

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

How do pinch-hitters pinch-hit for a for a pinch-hitting New York columnist and go about getting news? Do we make like Wig and build a story around a word, or do we stick to facts? "Leave us see," how would it be if we split the difference?

Sympathy and Congratulations

Sympathy . . . Wig is down with a case of Bursitis at the St. Clare's hospital here in the City. As we understand it, Bursitis defined means overworked arm . . . tee hee.

Congratulations . . . Wig's arm is in a sling. We knew that would happen some day, but not quite in that manner. At any rate, with his arm tied up, Wig won't be able to talk much . . . Of course we really could do a job with this story if we let ourselves go, but after all, why hit a man when he's down . . . Suffice to say, he better not pull that gag about being 33 anymore.

We're only kidding Wig . . . hurry up and get well . . . it's awfully dull and quiet around here.

Champion Of Champions

Ed Moulton won the bowling contest held at the Bonnie Briar club. He won the majority of games, as well as the highest pin score. We'd like to have a look at the Cup. Is it big enough to hold the pennies you are saving? Anyway you girls of the Marshall Field Pin-Boys-Delight bowling team, note that Mr. Moulton is available as an instructor next fall.

Bewildered

Although we don't know why . . . after spending some time in mad Washington, New York should be a snap for Daniel Boone. It would seem he is having a bit of problem locating a vacant apartment. You can be sure when you see something streak out of the office, it is Dan'l on the heels of a tip . . . or could it be all due to the subway?

Happy Birthday

Joanie Blake recently birthdayed, and it was celebrated in the usual manner . . . a luscious birthday made with our very own hands . . . via Schrafft's.

Orchids To Her

Back in February Esther Chait had a birthday, which her husband in Paris remembered. He wired for an orchid to be delivered to her on that day, but for some unknown reason said orchid never arrived until Easter Sunday. Esther's step Monday, wasn't the usual Monday-drag-yourself-blues-step . . . she walked on air . . . her head way above the clouds.

Easter Vacation

George Stewart is spending his Easter holidays at 82 Worth street. George glares at us every time he passes our desks, but we make like we know from nuttin'. When it comes to supplying supplies, there isn't anybody who can supply so well.

In The Dog House

Tom Ducey did the unforgiveable . . . he laughed at Blanche Jessop's new Easter bonnet. Any man who laughs at a woman's hat in our opinion is a very brave man. And if he gets wrong numbers, it's his own fault . . . he shouda hadda orter know better.

Strictly A Landlubber Now

Dink Singer took the wind right out of our sails . . . he no longer has the yacht that couldn't stay afloat. Rumor has it the Navy now has a new under-seas secret weapon.

Recent Visitors

There isn't anything we wouldn't do for Mr. Ben Trotter when he says "please Mam" . . . well, almost anything. It was nice seeing Johnny Powell, and of course, Mr. "Whit" Whitcomb was right at home at 82 Worth, and we're always very glad to hang the "welcome home" sign out on his arrival. Doesn't he look fine?

Song Of The Week

Don't Fence Me In, dedicated to Ann Soeoy.

Spring

A crop of sunburnt faces turned up Monday morning-golf and tennis were partially responsible, and then there were just plain sun worshipers. Seed catalogs were very much in evidence, and so was the good old fashioned Spring Fever.

Get Well Department

We understand Paratrooper Don Richardson is in a hospital in New Guinea recuperating from a fever attack. Come on fellow, show them how tough we Yanks are. Our sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery.

We also learn that due to illness, George Stewart's No. 1 boy, Tommy Patterson, was forced to resign. Sorry to see you go, Tommy.

She Bowled Them Over

Gladys Schmitt, our Miss 5x5, went bowling with the girls one night. We're not saying Tiny was the cause of the building rocking on it's foundation, but we want to know why she had to use a mere 16 lb. bowling ball as a yo-yo. And no, Gladys, you don't shut your eyes

and drop the ball . . . you're supposed to roll it.

Alice In Wonderland

Alice Coogan and Ann Matvick were on their way home one night when they spied a trailer parked on a lot near the subway. Having never seen the inside of a trailer, Alice wondered what it was like. A shy girl, Alice, and not wishing to appear to be too obvious and bold about it, Alice did the next best thing . . . she took one little teenchy, weenchy peep and retreated in a hasty, confused fashion . . . for, as you no doubt have guessed by now, the trailer was occupied . . . eye met eye, and it is still a question as to which one was more surprised, Alice or the occupant. That'll larn yuh Alice, next time, take a good look.

Brown Eyes Why Are You Blue?

Celia Flynn always looks like a scared puppy . . . whassa matter baby?

Something New Has Been Added

Congratulations, Mr. Ivie! We hear tell there's a Lawson Ivie, the third.

Minus An Appendix

Joanie Blake, our shy little Miss, complained of not feeling too well on the way home one night . . . came the next day and lo, Joanie was taken to the hospital. She weathered the operation successfully and is recuperating nicely, thank you.

G. I. Joe

Cliff Howell's son came in on furlough from Bangor, Me., and Pop Howell rushed home to welcome Junior. According to Pop, Howell Jr. just about gets to a camp in time for its closing. He also reports Sonny Boy was transferred from A.T.C. to something or other.

Welcome

Mr. James Smith, our new office boy joins the Field family. He's a bit on the freckled side, but we like him that way.

More Visitors

Messrs. J. H. Ripple and J. G. Haley.

Hospital Epidemic

The latest victim is Mrs. Dink Singer. Dink, however, assures us it isn't too serious . . . a minor leg operation.

V . . . —

"Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder,
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more,
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cherry;
Let me serve a little better,
Those that I am striving for;
Let me be a little braver,
When temptations bid me waiver,
Let me strive a little harder,
To be all that I should be;
Let me be little meeker,
With my brother, who is weaker;
Let me think of my neighbor,
And a little less of me."

— Edgar A. Guest.