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“How’s your blood?”

Every outfit can use a self-starter—the kind who takes initiative and inspires people around him to join in a common effort. In the Boston Office of H&S, senior accountant Stanley Finer is that kind of initiative-taker. Thanks to his push at just the right moment, all of our 160 Boston and Merrimack Valley people and their immediate families now have the security of an office blood bank from which they can draw in case of need in accident or illness.

It all started last April when partner Norman Jones, age 62, was seriously injured in an automobile accident. He required blood on a massive scale.

Del Edens, partner in charge of the Boston Office, spread the word that blood donors were needed for Mr. Jones. As Stan Finer recalled the events some months later:

“When I heard about the need for blood I asked Mr. Edens if it would be all right with him if we were to round up all the tax department people who were willing and able to give blood, and go to the Massachusetts General Hospital that same day, at 3 p.m. He approved right away. Within two days we got thirty people from the Boston Office, and not just from the tax staff, to Mass General to donate blood.

“I remember that when anyone showed up in the staff room we’d greet him with, ‘How’s your blood?’ Then we’d explain what was going on and see if we could recruit him.”

Stan said that in H&S, just as among all other groups in the country, “some people felt hesitant at first. Maybe they were afraid of being turned down even though they had never even tried to donate blood.” But when the need came close to home, as in this case, the spirit of a group effort overcame hesitations.

Most of the Boston Office did not know it at the time of Norman Jones’ accident, but there had been a need for blood donation earlier in the year when Del Edens had been in the hospital. On that occasion his blood requirements, which were not large, were met by a few partners and principals. But the emergency in April was on such a scale that it set Stan Finer to thinking: Why not start a permanent blood program for the entire office?

With a go-ahead from Del Edens, Stan conferred with the Boston chapter of the American National Red Cross on the right way to proceed. By the end of June a questionnaire had been sent

out to everyone connected with H&S Boston, including those in the Merrimack Valley sub-office in Lawrence, Massachusetts. The response came in loud and clear: 50% of the group wanted to participate, well above the Red Cross minimum requirement of 25%. Of those who did not plan to join the office program, most were already members of one or more blood programs in their own town, church or elsewhere. But if needed, they would still donate to the office group.

"We didn't have to coax, cajole or twist any arms," Stan says, as he looks back on the summer's work. "We scheduled appointments starting early in August, with eight people going together in the afternoon two days a week. I cannot speak too highly of the efficiency of the Boston chapter of the Red Cross, the way they handled the entire thing. Of the nearly fifty who offered blood we had only two donors rejected permanently for physical reasons."

Stan is especially pleased with the breadth of coverage. The program assures blood when needed not only to H&S employees and their immediate families, but also to parents-in-law, grandparents and even grandparents-in-law. Best of all (here Stan knocks on the nearest wood) the Boston Office has not had to draw a single pint from its blood bank in its first four months. But it's nice to know it's there. □

The good old days

For the entire five years, he attended university classes every evening as well as an 8 a.m. class plus separate courses in bookkeeping and accounting. He lived with six roommates in two-room "digs" owned by a widow who gave them breakfast. In the winter he wore a derby, of course, and in the summer a straw hat. He worked at a high desk perched on a high stool—but he didn't wear an eyeshade. On weekends he played rugby and learned to be a fine golfer. He took his girl to the music hall, inexpensive entertainment then.

This is what it was like to be an

apprentice accountant in Scotland in the early part of this century, as recalled by Col. Andrew Stewart, an Executive Office advisory partner. While reminiscing, the rangy six-footer betrayed in his humor-sprinkled and fluent recall an obvious relish for a time that would strike many of the "now" generation as exceedingly rough going. The apprentice-who-made-good, in his easy manner and irreverence for the past, instantly belied his age. He will be eighty-three in March 1971 and looks at least ten years younger.

In 1905 he was a 17-year-old lad from Perth, one of a carpenter's five sons, who had just been accepted as an apprentice to a small firm in Glasgow.

Still in his possession is a three-page indenture—an apprenticeship agreement—that was written in his own hand and signed on April 25, 1905. Some excerpts from the document: "... the said Andrew Stewart shall honestly, faithfully, and diligently serve . . . shall at no time absent himself from the said service

without liberty asked and given, under pain of two days' service for each day's absence . . . shall conceal and noways reveal the secrets of his master's business . . . shall behave himself decently, civilly, and discreetly . . ." The indenture was discharged after a five-year period that ended on April 28, 1910 and Andrew Stewart became a chartered accountant.

He recalls deciding on an accountancy career on the advice of his older brother, a chartered accountant who eventually migrated to South Africa. However, at the time he was too young to qualify for the apprenticeship (one had to be 17 by law) and so was accepted as an office boy for the interim until his birthday. "Among my duties were copying letters on the letterpress machine (a sort of damp-squeeze predecessor of carbon paper) and hanging them up to dry. I kept account of the stamps. I remember you were not allowed to put a stamp on a letter if the address was within a two block area from the office; then you hand-delivered."

The first year of his apprenticeship was mostly involved with estate bookkeeping. "I kept the *seiderunt* book—the minutes of the trustees of estates," Col. Stewart said. "I had to copy the minutes into the book without errors—and in copperplate." But in his fifth and final year he was taking on the full duties of a chartered accountant. "I'd take a report to the partners and they'd ask me, 'Is this all right?', and then they'd sign it."

To make ends meet during his apprenticeship, Col. Stewart was largely dependent on a scholarship to the University of Glasgow. He also started doing books in the evenings for several local merchants. His income from the firm was hardly self-supporting: £ 10 the first year, with £ 5 raises each year until he was making the munificent sum of £ 30 in his fifth year—somewhere around \$120.

With the end of the indenture and successful completion of the accounting exams, Andrew Stewart prepared to take his rightful place in the Establishment. After all he had been serving as chief clerk of the firm in the past year, doing his work without supervision. Surely now he would be invited into the firm or, at the very least, offered a salary in line with the enticing bids he had noticed in "help wanted" ads placed by firms in London and America. He stepped confidently into the chief partner's office expecting a new equality. His employer eyed him and, with customary aloofness, informed him they were "making an exception" by offering a £ 60 salary to stay on.

Within a few months a young man and his new bride set sail for New York and a job at \$1200 a year. Andrew Stewart had taken "the high road" across the Atlantic to a long and prestigious career with Haskins & Sells. □

Linda the library lady

It is not every day that you go looking for a promising beginner to fill a part-time job and end up catching a full-fledged pro. It happened last July to Ralph Piersall, Philadelphia Office principal.

His catch is Linda Eichler, who for some months has applied her genuine professional skill to the task of reorganizing the library. She came to H&S last July after the placement office at Drexel University in Philadelphia was asked to supply a library science student who could devote part time to maintaining the office collection. Linda, a 1963 Drexel graduate with a master's degree in library science, was recommended.

She wanted part-time work until her two little girls grow up a bit.

There must be many other professionally trained librarians, Linda believes, who would like to keep their hand in part-time while their children are small. But finding the right spot is something else again. In Philadelphia, apparently, H&S and Linda Eichler have made a good match.

Linda comes into the H&S office twice a week, Mondays and Wednesdays, and puts in a 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. day. Then she reverts to her role as Mrs. Barry L. Eichler, wife of a University of Pennsylvania professor of Assyriology who is also an assistant curator of the University Museum. Because Linda works a short week

the two Eichler children, 7-year-old Esther and Rachel, who is 3, get their full share of maternal attention.

Linda came to H&S already quite at home with business and finance publications because she had served two years at the Lippincott Library of the Wharton School of Finance, where she catalogued incoming periodicals. "I find the experience was very useful for my work here at H&S," she says. Linda also worked in the Sterling Memorial Library at Yale University where she catalogued Hebrew books arriving from Israel. Among her other accomplishments, Linda reads Hebrew.

"The first thing that I did when I came to H&S was to get the periodicals in hand. They were almost running away from us," Linda says of her new job. She set about finding out who among the partners and principals really wanted to be on the routing for about 100 periodicals that the Philadelphia Office receives. This made possible a more reasonable selection of periodicals for office subscription.

"In most cases partners and principals added their names to the routing slips of magazines they had been missing," Linda says. Among the titles to which names were added most frequently were *Fortune*, *Forbes Magazine*, *Philadelphia Magazine*, *Mergers and Acquisitions*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Business Week*.

Linda is also trying to get old issues of the journals in order so that a given copy can be found quickly, and to fill in the obvious gaps in the collection—in periodicals, books and pamphlets.

Linda has considered what should and could be done to turn the office library into the most effective possible instrument for reference and research work. In defiance of Parkinson's Law, the job expanded to fit the capacity of the holder.

"Eventually," she says, "I want to get the card catalog in good shape so that everyone will have easy access to the information he is seeking. I also want to encourage the staff to use the card catalog more frequently." □

SCENE THE H&S

Off with her head!

Then there was a certain secretary in one of our practice offices (both remain nameless here) who must have been thinking very dark thoughts one day. She addressed a letter neatly to the Executive Office, but somehow the address came out of her typewriter reading **EXECUTION OFFICE.**

One of her friends saved it in the nick of time. Or, may we say, cut it off just in time? □