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FANCY with **erma** **FISTE**

The day I got my discount card, I shouted a loud "Huzzah," did a cartwheel along the Employment office rail, and went off on a mad buying rage that made the salespeople's eyes turn to dollar signs.

The day I got my bill from Rike's, I turned blue, staggered slightly, and dropped dead away!

I suppose everyone is affected by the store's discount policy that way. The idea of a few cents off a purchase will in 152 cases out of 153 clinch a sale.

I shall never forget that day on the Main Floor. "I get discount," I told the salesperson. "A package seal, too?" she queried? "Indeed so," I said drawing myself up proudly. "May I see your discount card?" she asked. "Why certainly," I replied and felt around my bag for my imitation alligator billfold. Removing an obsolete 8c air-mail stamp and an old Canadian penny, I suddenly realized I had misplaced my discount card. The clerk waited patiently. "Oh, but it must be here somewhere," I stammered. "Here, just let me empty my purse here on the counter." Hm . . . now . . . here we are . . . a half-filled book of war stamps, sun tan oil, 4 tubes of lipstick, comb, an old insurance premium, pretzel bag, box of kleenex, a letter from that serviceman I met at the Field in 1942, now where's that discount card . . . a hatpin, that blue garter I loaned Susie for her wedding, a piece of Susie's cake . . . silverware from that hotel in . . . well, a vacation souvenir . . . how exasperating . . . you know it makes me madder than a girl taking inventory recounts, but I'm afraid I've left it upstairs.

"I do work here . . . really I do. Listen to me, I'm reciting Rike's creed for you. 'To be faithful to the high character and honest principles of this business in the words we say and the acts we do. To continue' . . . She was shaking her head negatively. "Look," I persisted, "I'm employed in Department A311, Arkay News Office, Seventh Floor." I can even name the Board of Directors, where the laundry is located, what day payday is, where the freight elevators are. I have friends here. I know Maisie Voidreceipt in Stationery, Lottie Eaglebeak in Draperies, and Martin Quota-fill in Appliances. I came here to work February 19, 1946. It was on Friday, raining, too, it was, and I filled out my application in blue black ink and was interviewed by . . ." It was no use. She was still shaking her head.

I found my discount card in my office all right and as she handed me my package containing a small tube of toothpaste I marveled that my 2c reduction due to discount gave me so much satisfaction.