

Dear Granny,

There was a familiar saying in your day "What strange sights you sometimes see when you haven't got a gun!" There was another saying "I wouldn't believe it with my own eyes!"

Granny you wouldn't have believed it if you happened to have been strolling down Kent Street the other day. In your day, women were ladies, their shapely limbs were hidden underneath hoop skirts and some of the other types of lustrous material almost dragged in the dirt. Dainty ankles were seldom ever revealed unless on a windy day. What a difference today.

Do you know granny, the young girls were walking down the main stem and then apparently thought they were in the height of fashion - skin type slacks (jeans I believe they call them), but they are actually men's pants. The funny part was that from the knee down they got wider and from the calf of the leg down they were bell-shaped and wider, much wider than the bell-shaped trousers worn by sailors.

These bell-bottoms flopped around like flippers on a sleek and glossy seal. To top the slacks, the bustle of yesterday was actually flesh today and - - what a sight!

Then too the head was bare. Almost that is - the girls actually looked like shaggy puddles.

True, granny, what strange sights one sees when one has not got a gun!