



Jeanne Robertson

"Rocking Chair Tour"

Show Details & Tickets:

www.JeanneRobertson.com

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It's All on Sale! Katy Bar the Door.

August. One more summer month for many to lounge around in favorite swimsuits, during the "rays" to get through the sunscreen. One more month for a final quick vacation, maybe down to the beach for a long weekend. It's also possibly a great month to buy a new swimsuit for next year at a good price. Maybe even on sale. Therefore, it's time for me to offer sage advice. Here it is: A "good price" should not be the deciding factor in buying something. Not even if it's half off the original price. Let's take that a step higher. Not even if something is two-thirds off the original price. Or, as I heard a man say in Hawaii about an item he didn't like, "Not even if they give it to me."

I've seen people do it over and over and over again. I've even done it. Now I'm referring to purchasing local outfits that seem perfect where you're vacationing, especially if they're on sale. Then, back home? Uh, no.

My speech one August was in the Aloha State where swimsuits are in style and demand year round. The gift shop in a big name hotel on Maui was crowded with conventioners - mostly women - from all over the United States. I knew that because I had just spoken at their luncheon. Most of them wouldn't need swimsuits year round, but the shop in the hotel had such a large, colorful, island-looking selection that it was hard to walk by and not browse a little. The convention was ending, people were leaving the next day and the swimsuits were "On Sale! Half price and more!" Katy bar the door. I was right in there with the rest of the tourists, looking for a swimsuit in a tall size.

Among the shoppers was a couple whose name tags indicated they were from the Midwest. Due to the great prices, I suppose, the wife had persuaded her sixtyish, slightly balding, little bit pudgy husband to try on a bikini swimsuit made of tight elastic, stretch material. The teeniest bit of material. All of us had seen so many of these suits around the island that week, I suppose we had become acclimated to them. We sure had skimpy swimsuits in Piedmont North Carolina or down at

the beach, but "skimpy" took on a new meaning in Hawaii. The man protested when his wife thrust a piece of stretchy material in his direction and said, "Try this on."

He turned it over in his hands a few times. "What is it? A handkerchief?" He went on to tell his wife he didn't want "that thing" but finally acquiesced to her plea with the magic words that have worked on all of us. "Just try it on. I bet it will look great on you. What have you got to lose?" Then the clincher, "It's on sale. They're practically giving it away."

He sighed and disappeared into the small dressing room, tiny piece of material in hand. His wife hovered at the door. Shoppers exchanged glances and smiles because we had heard the conversation. Several minutes ticked by.

Finally, she could wait no longer and rapped her knuckles on the door. "Hey. What's taking you so long? Do you have it on?" she said, loud enough for all to hear. People all over the store turned to look. Most of them chuckled.

The man's response was hushed. "I guess it's on."

There was a long pause. Buyers exchanged little smiles, pretending disinterested, but all of us waiting for the outcome.

"I don't want to come out there," was the guy's next response. "I don't like all the Hawaiian flowers on it. I like solid colors."

"Well, let me see if I can find the same suit with solid"

"No! It's not the flowers. It's the swimsuit. It's about the silliest thing I've ever seen. I don't care if they give it to me. I'm not wearing it. Period. I'd feel like a fool." Several women stifled laughs.

I thought the man had made his opinion rather clear but his wife persisted, brushing over his comments. "You can't tell in that little, dark dressing room whether you like it or not or how it looks on you. Come out here in the better light and let me see it on you."

There was no movement. The door didn't open. I wondered if there were a window he could escape through. She

lowered her voice to a more persuasive level - but one we could all hear - and leaned toward the dressing room door. "Just let me see what it looks like on you, honey. No one else is looking. No. One. Cares."

My thought was that if she had to coax him out of the dressing room in the bikini suit, she would never get him down to the beach in it. But I let it ride. After all, he was her husband to do with as she pleased.

Suddenly, like a jailer's key turning in a hollow dungeon, we heard the sound of the cornered man fiddling with the latch. Chitchat around the small shop subsided. I found myself nonchalantly pricing a ship-in-a-bottle that I didn't want to buy. I wasn't going to miss this.

Finally, the door slowly opened just wide enough for his wife to peer inside the little cubicle. "Oh, for crying out loud," she spat out quickly. "You wear that at home, they'll laugh you right out of Kansas!"

Proving once again: A good sale price doesn't make it a good buy.

Stay cool.

See me in action on

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