
-Country Philosopher

A little white lie

by Amos Arthur Holmes

I have always been keenly interested in the progress of man. I do not hide my head in the sand when it comes to advancement along the many paths of man's endeavorment. I am not the old man who sees youth as frivolous, or change as the eroding of man's soul. But there has been a revolution of sorts in this country that has pricked my basic concepts of right and wrong.

And that revolution deals with the disastrous attire being worn by our young ladies.

I do not wish our girls to go back to high-top shoes and dresses that reach to the ground. Bonnets and shawls and tons of lace. But there must be a middle ground that will allow a fifty-five year old man to reach his full life span.

Last month I was driving through Waldorf when I noticed a young lady standing on the corner in a mini-skirt. I hate to admit it, as I am a happily married man, but the girl had lovely legs. I found that looking at legs, and the road, at the same time was devilishly hard to do. And just as my conscience was tearing my eyes away from the mini-skirt, and back where they belonged, the girl bent over to pick up a dropped handkerchief. I ran off the road and into a tree. I spent sixty-four days in the hospital and I told all my friends that I had run off the road to avoid hitting six old blind ladies who had been crossing the road.

I certainly learned my lesson, but the lesson wasn't over yet. While being transported home in an ambulance from the hospital we had the misfortune of passing through Waldorf. And... by golly... there was that same girl in the same mini-skirt. I was hoping that the ambulance driver would not see her, but I was out of luck. Just as the driver spotted the mini-skirt the girl bent over to pick up a handkerchief. The ambulance driver, usually stable and conscientious, ran off the road and into a tree. The driver and myself lay in the hospital, side by side, for quite a spell, and I asked him, "Did you see that girl in the mini-skirt?" The driver



was as good a liar as I was because he replied, "No, I was simply trying to avoid hitting those little old blind ladies crossing the street."

And then we have the bikini. Two tiny, tiny bits of cloth that cover absolutely nothing. I was on the beach the other day and this girl came by wearing a bright red bikini. I tried to ignore her. I really did. But that girl kept walking right into my view. She had more moving parts than a clock. Lovely, disgusting, beautiful, shameful, exciting moving parts. My pace-maker started going clack... clack... bong... bong... and I thought I would die on the spot.

Really, I am an old, old man. I do not need, nor can I stand, this added excitement in my life.

I remember last week, while visiting a department store, I encountered the plunging neckline. This young lady had waited on me and right at the end of our transaction she bent over to sign the sales slip. I didn't want to look. I really didn't. But I couldn't help myself. And everybody came running over wondering why the old man had fainted.

Perhaps our young ladies could wear raincoats, or sweatshirts, or even choir robes. I just can't take much more of it. It is even turning me into a liar, and I'll tell you how.

Last night I was sitting in the drugstore... drinking coffee... when this girl came in wearing a see-through blouse. Today I went to the doctor's office complaining of temporary blindness. The doctor said it was caused by eye strain.

On the way home from the doctor's office, my wife asked me why my eyes should be strained, and I replied, "Because I sit up each night reading your old love letters by candlelight."

My wife smiled, and purred, "You're such a romantic."

"Thank you," I said.
