

bite you draw your line up slowly and carefully until the prospective catch reaches the surface; then take your net, scoop up the crab, and put it in the basket.

This sounds very simple I know, but it all depends upon one thing—your attitude. If you are anxious and have a smug feeling of satisfaction, when you see the crab come to the surface, he will note your expression, drop off, and go back to his companions below, so I warn you to look very unconcerned, as though catching that crab were the farthest thing from your mind. You may gloat as much as your heart desires after he is safely in the basket, covered with the burlap bag, but not a moment before.

Strategy is what it takes to be a successful "crabber."

Women Shoppers

By

Stephen Bailey

I love my sisters. I am starting with this statement so the reader will realize that I believe women have their place in the world. As housewives they are unsurpassed, as presidents of women's clubs they are superb, as missionary workers, bridge players or school teachers they hold their own. They sew stockings beautifully, wash dishes excellently and as a whole, cook fairly well.

There is a phase of life on this planet, however, which turns the fair sex from the peaceful ways of everyday living to the methods of the insane.

I speak of the gentle art of shopping. Shopping turns the meek housewife into a domineering Mussolini. The department store is her Italy and the husband is temporarily placed in the shoes of King Victor Emanuel, passively tolerating the dictator.

The experience of the hatshop is one of the most tragic from the man's

point of view. At nine o'clock the woman elbows her way into the shop, dragging her husband behind her. She seats herself before a mirror and motions for him to sit in the small, uncomfortable chair to one side. He tries to be philosophical about the whole thing for he knows that he must sit there for about four or five hours doing absolutely nothing. As the wife begins the order of selecting he thinks about the lovely person she was "yesterday." What beautiful eyes she had that first day at Niagara Falls. Finally he gives up reminiscing and just waits. The terrible monotony is broken every now and then by having a grotesque headpiece poked in front of his nose for approval.

Man's tolerance at a time like this is wonderful to see. He stands and sits for hours while she tries on gloves, shoes, dresses and overcoats, and he never says a word. He gives his rising temper a mental cuff and controls his feelings, no matter what they be.

When it comes time for the man to shop, however, there is a definite change in attitude. The men's department was made for men, (so he thinks.) He strides over to the pajama counter and selects the first two he sees. He is just about to pay for them when his wife come up and tells him that red pajamas just won't go with the orange bedspread. She, thereupon, selects two green ones that are entirely unacceptable to the man. Pair after pair piles up on the counter while that clerk becomes wearier and wearier. As the fortieth pajama climbs dejectedly to the top of the pile, the husband and clerk interchange sympathetic glances. "Somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere laughing children are at play." The husband finally compromises with his wife and a lavender pair to match the comforter is purchased along with a yellow pair to match the morning cornmeal mush.

Women shoppers not only drive their husbands goofy, they also take ten years from the life charts of

twelve-year-old boys. Who will forget the long pants controversy between parents and child.

"Why Johnnie, you'll look like an old man in long trousers," says the parent.

"Yeah, and I'll look like a two-year-old without them," answers Johnnie. So Johnnie looks like a two-year-old for another year. When the day finally arrives for the first step into manhood, Johnnie is accompanied by his maternal parent. Since he is growing fast, a suit fit for Primo Carnera is chosen, and his mother was right, he does look like an old man.

What is there about shopping that transforms women? Is it the suppressed passions of their ancestors, the Amazons, coming to the front? Is it a hangover from the customs of the American Indian? Anyway, the next time you hear the war-whoops from the bargain basement and see the mad dash of warriors for the last pair of silk hose, or when you see the mangled form of a husband drop exhausted on the corduroy pants shelf, try to be tolerant. Remember evolution takes thousands of years.

Dog-Gerel

By

James D. Pierce, Jr.

I think that perhaps I have spoiled an excellent chance to remain quiet; for it certain persons should read this desultory piece, I should be "drawn and quartered" without one moment's hesitation. I love dogs, and I think, excusing the trite and hackneyed expression, that they are one of man's best companions. However, I feel that a good dog should be a real "he" canine and not the much-too-common variety of a "cowering beastie." I detest being made a personal body-guard to a four-legged pampered, carnivorous, domesticated mammal. I prefer the dog that barks to get out

and howls to get in. There is a warm spot in my heart for him even if he does howl at three in the morning after one of his frequent rampages over the neighborhood. He knows his own mind and even a neighbor's harsh and uncomplimentary expletives seem to swerve him little from the voicing of his desires.

But the lap dog—the sleek, often sick, snuffling thoroughbred must have its regular "airings" and the household is upset if one of these is accidentally or purposely missed. To top off the whole thing, the darling (I hope my soul is not destined for Tartarus) must be walked according to prescription. The leash must be snapped on when crossing all intersections, but he must be given complete freedom at all other times except when a bigger dog comes along; then, mud or no mud, I must hold him in my arms while he glowers down as if to say, "If I could only get loose." The larger dog does not wish to fight; he is curious to know just what this funny creature really is. Could he possibly be in his own class of vertebrate animals? Our hero then appeases his wounded dignity by barking vociferously after the unconcerned animal.

His virility and fighting ability is again exemplified when, on some occasions, he chases a squirrel. He is quite abashed when this furry creature holds his ground and he, our Beowulf of dogdom, must swerve in order to avoid a collision. Chasing and fighting with cats is unheard of as he knows that "discretion is the better part of valor." It is indeed trying on my nerves and general good disposition to take this dark little animal for his nocturnal "cavortings." He either tries to blend his dusky frame into the dark surroundings in order to slip away, or he stays so close to my feet that I must go through various contortions avoiding him. He is the kind of dog that one steps on but once. I might add on the dog's