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FANCY with **erma**
FISTE

It seems like every style show I attend is preceded by a big dinner . . . and just as I am pushing myself away from the table, a spotlight flashes upon a trim model on the runway, emphasizing her silhouette. This, of course, causes me to reflect upon my own profile, and the rest of the evening is spent in misery.

Before subjecting myself to views of what's new in fashion news, I take great precautions to lock up in my storage vault my billfold, blank checks, and my portable typewriter, which I have been known to hock in fashion-weak moments.

The affairs have always been a source of pain to me, and I am never quite the same for weeks afterwards. If skirts are to be worn at an all-time low—mine are at an all-time high. If hats are to be pretty, light, and airy, I am sporting an old, trusty, pre-Pearl Harbor brown felt job, for which I splurged a whole Christmas commission check, in a mad, impulsive moment. It never fails. I leave feeling like a yellow, dusty, page from a 1928 Vogue Magazine.

As is customary, I always take notes to remember the most important trends. When the narrator says accessories offer a complete new wardrobe, I can just visualize crowds of people staring as I come into a room and after me when I leave. (And to think, it was such a simple matter to hang a green umbrella over my arm to set off my backless formal.)

I have concluded it is the models that really deject me . . . and I find myself wondering if they have ever known the agonies of a slip that doesn't know its place, a pompadour that strangely resembles an old Fuller brush, or hose with more twists than the Grand Canyon.

I believe if a model wore a pair of overalls with a sequin blouse, a pair of alligator pumps, a shoulder strap bag, and an orange head scarf, I would give a loud "Huzzah" and say to my neighbor, "Stunning, isn't it?" For you see, that is the way they affect me, and nearly everyone watching the exhibition. However, if I were to deviate from the brown suit, white blouse combination, I can hear my friends verbally throwing every adjective in the book synonymous with outlandish and show-off.

As the style show nears its end I fold my notes carefully and tread quietly to the nearest exit. As I pass a waste basket, I look about me carefully. Then, with a quick motion, I remove my old trusty pre-Pearl Harbor brown felt hat and begin stuffing it into the can. With a feeling of satisfaction, I head for home . . . for tomorrow the typewriter goes back into hock.