

Father Knows Best

YOU MIGHT BE WONDERING why I became a flight attendant in the first place. I ask myself that very question every day. A lot of people think that because my mother was a "stewardess" for eight years in the golden age of air travel, the 1950s, that I chose the flight attendant profession to follow in her footsteps. Not true. Frankly, I had no interest in the airline industry whatsoever. I had other things in mind: *SHOW BUSINESS!* I can't remember ever wanting to do anything else but be in show biz, preferably in front of the camera or an audience. And starring roles only, please. I loved to be the center of attention, to sing and dance, and to dramatize everything that happened. People have told me throughout my entire life that I have an overactive imagination and should try to put it to positive use. Show business was the natural choice, a logical progression, and there was no one who could tell me otherwise. I wanted to be a star, and once I make up my mind about something, it is pretty difficult to sway me. Of course, there were naysayers. The ones who tried to deter me, to discourage me, to stop me. Ha! Let 'em try, I had it all planned. I was going to take classes, read plays, get headshots, and make contacts. Then I was going to New York City to suffer for my art, and after a fair amount of suffering, someone would discover my natural ability and send me to Broadway.