

We all love to be recognized, to be singled out in the mad rush of humanity. We love to be made over, fussed over, once in a while. We feel — justly so — that we have it coming.

For instance, with your few hard-earned dollars you decide to go on a buying spree, and approach a counter where all the salespeople seem to be busy. You stand around like a "bump on a log," somewhat irritated. Suddenly it dawns on you that your patronage is not desired. Surely they are aware of your presence yet don't seem to attach much importance to it.

You perceive it is difficult to wait on more than one person at a time, that salespeople have only two hands with the usual five fingers on each. You know all of that. Yet you entertain the thought that there are lots of other stores with comparative merchandise, comparative prices, so what do you do? Just as the song says: "Do what comes naturally." You take leave.

Now it might have been a different story had some intelligent, alert salesperson only remarked, "I'll be with you in a moment; won't you please wait?" Just a few simple words, but such important ones. That inflates your ego. That makes you feel important—you were a customer after all. So you waited a little longer; and the funny part of it, didn't mind it a bit.

Not only that, but acknowledgment left you in a good frame of mind, helped break the ice.

The most successful restaurant man in America attributes his success to the fact that he had been a customer too long, and had never lost sight of the fact. He had rubbed elbows with his customers for many years and had always said: "Now, if I ever owned a restaurant I would insist on waitresses who would smile as they set a cool glass of water in front of you and say, 'Good morning,' as though they meant it. It leaves a good taste in your mouth in every sense of the word." He went on to own the largest chain of eating houses in America.

When one realizes the vast fortune spent on advertising, on window displays, on pamphlets—just to draw the customers inside the door, which is 50 per cent of the battle, only to neglect taking advantage of the opportunity to serve their clientele—well, it just does not make sense.

What with the City of Paris the hub around which an influx of new competitors are springing overnight, now more than ever before must we meet the challenge. Since 1851—that's our prestige. Truly San Franciscan—that's our shield. Courteous employees?—that's where we enter the picture.

PENDLETON SHOP

The Pendleton Shop on the fourth floor is nearing completion, with the grand opening scheduled for the early part of June. This is something to tell your friends, particularly those interested in furniture of the highest order.

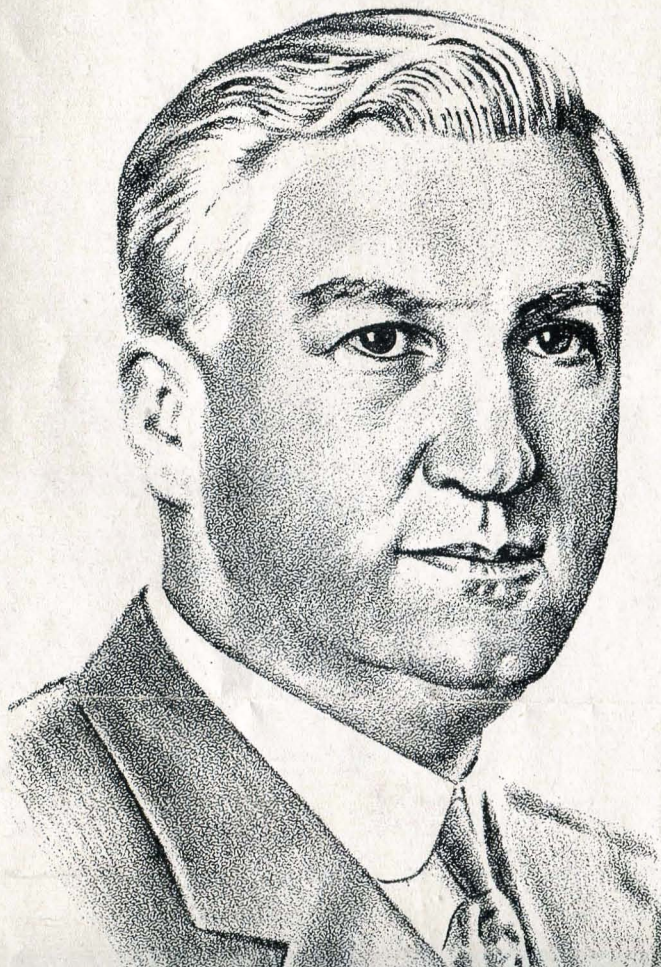
PARISCOPE

Vol. I

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1947

No. 3

OUR GENIAL TREASURER



Charles Stewart FORTY YEARS OF LOYAL DEVOTION!! A TRUE PILLAR OF THE CITY OF PARIS;

The other day I was asked to interview MR. STEWART. I had had no previous contact with the gentleman and was somewhat frightened at the assignment. When I stepped into his office I was not surprised at what I found. Seated behind the desk was a well dressed middle-aged man, with a pleasant, kindly face, and a crop of white wavy hair. His voice was soft and distinct. He left me with a feeling of ease, yet respect. Here was a man one could talk to.

MR. STEWART is one of the oldest members of the City of Paris. He came to the store in 1907, and after but a short eight years was voted to the position of Treasurer. This post he held until 1926, when the store was taken over by Schlesinger. He remained on in the capacity of manager until, in 1932, the Verdier interests again gained control of the City of Paris. On October 20, 1932, he was again voted to the Board of Directors and has remained there.

In his high position he has been able to watch the progress of the store over these many years. He has seen many changes take place advantageous to the

growth of the store. MR. STEWART has been able to observe the operations of the store and has a complete understanding of all the problems encountered, along with a wealth of experience.

MR. STEWART is a rabid sports fan. We talked for some time on football, which is his favorite (and mine, too), as well as several other sports. He played football and basketball while in school, and as a member of the Olympic Club set a U. S. record in mat diving. The latter sport has since been dropped in most communities as too dangerous. He is a good swimmer and still enjoys an occasional dip. He doesn't, however, care for golf, and that I will have to hold against him. After all, a man of the good name of Stewart not enjoying the pastime of his ancestors!

I spent a most enjoyable quarter of an hour talking to our beloved manager. He is well versed in most subjects and I couldn't help but think as I left, here is a man with a real Philosophy. Congenial, patient, always ready to give help where help is needed. A truly fine man.

By PATRICK GANNON.

MOROCCON SHOP SOON TO BE READY

Here are a few excerpts from a letter recently received from MR. BARADA, who will soon open the Moroccan Shop. MR. BARADA was associated with the City of Paris a few years back. The management is looking forward with much enthusiasm to the opening and feel particularly fortunate in having the colorful Morocco becoming a distinguished member of our firm.

One gathers from MR. BARADA'S letter that here is a man with a grand sense of humor, behind which is a promoter of no mean ability. We look forward to SIDI MOHAMED ALI BARADA'S presence in our store. But to the *Pariscopes* we're afraid it will have to be just MR. "B."



Mr. Barada inspects baskets in Tunisia

To you and everyone in your tribe, the oldest camel or the youngest fleas, I send my greeting and share with you the happiness of my pleasant existence in this soup pot of starved men.

This is a land of abundance, of food, love and starvation. Food comes from the field, love comes from the heart, and starvation comes from man's greed and undoubtedly the world is not going to change for the next thousand years.

I spent the last year in traveling from tent to tent and oasis to oasis, and I covered North Africa from end to end, till the hump of the camel and I became one. Only the latter has more endurance.

I collected pots and pans of copper and brass, embroidery, pottery, rugs and rags, flint guns, powder horns and everything that was ever produced in that Arab land, and had a caravan of seven times seven camel loads of odds and ends and brought them to the city gate of Tangiers and made shiploads and sent them to the harbor of this romantic Christian land of San Francisco, where I am.

(Continued on page 2)

PARISCOPE

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

Editor.....ROD MELLOTT
Advisor.....MADELEINE STARRETT
Secretary.....VIRGINIA HAYES
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Social Editor.....MARYLOUISE DECHERY

Correspondents

Wm. H. Scharninghausen
Geraldine Ring
Jean Gabbert
Catherine Chapman (Vallejo Store)

Delores Brandt
Marie Kirk
Joe Eichelberger
Dorothy Larsen (San Mateo Store)

OFFICE NOTES

LARRY WAUGH and RICHARD ROCKHOLD of the Credit Department attend the Elizabeth Holloway School of Drama. On May 6th, forty-two friends from the City of Paris turned out to see them in "Home of the Brave," presented at the Marine Memorial Theatre. The play was well presented and the boys did a wonderful piece of acting. We expect to see them on Broadway in the near future, that's Broadway, New York. And to think some people have to break their legs just to get in a cast.

HARRY ROWLANDS, our sagacious paymaster, is off on a two weeks' trek (as soon as his car is spic and span) to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. How we do envy him!

Just as soon as the boat docks from Guam, wedding bells will ring for BETTY TIFFEREAU, a biller in the office. Wonder if her fiancée will bring Betty a sarong or two.

Even though she has been here such a short time, SALLY HARMON of the Credit Office will be missed when she returns to her home in Chicago this month.

EVA LAZARUS of Auditing recently flew to New York—her first plane trip.

From the Bookkeeping Department: HELEN FLANAGAN is back from a week's well earned vacation, and MRS. EDITH FULLER is off on her vacation.

Our Credit Manager, JOHN FERGUSON, attended a two-day Retailers' Credit Convention in San Jose recently.

A new authorizer is JOANE STOPHER, hailing from Seattle, Washington.

"The early bird gets the worm" is not just a saying—MARGUERITE ALLEN of the Credit Office just returned from a two weeks' southern vacation and had the time of her life taking in all the hot spots of the movie capital, and bumping shoulders with Fredric March... but tell us, Marge—did any Southern California earthquakes rock you to sleep? (Sure—this is propaganda.)

Cheery Cashier LAURA SHELTON O'ROURKE is now on her vacation. Her son, Lt. Comdr. Sid Shelton, his wife and daughter, Janice, are visiting here with her. Sid is leaving for Guam and his wife and baby will follow later.

LUCILLE RANKIN of the Bill Adjusting Department and her husband have just purchased a "Hacienda" in Marvellous Marin and are having loads of fun doing it over to suit themselves. Lucille is very artistic and has ideas galore! Wonder if she'll have us all over one of these balmy Sundays. (I wouldn't either, Lucy.)

keeping our fingers crossed for Nellie, as we think she's deserving of the best. There were several boxes of candy given away and most of it was won by the group from the City of Paris.

ON THE gabby SIDE

An open letter to MISS STELLA COX, petite brunette of the Midinette Millinery Department.

Dear Stella: You are definitely of the "intelligencia," being a graduate of dear old Denver U., where you majored in English and the classics and all that. You later achieved fame and distinction for your interesting and authentic articles on China which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, which of course has quite a circulation, —quite. But wouldn't it be something, STELLA, if you would, between classes at La Salle College where you are on the faculty, write an article or two for the "Pariscope"? In that case the Satevepost and the Pariscope would have something in common. This should make the editors of the Post cockier than ever. Of course if you would rather forsake the Post and write for the Pariscope exclusively, well, that would be great, except that you would have to sell a lot more hats; in fact, an awful lot more. That would indeed be a noble gesture, STELLA dear. We can see the headlines now: "Pariscope lures talented young writer away from Saturday Evening Post, another Scope for its readers!" Well, thanks anyway, Stella. We'll be hearing from you, I presume, in one way or another. (Signed) R. M.

couldn't convince me she wouldn't have enjoyed "A Song to Remember."

BRUCE ROGERS, the good-natured vim and vigor red-head, was a tail gunner on a B24, and is the recipient of five air medals. While he was winning fame in the Pacific theatre, his quiet and very pleasant wife had her "ups and downs" as one of George Gray's elevator girls. Have a cute baby, too. Lest we forget, BRUCE is the "Pariscope" sport editor.

ENDED IN A TIE DEPT.

MAE LAMBERT of the Notions Department, a recent bride, now MRS. MARSHALL. "LAMY" is the domestic type, which of course doesn't make her less attractive. Makes her own hats, does beautiful needlework, cooks, too. During the inoculation rush, an employee asked MRS. MARSHALL where they were doing the vaccination. "Art and needlework on the fifth floor," was the reply! LAMY prefers wearing her hats a little tilted — why not? — she makes 'em on the side! (Such corn!)

Then there was the very modest young thing who just wouldn't wear a hat — feared it would go to her head! Why not a hat style featuring an ash tray? — that's something to get "hot-headed" about. A recent medical journal states there is nothing worse than a tight hat; affects the circulation. Remember that, girls, next time you buy one. Avoid a hat with three feathers, —might get "tight" on you before you know it. (Tickle! Tickle!)

LOOK-A-LIKES

BRUCE ROGERS (Display Department) and "RED" SKELTON. CRISIE GARDNER (Normandy Lane) and BILLIE BURKE, the actress! MISS GARDNER for years could always be found behind the magazine counter, with a clientele which spread over many counties. She enjoyed her afternoon tea (what Australian doesn't?), but cigar and cigarette smoke! Nauseating! Recently MISS GARDNER was transferred to another department. Heavenly daze—selling the vile things—cigars and cigarettes. CRISIE loves the legitimate stage, good books and the opera, but the movies — well, she hasn't seen one in three years. You

(Continued from page 1)

I found the City of Paris as active and charming as a young bride before her wedding night, and it has as many new faces as Mrs. Astor had bridesmaids on her wedding day. The army of business are well trained and they fulfill their duty with poison charm.

The red pencil has been absent from the stockholders' business reports as long as I have, and I would hate like anything to be the one to bring it back. I did that once before in my foolish youth when I arrived with my droopy pantaloons, a red fez and white cape, a monkey and a donkey and a dog. The only thing I needed was a white elephant and a black camel. But according to them I was the white elephant on their stock report.

But who knows? Fate has many surprises and this last surprise of my arriving at the City of Paris was the best of my lot. If the stockholders can take it, why shouldn't I?

So last year my wonderful friend, Mr. Paul Verdier, who has known me since I was a boy in my baggy pantaloons and has more confidence in my business abil-

ity than I have, convinced me that I should try again and sent me running to my homeland to gather all those pots and pans.

Well, I made a mess of invoicing the merchandise and I have cost him a fortune, and what I cost myself I hate to say. But he still has confidence and trusts my artistic sense and he is positive that I brought priceless treasures from the far land, and that my department will be the talk of every housewife at breakfast or late into the night in their beds, and that they will rave about my things till they drive their husbands and relations mad, and that they will buy me out and I will be once again a success. But, whether he is wrong or right, only time will tell. I feel sure that I am free of competition and my prices are reasonable and my merchandise the best in this land.

But fate has very strange surprises and only the future can tell. So until you see me in a Rolls-Royce or in the poor house rocking chair, may your future be free of business, vain creatures, nagging wives, stumbling horses and abusing friends.

SIDI MOHAMED ALI BARADA,



Mary Louise Dechery Freda Myers

DOWN NORMANDY LANE

There is a good feeling around the Rotisserie and Catering Department since all the big wigs got together and started a Breakfast Club. The club meets once a month for breakfast "On Top Nob Hill" at the Fairmont Hotel. On April 14th, 1947, they celebrated the birthdays of MR. RAPHAEL CHABAURY, MR. CHARLES MARTIN, MISS ANNA ROVECH and MISS FELICE BOURET of the Grocery Department.

Leave it to FRANK WENZ to win first prize "On Top Nob Hill." Each Monday is Beaf (beef) day and the one with the best Beaf and the loudest applause is the winner. It seems that our Frank was somewhat under the weather the previous week-end and so goes the story of a weak stomach or "I just don't ever eat breakfast."

MR. MARTIN, who sits at his desk each day taking orders, was the guest speaker of the morning. Need we go further to say that MR. MARTIN gave a wonderful talk on the City of Paris Catering Department and Rotisserie. All this being broadcast over Station KSFO free of charge.

Somehow someone should give VERA COLUMBUS a helping hand on the "fishes." A contest was held with four participating and the one that could name a fish after a certain clue was given a point. Well, the gal from our department had one point to her credit but the boobie prize was really a lot better than the first; so no hard feelings.

Then comes the best of the treat. As you enter the room for your breakfast, you are given a stub ticket. Towards the end of the program, the holder of the winning number is entitled to participate in a quiz game. The happy holder was none other than our own NELLIE BROWN. The prize includes a trip to Carmel for two with all expenses paid. The winner of this trip will be announced at a later date, but we are all

SOCIALLY YOURS

(By Mary Louise Dechery)

As summer approaches more and more of us are taking advantage of the sun deck located directly above the sixth floor freight elevator. A glowing example of what a few minutes daily will do in the sunshine is HENRY HUSCHER of the fifth floor Furniture Department. There's a new addition to HENRY'S family, but not what you'd imagine, as it's a new Studebaker! How about passing out the cigars?

And speaking of new additions, we see that WALTER WILLIAMS' son has been named Shane "O'Riley."

MELANIE LAUGENSEN, formerly of the War Bond Department and later College, was in the store shopping recently. She is now devoting all her time to Elyse Ann, who is approaching the ripe old age of three months.

ANNA GLEIS, from the Alteration Department, will leave shortly for Europe. A diamond has recently appeared on her third finger left hand, so anything can happen and it probably will, tho' Anna won't tell!

A recent dinner was given at High Bonnet in honor of the MISSES MULLER, HALE, and GLEIS of the Alteration Department, who leave for European vacations shortly. Miss Muller and Miss Hale will travel together to Antwerp, from there Miss Muller travels to Switzerland and Miss Hale to England. The dinner in their honor was well attended, as there were 36 present, and from all reports hear that they had fun, only complaint was that the evening ended too soon!

ART-IN-ACTION

Have you ever stopped to visit our Art-In-Action Department on the fifth floor? There are daily exhibits with the artists at work on various projects; yesterday we noted hand weaving and also pottery being made. The work done in the department is by professional artists and not amateurs. MRS. BEATRICE JUDD RYAN, curator of the Rotunda Gallery and Art-In-Action Shop, extends a cordial invitation for all employees to drop in and look around. The Pacific Coast Ceramic exhibit is now to be seen in the Rotunda Gallery, and watercolors of Fisherman's Wharf are causing widespread comment in the Art-In-Action Department. So if you have a few minutes to spare, do drop in!



OUR CONGENIAL TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

You'll find this hard-working group in the Receiving Room on 2B, efficient and good-natured. Left to right: B. Schagen, Charles Ward, Mollie Merit, Gus Lissauer, G. Quesada, Walter McRae, Eleanor Cailteaux, W. Turpin, Ada Abbott. Kneeling: Carl Palisca, Al Fonseca, Henry Bolton.

NEW TIME CARD?

MR. AND MRS. WALLACE WENNER are now a threesome. A lovely little daughter, Wallis Elizabeth, first saw the light of day at Children's Hospital. Mrs. Wenner—nee Barbara Carpenter—was the attractive, queenly brunette of the Record Department. Her artist husband, Wallace, is responsible for numerous art works in our store. They reside at Atherton.

MISS NINA SHEA, head of the Fur Department, flew to New York recently to visit her family. The entire third floor missed her shining smile and bright sense of humor.

MISS BARBARA BISHOP, who formerly modeled in our Gown Salon, is now with the Display Department. With her charm and personality, Barbara would shine in any spot.

GRACE KENNY is MISS V. EVANS' new assistant in the Better Sportswear Department. We wish her the best of luck in her new position.

NICK, the cheerful stock boy from the Gown Salon, really does "get up with the chickens." You see, he has a small chicken ranch on the outskirts of the city and attends to his poultry business before work each day. But he somehow manages to make it to work before the bell rings every day.

MISS RUTH WEVER is the name of the young lady who is the new secretary for Miss Moore, Cosmetic Buyer. She hails from Chicago and she wonders now why she didn't come here ten years ago. If she seems worried to you, it isn't because she can't decide which brand of cosmetics to use, no, no, it's because she can't find a place to live, a place to live that is, that will let her keep her dog—"Pam!"

It's always nice to add new faces to the City of Paris staff, especially when the face is as lovely as that of ELIZABETH MIRRZA, new clerical assistant in the Children's Department. Sears Roebuck in Detroit claimed her for seventeen years as buyer of lingerie. Sears' loss is definitely the City of Paris' gain.

ESTHER MERSEREAU of the Girls' Shop just returned from a two weeks' vacation. Where did she spend it? In San Francisco, of course. "Just to see how it feels to spend your time leisurely in a city that you call home and earn your livelihood, and where you see thousands of people every year vacationing."

MEET Our FRIENDS

By DELORES BRANDT

Instead of "CASH AND CARRY," "CASH FOR CAREY" would be a more appropriate slogan for the introducing of JOHN J. CAREY, our Collection Manager. When I asked MR. CAREY what that initial J stood for, he told me that he tells everyone it stands for "Judas"; although he didn't correct his statement I'm inclined to doubt its authenticity. For the next moment he told me that he had served for years as a church usher in Chicago, and that the only way he could get out of the job was to get out of the city. (Of course if the church had burned down, well—holly smoke!)

"I was born and raised in Chicago. At the age of twelve as a Cash Boy for the James H. Walker Co., I started my department store training. I added to the training by studying law and business courses at night school."

As JOHN J. looks at you over one of those mammoth ledgers, you have the feeling that he rather knows what he is doing, and certainly Mandel Brothers, Chicago, must have felt the same way, for he remained in their employ for twenty-five years, six years of which he was Credit Manager. "I came to the City of Paris in September of 1919, my first and only job in San Francisco; and if you don't think that it agreed with me, you're wrong because I gained twenty pounds my first year here." None since? But he was silent.



MR. CAREY chose the Berkeley Hills for a home for his wife and three sons; and now, "Is it four or five grandchildren," meditated J. J. with that quizzical expression, "that we add to our household on occasions?"

JOHN "JUDAS" CAREY has an unusual philosophy for one in his particular position; he believes in "Live and let live." To which we will add, "Credit where credit is due."

JUNE AND ARVIL SAY "I DO"

The wedding of JUNE WILLIS and ARVIL HEIL was beautifully solemnized on Sunday afternoon, May 18th, at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church on California Street. It was an ideal day for a wedding. The bride, attired in a flowing white gown, looked lovely and was given away by her father. JEANETTE MONTANE was a bridesmaid. JAYNE BURBY, unfortunately, was not able to attend and play her part as a bridesmaid. June's brother was the soloist and rendered "Ave Maria," "I Love You Truly" and "The Rosary" during the exchange of vows. Smooth sailing, JUNE and ARVIL, on the sea of matrimony.

THE WINNER:

MAXINE GALLIVAN of the Credit Department is the winner of the cartoon contest of our last issue. Her title:

"I knew we shouldn't have let that jet plane mechanic repair the elevator."

Congratulations, Maxine. Your ten dollar merchandise order awaits you.

JOHN J. CAREY
WILLIAM J. DALEY
(Rhyme don't they)



"Like father, like son"—such is the career of WILLIAM DALEY, buyer of the Outdoor Furniture Department, for WILLIAM'S father worked at the City of Paris when "Billy" started at the early age of ten as a stock boy in the Toy Department. He worked in various departments in the store, including Delivery, Toys, and Yardage, until his schooling was finished.

"Upon completion of school I had a venture in the brokerage business to 1934 (Thank goodness, it was after '29, we soliloquized). In 1935 I came back to the City of Paris in the Toy Department and was made buyer. Several years later the Summer Furniture was included in the Toy Department, which was located on the fourth floor. In 1942 I went in the Quartermaster Corps of the Army and fought in the battle of 'Walla Walla'."

BILL returned to the House and Garden Furniture Department of the City of Paris in 1945. I am certain that I saw a slight chest expansion and I know that WILLIAM'S voice was overflowing with pride when he asked me if I knew that the City of Paris had the first All-Year-Round Furniture Department in Northern California and one of the largest departments on the Pacific Coast.

So—let's say Orchids to you, BILL, for your splendid work in dramatizing so effectively your furniture. And girls, if MR. DALEY desired, he could deliver Orchids to you all. Yes, indeed, and the real "McCoys" too, 'cause you see he raises them. "It's my hobby," he says, which now adds up to 700 plants and 3 green houses. Would you care to "Lobby for his Hobby?" Smells so good!

BON VOYAGE, GEORGE!

MR. GEORGE BIRDSEYE, veteran floor manager, leaves in a few days for a cruise down the coast on a freighter. He will enjoy the advantages of bachelor quarters on the top deck and will go as far as the Canal Zone, with intermediate stops at Mexico and Guatemala. George is an old sea dog when it comes to sea travel. An ideal vacation to be sure. It hasn't happened yet, but he might come home with a mermaid this trip.

Our Branch Stores

VALLEJO SAN MATEO

VALLEJO REPORTING

By CATHERINE CHAPMAN

Big surprise and recent event for MR. CARRIE, our manager, was the first anniversary party of his joining our organization. The party was held at Dominic's Night Club, with all employees, husbands and wives and friends turning out in gala fashion. A good time was had by all and spirit of fellowship was outstanding—many practical jokes were played on MR. CARRIE, but being a good sport, he enjoyed the heartiest laughs of his life, so the reporter thinks. DR. AND MRS. EDWARD GIANT, his good friends, and MRS. CARRIE joined us all in wishing him a prosperous and busy year ahead.

Talent and beauty seem to go hand in hand in our store. Pretty and petite SANTINA PARINI, in Cosmetics, is a photographer's idea of a dream and has done some posing for publicity stunts. MYRNA HORRALL, first floor manager, has an outstanding voice and is called upon many times for local affairs. And for sports HENRIETTA RICE takes the prize for fishing and gets sunburned to prove that her Sundays are well spent at this recreation. MABEL LANDON, Baby Department, too, has the bug.

Lucky FRIEDA VITALI, fourth floor cashier, won a radio at a Bingo party recently. Your reporter, too, plays Bingo, won 2.40 the other night, and Bingo! her hubby spent it trying to win more; no percentage in that.

BONNIE JUSTICE, Sportswear Department, is hospitalized with a skull injury, required several stitches, results of one of those home accidents. How unfortunate! Speedy recovery, Bonnie, from us all. New employees include MARGARET HILDREBRANDT, JOYCE STINSON and JOSEPHINE CLAYPOOL—welcome.

Next month my specialty will be on DOTTY ROSS, our credit manager.



Last week while talking with Rod Mel-lott, he asked for a few highlights on your reporter . . . Moved here eight years ago from New York City . . . Worked for Uncle Sam 5 years on Governors Island, New York, as office clerk . . . Born in Pennsylvania, received some education there, finished school in New York, the state I call home . . . Reading is my hobby, so is swimming . . . golf, too, when I

SAN MATEO STORE ON TIMES SQUARE

Ho—Hum . . . these Spring days really do things and we can only think of a big shady tree, a babbling brook, where we can just sit and, perhaps, whittle and dream. But it's nearing vacation time again and each new week sees the take-off of some one among us to dally awhile in vacationland only to return again all copper-tan and full of vim. The first answer to all queries is that a wonderful time was had, but "it's so good to get back again." You kind of hate to be away, you might miss something, and there's always something in the wind.

For instance, the boating crowd of the San Mateo Store, the McDONALDS and the KLEES, compare notes on Monday as to the merits of their respective craft . . . sail-boat or inboard motor. The latest topic is the forthcoming Shark Derby at Coyote Point, the yacht harbor of San Mateo. It seems the member who catches the biggest shark can keep it. But it will probably be fun anyway.

On the social side of the ledger, that vivacious MARNIE ROGERS of the Deauville Shop was on the receiving end of a bride's bouquet tossed by a former Mills College classmate recently. Does this mean anything, Marnie? Rice and old shoes are very much the vogue now. HENRIETTE DALBERA of the Midinette Department is a new bride, and later this month JACK TREANOR of the Home Furnishings Department deserts the bachelor ranks for double happiness. Congratulations, you two, here's happiness and good health.

That bee-hive of activity adjoining the Home Furnishing Store is rapidly nearing completion—oh, I forgot to tell you, the hammers, cement-mixers, glaziers, tile setters and trades too numerous to mention are creating the most unique Garden-Restaurant Lounge west of anywhere. The Messrs. Verdier and Gassion and their able staff are going to present a traffic-stopper in the very near future—and when the final touch is added, this newest achievement in a long line of notable City of Paris achievements will be the crown-jewel. Excitement is rampant—we can hardly wait we're so very proud of this newest and most truly beautiful addition. Wait and see!

Things that amaze us: the verve and lively sparkle of GRACE JONES of the Patio Shop; the stately, quiet charm of KAY COOK, head of Ready-to-Wear; the big-heartedness of EVA MOLLINARI of the Boys' Department; FRED ARCHAMBAULT'S eye-lashes and smooth-running Credit Department; the uncanny ability to recognize voices by JUNE BLACKFORD, chief operator; and the band-box look of VIRGIL KOLKER after a bout with mountains of merchandise on shuttle days . . .

Hi—Vallejo, nice column! And now, Au Revoir.

DOROTHY LARSEN.

can control my temper; wouldn't back down from a bridge game or badminton for a work-out . . . been with the City of Paris five months, and like my work very much . . . keep the girls guessing as to whether I am coming or going half the time . . . Finally, have a bad habit of changing my hair styles to suit my moods. (Isn't that a woman's prerogative, Cathryn?)

WELCOMING COMMITTEE

NORMAN ISRAEL is being welcomed back after being away almost six months, the result of a serious accident when struck by an automobile.

MISS LONEGRIN has returned from the Islands, where she stayed ten days at the Royal Hawaiian. Best vacation she ever had. Is she enthused? Ask her about it.

Incidentally, MISS SCOTT recently sent her Stationery Department girls leis and wild orchids from Hawaii. That was a beautiful thought. Barbara is expected back any day now. She is back.

MARGE JORDAN, popular cashier, is back at her desk on the fourth floor following a three months' absence due to ill health. Soft-spoken and kind, Margie's absence was indeed felt. Welcome back!

ANN ROSE, Midinette Milliner, was recently confined to Franklin Hospital, where she underwent a leg operation. "All O.K. now," says Ann, "bring on a football and I'll show yuh!"



Guess *who* and win a prize. Look at it again. It's so easy when you study it a little. There's mischief in those twinkling eyes.

Is it—

Ivel Deyarmie	Dona Noble
Ethel Lonegrin	Viola Evans
Alta Ottmann	Barbara Scott
Jessie Kerrigan	Beatrice Nelson

Drop your signed guess in *Pariscope* box at employees' entrance. One guess only. In event more than one picks correct answer, winner will be determined by drawing. Contest closes on June 4.

SPORTS

By BRUCE ROGERS

Showing the results of weekly practice sessions, the red and blue clad City of Paris hardwood artists turned in a scrappy though losing effort on the Salvation Army Court, April 25th, bowing to the Army "Kids" 52-41.

Opening the second quarter and trailing at that stage of the game 17-5, the Blue and Red started the long grind to shave the margin. Field goals from all angles by GIBBS BROWN, JACK WASHBURN and "CHUCK" WYLAND played a big part in paring the lead to eight points and the two teams left the floor at half time with a 35-27 score on the board.

The third quarter really was a dilly, featuring some first class casaba tossing by both teams and saw the C.O.P. five slash the lead to a mere five points. However, the "Kids who need a break" started finding the hoop with some uncanny shooting and pulled away to a final score of 52-41.

Hot on the basket were BILL LAMMAN, who incidentally turned in an outstanding game, and WASHBURN, BROWN, CASERTA, OLSEN and VICTOIRE.

Look for our basketballers to go places in league play in the coming season. They show promise of being able to knock over a few of the better industrials to be entered. The team is well balanced and we hope the array of talent will be available for next season.

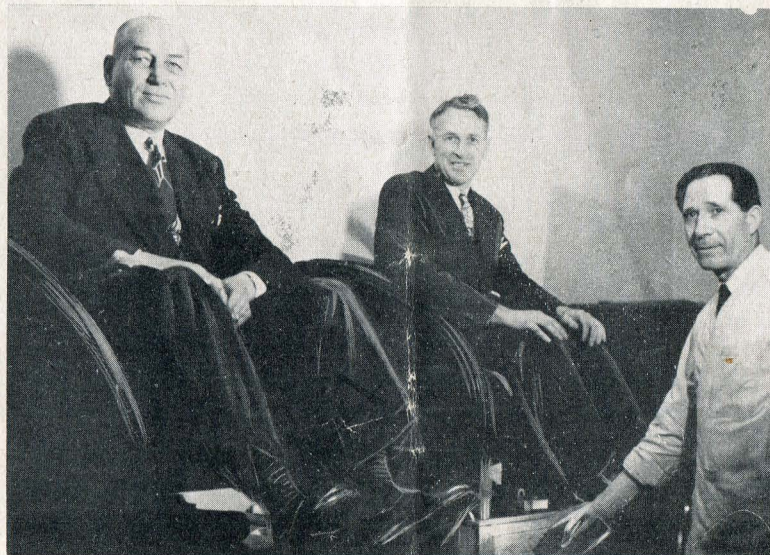
SPORTCASTING

This is a dream! But dreams start one to thinking and thus a brain child is born. A hole in one tournament! Will you take a swing? If we can get enough response to this request for YOUR fun we can and will proceed from there. Just put your name on a slip of paper and say, "I'm interested," drop it in the *Pariscope* box and wait for the word.

Legitimate Golf: Do you? What do you shoot? Want some competition? If you don't stay in bed Sunday mornings, let your clubs rust, see if we care. But if you would like to meet some of the other C.O.P. divot diggers, drop your name in the *Pariscope* box. Why not TODAY!

Obtaining alleys for a bowling team proved a tough nut to crack. However, as soon as such facilities are open, we will have a big bowling sign up.

Can you play Ping Pong? ROLAND SCHOCK (Display Department) will start eliminations for store champ, both men and women's. If you are big enough to see over the table and strong enough to swing a paddle—take a chance, see ROLAND for the hot scoop!!!



SHINE 'EM UP, BOYS!

Harry Cooper, merchandising head, and Rod Mellott, "*Pariscope*" editor, pay a visit to Frank's new Shine Parlor on 2B. Wonder if they left Frank a tip? Probably on the horses!



Introducing Miss JANE CONOVER, new buyer for the Deauville who is already in New York on a business trip. We regret not being able to interview Miss Conover before she departed. However, she is no newcomer to the City of Paris, having been a buyer for the Deauville before this department was moved to its present location. Needless to mention, her reputation in the business world has long been established.



In other columns of the Pariscope, you'll read Stella Cox's interesting story of our Treasurer Charles Stewart. It is only fitting, therefore that we feature a tie-in by presenting Mrs. Margaret Covallo Griggs, Mr. Stewart's efficient secretary the past nine years. Here is a young woman of much charm, gentleness and poise. Has been with the City of Paris since 1936.

Gadas Joe Killion of the Shoe Salon, spent his time at Santa Cruz, taking in the "Miss California" beauty contest, and visiting his daughter in Boulder Creek. Joe was planning to visit L.A. but burned out a rod enroute. Had he not returned on time another Rod would have burned up back home. Get the connection Rod? Such humor!

Calling All Bowlers. It is not too late to sign up for the bowling team on Friday nights at Downtown Bowl. Just sign your name and address on the big card on the bulletin board.

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No. 3

THE STEWART STORY . . .



By Stella Cox

"Oh, Lord, help me keep my darned nose out of other people's business." That's the motto that greets you when you walk into the office of the man who holds the purse strings of the City of Paris, and you know intuitively that he is a man of understanding. "A pat on the back, though only a few vertebrae removed from a kick in the pants, is miles ahead in results," is another motto under glass, and you know that he is a man of compassion, and that no matter what your problem might be, he will meet it with a homely philosophy spiced with a sense of humor. Yes, you know immediately that Charles Stewart also holds the heart strings of the City of Paris.

Mr. Stewart, with a twinkle in his warm brown eyes, "admits" fifty years service with the store. He became associated with it when it was located on Grant Avenue, and was appointed treasurer in 1914. His only absence from the City of Paris family was between 1926 - 32 when the store was controlled by Mr. Schlesinger. "The biggest moment of my career," he said, "Was when the Verdier family came back to their rightful station in the City of Paris."

As a boy, Charles Stewart played football and basketball, and sports have been a life-time interest. "I had some records in my younger days," he said modestly, but would not enlarge on the subject at all. Later I learned that he set a U. S.

record in mat diving—a sport which has since been dropped in most communities because of its dangers. Most boys have the ambition of being professional sportsmen, but when I asked Mr. Stewart what career he would choose if he could begin again, he said, "It would be very agreeable to spend another fifty years as treasurer of the City of Paris. It's the most confining job in the store, and there are never any rest periods, but somehow, when you have your heart in your work, you don't feel the pressure. And my motto is, Whatever is good for business is good for all."

He is beloved in another family, too. On June 14, Charles and Rose Stewart celebrated their forty-fifth wedding anniversary, and only a few weeks ago they moved to Burlingame where they can be nearer their children and grandchildren. Their daughter, Beverly, has three children, one of whom just graduated from Junior College, and the other daughter, Audrey, is the mother of two little tykes aged five months and two years.

Miss Margaret Covallo, who has been his secretary for nine years (and secretaries really know their bosses), thinks he is a very wonderful man. Asked what quality made him particularly outstanding, she said, "There is no one trait. He is the embodiment of many things—understanding, kindness, and a deep feeling for the other fellow."

At the end of my interview with Mr. Stewart, which were ten of the

FLASH NEWS!

Mary Kane, Assist. in Gown Salon, promoted to buyer, with Laverne Hunter as her assistant. Interviews later . . . Richard Tryon, Merch. Mgr., has left the City of Paris to return to Oklahoma . . . President Paul Verdier and sister, Mme. DeTessan enjoying Paris in the Summer. Former Deauville buyer, Viola Evans, looking very "trim" in a recent store visit. Mildred Petit has left Bill Adjusting to work for the government in Guam. Will be missed. John Roby has returned to Credit Office.

OUR SYMPATHY

OUR SYMPATHY is extended to Walter Williams, Drapery Mgr., in the loss of his mother; to Marie Darini, Elevators, in the sudden death of her mother.

Shoe Window Draws

They're all wearing 'em — the whole town's talking about Haymakers — the softest shoes that ever walked. Many hundreds witnessed the actual making of these famous moccasins in our store window. It was fascinating watching Mr. Ashley Chandler of the Haymaker Corp. of Haverhill, Mass., hand sew the uppers. Such an artist! Not once did he even take his eyes off his work. He was certainly a conscientious worker. It is no small wonder these Haymakers are so sensational. What ideal shoes for vacationing.

The many friends of E. H. "DAD" LEHNING will be glad to know that he recently reached his 89th birthday by enjoying a spirited party held down the peninsula. MRS. LEHNING too, was very much in the limelight, while daughter, GLADYS, was busy counting the more than 200 cigars received. Congratulations Dad.

Returned to the fold after 6 months of school is Roddie Gautier. Roddie spoke hardly any English when he was with us before, just after his arrival in America; but his English is so improved now, that we think he must be extraordinarily clever to pick up a difficult language in so little time.

most pleasant minutes I've had in a long time, I asked him if he had a favorite motto among those hanging here and there in the office. He chuckled and said his favorite he kept locked in a closet. "You see, I've never met a person I didn't like," he said, handing me the motto.

"I believe in cooperating even with people I do not like," it read, "If it will bring us any nearer the goal."

Yes, Charles Stewart is truly a beloved pillar of the City of Paris. He holds our heart strings as well as the purse strings.

Midinette Minutes

By Suzan Hartman

That Saturday afternoon look. It's frequently seen in the Midinette and always precedes a vacation—mind a thousand miles away, head in the clouds, actions automatic. Paul Johnson had the Look—but bad—for about three weeks, and it's no wonder. He's heading that new Dodge east—New York and then perhaps to Florida . . . Mrs. Moore is vacationing with her family at Pacific Grove and will spend some time at their summer home in Carmel Valley. She'll probably return with a terrific tan, making the rest of us green with envy . . . Speaking of tans, Mr. Bloom's health glow is not the result of vacationing; it's Sunday afternoons at Seal Stadium. The League's anchor team has at least one really loyal fan . . . Mrs. Ballantyne also has the Saturday look—every Saturday. She weekends with her sister in Oakland. Their specialty—steaks or spare ribs barbequed in an outdoor pit, sounds luscious. She's planning to spend her vacation with her family in Nebraska . . . Mrs. Spencer returned with a feeling of great accomplishment—she redecorated her kitchen and dining room. She's already planning next year's vacation—a visit with her daughter and absolutely no work . . . Mrs. Vellou hasn't any definite plans. She's all set for anything that might happen.

According to Miss Lyons, the best way to talk an officer out of a ticket is to own a horse. She was stopped for speeding and much surprised to find the officer was a fellow equestrian. So the conversation departed from the serious matter of the moment and went to the matter of a horse show and barbeque. After making plans to loan her horse to him for the barbeque (to be ridden, not barbequed, that is), she speeded merrily on her way.

DEAUVILLE DOINGS FIRST FLOOR FLIPS

By Pat McCarthy

HELLO AGAIN — this is your roving — or do I mean raving, reporter, Pat McCarthy, who has just returned from the "Wars" (finals at the University of California) and a weekend at Tahoe. The finals were agreeably awful and Tahoe was at its loveliest . . . No sooner do I get back but my good friend Joni Aubertine, hies herself off to New York for a couple of weeks — to see a friend off to Europe no less! What a life! What a friend! A couple of weeks back Mrs. Saeman's cute husband, John, was in to "flirt" with us girls. He says Margo is fine — also their home and the weather out in the Danville Hills is wonderful . . . Helen Milicevich has become an auntie for the third time already yet. Mary Catherine, a six pound little girl, born May 22nd. That's getting to be a pretty good sized family Helen . . . John, our Moo Triplet's big beautiful Son, is working up at Tahoe (that's what he tells us!) Sounds to me like a first class vacation on the side. Some people have all the luck! Wish Ruthy Kamena would hurry up and rejoin us lonesome reporters. Pretty soon we'll think she doesn't love us anymore! She graduated from Cal this term you know, and we hear she's getting an apartment. We all expect to be invited up, too!

We have some more little cuties in our department (we're just dripping with glamour!). They're Ruthie O'Brien, Barbara Johnson, and Gerry Hockfeld and Mrs. Patterson, formerly of Cosmetics and a very nice lady . . . And, of course, there's always Mac taking it easy around here — only working twice as hard as usual instead of four times as hard . . . Carol Hudson and Edie Matzen will be working at Yosemite for the summer. (Ed's note: Haven't they gone yet! Darn it all, how do they rate such luck? Just wait till they get back, we'll fix 'em

Been out to the beach lately? Water, water everywhere (and not a drink on the first floor).

Vacations are still Number One Item and George "Let There Be Light" Birdseye heads the month's nomads. He is spending July touring all of Mexico . . . "One of the few places I've never been . . . from Oaxaca to Mexico City to Mazatlan. And you've probably never lived till you've seen Oaxaca." So spoke George.

And speaking of Mexico . . . those castanets you hear in the Men's Furnishings are Fred Porter's teeth as he relates his vacation experiences. Fred, the Ass't Buyer, spent three weeks in "Mehiko" and doesn't think much of the fishing there . . . the water kind, that is. As for the fishing on the beach . . . WOW! Seems the tamales in that country also come in blonde, brunette and red-headed flavors . . . and the stories Fred tells can turn your tortillas cold! (But the sand grew hot-to-Molly.)

Have a different fish story for you, tho . . . Judy Marianetti of Cosmetics caught twelve trout at Silver Lake. Understand she dipped each worm in Aphrodisia before casting.

And Charlotte Soll of Cosmetics, she with the lovely complexion, ("I owe it all to Marie Earl and Bon Ami") is back nursing a sore arm after two weeks in Las Vegas. But don't jump to conclusions . . . Charlotte took her ukelele with her. And you don't hafta laff . . . she came back with more money than she took with her. (Ever try yodeling to a slot machine?)

Speaking of jack pots . . . Jane Reinke, formerly of Stationery, hit it last month when she gave birth to a five pound baby girl. Remember Jane? . . . she probably took your Christmas card order last year. Named her little winning Ann Aldrich.

Have you, too, ever been fascin-

ated by Ruth Wolfen and her girls in the Hosiery Mend bar at the Stockton St. entrance? They look like three advanced cases of St. Vitas Dance. (Ed's note: Is that good?)

Josephine Strazzullo, of Notions, who is as cute as a button, sells . . . of all things . . . buttons. And last month, Josie treated an accident victim for shock . . . a worthy bit of knowledge she picked up in her Red Cross class.

Ask Elsie Stephens, the handkerchief buyer, to show you her new Carpenter's Union Card. Elsie was out for three weeks laboring with shingles.

They may not come under our reporting territory, but we'll claim the elevator operators for 1/6th of the time. And don't you wish you could catch Jerry Desmond, Donna Green, and Fay Clement in the same place at the same time so you could make up your mind who is the cutest? (Ed's note: Larry—all the elevator girls are cute.)

Jack Hickey, who probably sold you your last necktie, just graduated from Chiripodist College . . . which is a nice thing to know the next time "my feet are just killing me."

If cleanliness is next to Godliness, meet our own St. Peter . . . James Davis . . . the Hoover vacuum cleaner salesman. His 3x6 bit of rug must be the most dirt-free spot in the store. (Gad! wattathawt! Wouldn't it be horrible if he had to demonstrate a wet mop on marble?)

It was bound to happen . . . Walter Matthis, who has travelled all over the store as stock boy, has wound up in Luggage. That's one way to keep him for good . . . by the time he packs his bags to leave, he'll be ready for retirement!

And the new friendly smile in luggage belongs to Edith De Marco, who came to us from I. Magnin's luggage department.

Next time you walk down Geary St., say hello to Herman Berry, the new doorman . . . as friendly a guy as you'll want to meet.

And speaking of friendly people . . . isn't there a nice atmosphere in the Cosmetic Section right now? Fourteen of the girls (and we use the word loosely) held a party at Ann Reed's home in Mill Valley . . . complete with barbecue pit, swimming pool, bar, et. al. Several spent the night (which shows that the Cosmetic girls know how to have a stinkin' good time).

Thass all for this month. More later.

Paul Chauvin's father is a famous surgeon in France . . . Two pleasant voices are back on the switchboard. Helen Gallagher's back from Cleveland where she visited her son and daughter, and Inez Southcott had a nice trip to N.Y. and Vermont, where she visited her brother whom she had not seen in seventeen years . . . Rod Mellott's chin is dragging on the ground because Judy, Marilyn and Rickey have gone to Boulder Creek for the summer . . . Margaret Harper and her charming daughter have been shopping like mad for that trip they're taking to Hawaii very soon. . . . A customer was heard asking for the "casualty shoe bar" the other day . . . A sweet but deaf little lady using an old-fashioned ear trumpet brought back her shoes because they squeaked.



CHAMPION FATHER. Already world famous for its Draperies, Art Gallery, Rotisserie, Normandy Lane and Haymakers, the City of Paris is proud to present its famous father—Joe Llaeuna, head chef of the Tea Room, and his ten children. Here they are: Ermillia, Freddie, Bernard, Virginia in dad's arms, mother Julia, holding Rita, Frankie, Teresa, Joseph Jr., Eling and Gilbert. Baker's dozen? Dad's still young!

SECOND FLOOR NEWSSETTES

By Irene Williams

Now comes the glorious time of the year for which we have been dreaming, planning, awaiting, for months. (Hmmm, why didn't we do something about the so-much-a-week Savings Plan? It seems some of our co-workers and friends are planning trips to far off places or contemplating outings not so far away. Of course, others are looking forward to just relaxing and enjoying their homes. At any rate there will be plenty of material for conversation for months to come with each telling of all the events crowded into the all-too-short weeks.

From Lingerie: Mrs. Daisy Amy, our boss, has returned from her buying trip in New York and is full of Vim, Vigor and New Ideas . . . At one of the early morning Get-togethers, Mrs. A. told the girls all about her experiences in New York and the new Merchandise which will be forthcoming . . . A short Pep talk and the theme of her talk was "Friendship" and the value of building friendship with the customers . . . such enthusiasm is contagious and the gals are all inspired to get in there and really "Pitch" . . . Mrs. Amy had made it possible to have some wonderful values throughout our department for the month of July and we would like to invite all employees to visit our department and take advantage of these savings. Please come up and see what we have to offer. More about this later.

Mrs. Eileen Mulhall is spending her two weeks vacation visiting her son and family in L.A. . . . "Mully" expects to be present at the high school graduation exercises of her niece . . . **Lea Gaumer** split her vacation this year; having returned from one week spent at home she can brag about another vacation coming up in September.

From Shoes: Mr. George McKay on a two-month's vacation is visiting relatives and friends in Osswego, N.Y., which is located on Lake Ontario . . . Mr. McKay comes from a very large family which has been associated with the Shoe Industry for the past eight-one years . . . We all miss George, his casual air, ever-ready smile and humor.

From Infants and Childrens: Who says Cupid passes up this department? The big noise of the month has been over the impending marriage of **Irene Nessen**, cashier. On Saturday morning, June 16th, at Old St. Mary's Church, Irene became the bride of George A. Robrecht . . . Sounds just like a fairy story; Irene and her husband met through their respective daughters who attended the same school . . . They met, discovered they had many common interests and friendship developed into love. The future looks very rosy and bright for Irene who has been a loyal little mother working to keep her daughter in school . . . All of her friends here wish her a lifelong happy marriage . . . On Irene's last day in the store, Mrs. Amy entertained with one of her famous "behind-the-scenes" farewells, with refreshments for all and the Gang presented Irene with gifts.

Mrs. Margaret Harper is walking on air these days for she hears the far-away strumming of ukelele strings and the rustle of grass skirts as Hawaii calls; Mrs. Harper, her sister and daughter, Leona,

MEET A FRIEND . . . MAE CLEMENT



WE COULDN'T HELP thinking as we interviewed this charming woman that her name could easily have been Ramona. For like the legendary heroine, she has dark eyes, olive complexion and black hair.

Not that there is a thing wrong with the name of Mae. In fact, there is not a thing wrong with **Mae Clement**, head of Sales Audit, whose only questionable fault is her devotion to the Oakland baseball team.

That Miss Clement has an important job on the sixth floor and has been with the City of Paris for seventeen years is not exactly a secret. A salesperson's tissue has strayed, the wrong copy from the credit book was handed a customer—Mae Clement will straighten it all out with a natural efficiency, and calmness. At her desk, her hands move with an unconscious precision—everything in its place, a place for everything.

And those same hands at her Oakland home help mother with the cooking, and the dishes, and there are probably evenings when Mae reaches for rubber bands that aren't there to put around a roast. We have a hunch mother has dinner all ready when daughter Mae arrives. Then quick with the dishes (they'll dry themselves) and off to the ball park to root for the Oaks. Of course, there are plenty of evenings when she attends musical programs which she loves.

But on Sundays, it's back to San Francisco for dinner and perhaps a drive through the park, and the green trees which are always close to Mae's heart, and mother's too. For it was in the tall-timbered Mendocino county that Miss Clement first saw the streaked light of day. Her father was a lumber man and the little country school house was the start of Mae's career at the desk, which conclusion we can only draw—it must have sat well with her.

Now let's have Miss Clement take it from here. "I have made wonderful associations over a period of time here at the store. I have wonderful workers, who cooperate 100 per cent. It is a truly pleasant relationship."

leave via United Airlines on June 30th where they have reservations at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, one of the most beautiful hotels in the world (sez Stanton Delaplane) in a setting of beauty. Spending a week surrounded by all this color and atmosphere, we will expect a good story from Margaret when she returns which by the way will be via ocean abroad the luxurious Lurline, and a lesson or two on the Hula Hula. Aloha, Margaret, et la famille.

From Second Floor A: Miss D. Murley of Linens, spent last week-end at Yosemite and reports that City of Paris was well represented there: Miss N. Bowden and C. Kolo-soff were among the many visitors . . . Mr. Mike Cavello, who is the new assistant Buyer in Linens, is going to New York accompanied by his family for a three weeks vacation. Beryl Phillips, who has been managing the Westinghouse Sewing Machine Department, will be leaving the store soon and making her headquarters at the Furniture Mart . . . **Julia Steklenburg**,

Jack Hollmatz of the Shoe Salon, left suddenly for Phoenix due to the death of his mother-in-law.

Pierre Gamburg, assistant buyer, Woolens, is just the man to consult for your fashion problems, for here is a man of excellent taste and is most helpful with his lady customers. **Mr. Stewart** of Linens, is much improved. Back to work soon.

Vacations are beginning to rear their lovely heads, but we will tell you about them after they're over. Enjoy yours!

relief cashier while Isabelle Williamson is on vacation, anxiously waiting her vacation which will be spent in St. Louis visiting relatives.

From Foundations: Vacations coming up, we hope to have some items of interest from that corner of the floor, next month . . . Mrs. Mary Rock was away from the store, two weeks because of the sudden death of her sister; it is nice having Miss Rock back with us and we all offer our heartfelt sympathy over her loss and bereavement.

The BEAUTY SALON

The vacation schedules have been in the office for over two months now, but the first sign to the members of the staff of the beauty salon that "summer icumen in" arrived when Miss Warren, who makes a daily safari from Los Gatos to bring new complexions to the patrons of our facial department started bringing us the lovely roses from her garden. We wish that we could describe the many varieties, but our knowledge of things botanical is limited to the pictures in the seed catalogues. Suffice to say they are numerous and a joy to behold and sniff.

Her many friends will be glad to hear that Gladys Anderson is recovering from the accident that resulted in a broken arm for her and the temporary loss to us of her manicuring services. She hopes to have the cast off soon and be back to work when the doctor gives her his O.K.

Miss Gladys Wrenn who was formerly with us, has rejoined our little family as manicurist, and we also welcome the addition of a French war bride, **Wilfriede Johnson**, who is at present manicuring, but who plans to extend her services to hairdressing very shortly. Her husband Lt. Johnson is overseas with the army in Germany.

Our loss is the President Wilson's gain as **Marjorie Dickson** leaves us to take to the high seas permanently as "Beautician 1st Class." She promises to come in and visit us between voyages. **Miss Pearl O'Leary** who has just completed a trip to the Orient on the Steamship Wilson, returned to her waiting clientele in the American Salon.

DOWN UNDER

By M. Bowyer

A very proud mother these days, and attending commencements like mad, is our **Anne Kamena**. First, there is daughter Ruth, who receives her degree from University of California. Ruthie is well known at C. of P., having worked vacations in the Midinette Shop, and we offer her heartiest congratulations. Second, there is son Jack—and his wife, also named Ruth, both graduating from Stanford with degrees in physics. The 3 months married couple leaves in July for Washington, D. C., where they have each accepted a position with the government as research physicists.

Val Tovani, leading lady at the Delivery Dept., among the missing for two weeks. An illness has her bedded like a geranium plant, but we hear she will be back with us very soon. Speedy recovery, Val, and hurry back.

French Import Department: Welcome to **Guy Claisy**, new addition to the department, whose infectious laugh lightens the tone for us all. Guy and his French wife are very happy in the fact that their first child will be born on American soil.

Back in the ranks as a packer, and working hard despite his limp, is **Roberto Castellon**. That broken leg still gives him some trouble, but it is mending nicely, and we all hope to see him racing around at his usual tempo very soon.

Lollie Pellicer, our Spanish Nightingale, is happily anticipating a visit from her son George, who is attending Loyola Medical School, and making a fine record for himself. He will spend the summer months with our Lollie.

ANNUAL SAN MATEO STORE PICNIC . . .

"ON A PICNIC WE WILL GO"—and we did! There was fun galore and plenty to eat. The Annual San Mateo Store Picnic was held Sunday, June 17th, in San Mateo County Memorial Park. The weather was warm and the park never more beautiful. Our good chef Carl Lerch with able assistance from Mrs. Lerch, started the fire going under the beans and coffee. With each arrival of gay picnickers, there were shouts and laughter, indicating the spirit that was to prevail throughout the day. The main food table began to groan with loads of delicious salads and yummy cakes. Soon Mr. George DeBonis had donned a chefs apron and the fat hot dogs were soon sizzling. Thanks Mr. DeBonis for a swell job on those hot dogs — everyone said they were the best ever!

After everyone had eaten their fill, the festivities began with a half hour of yodeling and singing by the famous Swiss Family Fraunfelder. Stars of radio and television, these entertainers pleased us very much, in fact at least a hundred others gathered 'round our group to listen. Nail driving, marshmallow eating, three-legged and horse races and other games made up the fun.

Joining in the days fun from San Francisco were Daisy Amy, Doris Gregory, Frank Recassens, Gaston Bricard, George DeBonis, Larry Waugh, Jule Winkler, Helen Gallagher, Betty Roby and Anne Endemann. Also, we were most happy to have Charles Gassion enjoying himself with us. It was good to see you Charles and we hope you will be back in the store soon.

Mr. Winkler won a bottle of wine, but we will let you ask him about that. Mrs. Shanks of our ready-to-wear brought a special cake for hubby Bob. It was his birthday!

A Grand Time was had by all, and those of you who missed it should make your plans for next year now.

On Saturday, June 16, at our regular store meeting, we said farewell to Sky Brock. Sky has been with us as Credit Manager for three years and has gone out to take on the world in the field of life insurance. Good luck and lots of success Sky, we will all miss you. Taking over from Brock, we are most happy to welcome Dick Rockhold. Those of you who attended that super centennial celebration for 100 years of C. of P., will remember Dick in the role of Felix Verdier.

Now vacationing are Hazel Gowland, Elsie Williams, Luceta Ira-heta, Olive Whitman, Bessie Hallfield and Patrick Condon. Welcome back to Hazel Bauer, who has been East to care for her parents.

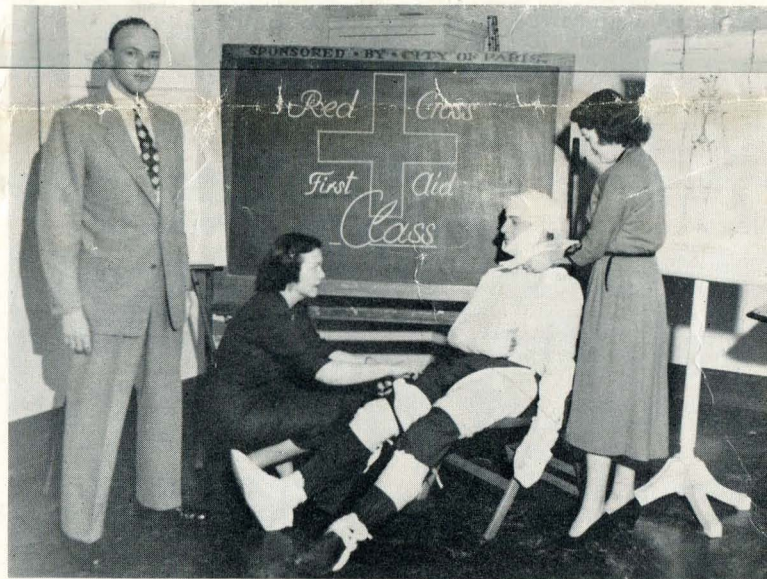
—By Ward Clark, Store Mgr.

About Vacationers: Tina Simpson of Greeting Cards has returned from a month's vacation in Mexico. It is quite a change from siesta time to just plain "relief at 2:30." Carol Brownell has also returned after a month's vacation at home, enjoying a good rest. Isabel Houston, Cotton Yardage, is touring Europe.

Nick Nicholus of Rotisserie postcards from Ashbury Park, N.J., that he is having a grand time. Grace Morrison, that friendly lady of Uniforms, has returned from two weeks at La Jolla, visiting relatives. Her charming helper, Roberta Povelite, is motoring to her former home in Colorado. Back in a month.



SAN MATEO HAS A PICNIC. As is evidenced by these photos, Manager Ward Clark left no stones unturned to make the San Mateo store outing a well enjoyed affair. That spirited gang down the peninsula deserves our applause for setting the pace for these grand out-of-door socials. Left to right: June Blackford, former Pariscopes reporter; Emma Miller, Bernie McCook, Elsie Williams of the Pariscopes staff and Don McCook. Lower photo: The famous Swiss Family of Radio and Television who entertained in royal fashion.



WRAPPED-UP IN THEIR WORK is this class in First Aid conducted by Warren Glaser of the Luggage Department. Others in the group are Carolyn McCloskey, Malcolm MacBride (clever disguise, eh? Or if "mummy" could only see me now!) and Doris Burnett. Classes are held each morning for this all important phase of the Civilian Defense program. The City of Paris is proud of the part it is playing, and especially thanks the employees who are unselfishly devoting time and energy in conjunction with the local Red Cross.

Vallejo Reporting

By M. Geyer

We were very pleased to have Rae Meyer, chief telephone operator of the San Francisco store pay us a short visit this month which we enjoyed very much; come again Rae.

We were also pleased to have Mr. DeBonis drop in for a short surprise visit. We are always pleased to have you drop in Mr. DeBonis if only for a few minutes.

Also stopping in to say "Hello" was Maudie McAdams who has returned from a 3000 mile honeymoon. Maudie looked very chipper, was very much the envy of all, looking so nice and rested.

Vacations are in their full swing. Mabel O'Connell of Patio Shop has just returned, having spent her vacation at home resting and enjoying her grandchildren. Mabel learned just how much these little fellows can eat when they come to visit "grandma." Last week we sent Sylvia Wilson, of the office force on her merry way, her destination, Reno, where she became Mrs. Robert Cohn on June 11th. Then on to Tahoe for their Honeymoon. Best wishes from all—Syl. and Bob. Joyce Stinson of yardage, and her family left for a motor trip to Texas and Arkansas. Hope Joyce gets acquainted with her shoes before she returns.

Tena Zraggen, of Alterations is spending her time with her family in Bakersfield. Hope it doesn't get too warm for you there "Tena."

We are glad to welcome to our household Miss Ross formerly of Denver, who will assist in Cosmetics.

Fred Fiorella, manager of piece goods department, must have spent an industrious week-end by his appearance on returning Monday. He was much decorated in many shades of paint. Knowing Fred has recently added an addition to his home we surmise Fred is the interior decorator.

We were glad to welcome back this week "Nucci" Parini who has been quite ill for the past month. Mrs. Horrall, manager of Blouse and Hose departments, also is back in the swing after two weeks nursing a back injury which she received trying her luck? as an electrician. Beverly Antonick, manager of the Millinery Department, was delightfully surprised this week by the arrival of her mother and sister from Great Falls, Mont. Although their stay was too short to take much time showing them all the highlights of the Bay Area, Beverly was able to show the visitors many of the interesting spots and hopes for a longer stay later.

We all extend our deepest sympathy to Irene Caughey, of childrens furniture, who was notified her nephew was missing in action in Korea. We were all shocked to hear that Jimmy Lukens had been killed in an automobile accident Sunday. Irene Lukens was with us for several years. We all extend to Myrna and Mr. Horrall, our sympathies in the loss of Mr. Horrall's mother who passed away recently.

LEAKS . . .

Grace Clayton has gone to Spokane

To get a tan

Or a man

If she can . . .

(Oh brother!

I've just found out

She's gone to see her mother.)

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 coincidence, 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 LaVaux, 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 à 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 crooned 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. And 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. Valentine's 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 Schumann, 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 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! blas! 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 Schlager; 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. Gamborg, became a mother on March 10th. A pretty curly haired girl named Denise, weighing in at 6½ pounds. Congrats, Jacque and Billy.