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*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Thursday, March31st c:outlk11.11wc09 (2011 OUTLOOK letter# 5)

**Haircuts**

We were out doing our errands last week and drove past a sign saying, *“Men’s haircuts $16.00.”*

Ken couldn’t pass that by without comment, *“$16.00 for a haircut? Good Grief!”*

The more knowledgeable Lucile responded, *“Oh, that’s nothing, some pay a lot more than that.”*

For one who has led a sheltered haircut life, this was hard to comprehend. Earliest tonsorial memory: Barber Shop in a Department Store managed by my Father. Barber’s name was Eddie. When Mother said it was time for a trim, went down to see Eddie, waited my turn, got it cut, said thanks and left. Don’t think the thought of paying Eddie ever occurred to me. This M.O. lasted till age 17 when Eddie was replaced by the U.S.N. No money problem there either. Post WWII it was: back to; L.I., Work on Madison Ave and good old Eddie. Re-location to Connecticut caused the first confrontation with the financial aspect of haircuts. Ouch, … didn’t go on long, Bought a trimmer and gave self butches.

Have never calculated the money this investment saved, but had to be substantial. Took care of Ken and four boys. Velma took care of the female side of the family. Don’t know what the girls thought of this, but the boys? They hated it. Beatle-mania the rage and they went to school with crew cuts.

With the move to Georgia in 1970, the family turned a new haircut page. Gene Cotton, a co-worker, put us wise to a barber shop by the tracks in Chamblee. Haircuts, … $2.00! Four barbers, efficient in-out operation, no appointments … great! The fact half the barbers were women took a little getting used to, but we survived.

The more gypsy-like life style, beginning with Phoenix, caused a return to self-cuts and these have persisted to the present.

Interestingly, a recent dental appointment brought a self-cut problem to the fore.. When one is cutting one’s own hair, if one wants to see how it’s going, one looks in a mirror. Watching your motions in a mirror gets confusing, up is down and back is forth. Frustrating, half the time it’s, “ *Geez, … just close your eyes and hack away.”* Now, … at the above appointment, the technician was wearing glasses. Reflected in them was a view of the small round mirror and dental pick she was using. Thought*, “Oh my goodness, she must have the same problem as when I’m cutting my own hair.”* Watching sharp pick flirting expertly close to tender gums was impressive to say the least.

When all paraphernalia had been removed and speech restored, we asked, *“Is everything backwards when you look in that mirror?”*

*“Yes it is. It was very hard at first, but eventually you get used to it.”*

The prospect of attaining this eventuality is very slim. The amount of hair to cut is decreasing faster than the expertise to cut it is growing.

So much for haircuts,… From Ottawa, Lucile, Ken & Bailey.

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