

Made up in makeup

When I was 30, my husband gifted me a Glamour Shots photo shoot for my birthday. Remember those? The Glamour Shots studios were usually in a mall, and you'd go in and wait for a gal who'd dress you in super awkward clothing and cake on heavy, almost theatrical makeup. She'd also do your hair.



Little Pieces
Elaine Loring

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It was summertime when I got this done and I walked in with shorts and a T-shirt. After my session was over, I walked out with my hair teased bigger than I'd ever seen it, and the make-up was ridiculous. It obviously didn't match my casual outfit. I don't believe they offered me a washcloth when I was finished, either ... and there were other clients waiting to go in, so I didn't have time to clean off the gunk.

People were staring as I hurried through the mall, and when I got home, I looked in the mirror in horror. I was pasty white with blue eyeliner and rosy cheeks. The pictures turned out OK, as far as Glamour Shots go, but I never did that again.

So fast forward to my son's wedding. I was offered the opportunity to have my makeup done. Even though the Glamour Shots incident came to mind, I thought sure, why not. It couldn't be as hideous as the job done on me back then. Except I had to be there and ready at 8 a.m., and being out late the night before at the rehearsal and dinner, I looked tired.

The makeup gal was set up in the bridal suite at the hotel, and before I had the chance to tell her to keep my look more natural, she started slathering on foundation with a makeup sponge. Dab, swipe, spray... she applied things I wasn't used to. Then she attached small clumps of false eyelashes and rimmed my eyes with a heavy concealer. My eyebrows looked nice, but everything else was over-done. Apparently, this technique was intended to look better in photos. I resembled an owl.

When the gal was finished, the brides-

maids started taking turns in the makeup seat, and I retreated back to my hotel room. I unlocked the door and peeked inside. The Cow Man was in the chair, watching some disaster movie on TV and he looked at me, then looked again. "What do you think?" I asked. He wasn't sure. "You look different," he said, but then said he'd have to get used to it. Normally I wear eye makeup, and maybe some powder, but nothing else, so this was a big change. I even had trouble looking at myself in the mirror.

By now, we were getting hungry, and went out for an early lunch. As we walked through the downtown area, I saw something drooping into my line of sight. I had the Cow Man take a look ... one of the false eyelashes had already fallen off and was stuck at the end of my natural lashes. He pulled it off and showed it to me. It looked like a tiny black spider.

We had our lunch, then went back to the hotel where I ran into my middle son. "Looks like you're going to the morgue." Really. OK, so I was a little pasty, but I didn't think it was that bad, even though I still had trouble looking at myself.

Soon it was time to get dressed for the wedding and I stared at myself in the mirror. My son was right, and I couldn't take it anymore. I grabbed a washcloth and took off the heavy foundation, then applied some face lotion and a dab of powder. I didn't say anything as I walked out of the bathroom. The Cow Man immediately noticed, then smiled. "Now you look more like yourself."

The eye makeup was still a lot, but at least I didn't look like Morticia. I felt better, but I haven't seen all of the wedding pictures, so hopefully they will be OK, too. Lesson learned... no more makeup sessions for this gal... and besides, I heard the pasty-owl-clown look is out this season. ■

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Letters are printed in the Wednesday Times Citizen on this Opinions page, and should arrive at the Times Citizen offices by noon on Mondays to ensure they are included in the Wednesday newspaper.

Letters can be delivered in several ways: by email to eloring@iafalls.com; by mail to P.O. Box 640, Iowa Falls, IA, 50126; or in person at 406 Stevens St., Iowa Falls (there is a drop box located to the left of the front door).

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When Buffalo Bill came to Iowa Falls

Everyone remembers from their school days the famous Old West scout, "Buffalo Bill."



Guest Column
Jon Heitland

Jon Heitland lives in Iowa Falls and can be reached at jonheitland@gmail.com.

William F. Cody earned his nickname as a bison hunter, and later as a scout for the Army. But he eventually earned even more fame for his "Wild West Show," a traveling outdoor exhibition featuring cowboys, soldiers, American Indians, bison, horses, etc.

As the Old West faded into history, Cody shrewdly saw a business opportunity and his show became immensely popular, playing all the major American cities as well as touring Europe, and even performing for the Queen of England.

By the early 1900s, Buffalo Bill was presenting his show in smaller communities. As a student of both Iowa Falls and Old West history, I was surprised to learn Buffalo Bill had performed right here in Iowa Falls, not once, but twice, on Aug. 2, 1901, and again on Sept. 2, 1912. Long before television and radio, even before automobiles, when horses and trains were the mode of transport, the coming of Buffalo Bill was a big event. My granddaughter,

Sage Heitland, associate librarian at the Barlow Library, and library director Erin Finnegan-Andrews helped me research those visits. Sage was able to find several articles from old Iowa Falls newspapers that shed light on Buffalo Bill in Iowa Falls.

The July 17, 1901, Iowa Falls Sentinel newspaper included an ad proclaiming "One day only! Friday, Aug. 2, Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders," featuring famous sharpshooter Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill himself. Admission: fifty cents, with two shows, at 2 and 8 p.m., rain or shine."

In addition, there would be a "Grand Review of Rough Riders in Street Cavalcade, leaving the grounds at 8:30 on the morning of the exhibition, parading through the prominent streets."

The show brought visitors from all around,

as the Eldora Herald noted that the C., I., and D. Railway ran a special train of five coaches to Iowa Falls for Eldora residents wanting to see the big show.

After the performance, the Sentinel noted "As was expected a large crowd of people gathered in Iowa Falls last Friday to see Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show. By ten o'clock, the streets presented a solid mass of humanity and the incoming noon trains on the three roads brought many hundreds more."

Buffalo Bill returned to Iowa Falls on Sept. 2, 1912, Labor Day, during what would become his "farewell tour." Again, the paper reported "special excursions (trains) are planned from all neighboring towns for a distance of fifty miles."

The Sept. 3, 1912, Iowa Falls paper stated "The Buffalo Bill Show in this city yesterday afternoon and last night was well attended. ... The show carries 350 horses and about 500 people ... Teamsters had quite a time hauling the heavy wagons to the show grounds on account of the poor conditions of

our streets. Over near the hospital on Rocksylvana, some soft dirt had been hauled into the street. And the heavy rain Saturday night made the street almost impassable for heavy traffic. Nearly all of the big teams stuck in the mud.

"We saw one wagon mired down that required a fourteen-horse team to pull out the heavy load. Another wagon went down to the hub just west of the hospital requiring a twelve-horse team to pull out the load. On account of the paving on Main Street, and the sewer construction on River Street, and the otherwise wretched condition of our streets, the show had quite a time getting their fifty carloads of stuff to and from the show grounds."

The paper concluded "Buffalo Bill was with the show and delighted the large crowd with some of his fancy expert shooting."

Iowa Falls can be proud it was chosen for not one, but two, appearances of one of the most popular shows in the world at the time, including the personal appearance in our town of a genuine American hero. ■

ELLSWORTH COLLEGE FOUNDATION

Welcoming an Honor Flight home

At 5:30 a.m. Tuesday, June 6, my brother-in-law and his daughter (who was his chaperone) took flight with 89 other veterans plus accompanying chaperones on the Honor Flight from Waterloo. We drove my sister-in-law to the airport so she could greet her family as they arrived.



Guest Column
Gwen Groen

Gwen Groen is the Director of the ECC Foundation.

A few stats I found on the Honor Flight website to put this program into perspective. There are 124 active hubs across the United States. Over 260,000 veterans have been provided this opportunity. The Honor Flight has been in operation for 17 years and 44 states are served by these Hubs.

I, of course, had been aware of these flights and seen local TV coverage, but it was so much more than I ever imaged. We pulled into the Waterloo Airport and the parking lot was full of cars. There were people to welcome us and direct us where

is that many of those in attendance do not know any of the veterans on the flight, but feel it is necessary to attend every single Honor Flight to welcome our soldiers home.

Once the flight landed, a gentleman walked through the crowd and made a walkway around the interior of the airport, where each veteran and chaperone would parade through. I knew this would be a special moment for those who were on the flight, however I had no idea the emotional impact it had for those of us in attendance. These veterans were from the Korean War, Vietnam and Desert Storm. Every single one of them was greeted and thanked by every single person in attendance. I watched men and women of great stature weep like a child as they walked through the crowd.

I have no doubt the tears streaming down their faces were of appreciation, years of memories and yes, sadness for those they lost. Those of you that know me, you know I too did not have a dry eye nor did anyone else. I was overcome with so many emotions, however unmeasurable to the emotions flowing from the eyes of our vets. Something changed in me that evening. I feel it. I just can't put it into one singular thing, however an overwhelming sense of American pride.

If you ever want to be a part of something so humbling, so warming, and so appreciative, make your way to an Honor Flight return home reception. To those Veterans who served, those that are currently serving in any manner, and your family members, I thank you for your humble dedication and service that made and keeps our beautiful United States the best home in the world.

**VC thanks for reading. ■