

IF YOU'RE OF SCOT DESCENT,
DO AS SCOTS DO
Second Thoughts
By J. B. Leftwich, Columnist
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We were motoring from Scotland to England when I had a wonderful idea.

"I think I'll buy kilts," I said.

"Kilts are expensive, and you're too tight to spend that much money," She said. Another question mark? "You won't even buy a pair of socks." Was She convincing me or herself?

Then She added, more confidently:

"You don't have nice legs. You would look terrible in kilts."

"You didn't think my legs were so bad when you bought me a pair of shorts to wear on vacation," I countered.

She had made a tactical error, so She tried a different approach.

"You would have to buy plaid stockings. You can't just go around bare legged." Then she fired a good shot.

"You wouldn't have the nerve to wear them to church." Another question mark? "And if you did, I wouldn't go with you."

"O.K., I'll wear them to the Chamber of Commerce."

"I won't go there, either." No question mark here. She meant it.

"How about to our bridge party," I suggested. "They would be a conversation piece."

"Ha! You finally got something right. But if you want to wear a skirt why don't just wear one of my pleated skirts? You'd look like a sissy wearing kilts."

Name calling. Labeling. Effective in lots of debates.

"Don't say that out loud," I said a little too loudly.

"Scots are no sissies. Men from Scotland are the world's fiercest fighters, and they wear kilts."

“You’re not from Scotland.”

Good point, but I had a counter point.

“Yeah, but I got a lot of Scotch in me.”

She smiled. She was about to score another point.

“Scotch is whiskey, not bloodline.” She said with a triumphant note.

“Okay, you’re right. But according to Granny, she was Scot-Irish and that makes me a descendant of the Scots and entitled to wear kilts.”

“Granny’s ancestor was from Ireland, not Scotland.”

“I know that, but the Irish came across the channel to settle in Scotland, so that makes me a descendant of the Scots and fully entitled to wear kilts.”

“How about just buying a nice beret?” She suggested. I knew what was going through her mind. When I learned the price of a beret, I’d back off from the kilts.

I didn’t respond, and She took another shot.

“O.K., if you want kilts, get kilts. The next place we come to where kilts are sold, we’ll pull over and you can get your kilts.” She was trying a new approach and I knew it. Now, the burden was on me. She was daring me.

“Three or four hundred English pounds for an outfit you’ll wear only once. And the effect will last about five minutes, then there you will sit, dressed like a woman and not knowing enough to keep you legs crossed.”

Then She played her trump card.

“Just wait till the Bishop and Jimmy see you in kilts. You’ll never live it down.”

Both are members of our bridge club. Methodist Bishop Robert H. Spain and Jimmy Jewell, incurable kidders.

Silence. I could see trouble brewing. I chewed on this for a while. Did I want to put up with their static? Then a lightbulb lit up.

“How would you react to some bagpipes?” I ventured.

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