

THE GIRDLE GANG REUNITES

Scientific Support Garments

For concentrated control at back and tummy:

- Wide, boned, double-fabric back waistband
- Double-fabric tummy panel reinforced with overlap-panels

(1) Back-support Girdle
 GARMENT CONSTRUCTION: Natural Fit girdle has firm-control body of Antron® III nylon, Lycra® spandex power net. 2 double self-fabric inner bands at front, back. Boned, floating elasticized back band. Boned front waist. Front zipper over hook-and-eye closure. Open bottom; 6 attached garters. White.
 CARE: Machine wash, warm; tumble dry.
 SIZES AND ORDERING INFORMATION:
 Waists M(27-28); L(29-30); XL(31-32); 2XL(33-34) inches. *State correct size letter M, L, XL, or 2XL.*

(5) High-waist Back-support Hose-hugger

(7) Abdominal Support Girdle
 GARMENT CONSTRUCTION: Firm cotton and polyester brocade. Front lifts are boned upward and inward. Firm back bones. 2 back-cluster laces; pull strap adjustment. Left-side front hook closure. Elastic gores. 4 adjustable garters. White.
 CARE: Hand wash; line dry.
 SIZES AND ORDERING INFORMATION:
 Waists 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 in. *State size.*

By Eileen Spatz

Let's face it, most of us have a love/hate relationship with Facebook. Its social networking website is a pervasive cultural force and always in the news. Recently, there was an appalling story about prospective employers asking for interviewees' Facebook passwords as part of the vetting process. Are you kidding me? Alas, whether a blockbuster movie about its origin, an IPO creating buzz in the financial world, or a news article about its privacy issues, Facebook seems to always be a constant topic of discussion.

I happen to love Facebook because it has been instrumental in bringing very special friends back into my life. We all know how the demands of life can take us into a crazy maze where work, relocation, and child-rearing cause us to lose touch with good

friends. Until social networking came on the scene, we didn't have many means of tracking down old friends, short of hiring a gumshoe.

After my last article was published I received a friend request on Facebook from a gal I'd worked with in the mid-70's who'd read the column and recognized my photo. Seeing her profile picture brought back a wave of nostalgia for that group of gals, and I was so happy when she rounded up the others and made a plan for us to reunite.

When you are 17 you have no idea how rare it is to find a job with coworkers who really enjoy each other. Back then, I just assumed that all job environments were so friendly as the one we had at the Sears in the old Orange Mall (now The Village). We spent several years working together in the lingerie department—yep, rolling up bras, stocking hosiery, and fitting robust women for girdles. It wasn't the routine of the job, but the awesome camaraderie that made it one of my favorite jobs ever.

So when Debbie asked us where we should meet up it was a no brainer—we'd meet at the mall and take a trip down memory lane. After not having seen each other for 25 years, it was surprisingly easy to recognize them. Although we'd all morphed a little from those early adult years of perfectly smooth skin, shiny hair and svelte figures, we had held up pretty well. Once seated together at the Red Robin (which had been Carousel Restaurant way back then), we quickly felt at ease with that same old chemistry that had fostered this bond years ago.

We took turns giving our life summaries, showing pictures of our children, our dogs, our significant others. We asked about each other's parents and siblings, and empathized with those who'd lost a parent or sibling or niece. We reviewed our work histories, what we've done, where we're at now. Although we all love our children, we had some good laughs admitting the times they drove us crazy and describing our various coping methods. We discussed current events, our marriages/divorces, cultural changes, religion, health insurance, retirement, and a host of other topics. Wow, we were—ugh—grown ups now!

We all had fond memories to share of our many, many hours at Sears and fun events we'd attended together outside of work. We'd all brought old photos to pass around the table of us in the seventies together. It was a poignant reminder of how fast time passes and how memories are made and cherished for a lifetime. It was an edifying five hour long stint, and we were very grateful for the patience of our waitress.

After we said our goodbyes, one of the girls and I decided on a whim to enter the mall and see how it had changed over the decades. We pointed one way and could clearly see, with our minds' eyes, The Broadway (now a WalMart), and pointed to various spots along the way where our favorite boutiques, long ago sent to the retail dustbin, once were –Judy's, RedEye, Hubbub, Pigeons.

And then we walked through the old Sears store, which we swear still had the same linoleum tiles as in the 70s. We each pointed to where the little café once was, the candy department, the shoes, juniors, and our fun lingerie and hosiery department—none of it the same, but we looked right past the new configuration and saw us there rolling bras and stocking hosiery and becoming lifelong friends. Thank you, Facebook.

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