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FANCY with **erma**
FISTE

Selling is a snap!

I made this discovery just a few months ago after securing a position on the floor. For those of you who have never followed the vocation, I will elucidate.

The first few days of my retailing career were spent in class in an effort to civilize my personality. (Do not spat on customers, shove an old woman down elevator shafts, shoplift merchandise from one's department, spear customers with returned goods, doodle in sales book or disconnect telephones when the noise becomes annoying.)

The second day I was formally introduced to the cash register. The way I got it . . . the store gave me \$20 each morning . . . I returned \$20 each night, and we split the take. Now, after a tour of the store, I was ready to begin my selling career.

H-Hour was scheduled for the notion department . . . me a notion salesperson who hadn't contacted a needle since two summers ago when I sat on my grand mother's 4-inch darning and went soaring through the roof of her home. Yes, me who thought silk thread was sold by the boll weevils.

I wasn't behind the counter five minutes when I spotted a prospective customer headed toward the door. Using the old running tackle that brought victory to Notre Dame in 1935 I apprehended him. "I don't believe you've seen our notions counter," I said jumping up and down on his chest. "Of course, it's merely a suggestion." His eyeballs fairly popped as I choked him with a roll of seam binding. "Naturally if you're not interested, we never force a sale." With these words I removed one of the chains which bound him to the counter. No, my first sale wasn't too much trouble. I just convinced him a spool of double duty thread was strong enough to be used as a tow rope for his car.

I wrote the 5c sale on my time card, put the money in the supply box, rang the sale on the wrong drawer and deposited the tally card. For good measure I rang an extra no sale. At the end of two weeks the floor supervisors avoided me, customers without Blue Cross hospitalization steered away from my counter and the buyer and her assistant were pleading for separation statements.

The personnel office told me I was cracking under the strain . . . which is merely a matter of opinion. I have a little notions counter right here in this padded cell and once a day they take off my straight jacket so I can straighten the stock and talk to my regular customer . . . a big man in a white coat who always talks about "humoring me." Ah yes, take it from me . . . this selling game is a cinch!