

FEMME
'n
FANCY



By Berenice McDayter

We housewives may be the light of the home, but fashion-wise, we can't hold a candle to our career-bound sisters.

All right, so the working gal can afford to dress better. This seems a pretty good reason . . . good enough to have kept us housewives complacent in our flower-print smocks for quite a few years. But let's face facts — career women have better taste.

First, any housewife who thinks a career gal's purse is a bottomless crock of gold has forgotten her own working days. When the chips are down, working girls haven't much more to spend on clothes than we do. On the debit side, they have a high outlay for nylons, cleaning bills, shoe repairs and small tailoring jobs that housewives can usually do at home.

There's another reason for the fashion gulf between us, just as obvious, but one which we're less anxious to discuss. The fact is that many of us at home have stopped trying. We've got our man, we're not likely to be fired from our job, and what better reason for slobbing around than housework?

On the other hand, the career girl has to look good. . . and she wants to. If she's single, she can't afford to take a man's admiration for granted.

And while the office girl is sharpening her fashion sense with constant practice, her housebound sister has forgotten all she ever knew about clothes and cosmetics. When a working woman shops for clothes she knows what she's looking for, what an outfit will do for her and how she'll accessorize it. Many housewives don't realize a new fashion exists until they see their baby-sitters wearing it, and then they immediately dismiss it as a teen fad. When shopping they carefully avoid striking or unusual fashions . . . heavens to Betsy, somebody might notice it. Better settle for a safe shirtwaist or a tired old classic that looks as if it's qualified for the Canada Pension Plan.

Maybe it's as simple as having the courage to express oneself through fashion. A career girl has it. When a housewife and a career girl see a pair of thigh-high boots, a tiny white linen dress with a massive belt or a hat that's pure Jose Greco, the housewife may secretly admire it — but the career girl will buy it. And she'll be the one to stop the traffic while her homebody buddy sneaks along unnoticed.

It's also a popular fallacy that a 30-year-old mother is years older than a 30-year-old unmarried secretary and she should act her age. Hence an outfit that looks great on the secretary would be considered almost indecent on the mother. Her friends would think she was "on-the-prowl." Apart from being an insult to every unmarried girl who dresses fashionably, this seems a little hard on a housewife's husband. Hasn't he the right to a chic, well-dressed wife? Isn't he entitled to the feeling of pride he experiences when he notices his friends glancing admiringly at his wife? If all this seems indecent to the housewife, then she might as well go into purdah and have done with it.

The LOWE - DOWN Arthur Lowe

About girls who wear glasses

I recently covered the meeting of a secretarial association attended by some forty young women, most of whom appeared to be in their twenties. What impressed me was the fact that the majority of them were wearing glasses and I couldn't help recalling Dorothy Parker's comment of the 1940's — Men seldom make passes at girls who

wear glasses. If her dictum still hold true there must be an awful lot of women today on the 'don't touch' shelf, for girls wearing glasses would appear to be as numerous as girls wearing mini-skirts — which is practically all of them. In Dorothy Parker's day a bespectacled girl was a rarity, and I would put the incidence then of

spectacles worn on the distaff side at about one in twenty. Now it must be close to fifty-fifty.

What has happened is anybody's guess. The optometrists, opticians and ophthalmologists attribute weaker eyesight in the current generation to the fact that we use our eyes for closer and more concentrated work. Personally I think all that has happened is that the optometrists, opticians and ophthalmologists have become top-line merchandisers.

Why, they even advertise their weirdly-shaped and bejewelled productions as adjuncts to beauty — the miserable fun-killers!

Having a sensitive disposition, it always seems to me a tragic thing that the more shapely a woman is, and the more inviting her lips, the more certain it is that she will have weak eye-sight . . .

I recall that in my younger days I had a certain proclivity for making passes, and it is a fact that I never exercised this proclivity in the case of a girl wearing glasses! I think it was mostly fear

of embarrassment.

To be effective a pass should appear to the recipient as surrender on the part of the male to a sudden irresistible impulse. Once contact is established osculation should be immediate, passionate and prolonged.

But on the first approach just imagine if you knock off the lady's glasses. You draw back, and the essential contact never materializes. Instead you flounder around, something like this . . .

"Do forgive me dear Miss Longworth for knocking your glasses into the lake. I'm afraid I was overcome by your beauty."

Lucky if she doesn't overcome you with a flat-handed uppercut.

I discussed this question of what you might call the puritan-impact of spectacles with a woman friend of mine. It is a despicable thing to confess, but the thought had occurred to me that girls were perhaps wearing glasses as a protective device.

"Nonsense," my friend said. "What you don't realize is that girls sometimes want a man to make a pass at them."

"Then why would they wear glasses?" I asked.

"They can take 'em off, can't they. And unless a man's a dumbbell he knows enough to accept the invitation. But they do serve as a protection against the unwanted."

Lovely Linda — who recently joined the staff of The Mississauga News — had other views. She wears contact lenses, which can hardly be counted a deterrent to an initial pass.

"But they're wonderful if a man gets too fresh," Linda said. "I just have to clutch an eye and explain that my contact is slipping. They're wonderful."



Bermuda honeymoon

Bermuda was the honeymoon destination of a young Cooksville couple married in St. Hilary's church by Rev. R. E. McLennan.

Lynda Jane Everard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Everard of Selsey drive, Cooksville, became the bride of Jonathan George Leaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd H. Leaver of Stanfield rd., Cooksville.

Maid of honor was Dianne Laffradi of Cooksville, and bridesmaids were Lynda Lee, Scarborough, Elizabeth Bennett, Etobicoke, and Shireen Finch, Port Credit. Ushers included Michael Everard of Cooksville, Michael Slacer, Burlington, and Robert Clement, Cooksville.

The wedding reception was held at Oneida Country Club. The couple plan to live in Cooksville.

Ladies gather clothing

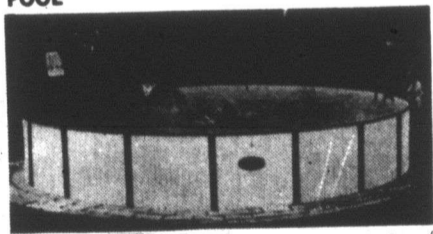
Lois Powrie of Toronto, regional secretary, was special guest at the last meeting of Brampton Presbyterian executive.

Mrs. A. Adair of Erindale reported 15 large cartons of clothing had gone to Kenora district. Each Presbyterian is being asked to contribute only one bale of clean, wearable or new articles for fall. Large cotton dresses and quilts of any size will be appreciated. There are to be delivered to Erindale Presbyterian Church September 16 or 17.

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