

Cottonwood Spring

Andre's Menswear

Before dining at the Owosso City Club, Governor Dewey purchases a suit and tie for Danny and Jase from the best tailor in town.

We parked the car on the street in front of a brick building. Next to the heavy glass entrance door with brass hardware, a small engraved plate told us where we were.

**Owosso City Club
Members & Guests Only**

I was confused. "Governor, I thought we were going to the tailor shop first."

"Don't worry! The shop's just inside the door."

When we stepped inside, sure enough, there was a quaint little shop with two tiny display windows on either side of the entrance. Each display area only had room for one half-body mannequin. One wore a black suit jacket, white shirt, and red silk tie. And the other, a dark-gray glen-plaid sport coat with a black turtleneck sweater. On the floor of each window were neatly arranged rows of overlapping socks and ties, as well as assorted accessories.

On the glass transom above the door, the name of the shop was painted in crisp gold letters. *Andre's Quality Menswear.*

Once inside, I sensed this was a very special place. The ambiance was elegant, and the whole shop smelled like the inside of a new wallet. It was no larger than our small front room at home. Shelving, covering what little wall space was available, contained a modest inventory of sweaters and dress shirts. The only fixture in the store was a glass case that displayed leather goods like gloves, belts, and wallets and accessories like key chains, watch fobs, and cuff links. It also served as the counter. I saw no cash register. Through a door behind the counter, I observed a tiny draped fitting room and a treadle sewing machine. Suits, sports coats, trousers, and overcoats hung on racks that lined the back wall of the store. And that was it.

"Welcome, Governor. We've been expecting you. We're fully prepared to meet your needs."

"Wonderful, Andre! I'll let you take charge."

"We'll be delighted. We'll start with the measurements. Who'd like be first, young gentlemen?"

Because there were no other people working in the store, I thought it odd that this well-dressed man, with a measuring tape around his neck, continually referred to himself as *we*. I was under the impression that this appellation was reserved for royalty or the editorial page.

Apparently I wasn't the only one who noticed. Tapping his chest, Danny responded, "We'll go first!"

Like birds on an electric wire, Andre's eye lids flew up and then came back to roost in a mild scowl. Danny whistled through his teeth as the man measured him from stem to stern.

"You're next, young sir." Andre waved me over. Figuring Danny had inflicted enough damage on the poor man, I played it straight. My tailor seemed relieved.

The entire process took fewer than 15 minutes. I noticed the man hadn't recorded our dimensions. Instead he had committed them to memory. Now that was impressive.

"Thank you, Andre. We'll return around five o'clock," the Governor told him, as we were leaving.

"We'll be back too," Danny told him, tapping his chest again.

After closing the door, I looked back to see Andre with his head back, inspecting his ceiling.

I *wonder why?*

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