

# Fashion Story Reveals a Story Behind Real Story

She's poised, she's beautiful, she's chic. Her grooming is always impeccable. She's the fashion model whose pictures you see in top magazines and newspapers.

Is her job enviable? Or does the working side of the glamorous coin make it of dubious value?

The women who pose for the photographs have mixed opinions. Some say it's a breeze. Others insist it's strenuous and taxing.

But almost all of them wouldn't trade their jobs for love or money.

"For love, or money?" mused Bernice Campbell, a top New York model on location in Newport Beach, Calif. It was mid-winter. Since early morning she had been posing amiably, changing from shorts to swimsuit, to sun dress while the temperature went from comfortable to cold.

"I'm making a quite substantial salary now, much more than I'd get for an office job. As for trading it for love--"

"Men seem to be attracted to models. It isn't just our

looks. There's an aura of glamour about our profession you know...when viewed from a distance." She glanced pointedly at her serviceable sneakers peaking out from under exotic high fashion black pajamas. She was to be photographed only from above the ankles--and comfort, behind the scenes, is important when you are on your feet all day. Bernice added, "But I love my work."

With Bernice was fashion photographer Dan Wynne of New York, assigned to photograph designs by sportswear houses.

On location, too, were the male model and the two "model" children who make up the fashion family. All had flown in from New York. For the three days they were on location there was no time for relaxation. Every bit of December sunshine had to be used to the fullest.

At 9:15 a. m. the tall blonde had been standing on a sand dune for the better part of an hour, an aluminum reflector bouncing the bright sun into her face while Dan Wynne shot pictures of her Rosecrest chamois color culotte and print pull-over.

When Dan Wynne at last was satisfied that he had committed the costume to posterity, he could relax. Not the model. She ducked behind a sheet held by two assistant photographers, and changed into a pair of shorts and a polished cotton top. The outfit was cool, all right, but getting its comfort message across on this breezy day was not an easy job. An assistant dropped a blanket over Bernice's shoulders, and she shivered down inside it gratefully.

The camera began to click. The photographer burned up four rolls of film before he was satisfied. Through the shooting Bernice somehow avoided goose pimples and kept her smile bright. Finally, someone called, "It's two o'clock. When's lunch?"

Someone sent for sandwiches while Bernice went back to her makeshift tent and changed into a daisy yellow beach outfit and posed for a new series of shots by the water's edge. The wind died, and briefly it was hot. Bernice glanced at the ocean longingly, then turned her profile to the sun.

For the child model, posing was just as demanding. The blue denim chambray jumper with its red and white striped knit shirt was enough to enchant any little girl. But the hours of muscle cramping postures might have caused a less professional three-year-old to long for the kind of rugged games the denim outfit was designed to take.

"And none of this is the hardest part," Bernice said at the end of the day. "For me, it's staying away from those great big dinners. I have to remind myself that a few extra pounds look like tons to a camera lens."

"But you still wouldn't trade it for love or money?"

"My husband," Bernice said with a pixie grin, "thinks I have all of that already. And so do I."

She winked, climbed into a pretty glamorous white sports car, and roared off the beach with her "model" family. They were all on their way to see Disneyland in those last five hours before catching their plane back to New York. Down near the water,

Dan Wynne and his assistants packed their gear. The day's shooting was over. Tomorrow it would be New York for the crew--with another girl, as pretty as Bernice, stoically doing snow suits in the winter chill of Central Park.

Is her job enviable?  
Bernice's last word on the

subject was, "It depends on what you want out of life, doesn't it?"

Trials are proofs of God's care.--Mary Baker Eddy

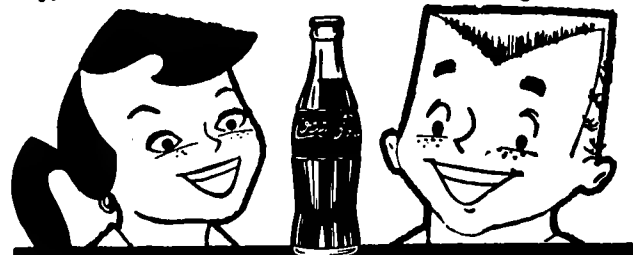
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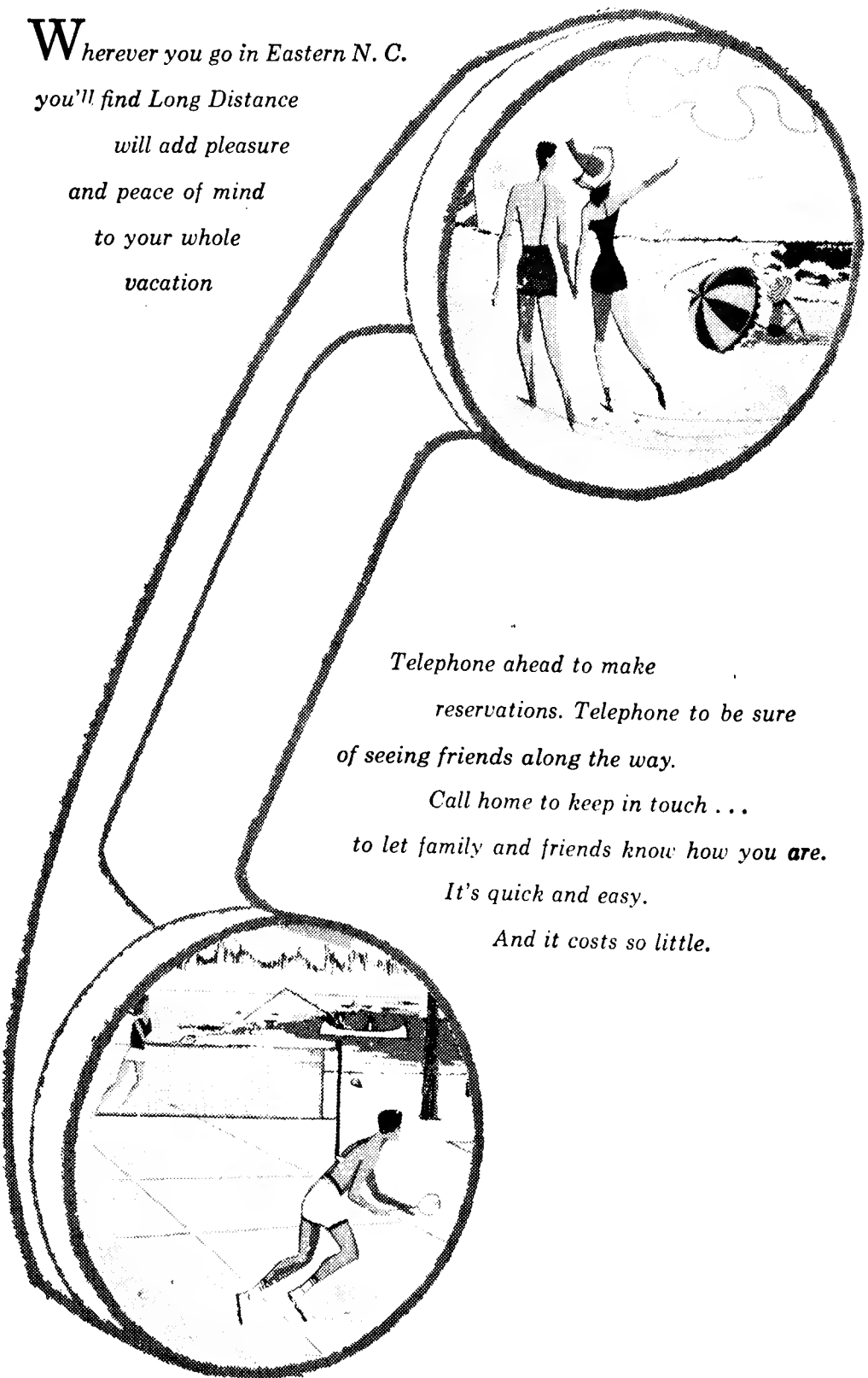
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