ADVERTISEMENT

DESIGNER INVENTS NEW WAY TO HOLD UP PANTY HOSE

Los Angeles:—Are you the woman who loves the look and feel of panty hose—but hates the way they bag at the knees, or sink helplessly at the ankles? And often, panty hose do reveal a less-than-perfect figure. But if fit has been a puzzlement until now, here's something that revives sagging hope. A new slimming panty girdle designed specially to give a neat, taut line to any panty hose—and their wearer.



The secret of "Panty Hose Partner" is a unique inner leg band with a rubber-grip surface. And this surface grips your panty hose so they can't bag, sag, slip or wrinkle at the ankles. Gone forever is that desperate *clutch* at panty hose that remain sitting when you stand up! And there's no hardware, no garters, no bulk.

Your panty hose fit smoother, last longer. What's more, "Panty Hose Partner" can be worn over *any* panty hose. Unlike attached panty-and-hose you don't throw out *this* panty should you rip the hose.

You can have "Panty Hose Partner" two ways, both in wonderfully light Lycra spandex with Lycra lace prettying the legband. The mini-brief has a firm, slimming tummy panel where you need firming most. The short-leg style adds special hip and back panels for superb all-over slimming. Either style doubles as a regular panty girdle, whenever you want just control.

"Panty Hose Partner" was created for your newest fashion needs by famous California designer Olga. It is available in both versions at B. Altman & Co. Fifth Avenue and Branches; also other stores with fashion spirit.

WIG CLINIC

Do you have a sick wig or wiglet? One that's ill fitting, overweight, or in need of new color? Don't throw it away. Come to:

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LEGAL

60 Hippies in a Bus See the Sights of Quaint Queens

A group of East Village hippies who became annoyed with the increasing number of tourist buses visiting St. Mark's Place turned the tables with a vengeance yesterday.

Sixty of them, camera straps tangled with the beads around their necks, paid $5 apiece and boarded a rented Greyhound bus for a midday sightseeing tour of Queens.

"Is everybody on?" cried Joey Skaggs, a 23-year-old artist who organized the trip and plans others.

"On what?" came the reply from Paul Krassner, editor of The Realist, who was fervently making notes on a scrap of yellow paper.

A Four-Hour Trip

For four hours, the bus cruised along the borough's thoroughfares and sidestreets as the hippies stared through their dark glasses at housing developments, bowling alleys and supermarkets, the middle-class landmarks they had forsaken but not forgotten.

Bobby Lake, a Short Line Tours guide who said that "my usual circuit is the Empire State Building, St. Patrick's and St. Johns," opened his spiel yesterday by calling: "Welcome to New York City, the Empire City, the greatest city in the world." The hippies responded with a rousing chorus of applause and a jangling of bells.

With the driver following the directions of a passenger, the bus took the Long Island Expressway to Queens Boulevard, where there was a 15-minute "rest stop" for hamburgers at the White Castle.

Eight patrons left by a side door as the restaurant filled up with hippies. Outside, against a backdrop of Macy's, two elderly women asked one long-haired young man in a cape if they could take his picture. He complied, smiling grandly, and then asked if he could take theirs. They exchanged places and cameras.

Further Stops Made

The "cultural exchange" continued later in the day, after a brief foray for ice cream into Howard Johnson's and a half-hour stop at a psychedelic shop called Nirvana, at 179-18 Union Turnpike, where four young men and three young women danced in the nude while an artist painted their bodies.

During a stop in Jamaica Estates, the sightseers walked up and down the sedate, tree-lined blocks, staring at the residents who were watering their lawns and reading the Sunday papers.

"Hey, what do you do at night around here?" a hippie asked Mrs. Margot Kuchenmeister, of 11 181st Street, whose grandson, Gerald, had run into the two-story brick house to fetch his camera.

"Not much," she said. "We go to sleep early. What do you do?"

Her question went unanswered, as the group filed back to the bus and then traveled back to Manhattan, humming on kazoos that had been passed around.

On Second Avenue the bus overtook another bus, also filled with tourists, on its way to the Village.



Donal F. Holway for The New York Times

Hippies touring Queens yesterday chatting with one resident on 181st Street off Union Turnpike. They said the tour was to counter tourists making visits to St. Mark's Place.

The 5th in 118 years

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