

mail the Credit Advice

to:
BARRY BOLAND
AD LIB FILMS, INC
151 E 50TH

865-2046

WILLIAM MORGENSTERN
STENBERG
233 Lewis OR 233
ALTA

Director Of Public Relations
Kitty Kelly Shoes
800 Park Ave South
New York, New York

October 7th, 1969

RE: Policy & Personnel
55 West 34th
and Kitty Kelly Shoes

MR. MORGENSTERN

Dear ~~Whoever You Are~~:

MSTRCHRG BX 2470140
A/C17 0128 014 187

and credit

First, you'll excuse the lack of a letterhead.

We just moved and I can't find it. Be advised that you might treat this letter as if it was on a letterhead.

The point: My wife bought a pair of shoes, wore them thrice. The entire heel broke off on the Third Day. Next day wife attempts to return it. People say OK, give it to us, we'll repair it.

A week passes. My wife returns to your den of fraud. Your people tell her it can't be fixed (as if it was ever sent out for repair).

My wife, believing in fairplay (an endearing quality and, indeed, exceedingly rare) asked for a credit to her charge account. No product, no exchange of money. Right?

Wrong. Kitty Kelly (a bitch's name if ever I heard one) doesn't give credit, nor satisfaction, nor a fair product for a fair price.

In short, you appear to be in the consumer-bilking business. The only difference between you and W. C. Fields Medicine Show is you don't pack it in every night and flee to the next county.

My wife accepted this. She asked if you have, maybe, this pair of shoes at another one of your fixed locations. You don't.

One of your vassals asks if my wife would take something else. She would, because, well, hours have passed, ages had merged with eternity and now we are one. Kitty Kelly and my wife, locked in unholy embrace over a stinking \$9.53 transaction.

But the Tuchus in your store insists on putting her feet in shoes too large for her.

I don't need a wife flopping about in ~~knx~~ kleenex boxes.

Oct. 7th, nothing resolved, no communication, my wife returns to 34th street, jaw clenched. Your people had promised that the shoe would be in on October 7th.

Oh, God, dear Yaweh, it wasn't.

Well the comic upshot is, just like a bad Laurel & Hardy, she takes another style, takes it home tonight (the 7th) and it's broken. A brass turd fell off the shoe from rack to shoebox.

Jesus, sweet Jesus, Kitty. Is this the way you sell your shoes. Like a third-rate ninth avenue whore?

NO REFUND, NO SATISFACTION, NO EXPLANATION, NO CREDIT NO PAIR OF SHOES.

I want a credit and I want a copy of the credit by return mail.

The amount is 9.53. The credit info is top this sheet.

No credit. Well, small claims court will see both of us.

Bess Myerson will receive a nice typed letter on corporate letterhead. So will you. Once again.

Let's end this goddammed bullshit today.

Barry Boland