

Hats

To Digress. Aging is not an unhappy time unless we refuse to fill it with the best of what we're able to do: the best book, the best conversations, the best company, the best public events, the best social life. When we do that we are alive all the way to the end.

*06-05-2017 by Harry Zirkelbach
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Erie, Pennsylvania was still in the deep of night that early June with the first radio announcement. Allies, in overwhelming force, had invaded Europe. Details skimpy. Churches were asked to ring their steeple bells continuously. The coded landing site names became legend, Utah, Juno, Gold, Sword, Omaha. In this predominantly Catholic city with German names, we were asked to go to Church, offer prayer for those there, and victory.

It would be a long time before specifics were announced. Reporters landing with troops, were not reassuring. The High Command, silent several days.

Thus began **D-Day, 6 June 1944. This Longest Day**, as identified by Rommel months before.
Tomorrow it begins again.

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"Hats Off."

Remember when that was a joyous greeting?"

I have written about Hats. Neither dad or I would ever freely buy a hat. Dad, bald, preferred caps with the firm visor, snap on top to collect more fabric there for flare.

For me, on a bitter cold morning, Mom would cover my head with a knitted cap she had made. Other moments, no head covering.

Only two time in life did I buy and wear a hat, or cap. That was in the Navy, and as Policeman. Indicating authority, the person to seek when in trouble.

The formal military head covering is similar in all services, and on Police. The military also authorizes the fore-and-aft cloth head cover with symbol of Service and Rank on either side of the front.

The military rigid head piece has the capability of interchangeable cloth covers; the Navy pieces, white, blue, khaki or grey, cloth matching the uniform chosen.

Except for such duty, I have never worn, or bought, a hat or cap.
Now, as a general observation, I am not alone.

Of yore, Catholic women were required to wear a head-dress in Church.

Then the pew for each attending Mass had a metal clasp on the back of the seat in front of each, for the purpose of protecting that male's hat. These clasps only exist, if at all, in Churches build pre-WWII.

Males attending Mass with hat today, means juggling that object between kneeling, sitting.

Upon arriving in Denver, I would learn that millineries were common in Denver's northwest Italian community. Especially busy in the season of Lent, these ladies of great taste, imagination, agile sewing fingers, looked ahead to beautifying their customers, all Church congregations, the world, with their best Easter Bonnet.

And what a change it was from the somber colors of those past 40 days.

An extra reminder of what Easter, meant to Catholics.

In Windsor Gardens, head pieces of grandeur are rarely seen on any resident.

We of Writers were blessed for too short a time with the arrival before 0900 Monday by our cohort, the handsome Loweta Kimball, headed by one after another attractive hat. As if connected, she constantly wore a smile of equal appeal. I had expected her to be attending for years, still extended my complement for her handsome appearance each Monday, even before she read her prepared narration. Equally attracted by her appearance and words, I shall forever remember Loweta, grace and beauty in motion and word.

Wherever she is this moment, I hope Loweta's ears are burning.