

Movie Designer Denounces Fads in Female Garb

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 27 — (AP) — Designer Edith Head would like to see a law barring women from entering a dress shop unless accompanied by some responsible adult, such as a husband.

"Furthermore," says the Oscar-winning chief designer for Paramount, "I am offering a bounty on all fat women over 40 who wear campers or pinafors."

Miss Head, a size 12 herself, is warring against the "little girl look" for females over 10 years of age.

She's also on the firing line against salesgirls who come up with, "Darling, that makes you look sexy."

That's why she wants husbands to accompany their wives on shopping sprees. For unmarried women, leave the boy friend at home. "He's only a 'yes man' until you get him hitched," comments Miss Head.

"If clothes make the man, says Miss Head, they revolutionize the woman.

As an example, she cited Shelley Winters in "A Place in the Sun" based on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy."



NEW BIKE FROM JAPAN — A new bike from Japan is admired by Billy Lambert, while P. O. Lambert, Dartmouth, N.S., and wife look on. When the H.M.-C.S. Nootka arrived at its home port after eight months' service in Korean waters, the citizens of Halifax, N.S., outdid themselves in celebrating the arrival of the ship. She also successfully carried out her function — to keep supplies from reaching Communist lines.

Ellen's Diary
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This innocent act of a child is a guarantee that one day, he will follow in the footsteps of parent and grandparent to farm happily the fields of this farm.

And what of the letter we read to granddaughter in the quiet fastness of our study on a recent morning? "Dear Ellen," it began, "Do tell me more about those days when your world was young; how different they were in many ways from these! Tell me, won't you, something of your teaching experiences in that first school? You see, you didn't even take me as far as the second morning of it or the first Friday evening at four — and did school then really keep until four? And what was the autumn like... and the winter? And tell me did you earn a watch of your own? And what was it like? And what did you do with your first cheque... or do you mind telling me the reason, or perhaps I should say, one of the reasons I'm coming to my first school. Oh yes, I too, am quaking in my inwardly — you can appreciate that — and I'm not too confident over my ability to teach but all the same, I am excited at the prospect and looking forward to it if not eagerly at least with

Dorothy Dix Says
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and inclined to cynicism with young ladies? This would run the females from your side quicker than a dozen divorces

KNOCK OFF THAT CHIP

A man possessing all the good qualities you enumerate should have no trouble acquiring feminine friends. I think you have a chip on your shoulder and advise that you knock it off pronto.

Let any of my young lady readers get ideas, I regret I cannot forward mail to other readers, nor can I reveal names and addresses of my correspondents.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am very much in love, and would like to be married in the fall. My sweetheart has a good job, but no special trade. I plan to get a job and together we can work and save. The problem is that my mother thinks I am too young to marry now; she wants me to finish school and then, if possible, take a nursing course. I don't want to wait that long to marry.

BETTINA

ANSWER: Take your mother's advice; postpone your marriage for a year and finish school. If you and your sweetheart really love each other, and you seem to, the delay won't hurt you a bit and the schooling will be of great benefit to you later. Naturally when you're young and in love, the future holds nothing but rosy dreams. Dark clouds can form however, on the brightest horizon and later in life you'll be very glad of your education.

DEAR MISS DIX: A friend of mine, some years ago, married a divorced man with one child. It has been a very successful marriage, and my friend has always been a good mother to the child. Now she wants to know if she is right in assuming that while the first wife still lives the child can't claim the second wife as a stepmother.

FRANCES

ANSWER: Your friend is wrong. A second wife becomes the stepmother of her husband's children as soon as she's married to their father.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

With All My Love
(By Virginia Bowes)
(Continued)

Clare followed the little woman into the house and up the broad staircase. They turned down a long hallway at the top of the wing and at the end of the wing stepped into a huge, walnut-paneled room that looked almost like a library except for the handsome double-deck bunk against one wall. There were two broad windows on each of the three walls, and under them and between them were bookshelves jammed with books. Opposite the bed was a broad walnut desk, and the most prominent thing amidst its litter of books and ash trays and mechanical drawing instruments was Clare's picture, the one she had inscribed: "With All My Love."

Clare looked around the room and she knew there were tears in her eyes, but she didn't care. Mrs. Caswell wouldn't look at her; she knew she wouldn't. Roger's mother was standing just inside the doorway, her bright blue eyes in her tired face moving slowly, affectionately over the room. They seemed to caress every book on the scores of shelves and to fill with happy dreams and memories all the while. Clare almost envied her the intimacy of those memories; Roger had been hers so many more years than he had been Clare's.

And then the old lady was holding the picture out to her, the one that had been on the desk. "I could give you Roger's watch, the one he got for graduation from college," she said. "Or I could give you the big emerald ring that was his great-grandmother's. But this is the possession he prized more than anything else in the world. I want you to take it back, Clare. It's a symbol of all that you and he shared together." Two tears ran down her withered cheeks but she didn't seem to notice. "A pilot friend of his, a Mr. Hanley, sent it back from California with his other personal things after he was killed."

Clare couldn't remember later what she had said when Mrs. Caswell handed her the picture. She couldn't even remember the details of their parting. All she knew was that she had cried like a baby, and before she'd come downstairs Roger's mother had taken her into the bathroom and washed her face with cold water, and then had walked downstairs with her and said good-bye on the front porch. She knew that she had promised to come again, but beyond that everything was confused, unreal.

When she got home, she went directly to her room, holding the picture tightly under her arm. With the door closed she took Roger's picture from her dressing table and put them side by side on the bed and then lay down with her hands touching them and cried some more.

At last she sat up and dried her eyes, and it was then that she noticed that her picture was crooked in the brown leather frame. She picked it up and jiggled it for a moment, thinking the picture would right itself that way. But it didn't and she turned it over and loosened the clasp on the back. The cardboard came free, swinging open on its tiny gold hinges and as it opened a thin sheaf of onion skin paper fell out on the bed.

Clare sat there stunned for a moment staring at the sheets with their intricate webs of purple-lined lines, and tiny words lettered carefully in delicate script. And then the lines began to take shape and the words took on a meaning; they were diagrams of airplane wings and fuselage and tail surfaces, and the most frequent words under or beside the various lines were "hydraulic tube."

Clare didn't wait after that except to straighten her picture in the frame and close it up again

Housewife Writes

CLIFFORD, Ont., Aug. 26 — (CP) — Mrs. Elvira Keeso, a housewife in this town near Owen Sound, has written two songs in collaboration with a Hollywood song publisher and believes they may soon be on the market all over the continent.

Mrs. Keeso, who has been writing poetry and her own music for years, wrote music and lyrics for a children's play at a nearby church a few months ago. A former Hollywood song writer who attended a performance was so impressed with Mrs. Keeso's work that she worked with Mrs. Keeso on two of the songs and passed them on to a recording firm.

Now they've been recorded and Mrs. Keeso has been asked to prepare others. The two are "My Make Believe World" and "On The Board Walk." The former is a love song, telling the story of a lonely young man's dreams, but the second is a lively Easter piece.

That Body Of Yours

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can be helped to help themselves. It is because odd behavior is thought of as an ailment of the mind which can be helped by special mental treatment that it is fast losing its stigma. This is the reason, as pointed out by Dr. Rickman, that this changed attitude of the patient and the patient's family has made the demand for the help of the psychiatrist so great.

"The fact that the psychiatrist is compelled to face painful issues of human maladjustment without resort to evasion such as placebos (valueless medicine given to please patients only) gives an index of psychiatry's professional morale or standing in the community. Psychotherapy has proved successful in restoring to full capacity patients formerly incapacitated by neurotic (nervous) disabilities that did not respond to other forms of treatment."

It can be readily seen that the psychiatrist, who understands his patient and gains his confidence, because no organic disease is present to account for his symptoms, explain to the patient how his emotions, his underlying feelings or fears upset the smooth workings of his mind and body and so account for his odd behavior.

and place it alongside of Roger's picture on her dressing table. Then she was downstairs and into her car, sending the gravel flying as she went down the drive, spinning onto the highway at reckless speed and heading for the airport — and for Eddie Franklin.

When she pulled into the parking space there was only one person in evidence on the field and that was Clay Hanley. He was standing on the runway near the hangar, his feet wide apart, his arms folded, a cigarette dangling from his lips. She gripped the lighter, thinking of the papers going to snatch them from her. The slamming of her car door made him turn around, and when he saw her he cringed, exaggeratedly and with a broad grin, "Apologies, everybody," he said. "I meant that Miss Calbridge," he said easily as she approached. "I suppose I should call you Miss Calbridge—"

"If you have to call me anything that would be best," Clare said indifferently. "Where is Eddie?"

"He's busy. Why?" His face straightened almost sourly, and Clare thought that his face was a face that was meant for sneering. "Tell him I want to see him for a moment."

"He isn't seeing anybody at the moment. He happens to be working here and his social life doesn't begin until 6:30."

Clare's hand clenched angrily and she turned abruptly toward the hangar. But as she reached the door she saw her hand on the door lever—the entire front was closed in with sliding doors and a brilliant blue light emanated from the cracks—Clay Hanley caught her arm. "I said he wasn't seeing anybody," he said. "I meant that for you, too."

"To Be Continued"

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"To Be Continued"

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