

FANCY with **erma**
FISTE

So you want to be a floor reporter!

Fine. If you've got a few hours to spare, I'll try to give you the facts on what it involves. A reporter is either a male or a female. This is a hard and fast rule instituted by the ARKAY NEWS exclusively to prevent riff raff on the staff.

The person to represent each floor is chosen for their initiative, originality, dependability and fortitude. The latter essential is used in gathering news. Through barricades, buzz saws and sale days, the news must be gathered.

Of course, sometimes a reporter may "just happen" to be walking along a transom and overhear a conversation or nonchalantly sachaying along on hands and knees near a partially-opened door . . . a victim of circumstance, you see. Other methods are employed such as bribery, hand licking and brute force. The last method is only used for those department members who sadly shake their heads and say, "I'm sorry, dearie, but nothing has happened in the department . . . nothing . . . unless . . . no I don't suppose you'd want to mention the department picnic held at Coney Island . . . New York, that is . . . or the racoon we found on our dumb waiter yesterday . . . or our buyer's engagement to Clark Gable . . . or the party one of the girls had with a 60-piece symphony in her living room . . . or the head of stock who had quintriplets . . . then, as a matter of interest my house burned down last week, but then . . . no, I'm afraid we have nothing. Try again next month."

A reporter's life you see is not like that of Riley. If they do not turn in enough copy they are publicly shamed at the next staff meeting . . . a fate worse than reading a certain column I know. If they turn in too much news they are asked who they think they are . . . Tolstoy? Around the end of the month, every phone call reveals to them the hysteria of the news office. It's enough to drive normal people mad . . . but not so with our staff.

Every deadline passes with no fuss or confusion or emotions. In fact . . . NO COPY! A few days later an engagement notice will come sailing through the store mail written on the back of an old packing crate . . . then a soda fountain menu containing the fact that Herbie Liverlips vacationed

at Pneumonia Gulch, Minnesota. And FINALLY, our staff comes through.

What's that you say? Get a new staff. Why, you've got a nerve. We wouldn't trade our 14 snoopers for all the literary scribes on the New York Times. They're to us what Samuel is to Goldwyn . . . what crepe is to Suzette. Why, who would dare take the places of those familiar faces who tread to the Laundry, the Warehouses, the Kitchens, the Workrooms, the Main aisles, the Offices, the Garages, and every other little part of the store that makes it a great store . . . why our staff. And as for complaining? Aw come on gang, stand up and take a bow . . . and then GET YOUR FEEBLE MINDS TO WORK ON THAT COPY . . . YOU'VE GOT A DEADLINE!