
Country Philosopher

Can't you take a joke?

BY AMOS ARTHUR HOLMES

A few weeks ago I noticed an article in the Farm News that kind of intrigued me. The headline read, "BIRTH CONTROL CLINICS SCHEDULED FOR ANIMALS."

I, of course, took it the wrong way, and I began wondering what would happen if two animals considered birth control. A picture appeared in my mind of two rabbits. The doe is lazily scratching herself in the sun, and the buck hops up to her.

Buck: Hello, honey, sure looks like a nice day.

DOE: (Glancing toward her husband) I think it's just terribly hot. If you think being boiled alive constitutes a nice day . . . then you're nuts.

Buck: (Ignoring his wife's sarcasm) You know, baby I read the most interesting column in this week's paper, and I thought you might be interested in it.

Doe: (Becoming excited) Oh boy! Is the paper out already? Are you going to show me the Country Philosopher column? Mr. Holmes writes such wonderful stories. What a brilliant, brilliant man.

Buck: (Irritated) No . . . no . . . no . . . I'm not talking about that lousy, talentless slob. I'm talking about an article I read in the Farm News.

Doe: (Rubbing suntan lotion on her left leg) I'm not interested. Farm news bores me. Completely, fantastically, totally bores me.

Buck: (Becoming really agitated) Baby, will you please listen? This article can mean a great deal to us. It can create a new life. It can take away a large amount of our responsibilities. And it can leave us time to travel.

Doe: (Becoming interested) O.K., lover, just what is this news that will change our lives?

Buck: (Sitting down beside his wife) Well, the Farm News says that the Humane Society of Southern Maryland is going to start birth control clinics for animals.

Doe: (Perplexed) What has that got to do with me?

Buck: What has that got to do with you? How can you ask such a stupid question? It has everything to do with you. Just name me one other female in this county who had 60 babies last year.

Doe: (Throwing her suntan lotion angrily on the ground) Now wait just one minute! You know it takes two to tango. I won't sit here and listen to a lot of crap from a male chauvinist pig.

Buck: Look, wartface, I'm not a male chauvinist pig . . . I'm a male chauvinist rabbit.

Doe: (Becoming sad at her husband's irrational argument) Well, let's just say I'm not interested in any birth control clinic.

Buck: (Hopping up and down) I swear, Lilly, you are so hardheaded. How can we ever get ahead if we keep having such a large family every two months? This clinic can erase that problem. It won't cost us a penny and the treatment is absolutely painless.

Doe: (Becoming interested) Just what do they do? What does this treatment consist of?

Buck: It's very simple, really. They give you this huge pill to swallow and then they dip you in a vat of lime five or six times. Then you are ready for the operation.

Doe: The operation?

Buck: Yes. It's a rather small operation and they guarantee that you won't be hospitalized for longer than two weeks.

Doe: Two weeks? Just what does this operation consist of?

Buck: (Looking guilty) Well, they sever the body from the waist down.

Doe: SEVER THE BODY FROM THE WAIST DOWN? ARE YOU NUTS? LET ME TELL YOU, BABY, THEY AREN'T SEVERING THIS GIRL'S BODY FROM THE WAIST



DOWN.

Buck: (Furious) Boy! That's just like you. I have never seen anyone as selfish as you. Here the humane society is giving us a break and you won't even make the smallest sacrifice.

Doe: (Shaking her head) Why is it that whenever there is any sacrificing to be done the sacrificing is always done by the female?

Buck: We must stop having all these babies. It is enterly up to you.

Doe: (Hopping away) All right, buster, if it's all up to me then we'll use the method described in my WOMEN'S LIBERATION book.

Buck: (Smiling in triumph) Good! What method is that?

Doe: (Continuing on her way) Total abstinence.

Buck: (Hopping frantically after his wife) Hey baby . . . I was only kidding . . . to hell with that clinic . . . I love you . . . I love you . . . I love you . . .