

Bust a move

Bra salon lends a hand to Dress for Success

Sorry, but it's kind of hard not to use words such as "support" and "foundation" when referring to a lingerie boutique that is lending a hand to charity.

That said, Muse Intimates at The Plaza, 81st Street and Lewis Avenue, is collaborating with Dress for Success Tulsa to raise awareness and — here you go — support for disadvantaged women throughout the community.

Muse Intimates will have a fund drive for Dress for Success from Tuesday through Aug. 15, with a portion of the total sales during this time to be donated to the organization. Refreshments will be served, and additional in-store discounts will be given to clients who bring in a gently worn bra.

In case you didn't know about this awesome cause, Dress for Success is a worldwide organization that promotes the economic independence of disadvantaged women by providing professional, interview-appropriate attire to help women thrive in work and in life.

For more information, call Muse Intimates at 392-3430. Or go online to tulsaworld.com/dressforsuccesstulsa.

Stylish goings-on

Flirt at Utica Square will put on a trunk show of Purple Soup Jewelry on Friday and Saturday.

Purple Soup is the brilliantly colorful creation of Rachel Zarrow, a local designer who's been "cooking up handmade jewelry as long as I can remember," she writes in her catalog. She used to make pieces for friends and family members, then started selling them locally about three years ago.

Her work is fabulous, as she's made necklaces and other accessories using Chinese glass, pearls, turquoise, carved carnelian, coral, enamel and a host of fun charms. She'll appear at Flirt on Saturday, she told me.

For more information, call 747-6565 or go online to tulsaworld.com/purplesoup.



Jason Ashley Wright

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Now opening

Ida Red, 3346 S. Peoria Ave., will have its grand opening Friday and Saturday.

Marqueed as a "Cain's Ballroom Rock 'n' Roll Boutique," Ida Red is an awesome shop stocked with everything from rock 'n' roll art, clothes and jewelry to retro candy and more than 30 kinds of pop — the drinking kind, not the listening-to kind. Be sure to check out artwork and T-shirts from Black Mesa Studio when you pop in.

To celebrate all this fabulousness, Ida Red will have performances by Red Alert at 8 p.m. Friday, then the Red Dirt Rangers at 8 p.m. Saturday, the store's lovely Angelene Ripley Wright told me.

For more information, call Ida Red at 949-6950 or visit the store's MySpace page via tulsaworld.com/idared.

Online find

I love T-shirts — I have a few hundred of them, I'm sure.

My friend Chef e-mailed me a link to a Web site for Help Remedies. In a nutshell, HR "was created to make solving simple health issues simple." For example, it offers 500-milligram acetaminophen tablets without the "coatings and dyes that many companies are so fond of using" (\$6 for 12 tablets).

Blah, blah, blah, let's get to the T-shirts. As the site says: "Everyone has problems. Let's not be ashamed of it." Amen, bro. Web Site. And it urges us to "wear our problems above our breasts." You can do so by using its handy-dandy, do-it-yourself-online contraption to create your own "Help I..." tees. Here's how it works: You



Simone Perele lingerie from Muse Intimates, which is lending a hand to Dress for Success Tulsa. Courtesy



The "Call Me" necklace from Purple Soup Jewelry, which is having a trunk show at Flirt on Friday and Saturday. Courtesy

visit tulsaworld.com/helpremedies, use the photos on the right as inspiration (if you wish), then type in whatever you want after "Help I..." I really like the "Help I've got hypochondria" tee that one guy's wearing. Also dig the little kid's "Help I lost my marbles." Be as clever and twisted as you want — just don't write a novel, as you have space for only a few words.

The cost? \$20, plus \$5 shipping and handling. "After you get one," the Web site will tell you, "put it on, take a snapshot, and send it in. You will look good on our Web site."

For more information, visit the Web address above. Happy T-shirting.

Visit www.tulsaworld.com/jwblog

ROUTE:

He worked at a plum orchard in California.

FROM D1

land's flat and the wind's fast, the driver erected a canvas windbreak in front of the rumble seat.

On to Albuquerque, N.M., Hatfield got his first glimpse of real mountains.

Later, in Arizona, he stopped to marvel at the Painted Desert, where desolation and beauty collide.

Once in California, Hatfield and company reached Needles, where the driver filled two canvas water bags and hung them on the Chevy's bumper. The passage through the Mojave Desert didn't mean the car might overheat; it was a matter of when.

After they safely passed through the desert, the Chevy went one way and Hatfield the other as he hopped a bus to north of San Francisco. It was there, around the Santa Rosa, where he stayed with a family he knew from their days living in his "rough, rough" Tulsa neighborhood near Pine and Utica.

"There's some things that went on that we don't even want to talk about," Hatfield said of his boyhood neighborhood where he didn't often go out after dark.

The day after he arrived, Hatfield landed a job picking plums. It was hard work, spent on his hands and knees, but he did it for only four hours. That's when a long sedan pulled into the orchard. A man in his 50s wearing a straw hat stepped out and asked the field workers whether any of them knew how to drive a truck. Hatfield didn't, of course. But that didn't

keep him from volunteering for the job.

He chugged up and down the orchard rows as the workers loaded the truck with boxes of plums ready for the dehydrator.

In the weeks to follow, Hatfield drove that truck by day and worked nights at the dehydrator. Sixty cents an hour was too much money to pass up.

Hatfield left California at the end of the summer with \$300. That was a small fortune for a 16-year-old, who hitched to Arizona before hopping a train home to Tulsa.

After Hatfield returned for his junior year of high school, he found himself at a local roller-skating rink, where he saw a pretty girl in a "fluffy dress with a big bow on the back." A smitten Hatfield couldn't resist: He skated up to her and untied that big ol' bow.

In '43, Hatfield joined the Navy and became a turret gunner flying out of Okinawa and the Philippine islands.

In '45, Hatfield came home to Tulsa on leave and married the pretty girl he fell for on the rink. The young man became an actuary who fathered two daughters, who gave him six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

As for the Mother Road, she gave birth to more than 2,000 miles worth of memories Hatfield can hold in his weathered hands.

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Girlfriend irked by guy's bad grammar

Dear Amy: I am dating a very, very nice man. We get along fabulously and have for the past year. There's just one problem — his language skills. He was not taught to speak properly in his youth, whereas in my family I was taught correctly, though I'm definitely not linguistically perfect, either.

For example, he consistently uses the wrong verb tenses in speech, incorrect words such as "hissself" instead of "himself."

I am uncomfortable with his lack of language skills, yet also uncomfortable with correcting him (I don't want to treat him like a child and interject when he errs).

I've gently, carefully and privately corrected him once or twice, but he's been embarrassed, and it doesn't seem to make any difference as he continues to make the same language mistakes.

I guess I have options — just get over it, try to fix it, or move on and find someone else.

I'm in my early 30s and reluctant to reject a good, kind man because of this seemingly small thing, but it is an increasing concern for me. I can't imagine raising children in an environment where incorrect English is spoken!

What do you think I should do?
— Loss for Words

Dear Loss: In intimate relationships, people can have difficult conversations — and the relationship will survive because the conversation is handled with as much grace, good humor and respect as possible.

You should tell your boyfriend that this bothers you. Tell him you know it's not the biggest thing in the world, but that his language skills are distracting to you. Present this issue as a personal quirk of yours and ask him whether he would be willing to work on it.

If he gets defensive or embarrassed, drop the subject.



Ask Amy

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Never correct him in public. I agree that if he is otherwise good, kind, loving and wonderful, you should try very hard to tolerate this, but you need to examine your own abilities to be genuinely tolerant.

Dear Amy: I am a single, successful professional. I am a quite pretty woman who has been dating a man for more than two years.

Sadly, I thought I was in a serious committed relationship.

My boyfriend and I had developed what I thought was a solid relationship. Our families meshed and our children from each side became good friends. We even went to church together and spent most weekends together.

The problem is that I recently found my so-called boyfriend's profile on a popular Internet date match site. I sensed something was wrong in the relationship. I decided to do a bit of investigation, and my Ph.D. research training came in handy.

Anyone in my position can imagine the feeling of sadness and depression the minute I saw pictures of him smiling and flirting online.

The saddest part is that he was "advertising" for a relationship that is exactly what we had together. He denies participating in the exchanges with women, even though his profile has been up for months.

I recommend to all women who think something may be odd with their so-

called boyfriend to do a quick search on the most popular Internet dating sites to see what comes up.

My blood is still frozen from finding his picture, name and profile asking for all of the qualities in a woman that I already possessed. — Smart and Pretty Ph.D.

Dear PH.D.: Your non-boyfriend is a scoundrel.

But I do need to tell you that a person doesn't need the research skills of a Ph.D. to use the Internet to confirm suspicions; according to the content of my in-box, people without advanced degrees seem to have figured this out some time ago.

Dear Amy: I'm not sure I understand your response to "Wondering Parent," who wanted to know etiquette for removing one's baseball cap.

You said that only baseball players should wear baseball caps. That's like saying only tennis players should wear tennis shoes.

In my career as a cap designer, I have made more than 72 million baseball caps. I don't believe your opinion reflects the reality of modern-day headwear trends. I am very happy that there are millions of nonbaseball playing people wearing my designs — from cancer patients to food service to law enforcement and people just showing good judgment while being exposed to too much sun.

I agree with some of your suggestions on where to properly wear a cap. In fact, I'll take my hat off to you there ... but the rest of that noise you can put a "lid" on. — Caps Pay My Bills

Dear Caps: I admit to being snarky about baseball caps, and I apologize. I frequently wear one myself.

Send questions via e-mail to askamy@tribune.com or by mail to Ask Amy, Chicago Tribune, TT500, 435 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611.

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