A Queen's Wardrobe For A Royal Tour

The blaze of publicity turned on Queen Elizabeth II and what she wears is probably brighter than that focused on any other woman in the world. Only Mrs. John F. Kennedy, wife of the President of the United States, at her public engagements multiply in number, seems likely to attract such a spotlight.

Queen Elizabeth II, since she left the schoolroom, has had to wear clothes influenced to some extent by the circumstances of her public engagements.

First she must consider those ubiquitous cameras. Her clothes must show up well against a crowd in black and white photographs. For this reason the Queen often chooses light colors.

People who wait hours to see the Queen pass by want to see her face and catch a glimpse of her smile. Her hats, therefore, must be either small or have off-the-face brims.

Since her wedding, the Queen has been more adventurous in her styling and many here credit the good dress sense of her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh for this.

For her current tour to India, Pakistan, Tibet, and Iran, the Queen had more than 90 outfits, with special dresses for each big function, and a variety of bodymates had to be considered, too.

Queen Elizabeth's chief dressmaker is the usually cheerful, smiling Norman Hartnell. As soon as the itinerary of a royal tour is fixed, Mr. Hartnell is summoned from his Bruton Street salon to Buckingham Palace for a preliminary conference. On the next visit to the Palace Mr. Hartnell takes samples of new and suitable fabrics. At this point the experienced "Madame Vera," one of Mr. Hartnell's chief vendauses, comes into the picture. Her private name is Madame Poncin, a charming Englishwoman, widow of a Frenchman, who has the entire charge, from this moment, of shepherding the royal wardrobe through to completion.

The Queen likes, whenever possible, to experiment with color and texture. She is keenly interested in the "feel" of fabrics. She presses them with her fingers and tests them. She loved the soft silks, chalk-white satins, gold shantungs, the diaphanous organzas, and the corded grosgrains, from which day and evening dresses were made for the Indian visit.

As soon as the Queen has chosen the materials, Mr. Hartnell retires, usually to his country house not far from Windsor Castle, to make delicate water-color sketches of the suggested models.

Much discussion goes on when the Queen sees these. Each design is conned in detail and visualized against the background in which it is likely to be worn. For the Indian visit there were gorgeous settings, and eastern trappings, for which the Queen chose dresses mostly in plain colors, both for day, and white with gold or silver for evening to show up well against the strong reds, greens, and blues worn by British and Indian guests.

For her first State banquet in Pakistan the Queen chose a white satin evening gown with a dramatic folded train of emerald satin flowing from the deep neckline, writes Ruth Jordan in the Christian Science Monitor.

Another evening dress was a slender sheath, white crepe embroidered in crystal brilliants and emeralds to match the Queen's emerald and diamond tiara.

One day wear the Queen chose loose, collarless coats over cool-looking dresses, one in gold shantung and another in periwinkle blue.

Once the Queen has decided on the styles, there is bustling activity in Mr. Hartnell's workrooms, behind the gray and silver salon with its crystal chandeliers. Madame Vera is linchpin of this activity.

Skilful fitters go from the salon to the Palace at intervals where fittings are carried out under the watchful eye of Mr. Hartnell and Madame Vera.

Although there is a dummy of the Queen's figure, she has the usual number of fittings as materials do not respond to an inanimate shape as they do to a moving figure.

Only those who have seen the Queen at close range realize how petite she is and how small her waist.

As many of those thousands of people who flock to see the Queen only see her head even when she stands up in the limousine as she has been doing in her Indian tour her hats are most important.

The Queen chose quite frivolous models of petals and flowers in pale colors. These sat high on her head and held their own against a background of magnificent bright turbans worn by the Indians. Many of the Queen's hats are made by Claude St. Cyr, of Paris, who has a London salon on the ground floor of Mr. Hartnell's house.

Queen Elizabeth's relaxed and simple manner makes a fitting at Buckingham Palace an enjoyable session. Often she keeps the company laughing at her amusing remarks. She herself clearly enjoys every minute of planning and fitting. Those who serve her experience a charming relaxed gaiety and are warmed by a sweet smile which is necessarily missing from solemn public appearances.

Highway planning somehow devises new and wider highways funneling into cities that had too much automobile traffic ten years ago.

THE GOVERNOR'S GIRLS — Janet, left, and Kay Welsh are twin daughters of Matthew Welsh, Democratic governor of Indiana. The 18-year-old girls are freshmen at Indiana University. That's the family Bible they're cradling.

President's Wife Digs Up Treasures

Little has been seen of Mrs. Kennedy during her first month or more as a resident of the White House, but her presence has been felt in a very positive way.

For she is obviously a rather positive woman, with a strong feeling for the artistic fitness of things. This was apparent almost immediately.

Like any wife coming into a new home, she looked it over and saw things to be done. First of all she was struck by the lack of authentic, period furniture in the downstairs public rooms.

A quick tour of the White House brought to light hidden "treasures" in downstairs rooms and tucked away in locked cabinets. As a result some of these have been brought forward for use as public display. She saw paintings which felt could be more prominently displayed to advantage in other parts of the house.

Soon the American public began to realize that this young woman with her quiet, almost shy appearance is a person with a mind of her own and not afraid to express it.

Indeed, of all the nation's First Ladies, it is doubtful if any has come into the White House and given it the imprint of her own personality in so short a time. Each First Lady has, in some way, left her signature there in some contribution to its historic mosaic, but this has generally come over the course of years, not weeks. Mrs. Eisenhower, for instance, made it her project to complete the china collection so that there are now pieces representing all first families.

Jacqueline Kennedy plunged into White House housekeeping like an art collector into an antique shop. She immediately came upon a historic desk made from the timbers of the British ship Resolute.

The desk was one given to President Hayes in 1878, and used by many Presidents since. But during the remodelling of the White House in the Truman administration it was moved downstairs to what is known as the "broadcast room."

Mrs. Kennedy saw it not only as appropriate for the President's office because of its historic value, but also because of its connection with the sea. The President, as a Navy man, had recuested her to secure some paintings of naval battle scenes for his office. These she found among White House art, but the desk was an unexpected discovery.

Many tourists have long admired the lovely Howard Chandler Christie portrait of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge on the ground floor corridor. So did Mrs. Kennedy, but she thought it hung in the more elegant setting of the Red Room.

Most significant of all, perhaps, is her conclusion that something should be done to remedy the lack of authentic period furniture in the first floor rooms—that is, the East Room, the Red, Blue, and Green Rooms, and the State Dining Room.

Mrs. Kennedy was by no means the first to note the unfortunate contrast between the beauty of these rooms and the rather non-[illegible] them. This has been explained to visitors and by previous administrations, writes Josephine Ripley in the Christian Science Monitor.

Now the present First Lady has taken the initiative toward remedying this deficiency. She has been in close touch with the Fine Arts Commission in all of her thinking about White House changes, and out of this developed the appointment of a committee of the Fine Arts Commission which had just been given the task of locating authentic furniture of the period — and then more important—of raising the funds to purchase these items.

Modern Etiquette

By Anne Ashley

Q. Is a hostess obligated to introduce and greet each newcomer in her home?

A. Most certainly. A hostess who does not do so is rude and inhospitable.

Q. What do you do when you have accidentally taken some "foreign matter" into your mouth at the dinner table — stones, fish bones, and such? Are these removed with the fork?

A. No, do not use the fork. These foreign bodies are removed with the thumb and forefinger, and placed on the edge of the plate.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Friday, March 3, was a record day in Ontario insofar as warm air and bright sunshine were concerned. Partner was out for a walk late that afternoon and stopped to talk to a neighbour. Fred remarked on the lovely spring-like day. "Yes," agreed Partner, "but there's rough weather ahead."

"Rough weather!" repeated Fred incredulously.

"Yes," answered Partner — and added "Ever heard of sundogs, Fred?"

"I've heard of them but I can't say I really know what they are."

"Look over towards the west and you'll see them."

Fred looked, and there on either side of the setting sun were two perpendicular bars of red-gold light. "Those are sundogs," explained Partner. "Whenever you see them you may look for rough weather within about twenty-four hours."

And we got it — snow and wind during the night, followed by rain with the promise of freezing rain later on . . . and Chicago got its tornado.

We don't often see sun-dogs in Ontario. Out west we used to watch for them. After they appeared many a farmer would make a hurried trip to town to get supplies before the weather changed. Sometimes the change might be delayed forty-eight hours, but it always came.

Well, I'm glad the weather stayed fine here until I had my special little chore accomplished. That is, getting my new licence plates for the car. Yes, I was one of the late-getters, not from choice but necessity. I couldn't very well get them while I was confined to bed.

I got to our local office about ten o'clock on the morning of March 1. The parking lot accommodates about 100 cars. I drove in and around three times but never a space could I find. Finally I double-parked while I went to speak to a traffic officer. "Isn't there ever any let-up around here?" I asked. Cars were still rolling in.

"No, ma'am!"

"Then when is the best time to come — can you tell me that?"

"Eight-thirty in the morning — that's when we open."

So I came away and went back next morning, arriving at eight-twenty-five. Even so there were nine men ahead of me waiting on the steps for the doors to open. I got in the line-up. In about twenty minutes I was out again, my precious plates clutched jealously in my arms. By that time the office and lobby were full and all the parking space taken up again. While waiting around I noticed the required proof of insurance often proved to be a stumbling block. One man said he was insured but couldn't find the voucher. "Then you must pay the extra $5 or come back with your voucher."

"If I pay now and find the voucher later will the money be refunded?"

"Sorry — no refund." The man paid his extra $5.

Two women were filling out forms for renewal. One said — "Heck, I don't know if I have liability insurance!" The other girl took over the form and filled in the answers without asking any questions! I had my insurance policy with me as well as the voucher because last year our agent hadn't given enough information and I had to go back for it. Policy. This year I came prepared and sure enough it was needed. Our agent is going to hear about that, believe me. Another thing, next year I'll be getting my plates the first week in January as I have done other years — that is, D.V. and weather permitting.

What's the sense of putting it off? One might just as well pay first as last. Money is just as hard to find one time as another.

Well, here we go, back to farm topics. You know, sometimes when I watch "Country Time" on TV it almost scares me. The progress that has taken place since we were actively engaged in farming is astounding. Eggs never touched by human hands except when taken from the hens — even that wouldn't be necessary with trap-nests. Suction cups pick up eggs; conveyor belts take them from one operation to another; eggs moved from hens to packing plants in 48 hours. It would take a wise hen those days to know her own eggs. Efficiency . . . wonderful, but I wouldn't want it. For the sheer joy of farming give me the days when we worked with cow biddies like buddies, with names for those with unusual characteristics. And they were never scared when we walked among them. Thirty years ago most small flocks had the run of the farm, laying somewhat strong flavoured eggs. But oh, the joy of it when we found a motherly hen venturing forth with a clutch of fluffy chicks hatched in a nest she had stolen away in a dark corner of the barn. Those were the days when even if farming methods lacked efficiency, there was colour and charm that provided a tremendously satisfying way of life.

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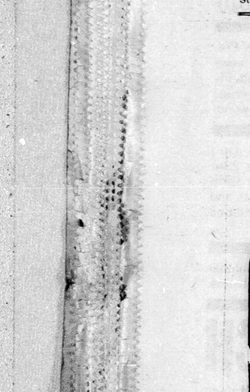

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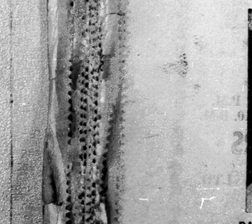

DAWKINS SCORES WITH CUPID — Peter Dawkins, West Point All American who won fame as rugby player in England, announced his engagement to Judi Wright, with whom he is shown here.

DOINGS IN THE ART WORLD — Come international crisis, economic recession and cold war tensions the art world continues to spin at its own pace. In Copenhagen, Danish authoress Isak Denesen, left, examines a statue of herself completed by U.S. sculptor Emile Norman. At an artists' ball in St. Louis, Ira Pope, center, shows up as a living mosaic. And in Paris, France, the resemblance is noted between Annabel Buffet and the painting of her created by her celebrated husband, Bernard.

Workshop Small ... World Famous

Longing to meet "the great Mr. Samuel Johnson," a literary lion hunter named James Boswell finally bagged his prey in Tom Davies' London bookshop. Ever since the days of that historic meeting in 1763, the phenomenon of the bookstore-salon — the place where writing men can be encountered not only in print but in person — has had some kind of spotty survival somewhere. Probably the nearest thing to this which the U.S. affords today is a narrow, step-down grotto in New York City's West 40's where Frances Steloff, a tall, white-haired lady in a dust smock — runs the Gotham Book Mart.

Here, on a winter's evening not long ago, Brendan Behan bustled in from an insipidly tame appearance on the Jack Paar Show to address a meeting of Miss Steloff's James Joyce Society in the Book Mart's back room. On the air, Paar had made a sneering reference to the probable dullness of the book-browsing get-together. Paar should have gone along. Taking in a heady whiff of the Book Mart's atmospheric dust, Behan plunged into a "Lyce lecture" — full of anecdote, song, and ribaldry — which packed enough entertainment value to keep Paar in business for the next year.

The Gotham is a bottomless fountainhead for name dropping. Martha Graham — empress of the modern dance — has helped gift-wrap packages there during the Christmas rush (out of abiding gratitude because the Book Mart underwrote her first concert). Theodore Dreiser and H. L. Mencken, full of good German beer, once dropped in of an afternoon and created a bibliophile's treasure as a tipsy prank. Asked for an autograph by a customer, Mencken seized a finely bound Bible and signed it as author, with Dreiser countersigning as "his disciple." (The book wound up in the famous Adolph Lewisohn collection.)

Most of the excitement which the Gotham holds, however, is a reflection of Miss Steloff's own feeling for her books. This is a love affair which goes back to 1907, a year when she thought she had reached fulfilment's pinnacle because a Brooklyn department store pulled her out of the corset department and let her sell books during the Christmas season — at a princely wage of $7 a week.

Later jobs in bookstores kept her close to the objects she loved, but far removed from proprietary. "For years," she said, "I never allowed myself more than 15 cents for lunch — wheatcakes and hot chocolate at Childs would fill me up the best." One day in 1920, she spied a space-for-rent sign in a brownstone basement. "I looked at that little room with the marble fireplace," she said, "and my spine lit up. I thought, what a lovely little place for the bookshop I've always wanted!" It was $75 a month, and she only had $100 to her name, but she rented it, and made a go of it.

Nowadays, the catalog of the Gotham Book Mart (still dim and Dickensian, though in different quarters) circulates worldwide, and visitors from as far away as New Zealand sometimes enter the shop with a pilgrim air. "You don't grow rich as a bookseller," Miss Steloff said, "but you make it up in the doctor's bills you don't have to pay. The only sad thought I have is that, probably within a generation, bookstores like this will have ceased to exist. All you'll have is self-service supermarkets for paperbacks." From NEWSWEEK

We understand tax instructors have been asked to treat taxpayers with courtesy — even though the customer isn't necessarily right.

ATTENTION-GETTER— Ira Schulman, unemployed salesman, dramatizes his job hunt with a donkey ride down Broadway in New York. Schulman, 23, said he just wanted to draw attention to his plight.

When Sheer Courage Retained A Title

Some of the most memorable battles in the long history of the prize-ring have been produced by boxing's Middleweight division, the 160-lb. class. This division has bestowed its crown on some of the most courageous warriors the game has ever known.

Such a warrior was a seemingly mild-mannered chap, born Anthony Florian Zaleski in Gary, Indiana, who became known to the boxing world as Tony Zale—"The Man of Steel."

Though already a champion and a veteran performer, Zale zoomed to true prominence and a place in history in his three-bout series of heart-stoppers with New York's brawling Rocky Graziano back in the late Forties.

It was in the first of these epics, at New York's Yankee Stadium on Sept. 27, 1946, that Zale really demonstrated what the world "Courage" means.

Tony was a 31-year-old, ring rusty and utterly stale middleweight champion, who sat in his corner under the glare of the stadium lights that night, waiting to make the first defense of the title he'd won from stylish Georgie Abrams five years earlier. The 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor had come just nine days after he'd been crowned king of his division, and Zale had seen his peak fighting years drift by in four years of war with the Navy. Now, with the added years and the slowed down reflexes that went with them, he found himself facing Rocky Graziano, a man younger, better conditioned, and possessor of such destructive punching power that he was the new terror of the middleweight class.

While Tony had been gathering dust on the ring shelf, Graziano hadn't. In fact so spectacular had been Rocky's rise, that his bombshell punching had all but obscured the fact that Zale had once been known for his thunder-punching too. Regarding the titleholder as champion in name only, the odds-makers had installed the Rock as a 3-1 favorite in the pre-fight betting.

As many another veteran fighter has tried to do before and since, when faced with younger, stronger opposition, Zale gambled on ending it in a hurry.

Scarcely had the opening bell sent them on their way than Tony uncorked a left hook that dumped the surprised Graziano on the deck. Shocked but unhurt, Rocky leaped to his feet and began pouring a non-stop volley of punches into Zale, that had him dazed, bloody and battered before the round was half over.

Zale took the barrage standing up. In refusing to fall under the onslaught he only succeeded in infuriating the challenger further.

Graziano lashed the champion. Finally Zale crumpled — but the bell saved him from being counted out, writes Gil Smith in The Police Gazette.

Dragged to his corner, Tony only had time to recover a fraction of his strength in the minute between rounds. Still dazed, he stumbled out to be a target for another savage battering in the second round. He seemed unable to hit back with anything more than an occasional left. But while he reeled under the Rock's hammer blows, he stayed grimly on his feet. Through the third, fourth and fifth punishing rounds, Zale faltered badly at times but refused to go down. Graziano's inability to topple the wreck in front of him, had the crowd roaring. By the end of the fifth the challenger was becoming arm weary and Zale's incredible courage was on its way to becoming a legend.

There was nothing in the first half of the bruising sixth to indicate that disaster was stalking Rocky Graziano. Zale, the tired old champion, was still in his half-crouch, shouldering his way forward into the path of further barrages. He was looking through his puffed eyes for a sign of an opening. As they reached the halfway mark through the sixth, Tony saw it!

Tensing, but keeping his battered face expressionless lest it betray what his eyes had noted, Zale shuffled just a little closer. He moved his left within range. Then he sent a ripping hook to Ricky's midsection.

The punch buried itself into the challenger's stomach. Graziano halted, shuddered, and sank cross-legged to the canvas. He smiled emptily as he listened to referee Ruby Goldstein toll off the count. He was on his haunches, still listening when Goldstein shouted "Ten!" The instant Ruby said it, Graziano stood up. He made an effort to resume the action. But the referee waved him away. The fight was over, and the middleweight crown still rested on the battered head of Tony Zale.

The sudden ending touched off one of the wildest scenes in the history of Yankee Stadium. The time of the knockout was 1:43 of the sixth. While a thoroughly distraught but perfectly unmarked loser made his way to the dressing room, they raised the hand of a smiling but lumpfaced Tony Zale who resembled a man who had been beaten to a bloody pulp with a club

So tired that he could scarcely stay erect without the full support of his handlers, Zale had one significant footnote to add to the night's story when interviewed in his dressing room. He said: "I might have stopped him earlier. 'Cept I fractured my right hand in the second round." And with that kind of courage, quiet-spoken Tony Zale added another page to the memorable history of the 160-pound division.

Canadians Work In Kipling Country

The border tribesmen of Kipling's breechcloth-snicking time would be amazed if they could come back to witness a ceremony today in their wild, rocky land. At a spot a score of miles out from Peshawar, near the mouth of the Khyber Pass, President Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan (himself a Pathan) is dedicating the Warsak hydroelectric project, the biggest construction work to date in Pakistan's thirteen-year history.

Pakistan could not have done this $773-million job alone. It is a joint enterprise, with Canada. For five years, teams of Canadian engineers have worked out of Peshawar, and later on the site itself, living in part on the foods of the country (buffalo butter, okra and black-eyed peas among them) as participants in the Colombo Plan. Perhaps because it is little-publicized and so does not get much involved in international politics, the Colombo Plan is an effective organization. Warsak is one of its monuments. — Baltimore Sun

How Can I?

By Roberta Lee

Q. How can I clean the vertical tube of a coffee percolator?

A. One way is to run a pipe cleaner through it. Or, fill the percolator with water, add four tablespoons of salt, put the tube into this, and let it perk for 10 or 15 minutes. If this should dull the luster of the percolator, restore it by boiling vinegar in it, or water with pieces of raw lemon.

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