

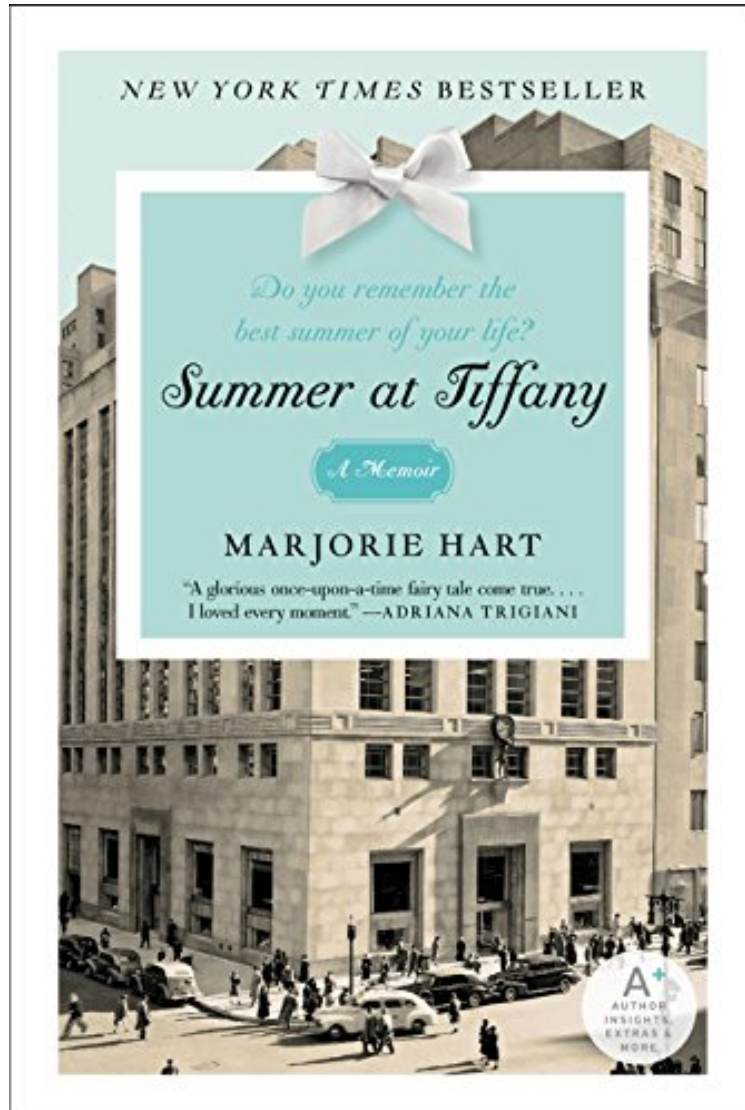
#280639 in Books William Morrow Paperbacks 2010-03-30 2010-03-30Format: Deckle EdgeOriginal language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.00 x .76 x 5.311, .55 #File Name: 0061189537336 pagesGreat product! | File

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Marjorie Hart

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[Download pdf] Summer at Tiffany

Summer at Tiffany

Marjorie Hart : Summer at Tiffany before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Summer at Tiffany:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I Didn't Want It To EndBy MunkeySummer at Tiffany is evocative. I felt instantly transported into Majorie's world. She weaves an engaging tale of WWII era New York city. I was very sad for Summer at Tiffany to come to an end.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Love this memoirBy ShellyLove this memoir!! I've shared my copy with many friends! If you like stories from the '40's and have been/are going to NYC, it's a fun read!0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Iowa Girl Goes to NYCBY Kindle

CustomerOf course being an Iowa girl myself and having a mother and mother-in-law who went to a big city when they were young, I had to read this book. It's a fun look back at small town girls surviving in the big city toward the end of WWII. Nothing too serious here. Jump back to just before the end of WWII. A young Iowa woman on break from college takes off to see the big lights of New York City. With housing out of the way and a new roommate (also from Iowa), the two explore the city and go job hunting. Leads are investigated and strings are pulled with the two getting jobs at one of the biggest jewelry stores in NYC, Tiffany's. See what the two of them encounter both at work and as they spend their days and nights taking all of the city in.

New York City, 1945. Marjorie Jacobson and her best friend, Marty Garrett, arrive fresh from the Kappa house at the University of Iowa hoping to find summer positions as shopgirls. Turned away from the top department stores, they miraculously find jobs as pages at Tiffany Co., becoming the first women to ever work on the sales floor, a diamond-filled day job replete with Tiffany-blue shirtwaist dresses from Bonwit Teller's and the envy of all their friends. Looking back on that magical time in her life, Marjorie takes us back to when she and Marty rubbed elbows with the rich and famous, pinched pennies to eat at the Automat, experienced nightlife at La Martinique, and danced away their weekends with dashing midshipmen. Between being dazzled by Judy Garland's honeymoon visit to Tiffany, celebrating VJ Day in Times Square, and mingling with Caf society, she fell in love, learned unforgettable lessons, made important decisions that would change her future, and created the remarkable memories she now shares with all of us.

From Publishers Weekly At the age of 82, Hart, a professional cellist, recalls 1945, when she and her best friend, Marty, students at the University of Iowa, spent the summer in Manhattan, in this pleasant but slight memoir. Failing to obtain work at Lord Taylor, the pair, self-described as long-limbed, blue-eyed blondes, were hired at Tiffany's the first female floor sales pages, delivering packages to the repair and shipping department, for \$20 a week. Hart details their stringent budget ("1. Two nickels for subway. 2. Sandwich at the Automat: 15 cents") and describes, somewhat breathlessly, what a thrill it was to see such luminaries as Marlene Dietrich and Judy Garland shop at the fabled store. Her romance with a midshipman, the combat death of her cousin, the news of the dropping of the first atomic bomb and a vivid account of the celebration in Times Square after Japan's surrender convey a sense of the WWII era, but without adding much illumination. She does, however, evoke New York City as seen through the eyes of two innocent smalltown girls. 16 pages of bw photos and illus. (Apr.) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Booklist Although the country is still at war, Manhattan during the summer of 1945 is an intoxicating place, especially for two fresh-faced young coeds who step off a train from Iowa armed with little more than their youthful exuberance and the name of a very influential contact. The combination is enough to land Marjorie and her best friend, Marty, jobs as pages at the prestigious Tiffany Co., making them the first female employees ever to work the sales floor. From this groundbreaking vantage point, the girls see and do it all, from assisting notorious gangsters and international playboys at the jewelry counters, to rubbing elbows with celebrities at the city's legendary nightclubs, to glimpsing General Eisenhower during his triumphant victory parade, to kissing soldiers in Times Square on V-J Day. Remarkably, this winsome memoir was written 60 years after that giddy summer spent pinching pennies and dreaming of diamonds, yet Hart's infectious vivacity resonates with a madcap immediacy, delectably capturing the city's heady vibrancy and a young girl's guileless enchantment. Carol Haggas Copyright American Library Association. All rights reserved This warm account of more innocent times makes an unspoken comparison with the way we live now. A fond backward glance. (Kirkus s) Harts infectious vivacity resonates with a madcap immediacy, delectably capturing the city's heady vibrancy and a young girl's guileless enchantment. (Booklist) Charming and fun reminiscent of *The Best of Everything* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. (BookPage) A charming story of a charmed summer I didn't want Marjorie Hart's effervescent memoir to end. (Emily Giffin, author of *Something Borrowed*, *Something Blue*, and *Baby Proof*) This book offers insights into the women who lived through World War II. It's a perfect Mothers Day gift. (USA Today) The (Tiffany) company should put this book on prominent display, for heavens sake it's that much of a paean. (Buffalo News) What do you imagine might be the most memorable summer of your life? Do you think it's happened yet? (San Diego City Beat) Hart writes about that stylish summer with verve, recollecting with a touching purity a magical summer in Manhattan. (Cleveland Plain Dealer)