

## Top o' the mornin'

There I was in New Orleans for a few days of fun. Judy and I were spending a month in Florida and decided to fly to New Orleans for a 3-night stay. We took an evening flight from Tampa and it was late when we arrived, about 9:00 p.m. I wanted to take a shower, change clothes and then go out and see what was happening in town. When I got out of the shower and dried off I realized something. I had forgot to pack any clean underwear. Now what? The problem was solved when Judy agreed to lend me a pair of her panties to wear.

I was a little hesitant about this solution because I didn't want to think that I may like it. What if this became my new style of dress? What if I was in an accident? I could imagine a doctor at the hospital peeling off my jeans and staring in disbelief.

Nonetheless, I donned the silks and we went out to buy me some manly Jockey shorts. All the stores were closed at this time of night. The only shop that was open was a store selling Irish items. Books, CDs, videos, novelties, that kind of stuff. We wandered around the store and miraculously I spotted a pair of men's underwear. Great! Except for one thing. They were bright green and across the fly, in large letters, was printed, "KISS MY BLARNEY STONE". This didn't seem to be the ideal solution but it was the only one available. I was anxious to get out of the slim piece of silk that was causing a lot of slippage with every few steps.

I still have my Irish undergarment and wear it around the house every Halloween. If you happen to be in the neighbourhood on Halloween drop in and read my sign. Judy still won't let me go out to Trick or Treat in them.



**Brad McInnes**  
YMASC President 1970 - 1971

