

Script

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HOLLY-**V**-HIVE WOOD



A FRIEND of mine was dress-shopping up in San Francisco when her eye caught sight of a display of uniforms and merely out of curiosity she fumbled through them. "Listen dear," said the sales-girl, "I wouldn't buy a uniform today if I was you. We've got a much cuter collection coming next week—more your type!"

Feminine uniforms are causing great dismay. Women of small means complain that while they would like custom-made uniforms, they can't afford them. Nevertheless, designers are doing a capacity business, turning out ultra-chic numbers for those in the money. Ready-made uniforms, compared with the tailored affairs at two hundred per, do bad things to the morale of women who possess patriotism. It's a problem that deserves serious consideration.

The Women's Ambulance and Nursing Battalion of the State Guard all wear regulation uniform, officially prescribed. The shoulders are a little narrow perhaps but an extra pad stuck in helps. So far they have been wearing cotton khaki, perhaps on the theory that the government needs or will need all the wool available for soldiers. Of course any woman works better if she feels she is dressed becomingly, and at present we all need to pull together at our very best—so work it out for yourself.

Not Slackers

IN WESTWOOD, Miss Marjorie Gateson, Miss Dee Lowrance, Miss Shiela Ryan, Mrs. Robert Dolan, and Mrs. Robert Smith are wearing, not slacks, but overalls: Motor Transport recruits of the American Women's Voluntary Services.

Mrs. Joe E. (Kathryn) Brown, "The Cookie Woman," presides over a cookie jar at the office of A.W.V.S. which is replenished nightly with some 84 dozen cookies, which are served from the organization's Chuck Wagons to soldiers on night duty in the Westwood area.

