

Back when I was a runway model...

I attended charm school at the vanguard of all things classy and charming in the '70s: Montgomery Wards. When I was ten-years old I went every Wednesday night to charm school classes in a tiny, windowless room you accessed by walking through the girl's dressing room on the lower floor.

It wasn't that I was interested in charm and all the perks that come with being incredibly charming (because you only realize its power as an adult). My motivation? I wanted to be a model and at the end of the Montgomery Wards charm school, if you passed and had the charm of Dinah Shore, you took part in a runway show out in the mall (Huntington Center) in front of friends, family, and hapless shoppers.

The classes were standard charm school fare; walking with a book on your head, sitting in a skirt, eating with a knife, sneezing in a tissue, and accepting party invitations. Really, all the training needed for a flawless, professional fashion show.

This was WAY before the supermodel furor of the '80s. I believe my drive was purely the idea of everyone looking at me...on a hastily assembled stage...in new clothes...from Montgomery Wards.



We could choose ANYTHING from MONTGOMERY WARDS to model, but for reasons only known to 10-year-old me I wore a nightgown and a bikini in my two strolls down the catwalk. I remember people laughing because I waved and smiled as I made my way down and back, breaking the important aesthetic theory of "suspension of disbelief"...in the middle of a mall...at a fashion show...for Montgomery Wards.

A brief performance of "The Hustle" was also part of the "show." We all wore the same green and yellow jumper and danced to the song played from an eight-track player with a microphone propped up next to it.

These were probably the only guys around my age in attendance, by intimidation and the promise of new OP t-shirt (I'm guessing), my brother, Randall, and two cousins.

They look really into it. They were huge fans of my early work...for Montgomery Wards.



Another awkward and tediously revealing post for "Sincerely 'fro me to you" at "We are THAT family." Thanks Kristen!