

NEWS

This past week has been just hot enough to cause weak minds to ramble around in forgotten and possibly forgotten nooks and one of the things that this particular mind began going over was the absurdly wide gaps between the manners of dress as practiced by the male and female members of the human race. It all began when I saw some "properly" dressed male standing ankle deep in sweat (not perspiration), mopping a fevered brow while wearing a jacket and a tightly knotted tie around his stupid neck.

In the same breath, fresh as a daisy a comely young damsel strutted along the same burning strip of sidewalk modestly and modishly draped in a flimsy but sensible piece of high priced chesecloth, two strips of leather around her feet to hold the sole of what passes for a shoe—that was all I could see with the naked eye, but it was not too

difficult to picture it accurately—what with the revealing lingerie advertisements one sees these days and what did I find.

A pair of spider-woven pants much less heavy and heat absorbing than the sweating man's handkerchief, a brassiere comprised of two strips of rayon and one of the several cup-type retainers or containers that the bosom binding business has dreamed up. Compare this sensibly dressed young lady with the male animal who enviously watched her float coolly by in the July steam.

From the skin out the poor male had a pair of broadcloth shorts, a rib knit undershirt, a pair of socks supported by a binding and sweat provoking pair of too-tight garters, a dress shirt of broadcloth, a neck tie, a heavy pair of shoes, an ankle length pair of trousers, a leather belt and on top of all this a jacket—admittedly most of us poor males don't indulge in this nonsense of wearing a jacket.

There we stand . . . in the summer time. The gal dressed sensibly and the poor male wrapped like a mummy and hot as a two-dollar pistol.

Since it was cool and shady in Abe Stadium's store and I was looking for an ad anyhow, I dropped in and asked Abe, who is one of Kinston's first ranking authorities on style, what he thought about the inconsistencies of dress as practiced by the so-called stronger sex—Abe at the time was sweating like a Baptist in Rome, wrapped in a figure concealing seersucker jacket, flannel trousers and broadcloth shirt plus the usual masculine bits of underclothing.

Abe hauled out a slick-paper magazine that classes itself as "the" authority on men's wear and right smack in the middle was a spread of pictures on the art of male drapery as practiced in the plush lined intellect fac-

eries at Yale and Princeton. What do you think? The boys were at the polo matches dressed half-crazily in gabardine shorts, I say half-crazily dressed because the boys who were exhibiting their knee caps were also sporting heavy wool socks, walking shoes of considerable thickness, the usual shirt, tie and shapeless seersucker jacket.

But those shorts do make a little sense even to a fellow such as myself who has mismatched knees. In England, where I so-journed for three summers, men had worn shorts publicly long enough that they still looked perfectly good masculine types the great majority of whom did not walk with a swish. And it never got hot in England.

But to further examine the inconsistencies of attire as practiced by the weaker and stronger sexes let us move ahead six months when as the song says, "Baby, it's cold outside." Then the male animals appear a little less stupid and the woman marches back upon the throne of clothing ignorance.

The man's tooties are sensibly clad in heavy, water resistant shoes. He has warm socks, long trousers and the more sensible even have long handle drawers on to protect their shins. But the gals are still tripping through snow banks in the same open-toed slivers of leather that pro-

tection them from the hot side-walks in July. From the seat of their same flimsy pants to the ground they are still as exposed

to the icy blasts of the frost front as they stroll in the occasional breeze of the heavy summer time. Who's crazy?

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Take the water heater, for example. When this little lady needs her bath or has to have her laundry done, Mother wants plenty of hot water—but right now.

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a chance on food. And that's where a modern automatic refrigerator comes in—to keep regular and frozen foods and milk and leftovers in tiptop shape all the time.

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