

OUCH! MELTING POT



On my first day in Manhattan I walked into the offices of one of the many places where I'd sent my resumé, some of whom had told me to stop by when I arrived, and said to the receptionist that I'd like to speak to the personnel manager. "Name?" she snapped. Although the reputation of New Yorkers for curtness was well-known in England where I was coming from, I was taken aback by her abruptness so, speaking very slowly to be sure there would be no possibility of a misunderstanding about whose name she meant, I asked, "Hers? Or mine?" "Ok," she said briskly, "I'll tell her you're here, Mr. Hertzomein."