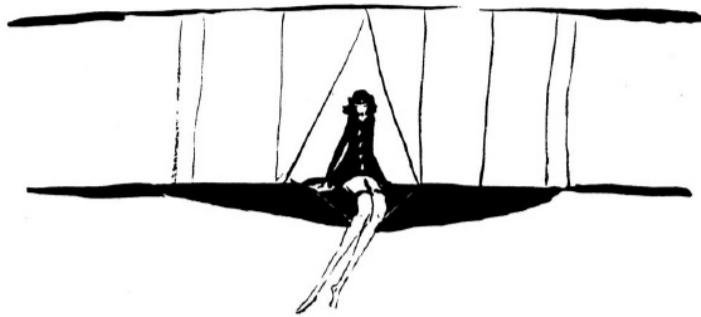


Vanity Fair: July, 1922(?)

## Social Jottings from Newport

THE society editor of the Newport "World" reports, in his column, that "Under the bright rays of old Sol. and fanned by the soft zephyrs of Father Neptune, many of the younger fashionable set, prominent society women, and multi-millionaire clubmen, to-day opened the bathing season at Bailey's Beach. A large and fashionably dressed group of Newport's *crème de la crème* were observed on the burning sands. Mixed bathing was indulged in. Informal drinking was permitted (among the wealthy and exclusive bachelors) in the privacy of the gentlemen's pavilion. Many succulent bits of gossip and spicy rumors might have been overheard in the ladies' annex during the noon dressing hour, and a right merry time was had by all."



Miss Gwendolyn Livingston—nothing if not a lover of adventure—dropped down from her Japanese lacquer hydroplane—designed by Elsie de Wolfe—and participated in a cigarette on the beach with the T. Van Buren Nesbitts—with whom she is enjoying a happy week-end



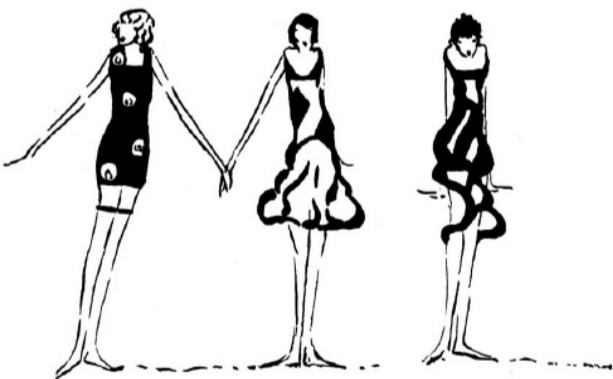
Sketches by  
CLARA TICE



Pretty Mrs. de Trafford was the life and soul of a gay party on the second raft. She wore the conventional widow's peignoir of white, edged with black. "Lady Go-diver," clever Harry Ponsonby dubbed her

Miss Muriel Kane de Peyster Sundayed with her folks at Ochre Point. She essayed the rôle of Isaac Walton clad in military boots, no hat, and a smart little *jupon* of the same

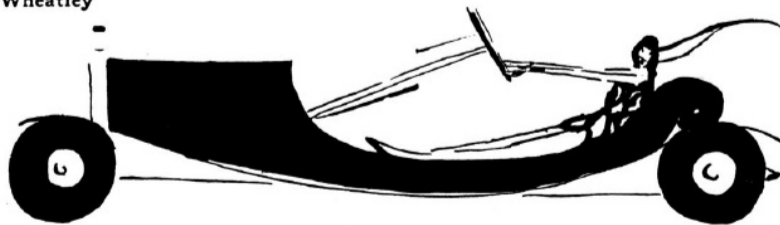
Miss Irma Dalcroze, in a somewhat voluminous Johnson & Faulkner *habit de bain* was observed on the rocks in front of Senator Lippett's grim and menacing fortress by the sea



A very taking group showing the strong Bakst influence in this season's bathing costumes of the *bon ton* and the *haute volée* of Newport. Reading from left to right: Mrs. Ormsby Roslyn, Miss Hope Lenox and Mrs. T. de Rivers Wheatley



Rythmic dancing will be Newport's *dernier cri* this summer. The pastime was yesterday indulged in—with apparent élan and zest—by a triad of sprightly matrons composed of (r) Mrs. Isadora Duncan Iselin (left) Mrs. Gertrude Hoffman Vanderlip (center) and Mrs. Ruth St. Denis Jay (right)



A charming social custom was inaugurated yesterday when little Margot de Valois Berry drove down Bellevue Avenue to Bailey's Beach in her Rolls Royce and bathing trunks. "Why bother to undress in those dingy, dirty bath-houses when one can do so in perfect comfort at home?" asks pretty little Margot