

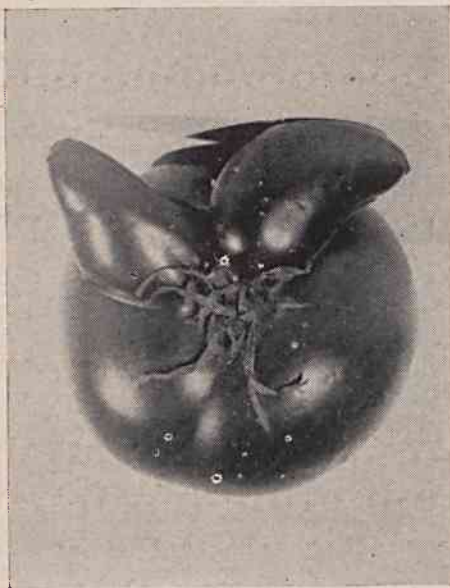
RIGHT OFF THE FLOOR

NEWS OF OUR NEW YORK OFFICES

By A. S. Kramer

Karastan: 295 Fifth Avenue

Domestics: 82 Worth Street



"HERE'S THE PROOF"—In a recent issue of the Mill Whistle we wrote that Dink Singer was producing some queer species on his farm. Singer violently refuted this in our office, and, as proof of the exquisite vegetables he was raising, brought in what he described as a "superior tomato". Maybe Singer never saw a tomato before. At any rate, herewith is a photograph of the said tomato—we leave it to you . . . do Singer's vegetables look like the devil, or do they not?

V . . . —

Your Blood Is Needed Now

The committee for the collection of blood plasma in New York, headed by W. E. Wigmore, has succeeded in getting 16 volunteers to donate their blood, from amongst 47. This is not too good a percentage. Remember, this is our war that we are fighting, and these are our boys. How about it? Certainly no pressure should be needed. This is not a Management request—this is a human one. Let's go!

Pinch Hitters

In a pinch old friends are best, and for two weeks the pinch was on at Karastan. Correspondence piled high, and an extra, experienced hand was needed. To the fray rushed Grace Salley Meringer, leaving thriving five months' old son, Allen, on Grandma's lap. Dad, Pfc. Lester Meringer, is stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas. "Our Gal Sal" brought Karastan correspondence current, and then went back to being a full time mother. Thanks, pal! Karastan's Ruth Parchman also

doubles in brass, and showed unsuspected but definite talent lending a hand with packaging. She can wrassle a bundle or sling a glue brush along with the best of them. Any day now we expect to see her with a length of burlap and one of those curved eight-inch needles, baling a rug. And all this in addition to her secretarial talents. These Karastan gals! How does Raventos get 'em?

Picture In The Papers

The August 31st edition of the Paterson Evening News carried a picture of a handsome young sailor under the caption "Gets Rating". The lad was John R. deRichemond, Jr., now a radioman third class. Stationed at Norfolk, Va., he recently spent a five day leave with his folks in Ridgewood, N. J. His dad is Karastan's bustling Ray deRichemond. We saw young Jack one day when he visited the Karastan office. As we recall it, there was a pretty girl along, too.

Visitors From The South

In New York on business for a few days last week were Production Manager J. Frank Wilson, Jack Matthews of the Bedspread Mill and James LaMar, Designing Department, Spray. Jack told us it was his first visit to New York. Too bad it was so short. There's lots to see and do in this town. Come again soon and stay longer.

From Pillow To Post

Second Lieutenant Randolph Johnston has moved from the battlefield at Camp Lee, Va., and is now fighting the war at Fort Custer, Michigan.

Who Swiped My Tomato?

A Farce in One Act.

Scene: Moulton's 1/8-acre, Larchmont, N. Y.

Time: Late August, 1943.

Character (and how): Farmer Ed enroute for the 8:05.

"Jehoshat, a real tomato! A beautiful big, full ripe, red tomato. For a summer's toil all I got were beetles and backaches. But look at this! Fan my Golden Gate, wait till I pick this beauty tonight!"

(Curtain falls to show the passage of eight busy hours of allocating).

It is now evening. The day has been tough. Only the thought of the beautiful tomato has buoyed up Ed's faltering spirits. He shuffles slowly up to the tomato vines and suddenly lets out a roar.

"It's gone! I've been robbed! Sabotage, that's what it is." He rushes wild-eyed into the house, rounds up the family and gives them a thorough cross-

examination. No one saw the tomato, or frankly, believed it ever existed. Ed tears out and quizzes all the neighbors and their children. No luck. Just as he is about to phone the Fire Department, Army, Navy and Marines, young son, Roy, heretofore absent, enters.

"Sure I saw the tomato, pop. It was a beaut, wasn't it?"

"What did you do with it?"

Slowly, Moulton raises a kitchen chair preparing to brain Roy.

"I picked it."

"And then?"

The chair is at full height.

"I put it in the ice box for you, pop. There it is (pointing), I thought you might like it."

CURTAIN

Moral: If you've got a swell tomato, keep your eye on her.

Poisonals

Kay Delaney, Worth Street, became engaged to Bob McCue on August 24. Smart gal, she swiped him from across the river, she's a Jerseyite, he a New Yorker. Fact is when she marries him she will automatically become a U. S. citizen, despite her nativity. New treaty—or something to that effect.

Velma Minter was home quite ill for several days. True friend, Mae Imbro, played unselfish nurse till Velma returned. She's still not 100% fit but is well on the mend.

Anne Sooy had to pay a flying visit to Atlantic City on August 26th. Both her brothers ill with penumonia. Both now mending nicely.

The silvery band that Gladys Schmidt is wearing on her third finger, left hand, is supposedly made from a piece of a bombsight. But who's the bombardier, Gladys?

The Mill Whistle sure gets around. Because of it Mary Maloney got a letter from a warrior who IS a warrior. She received a nice letter from a friend of a fighting soldier who received the Mill Whistle. He read it and became infatuated with Mary by mail. Wig says "Who wouldn't?" and "Johnston take notice."

Bill and Mrs. Hoch are vacationing in Atlantic City.

V . . . —

Father—Did you hear the clock strike 3 when you came in last night?

Son — Yes, Dad. It was going to strike 11, but I stopped it so it wouldn't wake you up.

Buy, Sell, Swap

FOR RENT—One six-room house. Wired for electric stove; automatic hot water. Two baths and showers. Desirable location and environment. \$40 per month. Call 418-M or see Rangeley Price.

FOR SALE—One good horse. See R. E. Martin, Blanket Mill Weave Room.