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FLIGHT OF FASHION.

A fetching line called Hostess pygamas opened the first air borne dress parade, bringing over a clipper-load of American mannequins. They're here to show London and Paris what you can squeeze into the permitted 55 lbs weight of airways baggage. It took the 14 best designers in the U.S.A to fit the girls out and they certainly did a good job. This piece of fancy is a cocktail suit.

When the plane touched down, though, things started to move. Three smart girls stepped out and, while they were picking up the admiration, British Customs men drew a bead on their luggage. Four hours later they were still held up with a bill for 1500 dollars worth of import duty staring them in the face. They got down eventually when the Customs men let them through. But when those three smart girls from New York bring over the next batch of airborne fashions, I bet they'll check up on our tax laws first.

And now come along with me on a Fashion Reporter's look-around. This is Paris, not in the Spring, but gay with feathered elegance for the race-meetings at Longchamps. For Madams, the paradise plumes come back with a faintly fashion-plate charm. This was my oh-oh. Zebra striped cotton. Based on grandma's style, right down to the bustle. And you can go back half way to the crinoline, if you've got the waist. Most of the styles had a "We've-been-here-before" air about them, so we'll take a long look backwards. These were the race-going girls of ten, twenty, thirty years ago. You'll be seeing modernised versions of these pretty soon now. Yes, and the Merry Widow hats. But not this, I hope.

So watch out, girls, the dressing future is old fashioned.  
Is Mata Hari in the house?