



Eminently qualified

by AMOS ARTHUR HOLMES

The success that has eluded me for thirty years has finally been corralled. The demand for my essays has increased and I have been working sixty hours a week getting my material out to various publications. I not only do this column for the St. Mary's Beacon, but I also contribute to magazines all over the world. I write for BOY SCOUTS OF TRINIDAD and also do a piece each month for the very popular, SEX FOR MEN OVER EIGHTY. I soon found, at my age, that the work was overwhelming me, and I decided to interview some women for a position as typist.

I had never done any hiring before but I think I did remarkably well. I would like to introduce you to the women who applied, show you their qualifications, and tell you which one I picked.

MRS. KATRINKA SNEDLY: Katrinka was a sixty-five year old female who lived in Callaway. She was, without a doubt, the ugliest scoundrel I have ever seen in my life. She had a basketball-sized wart on the end of her nose and jagged teeth that could tear raw meat to shreds. She was a trifle over six feet tall and weighed eighty-seven pounds. Her bosom (and this is so important to a good typist) was non-existent, and her legs looked like two swizzle sticks. She had never been married, and emphasized (quite

strongly and quite unnecessarily) that she would tolerate no hanky-panky while on the job. She had worked thirty years for the Calhoun Insurance Agency and had a very impressive letter of reference from Mr. Calhoun himself. Katrinka could type 125 words per minute, take shorthand at a rate of 150 words per minute, and was completely familiar with all existing office machines. Her record showed a high degree of loyalty and an absolute proficiency in every office procedure.

MISS VIRGINIA WATERMOLON: This was a fifty-four year old female who lived in Chaptico. Her qualifications were excellent. She typed 140 words per minute and was familiar with shorthand and office procedure. She wasn't a bad looking woman but she chewed tobacco and this somewhat detracted from her overall attractiveness. Her bosom (and this is so important to a good typist) was certainly not non-existent. It was ponderous and massive and was remarkably suited to the rest of her body. I would imagine that Virginia weighed a trifle over six hundred pounds. I didn't find anything objectionable about her physical appearance but I did find a small tremor of doubt concerning her tact. The first thing she said when she entered my office was, "How old are you, Mr. Holmes?" When I told her I was fifty-

four she replied, "You look extremely old for your age. Have you been lighting the candle at both ends?" I told her (very politely) that MY candle was MY business. She then said, "Are you serious with that tie? How could you wear a blue tie with a brown suit? Is your wife color-blind, or is this your idea of humor? And besides...I hate your column."

BUBBLES LaWOW: This was a twenty-four year old female who had only lived in St. Mary's County for the past three months. The first thing that I noticed when she entered the office was a neckline that plunged down to her shoes. I am tremendously addicted to plunging necklines although I realized this would certainly not count in my evaluation. Bubbles was probably the most beautiful woman I had ever seen and her figure was abundant and statuesque. She had been a go-go dancer for three years and an exotic dancer for two. She talked well, had a nice smile, and if there was one drawback in regard to her qualifications it was the fact that she couldn't type a lick.

MARY AGNES PATTERSON: This was a ninety-six year old female who lived near Ridge. She was carried into my office by the Ridge Rescue Squad. Although Mary Agnes had arthritis and was missing three fingers on her left hand she was still able to type 160 words

per minute. She had worked forty years for one company and thirty years for another company and was qualified in every respect. I was somewhat put out by the fact that Mary Agnes had a tank of oxygen strapped to her back but all of her recommendations emphatically stated that she could handle her position in a professional manner.

BETTY MARIE HIGGENS: This was a thirty-five year old female who lived near Mechanicsville. She was an attractive woman and one who had absolute faith in her ability. She stated to me that she could type three hundred words per minute and when I protested the credibility of that statement she told me that she typed 150 words with her fingers and 150 words with her toes. She demonstrated by taking off her shoes (and using two typewriters) I'll be damned if she didn't easily knock out 300 words per minute. But when she took off her shoes I began staggering around the office and was terribly nauseated. Betty had the worst smelling feet I have ever had the misfortune to encounter.

Well...my friends...after much deliberation, after considering the needs of my office, I chose Bubbles LaWow.

Although she can't type a lick there must be SOMETHING she can do around the office.

Right?