

## ROTUNDA ROVING

"In our long years of knowing Charlie Stewart, his outstanding characteristic was complete loyalty and devotion to the City of Paris and its principals. The firm was his great interest. He was a man of high integrity and a fine friend, whose memory we cherish. We will all miss him."

—Harry F. Camp, President  
Harry Camp Millinery Co.

"You could enter Mr. Stewart's office without knocking and he was willing at all times to give you the benefit of his many years of experience."

—John K. Ferguson

"What is there to say that everyone doesn't know? Nothing. Working with Mr. Stewart for 10½ years was a pleasure. He was always calm and ready with a touch of humor to make the hardest situations seem lighter. He was most understanding and could cope with all situations. I, for one, know that he would have been very pleased with our Board of Directors' choice of Mr. Meek as his successor as he has a great deal of respect for him. After his family the City of Paris came first with Mr. Stewart. His heart was in the store. I could go on and on but will close with—He is missed and will be missed."

—Margaret Cavello Griggs,  
Secretary to Mr. Stewart.

"Knowing Mr. Stewart for the past thirty five years has been one of the most pleasant experiences of my association with the City of Paris."

"Knowing him that well I felt no hesitation in calling him Charlie or Charles. One could approach him at any hour or time of day and his advice was willingly given. His excellent disposition was most unusual. He was always the perfect gentleman."

"We do miss his leisurely strolls through the store and his chats with anyone who had social or business matters to discuss. He was most tactful in handling a matter of business and had the respect of all those employees who came in contact with him."

—George Birdseye

"The sudden death of Mr. Stewart was a great shock to all."

"Although always burdened with great responsibilities he was gifted with a wonderful sense of humor which shall be missed very much. We have lost a great friend and wise counselor."

—Fred Stecher

"Mr. Stewart's death is a great loss to the City of Paris, to his family and to his friends. He has left a fine record of service and achievements. He will be missed by all of us."

—Harry G. Rowlands,  
Superintendent.

"It was a privilege and a pleasure to have been associated with Mr. Stewart for so many years. Not only for his sterling qualities, but also for his kindly and understanding nature."

—H. L. Casey.

# PARISCOPE

Vol. 8

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1954

No. 1



## ... CHARLES H. STEWART ...

*I remember Charles Stewart first in 1896, when I came to California from France with my father. The City of Paris was then located at the corner of Geary and Grant Avenue and Charlie worked in the office, a position he had attained because of his industry as a cash-boy and delivery helper.*

*At this time, the City of Paris occupied only two floors and a basement, and I was given the job of running an old mahogany hydraulic elevator and soon became a close friend of Charlie.*

*Soon after my arrival, I worked on plans with my father for a new store and late that year, we opened in our present location although everyone said we were crazy to move so far away from the then center of trade at Kearny, Market, Grant Avenue and Sutter Streets.*

*When in that same year the City of Paris was incorporated, my friend, Charlie Stewart, became the Office Manager and when, upon the death of the firm's secretary and treasurer, Charlie took over and performed these duties until Saturday, February 27th, when, while traveling to work from his home in San Mateo, he was stricken with a heart attack and passed away before aid could be given him.*

*Charles Stewart has left many friends, in the City of Paris, in the dry goods industry, the B.P.O.E., in the Native Sons, the Grand Jury Assn., his wife, Mrs. Rose Stewart, whom many of you know, and two daughters, Mrs. Beverly Camp and Mrs. Audrey Hiester. He is also survived by six grandchildren, Nancy, Beverly and Sally Camp and Harriet, Hilary and Stewart Hiester, a brother and a sister.*

*The memory of Mr. Stewart will be a precious one ... and to his loved ones the entire City of Paris Family extend their sincere condolences.*

—PAUL VERDIER, President.

*"Having been so closely associated with Charlie Stewart for over 35 years I find it very difficult to put into words his many outstanding attributes. He was a very loyal and untiring co-worker of splendid character; with a genial personality; always willing and happy to assist everyone with the problems so common to the retail business."*

*"Charlie was exceptionally devoted to his wonderful wife, Rose; his two fine daughters, Beverly and Audrey, and his six lovely grandchildren."*

*"His sudden passing is a great loss and he will be missed by all of us who knew him so well."*

—George S. DeBonis, Vice-Pres.

## CHAS. STEWART'S LOSS A GREAT ONE; SERVED CITY OF PARIS FOR 59 YEARS

Death pried further into the already thinning ranks of City of Paris veterans, when Charles H. Stewart, one of the store's soundest pillars, died suddenly on the train enroute to his office. By a strange co-incidence, Mr. Stewart's son-in-law, Dr. George Camp died suddenly of a heart attack three months ago.

Mr. Stewart had attended a reunion of the 1938 Grand Jury of which he was the foreman the evening previous to his death. Mrs. Stewart had pleaded with her husband to remain home the following day, Saturday and not go to the store. Charlie assured her he would be home by noon. There were things to be done at the store, after all. Bidding his wife adieu, he boarded the train, passed through several cars to find a seat, then slumped over. It was as quick as that.

Yes, there were things left in life for Charlie Stewart to do. At 76 he was still hale and hearty, with an alert mind, a world of experience and of late, a slight limp to his walk.

The fact that Mr. Stewart was a rabid sports fan, and quite an athlete in his day at the old Lincoln School, and later had set a U. S. record in mat diving as a member of the Olympic Club—this may have had something to do with that hip that had bothered him of late.

As treasurer and controller for the greater part of his tenure of 59 years with the City of Paris, he had a complete understanding of all its problems, had been through many trying years. He had seen the store through many golden years, and many not so golden. Like the turtle, experience and longevity in the world of business had fortified him with a shell to ward off the unimportant, and meaningless, and to serve as a cushion for some of life's severe jolts.

Yes, Mr. Stewart proved a wise counselor who liked to feel the firmness of the ground under him. Because of his position as the watch-dog of the treasure, he had to be conservative, cautious. In the long run it paid off.

Many former employees visiting in the store would look around for a familiar face. If they saw Mr. Stewart on one of his many rounds throughout the store, they were immediately at ease for he was a friend to all, to many, a father confessor. To his family, to the City of Paris, Charles Stewart gave his all. A devoted husband and father, a loyal, faithful worker, good citizen. His shoes will be very hard to fill.

"The passing of Mr. Stewart has left a void spot in my heart. In my many years of working with him I found him most kind, and helpful. The familiar figure of Mr. Stewart walking through the store will be missed."

—Etta Freedenberg.

# PARISCOPE

Published Monthly for the Employees of the City of Paris Dry Goods Co.  
THE PARISCOPE STAFF

Editor ..... ROD MELLOTT  
Assistant Editor ..... STELLA COX  
Photographer ..... HENRY BLOOM  
Circulation Manager ..... ELMER NEWMAN

## An Ambitious Man who Sells in the Day Time, but "Shells" in the Evening

By Stella Cox

But Warren Gregory isn't just look like the type of young man who would be at all interested in eggs, or chickens, or even chicken feed, for that matter. He's a handsome fellow with bright red hair and the kind of warm brown eyes that are languid and yet alert, and he goes to work every morning in a department store and spends his days listening to the woes, aspirations, and frustrations of ladies of the opposite sex.

But Warren Gregory isn't just the "run of the mill" type of salesman we too often find in department stores (other than the City of Paris, of course). He's imbued with unlimited patience and seems to give the impression that he has all the time in the world and that his sole interest in life—yes, his reason for living and breathing, is to help the lady at hand select just THE material for her curtains and just THE color that she needs in her home.

To watch him, you'd think his customer is the only person in the world. He lifts down bolts upon bolts of materials, takes them to the window, and matches them for color with the samples she brought in—samples of draperies, upholstery, etc. He stands quietly and listens carefully and then makes suggestions. He never hurries and he never hurries his customer. But he doesn't dilly-dally, either. He is polite and gracious, and evidently keeps his appointments with the same earnestness he shows when he serves his customers in the store. The other day while I waited for him (oh, yes, I waited for a long time for this young man), he was working out a drapery problem with a lady, and I heard her say to him, "I want to thank you for coming to my new home, Mr. Gregory, and especially for being on time to keep your appointment. I was really pleased, for my husband had bet that you either wouldn't show up or that you'd be an hour late. But you were there right on the dot. That made my husband share my opinion that you are reliable and dependable."

Well, that's the way Mr. Gregory spends his days in the Drapery Department of the City of Paris. And how does he spend his evenings (when he isn't keeping appointments to measure customers' windows, that is)? Off hand, you'd think this handsome fellow would head for a night club where he'd wine and dine the evening away. But not our Gregory! He goes home to his eggs. And what eggs! You've never seen the like. Oh, they are real eggs, laid in the customary way, no doubt, by the customary kind of hens. But no hen in the

world would recognize the fruit of her labor after Mr. Gregory finishes improving on nature.

I saw a whole row of these eggs the other day. Each egg was standing on end on a tiny carved teak-wood base, and they were adorned with exquisite roses and forget-me-nots and daisies, and pearls and rubies and amethysts. The eggs were cut in two and the two halves hinged together so you could open them. And inside were tiny velvet cushions to hold a beautiful ring, and in the upper recesses of the inside of the shell were unexpected jeweled bees or butterflies or more dainty flowers. The eggs are sprayed with liquid plastic so they will be durable without losing any of their fragility. They are truly gorgeous creations.

So that's what Warren Gregory does to eggshells! Makes something beautiful of them. But he's practical too. He eats the eggs.

And what does the egg do for Mr. Gregory? Well, it makes him a better salesman for the City of Paris, for one thing. Not long ago, Miss Harloe told me how important it is for every sales person to have some kind of hobby. Something nice to think about (way in the back of his head) while he listens to customer's complaint, something to give him a keener sense of beauty while he is helping the customer select something of beauty for herself or her home, something constructive and, if possible, creative, to go home to so that he doesn't take the frustrations of his job home with him and go over them again and again when he is away from his job. (Frustrations have a horrible way of growing when you think about them too much.) That's what the egg does for Warren Gregory and that's what a hobby can do for you. Mr. Gregory has found unlimited beauty in a very ordinary commodity. So can you! Look for it!

**WATCH THESE REDUCING DIETS!!** A few weeks ago Helen Klaus, cashier in Normandy Lane, went on a diet—and broke her ankle going to market for lamb chops.

**TWO OF THE YOUNGEST KIDS WE KNOW:** Harry LaVeaux, who has been in the Credit Office for 54 continuous years. Mamie Anderson, the 76 years young little lady retired from the Beauty Salon, who is planning to march again in a parade in Long Beach.

"Charles H. Stewart!  
"Loyal, cheerful, kind. More than an executive but a friend to all. His smile and cheerful greetings we all miss."  
—Rae Meyer.

## BROWSING WITH BRENTANO'S

By Steve Platou

### SOME VERY SPECIAL NEW COOK BOOKS

The days when Grandpa ate what Grandma had learned to cook from a handwritten recipe file compiled by her Grandma are gone just as sure as the electric blender stands in the place of the old kitchen pump. As work-saving appliances and gadgets have multiplied so have cook books, and we thought you might like to sample a few very special ones with us.

Since both kitchens and household budgets have been revolutionized by home freezers, a good start is **The Home Freezer Book** by Zella Boutell. Leading off with chapters on choosing and managing a freezer and how to package what eventually goes into it, this king-size book goes on to supply 700 recipes for basic dishes, all of them home-tested. It has everything from gilt-edged appetizers to plain old hamburgers. If you've invested in a freezer or are planning to soon, Mrs. Boutell's book can multiply its value—and your waistline, probably—many times.

**Magic Recipes for the Electric Blender** by the Chicago Trib's home economics editor, Ruth Ellen Church, boasts that it's devoted entirely to delicious recipes for everyday meals and average family entertaining. This is a refreshing promise if—as we have—you've faced a cook book crammed with recipes leading off, "Put the terrapin in cold water for several hours and change water often..." Salads, sauces and soups; dips, dunks and drinks (alcoholic and the other kind) are appetizingly represented here along with dozens and dozens of other food categories. The chapters on icings and cocktail spreads are worth the price of the book alone.

Wrapping the subject of small electrical appliances and what to do with them after you've mortgaged the house to acquire them into one neat, excellently conceived package, Marie and John Roberson have come up with **The Complete Small Appliance Cookbook**. The Robersons earn their living by running an exclusive shop catering to the whims of eastern gourmets, but this shouldn't frighten anyone since their book is down-to-earth practical with just enough experimentation to make it doubly worthwhile. Chapter by chapter they cover the care and use of infra-red broilers, rotisseries, roaster ovens, deep fat fryers, grills, casseroles and other small portable equipment. Even an experienced cook will find ideas here, and for proof all one has to do is turn to the section on waffles.

Also specialized but completely usable even if you're still cherishing an old wood-burning kitchen range, is **A Treasury of Fine Desserts** by Margaret and John Storm. If you're dieting, a perusal of the Storm's book will be sheer torture unless you're the sort who runs up and down Twin Peaks a couple of times after partaking of Maraschino Soufflé a la Russe. There are some 300 dessert recipes from all over the world, some to be concocted even as unexpected guests bear down upon the chef, others to be coddled and crowned over like a last glass of Napoleonic brandy. Eight basic dessert recipe cards on the inside covers of the book are a handy feature. These, plus a little madness of your own, will build your reputation as a gourmet.

And before Big John blows his top we might add that the ingredients for any and all recipes in these books are readily available in You-Know-What Lane.



**EASTER AND the proverbial bonnet.** Why not? After all, what is bacon without the egg, or stew without dumplings? The Midinette Millinery crew is very eager at this time of year, hoping to break all records. Left to right: Jack Beritzhoff, Mgr.; Ellen Scheck, Hattie Wise, Leona Reams, Assistant; Alma Lyons, Mary Valou, Mrs. Fuerst. The many friends of hard working Alma Lyons will be glad to know she is much better since her recent hospitalization.

"A promenade down Easter Lane" presented by the "Little Children's Aid Junior Auxiliary with fashions from City of Paris Children's Department was the talk of the town on St. Patrick's Day. The event was held at the Mark Hopkins, with over 650 in attendance. Imagine 16 little girls and 6 boys all dressed up for the Easter parade. Mrs. Amy and her co-workers received the highest praise from the committee for a job enthusiastically done. In return,

City of Paris has made many new customers.

Years of dreaming and planning came true for Eileen Mulhall who has worked in Lingerie 27 years. From letters received, is having a grand visit with relatives in her native Australia. . . . Mrs. Mary Rock is sadly missed, her friends wish her a speedy recovery. She was operated on at St. Francis hospital, is now recuperating at home.

—By M. Harper,

## THE SIXTH FLOOR

By Allie Thurston

What with year end work, closing books and reconciling inventories there has not been too much time left for gathering news this month, but we do have one or two items of interest.

At the end of March we say "au revoir" to Georgia Lazarakis of the Payroll department. The Stork will be flying over her house some time in August, so Georgia wants to be ready for him. Everyone was delighted to hear the news, and we know she will make a lovely young mother. (And pretty too.—Ed.)

Bea Tosa is going to fill the vacancy left by Georgia, while Charlene Tigri will do the work formerly done by Bea, that is, typing the paychecks, etc. Charlene is a newcomer to the City of Paris, and recently was a member of the staff with J. E. French Co., on Van Ness Avenue. She is a very young, natural blonde, and naturally pretty. Is a native of San Francisco, a graduate of Presentation Academy, and City College. Welcome to the City of Paris Family, Charlene. Oh yes, she is also a bride of five months.

Zeta O'Toole of the Accounts Receivable was admitted to Childrens' Hospital this week for surgery, so we all hope she will have a speedy recovery and be back with us soon.

Mr. Sarro, our office manager is showing up these Mondays with that weatherbeaten look after his weekend's fishing.

Helen Davis suffered a severe loss recently, when some one broke into her apartment and presumably took her little pet budgie. They are such affectionate little birds, it is a real heartbreak to lose one. So if any of you should find a blue gray budgie with a vocabulary, get in touch with Helene in the auditing department.

Betty Roby, one of our charming Telephone girls, spends a great deal of her spare time working to help the blind people of the City. At the moment she is selling tickets for a raffle to help the cause. The prize is a beautiful hand made hat, all pheasant's feathers. The tickets will be drawn April 25th, so those of you who would like to help a good girl with her good work see Betty Roby right away. The price is right too, you will never miss the small donation and you may win this lovely hat.

By the way St. Patrick's Day, the most Irish person on the sixth floor, herself Mary Day was without a scrap of green. Blue earrings yet. And her all the way from the old sod itself. What is the world coming to? Well, end of the line folks see you next month.

Editor's note: Not to be contradictory, Allie, but both Colleens of the cafeteria, Mary Day and Alice Frye were wearing green corsages at 1 p.m. . . . the gift of the Advertising department.

They Are Getting Better . . . . Fragile little Mrs. Stephens of the Handkerchief Department is recovering at her home, 1943 Tenth Ave., and she would enjoy telephone visits from you—MONTROSE 4-6998. . . . Miss Goltz and Mrs. Noone have both returned to work in the Patio Shop and Miss Helen Swan is improving. . . . Vivacious Alma Lyons, that old veteran of the Hat Bar, is home from the hospital and swears it won't be long before she's selling hats again. Cashier Helen Spencer of the Patio Shop is a brand new auntie.

## NEW SEWING MACHINE DEPT.



A RECENT ADDITION to the second floor is the Necchi and Elna sewing machine circle, headed by energetic Roger Hanson shown at right, along with Bud Chamberlin and Sharon Reilly. In spic and span headquarters, this new department offers an unsurpassed combination of quality products and personalized instruction and services.

Those new words you have been hearing around the store . . . Necchi and Elna . . . are not from a new language but are the names of the fabulous new sewing machines now on floor 2A next to yardage. Necchi, made in Italy, may be purchased as a portable or in a variety of cabinets and woods. Elna from Switzerland is the featherweight, open-arm, automatic portable. Almost fifty million dollars worth of these machines were sold last year in the United States and the coming year will bring even greater volume.

Roger J. Hanson is the manager of the department. He is assisted by R. M. "Bud" Chamberlin and two sewing teachers, Sharon Reilly and Don Baker. Don comes to the department from a fulltime nine months course in all aspects of dressmaking and designing. He is probably the only male sewing instructor now in a sewing machine

department. Customers may have their choice of either instructor or of classes at various times in either dressmaking or tailoring. The sewing classes should bring about fifty people a week into the store.

Mr. Hanson wishes to invite everyone into the department to see the automatic sewing machines and as long as they last will give away free needle threaders to those wanting on. eAnd since the Necchi and Elna people are now having a contest which has as the first prize an all-expense trip to Bermuda for 25 dealers and their wives, the department will give an extra 5% discount on Necchi and Elna sewing machines over the regular employee discount until the contest closes on April 30, 1954. That Bermuda sunshine sounds very good and Mr. Hanson and Mr. Chamberlin are out to win a trip if possible. Drop down and see them.

## SOCIALLY YOURS . . . . By Pauline Wahlgren

What's Easter without a bunny or a bonnet? The bunny may hop in with a basket of pretty eggs, and if he doesn't, you can color your own eggs. But without a new hat! Well, it's just unthinkable. And hats this year are pretty, pretty, pretty. Our spring showing of millinery for City of Paris employees on March 6th made all us gals wish it were Easter next day. You never saw our own girls look better than they did as they modeled the new chapeaux from Third Floor and Midinette Millinery, Mrs. Woodard, of the office, made a dandy of an MC. Door prizes of new hats were given to lucky Maria DiCapi of Notions and Celia Tognetti of Silverware. Our vote of thanks goes to Miss Daum, Miss Ruthie, Mrs. Paredi, Madam Olga, Evelyn Kenny and all the rest of the "hatters" for making the show a success. . . . And speaking of hats, have you noticed the beautiful displays they've had. Makes spring enchanting, even if it's pouring outside.

Charlene Dexter, Cosmetics, has retired from the City of Paris after

six years of good service. We'll miss her . . . Mary Firth, head cashier, was surprised on March 7th with a birthday party, and she received many lovely gifts. . . . Anne Higgins, Cosmetics, also had a birthday recently and the girls in her department presented her with a dangly bracelet. Who's complaining about birthdays! . . .

Happy Anniversary to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Delaney on their 28th wedding anniversary. Ed knew what day it was, but was waiting for Min to take the lead . . . finally Ed broke down, "You know what? today's Monday, isn't it? Gotta be at work at eleven" . . . "Is that all today means to you?" queried Min. "Well," continued Ed, "Don't wait dinner." When he picked himself off the floor five minutes later, Min was playing the "Anniversary Waltz." Delaney is the type who catches on quickly. That same evening the same red-haired shoeman was seen with four roses under his arm, headed homeward . . . And what do you know, the first edition of the Pariscope appeared seven years ago this month.

## A GIFT OF BEAUTY

By Eva Gallery Bell

Fifty lovely teen-agers from three different homes, Mt. St. Joseph, Edgewood and Homewood Terrace, were made very happy as the result of a St. Valentines Day "Gift of Beauty" presented to them by the San Francisco Cosmetologists Association on Sunday, February 14, at the California School of Beauty Culture. Each teen-ager was given whatever she needed, a permanent wave, or a haircut, shampoo and hairstyle.

Twenty-five members of the Association gave their time on Sunday to do this job, of which we are proud to say that ten were from our own "City of Paris Beauty Salon." Miss Jacqueline McClellan from our Salon, Chairman of the Welfare Committee of the Association, deserves eons of praise for the wonderful way in which she managed the entire program. It was very graciously and efficiently carried out.

Miss Marty did a superb job in getting the co-operation of the newspaper photographers, who took many wonderful pictures of the entire group. They gave very generously of their time. Mme. Raymonde, our Manager, supplied our operators with any equipment they needed and she can be very proud of the lovely job they did on all the young ladies.

The operators from the City of Paris who gave their time and services were:

Miss Marty Schaumann, Miss Josephine Sartini, Miss Eve Gallery Bell, Mr. Von and Mr. Vernon from the French Room, and Miss Jacqueline McClellan, Miss Barbara Damele, Miss Eva Laurette, Miss Rose Kemp and Miss Betty Abbot from the General Salon.

The entire affair was a wonderful tribute to the co-operation of all who participated, the school which gave the space, the jobbers who contributed the supplies and the Red Cross, which supplied transportation.

To complete the spirit of Valentine's day, each young lady was given a box lunch, Coca-Cola and Valentine candy.

We have had reports from the homes that all the girls are very happy and pleased with their new hairstyles, and it leaves us all with that wonderful feeling of having done something very nice for someone else.

Miss McClellan's committee has also done a wonderful job of keeping up a steady schedule of visits to Letterman General Hospital for the past three years on every other Tuesday. They have taken care of the women in the psychopathic ward, and the beauty services they have performed have been a great morale booster for these women. There are no words that can describe fully the value of the good influence that these visits have on these patients. Such a consistent program of good works deserves all our admiration for a good job, well done.

"I cherish the thought that it was Mr. Stewart who first employed me in September, 1921."

—Frank K. Love.

"Chas. Stewart—a truly competent genial officer of the Corporation, well liked and respected. We shall miss him."

—John J. Carey.

## SAN MATEO ON TIMES SQUARE

By Roland Hathaway

It's been a long time since I've reported in from San Mateo, and there've been some changes made since the last column.

Our Credit Manager, Mr. Knight, has left us and now has a very fine position in San Francisco as Head Cashier for Broadway-Hale's. We all miss him very much around here, but wish him all the success in the world. Also our night watchman, Pat Condon, has left after eight years. We had a farewell party for him, and there wasn't a dry eye when he sang Too-ra-loo-la-loo-ra, as only Pat could sing it. We all miss his Irish wit and smile.

Miss June Blackford has been appointed Office Superintendent. Congrats, June, it couldn't have happened to a more capable and deserving girl. Miss Dessin has had a marvelous promotion. Is now Mrs. Adams' Assistant. She held the fort down very well during the latter's two-week illness.

Our Riviera Room has been moved down to the second floor, and if I may add, is a very lovely addition to the floor. Likewise is Mrs. Hunter, who has been transferred from Patio Shop up to the Riviera Room.

We now have Miss Oliver from Honolulu assisting Mrs. Moore in Cosmetics. Minnie is still going strong after nine long years of doing a wonderful job making the department one of the best on the Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Pogue have taken a leave of absence due to Mr. Pogue's illness. Hurry back; we all miss you. Also out on leave is Eleanor Allen of the Beauty Shop. We surely miss her happy smile up on the fourth floor. We have a new gal up there, Mrs. Woolwine, whom we welcome to our happy family. Another very newcomer is Kenny Oliver, the new maintenance boy over in Home Furnishings.

Mrs. Flo Carraher christened one of the bunnies in the Kiddie Garden George . . . now "he" is a proud mother of seven little ones. Good going, "George" . . . Mrs. Carraher was so excited with the arrival of our three-week-old goat that in her haste to see him, she fell and broke her foot. One whole month in the cast. I understand the unveiling will be the end of this month.

Work has begun on the C. of P. Tropical Gardens out in our little square. There will be display windows as well as tropical plants. It will be the talk as well as the walk of the town.

Hope this will make up for the column I missed, and I'll see you all next month.

—R. H.

Then there was the woman who wanted the bank clerk to take the withdrawal out of her husband's half of the joint account.

Miss Daisy Amy demonstrates how NOT to spend an evening at the St. Francis. . . A few weeks ago she went to our swish hotel, caught her foot in the door, fell, broke her arm, and spent the evening with the doctor. No fun!

"Our many years of association have always been of the most friendly.

—Harry L. Laveaux.



HERE ARE the cheerful, courteous credit authorizers in their new quarters, working directly with the ledgers. Left to right: Mabel Devers, Marilyn Zebley, Chief Helen Velvet, Dianne Engelke, and Joan Segarini. All of the crew does not appear in picture. The new system has its imperfections, needs stream-lining, but all hands are doing their level best.

It takes effort to be a good salesperson these days. Salesmanship is an art to be cultivated, studied, and nurtured. But art or no art, it takes work and perseverance. Ask any salesperson! It takes PATIENCE too!

"We don't mind the work it takes, but what gets my dander up is having to wait for the credit to be authorized," one veteran saleslady told me. "We get a customer who is hard to fit and hard to please, and we try dress after dress. The customer seems to be afraid to make a decision. She has seen a black jersey in another store and she isn't sure she wants this navy print. So we try to assure her and finally she makes up her mind (half-heartedly) to take the print. So we write up the sale, quickly, before she changes her mind. And then what happens? We can't get her credit authorized for five minutes. The customer is beginning to be sorry she didn't buy the black jersey after all, and we have to do our sales talk all over again. Then she begins to look at her watch. She has to catch a train, or get home before the children do from school, or she has a mean husband who demands that dinner be on the table as soon as he steps into the front door. So we have to keep her interested and not let her think WE are stalling, or, above all, that her credit is not good. Sometimes it's a harder job to keep the customer from changing her mind between the time we write the salescheck and the time it is authorized than it is to make the sale in the first place."

Well, I could see how this saleslady felt, but I figured there must be a reason for the time it takes for credit authorization, so I went up to the sixth floor and had a chat with Helen Velvet. She asked me if I'd like to see how their work was done. So I sat down in an out-of-the-way corner where I could watch and listen. Talk about work! I got dizzy just looking on. Beside Mrs. Velvet in the Credit Authorization Department are Mabel Devers, with the C. of P. about six years, and who was once a saleslady herself; Marilyn Zebley, just out of college; Joan Segarini, a former C. of P. typist; Dianne Engelke, a youngster who goes to school and works on the board part time, and the newest addition is Mila Matison — all selected for alertness, courtesy and

quick adaptability. For when the store is busy, there can be twelve lights on the board at a time for one girl, and they have as many as ten places to look for a customer's account. So they have to have nerves of steel.

These girls are cognizant of the salesperson's problems and sincerely try to minimize delays. But they have their problems too. Sometimes the salesperson gives misspelled or incomplete names, or the wrong first name or initials, or she gives the wrong extension on the phone she is using, or she doesn't speak clearly, or she hangs up too soon.

While I was watching these girls at work and admiring them more by the minute, Mrs. Velvet took a call on her board and it went something like this:

What's the customer's name, please?

Jones, Mrs. John Paul, 110 Tegucigalpa Street. Thirty Five Dollars. (Mrs. Velvet took down a twenty-pound ledger and looked up Jones.)

Is it a new account?

No, the customer has had an open account here for ten years. (Mrs. Velvet checked the Jones again.)

I'll call you back.

(Mrs. Velvet takes off her ear phones, checks the Street Address Telephone Directory. Mrs. Jones was listed at that address. She checked the closed accounts. She checked the new accounts. Her light blinked on again. Another salesperson is on the phone. Mrs. Velvet quickly checks and verifies this person's credit. She gives a code number. Another light blinks. It's the Jones lady's salesperson again.)

The customer is getting impatient. Can't you hurry that authorization along?

Are you sure the account is in the customer's name?

Yes, she's been buying here for years.

I'll call you back.

(Mrs. Velvet checked two more accounts. She finally dials the extension Mrs. Jones' saleslady gave. A voice answers.)

I'm sorry, but the customer thought she was in the White House.

THAT'S THE STORY I HEARD WITH MY OWN EARS. Frustrating, isn't it!!

By Stella Cox

## VALLEJO REPORTING

We regretted very much when we bid adieu to Helen Leasure of the Infants Department and Mary Soanes of Gloves. Helen and Stan have purchased a home in San Jacinto where they plan to go into business after Stan's release from the Navy, and Mary is leaving soon for her native England for a visit with her family. Good luck Helen and bon voyage Mary.

We welcome to our fold former employees Mary Cozens, who will be in Infants Department and Blanche Jewett who will help you in Gloves. Mamie Polkinghorne will assist in Millinery.

Style shows are again the topic of the day. The Millinery Department recently participated in a Hat show at Mare Island Officers' Club, which was quite a success.

The Goodfellows Club held their March breakfast recently and of course the St. Patrick's motif was used. A lovely cake was also the center of attraction, a gift of Carol Burk, daughter of Thelma Burk, Main Floor Buyer, in appreciation for all the nice things done for her during her recent severe illness. Carol is much improved and we hope it continues. Carol Larkin, daughter of Nancy Larkin of Sportswear is also recuperating from a very severe illness.

We are very glad to see Helen Denos back after three weeks' illness.

Cosmetic department is really a busy place these days. The Helene Rubenstein representative is there helping the ladies with their beauty secrets.

Haven't you noticed the smiles and blas! blah! emerging from the Yardage department these days? You know the reason? Grandma Stinson has been notified that she is going to have that precious granddaughter while the mama is in the hospital welcoming another blessed event.

News is scarce these days, so will see you next month.

Bye now,  
May.

Many Departments Represented at "Sick Call" . . . Cosmetics, Mrs. Elianne Schlagerer; Rotisserie, Mary Marino; Riviera Room, Mrs. Erna Dinkel; Stationery, Mrs. Irene Nelson; Patio Shop, Miss Helen Swan; Credit, Mrs. Harriet Young; Corsets, Mrs. Mary Rock; Receiving Warehouse, Elsie Saunders; Cashier and Wrapper, Mrs. Irma Stewart; Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Elsie (Stevens) Dapp; Notions, Mrs. Ruth Booher; Toys, Mrs. Genevieve Staven; Hat Bar, Mrs. Alma Lyons; Imports, Mr. Harry Lawlor (present address, Ward D-2, Leterman General Hospital). This brave soul is in for a little revamping.

The Welcome Mat Is Out . . . Mrs. Hilda Griffin and Miss Mimi Ginsburg in Draperies . . . Mr. George Watkins and Mr. Howard Nelson in Rugs.

Gerald R. Parle back in Sign Shop after military leave of absence.

Au Revoir to Mrs. Georgia Lazarakis, Payroll, whose new career will be motherhood. By the way, Billy Kilgore Charton, former assistant to Mr. Gamburg, became a mother on March 10th. A pretty curly haired girl named Denise, weighing in at 6½ pounds. Congrats, Jacque and Billy.