

Trabing

# Mostly about People

By Wally Trabing



## The Well Dressed Russian

Ah, 'tis a wonderful dayski. Rather warmski, however.

At the risk of appearing perfidious to the Joint Board of Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, I am, or was up to a sweaty moment ago, encased in a great Russian overcoat, and a fur and leather hat purchased at GUM's department store in Moscow.

Two American flags went limp in a stiff wind as I clomped pass.

No, I have not defected from my political leanings—I am still staunchly for motherhood in a fatherly sort of way) and I think the Townsendites are a good bunch—I was merely offered a chance to model these Russian duds and, with a surge of Haliburtonian bravado, I accepted. You're dying to know how I felt.

Well, in the overcoat I felt as snug as Lenin in his tomb, and I think the hat is actually a portable samovar.

This toggerly, as well as a couple of suits, are combined in a traveling display, now in the windows of Schipper Dillon, 1224 Pacific avenue.

They were purchased several years ago at the international fair in Moscow where Nixon and Khrushchev had that argument in the appliance department, and now they are on a tour around the country getting laughed at by clothing store owners who say they are inferior to our dress up clothing.

\* \* \*

That chinchilla coat weighs seven pounds and I was hotter inside than a proletarian caught with a Bircher button, but of course this isn't Red Square in the winter.

I felt like I had a heavy load on my shoulders. Didn't feel free at all.

Ten minutes in that hat and I thought each ear had grown its own beard.

The coat reportedly cost \$180. For that much money you can buy summer.

Somebody over there isn't exactly sharing the wealth. I

think if the average Ivan rounded up \$180, he'd buy passage for the United States.

Where he could get a coat for nothing—down!

When I stood in front of the camera in the Russian getup I told the photographer: "Hey, wait, I want to take off my shoe and hold it up so I'll look like Khrushchev."

The photographer put his head under his black cloth, then took it out and said: "Turn it sideways, then; you've got a hole in the sole. You look like Adlai!"

\* \* \*

Some interesting comments on the Russian clothing came with the exhibit.

"One of the suits, made of synthetic rayon, is 15 years behind American style." It was purchased for \$100 our money—four week's wages to the average Russian.

"A two-button brown worsted suit, also of rayon, made a better appearance as far as the cloth is concerned." It cost \$160.

Here are some criticisms of the suit construction:

"One big fault in the Russian suit is that its waistline is not geared for expansion." (Khrushchev is said to have an Italian tailor.)

"There is no cloth in the waist or seat to let the trousers out." (If you buy a suit over there, who can afford food?)

"Trousers have only one rear pocket." For card carrying Communists).

"Trousers have buttons, no zippers." (Life is slower over there.)

"Button holes in suit lapels are artificial." (Ha! Where would we put our artificial carnations?)

"The coats are pieced together where American made garments have one piece construction." (Like in Detroit.)

"The cheapest type of pocket is used.

"Buttons are cheap plastic. Linings don't match.

"No attempts are made to



Columnist Wally Trabing makes like Khrushchev, encased in heavy Russian clothing purchased at GUM's department store in Moscow. He didn't feel very proletarian. The coat cost \$180.

match threads. Gray thread was found in a brown suit." (Not a good suit to come home in, Eh Charlie?)

"The Russian articles are machine made. There is not hand sewing."

All this makes a body wonder if their clothing is put together like this, what kind of an appearance do their snazzy rockets make?

Probably use buttons instead of zippers.

### NAVAL RECRUIT

Michael H. Sutton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Sutton of 132 Alta avenue, is undergoing basic training at the naval training center at San Diego.

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