

An Eccentric Reporter Gets the Works



OUT FROM UNDER THE DRYER AND ON MY WAY TO A PEDICURE.



THE BANGS MUST BE EVER SO SHAGGY.



THE EYES HAVE IT.



THIS ISN'T THE COMB-OUT—IT'S A WIG.



NEW FACE OF FALL '63 WITH THE BERNARDS.

ECCENTRIC PHOTOS

New Look Created for Season

By ETHEL SIMMONS
Staff Writer

I expected to be pampered and in actuality I was, but when I reeled out of Bernard's French Salon two and one-half hours later, after getting most of "the works," I felt more like some special company dinner that had been prepared by overzealous cooks.

(Maybe that's why Bernard's has its brochure of beauty services printed to resemble a dinner menu!)

However, when I came out of the salon, I was (gasp) beautiful, or at least more "beautiful" than when I went in.

LIKE THE housewife who cleans in preparation for the cleaning woman, I had carefully removed all my make-up and applied a fresh face before embarking on my escapade.

I wanted to present the experts with a challenge — but not too much of one.

I was due at the salon at 4:30 p.m. but because of a copy deadline at *The Eccentric*, I didn't manage to leave the newsroom until after five and got there at a quarter to six.

Eccentric Photographer Sam Fowler, originally scheduled to meet me there for "after" pictures, arrived before I did. So, instead, he shot straight through from "during" until "finished."

I WAS GREETED by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard and by Grace Scalia, fashion coordinator for Bernard's. The whole adventure was gratis because this was a special press event and the doors had been closed early to the public.

First, I exchanged my dress for

a black "smock," and my shoes came off to be replaced by foot-relaxing paper slippers.

Then I was shown into one of the plush styling rooms. The entire salon was opulent with red carpets, white walls and touches of black and gold to the French Provincial decor.

Del was my stylist's name. She explained to me that the coiffures for fall are flat on the sides, with height only in the crown. Bangs are swept to the side and flat.

THIS SOUNDED great to me. I'm addicted to bangs, and when she added that my forehead would be entirely covered, I was in agreement to try the new season styling.

She also mentioned that fall haircuts are blunt and follow the jaw line. That's the opposite of hair short on sides and tapering longer in back—instead sides are long and the back shorter.

But I wasn't ready to have my hair cut, and so after washing my head in a shampoo that she said contained protein, good for dry, bleached or permanent hair, she rolled up the style.

Then I was placed under one of the new air-conditioned dryers. Meanwhile I was enjoying a tray dinner, not ordinarily part of the service but offered that night to the press.

ANOTHER addiction of mine is home pedicures, and I was looking forward to having one done professionally. A mobile dryer was moved into the pedicurist's room to speed up the beauty process by having me done "head to foot" at the same time.

I had thought a pedicure was a 10 or 15-minute operation, but I didn't emerge until at least a half hour later. Miss Lois, the operator, explained that pedicures usually take an hour and include a leg massage.

I had the "abridged" version (although including a "Whirlpool" foot bath) due to the fact that the hour was getting late. However, my feet won praise for being free from corns and calluses.

I MIGHT ADD that Miss Lois said a pedicure is performed just like a manicure, and it was, even to filing of the nails with an emery board.

On the way to the pedicure room, with rollers in hair, my potential in charm had already been realized.

Edythe Fern Melrose, the "Lady of Charm," spotted me and said she'd like to show a picture of me with my new hair style on TV. And she promised to plug this story, too.

When I returned to the styling room, Del brushed out the set. Then before she combed it into the style, I indulged in a secret fancy. I tried on a wig.

MR. RALPH, wig stylist, first brought me an ash blonde wig, which he then rejected as not suited to my coloring. A champagne blonde (slightly pinkish) wig he found suitable for me, and this was placed on my head.

It looked like a large fuzzy hat before he began styling it, and I soon asked him to take it away as Del had warned me trying it on might crush my hairdo-in-progress.

The "hair set" was slightly crushed, she reported, after removal of the wig. Then, she brushed and swooshed and teased and I peaked and finally she was done.

My hair was divine.

THE BANGS were side-brushed and shaggy. The crown was smooth and high with softly shaped curls puffed up in back of

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THE REAL COMB-OUT.