

# How to turn a spot of tea into cocoa.



## With RIT® Dye.

Do you have a set of linen or cotton place mats or a tablecloth you'd like to change into a rich color like cocoa brown? It's very easy to do. But first, if the fabric has stains—like tea, for instance—remove them before dyeing to make sure the color takes evenly. Follow these simple RIT tips and you'll be on your way to a beautifully even dye job:

### Do's

1. Wash item thoroughly.
2. Soak spots in powdered oxygen bleach overnight. If the stain is oily, use a heavy-duty liquid detergent or grease remover.
3. For really stubborn stains, use RIT Color Remover.

### Don'ts

1. Don't expect dyeing to cover stains unless you've almost completely removed them. (Dark dyes will help to cover light stains that may remain.)
2. Don't try to dye a fabric that a hot iron has scorched or that liquid bleach has spotted.

For a free booklet or answers to questions on dyeing, write RIT, Dept. C, 1437 West Morris St., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.



## Rit. You're going to love the results!

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life should be, and I had to grow through all those things that mattered when I was fifteen."

What Wendy and lots of other tall girls becoming tall women didn't realize was that the Age of Tall was just around the corner. I don't know exactly when it became okay or even fashionable for women to be tall, but I suspect it started to happen in the late '60s and I suspect it had something to do with the birth of the feminist movement. Remember the song "Five foot two, Eyes of Blue, But oh, what those five foot could do"? Remember "A doll I can carry the girl that I marry must be"? And "You are woman, I am man. You are smaller, So I can be taller than"? Remember how men talked of bringing the boss home to meet "the little woman"? Those songs and expres-

sions now seem to be anachronisms. In fact, speaking of a woman as diminutive seems to be a pejorative way of speaking.

Which brings me to the real question: Which is better—tall or short? (I realize, of course, that even asking the question is an exercise in futility. As if we had a choice.) "Tall is better," says Annette, who is. "At least it's better for an ambitious woman. You can dominate space in a political sense. Sometimes I manipulate my height for different situations. If, for instance, I have to speak to a group of people and I'm feeling the least bit shaky, I will wear the highest heels I can manage gracefully. It gives me a feeling of power and competence."

Gloria, a very impressive sales representative (five ten), also grew up with

"the steely notion that tall is better"—an idea inherited from tall parents who instilled in their seven children, all of them looming giants, a sense of superiority. In fact, she was sure that tall was not only better, but also right, and she kept expecting everyone else to catch up with her. "I always thought everyone was a little slower," she says.

A lot of short people agree with a lot of tall people that tall is better, like the adorable young woman who runs my favorite bookstore. "I'm used to it," says five-foot-one Arlene with a sigh, "but to be beautiful you must be five seven. Nobody ever says, 'Arlene, you're beautiful.' Oh, sure, fat people compliment me—they wish they were my size. But they're not really saying, 'You're great-looking.'" She sighs again. "When you're five feet one, you can't be a gorgeous chick."

Other small women rattle off a litany of problems associated with their height.

"It's terrible being in a crowd," says one. "I don't have claustrophobia, but I do have to sit on the aisle or move down front at the movies."

"I never went to a pornographic movie," says another. "I'd be too embarrassed to be asked for proof of my age."

And one tiny woman I know has a hell of a time commuting on the subway to her job as an accountant. "I can't reach the strap," she says, "especially in the winter, with all those heavy clothes weighing down my arms anyway. And people put their newspapers on my head. And even when I do get a seat it looks as if I'm not taking up so much room, and there's room for eight people, but there's always some blubberhead who squeezes in for the ninth, and I get these blubber arms folding over me."

If you are noticing that a lot of tall people seem to feel pretty good about it and a lot of short people would pay cash money for a few more inches, you're right. Remember, I said this was the Age of Tall (and since I'm just average, ordinary five five myself, I'm no happier about it than you are). I did, however, find some renegades. I showed this article to a five-foot-tall woman who works in my office, and she sent it back with this note: "The only thing I found missing was one final round on why short is really superior. After all, we are jewelry-like—tiny, with multifaceted personalities. We are quality versus quantity. We combine just the right attributes in one economic package (Japanese ideal). We are a small bundle bursting with goodies (Italian ideal). And for a sexy touch, everything is easily within reach."

Mostly what small women do complain about is what happens when they get together with tall men. Rebecca, a tennis coach, is five feet two and married to a man six feet four, and their life together is fraught with terrible trouble. "We can't hold hands well," she says, "because my hand is always a lot farther down than his. We can't dance well—my forehead meets him smack in the middle of his chest—so we don't dance. We've never had a decent conversation stand-

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