

A Shopping Experience

For the past year or two I have been looking for a suit in my favorite color, royal blue – what else? Apparently this color is not in vogue, and so I was unsuccessful. A radio program highlighted the sale of designer clothes in lower New York at prices far lower than those for sale in the Fifth Avenue stores. A neighbor of mine often shopped in this area and offered to take me the following Sunday. At 8:15 am she appeared at my premises, and in no time at all we reached our destination. The stores were not yet open, so I suggested we explore the area, since this was my first visit there. At 9 o'clock promptly, mobs of shoppers seemed to come out of the woodwork and we joined the march.

The first store we entered had a rack displaying overcoats. My friend singled one out and tried it on. It was a Harvey Bernard coat and she looked absolutely regal in it. She asked the owner of the store, wearing a yomoka, the price of the coat. He replied, "\$265." She said "What?" He replied, "\$260." Again she said "What?" He replied, "\$255." Finally he asked, "How much do you want to pay for the coat?" She replied, "\$200." He said, "Since my salesladies are not in the store and I don't have to pay them commission, you may have it for \$200." We both left the store delighted.

We continued on and finally came to a store which was crowded with customers. Almost immediately my gaze was directed to a rack of suits, and as if emblazoned with electric lights, a suit in precisely the color I have been searching for impelled me to go over and examine it. The size was right, I tried it on and went over to the cashier. I doubt whether any purchase had ever been consummated in such record time.

Since we were completely elated with our purchases, we felt our stomachs too should be rewarded. We entered a rather popular restaurant, Ratners. We were seated. The waiter asked for our order. My friend, a most attractive shiksa, replied, "I want a pastrami sandwich on rye bread." The waiter informed her that this was a kosher dairy restaurant. We got up and left. On the way out I asked the cashier to suggest a restaurant. He did. We were seated, were examining the menu, my friend again arose and was on her way out. I asked the problem. She replied, "I'm not paying \$8.50 for a pastrami sandwich." I suggested it would be wise to return to our own neighborhood with which we were familiar. We entered a diner named Tods, I think. Again we were seated. On the table was an attractive note. The owner of the restaurant had had his most successful year just past and he wanted to reward his customers by serving food at half price. I can assure you, this time my friend did not rise, but we both gorged to our stomach's content.