

You may have wondered when you see their photographs in magazines and on posters, whether a top-class model is born or made; and the answer, of course, is --- both. So we're going to take you round the Molyneux School in London, where the born model is ~~made~~ into an expert. Oh, oh --- there's that phone again!

You can imagine --- people are ~~xxxxxxx~~ trying to date them up all the time. One of the most important things a girl has to learn, is how to achieve that smooth and slinky walk. You can't do justice to a lovely gown if you move across the floor of a salon, like a drunk lurching out of a saloon.

Well -- can you beat that? Somebody wants to know where the cameraman is! On the job, of course. He likes his work..... and he's going to stick right by it. Where did they think he was, anyway? In the Garden of Eden?

I must say things have altered a good deal since I was at school; all I remember seeing in a changing room was football boots and hot socks; and even the French master ~~hadn't~~ ^{hadn't} a clue about how to make up a bit of homework.

By now we can assume that the trainee models ~~have~~ ^{have} come successfully through the first fortnight --- and they're ready to practise displaying lovely clothes in a way that will make a cheque-book turn pale with fright.

Then comes the class for teaching a girl how to look her best while being photographed, --- and for that we see them getting a foretaste, at the hands of one of the top Fashion photographers --- ~~Mr~~ ^{Mr} George Miles. So now you know something about the training of those lovely girls who never have a hair out of place. Or do you?

And if you still want to be a model after seeing this --- you'll either be a good one or you're crazy.