil can, over the course of a season, take all of the passion and skill out of even talented and driven players. Shawn Barber looks more like Glenn Cadrez every game. Vonnie Holiday has become a slightly faster Duane Clemons. Toasty Warfield started the season by shedding the moniker, but has solidly regained it in the past couple of weeks. All that said, there are still a few on this unit deserving of recognition. Scott Fujita has been outstanding. Oh! Dexter! has been solid at corner. Greg Wesley is everywhere. If it were not for the tackling of Wesley and Fujita, this defense would be playing flag football.

Special Teams – They giveth and they taketh away. Dante Hall did not break one today, but he was inside Faders’ special coach, Bob Casullo’s head. What was that squib-thing? KC had pretty good field position on several drives due to Dante’s runs, and Oakland’s feeble attempts at keeping the ball away from him. The punting was dreadful again Sunday. One short-line-driver that looked suspiciously like the one Peter Warrick took to the paint last week fell to Philip Buchanon, and was subsequently returned to the KC 26. Thankfully, unlike the Cincy return-man, Buchanon is a steroid-juiced moron (a prerequisite for making this team). He proceeded to yank off his hat and taunt the crowd. The flag flew and the ball was moved back to the 41. This punter is just not very good. Be that as it may, MA was money. I have been down on him a couple of times this year, but Sunday he was Mr. Cool. As if to prove to the final few doubters that Bill Callahan couldn’t coach little league, he called a timeout to “ice” Morten. Puh-lease! This guy has won more games with last-second field goals than Callahan has coached. MA just put on his “35-yard” shoe and smacked one through the gale just over the crossbar.

AFC West – Here were the week’s results in the AFC West:

#1 Kansas City Chiefs – It is always fun to kick the ‘Roiders, even when they’re down.

#2 Denver Donkeys – Excuse me, did I hear that right? They lost to whom? The Bears? At Home? Oh, that’s too bad.

#3 San Diego Lightning Bolts – Retirement has its advantages, Marty.

#4 East Bay Convicts – They’re old, they’re slow and they’re stupid. Just the way we like them.

Throw Him A Bone Award –

I should give the bone to Philip Buchanon. He probably prevented an Oakland TD with his helmet toss and he did set up the game-winning FG by playing Boerigter loose. Still, I prefer to give it to our guys. Today’s goes to Morten Andersen, more than anything just for not being Lin Elliot. Sorry Morten – fresh out of lutefisk-flavored Milkbones.

The Doggity Dog –

I know it’s tradition to dog Al “Squiggy” Davis and his poodle/wife during Raider week, but I didn’t see them Sunday. Besides, I got them earlier this year when we met at Anti-Virus Coliseum. No, this paper upside the nose goes the opponent’s best friend – our old buddy, Greg “Dr. Evil” Robinson. For the second straight week, he faced a mediocre offense led by a previously cast-off QB but failed put any pressure on him. He let yet another team run at will – as they have done all year. The last two games have exposed this “improved” defense as a fraud. If the offense doesn’t scare the opponent into making mistakes, this defense is no better than last year.

Tailgate Recipe of the Week –

Special Holiday recipe! It may not invoke thoughts of brisk picnics in the Arrowhead parking lot, but it will go down good while watching Dallas or Detroit play on Thursday- and it has to be better

than whatever Madden is cooking in that RV! This is submitted by Dog fan, St. Louise ad-weasel and guitar maestro – Mr. Cheezwhiz. It is the best cranberry stuff I have ever eaten:

Cheezwhiz Cranberry Sauce

1/2 cup – fresh-squeezed orange juice

1/2 cup – water

1-3/4 cups – sugar

2 tsp – grated orange zest

1 bag – fresh cranberries

(You may substitute 1/2 the OJ for lemon juice, and 1/2 the zest for lemon zest – I really like it that way)

Mix OJ, H2O, sugar and zest in a saucepan. Heat on medium until sugar is fully dissolved. Toss in the cranberries. Periodically skim the stuff off as it cooks. When the berries start popping, they are done.

Mr. Cheezwhiz also recommends a little cinnamon and nutmeg stirred in, but cautions that you should not add beef.

Send your recipes to the Dog by e-mail, or fax them to 913-831-1307.

Next week –

To the Q to play Marty and the lowly Bolts.

Your faithful scribe,
Mr. Doggity