

IF IT WORKS FOR SEINFELD IT WILL WORK FOR ME, TOO
February 3, 1998

This is a column about nothing. It will be three years in April since I started writing this column. If some of you think it's hard to read, you should know how hard it is to come up with a topic each week. If Jerry Seinfeld and friend George could write a TV show about nothing, I should be able to come up with one short column as well.

I envy Andy Rooney and his counterparts, not so much for their talent but for the time they can devote to their craft. It's a hobby with me, along with four or five others. I enjoy them all and this one in particular, so I just keep moving along one week at a time.

I was so desperate I even toys with the idea of doing one on the President's problems. I decided not to for several reasons. This latest debacle will change few opinions about the man, regardless of the outcome. His character has never been a secret and most people voted the way they did knowing what he was like. Personally, I feel he will prevail in much the same way O.J. did. The prosecutor will be the one who will end up on trial.

I am constantly casting about ideas and many openings come my way, but most of them are piecemeal. This may be a good time to draw on some of them. They are true, for the most part, but some details will be deleted for obvious reasons.

One old timer was privy to many and has shared a few of what may be called "one-liners" with me.

Years ago one old boy (who shall remain anonymous) had a chance encounter with the local doctor on the street. Concerned that he might possibly have a dreaded social disease and reluctant to share the news, he approached the subject in the third person. The symptoms were described in some detail as being experienced by his friend. Well, the old doctor listened attentively and answered, "Get your friend out here and let's have a look at him."

Another character asked the postal clerk for his mail and was asked by the clerk how his name was spelled. "Huh!" The old boy replied, "If you don't know how to spell, better sell post office and buy school."

If you are my age you have to be aware of the welcome advances in medical technology. Three old home remedies stick in my mind like maple syrup between your fingers.

Periodic notes from school warning of head lice reminds me of the time in second grade when I came home a victim. My grandmother noticed my scratching and discovered the awful truth. A liberal dose of lard and kerosene finalized them. Come to think of it, maybe that's what happened to my hair!

Mother Gray's Worm Powder was another dreaded remedy. Some of you old timers will remember it I'm sure. Maybe they still make it today. I hope so. I would like to think some of today's kids could get to experience it.

Dr. Retzback's advice that "What this young man needs is some good old cod liver oil" quickly sent my mind reeling back several years. I can still see the giant brown bottle shaped like a fish. A generous spoonful of the vile oil was dispensed to each of us as we lined up for bed.

To make a long story short, I would sure appreciate some suggestions for column topics.