

## Country Philosopher

### *It's better with salt and butter*

by Amos Arthur  
Holmes

A friend of mine once bought ten acres of land in Florida. The property had all the improvements and was covered with orange trees. It was only seven miles from Miami and the investment had a wonderful potential.

The ten acres only cost him one thousand dollars.

Are you amazed at this low price? Well, you should be. And my friend should have been. You see, he was taken. A smooth-talking gentleman sold him a nonexistent piece of land and left my friend poorer but wiser.

You say to yourself that my friend was pretty stupid. And he was. But these con-men can be awfully clever. They constantly work under the theory that a person is looking for something that will cost him nothing. They understand how easy it is to catch a fish if you use money-saving bargains as bait. And it doesn't hurt at all if the victim is naive or stupid.

There are millions of men and women out on our streets who will take you for every cent you own. I have always thought that I was too cosmopolitan, too aware, to be taken by some Bunko artist, and yet three years ago I lost fifty dollars because of my naivete. I refuse to call it stupidity.

I had a habit of driving up to Baltimore to go to the Burlesque

Theatre. I wasn't interested in all those naked women. Naked women repulse me. But that theatre had the best popcorn you have ever eaten. Honest. I would sit in that darkened theatre and while those girls pranced and danced in a disgusting display of nudity, I would eat seven or eight bags of popcorn.

Well, one day I left the theatre and walked down the street looking in store windows. It was a nice day and I was enjoying myself. All of a sudden I heard someone tapping on a window. Ordinarily I wouldn't have gone (I'm a married man) but in this case I sensed that the gypsy woman was in trouble and needed help. I climbed ten iron steps and went into the house. The gypsy woman came over to me and said that she would tell my fortune. Then she got a strange look on her face, and said, "You poor, poor man."

What in the hell did she mean by that? I laughed, and said, "What in the hell do you mean by that?"

She said, "YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT."

Gosh! This was bad. If there was anything I didn't need it was a terrible accident.

"Is there anything I can do to



prevent it?" I cried.

"Yes" said the gypsy, "fortunately I have the power to kill curses that deal with accidents. Give me fifty dollars and I will free you from this curse."

I hurriedly took fifty dollars from my wallet. It was part of my rent money but I desperately needed that dreaded curse removed. I certainly didn't want an accident. Especially a terrible accident.

The gypsy took my money, waved her hand over my head, said a few magic words, and told me I could go.

When I left the house I was feeling wonderful. Fifty dollars was quite a sum of money, but it was worth it. That wonderful woman had saved me from having a terrible accident.

As I was leaving the gypsy's house I fell down the ten iron steps. I broke my leg in six places and had to stay in the hospital for twenty days.

Now I'm afraid to visit Baltimore anymore. There are just too many con-artists up there.

But I really miss that popcorn.