

Across the Tasman Clothes Get Gayer and Gayer

—And a Tale of a Local Girl who Made Good

(Written for the "Radio Record" by BEULA HAY)

SYDNEY'S latest sensation is the "optical delusion" window in Farmer's. It cost £300, and is collecting gaping crowds in Pitt Street all day long. This idea is hot from London and Fifth Avenue, New York. There appears to be no glass in the window and you put your hand in to try and touch the goods. You think the store people are crazy to put jewellery and other valuables where they can be taken by just stepping over the low black wall which your feet touch at the bottom of the window. But if your arm happens to be longer than the law which controls this window, it eventually comes in touch with "reflectionless" curved glass which is invisible until you nearly break your neck by bending over the two feet of floor space in front, and try to solve the "find the glass" puzzle. The two sections of the window curve inwards and are joined by a chromium bar well above the eye level. The two feet of open space in front and the backgrounds are painted black, which keeps out all reflections of light from the window lights and the daylight from the street. As there are mirrors at each end of the window, they reflect each other and make the window appear unending. This window at Farmer's has been made by the Australian glass manufacturers, and is a credit to their workmanship. I have heard that architects, especially those building art galleries, will soon be using none other than this principle of "reflectionless" glass.

ON Monday I went to David Jones' advance spring fashion show, which was a very exclusive affair, so much so that you couldn't get in without an imposing gilt-edged invitation. One end of the extensive showroom was partitioned off and the hub-bub of voices which came from behind could be heard all over the floor. It was a much depleted show by the end of the afternoon, after scores of moneyed customers had written cheques and had many of the exquisite novelties folded neatly in tissue paper and delivered to their homes.

The exhibits could not be replaced with identical ones because Miss A. I. Gilmour, the buyer, told me that she had not brought back two of the same thing. All the exhibits were the choicest selections from London and

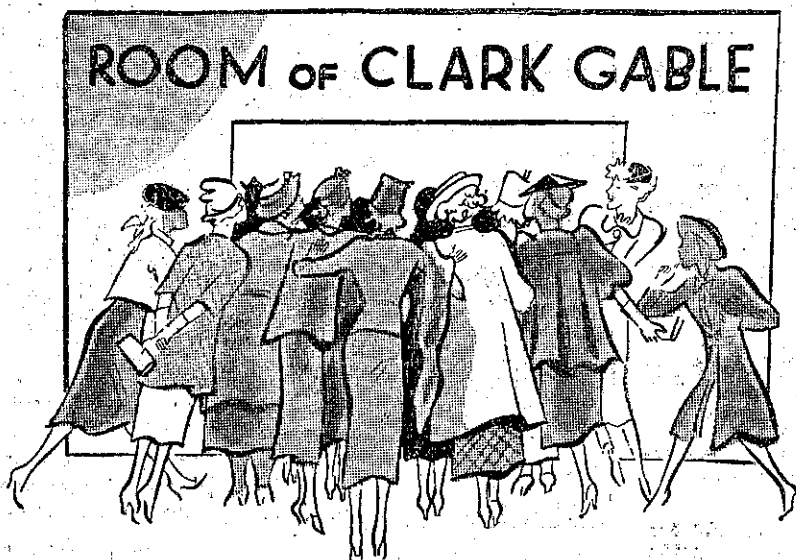
the Continent. "I had a glorious time choosing all these things," said Miss Gilmour. "I spent a wonderful year in London. Yes, I am a Sydney girl. I started at this store as a mannequin and it eventually led to this present position as buyer." Miss Gilmour has an unaffected and pleasant manner which can only be summed up in one word, "charm." She is tall, fair, and gracious, and like most buyers in big stores, has worked her way up to this enviable position. Seeing senior girls sent off to the other side of the world to use their brains and have "a glorious time" must be a beckoning star of encouragement to ambitious juniors in stores, to try and develop attractive personalities and make their services indispensable.

The most amazing novelty brought back by Miss Gilmour is the torch bag. It is an imposing, shapely affair designed for cocktail parties. In the front is a torch which lights up when the tiny battery inside is switched on. The base of the torch is of black composition and the flame-shaped top is ruby-pink tinted crystal. Price? A mere twelve guineas!

A GREAT deal has been heard of the overseas craze for the new farmyard prints, and at this private preview I saw some of them. A red sports scarf was patterned with small white ducks, and in one suit was a pattern of fowls and yellow wings. The wing effect was also carried out on a black silk dinner frock, which had white collar and cuffs on the tiny sleeves, each shaped like a seagull wing. A diamante stud and cuff-links were added.

A number of the frocks, such as ninon, sheer woollens and marquissette, had flowers cut from floral fabrics and appliqued on, to the yokes, sleeves or hems, or all three. A charming style which will give the home dressmakers unlimited scope for designing original and attractive frocks for the spring and summer.

Judging from the number of jackets I saw, these are going to be a first favourite for morning and sports wear next season. And a very sensible fashion, too. The only style I don't like is the sack jacket. It looks just like its name, formless and clumsy, reminiscent of the atrocious baggy costume coats which



At the recent Homes Exhibition in London someone hit on the bright idea of presenting the bedrooms of famous film stars. Here's an artist's impression of the crowd that thronged the Clark Gable salle de chambre!

(Cont. on page 58.)