'Bewty' Parlor's
An Experience
BY VERA MILLER

IN THE spring a woman's fancy turns to thoughts of beauty. At the Beauty Shoppe of today you can now get clipped, colored, tipped, and tailored. Seated in a chair with color-tinted walls, in the presence of an exuberant female, you are urged to relax. Looking at wall pictures reflecting the profile $300 an hour coiffeur's models, you picture yourself not with the channel of brown hair you have, but with a Latin model. Her hair is highlighted by tips of golden glory.

The dainty people aren't the only ones who offer "half 'n half." This is available at all beauty shops. Of course, you're not the only one thinking along these lines. Take a look at the customer's wigs. Long hair tends to sparkle with the warmth of nature's under-eye display. You may decide to do that, which is, if you can stand your own old warts. But the secret is in the inner sanctum of brown hair.

REMEMBER the "Bewty Parlor?" Not too many kids were left at home in the days of the Bewty Parlor. That's exactly what it was. The parlor. In the front room a few noisy second-hand dryers were set up on their dark hair to leave their mark months later on the orchid walls. Linoleum was put on the floor, and near the window in the adjoining dining room was a table with a 3-way mirror. The kids were not only left at home—they lived there.

IT'S HER HOUSE

The operator was not Miss Adrien, Miss Dottie or Miss "What."—It was Mrs. Roseneich. It was "Pauline." It was her house, it was her parlor, her children and you were her customer. If you had your appointment on Wednesday in the winter, wriggling with the smell of the burning irons in their metal cradles; there was the aroma of "Fochtkele boeracht" and on Friday, it was the aroma of chicken soup or whatever was cooking in the oven. If you brought your brown hair, it was damped with the rest to play in the back of the house.

REMEMBER the thick green goo that was used to set hair? Sometimes, sitting for a long time in the heat so the waves would set to last until the following week. Remember the row upon row of waves set in with the back of the comb and a twist of the wrist. This was to last for a week and for sure at least for days to look "normal." After all, being hot and set was no small thing.

Maybe you recall the beauty parlors ringing the Humboldt Park area or the houses around the park area of the city. In the city, the parlor was the starter. As business progressed, things usually switched. The back part become the beauty parlor and the front section the family area. When the children were growing up, they needed better consarn to entertain their friends, so nine times out of ten the door became the entrance to the Bewty Parlor.

WHEN the children were older, there was an investment in a small close-in store and it was the fashion, as today, to follow your operator. Northwest, north, west... she won, you won. Initially, they tried to balance a salmon patby and mashed potato dinner every week when distance was involved. This was an all day affair. Instead of the now popular next-day comb outs, the hair was matted down; tightly coiled in a net and... intended to last.

CUT FULL ENOUGH

A Bar Mitzvah, a shower at Cafe Royal, a 25th wedding celebration at Golds, this was cause for appointment relinquishing so the set would be given before the great event and yet last the full two weeks. Even dresses for the occasion were bought at L. Star with the prime thought that the neckline should be cut full enough to go over the head and not muss the "set.

THE AMOUNT of hair pins used on a set was phenomenal. Today, liquid spray does the job. They were hair-pins. Hundreds of hair-pins! Hair-pins by the trillions to be collected after a "shave"; there was ever complete family alertness to be alert to every pin. It was always thought that the best hair-pins should be put in the top... into the hands of the new creation of the hair-pins collected from the corners of the house to be put in the chin jar or Ma's dresser to be returned to the beauty parlor.

Or, maybe you remember that day when Ma walked in with her brown hair? Complete with brown scalp?