

## THE ANATOMY OF AN W SUIT

Its hallmark, you will see, is careful attention to detail.



## You Will Find Pretty Dresses

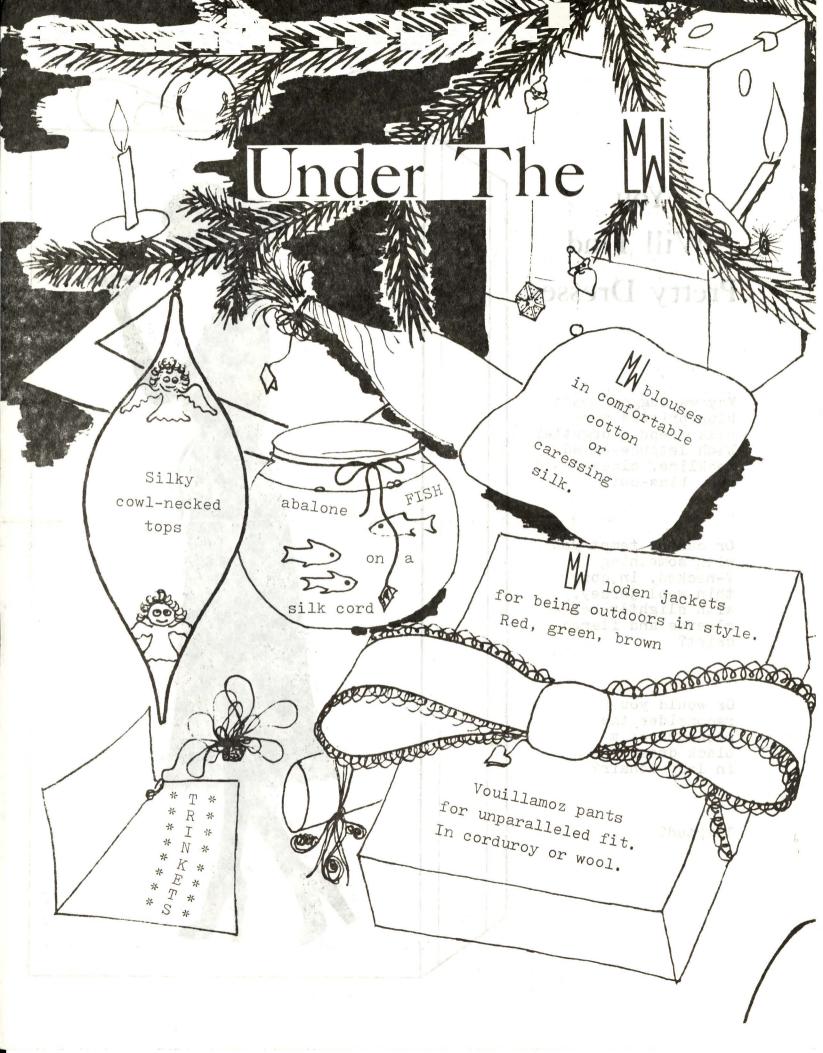
May we suggest pale blue printed pure silk crepe georgette? With lettuce-edged neckline, sleeves and hem, bias-cut?

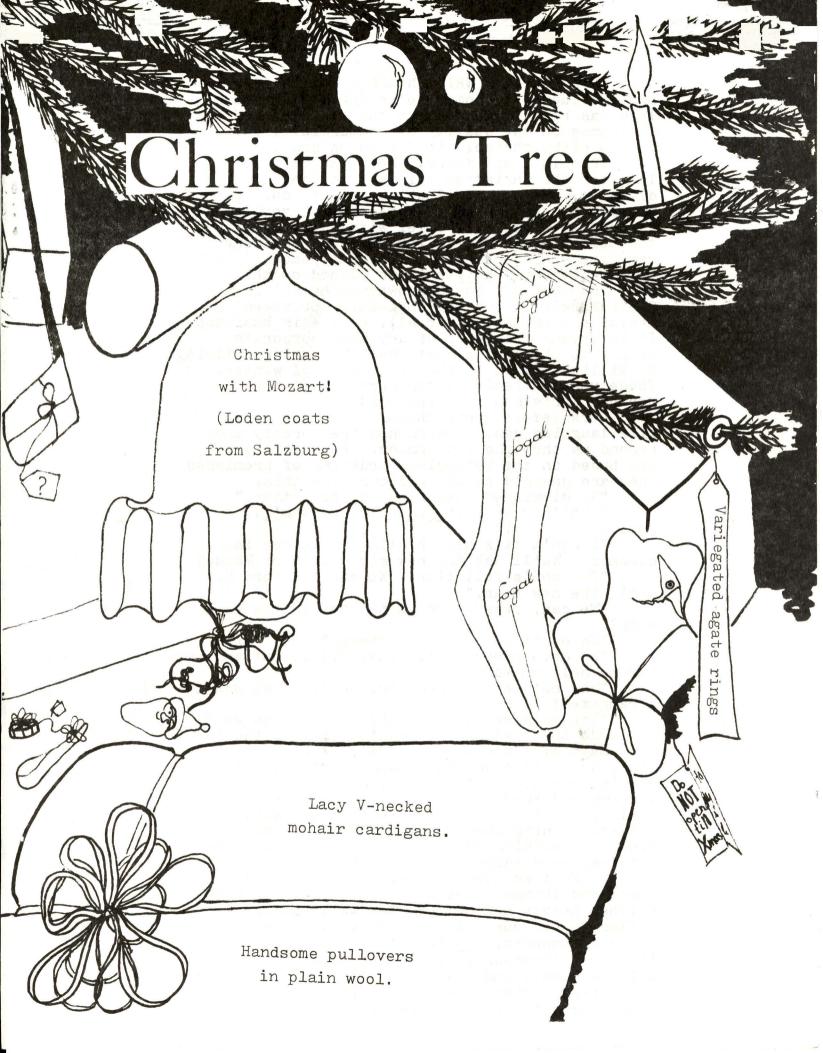
Or can we tempt you with something V-necked, in cozy thin wool jersey, with slightly belled sleeves and flared skirt?

Or would you reconsider the pleasure of a black dress? In lacy mohair?

Tempted?







MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE MALIGnant influence of commerce on Christmas. Much less has been written about the influence of Christmas on the quality of commercial life. In one pithy phrase: it drives us crazy.

This is a sad thing. We, like others, long for the Christmas spirit to touch, and dissolve, the coin-mail which armours our hearts. We wish for an annual measure of that soul's generosity which even brief withdrawal from the ubiquitous struggle for self-aggrandizement can give. A clock's tick of inner peace. Perhaps it would happen if we closed on the and took off for a snowbound hamlet in Oberöstereich. But the suggestion provokes derisive laughter; after all, we are in business. It is beyond the power of any mere corporate entity to change the fact that the buying activity of millions peaks in the first days of winter. Those unsympathetic to business forget that for us, Christmas is inescapable.

Derangement seeps through our back rooms like laughing gas. Reason has been pretty much beyond us throughout November. Few decisions are based on the methodical ordering of premisses. They are spawned by discussions like this:

"We dismissed the saleslady by letter."
"That's rather impersonal. So who'll

sell on Mondays?"

"I can't talk all the time; a letter is cleaner. We'll ask the new girl to start Monday."

"But she's full-time. We can't afford her until the new year."

"We can, because we'll put her in the workshop"

"We don't need anybody there."

"We do, because we'll take Tillie out and use her to sell on Mondays."

"Why not let the new girl sell? That was the

arrangement."

"You said we can't afford it! Do you want me to do that selling? I can't talk all the time." Days of manic elation, days of bleak exhaus-

tion, days of cataclysmic doom, revolve in kaleidoscopic response to the vagaries of the market and our own strained biorhythms. Yet I know there is a time, not too far off, when the mood will level out--an evening when we will all sit in dim light, sipping something cool or warm, gazing past the still-wrapped parcels, out to the furthest visible point. What we have done will then seem all right-some good things, some bad, but nothing extreme -neither heaven nor hell to the well-balanced. Reflecting on our silly season we will resolve, whatever happens, <u>not</u> to get that way next year. It is not necessary. It is not worth it. We will be aloof, and calm. And through that modicum of self-deception we will be able to begin next year in sanity and good cheer. Merry Christmas.