

RIGHT OFF THE FLOOR

NEWS OF OUR NEW YORK OFFICES

By A. S. Kramer

Karastan: 295 Fifth Avenue

Domestics: 82 Worth Street

The Inside Story of "Late Box Kitty"

Oh, Sahib, this is a tale of skulduggery at Karastan as detected and exposed by your faithful reporter.

Time: One week day morning hard on nine A. M.—either a little to the left or a little to the right.

Scene: The immediate environs of 295 Fifth Avenue.

Characters: The unholy Eleven—better known as "Raventos' Rascals".

As the curtain rises the Rascals are streaking for the hideout like a P-47 after a Mitsubishi. Hair and hats flying, breathless and wild-eyed they bounce into the elevators and out, ripping through the great doorways, down the showroom and into the inner sanctum where they peer frantically at the electric clock. Some few arrive scant seconds before nine. They grin, relax and thumb their noses* at an ominous black box with a coin-slot in it.

Some are cut down in stride by the bloody second hand that passes nine ere they enter. The latecomers (even if by only a split second) are greeted with loud hoots and catcalls. Already on their desks as they approach is the yawning box. Glumly they deposit the fines, an elaborately graded system of extortion. Five cents (for arriving from nine to quarter after); ten cents (nine-fifteen to half past); twenty-five cents thereafter.

This system, worked out by the Rascals themselves, pays for all their parties. Punctuality (say they) has been improved. Says we, so have the parties! Toughest assignment in the set-up falls to Kara-girl Imbro, whose job it is to keep latecomer Ali Ben Raventos from sneaking into his office unnoticed through the little secret back door.

*Only figuratively of course. This thing must pass the censor—

Happy Birthday to Mary Klimen.

Miss Klimen was tendered a fiesta by the "Rascals" at the Karastan office on November twelfth, in celebration of her (censored) birthday. The proceedings were liquified with beer rather than that stuff the very mention of which makes North Carolinians lick their arid chops.

So Long, Mary, We'll Miss You.

Blond Bombshell and ex-WAAC, Mary Boyce, left the switchboard at 82 Worth street on November 15 to take up new work in Carlsbad, New Mexico. **Probable Outcome:** Appreciable lack of local interest in "Topic A" plus a slowly healing friendship between "WIG" and Bill Hoch. In New Mexico:

An appreciable sprucing up on the part of the natives, plus an immediate revitalizing of "Topic A".

Welcome Ann.

Mary's duties here have been taken over by Miss Ann Ammond, who inherits also all our best wishes.

Our Second Grandfather!

Running a close second to Bill Pierce in the Worth Street Grandfather's Derby, Lawson Ivie entered the running on October 29th. with a sprightly granddaughter. Young father, Lawson, Jr., mother and newcomer, Judy Elizabeth Ivie—who weighed in at eight pounds in Mooresville, North Carolina—are all well and happy.

Doesn't That Stork Go Anywhere Else?

Yep, it happened to Worth Street again! Over at the Marguerite Hague Maternity Hospital in Jersey City (adjacent to the United States) eight pound young stranger, John Barrett Hailey, came into the world on November 5. His mother, Nee Virginia Taylor, promises to be back in Hoch's harness just as soon as she can. She, young John and daddy are all fine.

Visitor at Miss Greene's.

Miss Eleanor's sister, Mrs. James Barrow, is staying with her in New York.

Guess Who?

A certain recent native of New York, ex of ——— walked into a wholesale shoe salesroom, believing that it was a shoe repair shop. A perfectly natural mistake too, what with the patched and decrepit merchandise they display in the windows these days. The young lady's face was almost as red as her ———. But that would be telling!

V . . . —

New Bus Schedule

(Continued From Page One)

vertisement:

A bus will leave Draper at 6:25 every morning for the convenience of those who work in the mills in Leaksville and Spray.

Beginning Monday, November 15th, a bus will leave Draper at 2:25 every afternoon for the convenience of people who work in Leaksville and Spray mills.

A bus will leave the Bedspread Mill, Leaksville, at 11:30 p. m. and will go as far as Draper.

V . . . —

REAL BOOSTER

"And you mean to tell me that in your section of California you have 365 days of sunshine a year?"

"Exactly, sir, and that is a mighty conservative estimate, too."



If you know Ray Warner—and few of us do not—you need only one guess to know who these fine young fellows call Daddy. They are Richard and Ralph, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Warner. Ray, as you know, is our correspondent at the Rayon Mill and he's mighty proud of his boys. And say, Ray, does the letter "R" have any special significance to you? Ray, Richard, Ralph—all R's.

Buy, Sell, Swap

FOR SALE—One Model A in A-1 condition. See Robert Wilmoth, Overlook Ave., Leaksville, or Karastan Finishing Dept.

WANTED—One wood saw. Will pay cash. See Troy Priddy, Karastan Weave Room.

WANTED TO TRADE pre-war baby stroller used only four weeks for pre-war baby carriage. See Mrs. Dewey Burroughs at 13 Walnut St.

FOR SALE—One 5-burner black and white oil stove in good condition. See Iris Nichols, home in front of new Woolen Mill.

WANTED—Air rifle of any make. Just so it is in good condition. See Woodrow Bailey, Draper.

FOR SALE—One 1936 model Pontiac coach. In good condition and priced right. See J. M. Jeffries.

FOR SALE—Boy's bicycle in good condition. Call 558-M, or write Box 24, Draper, or see Hazel Powell, Wool Card Room.

LOST—Pocketbook containing gas ration books A and B, and other papers of value. \$2 reward for return to William Joyce, Bedspread Mill.