

# Country Philosopher



## *The Philosopher Goes Streaking*

BY AMOS ARTHUR HOLMES

I get terribly upset when I think that life is passing me by. It seems that everytime I pick up a magazine I see young people romping on the beaches, or climbing mountains, or surfing on the blue Pacific. I see them carefree, and happy, and filled with fantastic exhilaration.

It becomes all the harder when one realizes the most exciting thing he does is give blood to the Red Cross. Well, I decided that this sterile stagnation had gone far enough. I decided to smash my rocking chair, and put away, forever, the living death I was experiencing through my noninvolvement. I decided to live.

**So last Thursday I went streaking.**

I took a shower early in the morning. I slipped on a raincoat and went out to my car. I drove into Leonardtown and parked on the IGA parking lot. I sat there for a moment thinking about the tremendous reception I would receive when I jogged through Leonardtown. This would be the greatest moment of my life.

I stepped out of my car and took my raincoat off. An Amish farmer was just pulling into the parking lot and when he saw me, he whipped his horse and went dashing down the road toward Loveville.

I trotted across the street and went on past High's. Some woman came out, and screamed, "YOU'RE CURDLING OUR MILK," but I continued on.

As I rounded the corner by the Gulf Station, I noticed the WKIK remote control truck was keeping pace with me. Dick Myers was broadcasting and telling the county about my adventure. He had a strange look on his face that looked a great deal like envy.

There were several ladies standing outside the Telephone Company as I went by. They were very reserved except for one young lady who applauded as I passed.

About twenty students from St. Mary's College were grouped in front of the Ben Franklin store and they didn't even give me a passing glance. They were immune to this sort of thing.

There were about fifteen ladies, of various ages, standing in front of the Western Auto and they threw flowers in my path.

People came running out of the stores. They came pouring out of Fenwick Ford, Duke's Restaurant, and from the St. Mary's Pharmacy. Both banks closed for the day for lack of tellers. Men, with lathered faces, came stumbling from the barber shops. Bailey's took advantage of the gathering crowd and started selling crab cakes. People were screaming and pointing and it was complete bedlam.

I was becoming very winded and I hadn't realized how cold it was. Goose pimples were marring the usually splendid appearance of my torso. My legs began to cramp, but I pushed on.

As I neared the courthouse a young lawyer ran along beside me stating that he would be glad to represent me in court.

This was my finest hour. I knew how thrilled my wife would be when she heard about it. I thought of how impressed my teenage daughter would be. I had some reservations about what my minister would think.

The people at Leonardtown Supermarket moved their cash register onto the sidewalk so they wouldn't miss anything, and the salesmen at Bell Motor Company got so excited they drove a new car through the plate glass window.

I rounded the corner and one of the judges came running out of the courthouse, screaming, "ARREST THAT IMBECILE."

But nobody bothered me.

Patty Muchow had just come out of her offices. She saw immediately that this was the story of her lifetime. I am sure that she would have done a superb job because she is just a wonderful newspaperwoman, but alas, it was too much for her, and she fainted. To show you the remarkable ability of this female newshawk let me say that although she lay swooning on the sidewalk she still took a few notes on her portable typewriter.

I was almost at my destination. The Leonardtown Library. I was going to run up to the desk and ask the lady for a copy of "The Sensuous Man."

But just then I was grabbed by the arm. This enormous deputy hauled me away to the station. He stood in front of the desk and began to write in this huge book. On the first line he put . . . INDECENT EXPOSURE. Well, that was a matter of opinion. Personally, I thought it was decent exposure. And I wasn't worried a great deal. Getting a criminal record, at my age, was sort of rewarding.

The next line on the book called for AGE, RACE, and SEX. And it was here that the officer put down something that made me boiling mad. He took his pen and inked in these words:

ELDERLY CAUCASIAN FEMALE.

Can you beat that?