

Style ÷ SUBSTANCE

THE BOMBAY SOCIETY wishes to thank **Michael Baldwin** and **ONCOR** for donating their *Mesquite Rodeo Suite* to **Patricia Storck** (Mrs. *Sainted Editor*) last Saturday (in return for a donation to the Plano Rotary Foundation). All the Governors and their Significant Others had an excellent time as *Prince John* can attest. Those of you, who passed up the opportunity to attend, missed a lot of fun!



The *Prince* (how Machiavellian) thrice belled us into submission at 12:16, calling upon **Brian Stamper** for the Invocation and **Bob Pikna** for the Pledge. (“*Hi, Other Bob!*”) He pondered the need for a new flag stand so the American Flag doesn’t lean (today to the right!?). He thanked Bob Pikna and **Jeff Butcher** for greeting, and called **CAPTAIN KIRK** to the podium to reprise his role as **SERGEANT-AT-ARMS**. And he had a lot to do!



Although there were no Visiting Rotarians (what are we, chopped liver?), we had a plethora of guests including oral cancer expert **Deborah Stewart**, former Detroit Tiger #27 **Craig Monroe** (who now owns the Plano Sports Bar 27, frequented by **Olin Jaye**), **Ken Crone**, **Lee Thurber**, **Ammon Butcher**, **Gary Curtiss** (I thought he’d already joined PRC), and the ever-popular **Lucille Broach**.



Perfect Attendance pins were awarded to a camera-shy **Bob Bauer** (12) and **Gary Bates** (14).



John acknowledged birthday checks from **Tino** (“*must be in pesos*”) and **Camille Ussery** (“*you can’t be that old*”). Turns out she rounded up.

Earnest Burke made us an offer that we couldn’t confuse, or could we? To get us to donate to the *Hendrick Golf Tournament*, he was offering us a two-for-one deal. If we’d pay \$100 toward a *Paul Harris Fellowship*, he’d give us three raffle tickets for six lessons with a golf pro and a complete set of woods and irons of our choice (potentially valued at thousands of dollars)! I think I’ve got that right.





John called former (from 1979) member **Keith Sockwell** to the podium to be re-inducted into the Club with **Sherman Millender** standing in for Keith's AWOL sponsor, **Gary Basham**.

Keith joins such luminaries as **Tom Muehlenbeck**, **Wayne Hendrick**, and **Maribelle Davis**, as Plano Rotarians with buildings named after them (PISD's *Sockwell Center*). Not surprisingly,



Keith's classification is Education (PISD Deputy Superintendent). Sherman (former PSHS Principal) pinned Keith "*drawing no blood*."

Chuck Morgan rose to introduce us to the day's speaker, **Julie Bartlett**, owner of *Color IQ*, a service devoted to the ascendancy of *Style* over **Substance**. Julie's motto (as found on her website)

<http://www.colouriqstyle.com/>

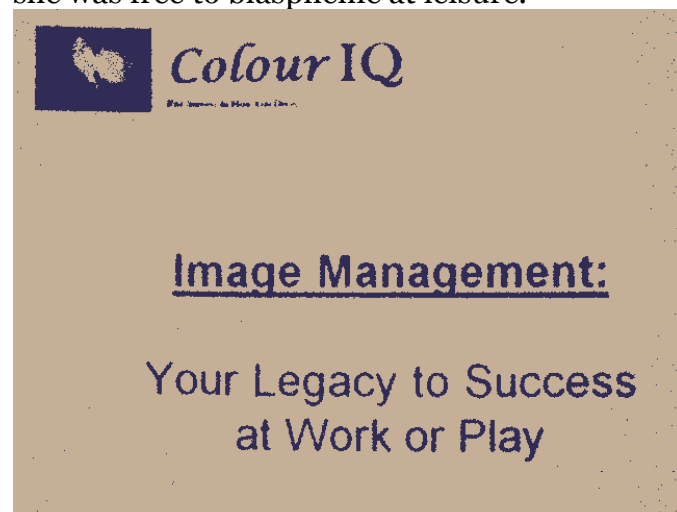
is "*Be radical – always look FABULOUS!*"

She began her career with her long-suffering dog, who, like **William Wegman's** weimaraners (staples of dog calendars everywhere), had to put up with dressing up to suit Julie's esthetic. When she grew up, she graduated to long-suffering people.



Julie told us that it took her a year to understand why that dog ran from her or expressed her discontent by chewing up her clothes. She began with a slide of the "Legacy

to (sic) Success," but before she continued, she had us all swear that "*no matter what Julie says, I will not hurt her, even if she says something I've heard before. Didn't want to hear it then. Don't want to hear it now. She may leave in peace.*" With that carte blanche, she was free to blaspheme at leisure.



She told us that our closets are our friends. They "*work for you, making you look fabulous to attract people and enable you to conduct business better.*"

She defined "legacy" as "*something handed down from one generation to another.*" It is past generations benefitting the present. She told us that as Rotarians, our legacy benefits the community (and the world). With legacy, one must "*think forward, but live backwards.*" One thanks great parents, family, and friends for their legacy of assistance.



Similarly, she beat to death the definition of "casual" as "*occurring without regularity. A feeling or showing of little concern. Lacking a high degree of interest or devotion. Done without a serious intent or commitment.*"

Presumably, she spoke of "Casual Fridays" and the like, but she insisted that Corporate America (that contemporary whipping boy...not without merit, mind you) "*tells you what to wear and when to wear it.*" It was a revolutionary force that liberated us working stiffs; the Fashion Industry (hosannas and fireworks)

introduced “Business Casual” (as a beneficent gesture toward its own bottom line...which looked flat as long as our wardrobes contained but a single style).



Nevertheless, Julie cautioned against taking this license to kill formal wear as a mandate to be slovenly. “*The public doesn’t want to know what you look like before grooming.*” So she offers her services as a beacon of good taste to teach the young and inexperienced “*what business attire is,*” from the knee-length “little black dress” to the 2” heels, French nails, and bangs.

Without such critical guidance, society will (apparently) come off the rails. These youngsters nowadays rudely text during dinner, in sore need of discipline. Indeed the worst threat she has over her daughter is to confiscate her cell phone.

We must, she insisted, lead by example. We must “*dress and conduct ourselves so that they want to imitate us.*” “They” being not only our children, presumably, but also our work subordinates. So

“Elegance” is “*refinement, grace and beauty, a tasteful opulence in form or decoration, restraint and grace in style, and (less to the point) scientific exactness and precision.*” (Actually, elegance in scientific or mathematical proofs is exemplified by a minimum of argument yielding a maximum of validity.)

Since we “*must talk to the face,*” we oughtn’t create distractions (in the form of sartorial *faux pas*) to draw our audience’s attention. She cautioned that “*if the voices in your head aren’t nice, don’t listen.*” (I’m still trying to work out the relevance of that directive. It kind of presumes a fact not in evidence, so I hope she doesn’t use it at trial.)

For example: “*Does this dress make my butt look big?*” One should know that “*my butt does not determine how lovable I am.*” So she cautioned against asking the question, which

Sainted Editor thought was a case of “*don’t ask; don’t tell.*” But what does he know?

We were to “*dress from the foot to the face,*” drawing the attention ever upwards, where it belongs. And she couldn’t emphasize enough how important it is to keep “*your shoes in mint condition.*” An interviewer can tell how much you make a year from the state of your shoes.

Short people should avoid wearing cuffs or any horizontal line for that matter, because they make you appear shorter, if not big butted. Verticals have the opposite effect.

Nanny Bartlett warned us to have pressed shirts with no stains, especially around the collar. And make sure your “*belt is in great shape.*” People notice if the leather is “*off.*”



Just as “*success is determined by your ability to understand the details of your business,*” the details of your grooming and wardrobe are no different. So throw warn or outdated garments away. Women have no difficulty with this, but “*guys have an emotional connection to [their] clothes.*”

Someone asked whether cowboy boots were to be shunned, but Julie said they’re A-OK (if you haven’t kicked sh*t in them). And **LB THE RADIANT** was held up as the example.

She told us that colors have physiological (!) and emotional effects (**Kandinsky** would approve), citing that one should avoid the wearing of the green, since it’s the color of money and suggests you’re fixated upon that. **Susan** contended that she would wear it henceforth, were that the case. (Truth in advertising.)



And browns should be anathema as well because they are “*the color of dirt.*”

She said “*The girls have to look nice,*” and **Sainted Editor** had to ask his colleagues what she meant! He, with the mind like a steel sieve,

knew not that she referred to a euphemism for female secondary sexual characteristics.

Next she began insulting the audience. Too soon did we agree not to lynch her. Picking on **Randy** and Gary Bates, she cautioned it was a no-no to wear plaids and stripes. **Lowell** can't have been comfortable with her caution about "*no belt with suspenders.*" Indeed, she was just getting warmed up when we told her the talk was going long, and it would be "*part of your permanent record.*"

Cary Israel asked about dress codes for tropical climes, and Julie told him "*no ties*" and to wear "*linens if they're not wrinkled.*" She said, "*there's no such thing as a short-sleeved dress shirt,*" so wear no ties even out of tropical climes if your sleeves are short.



John had her sign another *Pony Club* book for *Memorial Elementary*, led us in the Four-Way Test, and belled us gone at 1:02.

