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I'm Clothes-Unconscious

by Dick Emmons

Art by Ken Kenniston

IF ANYBODY wants to know anything about women's minds, it's best to consult an authority on the subject. I'm home Sunday afternoons, by appointment.

My latest adventure into women's thinking has to do with my wife's sorcery in the matter of adding to her wardrobe. My bride—the type who "never has a thing to wear," but wears it very becomingly—long ago hit upon a bit of treachery that may have a familiar ring to a lot of you fellows.

The gimmick is to insist that the husband hop over to the haberdashery and pick himself out a few new shirts or a pair of slacks. A day or so after the witless breadwinner makes his purchase under pressure, the girl of his dreams begins making throaty, little sounds about needing a new outfit. The scheme was used on me a few weeks ago, shortly after I had fought my way clear of a men's store with a new sport coat and superficial bruises.

"Sorry, wren," I said when the topic came up, "I'm afraid your new outfit will have to wait until we get some new money. The stuff we've been using is getting pretty threadbare."

"You bought yourself a new sport coat the other day," my wife trilled. "We seemed to have enough for that!"

"That's exactly the reason there isn't—" I started.

The girl began to snifle. "What's sauce for the gander," she began, and I threw up my hands in defeat.

The goose went downtown shortly after reveille the next day with a smile on her lips and a checkbook, slung low in a leg holster, flapping eagerly at her side. By the time she returned, our joint bank account was bleeding from every pore.

A day or so ago as I started to leave for the office she tried the same trickery, but this time I was ready. "You're

not going into Winter with *that* hat, I trust?" she exclaimed, pointing to my one and only fedora and doubling up with mock laughter.

Oh, no you don't, I told myself. "This hat happens to be the best hat I ever had," I said. "There is a rapport between this hat and my head seldom found in these days of flux. I would not give up this hat at gunpoint."

"It's ludicrous!" she cried, shaking helplessly. "Mothers, unable to explain its appearance, will herd their children to the other side of the street. Dogs will trail you for blocks convinced it's something half-eaten that's to be discarded momentarily."

Her rhetoric stopped me short. "It's that bad?" I asked slowly, fingering the beloved, fluted edge of the brim and remembering fondly all the wild chases we two had known on windy days.

"I wouldn't wear it to a dog fight," my wife said.

"I don't go to many dog fights," I replied, brightening.

"I think something in a pearl grey would be nice," she remarked, ignoring me. "Medium crown. Narrow, snap brim. I'll call the store and let them know you're coming."

I sighed heavily. "Tell you what, why don't we just pretend I bought a new hat and then, turnabout being fair play, you pretend you bought a new purse and we'll be even," I suggested.

"What a quaint little idea!" she said, smiling evilly. "There's just one flaw in it. I wanted you to get a new hat because what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, you know."

"You mean you've *already*—!" I exploded.

"Red alligator. I simply couldn't resist it. But then I began to worry about that twisted old hat of yours."

"Don't give it another thought," I groaned. "I'm buying a new one today. It's going to have an eight-inch brim I can pull down over my eyes when I pass the bank."