



Paul Maxwell's design suits  
Knox's functional emphasis



Champion of the sculptured  
silhouette is Sally Victor



Mr. John is famous for hats  
of simple but dramatic line



Elegance and craftsmanship  
are typical of Lilly Daché

Mr. Fred of John Frederics  
believes in a casual effect



Mr. John's creation for Maria Riva wraps up glamor and "practicality" in a maze of red velvet cord and fish-net veil. Practical? Well, the phone is just a prop, but it's handy for ignoring amused stares at the Colony

Collier's EXPLORER CAMERA

# Top Hatters' Top Hats

**S**INCE primitive woman discovered that the band she wore around her hair was a handy place to stick flowers and other embellishments, female heads have blossomed with a variety of strange and wonderful things.

The motive that spurred the first maiden to outshine the other ladies in her territory is probably no different from the one that sets women on the path of a new bonnet today. But whether it's vanity, the creative urge, or a desire to step out of the ranks in a carbon-copy age, the results are getting more sensational all the time.

Collaborators in the struggle to produce a taller plume, a more involved bird's nest, are the hat designers—to whom carrots and cornstalks, bean pods and bumbershoots are all perfectly acceptable decorations for the head.

As an ultimate challenge to their ingenuity, Collier's invited five of the country's top hatters to co-operate in an experiment. The designers were presented with an odd basic assortment of raw materials from which to make a selection: a handful of unblocked hats, some veiling, rhinestones, dried flowers, leaves, thistles, ribbon—and a telephone.

Catch in the collection was the telephone, which was a must for every model. The experts didn't flinch. Mr. Bell's instrument turned up in one form or another on every hat. Sour-minded skeptics may carp about the practicality of

such an idea, but it would take a real quibbler to deny its decorative qualities.

Faced with an identical problem, the five outstanding milliners turned out five very different-looking hats. Symbol of their varying approaches was the trimming each fished out of the hodgepodge of materials provided for their use.

Mr. John dug up a length of red velvet cord, a few yards of fish-net veiling and a red telephone. Sally Victor chose a black phone receiver, black velvet ribbon, rhinestones, a batch of feathers. Mr. Fred of John Frederics needed only a length of gold cord, a telephone; Lilly Daché, a thistle, some dried flowers, a foot or two of chartreuse velvet ribbon. Mr. Maxwell of Knox the Hatter kept things simple, settled for one red phone.

In the belief that the lady beneath the hat has much to do with its success, Collier's then called in Maria Riva, talented television actress and daughter of Marlene Dietrich, to model the creations.

The results of the session point up at least one homely truth—that nothing is so consistent as woman's inconsistency. For, Maria, who turned out to be the designers' delight, doesn't believe in hats. "That's why I enjoyed modeling them," she says. We'll let someone else take it from there.

EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND



Utility ties to fashion in Sally Victor's toast-colored beaver fur, its telephone disguised with rhinestones plus two feathered comets



This yellow beaver fur designed by Mr. Fred has a telephone wired to brim with gold cord. Dorothy Leffler joined in gag by faking a call

For luncheon at the Sulgrave Hotel, Lilly Daché has dressed Maria in a toast-colored topper adorned with gift phone receiver and thistle



Still playing it for laughs, Maria hunts a familiar number while she wears sporty model designed under supervision of Knox's Mr. Maxwell





# John Dingle and the HOMING CATS

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

The cats must go, Mr. Garret said; he didn't care how or where. It was a rash suggestion to make to a family as fiendish as his

THE harrowing case of John Garret versus the Garret Cat Company began the day Mr. and Mrs. Garret returned from a week's trip to New York. They had just pulled into the driveway when their sons, Tom, nine; Edward, eight; and John Dingle, six, raced toward them. John Dingle was alternately carrying and being ridden by a large, yellow, and extremely unhappy cat.

"We're in the cat business!" Tom yelled. John Dingle held the cat aloft. "Ain't Ethel pretty?"

Mr. Garret quivered. "Put that mangy monster back in the alley where you found her," he said.

"But, Daddy, she's a mama," Edward said. "She's got nine of the prettiest little kittens you ever saw in our basement."

"Edward," Mrs. Garret said, "your father is not feeling very fatherly. I wouldn't joke with him."

An elderly woman, who looked as though she might have been herding tigers, yelled from the kitchen window: "It ain't any joke!"

Mr. Garret dropped his suitcase. "Mrs. Daniels," he snarled, "you let them bring a pregnant cat into my house?"

"The way they wore me down they could have brought in a pregnant alligator. I told them you were going to buy them a dog, but they said they'd sell the kittens and help you pay for it. Named the cat after me. Thought it was right sweet."

Mr. Garret stared at her. Mrs. Daniels stared right back. They both knew she was the only woman in town brave enough to stay with the boys. Mr. Garret changed the subject. "Where's a sack?" he bellowed. "I want a big rock too."

"Mama," John Dingle screamed, "you ain't going to let him throw our kittens in the river?"

"I'm going to throw them in a manhole and screw on the top. You got ringworm from that last cat you dragged in. I got the man-eating mange from the one before that."

"Will you please stop it?" Mrs. Garret snapped. Mr. Garret glared at her. "All right, Mother Carey, they're your chickens."

"I knew it! That's the only reason you started that silly sack business."

"Come on and look at 'em," John Dingle urged. Ethel led them through the basement to the box in the corner. Mr. Garret stared at the squirming mass that fastened itself to Ethel.

"Sweet Mother of Moses," he said. "You think you can sell those things?" Ethel had mated strictly within her caste.

"Yessir," Tom said proudly. "We're the Garret Cat Company."

"I'm the president," John Dingle said happily.

"Me and Tom are the treasurers," Edward said.

"Well, I think the kittens are beautiful," Mrs. Garret lied.

"All right," Mr. Garret said, "here's what we'll do. You make one penny off those alley panthers and I'll get you a dog. But if there's just one of

them around here at the end of two months, no dog. You've just got to learn that this is a house and not an ark."

"That'll be good," Edward said. "We ain't gonna ask but ten dollars apiece for 'em. We'll sell 'em fast."

Mr. Garret sighed. "Just one more thing. I'm out of this deal completely. All matters of fur and fang will be referred to Madam Garret!"

The Cat Company thought it was a very fair arrangement. Mrs. Garret, however, went back to the car, muttering.

ONE evening, three months later, Mr. Garret was coming up through the basement from the garage. The basement bulb had burned out, and he was groping his way up the steps in the dark. On the third step from the top his feet came down on something soft. It was as though his leg had sprouted a demon. There was an unholy screech and he cartwheeled backward down the steps, flailing at the thing trying to claw its way up his leg.

He was still on the floor, cursing and sorting out his vertebrae, when Mrs. Garret and the boys appeared at the top of the steps. Mrs. Garret's expression was that of the woman driver who can't imagine what happened to the front fender.

Mr. Garret glared up at her. "If I step on just one more damn' cat in this house, I'm going to throw the whole batch of them in the furnace. John Dingle, call that Cat Company to order. You're just about to go out of business."

The boys fled into the living room like early Christians headed for Nero's place. Mr. Garret came in, still clutching his back.

"All right," he said, "I told you I'd give you two months to get rid of them. It's three months and—"

"But we're training 'em," Edward protested. "We're gonna make an animal act out of 'em and sell 'em to a circus."

"Unhuh! How much are you trying to sell them for now?"

John Dingle cut his eyes at Tom and Edward. "Five dollars. We're having a sale!"

"Don't lie to me, John Dingle. Mrs. Reese said you were peddling them three for a nickel the other day. You can't even give 'em away, can you?"

"But when we teach 'em to ride bicycles and—"

"Cut that out," Mr. Garret snapped. "I'm giving you just three more days. After that I want to be the only thing around here with whiskers. Otherwise, no dog, and I mean it."

Mrs. Garret sighed. "That's only fair, John Dingle. You made a bargain with your father and you've got to keep it."

Edward rolled his eyes at Mr. Garret, and then suddenly snapped his fingers. "I got an idea," he said. "It's a real good one too. Come on up to the office." John Dingle and Tom were glad to escape. They all rushed out of the room, Mr. Garret staring after them.



When they were in their room, Edward's face fell. "I ain't got any idea," he mumbled. "It just scares Daddy when he thinks I got one."

"John Dingle," Tom complained, "if you had whined a little louder, them ladies mighta bought some cats."

"I couldn't whine no louder," John Dingle protested. "I'm a good seller. Who sold the most chances on the television set to help the—?"

"Wait a minute!" Edward whooped. "That'll do it! That's the best idea in the world. Listen, we'll sell chances on a kitten. Just one kitten. Won't anybody think they'll win, so they'll all buy chances and then we'll give everybody a cat."

"Boy!" Tom exclaimed. "That is a good idea! We'll make up a whole lot of chances, and the people John Dingle has to whine at the longest we'll give 'em cats. That'll fix 'em."

John Dingle was equally entranced. They all began laughing and jumping around the room. Downstairs, Mr. Garret cringed and glanced uneasily at Mrs. Garret.

The next afternoon they started out. John Dingle was carrying Ethel, Jr., the pride of the litter. Tom and Edward were carrying pads and pencils and a hundred homemade tickets bearing the inscription:

CAT RAFFLE  
1 CHANCE  
5 CENTS

They selected Mr. Charles Alexander as their first victim. He lived right across the street from

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF