

Will Fashions Become Utterly Fantastic?

By Elizabeth Hawes

On the extreme right, you see the complete Fall, 1942, edition of the ultra-fashionable woman. Some will call the outfit insane, ridiculous, fantastic. Others (those who choose to wear it) will call it "too, too, amusing" or "really extremely chic."

You can call it anything you like, but bear in mind one thing: The costume, and the manner of wearing it, are the product of John Frederics' designing ability. Mr. John has an extremely fashionable clientele. He understands them from A to Z. He has succeeded for years in creating what they want.

Any girl whose main object in dressing is to be the epitome of all chic is heading for what you see at the right. However, we are not a nation of chic women (thank Heaven) and it's my bet that the more fantastic fashions become, the less fashionable most of us will choose to be.

She who starts for chic without plenty of money in her pocket will turn out to look like a caricature of a chic woman. If one hair gets out of place, if a fingernail breaks and the manicurist can't glue it back on effectively, if you haven't a big supply of silk stockings, if your lipstick blurs or your powder comes off—if any of these dire things happens to you, you just can't be a chic woman.

If you get a cheap copy of one of these beautifully made hats, above, if you buy a fake mink scarf, if your gloves are the wrong length, made of cotton when they should be suede, then you can't qualify as chic.

Take a long look at the lady at the right. Draw a deep breath, and see whether you care who's chic, why she's chic, or how she's chic. If you decide you are a woman who cares and who intends to be chic, go right out and marry a millionaire. There is no other solution.

If, as in the case of a good many Americans, particularly these days, chic doesn't interest you, the four pictures below will serve to indicate that you needn't take to sack cloth and ashes. The hats below were also designed by Mr. John. They are his gift to ordinary, un-chic mortals. They may be bought, made to order, from his shop at \$25 to \$35. They will also be widely copied by manufacturers. And they can be made cheaply without sacrificing their good points. They aren't "precious" like the hats above.

Having very little money to spend on clothes is not a valid excuse for going about in dull, unimaginative, or imitation chic costumes. Not while sweaters and suits come in such variety and at prices within the most modest budgets.

The hats below are all practical. They are made to stay on your head. They are basically classic, but they aren't boring because they are slightly exaggerated.



They are bigger than normal or smaller than normal, or floppier than normal. There's a hat for every kind of face. They are all hats you can wear with cotton stockings and unvarnished fingernails. They're the kind of hat you don't get sick of and that men like.

Where the American girl most often goes hat-wrong, aided by the average milliner, is in being urged to buy and in buying a cheap copy of one of the hats in the top row and in wearing it with tailored clothes, cotton stockings, or no stockings. The effect is ludicrous.

It's all very well if you want to be a designer's dream come true. But be prepared to dedicate every waking moment to preserving the glazed perfection of the truly ultra-chic woman. If there's an action-loving breath in your body, your choice may be different. What do you think?

Ultra-fashionable women wear clothes like these.
Are they for you?



WOULD IT AMUSE YOU to be a chic lady who wears fabulous taffeta gloves at \$35 a pair and a little \$38 hat to match? You can never be chic in a cheap copy of such fragile creations.



THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, if she purchased this mad little cape, hat, and glove set for \$141.50, could push a dozen manufacturers into making cheap copies. But



QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND would go for this ostrich feather hat. She'd have a real mink scarf to wear with it, and, if she liked, could spend \$15 on her gloves. This is real elegance. Could you use it?



THIS FINE FELT NECKLACE, strung with beads, is \$16.50. With the little hat, at \$35, it's a chic combination for polite lunching. Similar things at any price look ludicrous if worn to work.



IT STAYS ON! The lower part of the crown is of stretchy jersey. The brim is flattering. You can wear it anywhere. It's worth a good price. Hats like this can be copied and not look cheap.



GOOD OLD CLOCHE. Everybody wore them in 1926 and '27. They're just as good today, will be equally fine tomorrow. The brim can be tilted to suit your fancy. Having it extra big is what makes the hat "Different."



NOT JUST ANOTHER BERET—even though that's a fine thing—but an extraordinarily big beret has a special distinction. You can wear it flaring out like this one day, over your eye the next. A best buy.



MISS AMERICA, FALL 1942, if she has some imagination, will seek, and find everywhere, this little helmet. Why buy just another riding hat type? This is equally useful—and much more fun.



THE NATIONAL PICTURE MONTHLY

November, 1942

p. 40

OldMagazineArticles.com