

GLAMOUR AT A SHILLING A LOOK

PICTUREGOERS are notoriously sentimental folk, taking a strange intimate curiosity in the stars they idolise—in what they read, in their views on the most trivial matters, and most of all, in what they wear.

Their curiosity about clothes has been turned to good account by the motion picture exchanges in New Zealand, who are exhibiting a "glory box" from Hollywood in a Wellington store and turning the proceeds over to the patriotic funds. For the sum of one shilling, members of the public are permitted to inspect a wide variety of articles, ranging from a black and white speckled tie worn by Warren William in his picture *The Lone Wolf Takes a Chance*, to a 900-dollar gown worn by Joan Bennett in *The House Across the Bay*.

Most important, the collection establishes the fact that Cary Grant takes size seven and one-eighth in hats, and Anna Neagle size three in shoes. We know, because we tried one on. Cary Grant's hat, that is to say.

A Close Inspection

Having inspected the "glory box" in detail in the company of a young woman of our acquaintance, and having touched each article with loving but reverential fingers, we are in a position to reveal some hitherto undisclosed facts about the clothing worn by several well-known stars in recent pictures. Did you know, for instance, that in a recent *Blondie* picture Arthur Lake wore a

rather cute pale blue interlock cotton shirt with a blue-green bow tie? Or that Dorothy Lamour (heigh, ho) wears a light diaphanous silk blouse in her new picture *Road to Zanzibar*?

After paying his shilling at the turnstile, the hushed and expectant film fan is immediately confronted with a seated model arrayed in an Elizabethan costume which was worn by Bette Davis in *Elizabeth and Essex*. It is of green and shot gold lame studded with semi-precious stones, with crinoline ruffles at neck and wrists. Bette Davis admirers will be interested to learn that she is what the frock shops call SSW.

Immediately to the right is a distracting evening creation in oyster grey chiffon which once adorned the interesting figure of Betty Grable, the ex-Mrs. Jackie Coogan.

A dashing turn-of-the-century walking-out frock worn by Margaret Sullivan in *Back Street* next claimed our attention. It is in heavy green and white striped voile, with a ruffled skirt and an embroidered bodice gathered into—well, it looked like early Edwardian to us.

A 900-Dollar Gown

An outstanding example of the fashion designer's art, as they say, is a brilliant little peasant costume worn by Deanna Durbin in *Spring Parade*. It is in bright red and black, with accordion pleated skirt decorated with peasant embroidery and gold braid.

Joan Blondell's contribution is an emerald green suede crepe frock of surprising proportions. We had always

Solemn Thoughts On Viewing A Collection Of Film Stars' Clothing—

By
A MERE MALE



thought Miss Blondell a hefty young woman; actually she is SSW.

Vivien Leigh has sent an assortment of fluttery accessories from her recent picture *That Lady Hamilton*; Judy Canova who is a tall girl (SW) sent a scarlet gown she wore in *Scatterbrain*; Rosalind Russell, two felt hats from *This Thing Called Love*.

Joan Bennett's 900-dollar gown is severely cut in taffeta-lined shell pink satin. It is strapless and adorned by ten camellias of the same shade. Our companion couldn't see where the 900 dollars came in. Ourselves we didn't care; our imagination was busy substituting Joan Bennett for the plaster model.

Jeanette MacDonald's contributing is disappointing—to one who for many years has been a Jeanette MacDonald

fan. It was a head veil and rose corsage worn in *Bitter Sweet*. We consoled ourselves by remembering a few lines from Tennyson's poem, "The Miller's Daughter."

Next on the list is a small white and red spotted organdie frock worn by Shirley Temple at the age of six. Then a filmy blue evening gown (SSW) worn by Irene Dunne in a new picture *Penny Serenade*, and a handbag which Norma Shearer carried in a sequence in *Escape*.

Hollywood's He-Men

Several of Hollywood's he-men are next represented by an assortment of clothing just as interesting in its way as the gowns, hats and accessories of the women stars.

Windy Hayes, the bearded old-timer who has met a sticky but heroic death in so many Hopalong Cassidy pictures, has sent a cowherd's outfit, complete from old but well-preserved felt hat (perforated with what we hope are bullet holes) to blue choker, check shirt, and natty green-grey denims patched at the knee. Most picturesque outfit, however, comes from the singing cowboy Gene Autry. It is impossible to describe, being what is known out West as a "dude outfit."

Joe E. Brown sent a pair of green and yellow paisley pyjamas with an "H" embroidered on the pocket, and Franchot Tone a tasteful grey felt hat (size seven and one-eighth—we tried it on). A mustard sombrero from Melvyn Douglas also fitted us perfectly.

Chaplin's Hat

Charlie Chaplin contributed the peaked military cap he wore as Adenoid Hinkle in *The Great Dictator*, along with an epaulette bearing the sign of the Double Cross. Ray Milland sent a flying helmet and a U.S. Army Air Corps outfit.

Next came a frock worn by Marlene Dietrich in *Seven Sinners*, a pair of blue canvas shoes from Anna Neagle, a frock from Laraine Day, a pair of gloves from Paulette Goddard, and a hat from Jean Arthur. Then came an Elizabethan gown worn by Bette—but that was where we came in.

We left in a mist of sentiment and emotion, sighing gustily, yet somehow strengthened and uplifted.

We should add that all the articles will subsequently be auctioned and that we intend to bid to the limit for Dorothy Lamour's blouse.

Advice On Health (No. 2)

COLDS—THE COMMON ENEMY

(By DR. H. B. TURBOTT, Director of the Division of School Hygiene, Health Department)

THE weather has been very changeable lately. Cold southerlies snap along, with touches of frost, tips of hills snowcapped, torrents, and suggestions of hail. Winter comes! And although colds attack any time, it is in the cold season that they flourish.

Colds! Who worries about them? That's just the trouble. "Stay at home for a cold? No fear, it takes more than that to keep me from work!" "What about a picture to-night? I've got a rotten cold, but I wouldn't miss that one." The colds go out to work, to play, to fireside bridge—and keep on spreading.

We are inclined to be selfish over colds and go our ways as usual. We know that pneumonia lurks somewhere, and tuberculosis gets a start, in colds that don't clear up. But most of us throw one off quickly, and keep on our feet the while.

Well, we do a lot of harm. Colds are contagious. The cause is an infectious agent, virus or germ, of yet unsettled nature. They spread from one person to another, through tiny droplets ex-

haled by the sufferer. In coughing, sneezing, laughing or loud talking, droplets spray out into the air for several feet. Mothers give colds to babies and toddlers through kisses. A friend's handshake may give us one, or anything handled by him or sneezed on if shortly afterwards touched by us.

A Deadly "Sniper"

You see now where the damage is done. The person who sneezes or coughs without covering with a handkerchief spreads trouble. If in that infectious stage, running nose, watering eyes, with slight fever—an unrealised degree up, and most folk hardly notice this—he sprays dozens of others in crowded trams, trains, or buses. He's a "sniper" whose machine gun sprays infective bullets; he certainly mows down his victims.

If only he would stay at home, in bed, for one or two days. He is then a public benefactor protecting his neighbour, but helping himself too. Have you ever tried it? You probably know all about the ordinary cold—those wretched first few days, the miserable stuffed-up feeling for days after, and the heavy, "rotten" feeling that lasts about ten



days. Well, try going to bed as soon as infection shows up. You'll be cured and on deck the third day probably. It is wonderful what a day in bed does!

So rest in bed, or at least indoors. Before retiring, take a hot bath, a hot drink, some aspirin, and put extra covers on the bed to make you perspire. Stay in bed next day. Drink freely, preferably lemon drinks. Lemons are dear but wonderfully good for colds. Eat simple, light foods. Take care blowing your nose, very gently always, or you'll force germs back into the sinuses, provoking sinusitis or ear troubles.

Patent Medicines and "Cures"

Don't take any patent medicines or "cold cures." They won't help you, no matter who advertises in the press or by the radio, or what your neighbour chats over the fence. The simple routine above will have a cold better in three days. If there's not a vast improvement in twenty-four hours call your doctor. Call him, too, if you've kept on your feet, and a cough persists and won't clear away.

How simple it is! Protect yourself: dodge those with colds, wash hands before eating, use individual towels, etc. Protect others: smother coughs and sneezes with your handkerchief. Take the short cut to cure, a day in bed, and in this one action be good to yourself and look after others, too. Only in this very individual way can we defeat our common enemy, the common cold.

(Next week: "Milk—Our Best Single Food," by Dr. Muriel Bell)