

... in regaining the acceptance of old friends, and none had yet found a job, the most difficult step in the social rehabilitation of recovered mental patients. In the course of the afternoon, the consultant pointed out to each woman how she could best improve her appearance. The women grew more and more enthusiastic as they watched the remarkable physical changes taking place before their eyes. The next day, with their new beauty making them feel confident that they could be just as efficient and useful as anyone else, six of the women went out and landed jobs.

But it is not only women in emotionally trying circumstances who can benefit from the wizardry of professional beauty care. Every woman can. Listen to this apt testimony from the letter of a housewife to the director of the New York City beauty salon she visited. We quote it at length not only because the woman's reactions are so typical, but also because it reveals so vividly what "new beauty" can do for a woman who is suffering from those everyday down-in-the-dumps blues.

"I had had a throat infection a couple of weeks before," she begins obliquely, "and I was still having trouble swallowing. My doctor referred me to a specialist who, though he could find nothing wrong with my throat, suggested that for my peace of mind I have a test x-ray. I told him I'd think about it and went home wondering, 'Am I one of those women making the rounds of doctors trying to find something wrong?'"

"I took a good look at myself. I felt miserable and I looked miserable. Then, from out of the blue, I remembered a magazine article I had read about 'A Day of Beauty for Thirty Dollars.' Well," she continues, "thirty dollars is a lot of money. We really needed new slipcovers, my husband needed a new summer suit, etc., etc. I felt guilty even thinking about spending that much for something I really didn't need, although the emotional and physical results promised in the article sounded like they might be just the medicine I needed."

A Day of Beauty

"Anyway, guilt and all, after debating with myself, I decided to give it a try, and yesterday I had my day of beauty—six hours of it. I got off the elevator on the sixth floor a bit hesitantly. I'm not beautiful and I know it. I had a nagging fear of looking ridiculous—yearning for beauty after forty and getting a bit chubby—a fear that glamorous attendants would be covering up their dismay at the poor specimen they had to try to make over. To clear up that point right at the start, the staff was wonderfully kind, friendly, courteous, and helpful (sounds like the Boy Scout oath, but it's all true).

What's more, every treatment was blessedly in private.

"The first step, after I'd been outfitted in a black leotard (I groaned inwardly), slippers, and a lounge coat, was a visit to a doctor who asked how I felt and checked my heart, blood pressure, and weight. I confided I ought to get some pills to take off some weight—I have been trying to lose five pounds for over a year, mostly from my thighs and stomach. The doctor assured me I didn't need pills, that I should just cut down on starches and limit myself to one cocktail before dinner, and that Sue in the exercise room would give me some special exercises to keep me fit and trim.

"On to Sue. I had hoped I would get some neck exercises to firm up the sagging flesh on my neck. To my surprise, I found out it was my posture that was doing the damage, and when she showed me how to stand properly, I was amazed to find my neck looked okay. Then she

showed me some exercises that would slim my stomach and thighs.

"Next step, the massage room. Never had one before, but I certainly will sometime soon again. This took about a half-hour and left me feeling simply terrific. Then I lay in a bubble bath, with bubbles bubbling up all around me and a machine keeping the water swirling around my body. I have to laugh when I think of it—it was out of this world. After that a shower and a head-to-toe slogging with a heavenly smelling lotion, followed by a luscious lunch in my little private dressing room.

"After lunch, off to another private room where Arnold asked me what I wanted done with my hair style. I left it up to him, and he thinned it, trimmed it, and set it while Mary gave me a pedicure (first I'd ever had, but by now I was so relaxed I was enjoying everything) and a manicure.

"In another room, I lay down for a
(continued)



A SMILE transforms this patient as she sees results of beauty treatment. A few minutes later, she struck up a friendship with another woman in her ward.