

RIGHT OFF THE FLOOR

NEWS OF OUR NEW YORK OFFICES

By A. S. Kramer

Karastan, 295 Fifth Avenue

Domestica, 82 Worth Street

Now that this is the pinch-hitting editor's last issue, I can get in my shots about my friend Stanley and tell you all there is to be told. All winter, our editor has been carrying small packages into the office. "Guess what this is?" he asked, holding up a small metal thingamajig. "Can't guess," says we. After this happened a few times, we snooped around to find out Ye Editor built himself a boat—a kayak to be exact. We suggested water wings at each end of the boat, but Stanley assures us the boat manages to stay afloat. When last seen, Stanley was attempting to paddle across the sound, with Dink Singer's house as the destination. Last report was that Stanley was still paddling.

Current vacationers are Dorothy Thompson, Ann Soeey, Stanley Kramer and Arthur Thompson.

Historical Facts

You have often heard the above phrase used, but here's a new one, "Vacational Facts", coined by the returned vacationists.

"Gosh, I wish I had another week." Flavel Bullard.

"Boy, it ended too soon." Ann Matvick.

"Gosh, I am tired this morning. All that dictation for me?" Esther Chait.

"Swimming is very healthful—it does things to you." Margaret Smith.

"Who took care of my allocations?" Cliff Howell.

"No comment." H. S. Jacobson.

Inventory time is over, and is Ed Hewins glad; Ed stands about 4' 2", while the bins are 6' 6". He very kindly cooperated with Mr. Hoch in the taking of the stationery inventory. Understand in the counting of the heavy crayon pencils, they included him as one, and of course, the count just wouldn't check.

Tillie Smith is getting along very nicely, part of the cast has been removed. It won't be long now, Tillie, before we shall have the pleasure of seeing you once again.

Sgt. Clifford Howell is home on a 15-day furlough. Pop Howell says it would be nice if he could get a glimpse of Junior every once in a while.

Understand there has been a falling off in the attendance at the Red Cross Surgical Dressing class. Of course, we realize that a lot of this is due to vacation, but when it is all over girls, please continue to cooperate. You know the fellow lying in Guadalcanal has no time to wait for a bandage if it is needed. Keep up your good work.

Shirley Frankfort remains the Champion bandage roller. No matter how hard the girls try to beat Shirley's record, it just can't be done.

Dorothy Larson Penterson celebrated the July 4th week-end at Morristown, N. J., to be near her husband who was stationed nearby. Another holidays week-ender was Miss Kaye Delaney, who visited friends at Maywood, N. J.

James E. Barksdale paid the New York office a very short visit.

If you ever want to find a good place to eat in a hurry, don't ask Bill Pierce. He steered some of the boys to a place on Hudson street and the last we heard was that the sailor who remained when we left, fully expected to spend his furlough there while waiting for his check.

We hear the love bug's got Miss Gladys Schmidt. Sailor, Soldier, or Marine?

One of our big accounts came in today and asked the writer if he could talk to "fat stuff." Of course, he being a customer, he just couldn't be questioned much because we are supposed to know who we are working with, when down the floor comes Dink Singer. Customer looks at him and said "theres' my man." We are not insinuating that Dink took on some weight while at Spray, but boys, what did you do to him down there?

Karastan Girls Visit Service Club

Ruth Parchman, Rose Gill, Helen Ficker and Mae Imbro had a very interesting visit June 16 to the handsome Whitelaw Reid Mansion, opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral, newly decorated as headquarters for the Women's Military Service Club, sponsored by Coty's Inc. They were personally conducted through the club by Miss Mary Hughes, director of entertainment.

All said they were amazed that one home could have so much splendor—canvas paintings and gold trimmings on ceilings and walls, Italian marble fireplaces and stairway, inlaid walls with hand carved trimmings, crystal chandeliers, and a newly installed modernistic powder room. But the girls felt perfectly at home because of the luxurious Karastan rugs on the floors.

The evening was topped off with a concert by Conrad Thibault in the beautiful gold music room. Although our girls were wearing their feminine best, they said it was the first time they felt really conscious of their civilian apparel with so many men and women of our fighting forces around them. The following morning Karastan

thought it was going to lose all of its girls to the WAAC's, WAVES, SPARS, and MARINES.

You are all familiar with the fact that a lot of our boys are in the service and trying for promotions to get overseas. This morning we were surprised to receive a letter from Cadet Randolph Johnston, imprinted with his name, as well as on the letterhead. Evidently he figures on being down at Camp Lee permanently. Didn't know they did any fighting in Camp Lee, Randy.

V . . . —



Horace L. Holliman

Horace is a son of Mrs. Clara Holliman and has been in service for quite a while. He is due to come home on furlough real soon and his friends will certainly be glad to see him again. While we are not at liberty to print his address, we'll be very glad to give

it to you at any time.

V . . . —

Sgt. George Denny is now located in Millville, N. J., and says it has been a long time since he was at home, in Fieldale, and likes the Mill Whistle because we carry some Fieldale news. We'll thank Dunkie and Gertrude for you, George, and try to see that you get your paper regularly.

Pfc. Benjamin F. Barker is one Marshall Field man who has seen about all the action so far and has taken part in all the major battles to date. Keep right on pouring it to them, Ben, and we'll keep up our end. How about a picture soon?

Pvt. Robert F. Turner, Jr., writes from Salt Lake City and he's quite enthused about being a member of the Air Force. Robert, we're surprised you didn't know how to address our mail. Don't you remember "Dummy"—who used to paddle you when you were about three years old?

V . . . —

There is always plenty of room at the top because many who get there go to sleep and fall off.

V . . . —

Buy, Sell, Swap

WANTED—One Sam Brown belt. See Archie Manuel, Karastan Mill.

FOR SALE—One hand capping machine for capping tin cans. Will cap No. 2 or No. 3 cans. Can use the same cans three years. See E. H. Mullins, No. 3 Eighth street, Fieldale.