

RIGHT OFF THE FLOOR

NEWS OF OUR NEW YORK OFFICE

By A. S. Kramer

Karastan, 259 Fifth Avenue

Domestic, 82 Worth Street



Kramer Baby: Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kramer have every reason to be proud of beautiful little Nancy, eleven months old, as can clearly be seen in this photo. Mr. Kramer (Right Off the Floor) has difficulty concealing his paternal pride when speaking of Nancy. And why not?

Jesse E f f r o n

Worth Street salutes Jesse Efron, ex of Sales-Statistics. He has zipped through the ranks like a ball of fire. Entering in May, 1941, as a private, he is now second lieutenant and an armament Officer in charge of plane guns and armament. His duties and training have sent him coursing around so that Jesse has been transferred from Florida to Colorado, to Florida, to Texas, and now back again to Colorado. Next is a long leave, and then???



Three Days That Shook The World

When your correspondent returned from his visit to the mills, battered and heavy-lidded from a night's slamming-around in a Southern Line upper, he found Worth Street in an uproar. Cigars and candy were being passed around like mad and buzzing conversational

groups cluttered the floor.

It seems an acute wave of Stork-itis hit the gang on February 24th, 25th and 26th, leaving three brand new tax exemptions. Chris Henry's wife succumbed first, presenting him with 7 lbs. 4ozs. of gurgling femininity, later christened Pamela Shaw Henry. Next day, February 25th, Mrs. J. S. Gillis (wife of Sammy Gillis, recently in Credits and Collections upstairs, now in war work with Sperry Gyroscope) introduced J. S. Gillis, Jr., who weighed in at 9 lbs. 10 ozs.! On the 26th, Mrs. C. E. Moulton gave birth to Barbara Jean Moulton, 7 lbs. 3 ozs., and Ed forgot his allocations.

All fathers, mothers and children are doing well. When last seen the stork was juggling a bundle perilously near the house of Dorothy (Bisenius) Clapp, ex-secretary to Mr. Grunau.

Betty McEnerney's handsome brother, Sgt. Danny McEnerney, was married on February 16th to Miss Catherine Morrissey, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Astoria. The bride was charming in Aqua, and our Betty made an equally lovely maid of honor in Dusty Rose. Sgt. Dan then whisked his bride away for a brief honeymoon at Bear Mt. Lodge.

Don Richardson, ex-Worth Street sample -room commando, writes in a swell letter that he's now in Hoffman, North Carolina. His official address: Sgt. D. Richardson, 32398498 152 A/B A.A.B.'N" 11th Division (Air-Borne) A.P.O. 468, U.S. Army Camp, Hoffman, N. C.

Don made corporal in five weeks, was busted to private again for overstaying a leave, and now has a rating again. The boys and girls at Worth Street are answering Don in a lengthy chain letter so that he will have personal news from each of us.

Is It Better To Eat Or Drink?

In Martinsville recently, Mr. J. H. Ripple treated your correspondent to a T-bone steak, the like of which hasn't been seen here in many a ration period. But immediately following this we saw a pitiful sight. Behind some glass bricks was a state liquor control store, where a mean-spirited man dispensed alcohol to native Virginians only. A month's coupon would barely generate a mild glow. While in North Carolina, people were actually drinking water!

In New York good meat is a memory, and creamed, chipped, minced or otherwise disguised horrors appear on every

(Continued on Page Eight)



Randolph Johnson. "Wig", in 45 minutes of censored and unprintable description, says that Randy is now going to Officers' Training School in order to be a W A A C, although in his opinion, Randy always was wacky. Actually, Randy is attending Officers' Training School in Camp

Lee, Va. (Lt. J. O. Thomas is also there). If he works with his usual vigor, Randy will emerge from the war as a general, as well as a millionaire. Here's Randy's latest photo, flicked from his platinum-haired correspondent.

V . . . —

Two Gun Reventos *

Two Gun Reventos (may his sales increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Raventos bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou"?—The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look whose sternness seemed to bore,
 Answered, "The names of those who help the war".
 "And is mine one?" said Two Gun.
 "Nay, not so",
 Replied the angel. Two Gun spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I tell thee, sprite,
 At home we Sheriffs train to fight"!
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great awakening light,
 And showed those men whose arms were most complete**
 And lo—Two Gun's had the rest all beat!

* Apologies to Leigh Hunt.

** One police special revolver.

One Lueger pistol.

Two holsters.

Two cartridge belts (different size cartridges for each pistol).

One extra size flashlight (with red, white and green lights).

One leather flashlight holder.

One white steel helmet with stenciled lettering.

One metal badge.

V . . . —

Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps.