

the throwing of the switches in the yard. Now, everything is ready for the car to proceed on its way. Hoppy looks at his watch and releases the air brakes. It's 2:40 and time to go.

Sometimes when Joe is there, he will let me pull a street car out of the shops and put it into the storage barn. The time is five o'clock. Joe and I go over to

the barn and get all the extras on track one. Several motormen board the cars and pull out for different runs. The motors and gears hum as they begin to move. The last car is just leaving, so there won't be much to do for awhile. It is time for me to leave also. These shops are my favorite spot.

THEY GO TO YOUR HEAD

MARY JOHNSON

The nearest to perfect happiness a woman ever gets is when she is shopping. Not the ordinary "every-day" kind of shopping for celery, onions, potato chips, salt or white thread (No. 60), but the intriguing, glamorous type of shopping for wearing apparel. This applies to all kinds of clothes; dresses, coats, suits, sweaters, shirts, shoes, purses, and gloves. Hats, however, are another story. They belong in a class by themselves. A woman's true character is often displayed when shopping for a new chapeau.

The school girl goes about her task in a happy carefree mood. She travels from store to store in an endeavor to find exactly what she wants. She tries on every bit of straw and every casual felt in the establishment. She tries several classic types — the kind that are made of the best felt and generally bear a well-known milliner's label, and invariably look like an English Girl Guide's version of what the best dressed woman is wearing. Next she tries a few of those extreme types that more closely resemble a page from *Vogue* than anything else. She even considers a few of those delightfully feminine bits of flowers

on a piece of straw, or a tall crocheted number laden with cherries. However, the young miss's good sense usually returns to her before she makes her purchases and she treks home with nothing more disastrous than a felt bonnet surrounded by yards of veiling.

The debutante, although she is older and supposedly wiser, is apt to have more extreme taste in her choice of hats. They must be chic and the latest thing, and must never suggest naivety. This kind of girl is well acquainted with at least one sales person in each department of every store in the immediate town. She doesn't waste time in going from shop to shop in search for "the" hat — the shops come to her. Her name and telephone number are known by the clerks (or maybe just one particular clerk) and when a new model arrives in which they think she might be interested, she is informed of this event and can then visit the store to view it at her leisure. If this new bonnet has the right degree of sophistication, it is more than likely that the clerk will make a sale.

Probably no one has ever followed a house wife on her search for a hat. If they

did, it might prove most enlightening. Her method of shopping usually varies with her age. If she is a young wife, she probably doesn't really need the hat because she has dozens of others which are quite good, but which have lost their allure. The frivolous kind and the pancake type, and maybe even a pill-box or two are the ones she cannot resist. Her final choice is almost always a model very similar to all the others she has at home in her closet. The only possible difference is that the new one is generally of another color.

However, the middle-aged wife uses a more simplified system than does her younger "sister under the skin." There are only four colors that this type of woman considers. They are brown, black, white and navy blue. And there are only five times when she even buys a hat. First, when she buys a new coat and she purchases a new hat that "matches." Second, if the hat wears out before the coat, she naturally must secure another bonnet. Third, when she is invited to attend a wedding, she needs to look her best, and to look her best, she needs a new hat. Fourth, a funeral requires a new chapeau for the same reasons (as stated above.) Fifth, but

not least, on Easter she wears a new bonnet because it's the proverbial thing to do.

When grandma buys a hat, it is indeed an event. The entire family is usually present with suggestions. These suggestions generally deal with the color, and not the style of the contemplated new bonnet, because all hats for old ladies are invariably of the same design. Perhaps if grandma has blue eyes, mother will suggest a blue hat to brighten their color. Father's preference is black — he always was conservative. Junior (if you can get him to show any interest whatsoever) prefers lavender. He would like his grandmother to resemble the pictures of little old ladies as shown in magazines. Susie wants red. Not a flaming red, but a soft mulberry or wine shade. Grandma herself agrees with Susie for they are truly "birds of a feather." "After all," she says, "I am not old."

So you see, no matter what her age, profession, or station in life, every woman reverts to type when she is shopping for a new hat. The male of the species may regard her as frivolous and silly because of the time she wastes in idle occupation, but whereas a man may have more sense — a woman has more fun.

KALEIDOSCOPE

SHIRLEY LOY

It is early Sunday morning; the scene, our living room, natural depository for all moveable personal equipment belonging to members of the family. It being yet early in the day, the room is comparatively clean, for the boys have not yet arisen. In one chair languidly reposes a pair of brown corduroy trousers, slightly worn at the knees. Around three sides of the chair, and on the floor, are assorted underwear. Draped casually from the davenport to the table is a plaid shirt, and piled neatly on one arm

of the davenport are assorted shoes, hats, submachine guns, and rolls of paper caps. An army truck hides slyly beneath the radio. Ah, yes, the room is clean.

The sun shines in the west windows making weird patterns on the opposite wall through streaks made upon the glass by grubby fingers. It is Sunday afternoon, and confusion reigns. On the table beneath the west windows are scattered a collection of boyhood treasures of every description. The rugs are trying to imitate the Rockies