

## RIGHT OFF THE FLOOR

NEWS OF OUR NEW YORK OFFICES  
By "WIG"—Pinch-Hitting For A. S. KRAMER

Karastan: 295 Fifth Avenue

Domestics: 82 Worth Street

(Ed. Note: Our popular columnist, "Wig" was missing from this page last issue. Perhaps his absence was due to celebrating his—er—36th (hic) birthday. Now let's write us. his column last year, who is an opera-years. My, Wig, hospital is getting very few of us can  
of adding three day, of Washington, just twelve months with her parents. to! We make no check, of the Navy, If Wig says he is last week with his do you want to know whether the who has been serving sitting on Mrs. O'Leary Pacific, is spend-of the Chicago fire, wife and relatives. Leary sitting on W 3/c of Washington, not, but we do know her parents, Mr. it would have start. bring in the fable of the Army, spent lamp anyway?)

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### Popular Birthday Month

February seems to be a popular month with Lincoln and Washington's birthdays . . . to say nothing of our own February babies . . . Alice Coogan, Betty Mac, Ester Chait, Dink Singer, Tom Ducey, and Wig, who just turned 36 AGAIN.

(Note: Wig's been 36 since the great Chicago fire . . . as a matter of fact, there's a rumor around town he had Mrs. O'Leary on his lap at the time.) I notice my girl Friday reads all my mail.

### Welcome Home

Our Betty Mac returned to the office fit as a fiddle and ready for work, and was received with open arms. Nice to have you back with us Bettekins, even with the additional half ounce of weight you put on.

### New Additions to the Family

We greet Gloria La Macchia and wish her good luck, and know she will like working with us.

As for Dan Boone, now you see him, now you don't . . . for we no sooner had a glimpse of him, then off he went . . . back to Washington. Cheer up gals, he'll return to us . . . we hope.

### Headline

From the Daily News Record of January 25th . . . "W.P.B. PANTS FREEZE" and here we end quote, though the original line read "W.P.B. PANTS FREEZE ORDER." Mighty cold in Washington.

### Visitors

Messrs. Arthur Whitehead and Homer Vernon from our Personnel Office. Mr. Luther Hodges very nicely had them meet your humble reporter. Mr. Vernon said nothing . . . just looked . . . Arthur

Whitehead said nothing . . . just looked and we couldn't help wondering about what they must have been thinking. Well, anyway fellows, come up again, and in the meantime, I'll do a little checking and see if I can't rib you both a little by the time you make the next trip. Howard Sheffield, please note!

### Another Paper Hanger

Tom Ducey, our baby salesman, decided to paper his kitchen. Need we say more? . . . after the walls were papered, they missed one of the children, and one window had disappeared . . . it seems Tommy boy covered everything in sight. Mrs. Ducey went to work and to the rescue and set everything in order, and Tommy went on to tell us, "there's nothing to papering a room, if you know how."

### So Help Us

It's the truth . . . Dink Singer lives away out there in the hills of Old Sands Point. During these snowy days, Dink finds it a little difficult to get to the station . . . but nothing stops our boy . . . He merely dons his skis, takes off zoom, zoom, down he goes to the station, arriving just in time to step out of his skis and boards the train . . . All aboard!

### More Birthday

Ann Matvick celebrated her birthday on January 27th . . . and our shy William Lloyd Pierce promptly took advantage of the occasion.

### Vive La France

Ester Chait will soon compete with the Perfume Counter in our own Retail, for she's been getting packages containing perfume from friend Husband who is stationed in Paris . . . o la, la.

### A Play Without Words

Place: New York Office  
Time: 9 A.M. January—4 degrees above Zero.

Scene: Show room  
During the night a steampipe burst . result of course, no heat.

Players: Office help, as they come to life.

Blanche: Seen working at switchboard in fur coat, mittens and ear muffs, which accounted for the wrong numbers.

Wilbur: Seen working in his Derby hat and ear muffs, and a mighty man was he.

Flynn: Mighty cheerful about the whole thing, which aroused our suspicions. He informed us he was wearing 'long handled underwear'.

Velma: In a fur coat standing in Mr. Thompson's office with her back to the radiator, hoping . . . and saying, "you

all have the damndest weather up here."

Ducey: Thoroughly enjoying himself. He's from Milwaukee, where Eskimo pies are sold all winter, and the Good Humor man is a reality.

Singer: Shades of Admiral Byrd . . . Dink all wrapped up a Parka.

Alice: Just uttering sounds and stut-tering at that.

Ester: So cold she couldn't get her store teeth to synchronize.

Tacky: Who was "burned up" because she had to stand all the way in (not a gentleman in the carload) saying . . . "it's simply a question of mind over matter." Which over what?

Polly: Speechless, and when Polly is speechless . . . she's speechless.

By about 11 A. M. the heat came up and after the office had warmed up somewhat and it had begun to feel comfortable, and the coats, mittens, earmuffs and stuff came off in the manner of Gypsy Rose . . . piece by piece . . . our Mr. Ivie walked in, fresh from a meeting at the Cotton Institute and remarked "it's the first time I ever felt so comfortable." Oh yeah bub, you shouldda been here two hours ago . . . the knees at work around the office sounded like castanets.

### Would-Be-Brides

In a previous issue we casually mentioned running a Matrimonial Agency . . . (P. S. Typist note: Who mentions anything like that casually?) Since that issue we're been swamped with requests . . . like so!

Eleanor Greene—He must be tall, short; not too handsome, not too bad looking. Not a damn Yankee, over draft age, and must like a home, and his own home, not some other girl's.  
Gladys Schmidt—He must be a former sailor.

Ann Matvick—Oh Wig, I don't want to appear too choosy, but Wig, woncha do sumpin'?

Alice Coogan—Just a man.

Margie Taylor—What a man?

Velma Minter—You all go away, I'll do my own hunting.

Hilda Stiepp—I want the Army, Navy, Marines, Merchant Marine and did I miss anything?

Dot Wilson—Blah! Couldn't be annoyed, but on second thought, it has been cold lately.

Ann Soeey—Oh, Mr. Wigmore, would you please get me one.

Evelyn Tackler—Matrimonial Agency? Phooey . . . my heart belongs to Daddy . . . anybody's Daddy.

Polly—What's going on?

Bea Kastner—After what you did to me, Wig, you must get me one first because you didn't mention my promotion. He must be 5' 9" so I can lay my head on his shoulder when we ride in a taxi, or be able to cuddle into his arms when he stands up.

(Note: Hey, Wig, is she kidding?)

Blanche—Not me, I have one, but would like one on reserve and he must not look like Hoch.