

# Tell Us Your Story Contest

by Bette

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Renaissance Beauty Salon

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I have two stories:

When I was twenty-five, with a new baby daughter, my mother treated me to six weeks at the Elizabeth Arden Red Door Spa and Salon in San Francisco. I took weekly facial, massages, and hair do's, etc. Very Elegant! At one point in the afternoon, I entered a long concrete room with brass railings to which I hung tightly. The attendant then turned on a fire hose with a very strong spout of water spraying me up and down my body as I hung on for dear life. I also recall the attendant asking me if I wanted to use the same fragrance that she used on her "fancy ladies" . Even then, green as I was, I took it to mean persons of the oldest profession, not the socialites of San Francisco. Since the program was prepaid by my mother, it did not occur to me to tip the attendants. Red lights came on when I got a complaint.

The second story occurred in the 50's in Marin County, I was then 34 years old, a mother of four. I was the soloist in my church with a high-end type congregation. My hair was brown, but I developed a white streak beginning at the front of my forehead, I thought it was "skunk-like" in its appearance. Hair coloring was just starting to be in vogue. I admired the appearance of a young woman I knew, and made an appointment to become a blond, without discussion with my husband who was an artist and very sensitive to clothes, hats and hairdo's on women.

When I walked into the house with my blond hair, my Pennsylvania Dutch mother-in-law, said "Merciful heavens!" Strangely enough, I can't remember any other comments by my husband, my children or the church congregation. They didn't fire me, but I am certain there were some who took a deep breath. One didn't speak of such things openly. Strangely, all my pictures of that time are of brown hair. Only in the sixties did I appear with blond hair in print.

P.S. I am now 88 years old. My hair is white entirely.