

RIGHT OFF THE FLOOR

NEWS OF OUR NEW YORK OFFICES

By A. S. Kramer

Karastan: 295 Fifth Avenue

Domestics: 82 Worth Street

Comings and Goings.

Betty McEnery has moved downstairs replacing Esther Chait as secretary to Arthur Thompson. Newcomer Beatrice Kastner joined the staff of the Accounts Receivable Department. Welcome, Beatrice! Flame-topped Mrs. Mildred Pratt, ex-member of the Setting Department, Karastan Mill, Leaksville, recently moved to New York to be with her husband who's in the Merchant Marine. She paid a visit to Worth Street, charmed the advertising department, sold a bill of goods to personnel department, and, quicker than you could say Slapajap was working on domestic shipping instructions. Doing a fine job, too. Congratulations, Worth Street, for getting Mildred!

Brand New Grandpa.

Seems that a certain Mrs. Smith had a baby girl down in Hollywood, Fla., and thereby hangs a tale—because this is Mrs. LLOYD Smith. Still don't get it? Okay—her dad is William LLOYD Pierce. Monday morning Bill wanders into the office grinning in a vacant sort of way and begins calling everyone and his brother on the phone. Never saw him so excited. His spiel ran something like this: "Yup—a little girl—7 pounds, blue eyes—her grandmother says she's the cutest thing ever." "Uh, huh, Yup, Yup, everyone okay. Yeah, Cynthia Lloyd Smith's the name." "Hollywood Hospital, 5:30 p. m. Home in couple weeks. Bye." By then we all sort of got the idea. Congratulations, Grandpa!

Lt. Randolph Johnston Honors Worth Street.

On Friday, October 15th, an impeccably pressed and polished second lieutenant casually returned to the scene of his past activities. The glittering lad with all the swish was none other than our own "Randy, the Merry Mortician," grown heavy with dignity. After a few hundred thousand words on life in the army and his part in it, Lt. Johnston clicked his heels, ordered a lower berth from the boy who buys our tickets and departed with an air of great business.

This morning a formal card announced that his admirers should henceforth address their fan mail to:

Lt. Randolph Johnston, 0-1596070, Normoyle Ordnance Depot, San Antonio, Texas.

Notes On Our Blood Donors.

Seventeen patriotic employees volunteered. Fourteen were accepted. Others had colds or minor disabilities which

made them temporarily not available.

The gals took the blood-letting okay. The lads not so well. Wig has an interesting theory as to why (not printable, of course). Funniest sight was Moulton and Singer after the event solemnly drinking coffee and eating a cookie. Imagine those two men—mountains eating cookies! Four fellows each gave a pint of blood and then ran down the street for a refill. They refilled with a special fluid retailing in N. Y. at \$4.50 per quart and unavailable in North Carolina except in suitcases.

"Wig" says thanks for the good showing and now let's get everyone, including those not accepted because of colds, etc. Just call him, or Mae Imbro at Karastan for an appointment.

V . . . —

QUOTAS FOR UNITED WAR FUND DRIVE

Central Office\$	225.00
Finishing Mill	700.00
Filter, C. Supply & Salvage	..	50.00
Bleachery	300.00
Central Warehouse	200.00
Rayon Mill	500.00
Woolen Mill	800.00
Karastan	900.00
Engineering, Wage Bureau and Personnel	100.00
Bedsread Mill	700.00
Draper Blanket Mill	1,800.00
Sheeting Mill	900.00
Spray Cotton Mill	600.00
Leaksville Woolen Mill	350.00
Morehead Mill	300.00
New System Laundry	100.00
Hatley's Laundry	75.00
John Smith & Sons	100.00
Murphy & Mabes	25.00
Eggleston Bros.	100.00
Spray	200.00
North Spray	100.00
Boulevard	400.00
Professional Men	200.00
Leaksville—South of Main St.	300.00
Leaksville—North of Main St.	900.00
Draper Business Section	200.00
Leaksville Schools—White	...	150.00
Leaksville Schools — Colored	50.00
Spray Schools	75.00
Draper Schools	100.00

Total \$11,500.00

V . . . —

Mother (to small son who is going to a party): "Now, dear, what are you going to do when you've had enough to eat?"

Tommy: "Come home."

V . . . —

Buy Bonds for Bombs for Bums!

TOOTS

(Continued From Page 4)

can't hook their man in twelve months, we think that they had better go on and buy a CAT.

Well everything goes back but a bottle of milk, (I'll drink that). What a pile of dishes and to think that they came out of ONE refrigerator. I'd like to meet the guy that started DISH-WASHING. Let's see, three times a day for three hundred and sixty-five days—1,095 times; per year not counting all the in-between times! Why can't someone figure a way around such labor? Bill Granger, you say that you are a smart engineer—then figure out something on this project, and don't tell me to buy PAPER PLATES, they are not on the market anymore—I've tried.

Everybody's lights are out, Davis Petty and I are the only ones in this village that keep late hours—wonder why I thought I'd read any tonight? It is twelve o'clock, guess I'll wind the clock, put out the cat, wash my other pair of socks and FALL in bed.

We were all delighted to see H. W. "Whit" Whitcomb rambling around the office today. It looked like old times with him here. Now that you are in New York, make your visits more often, "Whit"!

We were also glad to see Mr. Hodges around again. The fact is, we were well represented with distinguished visitors today. John Powell was also down from Washington, D. C.

And! Our Internal Auditors from the Corporate Office, Chicago, Ill., are with us. May I present them to you Messrs J. Y. Compton, Tracy Novinger, Ned Connelly, Theo. Kardavas, John Eurns and Walter Andre. Welcome to the Sunny South, fellows. We hope you like it down here.

You readers may be surprised to see this column active again, but our editor apologized for firing me and offered to DOUBLE my previous salary, if I would come back. So, needing money as I do, I couldn't resist.

V . . . —

Mike and Cassidy met in the lodge room.

"Sure, Mike, my boy, and what's the idea of wearing a mourning band on your left leg?" asked Cassidy wonderingly.

"Me mither has passed away, an' all an' all," said Mike miserably.

Cassidy scratched his head, puzzled. "Why, then do you wear it on your leg instead of on your arm?" he asked.

"Well, she was my stepmither," said the other.

V . . . —

Want to see that boy sooner? . . . Then buy all the War Bonds you can!