

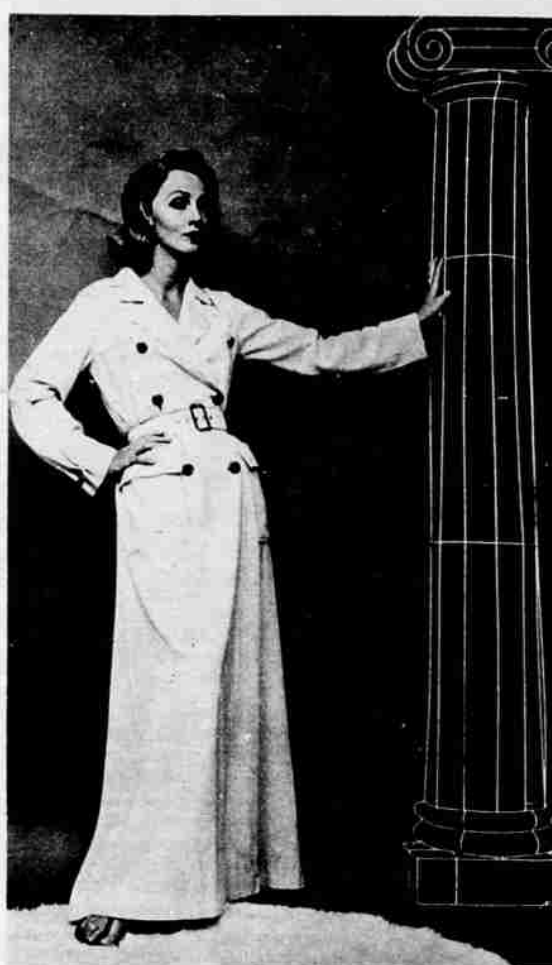
EVER SINCE the early '30s when Marlene Dietrich made the trench coat as glamorous as mink it has been in vogue. This year in new guise it pervades both day and evening wear. Its easy lines and understated elegance have been translated into everything from bathrobes to ball gowns.

While the real thing conjures up spy movies and foreign intrigue on the Orient Express, the translations are another story. Instead of turning her into a femme fatale, there is a beguiling combination of sophistication and innocence about the trench-coat look that is magic to the wearer, whatever her age.



When is a trench coat not a trench coat? When it's a dress like this one with perfectionist details that belie the price. Jonathan Logan (\$23).

The cloak-and-dagger look goes to great lengths to turn into a flannel bathrobe. Raymodes (\$40).



Photographed for Family Weekly by Henri Jansen

Hats: Commodore

I was just thinking...



our bloodshot eyes. Our deafened ears prick up for his first pronouncement.

He lopes to the nearest conduits and attacks them with a mallet. As he works, sometimes he sings. Usually it's "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

We smile at each other and we are somehow heartened a little. We think we may be able to stand the noise another day.

When he must drill through a wall, he warns us and apologizes with an evil twinkle in his eye. We suffer along, waiting for the punch line.

Last time it was: "Oh, rejoice ye and be exceeding glad. For my work here is done."

From all his pockets, from both hands and, occasionally, over his wide ears sprout tubes and cords and wrenches. From his inventive mind, from his tangle of thoughts is a more intricate pleasure.

Yesterday he ambled bonelessly over to the dusty desks.

"What is the magic ingredient?" he asked. "I pound the walls, but I have a few dreams, too. Water's the magic ingredient for everything from cake mix to concrete, but what about people?"

He watched for an effect and then he slouched to the drinking fountain. He gulped and wiped a hand across his mouth.

"I get my magic ingredient every Sunday morning for a few minutes in my church," he said. For such a conscious clown, he was almost shy. He stroked the silver throat of the fountain.

"On Sunday is my magic ingredient. The living water of my life."

Meditatively, he struck a pipe and the echo was like the far sound of music.

Patty Johnson

MOMMY!... MOMMY!... MOMMY!

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