

My Social Life

To be firm about not entertaining uninvited visiting relatives and friends who bore me.

To teach my maid to lie with convincing charm so I can avoid dull callers and telephone conversations.

To keep a list of all books borrowed from me and send postcard reminders to all borrowers.

To leave a dull party early, even if my hostess is counting on me as a fourth at bridge. To yawn openly, start emptying ashtrays and, as a last resort, slip into a negligee, and appear in the doorway rubbing cold cream into my hands, if any guests linger on after midnight on weekday nights.

To spend my free evening seeing "Lovers Alone" (or its equivalent) at the movies if local culture club meetings put me to sleep. To denounce swing music as cacophonous tripe if I prefer sweet jazz and symphonies. To entertain to suit myself and my budget, no matter what the crowd does. To remember funny stories and repeat them only if I, too, can make them sound funny.

My Man—If Any

To let him walk off with the morning paper because I've ordered another copy for myself.

To flatter him to the point of believing he is a grand cook, so he can prepare the victuals when he invites ten people to dinner on the maid's night out.

To give him advance notice of anniversaries and birthdays, and subtly be hanged. To admit I hate prize-fights and cigar smoke.

To admire his hair-cut and his new suits, willy-nilly.

To be a veritable lamb and honey-child with women he's interested in, so they'll like me better than they like him.

To develop a few personal extravagances when he starts squandering the family income on stag dinners, green fees and fancy fishing tackle.

To encourage him to have his secretary buy gifts for me, so he won't pay outrageous prices in gift shoppes

RESOLVED

To Do Right By Myself



*New Year Resolutions,
With a Dash of Enlight-
ened Selfishness, That
Will Make A New
Woman Out Of You.*

(Reprinted From Delineator)

for things I never can use.

To make him stop talking about girth and baldness and do something about it.

To have for myself a handsome doctor and a fascinating dentist.

To keep him waiting, occasionally, for the good of his soul.

To expect orchids (all right, gardenias then) and get them or else—

To agree with him, always, in company, but be reasonably firm about my convictions when we're alone.

My Clothes

To develop enough sales resistance to wave away that "too, too divine" feathery hat which will make me look like an Englishwoman on the Riviera. To own at least one dress or negligee which makes me feel feminine, clinging, luxurious and slightly wicked.

To wear good clothes, that fit, even if I have to learn to make them myself.

To be firm with myself at the first symptom of "doodad" disease (the yen to wear all my bracelets, earrings,

clips, etc., etc.—at one time).

To wear, always, the kind of underwear I'd be proud to claim as my own after the train wreck—if any.

To face myself critically in a long mirror before I leave the house and deal promptly with yawning plackets, undecided hemlines and skirts that bulge over the derriere.

To risk having runs in my stockings rather than crooked seams due to loose gartering.

To get a lift in time at the shoemaker's when my heels start to run down.

To get rid of shabby clothes before my economical streak convinces me they're "good enough to wear around mornings."

To tell neither my husband nor my friends what I spend on my clothes.

To buy six pairs of silk stockings at one time.

To pay real money for a foundation garment if my figger needs a lift.

To sew fasteners in my clothes to keep shoulder straps from slipping.

My Looks

To buy a fresh supply of cold cream, skin tonic and hand lotion before the old is exhausted.

To get myself the face powder I want, no matter what my mother-in-law gave me for Christmas.

To cancel all dates, neglect the family darning and go to bed at sunset as soon as my mirror shows I'm getting a "death and taxes" expression.

To take enough exercise so I won't look like a marshmallow.

To get a good permanent, or none.

To replace the liquid polish on my nails at the first crack.

To try a new way of wearing my hair at least once a year, and dye it yellow if I feel like it.

My Home

To have two comfortable chairs, each with a good reading light.

To smash—of course it was an accident—the hand-painted rose jar his former flame gave us as a wedding present.

To have the furniture re-upholstered, at least once in my lifetime, in the gay colors I adore instead of the drab stuff that won't show dirt.

To let the dust gather, occasionally if the alternative is all work and no play.

To insist on modern kitchen equipment even if his mother did make perfect biscuits on a coal range.

To have one large closet for myself alone.

Me, Myself

To try to see the good points in my face, my figure, my disposition, and quit worrying about the flaws I can't do anything about.

To confine my raptures about Robert Taylor to my girl friends.

To learn to drive like a man. To diet, if necessary, without talking about it.

To be aware of my high moments and give them all I've got without too much thought of tomorrow.