

A Random Harvest

I love the TV commercial where the spokesman is picturing his law firm as a warm, friendly aid to our welfare. If our doctor sneezes on Sunday, and we want to place a malpractice suit, this law firm will represent us. After all...THEY ARE LOOKING OUT FOR US. "Remember, we don't get paid until you get paid." Or, translated, "We don't get our \$3 million until you get your \$4 million."

I weep when I see what has happened to our noble professions. Lawyers were so respected when I was young. Those men and women were the cream of our society. But how can you respect the modern day law-

yer who advertises...FREE COLOGNE WITH EVERY CONSULTATION?

I remember 40 years ago the old doctor would get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and drive ten miles through a blizzard just to tend your sick child. Now we pray that our children don't get sick on Wednesday, or Saturday, or Sunday. Or late at night, early in the morning, or on holidays.

I don't pay much attention to those who cry commercialism at Christmastide. Except, maybe, when it comes to children's toys. When I see the Baby Talk Doll ad-

vertised for \$66.99 or Teddy Ruxpin for \$54.99, I always see the parents who can't afford them and the children who will never receive them. If anything in this world should be marked down, it should be toys.

Merrill Russell has been trying to cross a chicken with a pig in hopes of getting ham and eggs from the same animal. He hasn't been all that successful although he does have a pig that cackles and a chicken that lays bacon. I'll keep you posted on any further developments.

I always get into the wrong line when I go to the bank. Other lines

move swiftly but my line just won't advance. You don't change lines because if you do the line you left will advance swiftly and your new line doesn't move. Yesterday when I entered the bank I was delighted to see one window free. As I approached the window a large lady stepped in front of me. She reached down into her brassiere and pulled out something that looked like a potato sack. And from that sack she pulled 10 savings accounts, 64 withdrawal slips, and \$6,000 in pennies. Loose pennies. A little boy to my left said, "Mama, why is that old man cutting his throat?"

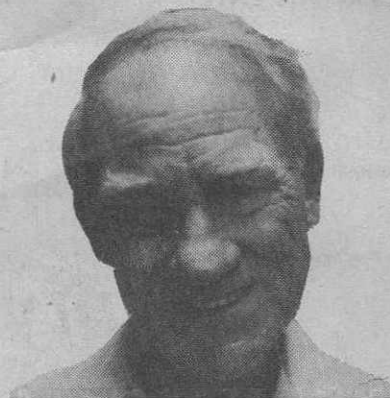
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I love Saturday morning television. I can watch Kissyfur, Gummi Bears, or Alvin and the Chipmunks. Then there is Pound Puppies, Teen Wolf, or Bugs Bunny and Tweety. Switching channels I can watch Wuzzles, Inhumanoids, or Foofur. Last night I heard my wife say into the telephone, "I don't know why, but Amos is acting so childish lately." Well, I know why. It's Saturday morning television.

I was glad to see Jonathan Nelson placed on the School Board. Jonathan's brain is about six levels above mine and I just hate it when he talks about Darwin's theory of evolution or explains (in three words or less) the history of the world. I try to get him talking about women's legs but he won't do it. Jonathan has seen the bad aspects of our society and it hasn't turned him bitter. He has met obstacles and he hasn't lost hope. He is a good man.

This is the first year in the last 10 years that I didn't manage to steal a Burchoil calendar. It has been a traumatic experience and complete recovery is out of the question.

I always like a dab of recognition whenever I do a good deed. That's



AMOS ARTHUR HOLMES

selfish, but that's the way it is. I recently donated about 50 plaques that I decouped to help an organization in their charitable work. I never heard if the plaques were sold or how much they helped monetarily. Recently, a friend asked me to write a poem for her co-worker at the courthouse and I don't know to this day if the poem was used or how well it went over. You shouldn't really expect a world of gratitude for nice things that you do, but surely a tiny bit of recognition wouldn't be out of line.

So many of us take on the characteristics of animals. I have a friend I call Pig because he eats too much. Another friend I call Fox because he is so sly. Last night my wife said to me, "Amos, you think you are as smart as an owl, as active as a mink, but in reality you are a big ape who goes around acting like a turkey."

Hurt me something awful.