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MS-920: Sy Syms Papers, 1944-2012.
Series C: Scrapbooks, 1938, 1970-2000, undated.

Box	Folder
D-4	4

Digital scrapbook, 1979-1980.

For more information on this collection, please see the finding aid on the
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NEW - DEC 79



76-22

WNEW PARTY -
Dec. '79

Dejon Coffin
Robin _____ & fiancée

photo credit:
gerry goodstein
327 west 30 street
new york, n. y. 10001
(212) 695-1586

PERSON TO PERSON

Suiting Marcy's business

Attractive Marcy Syms has taken over from her father Sy on those TV commercials for Syms Haberdashers. Marcy, oldest of the six children of Ruth and Sy Merns of Bronxville, earned her broadcast journalism degree from Boston U. Ironically, Marcy's first job was as assistant to owner Peter Strauss of Radio WMCA where her mother had her first paid singing job—working for Peter's father—as Ruth Holland, and had her

sisters). She's joined her father's firm in charge of public relations and advertising and initiated a training program that she wrote and teaches for new employees of Syms' eight clothing stores. The newest is on Tarrytown Road in Elmsford... Sy adopted the Syms business name by combining Sy with the first and last letters of Merns when he founded his first store 20 years ago.



Marcy Syms

own program. She sang with Tex Beneke, Les Elgart, and others for radio shows on WOR and on the Hubert Brill Playhouse broadcast from the old Wanamaker building in Manhattan...

Back to Marcy (she and her mother look like

MARCY®
**WHEN YOU FINALLY
GET SERIOUS.**

NIGHT 'N DAY

BY
BERNIE
MILLER

A bachelor is a man who is lucky in love.

Many rumors float around 1290. Some are fact, some are fiction. James Edmond keeps getting bigger and better — that's a fact. Are you looking for quality, value and elegant models interpreted in the finest custom fabrics? See James Edmond's spectacularly priced suit and sport coat line for Spring and Summer 1981. 27th floor - 1290. (212) 757-0341.

Summer Rumbblings ... If you want to have early breakfast in the Plaza's Edwardian Room, you better have a reservation. Otherwise you wait on line. Coffee is only \$1.40. Met Sy Syms there and learned that the prominent consumer educator once played semi-pro baseball, did a stint at play-by-play broadcasting and that his daughter, Marcy, was named after an Arrow shirt style. And just by coincidence, Bob (Cluett) Pritchard was in the room ... Did you know that Arthur Silvers' son, Tony, is a big time model? ... We congratulate Graham Dugas of Milliken who was voted this year's Bill Mendelsohn Goode-guy award at the annual outing. Al Baxt was voted "best dressed." He wore a tie ... Next time you're in Phila. dine at The Garden on Spruce St. Glorious! ... Will Harold Schulman reenter the men's wear arena in a new coronation? ... And keep your eye on Sid Eierman. He's got ideas ... Reverse twist: A major retailer is planning a dinner to pay homage to his sources ... We could have told you that Marty Uhlfelder was rejoining Stanley Blacker long before it was announced ... Joyce and Alex (Prime Time) Lawlor had to leave Venice to make room for Jimmy Carter ... Ted Harris is in contented retirement ... Quote of the week: "Happiness is not having what you want, but wanting what you have" ... Have a nice long weekend.

DNR THURS. JULY 3 '80

Leisure

Daily News, Sunday, January 20, 1980



Commercial superstar Gloria Vanderbilt picks up her award from host Crazy Eddie as Josephine the Plumber and Frank Perdue observe from the dias. Below, Bounty's Rosie rescues the spills of Karl "Don't Leave Home Without It" Malden and Charmin's Mr. Whipple.



A brand-name banquet

Emmys. Grammys. Tonys. Oscars. The award season, with its parade of self-congratulating celebrities, now stretches throughout the year. But where is it written (or televised) that they should not also be praised who sing of hamburgers and plug toilet paper? Writer Richard Rothenstein here imagines such an occasion . . .

By RICHARD ROTHENSTEIN

CO-HOSTS CRAZY EDDIE and Suzy Chapstick walked on stage Thursday night, and the audience in the Ed Sullivan Theater cheered. Wearing a suit from the Other Korvettes, the legendary record salesman grabbed the microphone and barked, "Every year you watch the Emmys that honor TV shows and stars — and the prizes are in-sane! But tonight we present the awards that honor TV's most familiar faces — commercial superstars! Named after

the chocolate-shelled candy that melts in your mouth, not in your hands, welcome to the First Annual M & Emmy Awards for Outstanding Performances in Prime Time Television Commercials!"

"That's right, Eddie," Suzy Chapstick purred through her Maybelline Whipstick, while gazing at a cue card. "You're a wild and crazy guy!" The audience tittered and cameras panned their star-studded faces: Tom Carvel, Pia Zadora, Frank Perdue, Bucky and Stormy Dent, Marcy Syms, Mr. Whipple, Mrs. Olson, Karl Malden, Mariette Hartley, James Garner . . .

E.F. Hutton then came on to explain the award's voting procedures (for once, *everyone* listened) and the origin of the M & Emmys. "The secret to an effective commercial," he began, "whether you want the consumer to try the quicker-picker-upper or the Nestea Plunge, is repetition and conditioning. It's crucial to have one familiar face that's so annoying in approach,

so grating in voice, that after repeated visits to your household, you'll remember the name when you go shopping. Tonight we salute those average Americans who have managed to become superstars via 15, 30 and 60-second spots. They sing the jingles that orchestrate your dreams, they peddle shticks that stick in your mind like Crazy Glue."

Herewith, highlights of the three-hour ceremonies, and the winners.

Best Performance in a Brand Name Jeans Commercial:
GLORIA VANDERBILT

Years ago, when kids went to summer camp, dutiful mothers would sew identifying name tags *inside* their child's pants; these days, it's the name *outside* that counts, which explains this category's tough competi-

(Continued on page 5)

COURTS ON TRIAL

Page 3

STEIN OFF BROADWAY

Page 7

TEDIUM ON THE TUBE

On the Back Cover



(Continued from page 1)

tion. Oo la la Sasson, Bonjour, Clouds and the Gap's Nurd Control commercials were all beaten by Vanderbilt, whose \$6 million promotional campaign (including print ads) have made her the most famous brand-name commodity since Farrah Fawcett. Vanderbilt's magic is

'The prizes are in-sane!'

in her breathless, condescending plea to try her "Built ... Vanderbilt" jeans that'll hug your derriere. Not only is her John Hancock on her pants, but the G.V. Tuches Brigade is sticking out all over backs of buses.

Best Original Theme Song for a Commercial

"Wessonality" connoisseur Florence Henderson sang the required medley of five nominated songs:

"We Wear Short Shorts" Nair Theme Song

"Who's Got the Best Darn Burger?" Burger King (and I

"Gentlemen Prefer Hanes" Hanes Panty Hose

"Who's Got the Look I'd Like to Know Better?"

..... Jordache Jeans

"The Citi Never Sleeps" Citibank

Winner: "Who's Got the Look I'd Like to Know Better?"

In related musical categories, "Best Once-Popular Song That Became a Jingle" was "Sunkist's Good Vibrations." "Best Sound," of course, went to Ella Fitzgerald (or was it Memorex?).

Best Performance in a Beverage Commercial:

RAY JAY JOHNSON FOR NATURAL LITE

Accepting the award was Crazy Eddie, whose pithy comments went as follows: "Ray Jay Johnson couldn't be here tonight, but if he was, I'm sure he would want to say, 'You can call me Ray, or you can call me Jay, or you can call me R Jay, but ya doesn't has to call me Johnson.' Thank you."

Best Ad-libbed Introductions to Commercial:

CHEE CHEE WILLIAMS, ABC NEWS.

This category salutes the backbone of commercials: the TV shows that are sandwiched between them. The Academy of Television Arts & Sciences couldn't forget Eyewitness newscaster Chee Chee Williams' spontaneous performance when a news tape recently broke on the air in the middle of her story, and she ad-libbed, "UH ... well ... I, uh ... Bill? ... ummmm ... uh, Storm? ... uh ... we'll be right back after this word from our sponsor."

Chee Chee graciously accepted her M & Emmy, a statue that resembles the traditional Emmy award, except for the long cord and plug extending from its base — symbolizing the industry's product plugging. When plugged into a socket, the M & Emmy plays a chorus of Sammy Davis Jr. crooning "Plop Plop Fizz Fizz."

Best Performance by a Group in a Commercial

This category had the largest amount of nominees, what with husbands and wives jointly suffering through Ring-Around-the-Collar, the Heartbreak of Psoriasis, leaving home without their American Express card, and worst of all — spotty dishwasher glasses when they didn't use Cascade. Las Vegas odds favored either the Tastebuds or the Fruit-of-the-Loom underwear fruits, but presenters Martini & Rossi announced a suprising tie:

First, the salad bar lovers at Cooky's Steak Pub, famous for their orgasmic whoop of "SHRIMP! SHRIMP! SHRIMP!" Upon accepting the award, the twosome belched into the mike, "We can't believe we ate the whole thing."

In a tie with them were the busy, active female friends on the Stay-Free Mini Pads commercial — those women who not only carry around gargantuan boxes of sanitary napkins but couldn't be happier talking

Best Continuing Performance in a Dramatic Commercial

THE "KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL" INDIAN

The Indian issued a statement last week that he wouldn't be attending the ceremonies because he dislikes competition and feels that Irish Spring commercials never treat the Indians seriously; he sent Marlon Brando to accept the award in his place. The controversial actor was fine until he stormed out of the post-show reception when Gloria Vanderbilt tried to sell him some of her new jeans for "big" people.

Mid-way through the program, there was a half-hour "Salute to Handyman Commercials," an affectionate pastiche of old TV clips with a show-stopping finale: Josephine the Plumber and the Tidy Bowl Man tap-dancing on a giant gold lame set built in the shape of a lavatory. After Mason Reese won for Best Short Subject, the Doublemint Twins came on to announce the presenter of the Jean Hershey Bar Humanitarian Award. All they had to do was mention "A giant of our industry," and the crowd was on its feet, cheering.

The orchestra played a disco version of his famous theme song, and the Jolly Green Giant hobbled down a spiral staircase. Brought out of retirement from the Old Commercial Actor's Home in Los Angeles, the beloved 75-year-old Giant looked pale around his wreath; when he eked out a "Ho ho ho," however, the crowd went wild and some even wept nostalgically. "The purpose of this honorary award," the Giant finally read after finding his glasses, "is to salute the established actor who is devoting the golden years of his life to making a mint in our industry — and I don't mean Dynamints. Tonight's winner — for his consistently outstanding performances in GAF cameras and Lifesavers commercials — MR. HENRY FONDA!!!"

Another standing ovation, but the veteran performer was nowhere to be seen. Instead, a majestic curtain parted and actress/humanitarian Jane Fonda walked to the podium, tossed back her curls, and gave a very moving acceptance speech in Morse Code.

All in all, it was a night that was good to the last drop.

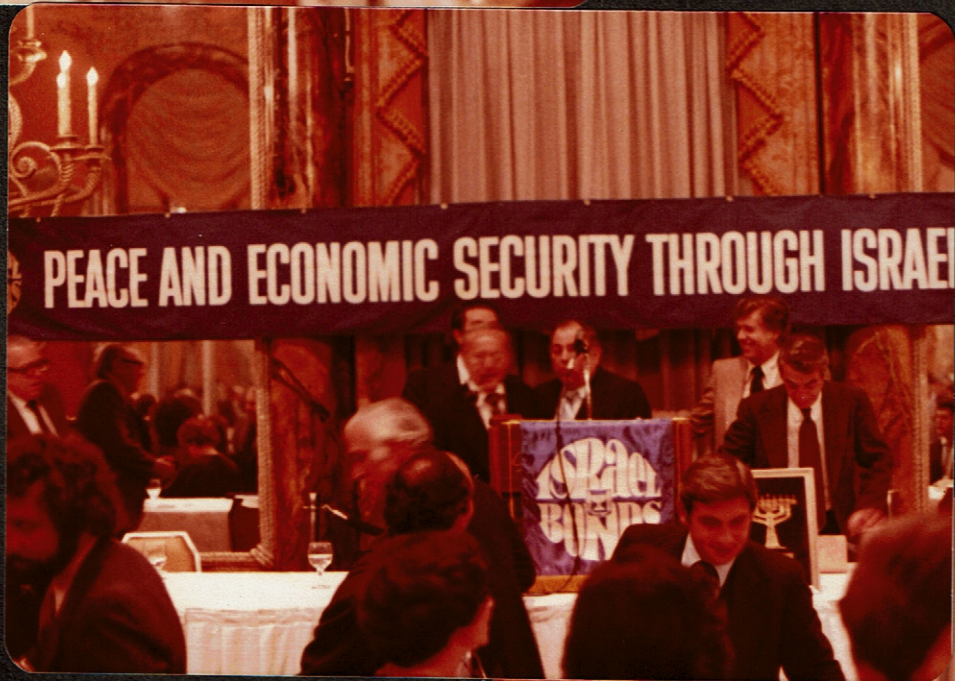
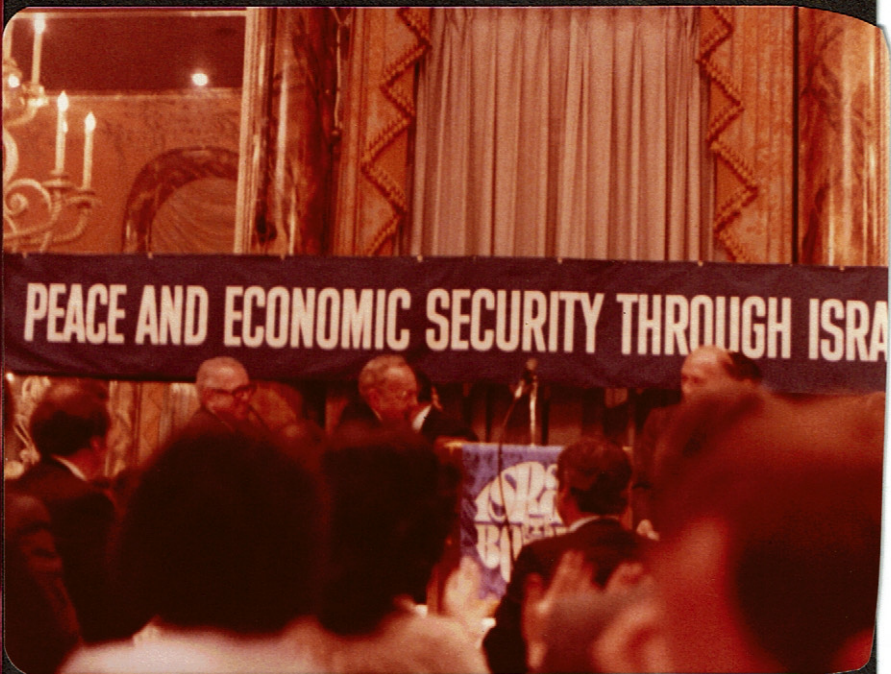
DAILY NEWS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 20, 1980

1979 / ISRAEL BONDS

WALDORF ASTORIA, NEW YORK











Francesca Chiascione, a sophomore at Georgetown, would never describe her clothes as "updated preppy," but they are. The gray flannel and plaids are there, and the crew-neck sweaters, jeans, oxford shirts and tweed jackets. But so are the designer labels, especially Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein, and the French-style oversize sweaters and high-heeled boots. For going out, her favorites are a silk shirt and skirt or a silk dress with high-heeled sandals. Cotton knit T-shirt dresses, she's sure, will be part of her uniform when the weather gets warm. She shops at Loehmann's and other discounters, particularly Syms. "I can't remember the last time I paid full price for any clothing," she says.

Francesca Chiascione wears a cotton blend T-shirt dress by Liz Claiborne, available later this month at Hecht's, Woodward/Lothrop and Raleighs. Hair by Salon Jean Paul at Garfinckel's.

RAG PICKIN

Michael Putney's off-the-rack rating of 20 South Florida haberdasheries

SYMS

I-95 at Pembroke Road

Syms' slogan is "An Educated Consumer is Our Best Customer" and, for once, the slogan is right. If you know something about clothing and shop at Syms carefully, you can find some of the best bargains in South Florida.

It's a huge operation spread out through two cavernous warehouses. As you enter, suits, sport coats, slacks and outercoats are to your right, shirts and sportswear to your left. All the merchandise is clearly grouped by size and the selection is mind-boggling. There were perhaps 300 sport coats in my size (40 regular), among them a cotton-and-linen Ralph Lauren model for \$49, a patchwork quilt madras by Bill Blass for \$59, and a beautifully-tailored Aquascutum blazer for \$99. You can match up jackets with slacks that line the wall and include Raphael models for \$20 a pair.

Like the sport coats, the suit selection is enormous and also includes some real winners. I found a handsome three-piece Pierre Cardin suit for \$100 and a blue blazer suit by Stanley Blacker for only \$88. All Syms suits have slightly wider lapels than are being shown this year, but nearly everything is of good quality and priced at about half what it formerly sold for. Pick carefully, however, because some of the merchandise is obviously salesmen's samples, close-outs and floor samples.

A prominently displayed sign in the shirt department warns that shirts without labels are irregulars, but most are not. In fact, most shirts at Syms are fresh and include the new, shorter collars. Gant shirts go for \$12 to \$13, about half what they sell for elsewhere.

A careful, knowledgeable shopper could probably come away from Syms with more good looking clothing for less money than any other men's store in South Florida. Syms charges \$1.50 to take in or let out waists and to finish trousers, \$2.50 to alter sleeve length on jackets.

Clothing:



Value:



Service:



"PLAYERS" LOST: The first of a new vogue of sporting films due to be released, "Players," a Robert Evans production from Paramount Pictures, should not even have been seeded. The story line, played in flashbacks, concerns the rise to fame of a young tennis hustler (Dean-Paul Martin), and his love affair with a mysterious kept woman (Ali MacGraw). This off-court love match preoccupies him while he plays in the finals at Wimbledon, to the detriment of his game — and one can quite understand why. MacGraw comes off worst in this turgid tale; the set expression on her face is probably her reaction to the appalling script. At the end of two hours, one is left not caring at all whether he wins or loses, which somewhat deadens the climax. One thing that can be said in the film's favor is that some moments are so awful that the audience does manage to have a good laugh. Strange that so many talented people arrived at such a comedy of errors. For fashion spotters: MacGraw's wardrobe is by Calvin Klein, and Martin's clothes by Fila-Italy and Levi's.



Silverwood's Charlie Haupt

A&S's Jim Edelman



Sy Syms

L-R: Wanamaker's Bob Ihrie; Baskin's Bill Brennan;
Wallach's (NY) Joe Chechon

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1979

Men are acquiring designer

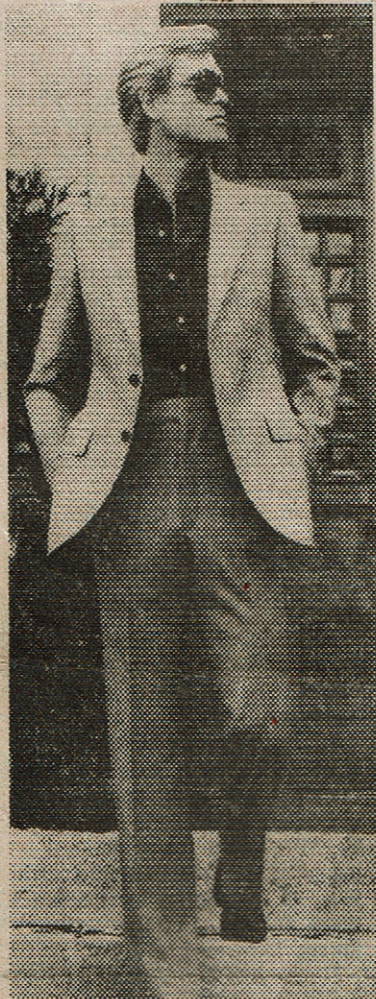
By WINIFRED I. COOK
Home News consumer writer

The bright late summer weather determined what Jerome Bradshaw was going to wear this morning. He pulled his new Ralph Lauren suit from the closet.

He'd paid \$400 for the suit, and he loved it. He knew he'd look well when he met his clients this morning, because the suit was structured perfectly, and the fabric was handsome.

Strolling into his offices, he met his junior partner, Bill Longstreth, wearing the identical suit. They kidded each about their good taste, but Bradshaw wondered how Longstreth could afford to buy a \$400 suit. He knew what the other man was earning, and it would be difficult to buy suits like that on his salary.

In reality, Longstreth had paid only about half of what the senior partner had. While women shoppers have been



HEAD TO TOE — This sport coat, silky alpaca hair blended with wool, is styled by Christian Dior and tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx. It features shades of brown and narrowed lapels, and sells in Manhattan shops for about \$350. It can be found in several discount stores for

rummaging around outlet stores for years, men are only beginning to. However, as inflation digs ever deeper into the consumer pocket, the fashion-conscious male is seeking out some of these stores.

Discount stores for men's clothing are springing up throughout the metropolitan area. They usually operate in much the same way that women's stores do, with few frills. Several outlet-type stores combine both men's and women's clothing, and a few include children's items, as well as household needs.

One of these discount companies is Syms, with a store in Woodbridge. Sy Syms is the owner of eight stores, and he insists that the only way to measure what the consumer buys is by the label.

His daughter, Marcy Syms, customer relations manager, said, "Our philosophy is that we really don't sell suits, we sell labels. We represent about 250 brand names in Syms, and we have the largest selection of men's American-made garments in the country."

Syms' slogan, "An educated consumer is our best customer," is born out throughout the store. He is one of the few lower-than-retail sellers who will not sell clothing without labels. Customers will find Geoffrey Beene, Yves St. Laurent, Pierre Cardin, Calvin Klein and a host of other labels that read like a dictionary of top designers.

"In our stores, we have only current merchandise, and it is always true-to-season. A lot of others in this business cannot stay current, like we do," Ms. Syms explained. The reason? "Syms places large pre-season orders with manufacturers. Although designers may give first preference to Manhattan buyers, Syms will get the same suits and other garments about four weeks later than Bloomingdale's, for instance" Ms. Syms said.

Syms has a complete haberdashery line, including shoes. "We do protect the manufacturers by not advertising the names we have available," Ms. Syms said.

Twice a year, in February and September, Syms holds a "bash," at which everything is cleared out of the store at cost, and sometimes even less. "We don't advertise this event, and there are no mailings. But our consumers are so loyal that they know when the event is, and they're here. We're proud to have day-in, day-out top quality, and our philosophy has built consumer loyalty without parallel," Ms. Syms said.

Syms not only sells men's clothing, but also features women's and children's apparel as well. However, National Brands Outlet, known as NBO and headquartered in Clifton, only sells men's clothing.

"We have the largest selection of men's clothing in the metropolitan area," said Leon Atkins, president. Of his eight stores, located in New Jersey,

"We deal in volume with the most outstanding manufacturers in the industry. They need outlets like ours for full production, and we, of course depend on them."

NBO has a store in Woodbridge, formerly used by the Robert Hall chain, and another in North Plainfield. Atkins said when he opened the NBO chain, he



KNOW WHAT'S NEW — This year shows narrowed lapels, thinner ties, light in tone colors for fall, and custom-look tailoring. Purchasing a suit without these details, even a discount prices, may not present the image desired. This sport jacket is by Geoffrey Beene.

clothes at discount prices

was determined to get away from the image discounters had of a run-down factory building with poor lighting, uninformed sales personnel, and plain pipe racks. As a result, NBO stores are comfortable, with carpeting and decorations.

"Most important to our business, however, is that we have staffed the stores with experienced sales people. We know that men like to be waited on, and to have someone give them advice on what goes well with what."

NBO carries names like Klein, Botany, Blacker, and others, but usually clips out the labels. "We are able to indicate who the designer or manufacturer is with a stamp, but the labels are gone," Atkins said. Sometimes, NBO lets its consumers in on who the designer is by stating, "A famous French designer," and anyone who knows the merchandise would recognize it as Yves St. Laurent.

NBO also orders in advance of the season from manufacturers, and is able to purchase garments at reductions. "In this way, we are able to pass the savings on to our customers," Atkins said. He explained that NBO has an independent survey taken several times a year, to check its prices against major Manhattan stores.

"We substantiated that our prices are at least 40 percent lower than the department stores," Atkins said. NBO files the report with the Department of Consumer Affairs to validate its claims.

Although Marshall's, with 64 stores, is the largest discounter in the business, it does buy manufacturers close-outs, which means the garments may be a season old or irregular. Being the largest gives the chain some purchasing clout. Paul Cammarano, vice president of the chain which has stores in East Brunswick and Edison, said, "We buy only major brands, but it is our pol-

icy never to use the brand names, not even in the store itself."

Irregulars which are purchased have only small flaws, he explained, and there are never torn or ripped items on sale. "Everything is servicable. There may be a pinhole, or a slight flaw that won't affect its wearability, but we never sell seconds. The irregularities are well marked, as well."

Marshall's sells everything. "Although a consumer might find Arrow shirts, Christian Dior items, and Florsheim shoes at Marshall's, it is not available every day. "But when it is in stock, it is there at the right price," Cammarano noted.

Marshall's does no alterations, but does have a liberal exchange policy of a 14-day return. It accepts credit cards, because the chain feels this can be a help to the consumer.

How about buying a Pierre Cardin, Givenchy or Johnny Carson suit for under \$90? It's not impossible at Franklin Park Liquidators.

Scott Steinman, who runs the store with his father, Al, and brother, Marvin, only opens the store three days a week. The other days the Steinmans scour the world in search of stores going out of business, those having end-of-season sales, close-outs, and buy whatever is left. "It enables us to sell things at rock-bottom prices, and we won't be beaten on anything," Scott Steinman said.

He admitted, "We have to take the good things with the bad, but usually, we do buy things that aren't out of style. For the other items, we hold crazy sales just to get rid of them. One time, we sold shirts for 39 cents just to move them, and we did."

The Steinmans have another store in Bloomfield, and Scott's father has been in the liquidator business for more than 40 years. "He gets calls from all over, and will go any place to pick out some

good merchandise. Did you notice those dresses back there from Neiman Marcus? He was just down in Texas."

Each week at the Franklin Park Liquidators, one can find group of items. Last week, for instance, there was a sale of 15,000 yards of designer fabrics at prices of from \$1 to \$3 a yard. Original prices were far higher.

There are some designer suits, with \$200 and \$300 price tags still attached, selling for \$89.90. A few designer shirts were priced at \$9.90, and Nunn-Bush leather shoes were also selling for \$9.90. The suits were this past season's summer suits.

"We got them from a merchant down at the shore, who was getting rid of his seasonal stock," Steinman explained. Ties are on sale at two for \$3, with some having \$17.50 tags attached.

Most discounters offer good values, but the consumer should be wary before buying. By depending on name brands most consumers can rule out buying less than quality merchandise.

Since more and more discount stores are opening up regularly, wise consumers will check the openings. Although the first impression may not always last, if there is nothing of value to the consumer, it is probably better to stick with the stores with whom dealings have been favorable.

Jean Bird, who has published a factory outlet shopping guide, suggests that those buying men's clothing look closely at the cut of the garment as well as the fabric. Shirts, for instance should be guaranteed not to shrink more than 1 percent. "The polyester-cotton shirt has become the standard for wash and wear shirts. The cotton adds absorbency, and opaqueness to polyester," she notes.

She said trouser creases should follow the vertical grain of the fabric, and the crotch should not be pieced, but should be one piece of fabric.

Consumers Union, publisher of the monthly magazine Consumer Reports, is the nation's leading independent consumer testing and information organization. It now prepares a weekly report to the public. The column appears on page 38.



10/26/79 Nassau Community College





Lifestyle/Today



Good luck.



SOUTH BROWARD

Syms Clothing

1950 S. 30th Ave. (I-95 at Pembroke Road)

Hollywood

Hours: Monday-Wednesday, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Thursday and Friday, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Prepare yourself for at least an afternoon of shopping among names like Pierre Cardin, Yves St. Laurent, Ralph Lauren, Albert Capraro, Kasper, Carol Horn, Butte Knit, Albert Nippon, Gant and Halston. You can find them all at one time or another. The symbol of Syms is its automatic markdowns on women's dresses, suits and pantsuits.

The price tag includes the original "list price," Syms first discount price, the date that price will be further reduced and what the new price will be. Don't understand? Well, a dress the shop claims originally cost \$100 may be \$80 when it first hits the rack. The date of its arrival is on the tag. Underneath are more dates and the prices to come. This method gives you a chance to gamble. But if you really like something, buy it. Chances are that \$19 cotton Butte Knit skirt and blouse may not be there next time.

Most women's pants and skirts and men's clothes have one reduced price. Occasionally, Syms has special markdown racks where all the clothes are half of what they're marked. You can find real bargains there. Also, occasionally, there are across-the-board \$3 or \$5 reductions on tags. You can pick up a Carol Horn skirt for \$15 that way.

Accessories from wallets to shoes are sold at bargain prices too, along with towels and tablecloths. Dressing rooms are a drawback. They are wide open areas with lots of mirrors and no privacy. Only personal checks and cash are accepted.



Ruth Gordon



Joanna & Gil Truedsson



Willie & Dolores Stargell

A NEW IMAGE

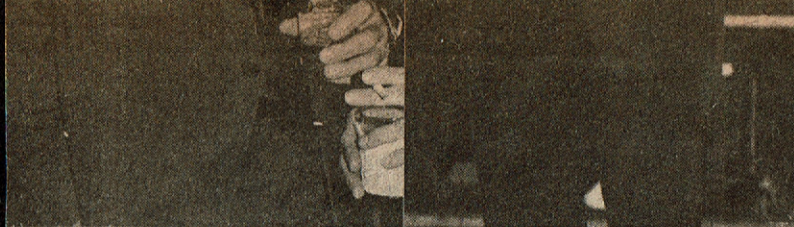
NEW YORK — Merv Griffin has his fans and his detractors, but no one can quibble with his professionalism. The TV talk show host in one evening transformed the Men's Fashion Association's American Image Awards from a comedy of errors to an evening not only filled with memorable moments, but devoid of many of the annoying delays and snafus of the past.

The strength of the Image Awards has always been the quality and quantity of industry executives who attended. But this year they were treated to top quality entertainment. The honorees for the most part were gracious in their acceptances. And the fashion portions, while not overly stimulating, were carried off skillfully and painlessly.

World Series star Willie Stargell was a fortuitous choice for the Hall of Fame award, and having Lou Gehrig's widow present him his prize was a brilliant move. If anyone stole this show, it was 83-year-old actress Ruth Gordon, who presented an award to actor George Segal. "Could anyone wear a gorilla suit like George Segal?" she asked, referring to the movie they made together, "Where's Poppa?"

If there was a common thread connecting the honorees, it was surprise at having been selected at all. "My wife is in the hospital with split sides over me winning a fashion award," quipped publisher Malcolm Forbes. And Stargell acknowledged he is in for some ribbing from his Pirate teammates. He also admitted the fur coat he wore to the dinner was borrowed "from a Pittsburgh furrer I know."





Tom Tryon

The most touching moment was author Tom Tryon's tribute to his late father, who owned Stackpole Moore-Tryon, a men's wear store in Hartford, Conn.

The least impressive recipient was Sen. John Warner (in his black and blue tuxedo), and the one major problem area was the rowdiness of much of the audience. Perhaps removing the liquor would help.

But one conclusion is unequivocal: The American Image Awards have clearly improved their image.

**BILL BRICK
SANFORD JOSEPHSON**

Photos by Nick Machalaba and Jerry Kean

Sen. John Warner



Merv Griffin



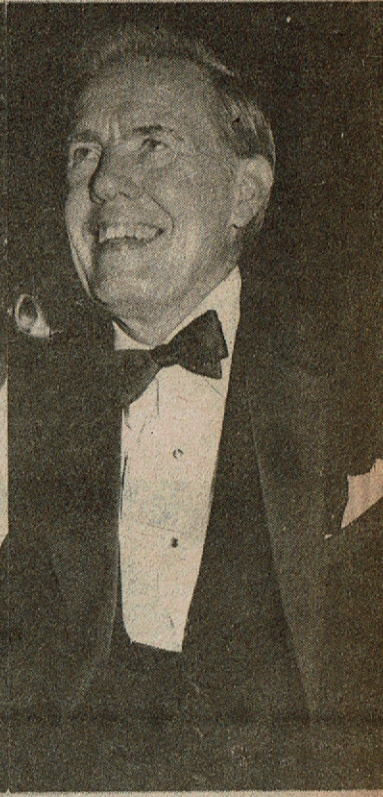
Marcie Syms



**Crown Clothing's Ralph Di
Benedetto**



NBC's Richard Valeriani



Greif's James K. Wilson

Barney's Barney: A 'No-Bunk' Original

By JUDY KLEMESRUD

Every day without fail, Barney's clothing store receives a collect call from an 84-year-old Miami Beach man who asks, "What's selling? What's new? What's old?" The old man's call is never refused, and the information he is seeking — even secret sales figures — is readily divulged.

The caller, you see, is Barney himself, the founding father, still keeping his finger in the pie even though he retired five years ago to let his son, Fred Pressman, take full control of the store.

"Even when I'm 100, I'll still be calling," Barney Pressman vowed in what he called his "first interview ever" during a recent visit to his native New York. "And I'll still be calling collect."

Mr. Pressman, who is short, silver-haired, feisty and full of wry humor, will be 85 years old on Friday. He still takes pride in being well-dressed — he was wearing an expensive-looking navy suit, size 40 portly short, which fit him perfectly. The suit, he said, came from Barney's, "because where else could I get it cheaper?"

"Mr. B.," as he is known to the store's employees, lives full time in a Miami Beach apartment with his second wife, Isabelle, whom he married when he was 80 years old, following the death of his first wife, Bertha.

And what does he do to keep from getting bored in Miami Beach? "I go to the beach, I go shopping with my wife, I make sure we have enough to eat," he said. "With 35 cousins, I have plenty to do. They all come to sponge off me." He laughed mischievously. "Maybe I shouldn't say that, but it's true."

Calls With New Ideas

Another thing he does frequently, according to his 56-year-old son, Fred, is shop the stores in Florida, and then call Barney's — collect of course — whenever he sees fashion items that he thinks Barney's should have in stock.

"He'll see some bright-colored men's pants like they wear in Florida," Fred Pressman said, "and he'll suggest that we add them, too."

Barney smiled when he recalled his very first job: Pressing pants after school in his father's clothing store for three cents a pair. His dream, he said, was to have his own store, and in 1923, when he was 29 years old, he got his chance. A tiny store at Seventh Avenue and 17th Street was going under, and for \$500 he could pick it up. His wife, Bertha, insisted he pawn her engagement ring, and he managed to scrape enough money together to open the store with 40 name-brand suits.

In those days, a sign hung over the store front reading: "No Bunk, No Junk, No Imitations."

Today the store has grown to the whole block between 16th and 17th Streets on Seventh Avenue, and there

are some 60,000 suits in stock, and over 600 employees. And even though Barney's added women's clothing two years ago, the Pressmans still like to call it "the single largest men's clothing store in the world." This year the store will do between \$45 million and \$50 million in sales, Fred Pressman said.

Known early on for its hard-hitting advertisements stressing bargains and for its "schlock" image, Barney's has in the last two decades striven for a higher tone. Today the store emphasizes its fashion leadership, selection and designer clothes rather than its original slogan of "the cut-rate clothing king."

"In the early days, the name manufacturers refused to sell to me," Barney recalled, with a smile, "so I had to buy their clothes at auction sales and bankruptcy sales. Some people have said I got customers by pulling them in off the streets, but that's not true. They came to my store because I had the highest type merchandise at the lowest prices."

Among Barney's early promotions 40 to 50 years ago were the use of women dressed in barrels to give away matchbooks with the store's name and address, the chartering of a boat from Manhattan to Coney Island for 2,000 customers, and the sponsoring of radio programs featuring Irish tenors and bands playing jigs to bring in the Irish trade.

A male visitor who had shopped at Barney's 40 years ago glanced around at the posh Giorgio Armani boutique the other day, then asked Barney: "Whatever happened to the plain pipe racks?"

"I sold 'em to Syms," Barney shot back with a giggle.

When asked what he thought was the major accomplishment of his retailing

career, Barney said without pause: "Fitting odd-sized men. When I was younger I always wanted to fit them, and I did: short men, tall men, long men, fat men."

A major component of the modern-day Barney's is Mr. Pressman's 29-year-old grandson, Gene, a long-haired former film maker who feels more at home in blue jeans and denim work shirts than he does in designer suits. Gene, who is the store's merchandising vice president, designs his own collection, Barney's All American Sportswear, which is sold in Barney's and other stores across the country. Recently, Gene was nominated as one of the most promising new United States designers by the Cutty Sark Men's Fashion Awards.

Recently, while Barney and his grandson were riding in a store elevator, Barney reached over and plucked a loose thread from the pocket of Gene's blue denim shirt.

'I Never Pushed'

Does Barney disapprove of his grandson's appearance? "I like anything my family does," he said. "When Gene gets older and wants to take the hair off, O.K. But now, it's the trend. Besides, he's a great merchandiser."

Another grandson, Robert, 26, is the store's financial vice president. Both Gene and Robert are sons of Fred Pressman, and are being groomed to take over the store when their father retires.

When asked how he would have felt if his son and grandsons had not wanted to join the store, Barney said: "Terrible! But I never pushed. If you wait long enough, things have a way of coming around."

What hooked an at-first-reluctant Fred into joining the store, he recalled, was listening to his parents, Barney and Bertha, talk about retailing in the family home on Central Park West. "I heard retailing all my life," he said, "and I knew how much my folks loved it."

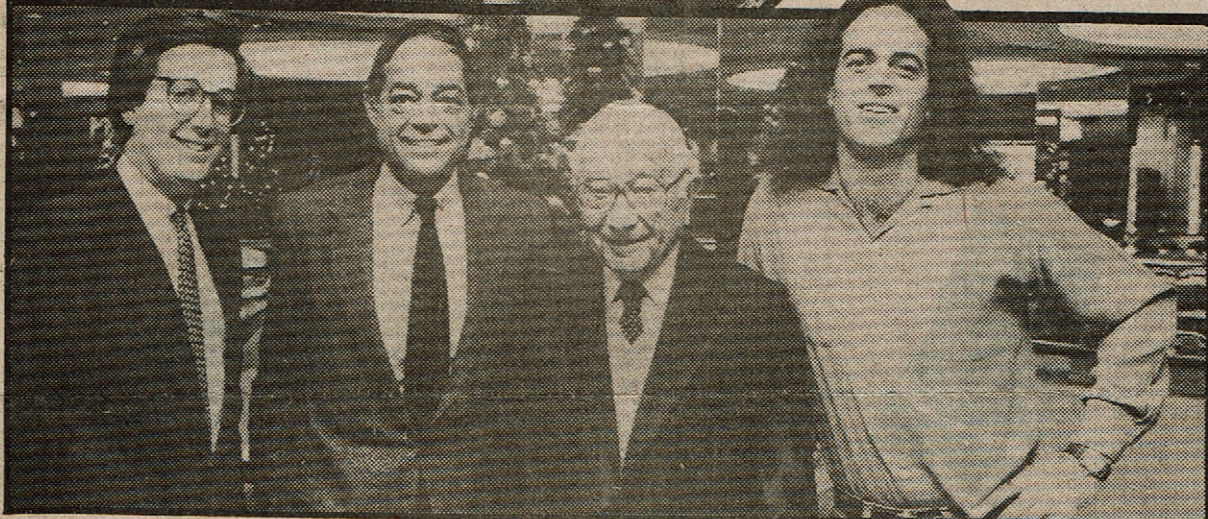
The Pressman family was "very close," Fred recalled, "with a lot of kissing and affection, and a lot of arguing." And even though Barney Pressman often worked from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M., "he was always there for us during the important times," Fred said. "If I was ill, he was always calling me on the phone from the store. And I think he took me to every prize fight that was held in Manhattan."

Barney, now seated at a rectangular table in the store's plush executive offices, was asked if, deep down, he ever wished that Barney's had stayed small and simple. A look of disgust crossed his face.

"Progress," he said, "that's what's important. If we'd stayed the old way, we'd have gone the way of the rest of the retailers who started when I did — out of business!"



Barney Pressman, the 84-year-old founding father of Barney's. Below, with son Fred and grandsons Robert, left, and Gene, who, now mind the clothing store.



The New York Times / Jack Manning and Fred R. Conrad

Courier ACTION

Consumers Get Good News On Discount Shopping Here

By HARLAN C. ABBEY
Courier-Express Staff Reporter

SUPER SHOPPER Iris Ellis has good news for Buffalo area consumers — there are more discount clothing stores here than she had realized.

Mrs. Ellis was in Buffalo Monday for TV appearances to promote her "S O S (Save On Shopping) Directory," which lists stores across the nation where a consumer can save 50 percent on merchandise.

"I called up about 18 stores and questioned them closely about their mark-ups," she said. "Then I went out to look them over. I found about a dozen I'll be keeping a file on and doing further research on. The other six didn't give discounts that were that great."

MRS. ELLIS, OF Jacksonville, Fla., will list these names in her "Bargain Hunter Newsletter," which supplements the "S O S Directory." The periodic newspapers are sold by subscription, but a sample copy is available free by writing to: SOS Directory, PO Box 10482, Jacksonville, Fla. 32207.

"I also called several department store chains to find out if they had warehouse clearance stores, where they sell merchandise at greatly reduced prices," she added. "Two chains admitted they did, and two others would not."

Despite her asserting that the smart shopper can save 50 percent on clothing costs by shopping at factory outlet stores, Mrs. Ellis contends "The department store owners don't hate me."

"THEY FEEL the added competition only means the

good stores will do even better. I can agree with them, there is no rational approach to retailing. The successful retailer is a combination of an artist and a businessman in creating an atmosphere that makes the consumer want to spend money."

Although stressing that American-made clothing and shoes are the world's best in regard to quality and price, Mrs. Ellis believes the figure of foreign-made clothing bought by Americans (55 percent last year) may go even higher, explaining:

"Clothes and shoes are 'labor intensive' products. No machine can turn them out. Someone has to sit down and stitch them. And foreign costs for labor are so much lower than ours."

"I DON'T SAY that this is bad. You can't control the growth or death of an industry. Maybe it's a poor use of our labor force to have them making clothing — just like having everyone working on the farm years ago. Maybe our labor should be concentrated in technology."

When it comes to shopping at outlet stores, Mrs. Ellis warns that the combination of a famous designer label and a slashed price often combine to "lambast" the sales resistance of many women ... including herself.

"You pick up a blouse and see a 'Halston' or 'Bill Blass' label and then see it's marked down from \$75 to \$37.50, you buy it," she admits, "whether you need it or not or whether it fits into your wardrobe or not. I just did it myself. I bought a Halston blouse and then took it

to a dressmaker to have a pleat ripped out that I didn't like."

MRS. ELLIS was interviewed at Sym's in Amherst, where she was trying on clothes with a label she wasn't familiar with. "Some lines only a skinny woman can wear, and I'm not skinny," she noted. "A smart shopper takes along a tape measure so they can measure the waist or shoulders of a garment with a label they're not familiar with. That saves them 'try-on time' if the size of that garment is a little larger or smaller than standard."

She also suggests that men or women shoppers have a "want list" of clothes they especially need, and keep looking for them until they find them — at a 50 percent lower price than that charged in a department store.

"But it's just like fishing," she adds, "which I also do a lot of. You can't catch a dinner every time you try."

teen-agers themselves about cleaning up the area.

"Yes, and they like the project," he said. "In the South Bronx—and in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant and South Jamaica, too—the biggest problem we have is the high unemployment among the black kids and the Puerto Rican kids. The kids have nothing to do. They can't get a job on Wall Street or in an office—they don't have the skills. But in programs like this one they are in a position to do something constructive. Cleaning up the neighborhood is a very constructive thing. And, of course, the kids you saw out there are from the South Bronx, so they're not worried about the neighborhood, with its reputation for violence. I mean, they're not scared. A week or so ago, Deputy Mayor Herbert Sturz suggested to Mayor Koch that maybe we could get the Army Corps of Engineers in to the South Bronx to clean things up. I told Sturz he was out of his mind. I told him that it would raise holy hell. Can you imagine the *Army* going into the *Bronx*? It's much better to turn things over to these kids. It develops their pride in their neighborhood, because they're cleaning *their* streets and *their* houses, so they feel they're doing something useful. I'm not saying that projects like this are perfect, but I'm convinced of one thing—if you just give the people something to do, you'll find that they'll work together."

Twenty-five Thousandths of a Second

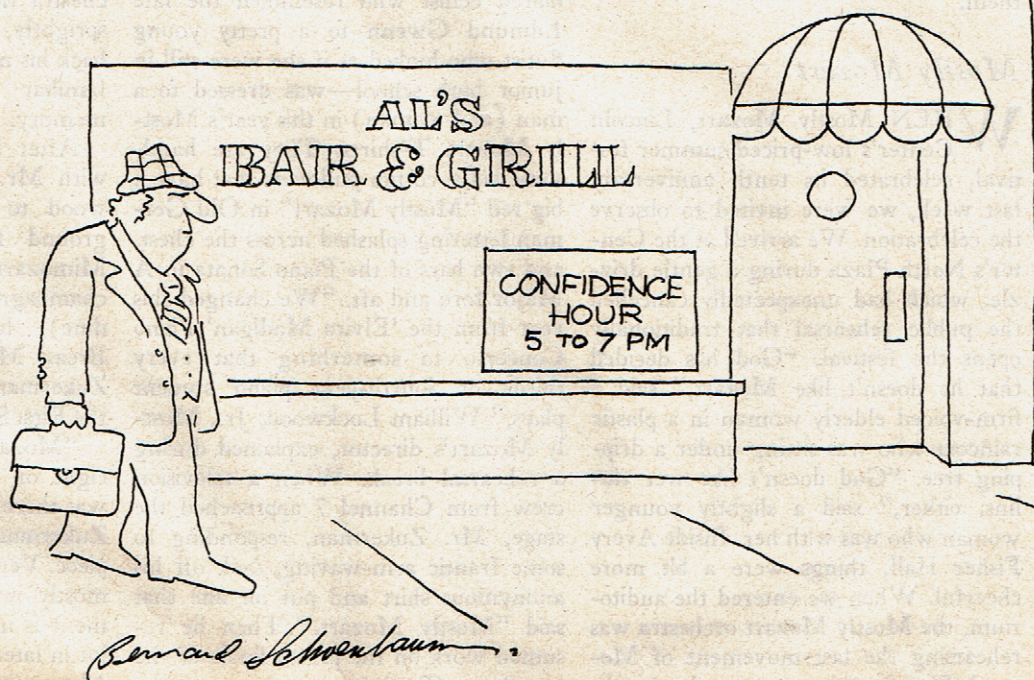
NEW JERSEY could be called the carpet-sample state. From the window of a Transport of New Jersey bus, you see a lot of carpet samples in store windows and in the back seats of people's cars. You also see a lot of stores like Rickel Home Center, Pergament, Syms, Pathmark, Frankart Furniture, Allen Carpet, and Two Guys. New Jersey is like late-night TV commercials, only there's no movie. Actually, that's not true. Something big happened in New Jersey earlier this month. For four days, the National Hot Rod Association's Summernationals, the biggest drag-racing event on the East Coast, caused more than six-

ty thousand people—gas shortage or no gas shortage—to drive to Raceway Park, near Englishtown, from all over the country. Of those sixty thousand people, about forty thousand were overweight. (Drag-racing fans tend to be overweight.) Some of them were so fat that they made up for the twenty thousand who weren't fat. Some of them were so fat that they were spread like a hand of cards; they walked around with their stomachs out and their elbows nearly touching behind their backs. Everything at Raceway Park seemed covered with trademarks—mostly of the companies that sponsored race cars and provided parts. Even some of the spectators had trademarks on them. We saw one guy with the lion that is the symbol of Löwenbräu beer tattooed on his biceps. Other people had the traditional tattoos, only all over their bodies. They were so tattooed that it looked as if someone had doodled on them while on the phone.

Acres and acres of campgrounds are part of the race-track grounds. The main thing about the campgrounds was the broken blue-and-white Styrofoam coolers. They were everywhere. People had made shelters with orange nylon wound up in the car windows and staked to the ground, lean-to style. The rescue orange stood out against the wads of dark-green trees, as did the light gray smoke from the engines.

the white billows from a burning-out dragster. The highest thing on the horizon was wires, probably for the public-address system, which ran the length of the track—a quarter mile. At one point, the announcer said, "Will the owner of a silver-flecked 1978 Corvette please come to the pit area and move your car, or we'll dismantle it and hide the parts in the grass."

All the biggest names in drag racing—Don (The Snake) Prudhomme, Tom (The Mongoose) McEwen, Shirley (used to be Cha Cha but now she doesn't want to be called that anymore) Muldowney, Big Daddy Don Garlits, and many more—were there. The cars were so loud you could hear them with your forehead. The nitromethane-burning dragsters, in particular, were so loud the sound went right down the center of your spinal column like a wire test-tube brush. Speeds were around two hundred and forty-seven miles an hour. Races were won by twenty-five thousandths of a second. Most of the spectators, once they were in the stands, did not feel like moving much, and anyway standing up was about the most they could do. But at one end of the stands maybe a hundred black guys were betting on every race, waving bills in the air and saying "This side!" or "Other side!" to indicate which lane they thought the winning car would be in. The cars took off, and



track, and at the end of each race the black guys assumed postures of joy or disappointment so extreme that it looked as if payroll safes were falling on them.

Mostly Mozart

WHEN Mostly Mozart, Lincoln Center's low-priced summer festival, celebrated its tenth anniversary last week, we were invited to observe the celebration. We arrived at the Center's North Plaza during a gentle drizzle, which had unexpectedly cancelled the public rehearsal that traditionally opens the festival. "God has decided that he doesn't like Mozart," said a firm-voiced elderly woman in a plastic raincoat who was sitting under a dripping tree. "God doesn't like wet violins, either," said a slightly younger woman who was with her. Inside Avery Fisher Hall, things were a bit more cheerful. When we entered the auditorium, the Mostly Mozart orchestra was rehearsing the last movement of Mozart's First Symphony under the watchful eye of Pinchas Zukerman, a cheerful, black-haired, black-bearded maestro. Mr. Zukerman, who is better known as one of the world's most accomplished violinists, was wearing a

short-sleeved navy sports shirt, white duck slacks, and boating moccasins. The orchestra—thirty-five men and women ranging in age from a white-haired cellist who resembled the late Edmund Gwenn to a pretty young flutist who looked as if she were still in junior high school—was dressed to a man (and woman) in this year's Mostly Mozart T-shirts. They are handsome beige cotton pullovers that have a big red "Mostly Mozart" in Old German lettering splashed across the chest, and two bars of the Piano Sonata in A Major fore and aft. "We changed this year from the 'Elvira Madigan' Piano Concerto to something that every third- or fourth-year piano student plays," William Lockwood, Jr., Mostly Mozart's director, explained during a rehearsal break. When a television crew from Channel 7 approached the stage, Mr. Zukerman, responding to some frantic arm-waving, took off his anonymous shirt and put on one that said "Mostly Mozart." Then he resumed work on the presto finale of the symphony. To tighten up the ensemble, he asked each of the orchestral sections to play the first four bars by itself. "You weren't quite together before," he said. "The horns were a little early and the basses were a little late. Now

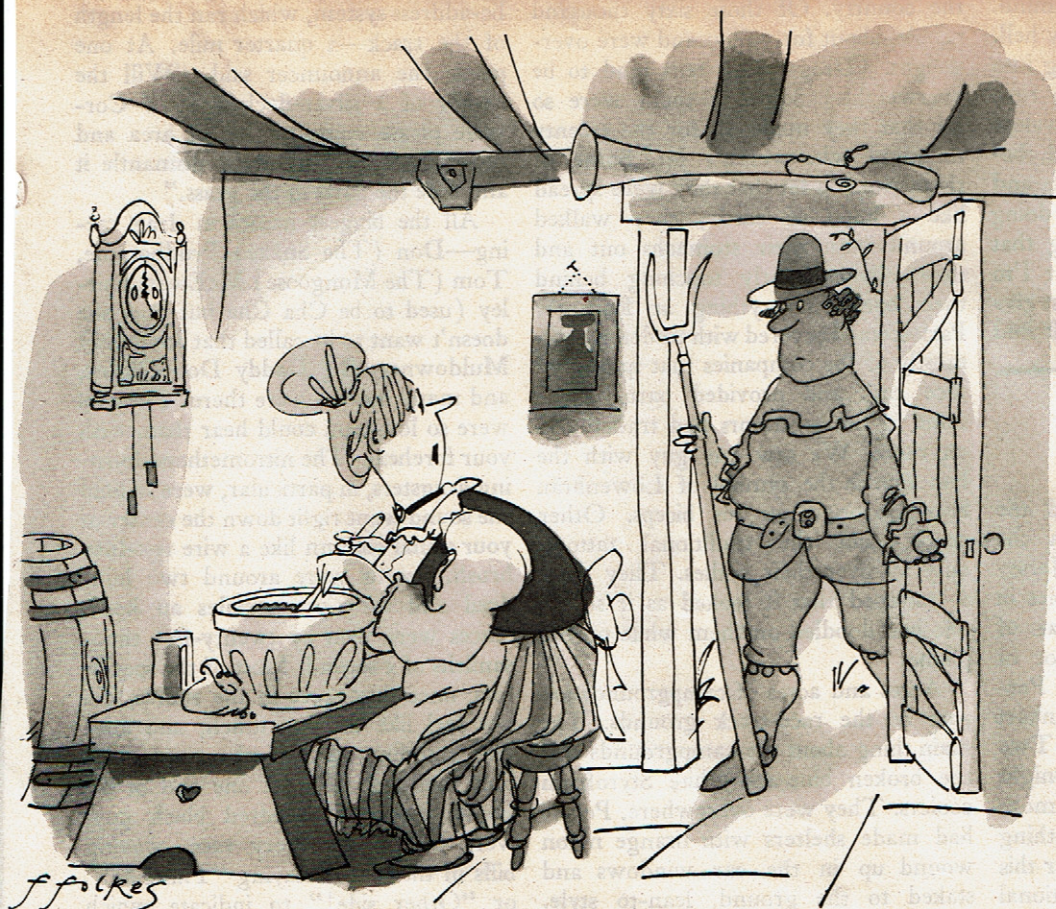
let's try it again, together, and really listen to each other." Having fixed the timing at the beginning of the movement, Mr. Zukerman propelled his orchestra through the remainder of the sprightly, rustic finale. Then he pushed back his music stand and conducted the familiar "Haffner" Symphony from memory.

After the rehearsal, we adjourned with Mr. Zukerman and Mr. Lockwood to the Allegro Café, on the ground floor, where we sipped a Mimosart Cocktail (orange juice, champagne, Cointreau, and grenadine), lunched on Cold Chicken Breast Mozartonnato, and asked Mr. Zukerman what he could tell us about the First Symphony.

"Mozart wrote K.16 when he was eight or nine—in London, when he was there touring with his father," Mr. Zukerman told us. "It's a wonderful piece. Very simple, child-written music, mostly in E-flat, but the slow movement is in C minor—a key he used a lot in later scores. So even as a little kid Mozart was branching out to write music that anticipated his mature works. The symphony is so short that it's almost an overture, so we added the 'Haffner' to round things out, after the C-Major Concerto, which is what Misha Dichter wanted to play, and, for Judy Blegen, three Mozart arias that were originally composed for Aloysia Weber, the young soprano Mozart loved and lost."

We asked Mr. Zukerman if obtaining the proper Mozart sound—whose nature is still debated in musical circles—presented any problems.

"It took me a long time to understand the style of the period and thus to get some conception of the sound that existed at the end of the eighteenth century," he replied. "The important thing is that Mozart is not a prissy composer. He can be light, subtle, and delicate, but there is also a healthy, full-blooded Mozart sound that you must try to get when it is indicated in the score. Modern strings sometimes have trouble with this sound, because the modern bow is heavier and clumsier than the bow that was used in Mozart's time. Our bows produce the larger sound that is called for in Brahms, Bruckner, and Tchaikovsky, but they're not as flexible as



"It's been one of those days. First the fat was in the fire, then a fly was in the instrument, and now the cat is among the pigeons!"

NEWSDAY - FEB 3, 1979

Bottom of Carew Market Is in Sight

The Twins are offering a sale on Rod Carew, but the Yankees are treating it as though it is no big deal.

Last week, the Yankees put a healthy deposit down on the seven-time American League batting champion with an offer of Chris Chambliss, Juan Beniquez, Brian Doyle and a minor leaguer.

Calvin Griffith, the Twins' owner, took that as good faith and asked for pitcher Dave Righetti, but when the Yankees balked he asked for Paul Mirabella, another young pitcher. And when the Yankees said no to that Griffith continued to drop his price, just like Sy Syms. He has discounted Carew down to a deal that would include Chambliss, Beniquez and two minor leaguers.

And now Carew has said the sale will end Monday and won't be offered again until next fall. But Griffith did not seem upset at Carew's Monday deadline. Here is a man who has run many fall clearance sales, letting high-price merchandise go for a fraction of its value. He offered three great bargains in the marketplace, Larry Hise, Bill Campbell and Lyman Bostock. That wasn't a sale, rather a giveaway.

"It sometimes takes me months to make deals," Griffith said. "I don't care what Carew said." Of course, if a deal is not struck and Carew sticks to his word of playing out his option with the Twins, he could leave Minnesota—and Griffith—for the

DEALER'S CHOICE

Steve Marcus

free-agent market with the Twins receiving no compensation, just like with Hise, Bostock and Campbell. That's the way to run a going-out-of-business sale and no one runs it better than Griffith. He will not be undersold.

"We're doing our utmost to get this thing confirmed," Griffith said the other day after a round of golf. And yesterday? "I don't know what's going on now. Nothing has changed."

Steinbrenner, meanwhile, was in New York and the big deal of the day was viewing a film of the 1978 World Series. Steinbrenner, the dealer of dealers, thus far has failed to pick up on this bargain. He said yesterday that he hopes some movement can be made within the next 72 hours. But in past dealings with Reggie Jackson, Don Gullett and most recently with Tommy John, Steinbrenner has quickly entered the marketplace and bought up all the goods. And now, for Chris Chambliss, three other so-so players and several million dollars, the hair-length conscious Steinbrenner can have Carew cuts for many years to come.

...the key case for 90 minutes, to get to the bottom of it. But it would be worth the effort. It was a traumatic, terrifying afternoon for Padecky, and a lesson for all reporters.

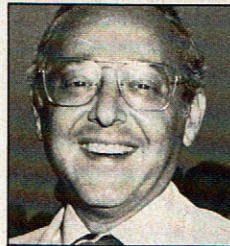
Steinbrenner is hedging on this sale. It is not as though Carew comes with a guarantee, quite the opposite. There are some damages. Like Carew's ego. Carew has ambivalent feelings about playing in New York. He is offended by Steinbrenner's "get-what-he-wants" reputation.

And it might be that Steinbrenner has had a change of heart and does not want Carew after all. Maybe the thrill subsided when Steinbrenner didn't have quite the duel he hoped for over Carew with Angels' owner Gene Autry. Autry, the former singing cowboy, apparently has learned to look a gift horse in the mouth after shelling out for Bobby Grich and Joe Rudi. Autry has passed up this bargain.

Of course, Steinbrenner could still take advantage of the sale and unwrap his gift at the annual baseball writers' dinner tomorrow night. He has a knack for doing things like that. On Oldtimers' Day last summer at Yankee Stadium, he brought Billy Martin back and put him on layaway. So tomorrow, after a dinner of ribs that as often as not have been beyond their prime and just before the writers' annual show of shows becomes a show of schmoes, Steinbrenner could step to the dais and announce an agreement with the Twins.

There's only one day left for the big sale. Prices may never be like this again.

WHO'S WHO IN RETAILING



SYMS

SYMS

45 Park Place
New York, N.Y. 10012
212-791-9894
Pres.: Sy Syms
DMM: Ira Weiser
Units: 8
Volume: \$21 million

Syms, with five New York-area stores and units in Buffalo, Hallandale, Fla., and Falls Church, Va., achieves a less than 40 percent markup by purchasing end-of-season inventories at off-price and previous season piece goods, dollar for dollar, from its suppliers and having them made up into current models at favorable prices. Top brand names are featured in men's and women's wear. Total volume is estimated at \$60 million.

THE SPECIALISTS

as seen in "MENSWEAR" november 1979

THE COLUMNISTS



Altshul



Anderson

Suiting Today's Man Or, Finding a Fit Price

By Jack Altshul

It struck me the other day that I didn't own a suit to wear at my son's impending wedding ceremony. Edna gave the six or seven that used to decorate my closet to the Salvation Army when we moved from Garden City to East Hampton five years ago. I would have little occasion to use a business suit in our new digs.

I had seen the people on Main Street. In the winter they wore ski clothes during the day and in the restaurants at night it would be difficult to find a guy outfitted in a suit in which the jacket and pants matched or were complemented by a tie. Turtlenecks, tweedy jackets with elbow patches, and vari-hued slacks were much more in fashion.

And that has been my wardrobe ever since, and never once has an occasion arisen necessitating a dress suit. I still own a tux, but I

haven't needed one for a long time.

I did think I'd have some use for it when Jake and Evonne announced their wedding plans. Jake thought he might wear one of the tuxes he wears on his job as a maitre d', even though the ceremony would take place in the afternoon. As the father of the bridegroom, I ventured, it might be a good idea for me to wear a tux, too. Evie said her gown wasn't floor-length, that it was short in fact, and maybe Jake would match her better in a dark business suit. And that's when I remembered I didn't own a suit.

I said to Edna, "You know, I wouldn't know where to start looking for a suit. There are a couple of nice shops in town, but their suits start at \$300 and go up from there. I am not prepared to pay that kind of money for an article of clothing I don't expect to get much use out of."

Edna had the answer. A large discount shop off the expressway in Roslyn. She started throwing names at me: Yves St. Laurent, Pierre Cardin, habitues of the jet-set columns, and designers of suits whose prices were slashed in half at this store.

I said I'd go and look, remembering way back when my father took me to buy my first important suit. That was when I was 13 and was about to be bar mitzvahed. The suit would serve double duty at the wedding of an aunt.

My father was not one to ignore all the help he could get when he was about to make an outlay of perhaps \$25 for a piece of clothing. We lived in Rockville Centre and my Uncle Lou, my father's older brother, lived in the Bronx, a 2½-hour drive away in 1929 before parkways and any bridge but the 59th Street span. But Uncle Lou was a *maven*. He worked in the needle trade and fast-talking salesmen could not possibly pull the wool over his eyes. No pun intended.

They were there in numbers, those fast talkers, on this June Sunday. They stood outside the clothing stores on Delancey Street and they promised the moon as they pulled customers into the stores, literally by their lapels. My Uncle Lou looked at them stonily, brushed them back. Only in the Three G's store, he told us, would we find quality, craftsmanship and fair prices.

I remember hating the three-piece suit, a woolly affair that came with a vest and knickers. Most of what I can remember about my bar mitzvah was itching. The suit was a little more comfortable at the wedding later that fall. The stock market crash was still several weeks away. More important, I sneaked down two shots of schnapps, which gave me the courage to dance with a girl who was beginning to "get a figure," as I heard one of my aunts say.

I did most of my clothes buying at one place during the '50s and '60s. I had a friend named Ziggy, whose fa-

ther ran a long-established shop in Hempstead. It was called Arnell's and I liked to shop there because one got personal attention from either father or son. I could buy a suit and have Ziggy orchestrate the color for the shirts and ties to go with it. Alterations were free and you could pick up the suit within a few hours. Ziggy's father died and the store suffered the fate of most oldtimers in Hempstead's shopping district.

The last I head of Ziggy he owned a clothing store in Garden City and his suits started at \$500 a copy. Like with most things these days, he has become too rich for my blood.

I mean these are the days when you can't buy a pair of sneakers for less than \$35 where I live and you literally have to make an investment when you buy a pair of Bally's or even Florsheim's. I approached Edna's store in Roslyn almost with as much trepidation as my father approaching the sharks who sold suits.

Well, nobody leaped at you in this store which seemed to be the size of three football stadiums with one left over for the Super Bowl. We made inquiries to find out where the suits hung, and where you found the proper size. No salesmen appeared to make suggestions, to point out values, to offer help. So we took suits off the racks for half an hour and finally came up with a gray flannel. Gray flannel! I didn't think they had made these since Gregory Peck made a picture with that term in the title. I think one of the first suits I ever bought with long pants was gray flannel. Edna informed me they had come back in style.

It seemed to fit with a few alterations that would be ready by next Monday and the price seemed to be all right. We bought a couple of Pierre Cardin shirts reduced from \$25 to \$12, or so the tag read.

So I am now all suited up for a wedding. I might even feel ram-bunctious in a few weeks and take a trip to New York and get all dressed up like a commuter. □

Money[®]

SEPTEMBER 1979 \$1.75

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AT
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**SPECIAL
REPORT**

**HOW TO
MAKE MONEY
IN THIS
RECESSION**

0 10095



Leonard Edelman, who doubled his money in the stock market during the last recession, with wife Doris

Men's Clothes at Half Price

This fall's famous-make suits, coats and accessories will show up soon on discounters' pipe racks all over the country.

by Candace E. Trunzo

Unless they wear their price tags on their sleeve, most men wouldn't willingly pay \$400 this fall for the same Ralph Lauren suit they could buy for \$220. What many men may not know is that lately it's been getting easier to buy such name-brand suits at considerable savings. Stores selling quality men's wear at discounts of 20% to 60% are opening up almost as frequently as fast-food eateries and in just about the same places.

While women have been rummaging for designer fashions at discount outlets for years, men generally haven't. But as clothing prices continue to climb—about 10% this fall from a year earlier, it's predicted—fashion-conscious men should probably give these glorified warehouse stores a try. "Prices have gone through the roof," says Howard Davidowitz, director of retailing consulting services for Ernst & Whinney, an accounting and management consulting firm. "To buy a good suit in a good store, you've got to spend over \$200. Now, men can get quality at a low price."

Men's discount stores operate much the way women's do—with few frills. In fact, some women's stores have expanded to include men's garb. Independent stores and small chains have done most of the men's wear discounting so far, but some larger retailers are suiting up for the contest. F.W. Woolworth announced in July that it will establish a new di-

vision of stores, called J. Brannam, carrying name-brand clothing at discount prices. Five J. Brannam stores are opening this fall in Dallas and three in Oklahoma City.

In procuring their merchandise, some discounters follow the lead of that dowager discounter, Filene's Basement Store in Boston, buying overstocked inventories of other retailers. For instance, S&K Famous Brands, a chain of nine discount men's stores in Virginia, recently bought a slew of \$300 suits from Saks Fifth Avenue. S&K sold them at half price, with the Saks labels and price tags still on the garments. Discounters also buy up manufacturers' surplus, and sometimes factories make up clothes from leftover fabrics specifically for discounters.

More than status

Because price-cutting outlets buy so much, some manufacturers gear themselves to produce enough clothing for discounters as well as for more elegant retailers. Top-price stores get first dibs, however, and merchandise may get to discounters several weeks later. Therefore, a good rule for discount shoppers is to buy in mid-season. For example, shop for fall clothes in October rather than September.

Designers' labels on suits and sports coats at many discount outlets read like a primer on men's *haute couture*: Adolfo, Stanley Blacker, Bill Blass, Pierre Cardin, Calvin Klein, Hickey-Freeman, Hardy Amies, Ralph Lauren, Yves St.

Laurent. Brand names on men's wear lend more than status to the wearer; a well-known brand can be a measure of quality. Unless you have a tailor's eye for fabrics and seams, says Howard Davidowitz, you might as well go along with the reputation of a manufacturer.

Discount stores also carry ties, shirts and sweaters with such labels as Damon, Gant, LaCoste and Pringle. Some outlets even carry shoes. At Irv's, a converted strip of stores in northwest Chicago, Pierre Cardin leather-tasseled slip-ons sell for \$52. Downtown at Lytton's, a fashionable State Street men's boutique, the same shoes cost \$77. Syms Stores in the New York City area, Washington, D.C. and Miami have a scanty selection of shoe styles, but what they have is top quality: Johnston & Murphy loafers at \$59, vs. \$95 in shoe stores.

Sy Syms, owner of the eight Syms stores, insists that "the only yardstick a consumer has is a label." True to his slogan—"An educated consumer is our best customer"—Syms is one of the few off-price retailers who won't sell clothes without labels. His customers are likely to find Sasson jeans, Geoffrey Beene robes, Yves St. Laurent shirts and Nino Cerutti suits at about half price. Michael Etkin, 25, a New York City lawyer, swears by Syms: "As someone who has to wear a suit, shirt and tie every day, I can always find something I need there without having to get lucky. They have the top designers and the clothes are very much up-to-date." Etkin says he saw a



July 2, 1979

June was chuck full of activities for all of us at WFAS/WWYD! First of all we're pleased to tell you that during the month of June we received community service awards from the Veterans of Foreign Wars, The Salvation Army, the Westchester Lighthouse, Town of Greenburgh, and the March of Dimes.

Our thanks to Sy and Marcy Syms of Syms Clothing Inc. for their enthusiastic support of the WFAS/WWYD coverage of Westchester's Second Annual "Just for Fun" Weekend. We were delighted that some 1,600 Big Band fans danced, shouted and applauded at the Westchester County Center on June 8th when Stan Rubin and his 19-piece orchestra performed in the Syms-WFAS/WWYD "kick-off" event for that weekend. And here's our standing ovation to Westchester County Department of Parks, Recreation and Conservation staff members Claire Palermo, Joe Conway and Walter Schatz whose help insured the success of our "Just for Fun" event.

Nicole Woodard and Cheryl Maloney of White Plains won first and second prizes for their dads' in the WFAS Father's Day Contest. Mr. Woodard and family enjoyed a Father's Day Dinner at the Rye Town Hilton's Penfield's Restaurant followed by the Johnny Mathis Show at the new Dick Clark Westchester Theatre. Cheryl Maloney's father won the Jacobsen Super Bagger Lawn Mower, courtesy of Ronconi Equipment Company of Larchmont, while Kathy Donnelly of Dobbs Ferry picked up a fabulous weekend getaway for two at the Rye Town Hilton as third prize for her dad.

~~The gas crunch has made us all daffy.~~ The WFAS/WWYD sales staff can certainly attest to that! About two weeks ago our News Department instituted a number of informational programs to alleviate the plight of WFAS listeners: (1) Each weekday in addition to traffic information, Skywatch 1230 Traffic Reporter, Murray Bennett, tells listeners which gas stations are open and how long the lines are. (2) A newsperson travels Westchester's major roadways in our mobile news cruiser broadcasting live reports twice an hour on gasoline availability. These reports can be heard daily on WFAS. (3) A new part of our "Newswatch" heard Monday thru Friday from 6PM - 7PM is the ABC Network produced program "gaslines".

The program gives helpful tips on conserving fuel, plus general information on the gas crisis.....In addition, on Friday, June 29th, from 9AM - 12Noon, News Director, Frank LePore, brought together congressmen, members of local government, representatives of independent and company owned gas stations, as well as, spokesmen for the gas corporations in order to give Westchesterites a complete overview of the energy problem. Questions were taken from the audience.

Well, with all that fantastic news coverage, the Sales Department just had to get into the act, so each week until August 31, WFAS and WWYD, in cooperation with American International Rent-A-Car and the Hudson River Valley Association, will give away a series of day trips to the Hudson Valley's most well-known tourist attractions. And, each winner makes the trip in a brand new, fully-equipped, mid-size car with a full tank of gas. Each day trip also includes lunch or dinner for four at a local restaurant. Participating sponsors are also eligible to win a prize!....

WFAS/WWYD added some merriment to the gas-dry weekend preceding Independence Day. On Sunday, July 1st, the WFAS/WWYD entry in the Kool Professional Balloon Race took off from the Nanuet Mall, along with a dozen or so other balloons. The race was the "kick off" event in a seven-city tour sponsored by Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company, and was viewed by over 5,000 people.

Summer is sports, and WFAS Sports Reporter, Pat Digilio will be on the move again as he travels to Grossinger's in the Catskills to cover the Second Annual New York State Open Golf Tournament. Pat will be reporting July 9th thru 11th as the State's top professionals compete for \$30,000 in prize money. And closer to home, WFAS Sports will be reporting on the Westchester PGA Championship which takes place July 24th thru 26th at Ardsley Country Club. In this tournament, professional golfers from all of Westchester's country clubs compete for the title. If you're a golfer, be sure to tune in.....

'Reading, Pa., is known as the outlet capital of the world'

Center. Open 10 to 9 Monday through Saturday.

Probably the most widely known outlet in Rochester, selling sport clothes and underwear, mostly irregulars and close-outs, at big savings.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT—\$\$

102 N. Main St., Fairport. Open 12 to 9 Thursday, 12 to 5 Friday, 10 to 2 Saturday.

Children's clothing, including snowsuits and jackets, at 33 to 50 percent off retail. Limited selections of Health-tex at 25 percent savings.

SHOW OFF—\$\$

Perinton Hills Mall. Open 10 to 9 Monday through Friday, 10 to 8 Saturday, noon to 5 Sunday.

Large selection of moderate- to low-quality women's clothing at 40 to 60 percent discounts. Some good buys, but often you can get better quality clothing for just a few dollars more at another discount store. For instance, one wool-blend blazer priced here at \$39 (\$60 retail) was made of a low-grade material with poor workmanship. A few good names like Liz Claiborne, College Town or Bobbie Brooks, but often styles are slightly out of date.

CASUAL MALE—\$\$

Perinton Hills Mall. Open 10 to 9 Monday through Friday, 10 to 8 Saturday, noon to 5 Sunday.

Moderate to low-quality casual clothing for younger men in brand names at 20 to 50 percent off. Worth a look for college students or young men on a tight clothing budget. No suits, a few sport coats, but none with top names or high quality fabrics and workmanship. Some good buys. Examples: Yves Saint Laurent acrylic sweater for \$19, retail, \$42; McGregor acrylic knit shirt for \$15, retail, \$23; Farah slacks, \$9.99, retail, \$19.

SHOE-TOWN—\$\$

1044 E. Ridge Road, 2833 W. Ridge Road and Perinton Hills Mall. Open 10 to 9 Monday through Saturday, noon to 5 Sunday.

Average savings of 35 percent on men's, women's and children's moderate-priced shoes. Sales clerks fit children's shoes.

READING, PA.—\$\$\$\$\$

Known as the outlet capital of the world, Reading attracts an estimated three million shoppers a year from as far as 400 miles away. Many come on chartered buses. Reading is a long day's drive from Rochester, but combined with another trip, it could be profitable. Almost 100 outlets sell just about everything under the sun.

The shopping can be confusing the first time. Outlets are scattered throughout an old industrial and residential neighborhood on and just off Moss Street.

If you plan a trip, first write for maps and information from the Reading Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 1698, 541 Court St., Reading, Pa., 19603.

BUFFALO AREA SYMS—\$

7980 Transit Road. Take Thruway Exit 49, turn left on Transit and drive about 3 miles. Open 10 to 9 weekdays, 9 to 6 Saturday.

You can do better in Rochester, Syracuse or Utica, but worth a look if you have time to kill in Buffalo. Many women's clothes are irregular, rumpled, out of date or unstylish.

The men's department is better. Examples: Stanley Blacker navy wool sport coat for \$79, retail, \$115; Pierre Cardin wool plaid sport coat for \$79, retail, \$135; Bill Blass three-piece suit for \$138, retail, \$225.

Lack of restrooms can be a problem after the drive from Rochester.

CARTER'S FACTORY OUTLET STORE—\$\$

5883 S. Transit Road, Lockport. Open 10 to 5 Monday through Saturday, 1 to 5 Sunday.

Unless you're in Lockport or nearby for some other reason, the better bet for children's clothes is Charles Town in Utica.

Prices here are 30 to 60 percent off retail, but many irregulars, some of them major. Be especially wary of the merchandise Carter's buys from other manufacturers to round out this store.

Here, and wherever you're discount shopping, remember what the Romans used to say: *caveat emptor* — let the buyer beware. □

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MARSHA STANLEY is a Rochester freelance writer.