

Miss Eastlack Is Married To Lt. Gray

Ceremony Performed Yesterday in New York

Miss Mildred Eastlack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Eastlack, of Parlin, N. J., was married to Lieutenant Howard E. Gray, USMC, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Gray, of Norton, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Embassy Room of the Hotel Ambassador in New York. A reception followed in the Trianon Room. The Rev. H. S. Weyrich, of Christ Episcopal Church, South Amboy, N. J., officiated.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore ivory satin with seed-pearl embroidery on a heart-shaped neckline. She carried a prayer book and white orchids.

Mrs. Philip M. Bradley, of South Amboy, N. J., was matron of honor.

B. M. Gray was best man for his son.

The bride is a graduate of Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass., the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, and is a member of Delta Delta Delta.

The groom is a graduate of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg.

Child's Usefulness Often Prevents His Delinquency

By Angelo Patri

Peter is past fifteen. He is not one of the fast-learning children and will be over seventeen when he finishes his first year of high school and gets a diploma from junior high. That is a long time off for a boy of fifteen, especially when he is six feet and up, weighing 165 pounds.

Peter has two brothers in the service, one in the aviation, the other in the navy. He feels ready himself and finds school work childish and futile. I am not saying he is wise about the matter but you cannot expect him to look at it through the teachers' eyes. He is too big for the benches in the school room, he wants something heavier in his hand than a pencil, and with all his heart he wants to get into the marines.

Yesterday Peter came to me and said, "I'm in terrible trouble. You'll have to help me."

After struggling with himself for a long time Peter had decided to enlist. He persuaded the officers that he was eighteen, and they, not too certain of his accuracy, gave him a sheaf of papers to fill out, and to have filled out by his people, and have them notarized. He handed me the pile.

"I stayed out of school three days. I had to get my papers. I told my mother I was in school. The teacher sent home absentee cards and I took them out of the box. The trunk officer called when I was downtown and my mother went out to look for me. Now I can't enlist anyway because I'm only fifteen and nine months. You've got to help me. I don't know what to do."

All we could do was return the papers, say we were sorry Peter was only fifteen and some odd months old, and send him back to his classroom. His mother wants him to stay home, naturally. Just as naturally he wants to go to war. He keeps coming to me asking me to help him get into the service and nothing I can say about birth certificates seems to register in his mind.

I have a great deal of sympathy for Peter and his kind. A boy who is not book-minded, who will never go into the secondary schools, who is mature physically, might be allowed to qualify in some sort of service where he would be trained and disciplined and allowed to be useful. Some of these boys and girls would be learning more, that would be helpful to them in years to come, in some job in industry, government services, than they learn now as unwilling pupils in a book-bound school.

I am all for laws to protect children who work. I am all for free education for every boy and girl who is able to absorb it from the kindergarten to the university, but I am also for the boy and girl who can get a better education in service than they are able to take in a schoolroom.

Useful work under enlightened supervision is a great educational force and many children, who are mature physically and who have about reached the limits of their ability to absorb education in the schools, would be greatly helped if allowed to serve in actual jobs. When boys and girls are well placed in life—that is, in a place where their energies are used to their satisfaction, they do not become delinquent. Delinquents are not bad children. They are, mainly, misplaced, misunderstood children. Give them a chance.



Mrs. Howard E. Gray

Selection of New Chinaware Is Problem for War Bride

By Betty Sessler

The war bride will probably have more trouble getting her dinnerware than any other table necessity (except food, of course).

Deliveries are slow and few retailers have full sets in stock at this time. One store reports that English deliveries are better than American. "This same business said that some makers such as English Wedgewood are concentrating on popular patterns and have discontinued others until after the war."

If a bride selects a pattern and promises to buy certain pieces even if they are not given to her as a gift, the majority of the stores will put this set away for her. Unless she does this her pattern may be chosen by several different people and she will have difficulty getting her pieces any time soon.

Too frequently any dish placed on the table is referred to as china. Actually, dinnerware is divided into two basic groups, china and earthenware. Earthenware lends itself to rapid production and thus is priced lower. It is heavy and opaque. Most of the Wedgewood productions, including the popular white, are of the earthenware. The maker does produce china, but it is very expensive.

The terms "china" and "porcelain" are synonymous. In order to test your selection of dinnerware, hold it to the light. China is translucent and you will be able to see the shadow of your fingers. Another test can be made by striking a pencil against a cup. China will give a musical sound.

Salesgirls will speak of "bone china." This is very fine china in which calcined cattle bone or bone ash is applied to the body mixture, making it very white and adding to its translucency. English china is the only true bone, but great advances have been made in America.

Decorations for china and earthenware is the same and is divided into two general types: overglaze and underglaze. The former is the most popular because its range of colors is practically unlimited. Decorations are produced by colors applied to the surface of the finishing glaze. The decorated piece is then slipped into the oven or kiln and the colors are fused with the glaze at a moderate temperature.

Overglaze decorations are applied in three ways: by hand-painting, the most expensive; by decalcomania or printed picture transferred to the china, the cheapest method; or by a print made from a copper plate. Although the latter process is similar to the decalcomania, the print is always in a single color, frequently being just an outline of a pattern, a rose, for example, and the color is filled in by hand. On the other hand, the decoration is applied directly to the biscuit or unglazed ware. This is done by free hand brush stroke or by copper plate. This decoration covered by the hard translucent glaze is very durable and cannot wash off.

Many of the popular patterns today, such as Lenox's Harvest, sheaves of wheat against a creamy china, or Lenox's Golden Wreath contain a great deal of gold. There are two types of gold decoration:

Adeline Gray Hits the Silk Without Fear

By Jean Meegan

MANCHESTER, CONN., (AP)—If the depression was responsible for the "forgotten man" the second World War has produced the "unforgettable woman."

They are the spiritual, if not the lineal heirs of the women who braved the Atlantic Ocean in the seventeenth century, fought Indians on the prairies in the eighteenth, and invaded business and the professions in the nineteenth.

Adeline Gray is a conspicuous example—not as a woman soldier, sailor, or marine, but as a licensed parachute rigger and packer.

She learned about parachutes by using them as a stunt jumper at air shows and is now using that information as head of the repair shop of the Pioneer Parachute Company in Manchester, Conn.

Almost every youngster flies kites but doesn't influence the rest of their lives as it did in Adeline's case.

"That started me," she says in a quiet, whispering voice. "And when I was 12 years old I read about Joe Crane, the famous parachute jumper, and I knew that was for me."

This from a blue-eyed blonde, who, if she ever loses her present job, could probably get another one as a model. At 19 she was the only woman licensed parachute jumper in Connecticut and, as far as she knows, still is at 23.

One of the "deathless sky divers" she used to pop out of planes at 9,000 feet, carrying a 15-pound sack of flour (that etched her descent in the sky for the benefit of the spectators) and open her chute only at 2,000 feet for the glide into the home stretch.

She has made 34 such jumps and says, "I like the thrill of falling through the air." Her only training for this unearthly occupation was a childhood stunt of jumping off haystacks with an umbrella.

Adeline has a passion for aerobics, like some people have a passion for horse racing, poker, yachts. It's her exercise, diversion, pastime, and work.

The only other person in her family who has any interest in this sort of thing is her high-school-aged brother. Her father has a down-to-earth job in a textile company.

After putting in an eight-hour day (six days a week) cleaning, sewing, folding, and stowing into harnesses the parachutes that come in from civilian pilot training schools for repair, she spends the evening studying meteorology and air navigation for her private pilot's license. She flies on Sundays in a plane bought with the money she made as a stunt jumper and more prosaically as a clerk in the Oxford, Conn., 10-cent store.

Her best friends are all aviators and her correspondence is confined to an exchange with parachute battalions. When the Parachute Battalion at Fort Bragg wanted to know what made a lady parachutist tick, she wrote:

"I haven't had any training, just had to learn from experience (including some hard knocks), trying as best I could to visualize every conceivable thing that could occur. I often wish that I had access to training from experienced instructors. "The most trying circumstances for an 8,000-foot free fall are a small field, a strange pilot, a strong wind, and an impatient crowd. Once I had my eyes blackened when I landed on a tree, and another time I bruised my side and hip when I came down on a high tension wire. "But I love to jump parachutes (even with the hardships). It must be wonderful to have all the opportunities you boys have. Parachute jumping is like nothing else, and I want to do some more."

Anyone contemplating a jump is subject to what parachutists call "sweating out." The jumper writhes with nerves the night before, isn't able to sleep, and is filled with dreadful forebodings. This young lady has never had an instant's anguish. She says: "I always sleep well the night before a jump and look forward to it."

Although many of the old firms who have never before discontinued a pattern are being forced to temporarily stop their production of certain designs for the duration, the bride need not worry about replacing her china set. If she chooses a reliable make she may be sure that her copper plate or design will be saved and that her particular pattern will again be made after the war is over.

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Miss Betty Motley

Miss Motley, Lt. Dahlberg Will Marry

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil A. Motley, Sr., of Gretna, announce the engagement of their daughter, Betty, to Lieutenant Kenneth Harry Dahlberg, United States Army Air Forces, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dahlberg, of Wilson, Wis.

Miss Motley attended the College of William and Mary and is a member of Delta Delta Delta Sorority.

Lieutenant Dahlberg attended Notre Dame College and is now an instructor in the Operational Training Unit at Luke Field, Ariz.

Miss Watson, Lt. Powell Are Engaged

Mrs. Sudie Atkins Watson, of Darlington Heights, announces the engagement of her daughter, Mary Sue, to Lieutenant Edgar Powell, Army of the United States, son of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Edgar Powell, of Worthington, N. J.

Miss Watson attended Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg.

Lieutenant Powell received his B. S. degree from Syracuse University and his M. A. degree from Columbia University.

He is now a cadet officer in the United States Army Air Force, stationed at Pittsburg, Kans.

Rationing Necessary to Winning War; Allows All a Fair Share of Meat

By Ida Jean Kain

The meat rationing is necessary to winning the war and nobody is kicking about it. Besides, it allows us a fair share of meat. The proposed two and one-half pounds a week per person would seem like a banquet to the people of other nations.

We usually plan the menu around meat, fish or fowl because this is the hearty dish of the meal. It stays with you. Then, there is the nutritional reason. Meat is an excellent source of protein and protein is the building and repair material. Most of our tissues and organs are made up of protein.

We must have a certain amount of this material every day, but not all of it from meat. Milk, eggs and cheese also furnish complete protein. So even though we come around to having meatless days, we can get along all right. We can rely on beans, peas and soy beans for some of the requirement. The housewife can put her ingenuity to work and make up new and interesting dishes—but she will have to know her nutrition as well as her groceries.

Substitutes at the meatless meals might be a cheese soufflé or grilled cheese sandwiches, navy bean soup, lima beans with tomato sauce, or Boston baked beans.

Or serve poached eggs with a cheese and cream sauce, and spinach on the side. There's a dish to please the family!

A man is apt to think he has to have a generous serving of meat to keep up his strength. Well, what does meat furnish? Protein is the big thing. It also supplies many of the B vitamins. You need all these in the daily menu. But you can get the minerals and vitamins from green leafy vegetables and whole grains and the proteins from the animal products other than meat.

It is not hard to get enough protein to meet your requirements. According to the nutrition yardstick, the average man needs 70 grams daily, the average woman, 60 grams; the teen age boy from 85 to 100 grams; the girl, from 75 to 80 grams. Now, you probably don't want to hither with grams, so here are the servings that will assure plenty of protein: A small serving of about one-fourth pound of meat, fish or fowl (and, by the way, on the present rationing plan we are allowed more than that daily), plus a pint of milk, which is needed for calcium and phosphorus anyway, an egg, and cheese or cottage cheese, along with the bread, cereals and vegetables in the menu add up to enough protein for any man.

Here's Looking at You

By G. G.

You're waiting for the signal—in a minute you'll be pacing up the aisle to "Lohengrin." In traditional white or modern pastel—you've never looked lovelier. We hope you've planned your bridal make-up as carefully as your clothes. For people's eyes will linger, not on veiling and flowers, but on your flushed, happy face.

Your keynote is daintiness and femininity. Have your powder well based, your lipstick a soft, sentimental heart-throb pink. Not for you the drama of deep dark reds, or sun-browned powder. This is your day to look as feminine as lace. Choose a daisy-flower powder shade—a delicate floral scent for your perfume.

Gardening Beauty

Take a beauty treatment—in your garden! Along with raising food for Uncle Sam, you raise yourself a crop of beauty benefits. You can count on them—sunshine, fresh air, and exercise will do the business every time!

Even if your first day's exercise left you limping, and with a bad case of "garden grouch," take heart! Like everything else, gardening takes a little know-how to smooth the snarls. Done properly, it snips off those extra ounces in just the right places! Come harvest time, you'll be in tip-top trim.

Keep in mind these two or three points as you work: First, learn how to stretch. It's real exercise, and your garden is just the place to try it out. For instance, when you're weeding, get down on all fours, as far from the spot you're weeding as you possibly can. Then reach forward for every weed you pull.

Two, learn to relax as you work. No exercise helps if you're tense as a bowstring. Change your occupation, or at least your position, often enough to keep from getting cramped and stiff.

Third, keep your back straight! Yes, that's important—a twisted, hunched-up spine tires you in no time. Remember this especially when you have a heavy load to lift. Don't lean over to pick it up—this puts the whole strain of lifting on your back muscles. Result: stiffness, soreness, all manner of ills! The right way is to kneel—keeping the spine erect—put your hands under the object to be lifted, and raise it as you rise to your feet. This brings your extra-strong thigh muscles into the picture—lets them carry part of the burden. Result: less fatigue, less strain.

Some of your garden tools will limber you up in no time, if you use them correctly. Your rake, for instance—use it in good sweeping strokes, for a back-and-shoulder exercise that's hard to beat. If you have one of those old-fashioned scythes, by all means get it out. The twisting motion that's part of using this tool whittles waists on the double!

Don't—please—go out for a three-hour stretch of gardening bare-faced! Sunshine and fresh air are beauty builders, but a hot

Summer sun needs a little tempering, if you're not to have a skin the texture of leather, come August. A few minutes with your beauty tools before you start will pay big dividends in comfort and good looks.

First, for that sun-tempering. Use a good sunburn preventive if you haven't worked up a tan yet, or if your skin is the tender kind that doesn't tan easily. Don't forget the back of your neck, and behind your knees. When you're kneeling, backs of legs from knees down get more of a burn than you'd expect—so a preventive is the smart move, if you want to sit down afterward!

For face, arms, and throat, apply a good coating of vanishing cream. It's a light lubricant, so your skin is less likely to get parched. And it's fine to keep powdering clinging. Yes, you'll want powder—it's protective too!

Don't forget your lips—sun and wind can parch them unless they, like your nose, are cream-coated. You can combine business and pleasure here, with a creamy-based lipstick. A gay red shade is cheerful, and nice to have on when your neighbors stroll over to admire your handiwork.

Final thought: If you hate the feeling of gloves when you're gardening, substitute a coating of your vanishing cream, for protection that's almost as good.

Panelled in Bamboo

What man doesn't like panelling in his study? But, with building costs up and builders at a premium, it's almost out of the question nowadays. So here is a suggestion from Maureen O'Hara who solved this problem in her new house not long ago. She got several bamboo screens, exactly as high as the ceiling of the room, and fitted them flush against the walls, cutting out spaces for the windows. The result—a room completely panelled in bamboo!

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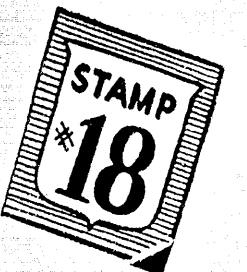
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