

“Always True to You in My Fashion”

Fashion or being fashionable can be as fleeting as celebrity status: “in” one minute, “out” the next. Style on the other hand can be forever and is something innate, inherent, and inborn: you either have it, or you don’t. One can acquire fashion to be fashionable, but style is in the genes (and I don’t mean Diane Von Furstenberg’s!).

To possess style is one of those ultimate attributes which few have, but many in the world unsuccessfully attempt to achieve. Curiously, the word “stylish”, though, almost sounds déclassé – like most words ending in “-ish” that seem to dim (or diminish) their basic root.

Glamour, as a subset of both categories of fashion and style, is therefore a trickier thing. To be glamorous and fashionable is to wear a beautiful outfit, but when it has lost its allure, so goes the glamour. On the other hand, to be glamorous and have style is to attain something which transcends fashion and lasts longer than a lifetime (consider deceased luminaries who will always be enshrined in the temple of glamour).

At the age of 6 while standing on the observation rooftop deck of the old Greater Cincinnati Airport’s concourse, I realized that my mother, Marilyn Maxwell, possessed the “trifecta-plus”! Not only did she have great style, glamour, and fashionableness, she also had genuine charm, confidence, sense of humor, and intelligence combined. My father, Stewart Maxwell, and I were standing on this outdoor observation deck above the gate where my mother was about to disembark from the Trans World Airlines (T.W.A.) Constellation. For the past week, she had

been staying with friends who owned both a weekend retreat in Bucks County, Pennsylvania (north of Philadelphia) and also had an apartment in New York City. As the plane's passengers descended its stairs to the tarmac, I looked intently for my mother. One-by-one, they disembarked from the plane's fuselage, but no sight of her as yet. After most of the passengers had exited, my father and I began to wonder if she had been able to make the flight. Suddenly, she passed through the opening and paused momentarily at the top of the stairs. Looking upwards, my mother spotted us waving wildly to catch her attention. Having discovered us, she beamed a broad smile and returned the wave. There she stood wearing haute couture: an ensemble by Pauline Trigère consisting of a bold, large scale red, white, and blue wool plaid coat, navy and white A-line dress, and matching navy and white leather purse and high-heeled shoes. The addition of the latter increased her height from the usual 5'-7" to a statuesque 5'-10". Always taking everything into account, her outfit was perfectly coordinated with T.W.A.'s red and white color scheme, and this image of her has been permanently etched in my mind. Just then, a half-dozen people standing next to us wondered aloud: "Who is that – she must be a movie star?" In response, I exclaimed proudly: "That's my mom!"

Confusing her with a Hollywood star was something that happened often. She had the look of Elizabeth Taylor, the sex appeal of Ava Gardner, the charm and exuberance of Rosalind Russell, and the brilliant wit of Katharine Hepburn. As an aside, my father knew Nicky Hilton and met Elizabeth Taylor when they were dating at the time: Dad always said that my mom was more beautiful. Certainly, anyone with eyes could see that my mother was stunning – the kind of person who

could command attention by simply entering a room. However, it was her inner-beauty and zest for life which made everyone want her as their best friend. Blessed with a remarkable memory, she retained the names of spouses and children of occasional workers at our home, for example, and took a genuine interest in people's lives. Marilyn Maxwell exuded charm and made everyone feel that they were the most important person.

Born in Cincinnati on November 8, 1927, I believe that my mother's outgoing personality and charm was largely due to her peripatetic life, caused by her father, Samuel Boster, being a sales manager of Hiram Walker Distilleries. In the 1930's to World War II, each time the company desired to open a new sales office, her family would move to that city for about a year, until they would leave for another. In her first dozen years, she and her family moved from Cincinnati to Toronto, Canada, Boston, Rochester, Syracuse, Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, and Omaha. Being placed in these new settings with such frequency, it forced her to make friends quickly and to have self-confidence at an early age. During World War II, alcohol was being used primarily for the war effort, and this found her father temporarily out of a job. From Omaha – which had really become home, my mother and her family moved back to Cincinnati where her grandparents, aunts, and uncles lived.

From the standpoints of beauty and collecting, Marilyn's father, Samuel Boster, had the most profound impact upon her life. As a collector long before it became fashionable, Sam's interests knew few boundaries. His collecting included antique furniture, fine art, porcelain, silver, glass, sculpture, paper currency, coins, stamps, paperweights, and antique oriental rugs. If something had any kind of

redeeming quality or value, then he felt that it was worth saving for posterity. Often, Sam might not know how he would use it or to whom he might sell it; he just knew that it was worthy of preservation and respect. Faced with unemployment because of the war, Sam opened an antique store in Downtown Cincinnati across the street from the John Shillito Co. Department Store on Seventh Street near Race. For sale in his shop were quality items from primarily Europe and Asia of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, which led Sam to have a thriving business with a loyal following. Marilyn was Sam's eldest daughter and the only one of his three children who showed interest in his business. After school or on Saturdays, she, as a teenager, happily accompanied her father to the store and helped sell the antiques. This experience exposed Marilyn to beautiful objects from throughout the world and centuries, while enhancing her self-confidence through working with the public.

A nice memory of this time in her life was in 1994 at the retirement dinner party for the former Cincinnati Art Museum Director, Millard F. Rogers, Jr. My mother and I were seated at a table of strangers, so we introduced ourselves. The couple next to us turned out to be Sylvan and Faith Golder, great Cincinnati collectors of Asian art. As we began conversing, the Golders recognized Marilyn as the young girl in the antique shop where they, incidentally, purchased some of their earliest, favorite antiquities. Not only being remembered but recognized by the Golders 50 years later certainly made my mother very happy! Part of her happiness, though, was because they also fondly remembered her beloved father and his wonderful gallery of fine art and antiques.

A number of other influences in Marilyn's youth helped to formulate her opinions on design, fashion, and style. She first became interested in clothing from her maternal grandmother, Sarah Brown, who enjoyed taking her granddaughter downtown to shop. Sarah would purchase a dress and then proceed to transform it completely. By adding or subtracting to or from the outfits, she would make the clothes truly her own creations. Watching her grandmother carefully discern which dress to purchase, and then observing her either deconstructing or embellishing it: these alterations had a profound influence and impact on how Marilyn looked at clothing, and learning what was possible.

Sarah's husband, Max Brown, was Marilyn's maternal grandfather who was the president of the Brockton Shoe Trimming Co. in Cincinnati. His company sold leather and all of the trimmings, such as buttons, bows, ribbons, and other embellishments, to shoe manufacturing companies around the country. Very proud of his beautiful, smart, and well-behaved young granddaughter, Max would often take Marilyn during her Cincinnati visits to his factory on Court Street, where she was entranced by all of the various trimmings. These accoutrements offered hours of fascination and pleasure. Watching the factory workers in the fabrication process was also significant in showing my mother the importance of details and how things came together.

Her aunt, Rose Boster, was another influence on Marilyn: Rose was a bookkeeper who became a manager of a shoe manufacturing company called Shawe-Gerwin Shoe Co. Entering the workforce as a professional single woman in the 1920's, Rose helped Marilyn build her confidence and her own sense of style.

One of the benefits of having an aunt in this industry was that Rose frequently shipped the latest shoes to my mother. Rose, in fact, sent Marilyn her first pair of high heels at the age of ten. How grown up and sophisticated she must have felt wearing those first pair of heels!

Taking into account these various influences, my mother's philosophy of design was to purchase the very best quality that could be afforded, and she applied this to all facets of her life – whether buying clothing, a sofa, or soap. Whatever the object might be, Marilyn would always prefer to have one wonderful piece, rather than five mediocre ones. Buying haute couture was different from purchasing off-the-rack clothing; it was a long-term investment tailored to one's own body, which she believed would fit better and last much longer due to the use of superior materials, finer construction, and timeless lines. With this philosophy of quality in mind, she prudently selected her wardrobe, knowing that her dollars were limited. Marilyn, like her Grandmother Sarah, carefully reviewed the Dior creations of the season, for example, and would select the one that she felt represented simple elegance and classic beauty, not something mercurial. By being discerning, she believed that an outfit could transcend current fashion and trends, and be wearable for years to come. Sticking with conservative colors – black, navy, gray, and brown – were safer selections for forthcoming seasons, as opposed to unusual, faddish, or vibrant shades which might only be a momentary sensation. Examples of this are colors pink and aqua which make one think of the 1950's; harvest gold and avocado green immediately recall the early 1970's. Marilyn also looked at a garment's silhouette and construction to determine whether it had classic lines and would

stand the test of time. She often rejected fashions with ruffles and bows as unnecessary, irrelevant embellishments to the overall form. Her view was more akin to the Japanese aesthetic about art in which each line matters, and that only what is essential should be utilized. Her philosophical approach to fashion allowed her to wear pieces from year-to-year, even some from decade-to-decade: timeless, good design.

Marilyn's appreciation and introduction into the world of haute couture really began in 1945, when she moved to New York City at age 18 with her first husband, Charles Nemarrow. Although a businessman, he was quite handsome and acted as a double in movies for William Holden and Tyrone Power, as well as doing modeling work. Once while going to a photo shoot, Charlie took Marilyn with him. Seeing her, the Harry Conover Modeling Agency immediately signed her up as a fashion model who became known by her nickname, Micki Nemarrow. Renowned photographers, such as Richard Avedon, Irving Penn, and John Rawlings, captured her image, and she was seen regularly in the mid-to-late 1940's and early 1950's in the pages of Vogue and Harper's Bazaar while modeling creations designed by Christian Dior, Traina-Norell, Jean Dessès, Jacques Fath, and others, as well as hats by Lilly Daché.

Although I had been aware from an early age that my mother had been a model, it was not until I was in my late-twenties that I realized that she had been photographed by some of the most famous photographers, and that she received her modeling assignments from Diana Vreeland, fashion editor at Harper's Bazaar at the time (later to become the legendary editor-in-chief of Vogue). This realization

occurred as we were looking for a family picture and uncovered some of my mother's modeling photos by these great artists. At about this same time, a book was published on Christian Dior's career which included several photos of her and a number of outfits which she had purchased.

My favorite photo of my mother was taken by Richard Avedon: she was wearing a diaphanous Spring outfit by Claire McCardell. With her hat's veil flowing in the breeze and a pose reminiscent of Lawrence of Arabia, Avedon had her haughtily staring down a camel who was kneeling in front of her with the Sahara in the foreground and the Great Pyramids of Giza in the background. Upon seeing it, I exclaimed to my mother: "I didn't know that you had traveled to Egypt!" She responded that she hadn't, and that this particular assignment was one of the worst she could remember. Evidently, Diana Vreeland wanted this photo to be taken for Harper's Bazaar to feature the Spring Collection of 1951. Unfortunately for my mother, the fashion world plans and presents designs months in advance of the intended season, which meant shooting this photograph in January. What appeared to be the Sahara was actually Long Island's Jones Beach, with a real camel borrowed from the zoo who smelled and spit at Marilyn. The supposed-hot desert breeze in reality was a very stiff, cold gust over the ocean, causing her to be quite chilled to the bone with exposed arms and legs, while the lightweight clothing, designed for Spring's warmer weather, barely covered the rest of her. Once the shot was finally taken, Avedon superimposed the Pyramids as its dramatic backdrop in the warmth and calm of his studio in order to create this famous image for the Ages.

As Marilyn's modeling career blossomed on the pages of Vogue and Harper's Bazaar, it made her a success and gave her a sense of independence, while her marriage failed. Her husband Charlie's jealousy contributed to its end, and I suspect that there was too much time competing for the mirror.

With her divorce, Marilyn returned to Cincinnati where her parents were still residing along with the rest of her family. By relocating, she met and married Dr. Harry Fox in 1948. Her modeling career continued by making trips to New York as needed, and by heading and modeling fashion shows for charity events in Cincinnati.

A brilliant, talented, and respected dermatologist, as well as a clinical professor at the University of Cincinnati's (U.C.) College of Medicine, Harry recognized Marilyn's intelligence and artistic talents. He encouraged her to go to U.C., where she pursued a degree in Education at Teacher's College with the hope of educating kindergartners and 1st graders. In addition, she attended the Art Academy and studied under noted Cincinnati artist and teacher, John Weis.

Citing irreconcilable differences mainly caused by their mismatch in ages (Harry: 38, Marilyn: 25), they divorced in 1952. Despite the end of their marriage, they still cared about each other and remained close for their son Gary, born in 1950. In fact, Harry was even my dermatologist, and I thought of him as my uncle.

On her own again, Marilyn continued her modeling career and made the necessary trips to New York. Looking for a change in venue, she moved to Miami Beach for a year, only to return to Cincinnati because of southern Florida's severe summer heat.

Thankfully, she came back to Cincinnati because it enabled her to meet my father, Stewart Shillito Maxwell. Marrying in February, 1955, Marilyn officially ended her modeling career to become a full-time homemaker.

With their marriage, they purchased a large home on Grandin Road in Hyde Park which contained many closets that my mother managed quite successfully to fill. The quantity of closets enabled Marilyn to keep and store her fashion collection which began to accumulate in 1945. Most people have to give or throw away their clothing over time, because they eventually fill their hanging space, or the clothes simply wear out. Like her father and his collecting, she knew that these haute couture creations were too wonderful to discard, and that some day someone would appreciate them. Marilyn realized that these outfits, especially from the 1940's and early 1950's, were of great importance in the history of fashion. These designs were a moment-in-time which may never be seen again from the standpoint of imagination, luxurious fabrics, textures, construction, overall quality, lining, inner-lining, and attention to detail. In the mid-1950's, Marilyn felt that the fashion world was beginning a steep and steady decline in quality and craftsmanship. With Christian Dior's untimely death in 1957, fashion's cost-cutting measures seemed to accelerate this phenomenon. Marilyn's desire to retain for posterity her clothing began in earnest at this point.

As each decade passed though, she realized that the fashions of the 1950's had been judged by her too harshly when compared with the 1960's, just as the Sixties were superior in quality to the Seventies. The result, of course, was that she retained everything, and fortunately we had the space to accommodate this desire.

From about the age of 8, I now comprehend that my mother trained me to know her tastes. At least where my mother was concerned, my father was not to be trusted in purchasing a present for her alone. In order to guide him in making appropriate gift selections for her, my father was instructed to take me shopping for Christmas, birthdays, and anniversaries. In my lexicon, she informed me of the appropriate types, styles, sizes, materials, silhouettes, hemline lengths, and colors in order to help ensure a winning present. My mother did this not for greed or avarice: this was done because she cared about my father's feelings – he did not handle rejection well. By having me along for “advise and consent”, it allowed for greater harmony and no returned gifts! As a consequence, I became knowledgeable about fashion, which would become important in later years.

Christmas shopping for my mother was never boring. Usually on Christmas Eve, my father and I would venture to Gidding/Jenny's 4th floor Designer Salon, where we would be met by Bert Fishel (Shirley's late husband) who owned the store. With suitable holiday libations in hand, Mr. Fishel, my father, and I held court while a bevy of beautiful store models paraded various outfits for our consideration. Since I was the only designated non-alcoholic drinker in the group, my opinion concerning the gift played a critical role. From my viewpoint, Mr. Fishel and my father weren't taking this process seriously enough, and they always seemed to have too good of a time as the models giggled by their running commentary and banter. Eventually, an outfit would be selected and then whisked away to be appropriately wrapped in the requisite purple box.

In 1987, a chance-meeting by my mother turned out not only to be fortuitous but also quite significant. While volunteering at the Cincinnati Art Museum stuffing envelopes for a mass mailing, she happened to be seated next to Otto Thieme, the Curator of Costume, Textiles and Tribal Arts at that time. Making conversation, Otto learned of Marilyn's modeling career, and that she had amassed a fashion collection of haute couture dating back to 1945. Excited by the possibilities, he asked to see it as soon as possible. Otto's urgency was because he was in the final planning stages for a major exhibit, "Simply Stunning: 200 Years of Fashion from the Cincinnati Art Museum". To my mother's amazement, the museum was interested in her clothes; she previously had thought that they were only interested in fashion from the Civil War or earlier. Finally, Marilyn had met someone who appreciated these costumes as much as she did. One afternoon, Otto came to our home and was given a tour of Marilyn's numerous closets and drawers. Thrilled with what he saw, she allowed him to take initially 16 outfits for the museum's collection, including a 1950 gray wool flannel suit by Christian Dior to be added to the "Simply Stunning" exhibition. When I returned home that evening, she recounted her time with Otto, and I asked her: "How did you decide which outfits to give him?" She responded with a very practical rejoinder: "Oh, that was easy – I'll never be a size 4 again!" Besides donating a number of Dior outfits, the museum received designs by Traina-Norell, Pauline Trigère, Elsa Schiaparelli, Irene Lentz Gibbons (M.G.M. Studio's fashion designer), and others. At the time, I asked her how many additional outfits she thought the museum would want: 18 to 24 more outfits was her response.

Due to circumstances beyond their control, Otto and Marilyn both died within a few months of each other: my mother passed away on November 20, 1995 at the age of 68; Otto passed away in January, 1996 at the age of 52. With their passings, the responsibility of bequeathing my mother's fashion collection fell on my shoulders. At first, the Art Museum wanted all of it, until they realized that the collection amounted to 1,161 items. Instead, I gave the museum the right of first refusal, allowing them the opportunity to receive whatever they desired, before any other institution would see it.

Succeeding in Otto's place as Curator of Fashion Arts and Textiles, Cynthia Amnéus and I worked for seven years in bringing 220 of Marilyn's items to the Art Museum's permanent collection — much of this being added while former Literary Club member, Timothy Rub, was its Director.

Once Cynthia made her final selections, I then had to find other museums interested in the rest of my mother's fashions. Upon review, The Museum of Fine Arts-Boston (M.F.A.), the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and the Peabody Essex Museum of Salem, Massachusetts were chosen. In all, over 475 items were donated to all of these museums in Marilyn's memory. No one would have been more astonished by this than my mother, who had thought that a total of maybe two to three dozen items would be museum-worthy.

In order to tackle the donation of these fashions, I first had to compile an inventory, dividing it into categories, such as clothing, coats, shoes, purses, swimwear, hats, belts, umbrellas, sunglasses, scarves, gloves, and handkerchiefs. Marilyn's collection represented 50 years of fashion from 1945 to 1995 with a

remarkably consistent eye for timeless, good design in all that she acquired over these decades.

Compiling this inventory was much more involved than just assigning categories and numbers. Each item had to be carefully described for its colors, materials, labels, if any, identifying the designer and/or the store where it was purchased, an approximate date, and anything else which might be pertinent. Two identical numbered labels were then made: one for the clothes hanger and one for the article of clothing just in case they became separated. This process was repeated for over 1,100 items.

My early training in my mother's fashion preferences now became quite helpful in being able to describe each item in detail for museum curators. Particularly impressive to them were my accurate attributions of designers and dates of fabrication. Representative of this was a navy blue and red leather purse which was donated to the Cincinnati Art Museum and was displayed about a year ago in its "What's New" exhibition. The purse was one of Marilyn's favorites: it had an accordion-like top of alternating red and navy blue bands of color, which, when opened, allowed the top to fold back fully upon its cylindrical navy blue base. This imaginative design enabled my mother to look into the purse and at a glance find everything. Although it lacked all identification, I remembered that it was custom-made for her by the great leather goods purveyor Lederer of Paris and New York and originally had matching shoes which unfortunately no longer survived. In attempting to date it, I felt that its design appeared to be 1949-1950. When the

purse was selected for the Art Museum's recent exhibit, Cynthia researched it, and found its unique design patented with a date of 1949!

Some of the surprises for me while making this bequest were the interest of museums in sportswear, swimwear and under-garments. These articles of clothing usually received more abuse, as compared to other types of costumes. For example with swimwear, water, sun, and chlorine caused tremendous deterioration of the materials, making survivals rare. Because my mother had so many, no one swimsuit ever received much use, and they were all in excellent condition – perfect for museum collections.

One of the most challenging and, in retrospect, humorous circumstances revolved around a buttercream bolero-style wool evening jacket. While compiling the inventory, this bolero jacket appeared sandwiched between two other outfits. It was a handsome design for eveningwear: its short length was meant to provide cover for exposed arms and neckline. Looking at it briefly, I decided to send it to Widmer's to be dry cleaned and pressed before showing it to Cynthia, and then proceeded with the next garment to be described for the inventory list. A week later, Widmer's delivered the jacket, but, unwrapping it, the piece looked different to me. Hung on the hanger was the same buttercream wool bouclé material on the exterior with its powder blue satin lining: what appeared totally changed were its length and silhouette. This returned form now was twice as long, resembling a short Japanese kimono in length and style. "Could I have been that wrong in my memory and inventory description?", I thought to myself. Given the quantity of clothes to be reviewed, I figured that I must have been tired and mistakenly confused its

length with some other jacket. The other thing that was questionable was that the buttons did not line up perfectly – they sort of did, but a few created puckers in the lines of the garment when buttoned. Again, I figured that, once placed on a mannequin or a real body, it would hang properly.

Now, it was time to show it to Cynthia and my fashion appraiser, Suman Sheno, a noted authority on costumes and textiles who, at this time, also was the Curator at the Dayton Art Institute. Lacking a label inside the jacket, no one could tell whether it was American or European, and its classic lines could be a design ranging from the 1940's through the 1960's. What was particularly evident, though, was its incredible seaming and attention to detail. This craftsmanship and its wool bouclé material looked European, but the jacket's buttons and powder blue satin lining looked more American. Suman stated that she did not know who designed the jacket, but it was one of the finest articles of clothing that she had ever handled. With such praise, I was certain that Cynthia would want it for the Cincinnati Art Museum. However to my surprise, she rejected it. I blurted out "Take it – it's free!" As curator, though, Cynthia had to consider many things, including what fashions were already in the museum's collection. Specifically, the jacket was rejected because there was no identifying label, and she was unsure how the garment could be exhibited, since it was not part of an ensemble.

The Curator of Costumes from the Museum of Fine Arts-Boston (M.F.A.), Ann Coleman, was the next to view Marilyn's collection in Cincinnati with her assistant, Susan Ward. The moment they saw the jacket, Ann and Susan wanted it for the M.F.A., even though the designer was unknown.

After spending several days here reviewing the entire collection, they returned to Boston to make final selections. Months passed without hearing from Ann, so I called the M.F.A. I discovered that she had left, and a new curator was now in charge: Pam Parmal. In order to make her own decisions, Pam with Susan (the same assistant) returned to Cincinnati for another several days to review Marilyn's fashions. Even though she didn't know the identity of the designer, Pam wanted the jacket for the M.F.A.'s collection. As the three of us stood looking at the jacket intently while Susan held it, suddenly the jacket slipped out of her hands and dropped to the floor. Seeing the jacket crumpled, it immediately reminded me of a sketch that I had seen, ironically, in a book written by Ann Coleman, the former M.F.A. Curator. Announcing to them that I knew who had designed it, Pam and Susan looked at me incredulously. Opening Ann's book to the 1951 sketch of a jacket, they agreed with me: Charles James (1906-1978) was its designer. As one of the greatest fashion designers from the late 1920's to his death in 1978, he was born in England and began his career in London and Paris, but then escaped to New York City in 1939 to avoid the war. Interestingly, James rarely sewed labels into his designs, because most of his work was privately commissioned, and therefore his customers were perfectly aware who had designed their garment. Since he had worked in England, France, and America, this explained why the jacket showed aspects of both European and American design and caused overall confusion in its attribution. After the Widmer's cleaning, the reason the jacket looked different to me became evident in studying the sketch. The genius of its design was that the oversized collar extended all the way to the bottom of the bolero jacket's hem,

doubling-up on itself in effect. When the jacket was returned cleaned and pressed, the cleaners properly pinned it from a hanging rod making the collar disappear and allowing the overall length to visually double. When the jacket fell on the floor, it allowed me to view it freshly, so that James' sketch was recalled. Finally, this mystery was solved!

In the January 18, 1999 issue of The New Yorker, I was reading the magazine and enjoying each cartoon. Upon reaching the end of the issue, there was a full-page color cartoon by Barry Blitt entitled "Magazine Mergers" – a humorous coupling of various magazine titles, such as Out and House Beautiful to create Outhouse Beautiful with its obvious imagery; Martha Stewart's Living coupled with Outside became Living Outside with Martha Stewart depicted as a bag lady scavenging for her livelihood; TV Guide and Dogs morphed into TV Guidedogs. The overall cartoon format had seven frames, and, when I got to the lower right corner, the image depicted was Fortune and Hunting for the new magazine title: Fortune Hunting. I was stunned! Incredibly, the cartoonist had sketched my mother from a well-published photo by John Rawlings with her wearing a 1950 black and white tweed Dior suit, complete with a "Dior" pin on her bodice. The cartoon image was exactly like the photo except for one alteration: Marilyn's hands were originally placed squarely on her hips. For Fortune Hunting, one of her hands was no longer on her hip, but extended by the cartoonist into the nearby pocket of an elderly "sugar-daddy"! I suspect that my mother would not have been amused by this revised image of her, but my father would have found it very entertaining. It is only fitting that this cartoon should have appeared in The New Yorker, since my

father also was seen in a series of fashion cartoons for the Enro Shirt Co. ads which were featured every week in the early to mid-1960's in its pages. Not many people can say that both of their parents appeared in cartoons, much less in the illustrious New Yorker.

Marilyn Maxwell will live in perpetuity — immortalized by the images of her captured by great photographers, a New Yorker cartoonist, and her fashions housed in four museums noted for their outstanding costume collections. Nothing would please her more than to know that these fashions will be protected and conserved for current and future generations to appreciate. Her instincts and sense of style were exactly right.

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The Literary Club
February 2, 2015**