

Duds for dudes



Awhile back an auctioneer friend, his son and I worked an auction for a private school where wealthy parents paid \$27,000 per year to send a child to school. I guess no one ever told them they could send the same child to public schools for free.

The sale was at a fancy resort hotel, and we eventually found the gaudy ballroom where we were stopped from entering by an underdressed, plastic surgery augmented, clothes policewoman whose abundant wherewithalls were on display for all the world to see. "You can't come in here," said Silicone Sally. "This is a private party, and you appear to be c-c-c-cowboys."

"We are. We're the auction crew," my auctioneer friend proudly replied.

"Well, you aren't coming in here. This isn't some rodeo; it's a black tie affair."

"Ma'am, I only have three ties, and none of them are black," I replied.

"Over my dead body are you coming in here wearing your coveralls."

"Ma'am, they aren't coveralls, they're Wranglers. This here," I said, pointing to my hat, "is a Stetson, and I'd be willing to bet it cost more than that ugly purse you're carrying. My polished boots are Luccheses, and they cost more than those high heels you're having a hard time staying upright on. And this belt buckle that is doing a better job holding all my body parts in place than your girdle is, well, it's an old buckle my Grandpa gave me and is worth way more than those pajamas you're wearing."

It's the Pitts

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