

There is one perception of me that people have that is so far from the truth it's funny. I understand how they would come to that line of thought, but the reality is they aren't even close.

I would guess that most people would say old Andy doesn't care much about what he wears. Clothes are just not an issue for him.

Wrong Dead wrong Not even close.

Andy wears the same shirts and slacks at work until they practically fall to pieces from old age!

TRUE.

Andy's idea of upgrading his wardrobe is to shop at Target instead of WalMart.

TRUE!

Andy couldn't name you one brand that would indicate any class in taste.

TRUE AGAIN!!

But before you say anything further, let me make two very important points to explain why this line of thinking is totally wrong.

First of all, I am the forth son of the Smith clan. What that means is that I spent my entire youth wearing hand-me-downs. I use to cringe every time my brothers would come home from shopping ... "Damn – that shirt is ugly brand new Did you even think for a moment what it will look like when I have to wear it?!?" I love my brothers very much, but their taste in clothing and mine are nowhere near the same planet! To this day I hate hand-me-downs and as a father of three daughters, I know I never made an issue about it – if Rosemary 'wanted' to wear it, fine, if not let's give it to charity and buy her something she wants!

Secondly, I am a die hard dreamer who always believed my current writing project was going to be my ticket to fame and fortune. Shopping for work clothes became a psychological battle of wills and I can guarantee you I won every time! When I reached for that dress shirt for work, my mind quickly jumps in... "That's a nice shirt that should do well for the next year or so ... and you know you would NEVER wear it once your

writing took off, so you're saying that you are conceding the next year to your cubical?" That's when I put the shirt back - as long as I can think of five shirts that I could still wear that aren't completely transparent yet! I will NEVER concede my writing to my cubical!

Johnny Carson was my idol in that I use to watch him and how smooth he looked carrying himself with class and realizing that HE made his suits look good and not the other way around. I lust over a good pair of shoes... I dream of buying good, comfortable, well made Hawaiian shirts...., I drool when I see men who flaunt their wealth by gliding through a room dressed in the finest attire....nothing gives me more pleasure than to go to an event knowing that every item I wear is totally smooth and reflective of the class in my heart, not my wallet. I am one man who admits that if I won a lottery, I would go on a shopping spree at the finest Men's clothiers ... and I would gladly pass them on to my brothers if they wanted them after a few showcases.

I've become a simple man ... a man who truly understands the value of relationships more than material gains. I have no complaints about the hand that has been dealt to me. I still think I've shown a lot of class in spite of my WalMart appearance.

I'm just saying that if my ship ever did come in, there would be a lot of people surprised at how fine I carry myself and look when I walk on to Opras show... but not me I watched and admired Johnny Carson for many years ... I'll be very comfortable in that setting for sure!

Just A Thought