



Narrow Outlook On Life Deadly, Says Reno "Sky Pilot"

Believes Old West Will Die if Traditions of Freedom and Hospitality Are Forgotten

FOR a quarter of a century, Brewster Adams, beloved Baptist preacher of Reno, has known all phases of life. City folk and desert dwellers; wealthy and poor alike call him "friend." Out of his great store of rich, human experience, Brewster Adams is writing these stories for readers of Five Star Weekly. And they're stories you won't want to miss. Watch for the Reno preacher's sage comments and colorful anecdotes. They will be a regular feature of Five Star Weekly.—Editor.

By BREWSTER ADAMS
(For 25 Years Reno's Baptist Preacher)

OFTEN have I wondered about this western dementia of ours. Why did we leave kin and kind, old friends and fond acres for this land which lies toward the setting sun?

Folks back there thought we were crazy when we left and they know we are crazier when we talk about it.

We are reminded of our delirium when they write us. Yet, strangely it is a rare letter which does not conceal a coy query, "if you see anything out there that looks good, I might come out and look it over."

But we came and we won't go back. If we return for a visit we are as unsettled as a California flea and as irritating as a Nevada sheep tick. We wear them out with our description of our gray hills, our wonderful climate, our glorious sunshine (for two weeks now it has rained). We are only content when we take the train back. And so are they.



Brewster Adams

GREEN shutters, I think started my mind thinking "westward." Perhaps you remember them. It was in a typical little eastern town where my grandmother lived. It didn't even have a "Main street," just a county road with two rows of little white houses as regular and as grim as Grandma's set of false teeth.

The road was narrow and so, it seemed to my boyish fancy, were the folks who lived along it. Every house had green shutters—hinged covers for the windows. They were always closed. But, through a broken blade or a little crack, an eye—I can feel it now—looked out to watch the "goings-on" and happenings of the passer-by.

Green shutters still remain in memory with an eye peering out that centered on us like the barrel of a gun. Maybe it was a guilty conscience. It did seem that it could see through the trees and even around the stone wall back of the old school house where we made our stealthy smokes out of corn silk and plantain.

Always that eye seemed to be judging and watching a little lad, who walked with careless steps down the winding road. There was no warmth of kindness in that judgment. That eye lived in a dark, cold room with the shutters closed. You remember that spare room.

I VOWED in those days that if I got out where there were no green shutters, nor closed blinds, nor spying eye, I would make my home in a land of open windows with the hope that it might be also where the dwellers lived with an open hand and an open mind and an open heart.

Perhaps we are getting a bit crowded. A grizzled, old rancher friend of mine is troubled because a railroad runs through his acres for sixty miles. They asked to establish a flag station and a water

Men soon will return to wearing clothing as gay and colorful as that illustrated in the above sketches. Yes, whether you think so or not, these drawings are accurate and show the costumes worn by men throughout the years. They were not masquerade affairs, either, but every-day garb, worn in days when "the male was more fine-feathered than the female." The young woman in the center is Miss Claudia Davis, color psychologist, who says men are returning to their former grandeur.

Farewell To Blue Serge — Father Wants Vivid Hues, Says Psychologist

It Won't Be Long Before Men Abandon Ordinary, Somber Colors in Business Suits To Return To Fine Feathers; Wait 'Till Those Off-Shades Arrive!

MADAME! Take a look at friend husband in his dark business suit and imagine how it's going to be when he comes home from the office as gaily garbed as an Indian warrior of old.

Think, too, knowing his sensitiveness about his shaving soap and razor, how fussy he will be about that off-shade of blue if the cleaner doesn't take the right precautions. My word! You thought you were particular, but that will be nothing when, under the influence of this color-mad world, he wears suits as bright as your own, and demands fastidious attention to keeping the right shades right! And he'll match his complexion, too!

Bunk? Nothing of the sort! If you don't believe it, take a trip to the San Francisco Museum of Art and interview Claudia Davis, color psychologist—a champion debunker of old traditions, at least where color is concerned.

Miss Davis will point out to you that manufacturers are giving you everything from bright red typewriters to pale blue refrigerators, and will tell you that the day when men would suffer "imprisonment" by somber tradition is past, that they will no longer confine the expression of their color hunger to "fantastically colored shorts, campus

tower on his property some 20 miles from his house. He consented to the location of the water tower but not the station.

"I won't object to no man nor an engine stoppin' fer a drink of water on my ranch. But ye cain't let off no passengers. It's gettin' crowded enough already."

But there is still plenty of fresh air and bright sunshine for us all, if we keep the windows open. Freedom and hospitality made the old West and it perishes when that is gone.

We like to breathe freely and stretch without watching our elbows. We want room for ourselves to live naturally and sincerely. We can't have this without granting standing space to others.

A WOMAN of our town went down recently to the big city. She took her small boy. They entered the elevator in a well-known department store. A large woman with a middle-age spread followed. She required room and she took it, brushing the other occupants against the walls.

Suddenly she turned and without explanation slapped a little man who was crowded behind her. Nobody understood this outbreak and no one will, except those of us who heard the story.

Our resident and her young hopeful stepped out of the lift, leaving the stout lady and her slapped victim inside.

"Maw," the little fellow piped, "that big dame stepped on my foot."

"Why didn't you speak to her, son?"

"I didn't have to. I just pinched her in the seat! It's too bad she hit the wrong fellow."

The moral seems to be that if you don't want to be pinched yourself, you had better give the other fellow plenty of room.

blazers and sleeping pajamas," but will blossom forth in colored business garb!

IN SPITE of present day habits, men by nature are inclined toward brilliant apparel. That's Miss Davis' point.

Throughout nature, it's the male who wears the finer clothes. Females are clothed in drab, uninviting garb.

Until recent times, the same thing held true for human beings. A brief glance at costume drawings of centuries gone by proves the point—sweeping, striking war bonnets and paint for Indian warriors; lace, ruffles and silk stockings for the gentlemen of the French court. Those are just two instances.

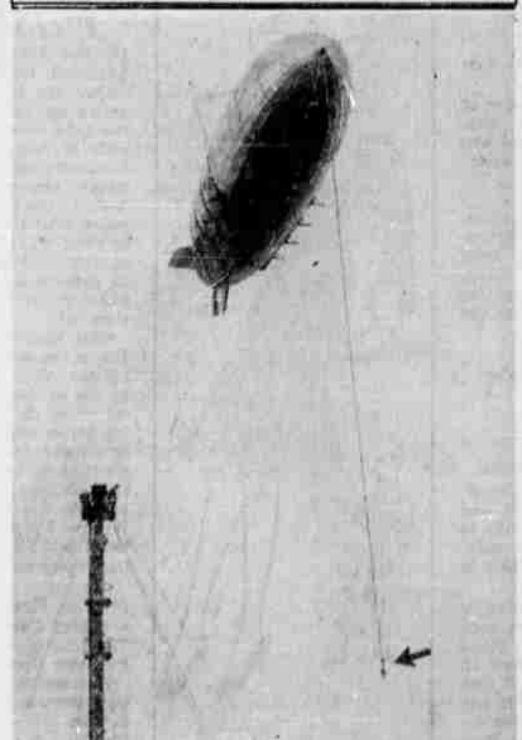
And, says Miss Davis, it won't be long until men return to the vivid fashions!

BUT this isn't the only color bomb she is exploding by this religion of shades. Just listen to this! Sallow women can wear green!

Redheads can wear pink! And you've believed for years that you couldn't "wear a thing green" because of a dark skin.

"The statement that 'green makes the skin look sallow' should be tested by every woman alive who

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As the ground crew at Camp Kearney, San Diego, were preparing to moor the Akron, the guide rope parted, and the ship lifted, jerking upwards three men. Two men fell and were killed. A third man was saved after dangling an hour.

likes green," she says. "There are as many shades of green as there are skins." So, Mrs. Dark Skin, try it out!

"That redheads can't wear pink is a conviction originating no doubt from the bitter reaction of some early colorist to the wrong redheads in the wrong pinks. For safety, the titian-haired beauty probably should avoid pinks and reds, but if she is a genius with color certain subtle and lovely harmonies are possible in these colors," adds Miss Davis.

"Make an adventure of discovering the particular shade that is becoming to you," she advises.

How can you decide which colors you should wear?

HERE is some straight, sound advice on color from the expert Miss Davis:

Blonds are fortunate in their ability to wear warm and cold as well as light and dark colors. The greatest color danger in dressing a blond is found in the delicacy of her coloring. Hues otherwise becoming are likely to overwhelm her personality if too vivid. Thus a lovely blond in a crimson gown might present a lovely color harmony, but the beauty of the color would be stronger than her own: not greater, but stronger, so that the beholder would be conscious of red beauty instead of blond beauty, which, as everyone knows, is not the right effect.

The same danger to a lesser degree applies to brown-haired and gray-eyed women. These intermediate ones, on the whole, are able to wear a wider range in color than pronounced types, however.

A brunet, on the other hand, frequently gains dash and vivacity from brilliant hues because her dark hair and eyes and warm flesh tones are strong enough to increase the beauty of the color and are not lost in it.

Redheads are, of course, the easiest and, considered by many, the luckiest. Greens, green blues and blue greens, as everybody knows, make them simply ravishing. Because of this common knowledge and frequent practice one could sometimes wish, however, that more-imaginative, tawny-haired ones would discover just how wonderful certain yellows and coppery browns can be under their flaming tresses, not to mention white, cream and black.

BLACK is too much worn by everyone everywhere. Black is smart and serviceable and goes with everything and so we have too much of it. Nothing illustrates this point of view more aptly than the appearance, during these last few winter seasons, on rain-drenched streets in our large cities of colored umbrellas and even more delightful, beautifully-colored water-proof rain coats and capes in red, green, yellow, blue, orange and white. The gray buildings, dark pavements and general drabness of any downtown district is lifted into a gayer and infinitely more beautiful center of activity by these dashing spots of color in the rain.

A tradition of reserve and good taste has built up a color conservatism in dress that is to be deplored. It is true that a reaction to vivid color, combining all the hues of the rainbow in each costume, would be gaudy and theatrical, but an intelligent choice of color would improve our fashions.

Black is lovelier with a vivid scarf of red or green than it is alone. White has more style and character when accented with color. The danger of using color lies in the use of too many colors at once. A personality should be a complete composition with all its parts harmoniously arranged.

IT IS a pity to divide one's self in the middle by wearing a yellow blouse and a green skirt and further to distract one's audience with a red tie. If a geometric design is woven into the skirt and a flower design into the blouse, possibly with polka dots on the tie, the confusion of color, line and movement becomes overwhelming; so that we are not surprised that our ancestors retreated into the safe use of black, gray and brown. Men are still imprisoned in this somber tradition, except for summer and sports wear. Many men crowd all the color possible into their ties and socks, with an occasional overflow to shirts and handkerchiefs, but advanced manufacturers are gradually introducing richer color harmonies into tweeds and business suits, however, so that the color hunger of the modern male shall be satisfied.