PEP-O-GRAMS

JOSEPH A. PHILIPSON
A Pledge —

Foremost among the objects of the Paramount Pep Club, is the promotion of good fellowship, the encouragement of educational advancement, and the development of such activities among the employees of the Paramount Publix Corporation as will serve their mutual welfare and stimulate their loyalty to the organization.

Your present administration has adopted the foregoing as its creed—a code by which the future activities of the Club will be determined.

The chairmen and members of the various committees are announced elsewhere in this edition of Pep-O-Grams. These chairmen have been selected because of their particular qualifications to fill the posts assigned to them. The same care that was used by me, and the members of my administration, in the selection of committee chairmen, has been exercised by the committee chairmen themselves in the choice of their associates.

And so, surrounded as I am with a clan of sturdy fellows and willing workers, striving to achieve a definite purpose, I unhesitatingly predict a year of accomplishment for the Paramount Pep Club.

—F. L. Metzler
Inaugural Dinner A Huge Success

Pepsters to the number of 1142 partook of th sumptuous repast prepared by the skilled chefs of the Hotel Astor on the evening of Thursday, October 16th. The occasion for this glorious turnout was the annual inaugural dinner at which time the newly-elected officers were inducted into office.

The genial A. M. Botsford, who glories in making other people happy by the things he says and the way he says them, had complete charge of the situation in his happy role as Toastmaster. In passing, it might be said that AMB cancelled his trip to Oshkosh which he says he takes about this time every year, just to be at the banquet.

The toast-master, in his own inimitable style, introduced each speaker to the assembled gathering with a witty discourse. Adolph Zukor, Honorary President of the Paramount Pep Club, and Jesse L. Lasky, Honorary Vice-President, responded with speeches that were of especial interest to those present. Nearing the close of his address, Mr. Lasky introduced three Paramount screen idols—Mary Brian, Stuart Erwin and Fredric March who in turn arose and made their bows to the gathering.

Other speakers included E. A. Brown, the outgoing President; Lou Diamond, the new Vice-President, and Fred Metzler, the newly-inducted President.

A surprise act was put on for the edification and jollification of those present. The Ex-Presidents, costumed in robes and wearing long flowing chin whiskers and sideboards, marched directly to the toastmaster. Judge G. B. J. Frawley, the spokesman of the tribe, demanded the immediate release of the out-going Prexy—Eddie Brown. However, before releasing him, Eddie was presented with a beautiful wrist watch as a gift from his friends. Again, upon the demand of ex-Prexy Frawley, demanding the release of Eddie Brown, Toastmaster Botsford said, "Be Gone." No sooner had the words been uttered than two brawny hands had nestled in Eddie's shoulders and he was on his way "out" followed closely by the tribesmen. It's a mystery what happened to our 1930 President but it's quite certain he was vested with all the knowledge that a member of the Past Presidents Association should know.

Many guests of the Pep Club members arrived around 10 P. M. to help swell the attendance and to enjoy the entertainment and dancing.

Many thanks go to Charles Schmertz of the Publix Production Department who was instrumental in furnishing high-class acts for the entertainment program as well as the Paramount Recording Orchestra which rendered selections during the dinner as well as providing the music for dancing.

Chris Beute, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, is deserving of a lot of praise and thanks for the able manner in which he conducted the affair. In fact, the entire Entertainment Committee is deserving of a great big vote of thanks.

Inaugural Dinner Sidelights

If you weren't at the Inaugural Dinner, Mortimer Cohn will be glad to explain to you how he and Polly Mahoney danced on a dime.

Irene Sweeney complained that the hotel silverware was too heavy—it made holes in her pockets.

Reward of 1000 peanuts will be paid to the person or persons who can give information as to the whereabouts of Eleanor Gallagher between the time the dinner ended and the playing of "Home Sweet Home" on October 16th last.

Amy Press and Ida Sonis couldn't agree on which orchestra they liked best. Cab Calloway made Amy's feet uncontrollable, whereas the Paramount Recording Orchestra could not have been any better for Ida's style of dancing.

From the continued visits of a certain light-haired young man to the 12th Floor, we certainly are under the impression that the Fortune Teller told Dot Silveri the truth.

Talking about fair-haired boys from the 11th Floor visiting the 12th Floor—we now know Marjorie Minscher's weakness.

Blond boys from the 11th Floor just can't keep away from the Sales Statistical Department. What is this power Dot Mansfield has over men?

Molly Cohen has invented a new and original story for black eyes and she certainly is standing by it. Patents are pending, boys!

Mae Weissberg exerted all her wiles on the waiter attending her table and her reward was the largest portion of ice cream imaginable.

They may talk about our Organization being "hard boiled" but it was a revelation to see the way the people crowded around Mary Brian, Stuart Erwin and Fredric March, to secure their autographs, at the Inaugural Dinner. Had it not been for a few individuals who dispersed the "mob," there is no telling what might have become of our precious "stars."

The New York Public Library is assembling a collection of Pep-O-Grams for their files. Any Pepsters who have Volumes 1 to 4 (published 1925-1928) in their possession are urged to send them to E. H. Anderson, Director of the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, so that the library files may be completed.
FLOOR

It might be a good idea for those young ladies who go on a diet—to reduce—to ask Paula Greenwald the formula of hers. While Paula has lost in poundage, she, contrary to the general rule, has gained even more good spirits and wit.

Vacations by now are but a memory with most people but Miss Helen O’Connor will not forget hers for sometime. She took hers the last two weeks of October and returned all ready for continued activity.

Most everybody knows Miss Gunard as the very efficient secretary of Mr. Innes, but how many know that her first name is Carmen? What with such a pretty name, charming manner and pleasing personality is it any wonder that she is well liked!

MAYBE—

Irene Sullivan doesn’t care for Miniature Golf but she certainly likes being at the wheel of a car. You auto see her drive!

Mr. J. J. Colligan wouldn’t reach for a Lucky but no one can say he wouldn’t reach for his good ole pipe.

Mike of the 11th Floor Information Desk never sees any stage stars as a first-nighter, but no one can deny he doesn’t get a first glimpse of many of the Paramount Stars when they call at the home office.

After quite a struggle with Old Man La-Gripe, Glenn Knox Haddow has returned to his desk, once more looking hale and hearty. It was a bad time to choose to be sick, Knox, because we missed you at the Inaugural Dinner and you missed a darn good meal.

Heavenly Stars

The twelfth floor was all abuzz recently. Why? Claudette Colbert, Mitzi Green, Stuart Erwin, Harold Lloyd and Fredric March were seen being escorted around to several offices, and when such luminous constellations traverse OUR floor, it just naturally makes our hearts go pit-a-pat.

We don’t usually discuss politics during business hours but last week Mayor James Walker was seen coming out of the 12th floor projection room. Wonder if he’s goin’ to be a “movin’ pitcher aeter?”

It is said “Even the best of friends must part” and so it was when Francis Finan (12th floor Reception Clerk) bade his many Paramount friends goodbye, after being with them almost ten years, to take a City position.

The three boys at the Desk with him, Jack Fruchtmann, Peter McCaul and Spiro Costas, not wanting to be forgotten, presented him with a beautiful what-you-may-call-it—Schaeffer fountain pen at one end and pencil at the other. The rest of his twelfth floor friends gave him a “pipe-ing” smoking set.

Succeeding Francis Finan is Michael Haas about whom we have had some excellent reports and we, therefore, wish him good luck.

THE WELL

At last we have gone over to the REDS (Am-torg and Hamilton Fish please note) and all the way from the brilliant cardinal of a beautiful rose—to the deep erson of a glorious sunset—\with three charming Pepsters leading the parade—Viola Goertz, Alice Dolan and Catherine Peters showing us some stunning creations recently—(this testimonial has not been paid for—yet—but we can be reached e/o Judge Crater).

And here’s a swell tip for other Pepsters—A red outfit—Tammy, Raincoat and Dress trimmed with white—then you’ll knock them for exactly Eighty-four Touchdowns—two in the second for the “Vanities” and dinner at the Ritz.

We have a strong hunch that with Joe Wood and Johnny Fuehs representing the Accounting Department in the Bowling Tournament—the glory that was Alexander and Clausen—is going to pass to the Well—

Snooping around we discovered that—Della Miller casts a line over the side of the ferry boat every evening on the way home, the reason being that this vivacious Pepster is awfully fond of—Herrin—you must come over for dinner. Sunday—Tuesday and Friday—Pickled Herrin—other days—Fried.

Joe Cleary must be thinking seriously of out-erooning Rudy—practice sessions daily nine to five.

Gus Harding is more interested in Mineralogy—than Aviation—and just now his interest centres around Platinum—

Dave Cassidy has a new Radio—and therefore no longer aspires to the Isaac Walton League.

The Football season is on—Jim Hubka’s correspondence with West Point.

Some class to Annette Malmund driving home from the Astor dinner in her “Chevy.” Annette was kind enough to take a few girls home. The girls weren’t at all satisfied as there weren’t any boys.

Sh—Sh—not a word to a soul! Have you heard about Ruth Cohen’s romance? Yes, he up and proposed, and it won’t be long now.

Another romance is blossoming in the department. Two Publicxites, Ruth Jacobs and Jack Boxer. Lots of luck to you both.

PEP-O-GRAMS
President Metzler Announces Committee Chairmen

Rules Committee:—John J. Wildberg, Chairman.
Irene F. Scott, Edward J. Rosenwald, Arthur Israel, Jr.

Welfare Committee:—Dr. Emanuel Stern, Chairman.
Dan Hynes, Irene Sullivan, T. X. Jones.

Educational Committee:—Arthur Israel, Jr., Chairman.
Helen B. Swayne, Frances S. Gashel, Marion Coles, Elmer Short.

Cooperative Buying Committee:—Belle Elkies, Chairman.
Bessie Goldsmith, Alice Blunt, Catherine Hagen, Mae Blum, Mollie Joseph, John Guilfoyle.

Athletic Committee:—John Fuchs, Chairman.
Joe Plunkett, Ted Lemm, Carl Clausen, Kenneth Long.

Publicity Committee:—Earl Wingart, Chairman.
Frank Vreeland, Cliff Lewis, Wallace West, Alvin Adams, Leonard Daly, Bob Moriarity.

Finance Committee:—Robert P. Stanley, Chairman.
Richard Bennett, Agnes V. Donovan, William H. Lawrence, Albert S. Webb.

Membership Committee:—J. Zammit, Chairman. Esther Jablow, Ass’t Chairman.

Entertainment Committee:—Cliff Lewis, Chairman.

Bulletin Committee:—Henry Bachman.
Thumbnail Scratches No. 7  G. B. J. Frawley

The purpose of this dissertation is to enlighten the reader on the following topic:

WHY G. B. J. FRAWLEY IS CALLED "JUDGE."

That brings the writer to the question, why is Mr. Frawley called "Judge"?

It also brings the writer almost to the end of the dissertation on WHY G. B. J. FRAWLEY IS CALLED "JUDGE."

Because the writer doesn’t KNOW why—and he believes no one else knows, either.

But he is going to make a few guesses, predicated upon what information is available:

Judge Frawley is one of the biggest potatoes that ever came out of Aroostook County, Maine, and boy, what I mean, they grow some hefty Irish apples in that bountiful province, my colleen thraneen.

Yessuh, ole marse Judge is some potato. They do be sayin’ that long before Rudybaga Vallee heard of that famous musical number, Judge Frawley was in there fighting on the Stein Song band—playing the tuber. Hey-hey, hotcha, hotcha, Charleston, Charleston.

In honor of his long residence in Portland subsequently, (they so bandy about the rumor) town officials there have decided to change the name to Portly-land.

But you can’t be too sure about bandied rumors. No more than you can be too sure about candied tumors, I mean tubers.

Now we arrive at the narrative, or “straining for a gag” portion of this dissertation. We are going to tell you a story.

One hot June afternoon last summer, Officer George Umpchuk of the Connecticut State Highway Police was standing with his motorcycle in a little declivity a few yards away from the throbbing cement roadbed of the Milford Turnpike section of the Boston Post (daily and Sunday with four pages of rotogravure) Road.

"This declivity is terrible," observed Umpchuk, "why, there’s no livity in it, at all, at all, there is not."

But as he spoke there was the roar of a motor. On the horizon, from the direction of Portland, came a hurtling, lunging, twelve-cylinder sedan—a veritable projectile of automotive speed. Who-o-o-e-e-e! Zee-ee-ah! And the roaring vehicle was already five miles beyond Umpchuk, heading south.

Umpchuk said nothing, but thought plenty. The same demoniac speed-ster had passed the same declivity Sunday after Sunday, for the past two years. The hapless officer had never been able to stop him. He had not even been able to catch the numbers on the license plates. He had not even been able to get a glimpse of the whizzing face. He muttered his usual observation—"must be a judge, I guess. Only a judge would have nerve enough to break the speed rules on my beat."

That may explain why ex-president of the Pep Club Frawley is called "judge," but it doesn’t explain the declivity. Or why a Connecticut motorcycle cop would he called Umpchuk.
A personal friend! We mean that Morty Burton had a visitor the other day in Fredric March, popular young movie player who is in New York making pictures at the present time. . . . They seem to be quite close friends. . . .

It's come to this! . . . You all know Gert Wiethake. . . . Well, it seems that Gert had her hair fixed kind of queer one day and folks began to wonder just what it was all about. . . . The truth has come out. . . . Yessir. . . . Gert was going to a masquerade party dressed as a half-man half-lady. . . . Now, I ask you?

You've probably seen Ronald Colman dozens of times in pictures—but did you know that the Foreign department has someone who is the exact image of Ronald? . . . It's a positive fact. . . . His name is Aaron Pines. . . . Of course, there's a slight difference—here and there—but if you weren't positive you'd believe Aaron—I mean Ronald, was standing before you. . . . Pull up your shoes, Aaron! . . .

We have other people who resemble movie stars, too! . . . We might mention them while we're on the subject. . . . Al Stefanie has often been mistaken for Rudy Vallee, Owen McClave reminds us of Gary Cooper, Bill Fass looks a lot like Ed. Wynn and Harold Miller, well, there is a slight difference between John Gilbert and him. . . .

Something terrible happened! Of course you know Linda Salsberger. . . . Who doesn't? . . . Well, this little girl was trying her hardest to open one of the great big files in her office when it suddenly burst open and threw the little girl on the floor. . . . What excitement! . . . Everyone came to the rescue. . . . There was Charlie Gartner, Harold Miller, Jr., Cunha, A. Coelho, Harold Miller and Buddy Rogers and Mauricie Chevalier who happened to be in the room at the moment (P. S. Sammy Cohen was getting a drink while this happened.) (P. S. S. The reason we have Harold Miller listed twice is because he went back to get his coat).

We're very sorry that we didn't mention Bernice Gerson in the anniversary issue of Pep-O-Grams but we haven't seen the girl for so long we thought possibly she had left for Alabama. . . . What do you think of a girl who insists that Robert Montgomery, the movie star, comes from Alabama because his last name is Montgomery. . . . Funny girl.

Mr. Luigi Luraschi recovered from an illness which necessitated a several weeks' stay in the hospital. We certainly have missed you Luraschi!
Eighth Floor News

Anyone see Dorothy J. Kreider at the Dinner? No? That's funny, because she wasn't there. Well everybody missed her and asked for her.

We call Ed Fay the Critic. He passes judgment on all pictures regardless of whether he has seen them or not, and strange as it may seem he usually guesses correctly.

Mollie Ruth Futterman walked a mile to get a camel—a camel's hair coat. It sure is the nobs. She looks like a product of West Point when she walks down the Great White Way. She's got style, boys, and how!

Sallie Walton has a new Greta Garbo haircut. It sure is becoming. We told Ziegfeld to look into the matter.

Gus Gabriel got a pass the other day—no, not to the Paramount—for an appearance in court. Not so nice. When he got there he said to the Judge, "Good morning Judge, how are you?" Says the Judge, "Fine, $5." That's o. k. Gus, we all sympathize with you. Some of us have patrol wagons, too.

Leonard Epstein, the Greek, pardon me, the Sheik of the 8th floor received a fortune with his weight the other day. It told him he had that personality and great magnetism. After reading it, two buttons plopped off his vest. He's the sort of guy that believes everything he reads.

Halloween was celebrated in a big way by the girls in the Filing Dept. They had a swanky luncheon at the Hotel New Yorker.

Shh!! Edith Bieok is "that way" about a certain young attorney in Saratoga.

Another Match Clinched

After many months of dickering, papers were finally drawn up for another important match. This match, however, was not engineered by Farley or Muldoon of the New York Boxing Commission.

One of the principals in the case was Teddy Ferro of the Publix Advertising Department who had strong backing in the organization that he would come through with flying colors.

The other principal in the case conceded her adversary several pounds in weight, reach and aggressiveness. However, Miss Matilda Nathan had a following of her own and did not lack for support when she stepped within the flower-decked altar. In fact, her charm and personality, it was confidently predicted, instantly won her more supporters and made her a top-heavy favorite.

Round ONE is on!

Teddy Ferro and Miss Nathan said "I Do" to the tune of Lohengrin's Wedding March on October 24, 1930.

HENRY GRAY, Chairman: HENRY D. BEHR, FLORENCE BOOTH, MARTIN E. CARROLL, WILFRED C. CHERRY, SADIE DIAMANT, CHARLES J. EICH, RICHARD G. ENGEL, GUS GABRIEL, JOHN J. GEUTILE, ANNA W. GHERAAN, MARIAN D. HERBERT, SADIE S. INNERFIELD, ESTHER JABLOW, CATHERINE LUFFANO, LEO M. MCKEECHENNEAY, MARY A. MASHON, ROSE MERRILL, EMILY NEWMAN, SONYA PODE, EDWARD SCHELLHORN, CHARLES B. SCHMERTZ, PAULINE SELIGMAN, ALBERT J. SIGUANO, IRVING SINGER, EDWARD SULLIVAN, FRANCES WEILL, ELZIE WOLL.
MITZI DENIES BETROTHAL
Won't Marry for Money

A bunch of reporters were “whooping it up” down in Walgreen’s one afternoon.

The editor suddenly looked up from his paper and said, “Who’ll volunteer?”

Everyone stepped forward but one—that was me.

“You’re selected,” he said, “for your courage—tell me how did you do it?”

“It’s a long story,” I replied, “I think it was ten years ago—”

“Never mind, let it lay, your assigned to interview Mitzi Green for Pep-o-grams.”

The words had no sooner dried on his lips and I was off in the direction of Mitzi’s dressing room, for she was playing the Paramount Theatre that week.

Room 7A, it stood before me—so I knocked.

A young lady opened the door.

“I’d like to interview Mitzi Green for Pep-o-grams, may I see her?”

“Sure, I’m Mitzi, won’t you come in?”

I stepped in and was introduced to her mother who left when I was seated.

I looked around while little Mitzi was busy in one corner of the room. This was the same room Nancy Carroll had occupied the week before and Zelma O’Neal and Rudy Vallee used while they were at the theatre. It was quite cozy.

Mitzi came over and seated herself. She asked in her cutest manner, “Now what do you want to ask me?”

“Is there any truth in the rumor of your engagement to Jackie Coogan?”

“How could you,” she replied, “you know I’m only nine and Jackie’s fifteen, besides Jackie’s a millionaire and I wouldn’t want people to think I was marrying him for his money.”

“Do you like playing the Paramount Theatre?”

“I think it’s just great. I’m always thrilled when they applaud.”

Then I asked her what she thought of Hollywood.

“Of course, I like New York a lot but I really can’t wait until I get back to California. I think movies are swell, and the stars and players are just grand. You know Harry Green, don’t you—he’s been mistaken for a relation of mine dozens of times but he really is a very personal friend. I think he’s swell.”

I thought I had pestered the young lady enough so I took my leave.

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Split Figure Department

This little department, heretofore situated in a cozy little office in the rear of the Well, has had plenty of excitement during the last few weeks.

On October 12th they bid adieu to Mrs. Rosalind Schiffman Kirsch who decided that home is the best place for married women. A luncheon was held on that day at Rossoff’s at which eighteen of her friends were present.

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She was presented with a beautiful gift by the following girls: Sadie Innerfield, Ella Sunshine, Jeanne Lateiner, Aida Freedman, Rose Kirsch, Minnie Waxelbaum, Gertie Strauch, Rose Factor, Gatha Channing, Molly Bregman, Amy Press, Polly Mahoney, Sadie Spitzer, Estelle (Jackie) Jacobs, Sylvia Berent, Ida Levine, Eva Horowitz and Agnes.

Mr. Frederick J. Ewald who had been head of this department since the beginning of its existence, left them without a warning under the competent management of Mr. Norman A. Rossman. However, they wish Mr. Ewald lots of good luck in his new undertakings.

Again without a warning, they were ordered to pack up, and on the morning of the 23rd of October they reported to work on the 12th floor of the Herald Tribune Building.

In addition to this, Mr. Rossman resigned his position to Mr. Walter P. J. Higgins who will now be the head of this department. The department wishes them both good luck.

Mrs. Sadie Innerfield now THE comptometer operator of the unit, shows signs of homesickness for her side kick, Mrs. Rosalind Kirsch.

Aida Freedman who now sits next to Mrs. Innerfield is the good samaritan and is trying to cheer her up with the music issuing forth from her typewriter.

We wish to express our sympathy to Teddy Nelson for the illness of his father. We hope he gets well soon.
News of the 9th Floor

Welcome to the ninth floor Mr. John Balaban and his assistant Mr. Walderstein and secretary Mr. Hagedorn. We hope you will be happy with us.

We were all glad to see Mr. L. J. Ludwig’s good natured smile on his recent visit here after six months’ absence in Minneapolis, to which office he is now attached.

Bob Powers is back in the family again after having been away from home (way up on the eleventh floor) while some renovating was going on here. Welcome home, Bob.

Jane Stubbs was out a week suffering from a bad cold and make believe we weren’t glad to see that sunny smile again on her return!!!

Not many years ago, the Public Advertising Dept. was almost wholly “bachelor” in complexion. But now old man SINGLE BLISS is taking it on the chin as Miss Romance asserts her influence and scares a few victims. During the last couple years, the following have succumbed—Ken Long, Earl Long, Irene Kelly, Estelle Morse and now—Teddy Ferro.

Cliff Lewis has joined the Mt. Vernon colony to help take the place of those departed. The colony now includes Earl and Ken Long, George Planck, Rodney Bush and Charlie Winchell.

Dorothy Ruff couldn’t attend the October 16th party ‘cause she long since had accepted a dinner and dance engagement. He must exert a lot of influence to make Dor give up the Pep Club party.

Theodora Hausmann didn’t feel like attending the banquet due to her knowing so few persons. However, after saying ‘No’ several times, she finally said ‘Yes’ and is mighty glad she changed her mind, which of course is a woman’s privilege.

George Brown has finally tired of the Mt. Vernon commuting. He is now within walking distance of the office. Of course, George is fond of walking and walking distance to some persons might mean a considerable distance.

Richmond Dorman recently returned from his vacation in the wilds of Maine where the birds chirp Rudy Vallee’s “Stein Song” every morning and evening.

It has been rumored that another romance is again blazing in the heart of Clarice Aaron- ton. Each day she can be seen gazing with that certain look in her eyes at the picture of Lewis Ayres which adorns a prominent place in her office.

May Keenan is doing her part to help the unemployment situation by buying apples. You’d better watch out, May, remember what happened in the Garden of Eden.

It’s great to see Mern Newman back at her desk again after that siege of the Grippe. Those tonsils have to come out now.

Football sure is in the air these days. Vic Campbell had two tickets for last Saturday’s game on the 120-yard line (so he said). What a game that must have been. Phil Seletsy said he enjoyed the game but the only trouble he had was that his field glasses were always filled up. With What?...

George Haupert that kinky-haired youth from Woodside has been going in for writing in a large way, but as yet has been unable to unload a good story. He says we don’t appreciate real ART.

Anybody ever hear Bee Lerner argue on the subject of Communism? It’s a treat ... (we’ll be shot for this).

Rae Bittell’s learning how to cook. She already has a collection of about 5 or 6 cookbooks, but somehow or other, her cookies always come out so hard ...

Kitty Talber’s “heart” (as Winchell would say) is back in town, and the poor girl doesn’t know whether she’s coming or going.

We’ve a sneaking idea that one of these days, somebody is going to send something up to the editor about us, airing their grievances. ... We hope they’re not too hard on us. After all, “all is meant in good faith.” (It’s an alibi, anyway).

The CRAZY QUILT reel made by LEO ZOCHLING from cuttings on the cutting room floor continues to convulse employees at the studio who look at it periodically and who, during those intervals, are thrown into the aisles with merriment. Leo keeps joining new cuttings to this reel which adds to its hilarity.

“Smiling” MARGIE WARD is back again after a short vacation. She needed one after the completion of Ed Wynn’s picture, “Follow The Leader,” which picture kept her in high dudgeon following the antics of Ed Wynn.

MORRIS HELPRIN, a newcomer in the Publicity Department, was formerly assistant cinema critic of the New York Times. He is now assisting Al Wilkie at the studio.

MATTY COHEN, of the Camera Department, has turned composer of music. He recently completed two song hits called “Believin’” and “Pretending,” and is working on another song to be released shortly. The next will probably be “Regustin’.”

“IT’s being done,” said ARTHUR JACOBSON, assistant director, who, between takes of “The Royal Family,” rushed down to City Hall to get married. The girl in the case was Gloria Lee, of the screen.

PEP-O-GRAMS
--- Jest for a Laff ---

Harry Green contributes the prize wisecrack of the month and wins a charter membership to the gag-of-the-month club. In the Jack Oakie picture, "Sea Legs," Green plays the part of a shyster lawyer and after an involved argument with the star Jack Oakie, he fires as his parting shot, "Well, I'll be suing you."

--- Signs of the Time ---

Two convivial friends were wandering their way along Michigan Avenue about 2 p.m., when one of them stopped to gaze dazedly at a sign.

"Whatchu lookin' at?" said the other.

"That sign."

"Whazzit say?"

"Ladies Ready to Wear Clothes."

"Dern near time, if any one was to ask me," came the reply.

--- Amateur Buggy ---

Cooper—Honestly, now, you would never have thought this ear of mine was one I had bought second-hand, would you?

Coles—Never in my life. I thought you had made it yourself.

--- Probably a Magician ---

A commuter rushed into a grocery store and exclaimed: "Quick! Give me a bag of flour, a half dozen eggs, a pound of butter and a bottle of milk. I want to make a train."

— Notre Dame Juggler.

--- Such fun, this job hunting. You know, being a college man, I never wear a hat. Yesterday I was standing in a bookshop waiting to be hired, when a lady came in, picked up a book, and handed me two dollars. Today, I'm going to loiter in the piano store. --- Centaur.

--- Suggestion for an opening sentence for a novel depicting college life: "A small coupe drew up in front of a fraternity house and twelve passengers alighted!" --- Central—Number, please?

Student—I want Blank 4321, and say, get it quick like they do in the movies.

— Okla. Whirlwind.

--- They laughed when I sat down at the piano. Some darn fool had removed the stool. --- Kreolite News.
Accounting Department’s Annual Golf Tournament

'A perfect Indian Summer day, a beautiful golf course, a bunch of good companions—remembrance of the 1930 Paramount Publix Golf Tournament will mellow in the minds of those who participated. In such circumstances, rival contenders can think of each other only as “Beloved Enemies.”

Publix scored its first win over Paramount by 20 to 18. The scene of the contest was Rye Country Club, the date October 2nd, 1930. The two teams were composed of 8 men a side and the distance of the match 36 holes.

PUBLIX

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The outstanding incidents of the day, anyone of which would cause a golfer to call up for narration his own greatest thrill, might well cover several pages in writing. We haven’t several pages so here are a few:

Monty Gowthorpe, was expected to shoot his telephone number for a score, but went contrary and carded the best score of his career — 99.

“Wild Ray” Keenan, in this, his first tournament, was almost the “strong man” of the Paramount Team. (“almost” in the person of Mr. Metzler.)

In case Jim Speer contemplates “coming out” long enough to make his debut, we offer the information that: a golfer’s social standing is in inverse ratio to the number of digits on his score card.

Fred Mochhardt took a wallop in the A.M. but delivered a trouncing in the P.M.

Al Webb versus Jim McGovern in a match that is becoming a classic in our golf annals. Al won a close decision in this much mooted blood match. Elation on Publix side.

We hasten to mention this same McGovern won over McDermott on the links (a side hit) but lost out to his then thoroughly aroused adversary in the locker room.

T. X. Jones seemed to think it was all in fun. His thoughts must have been in the “Lost Control Unit” as he hooked and sliced into water, wood, and rough. Tex is famed for his ability to “take it” and he bends all energies toward making the game harder.

Ted “High Power” DeBoer was the cause of sprinklers being set out in the P.M.—he was burning up the course. Teddy, take this tip: if you continue to stand on the wrong side of the ball before you hit it, and so close to it after you hit it, you will never play with balls purchased by Tom Jones.

Murray Richardson was the victim of something or somebody—Joe Lewandos sawed off his clubs on the eve of the battle. Murray’s fault is that he stands too close to the ground. We suggest that he trade in his old horoscope for a pack of Bobby Jones’ used score cards.

Publix is concentrating on developing a golfer to “take” Leo McKechney. If Publix doesn’t take him, Paramount will—continue to suffer.

Chris Beute (the old man with an ailment, you know) attained great heights—a 17 on the 3rd hole! His is a good bowling score, a few strikes and spares thrown in.

Fred Metzler made 6 of the 20 points for Publix. We’d give 6 strokes handicap to hear him talk about golf. We’d give 9 strokes to see him without his poker face.

On being asked why he has his knickers creased at the side, MacPike explained that the fairways were so narrow he had to walk sideways.

Charlie Johnson plays a good collapsible game; being young and abstaining he should improve with age. Perhaps Publix can arrange an accident before the event next year.

Most enthusiastic was the toast offered Messrs. Gowthorpe and Metzler in appreciation of their making all arrangements for the day at the club.

Harry Nadel has our undying gratitude, and, in appreciation of the timely and generous gesture, the boys gave the “Graybars” a wide distribution.

And so, Golfers, let us have peace till another year.

More Charter Members

The following names should be added to those listed last month under “Charter Members:"

Harry Ballance
Elle Caldwell
Norman Collyer
Martin Carroll
Howard Elliott
Luis E. Fernandez
Joseph Fronger
O. B. Geyer
Harry L. Goldberg
Lillian Goldsmith
Florence Goldstein
August Harding
Russell Holman
Lillian Kistleson
Austin Kueg
Matilda Kass
Sidney R. Kent
Ralph Kohn

Jesse L. Lasky
Eleck John Ludvigh
Maude K. Miller
Richard Murray
Robert Montgomery
Charles L. McCarthy
Frank Meyer
William O’Connell
Joseph Plunkett
Paul Raborn
J. Ventura Sureda
Emil E. Shauer
Dr. Emanuel Stern
Louis E. Swarts
Florence Tiernan
Earl Wingart
Minnie Waxelbaum

Our deepest sympathy goes to Miss Griswold at the death of her mother.

Condolences are also extended to Rose Kirsch at the loss of her father.
Greetings—

At this time all of us naturally look toward the new year. Some anticipate the turning of the calendar with misgivings, while others await it with enthusiasm. It is to the latter that this message is addressed. While some of our problems have been difficult this year they have brought us a new vigor and have taught us many things. Your company’s business is in good order and I look forward to 1931 with enthusiasm—the same kind of enthusiasm that you, fellow members of the Paramount Pep Club, show when you start out to make a record for your club. And each year is always better than the one that has passed. Your officers see to that and the measure of their success depends upon the contribution each one of you makes. The rating of your club is indication enough that you have not shirked in loyalty and whole hearted co-operation in the past. More work and more enthusiasm will make 1931 a banner year for all, in and out of the motion picture industry, so let us look forward with optimism.

Best wishes to all of you for a most pleasant holiday season.

Adolph Zukor
PEP-CLUB CHRISTMAS PARTY DEC. 24TH

Through special permission of the guardians of Santa Claus, arrangements have been completed for this venerable old gent to arrive at the Paramount Building, Wednesday afternoon, December 24th; at which time, he and a couple loyal assistants will give a real old time Merry Christmas party for all members of the Paramount Pep Club.

This party, to be held in the 11th floor well, will last only an hour. This is to permit everyone to do some last-minute shopping; but into that one hour will be crowded more fun and frolic than you can imagine. Each and every one attending will get a Christmas present. No fooling! A real for-sure Christmas present. Santa Claus and his assistants will distribute the presents as you enter the doors. There will be an orchestra to furnish lilting tunes, and other entertainment features carried out in full Christmas tempo.

Details of the party will be announced later.

LAW LECTURES

On Tuesday, November 11th, at 5:30 o'clock in the evening, the first of a series of weekly lectures in Commercial Law was given under the auspices of the Educational Committee of the Paramount Pep Club in rooms 603 and 604 of the Paramount Building.

For some time in the past, members of the Pep Club have urged that such lectures be given. The complexity of modern business is such that the alert and ambitious man of today who is associated with a company whose scope of business is as vast and far reaching as Paramount Publix Corporation, cannot help but feel that his usefulness would be greatly enhanced if he but knew the legal factors in the business problems which confront him daily, in order that he may avoid the legal pitfalls that only show themselves to those who are sufficiently enlightened in business law.

Y. M. C. A.'s in the larger cities, including New York, and corporations such as our own are each year offering to laymen, the opportunity to become versed in business law.

The lectures will include those subjects that will be of interest and benefit to the layman, such as contracts, negotiable instruments, leases, sales, bankruptcy, agency and corporations. The lectures are being given by Mr. Julius B. Scheitel of the Legal Department and the average attendance has been seventy-five.

Since it is the aim of the Lecturer to remain on one branch of the law until it is completed, before taking up a different subject, members of the Pep Club may enroll for the remaining lectures without being handicapped by reason of the fact that they were not present at the opening lectures.

BOWLING GETS UNDER WAY

The bowling season for Paramount Pep Club members officially opened Monday evening, November 3rd, with eleven five-man teams vying with each other for the highest honors.

John Fuchs, Chairman of the Athletic Committee, states that the teams battle every Monday evening at Dwyer's Bowling and Billiard Academy (3rd floor), 7th Avenue and 52nd Street, from six until ten o'clock. P. M. and that spectators are cordially invited to be present to cheer on their respective cohorts.

Considerable interest was manifested in bowling last year with an even greater interest being shown this year as attested by the number of members enrolled.

The bowling season will continue throughout the winter months—winding up sometime in March.

President Fred Metzler is especially anxious that the feminine members of the Club avail themselves of the opportunity to bowl also. The men bowlers who are acquainted with the many fine points of the game will gladly offer their services in coaching the ladies. Now, that's an incentive in itself to assure a large delegation of women bowlers.

All ladies interested in bowling are asked to get in touch with Mr. Fuchs. If a sufficient number desire to bowl, arrangements will then be made to secure alleys.

Athletic Briefs

With cold weather comes the incentive for ice skating.

J. M. Fuchs, Chairman of the Athletic Committee, advises that arrangements were made through the manager of Iceland (52nd Street and Broadway) for a twenty-five per cent reduction of the admission price for all "Pep Club" members. Your membership card entitles you to this privilege.

Refer to the bulletin board on your floor for details.

Mr. Metzler announces that arrangements are under way to form a winter Swimming Club. Indoors, of course, and a well known pool at that.

Recently, details for playing miniature golf and ping pong at reduced rates were supposed to have reached every "Pepster." If you did not see this notice for some reason or another and those who may have let it slip their minds may we suggest that you communicate with either Mr. Traw in the Herald Tribune Building or Mr. Fuchs in the 11th floor well, who will be glad to give details.

It is understood if enough Paramount members are interested in this sport, a tournament will be arranged with a fitting prize going to the "winnah."
A LIABLE SUIT

(Init Advertising-Publicity Department)

Frederick Marsh, Nancy Carol, Stewart Erwin, Mary Bryan, Junior Durkan and Bill Valley (Rudy Valley's little brother with the curly hair) were among the visitors who have recently sought (and received) the expert services of Tess Klausner, keeper and impresarioess of the stills in these parts.

Peggy Fewer reports blizzards from the north country around New Rochelle. Better get out the dog sledges and pemmican buns, Peggy, say we.—Ed.

Margaret (“Let's Go”) Russell is taking bids and contracts on the celery-cuttin' job at her farm in Cranberry Bottoms, N. J. (New Jersey). Incumbent reports extra choice crop of 'tery. You can't beat these modern girl-farmers say we.—Ed.

Rumors are rife around Farmingstead, L. I. (N. Y.) that president of district school board of governors of Farmingstead township, this county, Alvin Adams is avocated these days to the work of taking down and dusting off house screens and general house renovating these days. Go to it, president of district board Adams, say we.—Ed.

There is tolerable rifeness to the rumors, told currently and locally in these parts by reliable parties to the effect that Carl Harrison, a welcome recent to these parts, is settin' a score of hens at his riverside farm. Settin' them crazy, say we.—Eds.

Cliff Lewis, a recent to the parts around Mamaroneck, W. C. (West Chester) told several new jokes that he heard down to the “Three's Crowdin' It” show at an informal gathering the other night around his hired piano just before the men come to take it away. “It” meaning the piano stool to be repaired.—Ed.

Parties that was up the creek for the shucking at Sound Beach report it, and it is a consensus of opinion of other parties who should know wherein—of they speak, that a farmer um that-away named Holbein, or Holdman, or Homann is reaping a considerable some revenue off of turning his fall pasture land into these, what they call, Mixture Golf Ball Games.

Quite a few old-timers and quite a few recent went to the fox-haunting and long tennis sociable and oyster waffle held neath the roof-tree of fellow-granger Frank Freeland, at his paternally estate in Estaten Island, in honor of the new 6:20 Ferry and revised riparian rights a while back.—Advt.

These days are strenuous ones for the recent that never spent a winter whichever in the Gotham metropolis before, rumors being rife that certain Southern parties who we will not tell their name (initials F. W.) is getting him a property for living purposes this winter cloister up to the shuddle train depot on Lexington Avenue. Parties know who we mean. —Ed. note—it's only one party. He's always getting shaved at the barbers in case party don't know who we mean.

Parties in these parts who recently were seen at local theatres by other parties with their wives were Mssrs. Daly, Moriarty, Wingart, West and Daily. (May be the same party spelled different). Their wives with them at the time were Mdmss, Daly, Moriarty, Wingart, West and Daily (in case spelling is wrong). Sorry in case of mistake.—Ed.

Ed. note—The Milles, Ethel Simpson, Lillian Da Costa and Eileen Elliott, subscribers to this paper, have just volunteered the information that Mssr. Dailey, see above, is not a married fellow in these parts. Sorry Mr. Daily, about being not married, but can't hold up printer any longer, and there is nothing to put in its place. See above.—Ed. Sorry.

SANTA'S HELPER

Will someone please tell Clara where we live? Let it be known that our faith in Santa Claus has been restored and that we are knocking off early on the 24th to go home and clean the chimney flue.
A remarkable basket ball player is Marie Tietgen who is a member of one of “Joisey’s” best girl teams.

Ruth Jacobs has taken a sudden fancy for Bowling. Just now she is a constant spectator of a certain group of Publix Bowlers up at Dwyers, and is especially interested in a certain member of that team.

Paul Bach is a skillful indulgent in the manly art of boxing. Paul has been giving the boys a couple of “pointers” and looks to be pretty good.

On December 21, Miss Mildred Ellis will celebrate her twentieth birthday; so we were told by the young lady, herself. Congratulations Millie and lots of it.

Miss Mary Selitsky sure is a big help when it comes to gossip.

A certain young man with blonde hair and friendly disposition seems to be the apple of May Jones’ eye. Every time he asks her for information she blushes until her face becomes the color of her hair. So Miss Selitsky claims.

Whenever Helen Goldberg sits at a typesetter it is a sure sign she is copying some poetry; always obliging to make an extra copy for who ever wants to read it.

Beatrice Cohen is another one who is up to date with her poetry and what beautiful lyrics she can say.

Tom Flood can be seen, on almost any day, effecting one of those good ‘ol Picadilly stiff bosom shirts. However, it might be noted here that he does not seem to have quite the courage of his sartorial convictions, because he always wears a vest that buttons very high, thus shielding the starched shirt-front from hostile eyes. Why not add a Tattersall waistcoat to the costume, Tom, and complete the ensemble?

Reportorial Staff

Lew Stewart first saw the light of day some thirty years ago, and since then has seen the light of practically nothing but movie house marquees.

One would say then, that he is somehow connected with the advertising of motion pictures. He is, somehow—and how!

In furtherance of his chosen work it is necessary for him to journey far afield, to every state in the Union. One time he was in three states at once—the States of Ohio, high dudgeon and insomnia.

But there are those who do say that Lem's tours to the 48 sovereignties are planned purely for personal reasons. They say that he has so little confidence in the capacity of the Post Office for prompt delivery of his incoming mail that he makes these trips throughout the states in order to stimulate the laggard activities of Uncle Sam's postal clerks. In fact, one of the writer's confidential agents reports having seen the brisk and business-like Mr. Stewart in action in the inner offices of the Toledo, Miss., post office one day.

Very much like a football game it was, says the c.a., with Mr. Stewart in the equivalent role of a quarter-back, kicking and pounding at the feverishly busy postal clerks, and shouting at the top of his voice—"get in there and fight, youse babes!"

But Lem Stewart finds time for other things. He swims, he gymns, he hymns, he skims.

By that is meant he swims, he punches the bag and chins himself in the gymnasium; he plays the piano, usually choosing hymns as his pieces de resistance, and he skims up skims (cf. Lou Holtz in "Follow the Leader")—he skims up skims for keeping theatre advertising expenses within the scope of "if your budget permits."

At the mid-town hotel where he lives within the permission of his own personal budget, the management there recently gave him a testimonial dinner in honor of his distinction as the only resident guest who is allowed to have his mail delivered to him on time.

Several years ago Lem woke up with a start. He realized that he had been sleeping in Philadelphia all his life. Bidding a fond farewell to Weightman Hall, Josiah Penniman and other landmarks around the University of Pennsylvania, he set out for New York where he has spent the intervening years of his life up to now without as much as one minute of sleep.

How he manages to accomplish all the work he does for the Publix theatre department without pause for rest is the wonder of his colleagues, and a phenomenon which has most of them guessing.

A few of the wise ones think they know the reason. They may be right. What they say is that Lem Stewart has discovered the Publix'r of Life.
**REMINISCENT**

Dark memories in my tired mind,
No, not bitter—nor do they blind,
I remember now that he was kind
And it is not just that he be maligned.

Sharp shadows on the winding walk,
Whispering leaves, and midst their talk
Grim visions stalk
Which turn my heart to water—my lips to chalk!

Memories not as the fierce March wind
But poignant, ah, they seem to grind
Into my soul
And I can find no refuge, but must be signed.

S. M. M.

**A COLLEEN AND A LAD**

What drabness may its portals know
Caught not in all its potency
Repel the tryst which alone
Could meet the extreme urgency.

Affairs of heart do best reveal
What sorrows quickly would ensue
If of two enamoured reciprocally
The youth should fail his maid to woo.

But o'er the course to happy thought
Assume the youth a bold one,
The guiding fate will soon take hand
And aid him win the fair one.

What will result is well described
By stating that the time
Preceded that which all of us
Know as the stroke of nine.

The atmosphere discouraging
Distracted not his suit;
Effectively he spoke his words
The maiden remaining mute.

The greeting foreign to our ears
At first appeared alarming;
But happy did his fair one seem,
To hear his “Top o' the mornin’.”

H. S.

**Catering to All**

Shower-bath for Women is in the Observation Car—Leaflet for passengers on a Pittsburgh-Chicago limited.

—Literary Digest.

Motor-car manufacturers are rapidly immortalizing our presidents. We had the Cleveland; we have the Lincoln, and now comes the Roosevelt. Why not another car—The Coolidge, America’s Silent Six?

—Judge.

Si: “Sarah, is there anything you want in town this morning?”

Sarah: “Well, Si, you might buy a jar of that traffic jam I’ve been readin’ about.”

Ima Dodo thinks the Farm Belt is something worn by Westerners who got too swag-gery for suspenders.
Charles "Buddy" Rogers visited the Foreign Publicity office a few weeks ago after his European holiday... You would have been astounded at the way the girls of the tenth floor behaved. ... A few of the girls actually were so bold as to speak to Buddy without any introduction whatsoever. ... The hussies! ... We have one person in mind particularly!

Some more impressions: Did you know that Nancy Carroll looks just like Ruthie Sanstedt? ... and that Sophie Singerman has that certain Gloria Swansonish glint in her eye? ... Of course we all know that P. H. Stilson resembles Lewis Stone sans moustache.

He's back again... We mean Al "Jolson-Jersey" Stefanic. Al's been sick with the mumps—no, it wasn't the mumps—it was a swollen jaw. He's in again, though. The boys will always remember V. Al.

Things I never knew 'til now: (apologies to Winchell)
—Sarah Friedmann has a boy friend. It's true!
—Louie Fernandez has a real automobile.
—Charlie Gartner is having trouble with his radio.
—Gertrude Wiethake uses lipstick.
—Belle Jones eats two apples a day.
—Linda Salsberger really goes to dances.
—Ruthie Sanstedt's father does not own a fruit stand.
—Guy Wood is a real Englishman.
—Lillian "Minneapolis" Beck likes to tickle Bill Fass.
—Saul Jacobs would like to be called Mister.
—Bernice Gerson would feel terrible if she didn't get some mail everyday.
—Sammy Cohen wanted a Packard, his wife wanted a Lincoln—they compromised and got a nurse for the kids.

Here and there on the tenth:
Folks certainly like water on the tenth. Sometimes the fountains get kind of congested... Do you like Kay McKeon's long hair? ... That's right, we think the same! ... Have you been bumped by P. H. Stilson's swinging gate yet? ... It's a pleasure.

Aaron Pines seen promenading with a brand new shirt ... Jerry Goldsmith sings ... sings ... not good but loud. ... Paula Greenwald pouts. ... Linda Salsberger likes Marlene Dietrich so much that she's been trying to imitate her. ... Charlie Gartner thinks Mary Brian is the world's best actress. ... Sammy Cohen thinks the same of Zasu Pitts. ... Gertrude Levy likes people that are different. ... What about Ben Turpin? ... Louise Eckhardt never wears hats ... it's always a beret! ...

Sam Cohen was out walking with his nine-year old nephew the other Sunday. Presently they came upon one of those Ford roadsters that the police department use. The youngster noted the license plate—101 PCT, and immediately asked Uncle Sam what the PCT stood for. "Ever alert to answering such questions (as he has two of his own)" Sam replied by saying that the PCT stood for percent whereupon the youngster countered that that flivver was over-perfect.

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News of the 9th Floor

"No news is good news" is an old saying, but not to your correspondent, who is faced with the fact that the deadline for closing is looming up like a Mack Truck meeting an Austin.

Bowling is coming to the front as a strong pretender for the throne vacated by football. Not that any of the boys played, but judging from the conversation they joined the gymnasium and fraternity house groups that replayed the games over and over again—not failing to drag in the usual quota of alibis for their favorites. With bowling it's different—George Planck, Jim Furman, Charlie Winchell, Ken and Earl Long are out to scatter the pins in no uncertain way.

We welcome back Gertrude Berg of the Manual unit after an illness that kept her smiling countenance from our midst for better than four months.

Cupid, the intrepid trouble maker, continues to stalk this department. His latest dart from a pretty depleted quiver hit Miss Dorothy Ruff, Mr. Meredith's secretary. She, like a good girl, did an about face, fell overboard and was brought to shore safely locked in the bonds of matrimony. Our toast is a long and happy journey.

Perfume has long been known to be the ally of gay young charmers. We always thought, however, that it was meant to aid in concentrating on one individual. We somehow resent the attempt recently made to use it in wholesale fashion to vamp the whole office. Ask Miss Hausmann for particulars.

The stage has always beckoned to people to come and lose themselves in the land of make believe. "Just Imagine" Miss Jeanette Mendelowitz recently played the part of a chorus boy!

Some people are so shy. Can you believe that Miss Cohen felt timid about calling the printer to get quotations on wedding invitations? Now, you tell one Mr. Ripley.

So far we have noted only one casualty from the invasion of Tom Turkey. November 27th. He surely dealt Willie (Lightnin') Feibesh a heavy blow. "Lightnin" took the count for about three days.

PEP-O-GRAMS PAGE EIGHT
STANLEY SMITH TO ENTER MUSICAL COMEDY

"Would you like to interview Stanley Smith?" remarked the editor one afternoon.

"I certainly would, but I don't think I can arrange it today," I answered.

"That'll be all right, you go down backstage of the Paramount Theatre and see Stan today."

What was I to do? The editor never takes a negative answer.

"Where's Mr. Stanley Smith's dressing room?" I asked of the stage doorman.

"On the fifth floor—who wants to see him?"

I produced the magic Pep Club card and was ushered right up to the fifth floor. It's really surprising what a Pep Club card will do beside getting one a discount at Alex Taylor, Stern's, Davega's, etc.

Well, there I was in front of room 5A. I knocked and waited. There wasn't any answer. I knocked again. "He's not in," I said to myself.

I started to walk away when I heard someone call:

"Don't go away—or you want to see me?"

"Are you Stanley Smith?" I asked.

"Sure, come in—I'm sorry I didn't hear your knock but I was taking a little nap."

I entered the room. Stanley was alone. He had on a light blue flannel bath robe and looked great.

"Well, Mr. Smith—"

"Call me Stanley," he politely interrupted, "I like it better." "Well, Stanley, I'm from Peps-O-Grams and I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Go ahead, anything you ask I'll answer."

"Whom do you like to play opposite the most in pictures?" I ventured.

"Now, that's hard to answer fairly—all the people have been so nice to me, but I really like Nancy Carroll and Ginger Rogers."

"Where do you go from here?"

"I'm going to do something different, something I've never done before."

I'm going to have a part in a musical comedy. I've been making personal appearances for the last ten weeks, you know, and I am rather accustomed to a visible audience now. And I think I'll like it."

"What did you do before you entered pictures?"

"I was on the dramatic stage out in California. The funny part of my entering into the movies is that my first role was as a villain. Not a bold villain but the kind one sees in college stories. Remember "The Sophomore" with Eddie Quillan?"

"How do you like playing this theatre?"

"You can't imagine how nervous I was at my first appearance. I've never played before such a large audience before. But when I heard the applause after my first song, I felt very much relieved and after that it was much easier."

The lights flickered just then and I knew it was Stanley's first call and he had not even started dressing so I hurriedly said goodbye and took my leave.

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ANIMAL CRACKERS

SKIPPY said to HUCKLEBERRY FINN and TOM SAWYER, "LET'S GO NATIVE—you know ONLY SAPS WORK." They agreed with him and formed the FIGHTING CARAVANS unit. The three journeyed to MONTE CARLO. Here they started ANYBODY'S WAR when a PLAYBOY OF PARIS called them THE SPOILERS because Huckelberry Finn won a gamble with QUEEN HIGH. From there they decided to go to MOROCCO and because Skippy thought he was a LADIES' MAN he started a courtship with a fair maiden. Alas, she eloped with another on HER WEDDING NIGHT. Later he was tried and acquitted on the charge of MANSLAUGHTER.

After many more adventures he fell in love FEET FIRST but from this damsel he received only LAUGHTER. He resolved that even if he had THE RIGHT TO LOVE he wouldn't fall in love with ANYBODY'S WOMAN. Feeling GRUMPY he endeavored to be WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE but was unable to, having rheumatic SEA LEGS and therefore couldn't be THE SEA GOD required.

Seeing he couldn't FOLLOW THRU his plans, Skippy suggested they now start homeward. FOLLOW THE LEADER, agreed Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer so with HEADS UP they hit THE SANTE FE TRAIL.
12th Floor Herald Tribune Bldg.

CONGRATULATIONS

Joe Plunkett is now the proud papa of a Joe “Publix” Plunkett, Jr.

Sh-sh—the members of the 14th floor are planning to buy his son a miniature Pool Table and Bowling Ball in order that he will become a better player than his daddy. Catch wiz.

This organization should not be called a moving picture company, but just a moving company.

No sooner settled we hear news that Mr. Fricks’ department are going to disband to different parts of the Globe or Tribune.

Bessie Decker, Isabelle Foresman, Estelle Helsen, Anne Sepanek, Stanley Keller, and George Stanger comprise this unit.

Sylvia Berent and Frances Warshawer recently celebrated their first wedding anniversary. The first year meaning paper, they got plenty of it. The World, News, Mirror, etc.

Christmas is coming so’s Helen Secholtitz. Wait till you see her new red coat.

They must breed them witty in Rochester judging from the humor of Rose Eskin. Ask us—we know.

John Bellucci and George Stanger won $100 in a football pool which they both shared. Lucky Boys, just ask them how much remained when they started home—these wild men.

You better watch yourself when Sadie Innerfield is around. Being a PEP-O-GRAMS reporter she’s always on the alert for news. Better keep in her good graces. Remember—she knocks and boosts.

We are glad to see Norman Rossman back again in charge of the Split Figure Unit—GOOD LUCK.

Jean Lateiner our Spanish Senorita, sure can type. You’re good if you can find an error in her work.

Morris Wohl is at his desk when everyone comes in and at his desk when everyone leaves. He thinks we don’t know, but we’re sure he must sleep in the office.

Charlie Hardwick, the reason why girls leave home, is with Mr. Beyea. Bert Adler, who knows all there is to know about chorines, is under Mr. Althaus. M. Mustakoff, our electrical wizard, and Jack Boxer, our pool expert (we don’t mean swimming either), are under Glideon. Joe Lewand has “putted” himself into Stokes Unit. Richardson, our many lettered man, under Campo. B. S. (Oolie) Olwovitch has laughed himself into Stanley’s Department. Danny Stemmerman, the mascot of the Lost Control—just keeps rolling along.

13th and 14th Floors—Herald Tribune Building

Little Mac’s ardent devotion to her country connells us to call her “Burke of the Nation!”

Mr. Campo’s unit would never walk a mile for a Camel!

Did you know that Jakie was “Miss Western Hemisphere” for 1930?

Bert Adler has at least a pair of shoes that fit him. It is rumored that he wears two Austins!

A real scoop is the fact that little Miss Elster of Mrs. Traw’s unit recently ankled up the altar in the hush manner. (Oh, Walter Wincell.)

Ida Diekmeyer thinks a football is a bunion!

The Balaban & Katz Unit should be a happy one. Haven’t they two “Sunshines” and “Smiles?”

Horace Greeley had Miss Wynn in mind when he spoke those words of wisdom—“Go West, young lady, Go West!”

The newest addition to Mr. Althaus’ unit and Dorothy Appleby of “Young Sinners” resemble each other uncannily. Maybe Dot is working for us, in cog?

Ethel “Elly” Langdon will never, never, never get over the Yale-Harvard fracas. An off-day for Booth, sez Ethel.

Jean Diver’s Jersey jaunts may or may not spell Romance—!

Betty “Firebrand” Whalen is smouldering—!

Alice “Cynra” Ryan is taking oboe lessons and it is rumored that she toots a mean oboe. These musical families!

Miss Griswold, another Gliddcnite, does not like detective fiction, sez she!

Dan Reardon tells us that the family linen crest is ASTOR. A popular crest, eh?

Who, on the 14th floor is known as Moby Dick? And why?

Mary “Big Smile” Turner “Brooklyn’s” every Saturday. There’s a reason!

The real low-down on the Esther Meltzer ailment is NOT headache but heartache.

Kay’s football prognostications never seem to materialize correctly!

Vivian Baker’s office alarm clock still rings merrily on!

Adolph Stoeffle tells us that Marriage is not an experience but a bereavement!

Walter Camp and Esther Meltzer still disagree volubly on additions. One must be right!

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Publix-Accounting “All” Team for 1930

College

Left End—“Ima” Bokser,......Ego University
Left Tackle—“Butch” Quackenbush

Buckshot College

Left End—“Harry” Hirschbach
Center—Jakey

International Correspondence School
Right Guard—“Hummer” O’Neil...Not-A-Dame
Right Tackle—“Stretch” Schlessinger,....Peoria
Right End—“Gawd” Zammit,....Swash
Quarterback—“Brainy” Eich,....Pratt
Halfback—“Inny” Atwell,....Oxford
Halfback—“Allie” Hertz,....Wilfred
Fullback—“Wallie” Stokes,....Delhanty’s
The Boy Friend (calling up his girl):

"Hello, dear, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

She: "I'd love to, dear."

He: "Well, tell your mother I'll be over early."

"Little Sidney: "Daddy, is today tomorrow?"

"Daddy: "Certainly it isn't."

"Sidney: "But you said it was."

"Daddy: "When did I ever say today was tomorrow?"

Sidney: "Yesterday."

"Daddy: "Well, today was tomorrow yesterday, but today is today just as yesterday was today yesterday but yesterday is today and tomorrow will be today tomorrow which makes today yesterday and tomorrow all at once. Now run along and play."

"Has your husband any hobbies?" asked the neighbor who was calling.

"No," said Mrs. Tuggle, "he has rheumatiz a good deal, and hives now and then, but he ain't never had no hobbies."

Jane, six years old, was out for a ride in the country. She saw a swamp where cattails were growing.

"Oh, daddy!" she exclaimed, "look at the hot dog garden."

Irate Parent: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter sir."

Young Man: "I wish you would old boy, I'm not making much headway."

"You are charged," said the judge, "with beating up this government inspector. What have you to say?"

"Nothing," replied the grocer, "I am guilty. I lost my head. All morning I held my temper while government agents inspected my scales, tasted my butter, smelled my meat, graded my kerosene. In addition, your honor, I had just answered three federal questionnaires. Then this bird comes along and wants to take moving pictures of my cheese, so I pasted him in the eye."

Hit Home Runs in Bed?

The time is coming, predicts Will Durant, when men will perform only mental work. And mental play, too, let us hope. Then a man can just sit on the first tee and count to 80 instead of toiling over the course and laboriously hitting 110.

—Detroit News.

More Business

Dora thinks the talk about a thirteen-month calendar is merely propaganda for the Book-of-the-Month Club.—Judge.

Commercial Theme Songs

Hart Schaffner & Marx—"Button Up Your Overcoat."

Maxwell House—"You're the Cream in My Coffee."

Helen Rubinstein Beauty Preparations—

"Don't Be Like That."

Lung Shi's Chop Suey Gardens—"Char-\nmaine."

Pelman Institute—"Will You Remember?"

Knickerbocker Ice Company—"Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man."

Elite Employment Agency—"Until You Get Somebody Else."

Portable Garage Company—"Back In Your Own Back Yard."

Mothersill's Seasick Remedy—"Thou Swell."

Pinkerton's—"Me and My Shadow."

Any Bootlegger—"Hello, Montreal."

Ask Mr. Foster Service—"Wherever You Are."

Prohibition Enforcement—"Sh! Here Comes My Sugar."

Goodyear Rubber Co.—"Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella."

Credit Clothing Association — "Due, Due, Due."

—Carroll Carroll in Judge.

Government Salesmanship

Poster advertising is to be tried by Uncle Sam to help in the campaign for more gen- 

eral respect for the dry law. Advertising ex-

perts are now at work on the idea, and the following messages may greet you from the billboards and store windows any day:

WHAT A JAIL OF A DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW BRINKS MAKE!

IS A FIVE-YEAR TERM PLEASANT?

ASK THE MAN WHO'S SERVED ONE!

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH A BOTTLE OF CARBONATED WATER!

WHEN BIGGER JAILS ARE BUILT MABEL WILL FILL THEM!

TRY THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET "IT SATISFIES"

We may even hear proclaimed that "the en-
tire student body at Yale, blindfolded, picked red lemonade as its favorite libation," and that "milk ran first, synthetic gin eighty-sixth in a vote at Harvard."

A "VETERAN"

Fifteen years ago or September 15, 1915, to be exact, a young man applied at the office of Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co., Inc., for a position. This same person was given an opportunity as assistant to the bookkeeper and on trial at that. The motion picture industry was in its infancy at this time. Companies were formed one day and gone the next. Not so with the company this young man had joined. 1916 saw the merger of the Lasky Company with Famous Players Film Co., of which Adolph Zukor was President. This was only the beginning of a present world known amusement company producing, distributing and exhibiting motion pictures. With an entire personnel of some 150 people at the time of the merger, this company now employs many hundreds in its Home Office and likewise in its Foreign offices.

The name of that young man is Gus Harding, for fifteen years a "Paramounteer" in the General Accounting Department. "Gus" has witnessed Paramount's growth to its present eminence in the amusement field.

Pioneers such as Mr. Harding are to be envied for it is they who have helped in their meagre way to build the reputation which we must carry on.

Eighth Floor News

Here's a chance to thank Johnny Guilfoyle, Mamie, and the two cronies of the stockroom, Bill Hecht and Jimmy Reilly for their aid in wrestling with the turkeys the day before Thanksgiving. As you know they helped to distribute the turkeys to employees.

Richard Weilogorsky and Leonard Epstein were talking about music. Here's the conversation:

Richard—Do you like music Len?
Len—Sure.
Richard—What kind of music?
Len—Operettas.
Richard—What kind of operettas do you like?
Len—Oh, I like telephone operettas.

Pretty good, Eh what? We bet he doesn't know the difference between a telephone building and the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mollie Ruth Futterman came in the other morning looking very perplexed. Asked what the matter was she said, "I was just wondering how I was ever going to get my coat on over my wings when I get to Heaven." Then someone yelled—Don't worry about that, but start worrying about how you're going to get your hat on over your horns. Oh Mollie, you little devil.

Ruth Frankel of the candy sales dept, tells us that she is on a diet. Sounds kind of funny doesn't it? A diet in the candy sales dept. "Sweet" of her to kid us along that way.

Freda Jeanne O'Ringle hopes that she gets something shiny for Christmas. We guess she has reference to a diamond, but we wouldn't be surprised if she tells us it's a kitchen set (A bunch of shiny pots and pans) Ketch On?

Gus Gabriel says—You'd never think it to look at me but my Uncle Oscar takes a cold shower every morning. Well, well, what a comedian he turned out to be.

We asked Anita Siegler how she liked her Thanksgiving dinner. "We didn't have turkey," says she, "but the meal was 'duky!' Clever. Eh what old chappie?

Music Department

On the 21st of November, Mr. Chris. Beute, had a birthday. He was presented with a great big Birthday Cake and a little party followed. The musical hit of the event was "Don't Send My Boy To Prison." He received many, many congratulations from his friends and the sincere good wishes of his own "gang" in room 403.

* * *

Those who listened in to the Commodore Hotel musical program last Tuesday, at 6:45, got a real treat when Mr. George Steiner gave a violin solo. He played his own composition "Riot of the Strings." Mr. Steiner is a member of the music department and an excellent arranger.

* * *

The guest Conductor of the Brooklyn Paramount Orchestra, is none other than Mr. Irving Talbot, who with Mrs. Talbot recently arrived in New York from the West Coast Studios. Mr. and Mrs. Talbot will make their home in New York.

Telephone Department

Mae O'Neill remembers when our "Board" was just a baby, only over on Fifth Avenue and while she is glad Paramount has grown, sighs for the "Good Ole Days."

Can't say whether this will interest you or not, inasmuch as Vera Shirentine is not a jester, but has the spirit of one. A big smile and a hand-shake for everybody. A charming girl.

You could work alongside of Catherine Duffy, and yet never know there was anyone there except for hands you see working at a rapid speed. Catherine reminds you of two of our presidents; of Abraham Lincoln, a hard honest worker, and Calvin Coolidge, a silent one.

Loretta Schoulder, takes advantage of the discount on Ice-skating. It won't be long now when Loretta will be gliding along with the best of 'em.
A demure recruit to the ranks of the real estaters is Miss Margaret A. Tresselt, who hails from Brooklyn, where many of our softening influences reside. (Bronxites please note).

We've been having a series of accidents to some of our co-workers, two in number, and we hope we've seen the last of these unpleasant happenings. Mr. Fannon went out in the hall the other day with a perfectly good nose and came back with his proboscis showing a decided bent toward the left. What happened was that in an unguarded moment, when neither of them were looking, Mr. Fannon and some other inhabitants of the Tenth Floor collided in an uncertain manner, with the above results. However, all's well that ends well, and Mr. Pollyanna Fannon is glad that his nose wasn't broken.

Our second accident was of a more serious nature and happened to Mr. Fred Greene, Jr. Mr. Greene was in an automobile accident and was pretty well banged up, but is now recuperating, and if the sincere hopes for a speedy recovery of his fellow-workers are of any use, we feel sure that he'll be back with us before long.

Ever since she came back from her vacation, our ingenue, Beatrice Ackerman, has been going about with an at-peace-with-the-world expression, and although she threatened us direly if we dared mention the fact, we vouchsafe the opinion that it is none other than Herman (that's as much of his name as we dare to divulge) who is the inspiration. And so we have a budding romance in our midst and believe that before many more issues of PEP-O-GRAMS, we shall have an authentic engagement to report.

Bill Lawrence's comment on hearing of Mr. Fannon's accident, that such a thing could never happen to him; the other fellow would have gone right over his head, said he.

Returned to the fold is our prodigal son, "Art" Andesner, sans tonsils, and looking hale and hearty from his Canadian sojourn.

**Sales Statistical Department**

When Herman I. Goldberg, traveling auditor, visited the Home Office recently, he was quite some difficulty encountered in finding a chair of sufficient capacity to support his bulk.

Marion Christie, formerly of the Sales Statistical Department, recently resigned her position in favor of taking up new duties in the municipal office.

**Insurance Department**

Syd Hacker is very reticent, and in consequence, we could not learn very much about her recent week's vacation, except that she had a delightful time. The day following her return, we found flowers on her desk, which set us thinking. Flowers are rather significant, Syd.

Roses Ferguson has reached perfection in the making of lemon meringue pie. There is a credible rumor that she is quite clever in the culinary art.

Word reached Rose Petillo that her mother had come into a small fortune through the death of an unknown distant relative, and elaborate plans were being made by her for a big treat to the office staff. But alas, it all proved a hoax. Now Rose will have to wait a while longer for her ship to come home and we for the "blow out."

**Question:** When does a week-end seem like a year? Marion Johnson knows the answer for her boy friend went to Chicago to see the Army-Notre Dame game.

Catherine Freeman is indeed very industrious. She is now studying evenings and we think she is aiming for a C. P. A. degree.

A little bird whispered in our ear that Stella Hofberg is expecting a friend from Ohio. Time moves slowly when one is waiting, eh Stella?

Mathilde Friedman is thinking that if all school holidays would last at least a week, she would be much happier. Never mind, Mathilde. Philadelphia is not so far away and there will be a nice long holiday Christmas week.

**FILING DEPARTMENT**

The gang from the Filing Department made good use of the rebate Iceland gives to Paramount. We all had a great time. I should say a skating good time.

Have you noticed the very swanky bob a certain red head is wearing. Treat yourself to an eyeful of charm boys and take a look at Marian Herbert.

Since we have such sweet aides collecting no wonder one is so anxious to help the Red Cross.

**LESSONS IN LOVE**

Alice Deegan—It's the Bunk
Margie Stolfi—Who Me—Never
Anne Farrell—Oh Boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling.
Emma MacLennon—How dare you ask such a thing.
Marian Herbert—I just refuse to answer.
Little Mary McLaughlin has a very forlorn look on her face these days. Can it be love?
Pearl Schnur is now an aunt. To a very sweet child whose name is going to be Albert.
Elinor Cherry is now on one of those commuters ways, way up to Alaska, Oh pardon me, I mean Yonkers.
Ray for Braska

Rowan Miller, a Publix publicity representative in the Middle West hastens to contribute some facts regarding Nebraska that will undoubtedly prove of the utmost interest to Pep-O-Grams readers.

Miller’s article reads, “Have made a thorough research on an article that I know will be of interest to every reader—CHARACTERISTICS OF PIONEER TOMBSTONES, why they were erected and the reason for the inscriptions. In the meantime, here are some potent facts regarding the agriculture situation: Do you know that in the year ending September 30th, 1930, Nebraska had husked and marketed over 13,000,000 bushels of corn, the average length of the ear being 11 inches, average per acre 54 bushels, or an increase per acre over last year of 27.979%? And did you know that the average rainfall of Cherry County was .297 as compared to last year of .279? Oh, we have a host of interesting facts that I know will thrill every single one of you, especially if it were translated into Chinese before publication. And did you know that Nebraska has three organized units of the Coast Patrol who have never seen even a steamboat? Just think of it!”

Legal Department

Claire Vernon Bach has gone back on her town and namesake. She is shaking the dust of Mt. Vernon for little old New York, for the winter. Here’s where the boys who don’t own cars get a break.

Wanted—a detective to find out why and what takes Dorothy to Corona so often. Dot-hails from Babylon. It can’t be that she likes the country.

Sylvia Grabel was chased out of bed at 3:30 A.M. the other day, by fire in her house. Sylvia was clad in red pajamas, which baffled the firemen who nearly put her out instead of the fire.

We are sorry to learn that Gertrude Cohn, Secretary to Mr. J. Wildberg, is ill after having her tonsils removed; also that Helen Schiller had to undergo an operation. Here’s wishing both girls a speedy recovery.

Sympathy is expressed to Victor Lowenstein of the Storehouse in the recent death of his father.

Condolences are extended to Mae Dwarkin of the Filing Department at the loss of her sister.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Gertrude Cohn of the Legal Department on account of the death of her father.
Three Guesses

Right you are! It is none other than Publix Booking Department’s own Scott Lett out walkin’ with ‘Susie.’ Susie doesn’t seem to be moving very rapidly. In fact, it looks as though her legs had given out when this picture was taken.

Storehouse News

At our Annual Turkey Prize Contest, the First Prize of five dollars was won by John Peres—the Second Prize of three dollars was won by Fred Hildebrand and the Third Prize of two dollars went to Katherine De Guard. And last but not least, our 22 lb. Turkey (and what a Turkey) was won by Al Golub. We would like to say here that this boy can take a joke, and we’re happy to know that his family took it also. Better luck next time, Al.

Harry Kassell, our Accountant, went deep sea fishing and came back with a can of Sardines and a can of Salmon. Why not try a Baseball Bat the next time you go—you might have better luck?

John Feeley, a confirmed bachelor, seems to be losing his heart to a certain girl. John, if this is true, you better shave that mustache off!

We are sorry to hear about the illness of Dave Blumberg’s father. We are looking forward for a speedy recovery and that he will regain his health in the near future.

We have a young Lindbergh in our midst, who has been taking lessons at the Astoria Airport in the last couple of weeks. He made his first solo flight last Sunday and would say he made a beautiful three pointed landing. He was about to receive his license when he awoke. He is none other than Robert Guilfoyle. (Some dream, Bob.)

The unemployed men who are selling apples don’t mean a thing to Miss Rae Eisner and Miss Mildred Goldstein, as these two young ladies are down on a strict diet to reduce. And I don’t see what for, as both are perfect 30’s. However, their daily Menu consists of a Soda Cracker for every meal. I wonder if these young ladies ever heard of Spinach?

Dick O’Connell of our Shipping Dept. is also in for Aeronautics. He can be seen any Sunday afternoon out at the Teterboro Airport driving his Indian Motorcycle.

We welcome Frank Caming of the Sound Dept. to the Storehouse. But we do not hear much sound out of him. Wottsa matter, Frank, afraid of the ladies?

John Peres has promised all the girls at the Storehouse a box of candy for Christmas.

We understand Sarah Reitman will sail for Germany around the latter part of December. Bon voyage! This is what you get for belonging to a Christmas Club.

We venture to say if Rae Eisner doesn’t stay away from the Sound Dept. she will be getting the shock of her life one of these days.

We venture to say that Mr. Carroll has more telephone friends at the home office than Amos & Andy have a Radio audience. Ask a few people at the Home Office or the laboratory or studio if they ever met Mr. Carroll and they will say “no” but I have spoken to him over the telephone for a number of years.

POSTER ART DEPARTMENT

Interesting is the news of Joseph Newman’s painting “Convalescent” which was used as a cover for the Nov. 29th issue of “The Literary Digest.” It is a picture of his daughter just after she had come home from the hospital. Mr. Newman is the latest addition to the poster department and is well known in art circles both here and abroad.

Fred Jehle won a banjo clock last week on a punch-board raffle, all because he used to be sweet on a girl named “Hannah.”—“Oh Miss Hannah!”

Bill Hanneman’s little daughter “Elaine” couldn’t be treated better if she were the Royal British Princess. Bill’s just finished decorating her room in inlaid wood-panel walls and designed appropriate decorative panels stained right into the wood.

John Papajek is the best unofficial howler in Paramount Publix. When nobody is at the alleys to help him keep score he always bowls at least 200. A good detective might be able to give us his real average.
LIFE is so pleasant

NONE of us want it interrupted by ill health. Yet tuberculosis does not consult its victims. Constant and persistent warfare must be waged against this enemy of health and happiness.

Every dollar you invest in Christmas Seals is spent for defense against tuberculosis—for prevention through education, for nurses for the sick, for health of school children. Protect the health of your community—your family—so that life may continue to be a joy.

THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS with CHRISTMAS SEALS
Looming Ahead

With the advent of a New Year, the Paramount Pep Club’s Motion Picture Ball looms just ahead—February 6th.

Much depends upon the financial success of this affair. It is one of the means whereby the Club enriches its treasury.

Many members are exerting time and energy to make this year’s Ball surpass in brilliance and grandeur all other social events that have occurred in the history of the Club.

The Club finds many uses for its moneys—the annual June Outing, the October Inaugural Dinner and Welfare Work.

Now, it behooves every member to help in any capacity possible to make this annual Ball highly successful from both a social and financial viewpoint. And this can only be achieved by an honest endeavor in selling an avalanche of tickets.
Ralph Kohn Speaks On Economic Situation
At Pep Club Meeting

Mr. Ralph Kohn, Treasurer of the Paramount Corporation addressed a huge gathering of Pepsters at a postponed meeting of the Paramount Pep Club held on Tuesday, December 16, 1930.

"I am really happy to again have an opportunity to speak to you. I understand that I received a real stage entrance by Mr. Metzler's saying that I was not coming. The delay was caused by the fact that I was looking at a picture which looks like another great Paramount picture, 'FIGHTING CARAVANS.' I do not know how it ends, but I am anxious to get back to see it and I am certain we have in it a great hit."

"I feel that the thing I ought to talk about today is, the economic situation that all of us are interested in. Some people are beginning to say now that it is fifty-three weeks to Christmas instead of one week. Things are not quite as bad as they are painted. We have been looking at the stock market, such as we are going through now, it has always been darkest just before the dawn. In connection with that I will tell you a little story I heard while I was down town last week."

"One of our bankers was sitting at his desk, very busy, and one of his junior partners came over and started to read a newspaper to him which told how everybody was disheartened, and that Mr. Lamont had said that unless we took care of the unemployment this winter that there would be rioting, etc. The man turned around and said, 'What are you doing? Are you reading that to me for my benefit? I get plenty of that stuff all day.' - 'Well, the reason I am reading this,' replied the junior, 'is, I want you to look at the date of this newspaper.' It was dated October 27, 1931."

"Well, when did things get better?" asked the senior partner. 'They were getting better at the time the paper was published, but the experts didn't know it.'

"This same situation I think applies to today. I think that the deflation of commodity prices is complete. Of course, there will be some further forced liquidation in securities. But things are getting better, the inventories in the stores are low and the wholesaler have little stock on hand and as soon as the potential demand existing among the people in a country of 120,-000,000 gets started and confidence restored, I think we will be on our way to greater prosperity than ever. However, no one can say just when that will be, but my guess would be about April, 1931."

"In the meantime, I will say this: That this Company is going to keep in a liquid, sound business condition; we are going to try to run our business as it has been run in the past, and we are going to try to make things as profitable as we can. What is all important is that everyone in the institution from the President down stay at his job, tend to his business conscientiously and industriously and I think that the times will take care of themselves."
(Above) Pepsters being entertained with a violin solo by Miss Frizzi Kane of the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre.

(Below) Pres. Fred Metzler, Master of Ceremonies, Rubey Cowan holding box of coupons which Santa Claus (Wm. Goldstein) is about to pick from.

(Above) Pepsters listening attentively to Syd Marion spilling a bunch of jokes.

(Below) Singing Pep Club Christmas songs.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

One hour—but an hour crowded with all the good things to make a party a stupendous success. Variety is supposed to be the spice of life... was not our party chock full? Originality! What an ingenious mind figured that four Santa Clauses were better than one. At least, now we're convinced there is a Santa Claus.

In case you are not aware of who played the good old Saint Nicks, we are just in receipt of a telegram from the North Pole and we find that William Goldstein, G. B. J. Frawley, J. Zammit, and Joe Doughney were especially assigned by the Chief Santa Claus to attend the "Pep Club" party.

Rubey Cowan was Master of Ceremonies for the entertainment. Incidentally, Mr. Cowan has charge of all stage talent for Publix. We therefore appreciate his good taste in selecting the variety type of entertainment which was shown to us.

Syd Marion spilled the jokes, to the merriment of all.

Of course, "Louie" Nathan was on the job and his flashlight photographs had everybody on the jump. "Louie" was making "shots" so fast that "Ed" Sullivan, his assistant, was having a hard time trying to keep up with him.

Marie Duval rendered "Spain," a solo, accompanied by Miss Paula Garden at the piano. This young lady sure could hit both the high and low scales, if you will recall.

The Brooklyn Paramount will be visited quite frequently in the future by male members of the "Pep Club" for the attractiveness of Fritz Kane, who can tickle a wicked violin. Some numbers she played were "Mighty Like a Rose," "Kicking the Cat," and "Little Things in life," to the enjoyment of all.

Mr. Cowan played the piano numbers while "Pepsters" sang lustily the specially worded Christmas songs.

At the conclusion of the entertainment everyone filed out of the three exits and received their Christmas presents from the Santa Clauses. Each package contained a numbered coupon. The Lucky Number (901568) was drawn previously in front of the entire audience. The grand prize went to the holder of the lucky number, who won a Teddy Bear (which howled when squeezed). Jean Finnegan was the lucky person. Miss Finnegan hails from Bob Stanley's department in Publix Accounting.

And so, another successful Paramount "Pep Club" Christmas Party came to a close, but not without a regret, and that was the resignation of Cliff Lewis as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. This party was Cliff's first and last act in this capacity which he had to relinquish on account of the pressure of company business. He will be remembered always as one of the "Paramounters" who made a success of the "Pep Club" Christmas party of 1930.

Fred Metzler was greatly pleased with the fine attendance and there is no doubt that more Pepsters were present than at any previous party. This made the gathering the real success that it was.

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IF I WERE A BOSS

If I were a boss I would like to say:  "You did a good job here yesterday." I'd look for a man, or a girl, or boy Whose heart would leap with a thrill of joy At a word of praise, and I'd pass it out Where the crowd could hear as I walked about.

If I were the boss I would like to find The fellow whose work is the proper kind; And whenever to me a good thing came I'd ask to be told the toiler's name, And I'd go to him and I'd pat his back And I'd say, "That was perfectly splendid, Jack!"

Now a bit of praise isn't much to give, But it's dear to the hearts of all who live; And there's never a man on this good old earth But is glad to be told that he's been of worth; And a kindly word, when the work is fair, Is welcome and wanted everywhere.

If I were a boss I am sure I should Say a kindly word whenever I could; For a man who has given his best by day Wants a little more than his weekly pay; He likes to know, with the setting sun, That his boss is pleased with the work he's done.

—Anonymous.
Lou Diamond comes neither from the Diamonds In-the-Rough, the Baseball Diamonds, the Acres-of-Diamonds, or the Dime-and-Twenty Cab Clan. Nor is he related to Jack Pearl, Ruby Keeler, or Crystal Herne.

But they do say that he is a-cussin' of Sarah Lyons most of the time. That settles the genealogy — now for the geniality. Lou has plenty of it. He makes friends wherever he goes, and after he establishes a friendship he gets the friend into the quickies.

For example, Rudy Vallee and Lou met over a dish of borscht at Sardi's one early morning. Funny place to meet, over a dish of borscht, isn't it? Could they help it if the dish of borscht was on the floor between them as they stood there, shaking hands? They could hardly have met UNDER a dish of borscht, could they? Even OVER it they were probably wishing it was tripie and truffles, anything but borscht. BORSCHT, huh! Looks like Lou Diamond and Rudy Vallee had better find a dish of something more delicate to meet over hereafter, or they won't be getting the attention they deserve from Pep-O-Grams.

It was only a short time after this meeting that a very successful Screen Song quickie went into general release. It was called "The Stein Song," and the famous crooning pan of the red-headed Mr. Vallee was the prologue-feature of the production. It has been a matter of debate for some time, that famous short. Some say Rudy Vallee made it. Others say that the short made Rudy. Lou says nothing, but quietly goes about with plans for another quickie presentation of the boy from Maine, this time under the title of "Betty Co-Ed." Anybody want to bet he co-ernt?

Lou is also a pal of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, as soon as he learns to strum a sax and sing through a violin will be making one of Lou's famous quickies. Others who have met Lou and been filmized by the friendship are Eddie Cantor, Tammany Young, Dr. Eckener, Sarah Lyons, Judge Frawley, Bert (You're A) Lahr, Bridlepath Rabbinical, the famous Hindu poet, and Floyd Gibbons.

One of Lou's greatest weaknesses is his automobile. It is a Buick sedan, and he drives it from Inwood to Times Square every morning, and back again at night.

While motoring along at a snappy pace, bouncing over policemen and fluffy old ladies from Dubuque, Lou forgets the annoying features of the ride by turning on his Bosch radio which a friend gave him for a Christmas present. Turning on a Bosch radio, we will have you understand, is a smart thing to do. As a matter of fact, it is the only recourse of the man who possesses one. For if you don't turn on the Bosch right away, the Bosch will turn on you. And that gives it the idea that it is master of the situation. It is man's place to dominate; radio's to submit.

Lou's greatest loyalty, however, is to Rutgers, the college which lies across the blue Pacific Raritan in Jersey, far away. For it seems that one of Lou's sons, Richard, is a student there and that Richard has an ambition to become a letter-man on the Rutgers football team.

And so, with his radio already installed in his car, Lou is prepared at this early date for the Saturday afternoons next fall, when Graham MacNamee will be broadcasting the progress of Rutgers' gridiron performers.

We have a very definite idea of what the pun-loving Lou will do when bouncing over policemen and fluffy old ladies from Dubuque on his way home on such an afternoon.

Lou will simply turn on his radio and remark, "I'll dial for dear old Rutgers."
Things We'd Like
To Know—

What to do with that Christmas necklace
Aunt Matilda sent from Glen Falls.
What became of the water in the 11th
door well.
A sure-fire cure for a cold.
How the residents of Pelham weathered the
cowboy New Year's Eve celebration
with six-shooter sound effects played by
a certain longhorn with an itching trig-
ger finger.
How many listeners the broadcaster of
"setting up exercises" really had New
Year's morning.
Why they don't put casters on the desks
of all members of Publix Advertising
Department to facilitate morning.
How we'll ever get a number when the
New York Telephone Company makes
the use of exchange numbers as well
as names compulsory.

Helen Shee-
han's back on
the job again
after a belated
vacation which
was spent in Florida.
Harold Sugarman is planning to spend
his vacation disporting himself on the sands
of sunny Florida.
Pat Mitchell's a silent admirer of some-
one in the studio . . . I wonder who the
lucky man is???
Christmas gifts and greetings were ex-
changed at the studio and everybody's
happy.
Larry Kent spent Christmas in Chicago
and New Year's in California, and is back
again preparing a long "short" schedule.
Ann Rosenthal returned to the studio
after a brief vacation in Atlantic City.

Tommy Madden, familiar character at the
studio is preparing his autobiography which
will be published during the coming season. Madden was once middleweight boxing
champion of Canada.

In relating the outline of his life's story
he emphasizes the chapter in which, when
two years old, he swallowed a button upon
which was printed "Erin Go Bragh." This
incident subsequently developed into a fa-
mous medical case for which X-ray ma-
chines were brought into play successfully
for the first time.

Walking down the hallway one afternoon
we overheard "So & So" singing a little
tune:
Yesterday's Yesterday, while Today's here,
Today is Today until Tomorrow appears;
Tomorrow's Tomorrow until Today's past
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.
—Oh!!—and life is just one sweet song.
Harriet Lehman says exercise is great so
she traded in her Shetland pony for a great
big mare.

Jimmy Orr keeps his upright posture by
playing miniature golf.
Toot! Toot! Willy Enes drove to sunny
Florida. (When he woke up it was time for
work.) What a dream!
Phil Boutelje is going painting—paintin'
the town.

Carlton Winckler's nick name is "Rail-
road Carl.'

"Cut & Cut to the Bone" is Budget
Rheiner's favorite saying.

Miss "A" the short for Mildred Aran-
stamn just loves flowers—so get busy fel-
lovs.

Lou Krippendorf's cigarette lighter is on
the bum so he is carrying a torch.

Eat Rice Krispies to keep that girlish
figure: says Ann Solamon. (Testimonials
are not paid for.)

Three cheers for Charlotte Gross the
sweetheart of the Production Department.

Al Judd says a good steak a day keeps
your indigestion away.

Thomas Oliver Shannon and his ser-
geants Joe & Sam wish all a Happy New
Year.

CREDIT DUE

There is a young lady in the Purchasing
Department to whom we all owe a debt
of gratitude. Belle Elkies has made it pos-
sible for most all of us to enjoy the ben-
fits of co-operative buying during the hol-
iday season. Although a very busy person
she has found a moment here and there to
assist some of us in obtaining the article
we wish at the lowest possible cost. Her
contacts in the commercial trades are quite
numerous and there is no question as to
whatever the article may be, her efforts
to secure it at the right price can be re-
lied upon.

A recent communication with Miss Elkies
is authenticated by the fact that she stands
ready to assist any "Pepster" in purchas-
ing merchandise during 1931.

Those of us who thought that co-opera-
tive buying was only done during the
holidays will be glad to know of this. The
"Pep Club" in general takes this oppor-
tunity to thank Miss Elkies for her efforts
in our behalf.
Teddy DeBoer—“Men are Like That”
Carl Dixon—“Hook, Line and Sinker”
Jean Briggs—“Dangerous Xan McGrew”
Theodore Nelson—“Roadhouse Nights”
N. Rossman—“Return of Sherlock Holmes”
Bob Stanley—“Ladies Love Brutes”
Mr. Beyea—“Soul of France”
“Jackie” Jacobs—“The Laughing Lady”
Stanley Keller—“Sap From Syracuse”
Sadye Innerfield—“Safety in Numbers”
Innes Atwell—“Only Saps Work”
“Oolie”
Anne Griswold—“Whoopee”
Charles Hardwick—“Big Boy”
Helen Seesholtz—“High Society Blues”
George Rogers—“Remote Control”
Jack Boxer—“The Kibitzer”
Joe Zammit—“Little by Little”
R. Johnson—“She Got What She Wanted”
Jean Katz—“Reaching For The Moon”
Rose Eskin—“On the Level”
Frances Goldberg—“Sunnyside Up”
Ida Levine—“It”
Jeanne Lateiner—“In Gay Madrid”
Bess Decker—“Let Us Be Gay”
Sam Hertz
Jack Ehrenreich—“Three Live Ghosts”
Ben Marshak
Jean Weber—“Lovin’ the Ladies”
Morris Wohl—“The Vagabond King”
Miss F. Smith—“Evangeline”
Mae Burke—“Puttin’ On the Ritz”
Bess “Long Island” Decker has worked the miracle with the “crowning glory”!
Betty “Volcano” Whalen seems to have mislaid the “arguing” complex!
Old “Cy” Plunkett still bowls above the average—!
Ida Levine insists that she is directly descended from a royal Hawaiian family.
We don’t doubt it, Ida!
Despite his efforts to hide from us behind that dense facial foliage, we recognized J. Zammit at the Xmas party. Even Santa Claus comes in a small package, this year!
Mary Turner warbles a mean soprano, which makes up in quantity what it may lack in quality. Did you hear her leap for the high “C” at that Xmas party?
For full details on that engrossing mystery novel, “The Missing Orange,” or “Who Filched My Tangerine,” see Bert Adler!
Alice “Cyrena” Ryan still would have you believe that she is a Southerner! What’s in a drawl?
The Homer-Traw-ites are still amused at little Betty’s antics!
“Jackie” tells us that she, in deference to a time-honored custom, hung her stocking up Xmas Eve and got a saxophone!!!
Al Hertz still sports those passionate socks. YOUTH WILL be served!
That MAY be a friendship ring on Miss Marle’s finger, but we have our doubts!
Beadle Steinbaum has taken up classical dancing—WOW!
Mr. Upton has lost his voice, but has any one seen a reward offered for its return?
Little Eva from the 14th floor is taking vocal lessons, and it’s quite a treat to hear the little lady burst into song, BUT, she can’t remember the lyrics!
Ida Diekmeyer is collecting stamps, the big cut-up!
Moby Dick is STILL with us, but not too still!
Esther Meltzer is adhering strictly to her diet, but it surely is a slow process, eh Esther?

December twenty-fourth dawned with a snow storm, if you can remember back that far. It also dawned as a “two-party day” for members of this department.
One party which began earlier in the day was held in the offices of the Real Estate Department. What a party!
Of course, we had a “grab bag”: no party is successful without one (thanks to the forethought of the “committee”).
“Teddy” Schreiner was the recipient of the er...er...ah...yes! Well, anyway, it sure caused a lot of laughs.
It was also discovered that “Gertie” Vollmer sings bass.
We had our own little Christmas tree, all trimmed and lit up, too. (I mean with lights).
“Bee” Ackerman wanted to do a ballet dance.
“Bill” Lawrence “presided.”
“Kay” Sullivan joined the quartet headed by “Skipper” Rogers and “Evvy” O’Connell.
“Ed” Jones was there, smoking one of his pre-Christmas ropes.
And everybody had a most enjoyable time, so we hear.
HELLO EVERYBODY!
(By Geo. Bancroft)

No, this is not Roxy or Lopez speaking. It's a fellow Paramounteer. Bancroft's the name—George Bancroft. And I hail from out California way. I certainly spent a wonderful week at your theatre (N. Y. Paramount) making personal appearances. Let me tell you, it certainly feels great to be back in New York again.

You know, this is really where I started my career. And it has been quite some time since I've played on any stage, no less in this city. Yes Sir, I will remember those good old days.

Folks say it's hard working out on the coast making pictures but those people should try making personal appearances five and sometimes six shows a day. It took quite a few days to get into the swing of it but after that, it was easy because folks made me feel right at home. And applause, that's music to anyone's ears. When I heard those people applaud in the theatre, I just felt like going down and shaking everyone's hands because I know they are my friends. Did I say friends? I really can say that I haven't an enemy in the whole wide world.

I've heard some people say that stage folk get kind of lonesome between performances. Not me though! I should say not—with my dressing room just crowded with friends and well-wishers. I must say the time certainly did fly and much too quickly.

After a rest of a few weeks I expect to come back and maybe I'll make a few more personal appearances or then again, I may make a little trip to Havana or possibly Honolulu. I've always wanted to go to Honolulu; they say it's great. You might not know it but when I was a youngster I went around the world three and a half times.

I've been asked to say something about my motion picture work in this short article but there is really nothing I can say to you picture folk that you don't already know. But I will say that picture making is great and Hollywood and all my fellow workers have certainly left a lasting impression with me.

Just before coming to New York I finished my latest film, called, "Scandal Sheet." This is a newspaper story—something new for me. But the role is somewhat on the type of "Wolf of Wall Street," I mean the character that I portray. I hope you like it.

They tell me this will be printed in the January issue of Pep-O-Grams, which will make it kind of late to wish you a Merry Christmas. Nevertheless, I do, and let me extend my hearty wishes for a bright New Year to all.

* * *

Quite True

"Marriage," said the philosopher, "is like a railroad sign. When you see a pretty girl you stop, then you look, and after you're married, you listen."
—The Great Northern Goat.

Telephone Department

We take this opportunity to sincerely thank all those who so thoughtfully remembered us at Christmas time.

Resolutions for 1931:

I hereby solemnly swear that I will stay married for at least another year—(Evelyn Carlson—Mrs. LaBasse).

And I to give up trying to reduce—(Matilda Carterich).

And I to go out and make continuous WHOOPINGEE—(Loretta Shauder).

And I to get even with Dan Cupid for mixing things up—(Ann Kyllo).

And I to save my money so that at another time of depression I will be ABLE to spend it in order to help out—(Florence Booth).

PEP-O-GRAMS
Reportorial Staff

9th Floor News

Gone are the lusty cries of Merry Christmas. Lusty even though somewhat muted from coming through the murky business fog. Gone, too, are the greetings from the scruffy, wrinkled-faced urchin that posed for the "Babe of 1931." Henceforward, it's faith and works.

Speaking of Christmas and New Year's—did you see the personal Christmas cards of the boys in the Manual Unit? Oh! well, they should be expected to turn out nifty cards—it's their business... There's a joker in this, though. They happened to see the bills before they did the cards. Happy New Year, Polygraphie!!

Jack Chalmor had a very interesting card. Sort of a partnership affair. Congratulations!

We propose Mr. Coope, Reception Desk (9th Floor Front) for the position of Professor of Experimental Psychology. How come? Well, this is how come. Experimental psychologists have long used the devices of mazes, intricate passageways, trick doors, etc., to test mental intelligence. Let us say someone is looking for Jack Meredith, George Planck or Rodney Bush. He waltzes up to Mr. Coope's desk and makes application. Yes sir, he is in the Annex.

You go through the swinging door (Ugh! oh!) and down the corridor, you turn left, then right and then go until you come to a door. Oh yes, you can go through. Go up, not down, and then you will see another desk. The man there will give you a chart which will enable you to give yourself a personally-conducted tour through the catacombs. You ask where the test of intelligence comes in. Well! if the party is intelligent, he gets his man. If not, he comes back for a new set of instructions and a new start.

Producers should really know how much embarrassment the titles of their pictures sometimes cause people. The Manual Unit wanted to know what the screening for the day was. They asked Miss Sada Snyder to call and find out. Imagine the boys' embarrassment when they asked her and she said, "Kiss Me Again." They do say Sada's checks began to turn crimson by the time she had answered the question the fourth or fifth time.

Our error, we humbly apologize. The fellow who told us didn't get it straight— he should have known better. Miss Anne Cohen didn't want wedding invitations for herself. Oh! Pardon again—we mean not now, not until she finds the man.

REMINISCENCES OF 1930

The year 1930, brought forth many happenings and events which many of us are anxious to forget... but as we look back we recall many incidents, comic and otherwise, which served to brighten the path to 1931. Let's think back to last February:

Every member of the Pep Club who was fortunate enough to have attended the Annual Ball, remembers with great pleasure the enjoyable time experienced in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Astor on the night of February 7th. Sounds dramatic, doesn't it? Well, anyway it was a h—— of a good party. (Which brings to mind that the 1931 Ball is rapidly approaching. Dig out the Tux or evening dress and dust off the moth balls.)

Old Dan Cupid caught many Pepsters napping in 1930... those we recall offhand are Earl Long, Irene Kelly, Estelle Morse, Dorothy Ruff and Teddy Ferro of Len Stewart's advertising department which probably why the names of these five victims came so readily to mind.

Those in the know never fail to get a hearty laugh when they recall the great philanthropist on the ninth floor who rose so nobly to the aid of an American Expressman and furnished the inspiration for the theme song hit, "American Expressman I Love You." I would give you his name, but I've been threatened with all sorts of dangerous language. So better judgment overcomes my keen desire to "ride" any further the party in question. Ask the man who knows!

Marlene Dietrich's arrival in this country is an outstanding highlight of the past year... Long live Paramount's new thrill! Then came the Inaugural Ball in October... We all remember Mr. Botsford's great work as Toastmaster... the hearty welcome given our new Pep Club President, Fred Metzler... and the splendid tribute paid to Ed Brown, retiring President, and his faithful co-workers of the preceding year.

More recently we recall New Year's Eve. The night of nights. Especially in Larchmont... but we'd rather not bring that up.

Appointment of K. K. Hansen as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Pep Club has been announced by President F. L. Metzler. Now on the staff of "Public Opinion," Hansen was formerly in the Public Music and Production Department, and, prior to that, on the Balaban & Katz production staff in Chicago.

Under his guidance, plans for the entertainment to be presented at the Motion Picture Ball at the Astor on February 6th are going forward rapidly, with the entire Entertainment Committee collaborating in perfecting the program well in advance. Members of the committee are Josef Zimanich, Leon J. Bamberger, Vincent Trotta, Larry Kent, I. M. Halperin, Charles Schmertz, Alvin Adams, William Fass, Jr., Joe Wood and Samuel Frey.
LUNCHEON

The hour is twelve. For you it may mean another hour's work before you can partake of your mid-day meal. Nevertheless, statistics show that the average working person's lunch hour starts at noon.

Elevators vomit forth hordes of office workers into the streets and from then on it becomes a problem as to "Where shall I eat today?"

Fortunately we are all human and therefore have our likes and dislikes. For this reason we have various types of restaurants, each catering to some particular class of people and many such eating places specializing in the preparation of dishes for which they are well known to the public.

Generally speaking, many of the American people suffer from indigestion caused by eating fast. It is possible that the hustle and bustle of the city life is the reason for quick eating to become a habit.

Delving into side streets of the "Great White Way" will reveal countless restaurants. Perhaps one is your favorite and therefore accounts for your familiarity by calling the waiter by his first name.

The "Chop Suey" palace may be another person's hangout and an occasional dancce can be rung in while partaking of the "Chow Mein."

Another restaurant has a system of putting nickels in a slot and obtaining the food by means of a glass trap door, when the required amount of coins are inserted. The watchword here is, "Look out the pie don't catch you in the eye."

Of course there is the spaghetti house where much of your lunch hour is spent juggling this unguainly food on a fork. It is sometimes known as an "evasive eatable" meaning, it involves considerable effort to induce it to get in your mouth.

We must not forget the sandwich shop where your fortune is told with the tea leaves. Either the "gypsy" will tell you that "you're going on a long trip" or "very soon you will meet the one of your dreams," not forgetting that for fifty cents more she will tell, oh, so much more.

Then we have what is commonly known as a "cowboy luncheon." Most any drug store boasts of their popular lunchette counter. The patrons looking in the mirrors behind the counter carry on flirtations while imbibing the "frosted."

"Coffee Pots" and "Beaneries" while not so popular with the "white collar class of workers" nevertheless do an excellent business to the tune of "Scups o' coffee an' a ham sandwich" to the taxi drivers and the laboring people.

Hm, twelve o'clock? Where shall I eat today?—I don't know for even this scribe is human after all.

R. E.
Athletic Briefs

Bowling

Information from the bowling members of the "Pep Club" shows that rivalry between teams is at peak, thus assuring any spectators of the keenest competition during each session.

As of Dec. 23rd, E. A. Brown was high individual scorer with 241 points. C. H. Clausen held high individual average with 168.5 points. The high team score of 909 points was held by Team "D," consisting of Clausen, Fass, Toussaint, E. A. Brown and Cassidy.

Johnny Fuchs calls your attention to the fact that the indoor golf proposition is still open.

Swimming

Reports from Ed Lee, Vice Chairman in charge of Swimming, have reached us to the effect that "Pepsters" have met the proposition of using the Park Central Pool for ten weeks with great enthusiasm.

The Swimming Club started off with a bang the evening of Jan. 8th and "Pepsters" were having a "splashing" good time. The writer of this article witnessed all from the visitor's balcony surrounding the pool. He did not wish to take any chances of being drowned by his gang before this article went to press, which accounts for his position in the balcony.

Swimming offers unusual opportunities in the form of exercise to reduce that figure; hence we have more women than men taking advantage of this offer. (The writer does not insinuate that some of the Paramounters need reducing exercises, as he is in no condition to be kicked to death.)

The Park Central Pool is the last word in indoor pools and those "Pepsters" who have joined up for the swimming class are assured of the finest facilities for enjoying this sport.

Ed Lee, in case you are not familiar with this personage, is the former National Long Distance Swimming Champion and is at present the holder of all amateur records of five miles and over. He is a member of the New York Athletic Club, has a fine personality, is exceedingly witty, well-built and passable on looks, etc., and at this point we'd say that our vocabulary of adjectives was exhausted, so what more could we say about "Eddie."

Mr. Metzler is extremely pleased over the way the "Pep Club" has taken to aquatics and he hopes that the interest manifested will continue in the future regime of the Company.

* * *

Tough Alternatives

Hank: "Doesn't he ever get tired of his wife's eternal sulkiness?"

Hank: "I think not. He says when she's good natured she sings."

7th Floor News

We think Miss Louise Banzer has a yearning for the stage—She is always dancing around.

We never knew we had a mermaid in the Legal Contract department until the blanks for the swimming pool were sent around, and Kay Moore exclaimed, "Gee! That's Great! Let's Go!"

Josephine Axelson spent her Christmas in Connecticut. We all hope she had a very enjoyable time.

We saw Miss "B" Fox on the sixth floor and judging from her puzzled expression, she is having some difficulty in selecting a suitable gift for her boy friend. Good Luck "B."

Margaret Cox is doing her share for the Unemployed by buying an apple every day. Keep up the good work.

If the knot was tied between Frank Schriever and Tessie Coyne, the incoming calls would be decreased. Let us hear the verdict soon.

Miss Crass hoped that Santa Claus would bring her a pair of roller skates. Think of the time and shoe leather saved, covering the distance between the vault and file room. We all hope Santa didn't forget her.

Leslie Deane (Mrs. Ohtersen) was showered with paper of all colors on her first wedding anniversary. Here is hoping that on the 50th anniversary, the shower will be gold instead of paper.

Gertrude Cohn has had her tonsils removed. One of her friends, interested in her health, phoned her home to inquire how she was getting on. The reply followed. "She's feeling better, hold the wire a moment, please, she said she'd like you to come up; she can talk better." (Inquirer's note—Better than WHEN?—We always thought she was good.)

Miss Claire V. Bach was transferred from the Legal Department to Mr. Glidden's department in the Herald Tribune Building. Claire reports that she is very happy in her new position.

We're all very glad to see Helen Sehiller back at her desk again after several weeks of illness.

* * *

Fellow Sufferer

A landlord wrote to his tenants: "Dear Sir: I regret to inform you that my rent is much overdue. Will you please forward me a check?"

Back came the reply: "Dear Sir: I see no reason why I should pay your rent. I can't pay my own."

Wholesale Obsequies

"Sir, would you give $5 to bury a saxophone player?"

"Here's $30; bury six of 'em."

—Our Paper.
At last! We've seen a dude.

It all happened this way. A certain young man who has his desk on the tenth, who we've heard is quite popular with the fair sex out Jersey way, received a gift this Christmas in the form of a cane or walking club. We have to stress on the fact that this gift is in the form of a cane because one of these walking sticks has a different aspect to a resident of Jersey than to other plain folk. Folks tell us Jersey is quite a wild place and a gentleman must carry a club—a cane, beg pardon—for protection against wild, wild women. To continue—this dude was seen galavanting around these parts with this weapon or cane and he threatens to sport his alleged raccoon coat. Something ought to be done about this!

Congratulations are in order! . . . You folks have heard of Aaron Pines at one time or other, haven't you? We're pleased to announce that this rising young lawyer from the Bronx has been promoted. He's now seen with his coat neatly pressed and his tie correctly knotted. He's a Beau Brummel of the first order. Best of luck Aaron!

And along with Aaron's promotion comes that of Marty. We really don't know his other name but everyone calls him just plain Marty. (Sounds like a song). This pleasing young chap has taken over Aaron's former job in Mr. Stilson's office. Knock 'em dead, Marty.

Something of vital importance was omitted in last month's issue—so they tell me. It's all about a little curved object that has all the appearances of a pipe but gives out the odor of a stove. It's in the hands of one—Luis Fernandez. Some folks think it should be in the hands of the B. of H. It has come to the state of affairs where people call our friend Luis, Sherlock Holmes and his erstwhile friend Owen McClave, Dr. Watson.

How would you like the job of superimposing Japanese titles on Paramount Pictures? Don't think for one moment that the work merely consists of putting titles on the English version, it's much more complicated. If you have any idea how the Japanese read and write you'll have a faint conception of what has to be done. People of Japan do not read or write from one side of the paper to the other; their language calls for any number of characters that are written vertically.

Well, to continue, Yoshihico Tamura, movie magazine editor of Japan, has this job on his hands. Mr. Tamura recently came all the way from Kobe with Tom Cochrane, Paramount's manager in Japan, to supervise this difficult task.

While George Bancroft was playing at the Paramount theatre, Yoshihico had the pleasure of meeting him. And let us tell you George was certainly glad to hear all about the country he hasn't seen since he was a young chap when sailing around the world.

DO YOU THINK—
— that we gave too much publicity to Sammy Cohen in the last issue?
Everybody else did!
— that we stay awake nights wondering what to write in this column?
You're crazy if you do!
— that we get paid for mentioning names in this column? Mum, is the word!

A "VETERAN"

When Charles L. Gartner, now Assistant Manager of the Foreign Publicity & Advertising Department, first came to work for Paramount in 1916, it was just the Distributing Company for the Famous Players Film Company and the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company. Such stars as Geraldine Farrar, Marguerite Clark, Wallace Reid, Hazel Dawn, Blanche Sweet, Pauline Frederick, Theodore Roberts, Fannie Ward, Mae Murray and Marie Dore were in the heyday of their careers.

The Foreign Department had been organized just a short time before by Mr. E. E. Shauer, and at the beginning of 1916 boasted of six offices. Today there are 110 scattered throughout the world.

Charles Gartner has been Editor of Pep-O-Grams three times. Has served as Chairman of several Athletic Committees and was Associate Editor of the 1930 Year Book.


* * *

Sis Was A Wholesaler

Little Willie: "Yah, I saw you kiss my sister!"

Sister's Boy Friend (hurriedly): "Ah—er—her's a quarter."

Little Willie: "And here's ten cents change. One price to all; that's the way I do business!"
JACK OAKIE in
"The Gang Buster"

"You may talk, and grin and leer—
"You may giggle in your beer;
"You may linger, but I'll nail you at the finish!"

Thus Jack Oakie hurl his threat
At a "gun mob." You can bet
He may weaken, but his gusto won't diminish.
As a salesman of insurance
He seeks no sinecure—
But at least he wants his clients to stay healthy.

Now a girl he loves a lot
Bars, "My daddy's on the 'spot.'"
(In addition he's Jack's client—very wealthy.)
So you see the boy friend's fix?
He has simply got to mix
Blow for bludgeon, wrack for racket, with those gunmen!

It's a rough and tumble fight,
But he puts the gang to flight
And emerges with his leader's silken unmentionables. That's the tale;
"Ces't that laughter, like a gale,
Sweeps the theatre till your funny-bone is fray-ed out.
And does Jack annex the girl?
Well, I hope to tweak a curl—
He—a'it—necks her to a flapper's perfect fade-out.

—Len Daly.

Insurance Department

A good New Year's resolution would be to emulate Syd Hacker in neatness and thoroughness, etc. Our early teachings about a place for everything and everything in its place is aptly applied by Syd.

If Marion Johnson gets any more gifts in the form of jewelry, she will soon require a bodyguard. It is said "uneasy lies the head that wears, etc."

We have been trying these many days to get something "on" Florence Tierman, but, due to her charming reserve, we "ain't heard nothin' yet."

Sophie Weinberg has quite an absorbing interest in her lovely niece. Judging from her picture, she certainly is sweet, as is her aunt.

Mr. Philipson regretted that he was not called in to participate in the grab bag arranged by the girls, for, he felt, he would have been in a tie. But you might have received some bath salts, Mr. P., and what would you have done then, since you profess a preference for showers?

We are inclined to think that Rose Ferguson, in addition to being a good skate, can skate some too. She is rather modest of her accomplishments but we hear that she cuts a pretty figure on ice.

Have you all seen the charming young man who waits for Rosella Ballin evenings? No? Then keep your eyes open.

Rose Petillo is so sweet!! We are quite sure her "DON" Juan thinks so too, for, as the saying goes, to know her is to etc., etc.

Stella Hofberg requested that we tell the world that she likes candy. The world must know already, Stella. Were you able to count the number of boxes of candy you received for Christmas?

Loretta Tighe certainly knows how to instigate the holiday spirit. That grab bag party, suggested by her, was lots of fun. You ought to see the lovely exchange of gifts.

Why Our Grandfathers Were Bearded Gents

Factory working hours varied with the sun back in the 1850's for candles provided unsatisfactory illumination. Each employee was given a "bell card," showing what time the factory starting bell would ring for each day.

A typical card of the period, issued by the Robbins & Lawrence Company, machinery builders, of Windsor, Vt., and reproduced in the Iron Age, reveals that starting time ranged from 6 in the summer months to 7:26 during the winter. Stopping time, too, followed the sun—from 6 in the summer and as early as 4:42 in December. The average for the year was ten working hours.

But getting to work at 6 was not the worst of it. For some unknown reason the "wake-up" bell was rung an hour and a half earlier, at 4:30. Workers probably needed the full ninety minutes between rising and getting to work, for they had no safety razors, no gas stoves to boil the coffee or quickly cook the eggs, no trolleys, buses or flivvers to shorten the trip from home to shop.

No wonder our grandfathers were bearded gents. Imagine hopping out of a nice warm bed with the thermometer at 10 above, inside and outside the house, lighting an ice-cold stove, waiting for the water to boil, and drawing with shivering hand a straight razor over a stiff beard with a gooseflesh foundation! Those were the good old days!

* * *

All Wrong

"It's all wrong about those Irish being good fighters."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh. Last night me and my brother Gus and two other fellows licked one."

* * *

Soda Fountain Talk

"Are you a doctor," she said, addressing the soda jerker.

"No 'ou,'" he replied, "just a plain fizzician."
11th Floor News

The Budget Department in room 1161 was treated to a double serenade a few days before Christmas. We had the melodious (?) music from the Times Square tree and supplementing this Charlie Shabacker brought a canary to the office, placed it on his desk and said nothing. During the afternoon strange chirpings and whistling were heard in his vicinity and after considerable investigation the canary was located. Peace has now been restored.

Every Tuesday morning a heavy discussion takes place in the department as to the changes in individual and team averages in the bowling tournament. Johnny Fuehs comes in with the new scores and talks the situation over with Joe Doughney and Ted Lemm and after the scores are tabulated they are ready for any and all allibus.

Not an awful lot of excitement around here Christmas but as far as we could learn all the girls reported that Santa Claus still had their addresses and had not forgotten them.

Ann Graham would like to trade in a second hand Chevrolet and a used spare tire for an Austin car so if any other Pepster can be of assistance please see Ann.

Dave Wagner is recovering from an operation and has been away from the office for several days but we are glad to report that he is now well on the road to recovery.

Dan O'Neil in charge of the mailing department ought to be called Postmaster General of Paramount; he surely knows how to give service. As for his aides, they too are Paramount.

Frieda Weissman showed her Paramount friends a new photograph of her husband and herself. It really is difficult to say which of the two had a more smiling countenance, and if pictures tell anything it isn't hard to see that they are still as happy as that October day a few years ago when they started on their matrimonial trip.

When Roberto Rey, the "Spanish Maurice Chevalier" came from abroad recently, he visited Mel Shauer's office and Miss Fragey obliged by giving him the English translation for various Spanish words. Downstairs, downstairs we heard accompanied by gestures pointing downward and thought this referred to somebody's cellar but learned later it meant what level of Grand Central.

Walter Winchell created a little stir amongst certain Paramount folks for his December 27th column told just what you were if you were born in a certain month. We wouldn't think of telling on certain folks but—!!

Julius of the 11th Floor Information Desk ought to publish a "What's What" book on the order of a "Who's Who" book. He looked up in an authoritative source and thus was able to end the dispute as to whether or not a man in an elevator should remove his hat. He need not in a public elevator unless he is with a lady, in which case it is optional.

No doubt it will interest many Paramounters to know that Ray Delgatish, who left these shores several years ago to study music in Italy, made a very successful debut last Fall at the La Scala Opera House in Milan. Ray, known abroad in operatic circles as Reina Della Rose, was secretary to John Butler at the home office for a number of years.

It may interest the members of the Pep Club to learn that one of our own Paramounters—Sally Chaves, of the Editorial Department, has had her first novel accepted by Horace Liveright. It is called THE WAY OF SOME FLESH and will be published some time in February. Give the girl a big hand.

Eleanor Nicholas left her engagement party to get married. The newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Tucci, then returned to the festivities with no one the wiser. The secret is out now, and the Tueeis are having a wonderful honeymoon.

Anne Marek is having extreme difficulty in trying to convince her associates of the correct pronunciation of "tokk," "wokk," "Wotter," etc. That is the way they "tokk" in Minneapolis, she claims.

Elizabeth Brodie proudly announces that her apartment is complete now, and that the whole office is invited to visit her.

Fred Wieber is adding to his prestige by smoking the swell box of cigars his department gave him.

Lindley Washburn is the office radio bug, thanks to the "radio-cigarette humidor" he received.

Harry Roberg is trying to raise some money to put in the magnificent wallet his admiring public tendered him with greetings of the season.

* * *

The Modern Courage

Son (calling at the office)—Why, Dad, where are you going in such a hurry?

Dad—I'm getting out while I have a chance. I just fired my secretary; and, son, she has a tongue just like your mother.

Son—Why, I see she is still working.

Dad—Yeah, that's it. She's just about ready to turn on the Dictaphone, and I don't want to be here when she hears the sad news.

—Wall Street Journal

* * *

Long-Lost Soul-Mate

He—You haven't said a word for twenty minutes.

She—Well, I didn't have anything to say.

He—Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?

She—No.

He—Well, then, will you be my wife?

—Capper's Weekly.
Within the ancient banquet hall
The groaning board is brightly lit
With priceless arras on the wall,
And empty chairs where guests may sit.

The flagons glimmer in a row,
The good wine frets 'neath crystal coat,
Impatient for its gurgling flow
Past parched lips to guzzling throat.

And standing tall beside the board
A mighty fir tree graced with light.
The red flames up the chimney roared,
A very jolly Christmas sight.

But hark! The piper drones his notes,
The harps strike up in zooming chords.
Huzzas resound from lusty throats,
And rattling clink the trusty swords.

Then bursting thru the open door
Upon a piebald mustang's neck,
His flanks all flecked with sweat and gore,
A fearsome cavalier, by Heck!

The highlights glisten on his head,
His nobled face doth ponder
Let caitiffs tremble in their beds,
For 'tis Sir Joseph Fronder.

Next looming thru the yawning door,
Thin lipped and meager as a hound,
With eyes that startle more and more,
And gaze that circles round and round.

Who can this long-legged chieftain be?
'Tis fierce Sir Frederick Jehle.
Chief of the wonder card men, he,
All the minstrels chanted gaily.

In armor bright, a fearless knight,
His eyes shine so you know that.
He's victor of full many a fight
With Ad Sales—Sir Jerry Novat.

A tall knight all in armor black,
A chief among the art men,
Fear not his gibes, his keen wisecrack,
You all know Sir Gustav Hartman.

And now the guests come in a bunch,
The Hannemans and all their clans,
Line up in haste to test the lunch,
Freemantle's voice, our premier choice,
And Reilly of the baseball fans,

Joe Newman, Fred, and little Kitty
And John the lovelorn Papajack
Come in to chant a risque ditty,
And drink full deep of applejack.

Once as brave as any knight
Until he fought the Kennecott,
The Potter pots beneath the light
Since Wall Street put him on the spot.

Drink to the Poster makers' art,
Drink to our Ad Sales success.
Let every showman do his part
Drink to eternal happiness.
OTEL
ASTOR
FEB. 6th

MOTION PICTURE BALL
THE LINE-UP!

Tallulah Bankhead
Jack Benny
Clive Brook
Claudette Colbert
Lou Holtz
Frederic March
Lyda Roberti
Ginger Rogers
Charles Ruggles
Smith & Dale (of Mendel, Inc.)
Rudy Vallee
Larry Kent, in charge of the production of Short Subjects at the Paramount Publix New York Studio is saddled with the responsibility of providing a corking good show at this year's Pep Club Ball.

In fact, the name—Larry Kent—is synonymous with the words, "good entertainment," which in a way is to tell you that all those attending this year's Motion Picture Ball at the Hotel Astor on the evening of February 6th are assured of an excellent array of top-notch entertainers.

Larry Kent will be assisted in his gigantic task by Messrs. Walter Wanger, Henry Salsbury and James Cowan of the Paramount Production Department. And also by the pinch-hitting Edward A. Brown, the newly-appointed Chairman of the Entertainment Committee and his committee.

Chairman Brown has insisted on quality of entertainment rather than quantity. However, the show will be of sufficient length to please the most critical patron. An idea of what to expect can be gleaned by glancing at the partial line-up of talent on the opposite page. Jack Benny, famous stage comedian, and who recently completed a long-run engagement in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," will be Master of Ceremonies.

Tell your friends about those who will appear and they will readily agree with you that nowhere would you be able to see and hear such talent at one place at one time. By divulging this information, the selling of tickets should be comparatively easy.

And don't forget that Harold Stern and his Ambassador orchestra will furnish the music for dancing.

Now, get busy and prove to yourself as well as to others that you can SELL TICKETS!
SELL TICKETS!

by

President FRED METZLER

Too often the task of putting over successfully a tremendous Club proposition such as the coming Ball falls upon the shoulders of just a few members. In a sense, this condition, though unfortunate, is necessary. We can't have all the members of the Pep Club serving on committees for the Ball. The weight of numbers alone, in such a case, would prevent successful operation. And so, each year, we find ourselves forced to lean upon a select few.

However, the surprisingly large number of members who have come forward with offers of assistance, has prompted me to call upon every Pepster in the Club to serve as a committee of one in surmounting what is probably the biggest obstacle in the path leading to the success of the Ball. I refer to the sale of tickets.

Aside from the fact that it is the duty of every member to sell at least one ticket, and aside from the fact that with each ten tickets sold one is given free to the seller, it should be remembered that without a successful sale of tickets, there may be no outing—no Saturday dances—no athletic activities—no educational advantages—no welfare work—no inaugural dinner or any of the other benefits which the Club offers you. THE BALL IS THE CHIEF SOURCE OF REVENUE FOR THE CLUB, and if we do not sell tickets we may not get much fun out of our Club membership this year.

So do your share in making the Ball a financial success—and good times in the Club will be assured for all.

But—SELL TICKETS!

Details of the ticket sale may be obtained from Lou Diamond, Vice-President, in charge of ticket distribution.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

VALENTINE'S DAY

A festival celebrated on February 14th, and established in England, Scotland and France about the 15th century, was very popular among the upper classes and at many European courts. On St. Valentine’s eve, spinsters and bachelors were accustomed to meet in a social way, write upon bits of paper the names of a number of spinsters and bachelors of their acquaintance, throw them into a basket, and then draw them out one at a time, care being exercised that each should draw one of the opposite sex, the person thus drawing being the valentine of the drawer.

The festival was introduced into America at an early day but its observance has since undergone material change and is annually becoming less and less general, at present being limited to friends exchanging anonymous communications with each other, the same being made in verse or verses referring to a variety of topics, the subject being also illustrated by cuts of an amusing or sentimental character.

And so Nancy Carroll whose portrait appears on the front cover, adds, “Will you be my Valentine?”
“Hard Work Will Maintain Present Salaries,” States Mr. Zukor

Addressing Pepsters at a regular meeting of the Paramount Pep Club held Tuesday, January 13, 1931, Mr. Adolph Zukor, President of the Paramount Publix Corp., and Honorary President of the Paramount Pep Club, stated that hard work would maintain present salaries.

Mr. Zukor’s address follows:—“Mr. Metzler, fellow members of the Pep Club. As I recall about a year ago, I had the pleasure of addressing you and congratulating—I believe, the new President of the Club at that time—and it again gives me great pleasure to congratulate you and Mr. Metzler on this occasion. I believe you have exercised very good judgment in electing Mr. Metzler to head your Club.

“It is very necessary in an organization like this, the same as in a corporation, to have men guiding the destinies of the organization who have the capabilities and who have the interest of each individual member at heart and I hope that Mr. Metzler will follow the footsteps of his predecessors. I know that if all had not been as devoted to the interests of the Club and its members, the Club could not have been successful and in as fine condition as it is today.

“You all know we had a very hard year in 1930, industrially speaking, and it would not have been possible for the Paramount Publix Corporation to retain their position in the industry, not only in the motion picture industry but all industries combined, if it had not been for the loyal co-operation of each member employed or in an executive capacity of the organization. I want to take advantage of the opportunity at this time to let you know that whenever an executive asks you to do certain things during business hours or later, he is doing it because he takes pride in the corporation of which you are a part and I want you to loyally and diligently comply with every request, as I want you to know on the other hand, that we were considerably concerned last year with the progress of our own institution. Not on account of the amount of money the company needed to make to pay dividends to the stockholders, but primarily to be able to maintain the organization and its employees at their prevailing salaries.

“As you know, if conditions warrant it, we must make cuts. We have consistently refused to even think about it. Instead of that, all your executives got together and made up their minds that they would work harder than ever to make it possible to maintain this organization and its employees at their present prevailing salaries and I hope that with God’s help we can continue to do so.”

(Editor’s Note:—Every employee in the organization should follow the dictates of our leader, Mr. Zukor, by applying himself or herself as diligently as possible to maintain the standards set by the executives.)
Swimming

On January 22nd none other than Ed Sullivan, Lou Nathan's efficient photographer for the Pep Club was on hand to take a few exposures of the Paramount Swimming Club. We understand that Ed was under the camera cloth a long time. Why?—Ha.

As the members were lined up for the pictures, Ed Lee had to do what is known as a "boom" dive which caused a tremendous splash, the effects of which were felt by the group.

It's supposed to be a secret, but the swimmers are such good sports we'll drop a hint right here. It is understood that the management at the pool is arranging to have a five-piece orchestra play for the members some Thursday evening so it is suggested that you be on hand regularly if you don't want to miss this big treat.

It has been found by one of our snooping reporters that Eileen Elliot is one of the reasons why such a large group of the male members turn out so frequently during the cold weather. We wonder why, Eileen?

Among some of the personages seen regularly at the pool are: Kay Sullivan, Bee Ackerman, Bill Lawrence, Art Andeser, Eve O'Connell of the Real Estate department; Helen Callen, Kay Moore, Leslie Dean, Tess Coyne, Louise Banger of Miss Shuman's department; Joe Wood and his gang from the 11th floor well; Carl Clausen and his recruits from the Cashier's department. (They are still trying to get Eddie Brown up to the pool to see how his little waxed moustache would look if dampened.)

At the shallow end of the pool can be seen Ruth Roberts, Ted Schreiner, Loretta Tighe and Parmley Ueh taking their usual weekly swimming lessons from Miss Anne Benoit, the conqueror of long distance records.

The Old Swimming Hole

On Thursday eve, you'll see,
All of us full of glee,
Trotting along Broadway,
Yes, it's our swimming day!
To the Park Central we go,
Because, folks, it's our show.
Come on, make it snappy,
Boy, don't we feel happy!
And then all the chatter.
But what does it matter.
My suit is very tight,
I surely look a sight.
Let's get in the shower,
Rush, it's Paramount Hour.
Into the pool we dash,
Just listen to us splash;
A swim and fun galore,
Here we go—in for more!
Next time best sign the scroll
For the Ole Swimming Hole.

Athletic Briefs

Talk about competition, you folks haven't seen anything unless you've been watching the Pep Club's bowling tournament. You've heard of Hot Jazz dancers burning up the floor; well, the bowling boys are rolling those balls down the alleys like shots out of a cannon. (The bill for knocking the backs out of the alleys is expected any day now.)

As of Jan. 27th, Joe Plunkett held the high individual average with 168.31. High individual score of 252 is held by J. M. Fuehs. Team "D" consisting of Clausen, Fass, Toussaint, E. A. Brown and Cassidy have rolled up a high team score of 909.

The All American

Left End........Cream of Colgate
Left Tackle......Ham of Virginia
Left Guard......Suit of Brown
Center ...........Fish, Bates
Right Guard....Waterman, Penn.
Right Tackle....Harde, Knox
Right End.......We, R, Here, Lafayette
Quarterback ....Bull, Montana
Right Half.......Smeer, Case
Fullback ........Hail, Columbia
Left Half.......Hunchback, Notre Dame

Here's a slice of news which will be welcomed by many. Right here in the Paramount Building—Room 1509—there is a Circulating Library where you may procure recent books, popular books, books to suit all tastes. It will be worth your while to step in and see for yourself.
Somewhere in the office of Joseph P. (Office Manager) McLoughlin there is a bag of golf clubs. And they have nothing to do with this story, for Joe never uses them. He doesn't know the first thing about golf, and furthermore he doesn't want to know it. Joe's principal recreational interest is bowling. But a guy can't keep a bowling alley in his office, can he? Well maybe in Hollywood it's being done, but not in Gotham.

So Joe just keeps golf clubs in his office. Suits him to a "tee" to have them there, in the same spot, day after day, month after month, mid iron and steel and concrete. Perhaps we had putter not say any more about it.

Just don't read the foregoing paragraphs, dear reader, and begin here, where the real story of McLoughlin, the man, commences.

Sh-h! Joe is an auto fancier! Stand him at the lower promontory of "Panic Island"—or sit him down if you chisel a chair that isn't working from the Rivoli nearby; sit him down and Joe will tell you the make of every northbound automobile as it leaves 42nd Street, four blocks south. What's more he will tell you the number of nuts, bolts and rivets in each vehicle.

There is a reason for all this—Joe was reared on a farm near Elmira, N. Y., and if there is anything that will turn a young lad city-ward and city-wise it is being raised on a farm near Elmira. Nutley? Okay. Bayside or Haverstraw? Okay. But Elmira—well, there is something exasperating about the manner in which witchgrass and thistles mix company with potato vines round Elmira way that just plumb discourages all young hoo-artists. So Joe scrambled early for the big cities, first stopping to turn in a few performances as a football player on the Elmira High School football team.

Joe is one of the pillars—or perhaps we should say pimentos of the "Pep" Club. One of the paprikas, that sounds better. One of the paprikas of the Paramount "Pep" Club. You know—"Paprikan we go in to swim?" Paprikan Golf, etc.

Guess we better get a new line of thought.

In spite of what Harry Nadel said once about Joe—and Harry spoke sincerely when he declared that our Office Manager is the kindest and most patient individual I know—"in spite of that, there is this to be said in refutation: Joe is NOT patient in restaurants.

Here's why—Joe MUST have coffee WITH his meals.

Until Joe found a WAY OUT, there were luncheons after luncheons at which he was the dismay of his friends, and the epitome of irascibility because waiters just would not bring a cup of coffee along with his pork chops or London broil. Always, he had to jump up on the table, fling his arms madly about, froth at the mouth and gripe in order to get the coffee WITH and not LATER.

But Harry and Lou showed him the WAY OUT of all the difficulty. The manner in which it works now is like this: Joe stops at the cashier's stand on his way into the restaurant and secures a tooth-pick. With this formidable hunk of lumber clamped determinedly in his teeth, he sits down at a table. The waiter appears, thinks his patron has just completed a meal and accedes immediately to the demand when Joe says, "Now bring me a cup of coffee."

As soon as the menial arrives with the coffee Joe flicks the tooth-pick viciously into the trout's playground in the window, turns on the servitor and yelps—"Now bring me them bleated oikpay oopchay, you fourflushin' mugg, you!"

Immediately the pork chops arrive, and he has coffee WITH his meal.

But you can hardly be harsh with Joe for all this. You see, his wife has spoiled him as a diner-out. She is the best cook in the world.

You don't believe it? Ask Joe, he'll tell you it's so.
Claudette Colbert and Fredric March Prefer Screen Roles to That of Stage

(By Ed. Shellhorn)

Who will it be this month?
That was the question that was puzzling me a few weeks ago.

Then an idea dawned. Why not make this next issue all the more interesting by having an interview with two stars? Surely the readers would be glad to hear about those two popular players—Claudette Colbert and Fredric March who are making a new picture called, "Honor Among Lovers" at the New York Studio.

After the necessary arrangements had been made, I hurried over to the studio to lunch with Claudette and Freddy (I get chummy in no time). I arrived just in time—work had suspended and everyone had gone to luncheon. I found Claudette and Freddy down in the studio restaurant.

Can you imagine having luncheon in an evening gown or a full dress suit? It seems preposterous (I’ve been saving that)—doesn’t it? But that’s just what Miss Colbert and Mr. March were doing. Claudette had on the most beautiful gown I have ever seen. It was trimmed with fur. Freddy wore the latest in dress suits. And I must add—the cutest moustache.

The luncheons were ordered. Let me see—I had a nice sirloin steak, French fried potatoes—oh, who cares? The conversation was unimportant up to this point. Then I thought it time to ask a few questions.

“Miss Colbert, do you intend leaving the stage?”

“Well, not for good, you see my contract allows me one play a year. But most of my time will be devoted to the screen.”

“And Mr. March, what do you think of the talkies?”

“That’s not hard to answer. I think they’re swell. There’s a feeling of creative work about the talkies—don’t you think, Claudette?”

“You’re right Freddy,” replied Miss Colbert, “that’s why it’s all the more interesting.”

“You learn a part for a stage play,” continued March, “and it opens and there you are each night speaking your lines and going through your action. The lines roll out like peas off a knife. If you happen to be a little off form for one performance there is always another.”

“In the talkies, it’s different. When the production is finished, that’s the end. There aren’t any more performances in which you can better your work.”

“That’s just what I think,” politely interrupted Claudette, “that’s just what makes you want to strive all the more.”

At this time, I thought it a good idea to tell Freddy how much I enjoyed his roles in “Laughter” and “The Royal Family.”

He said, “I’m glad you liked me in those parts—it was something different. But wait until you see Claudette and me in this new picture. I’m sure you’ll like it.”

“You know,” he continued, “Miss Colbert has just recently returned from a trip around the world. Tell him something about it, Claudette.”

“I could talk for hours telling you what a marvelous time my husband (Norman Foster) and I had. Now, I can really talk about these remote places I’ve heard and read about all these years. There was a time—”

At this moment a sporty young woman stopped at our table and said to Claudette and Freddy, “I hate to interrupt you folks but everyone’s on the set and we’d like to start—you will forgive me, won’t you?”

“Surely, Dorothy,” was Miss Colbert’s reply.

“That was Dorothy Arzner, the director. You know, she’s the only woman director in the business and let me tell you she knows her camera angles.”

After the stars had left, I realized for the first time that I was actually hungry. Such excitement!
8th Floor News

Well, hang out the welcome sign again. This time for Jules S. Schermer, Emily Ullman and James DiGangi. As they say in Aviation, Happy Landings!

Freda Jean O’Ringle received a very pretty ring from her Beau Ideal for Christmas. Anyone wishing to get a glimpse of it may do so by coming down to room 805. Line forms to the right. Oh, Oh, we almost forgot to mention that there will be a nominal fee of ten cents for each look. (How do you suppose we are going to pay for it?)

At the time of going to press we received word that Anita Siegler had become the victim of Flu. We understand, however, that it isn’t very serious, and we’re mighty glad of that. Here’s hoping that Anita recovers quickly.

Mollie Ruth Futterman received a perfectly gorgeous fur coat for Xmas. Yes, brand new. She informed us that it is quite an expensive one, also that she doesn’t like to wear it too often as it flattens her. (Yep—she told us that herself.) Well, if you should ask me, I’d advise getting a permit to carry a revolver, with a coat like that.

Gus Gabriel came out with this natural the other day. He said that he had been riding in the subway for the past six months and yesterday was the first time he realized they had seats in the cars.

Max Hayes recently recovered from an attack of Pneumonia. .. Nevertheless, he’s back on the job again and just as witty as ever.

Guess who’s with us again? ... No other than Helen Straus, who left the studio to get away from work, but renegged.

Mrs. Mitchell Fenberg (Sydelle Newman) popped into the studio the other day, and perhaps you’d like to know that Syd has gained quite a bit of weight since she married. She asked us to convey her bestest to all her Pep Club friends.

Barney Rogan, cutter, was once the mascot of a regiment of American soldiers who saw service in France. He ran away from home at the age of sixteen and joined the outfit travelling abroad with them. The other night he attended a reunion of the regiment and was surprised that the men had aged ten years, but then he learned that it is twelve years since the war.

Bill Kelly, assistant cameraman on the “New York Lady” was once Rex Ingram’s cameraman and travelled extensively in Northern Africa, filming scenes for several of the Alice Terry-Ivan Petrovich productions which were filmed on the dark continent. Bill, however, saw no tigers, chiefly because tigers are only found in India.

Edwin Hewitt, assistant director on “Stolen Heaven” discovered, when he appeared on the set for work that Phillips Holmes who is featured in the production opposite Nancy Carroll was a class mate of his at Princeton where Holmes was first given a chance in pictures when Frank Tuttle offered him a part in “Varsity” the Charles Rogers production.

Mr. Ernst Lubitsch, who roams the studio’s corridors every noon hour in search of the restaurant, a very elusive place, was asked to speak at a recent luncheon of the National Board of Review, at the Hotel Pennsylvania. When introduced before the microphone and after having heard a group of long-winded speakers he said “I have been told that since the introduction of talking pictures there has been too much dialogue. This is also true of some luncheons.” Upon which he sat down to the cheers of the assembled multitude.

“We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin,” explained the guide.

“We are not,” contradicted the American tourist, as he hopped off the sightseeing bus.

—Jetna-izer.
Belle Jones discusses the political situation in Siberia with Owen "Married" McClave. (Silly, isn't it—but what can you expect?)

Ruth Sanstedt has a boy friend who's up in the dough, we guess. She's been galavanting around the office in evening gowns the last few weeks.

Louise Eckhardt gave us a "calling down" for mentioning the fact she wears berets. We resent that — our duty to the readers comes first. (sez you).

Saul Jacobs has been hiding these days. Can't seem to find him.

Did you read that article "Luncheon" in last month's issue which was signed "R. E." Sh, we'll let you in on a little secret. The young man (that's right, it was a man) discusses a restaurant (?) where you put the nickels in the slot (he could have said "Automatic") and get a piece of pie in the eye (or words to that effect)—the funny thing about this same feller is that we actually saw him in one of those places. Ask anyone in the Real Estate Department who has the initials "R. E."

We had the pleasure of visiting the studio last week and met a young lady by the name of Emily Newman. Gosh, she's pretty! She's the sister of Syd Newman and she left not so very long ago to settle down to be a married lady. Emily started the New Year right by spending a week's vacation at Atlantic City... No, she didn't get married. Anyway, we have her word for it.

Belle Jones must be brushing up on Darwin lately. If you haven't seen her walking monkey do its tricks, you're missing a grand treat. It would be well worth while for Belle to open a booth at Coney Island during the summer months and let the monkey do its leaps and bounds to paying spectators.

The Margons have a newly arrived—pencil sharpener. It is for us, only, to herald this newcomer with a fanfare of the largest trumpets. The C.C.M.'s have been sharpening on our steel since they came from Gay Old Mexico.

Puzzle No. 90000000! A dainty wrist, a graceful and, well, highly polished nails, a beautiful hand watch studded with diamonds. Question—Who is it? Come, come,—no need to hesitate! Helen Fried, of course. (And we ain't a tellin'—but Helen's been looking mighty happy lately).

Johnny "Somethingorother," who has come to the Tenth Floor Desk to take Marty's place, seems to be a great follower of Emily Post (re: Book of Etiquette). He addresses each and every female on the floor, without exception, as "Missus" (Mrs.). Big Boogie Man will get him if he doesn't look out.

Bernice Gerson may always be found in some part of the Tenth Floor saying "Isn't It A Small World?" If there's anyone in New York, the United States, or in fact over the globe that Bernice doesn't know—then she's been slackening on her job.
We are offering this month a new column entitled, "F.T.F.S." and it's not the "Conning Tower" nor has it been instigated by Walt Winchell. Just "Familiar Tenth Floor Sights" as seen from our "Watchtower": (We're just letting you in on a little secret—watch the clock in the hall—we're sitting up there, pen and paper in hand—jotting down the sights as they fly past us).

Aaron Pines walking on little unseen clouds, swinging that gold chain around his finger and blowing smoke rings high into the air.

Marty (nee—Tenth Floor Desk) walking on the same clouds and whistling a seemingly endless tune.

Luigi Luraschi hustling through the hall. Gerry Goldsmith stopping to put her arm around someone's waist and to say, quite endearingly, "How are you, darling?"

Mildred Meltzer calling the Exchange (??!!??!!)

Mildred Chereskin almost in tears watching an unemployed line from her window.

Elsie Scheib bellowing over the phone: "you've got two tickets? Gee, that's swell!"

Guy Wood being always quite alert with his "Top O' the Mornin'"—etc., etc., etc., etc. (If you know what we mean!)

Kay McKeon tch-tching as she pats her coiffure and puts a stray hair in place.

Eddie Shellhorn, chest-well-in-air, escorting Stanley Smith through the hall.

Luis Fernandez and pipe.

Lillian Beck reading "The Herald Tribune" (You Just Know She Wears 'Em).

Rose Rieh addressing countless envelopes to Calcutta, India.

Gertrude Wietchke heaving a deep sigh! Why so glum, fair Gert?

Harold (Tenth Floor Desk), seemingly in deep thought. "What's a four letter word meaning simple?" Harold, that's easy!

Matilda Kass back at her desk after a prolonged visit from Mme. La Gripppe.

Sophie Singerman bubbling over with laughter at someone's joke. (And we've heard she laughs for days after. That's BAD, Sophie!)

Gertrude Levy must drink eight glasses of water a day—and she does, doesn't she?

Harold Sugarman, an erstwhile Home Officette, bidding "goodbye" as he rushes off to catch the — for "Miami"—Some people have all the luck.

In passing we're just the slightest bit interested in Saul Jacob's current taste. Remember "Small Steak With Onions please? What's it now, "J"?

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Hit-and-Run Flyer

"Oh, Gerald, I've been stung by a wasp!"

"Quick, put some ammonia on it."

"I can't, it's gone."

—The Passing Show (London).
Things We'd Like To Know

If Western Union's latest service feature was devised to offset Postal's Theatre Ticket Bureau. Recently we received a telegram from the proud father of a nine pound baby girl and on the corner of the wire was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, ring Western Union."

Why G. B. J. Fraley is called, "Judge." Is it because no one can remember all the names he must have?

If Will Rogers forgot the radio, when he attributed the popularity of "The Peanut Vendor" to the fact that nobody could whistle the darn thing, thereby wearing it out.

The percentage of increase in Walgreen's sales of Bromo and Tomato Juice of February 7. And speaking of the ball, did—

Whether or not Yale and Harvard will suspend athletic relations as a result of the "Boston Grapefruit Party."

What the men who repair the hands on the Paramount Building clock talk about. Probably about the chances pedestrians are taking crossing Times Square.

Why some one doesn't invent a foolproof gag (no pun intended) for radio announcers.

The name of the motion picture producer, who, when asked, "How's business?" replied, "Colossal! But it will pick up."

Whether Jack Oakie's system of handling people who always talk about themselves is effective. Rumor has it that after listening so long to a recitation of the speaker's accomplishments he jams the index finger of each hand in his car and says, "Now tell me all about yourself." For beginners it is suggested that they choose the nearest exit and run, don't walk.

If readers of this column know it is open to their contributions.

Golfer: "Terrible links, caddy, terrible!"
Caddy: "Sorry, sir, these ain't links—you got off them an hour ago."

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A "VETERAN"

Harry Nadel came from a law office on Jan. 2, 1917, to take up duties as Assistant to the Office Manager in what was then known as the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co., Inc. Before the amalgamation of the Lasky Company with Mr. Zukor's producing unit, he was promoted by E. E. Shauer to the position of Office Manager.

After the merger, Harry became a member of the Foreign Department under Mr. Shauer. Then came the war and June 1918 found him relinquishing his position to do duty for his country. On leaving he was presented with a wrist watch by his friends which he still has. More than a year later he rejoined Famous Players and was assigned to the Office Manager's department. The following year he became a member of the Purchasing Department and has been there ever since.

Harry was Vice-President of the Pep Club 1923-1924 and President in 1924-1925. He was also Chairman of the Year Book for 1929-1930 and has held the position as Chairman of the Co-operative Buying Committee numerous times.

Incidentally, Mr. Nadel was the last of three presidents of the Pep Club in a row to have a son born in his family during his regime. "Suspender" Stilson was his successor who did not make good in carrying out the precedent. Harry also claims that he lost half as much hair during his Presidential reign as now adorns his dome—through worries.

This scribe forgot to ask Mr. Nadel if he came from the South because he always has a big cigar in his mouth.

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E. A. Brown Takes Over Duties as Entertainment Chairman

Before Mr. Hansen had a chance to function properly as the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, he handed his resignation to the President due to his leaving the organization.

With the Motion Picture Ball less than three weeks away, President Metzler was compelled to choose a successor with the least possible delay and one that could be depended upon in satisfactorily putting over the Ball. The man appointed for this task was Edward A. Brown, last year's Pep Club President.

Eddie is an old-timer at the game, he being the Ball Chairman back in 1921 at the Club's first Ball when the affair was the social highlight of the Motion Picture industry and also a $6,000 profit for the Club.
THAT CERTAIN PARTY

THE Astor Hotel; and aster, meaning "star," became more than phonetically apropos on Friday evening, February 6th for on that historic occasion, the two words were identical in purport. On that glorious evening, the Astor Ball Room was a veritable garden of "stars." And since it is the propensity of a star to scintillate, then it can be truly said that everyone present—and that means over one thousand persons, was a glittering embodiment of vivacity and humor.

But enough of the didactics. The Tenth Annual Pep Club Ball at the Hotel Astor Room was a swell success, a grand meteorological meet and a joy to partake of. There was dancing, entertainment and refreshment of a high order. The fiesta began at 9 and it ended in the hours commonly referred to as "wee."

Personalities of great renown provided the amusement in the "show" division of the night's doings. And right here it must be said, in brief but sincere tribute to the sponsors, that the staff of our Astoria Studios did itself proud in producing this brilliant show. Such an array of theatrical talent is seldom seen under one roof in one performance.

Be it a matter of record that the following gave of their best to make the welkin ring:

Morton Downey, the crooning golden-voiced tenor.
Irene Bordoni, of the oscillating orbs and delicious lingo.
Burns and Allen, irrepresible vaude and film team. (Miss Allen on the right with the tiny, tinkling voice.)
Claudette Colbert, exotic princess of Paramount picture-land.
Vincent Lopez, the popular pounder of the pianoforte.
George Jessel, the treat and beau of "Sweet and Low."
Ethen Merman, the "it" of "Girl Crazy."
Borrah Minnevitch and His Rascals—the harmonica harmonizers.
Lyda Roberti, the gal the Stem got goofy over, overnight. ("You Said It.")

Ginger Rogers, sweetie of Stanley Smith on screen and stage.
Charley Ruggles, whose comical capers in the talkies are the rage of the age.
Stanley Smith, crooning boy friend of Ginger Rogers, in "You Said It." And also Mary Lawlor duet-ing it with Stan.
Smith and Dale, the Mendelley Incorporated funsters.

And with this great troupe of stellar performers, weaving in and out among them and bobbing up at precisely the correct moment, was Jack Benny, the master of ceremonkey-shines.

The continuous music for dancing was served up in the grand rhythmic manner by Harold Stern and his capable musicians.

For their devoted work to the cause in the days of preparation preceding the Ball, the Entertainment Committee is entitled to full credit and the gratitude of the entire membership. The committee members were: Edward A. Brown, Chairman; Joseph R. Wood, Vincent Trotta, Cliff Lewis, Larry Kent, Lou Diamond, Bert Adler, Arthur J. Leonard, A. Swenson, Claude Keator, Chas. Johnston, Jack Roper and Wm. Fass.

To organize and carry out a program of such monster proportions as the Tenth Annual Pepster's Soiree, a certain amount of astute and comprehending generalship is required. That the event of Friday, February 6th, was the smooth-running, sure-clicking carnival that it turned out to be is due entirely to that splendid committee and its tireless leader. It has been said before, and it is worth repeating—that Eddie always does things up Brown.
TOOT-TOOT, H A C H A A, and other such noises denoting the leaving of a train—which signifies that I, a reporter of PEP-O-GRAMS, am making a trip around a small universe called the TWELFTH FLOOR-PUBLIX ACCOUNTING, located in the Herald Tribune Building. My train (of thoughts) has just pulled out, and with a few stops here and there, I will soon be back to where I started from—and so it goes to prove that the world IS round.

In this travelog I will endeavor to give you an outline of my trip. In the state of GLIDDEN, noted for its tattoos, I passed the following cities: BOXER-ville—renowned for "Self Esteem." ZAMMIT-town—the smallest city. GRISWOLD (Anne)—Red Hot Chicago. BRACCAVENTI—Pessimism presides.

Then, at my leisure, I stopped at the following cities in the roughened state of STANLEY-land: JOE HAHN-berg—Milk Diet reigns supreme. SEESHOLTZ (Helen)—The place of High Ideals. BRIGGS-town (Jeanne)—Non-Prohibition town.

Having wasted quite some time, I had to hurry through the quiet state of FRICK-sico which included: DECKER-burg (Bess)—This place glorifies the American boy. STANER-ton (George)—Town of the Young, Blonde and Blushing.

And even in haste, how could I miss WEBER Junction—The place with the charming accent. DIXON-line—Strictly business. JOHNSON-city (Ruth)—The reason why men stay home. ROGERS-town—Always on the GO.

Then through the Dominion of T. X. JONES, with its quiet little city of SMITHville. On my way out of this place I had to pass through the old Irish Town of CORKERY—which is a very busy state sheltering her principal city of SHARER-land—Fashionable Coifure?—This is the place.

Oh, shucks, at this point I received a telegram from the BIG BOSS to come right back to work, so on the next plane I hopped, and in spite of my speed, I could not help but observe the State of Rossman, which is quite a satisfied state. Here we find WOHL-land—The home of the fattest calf. NELSON-ville—The reason why women leave home. INNERFIELD (Sadye) — A large field of personality. LATEINER-ton (Jeanne)—A town, small—but interesting.

And with a last backward glance I caught sight of the city of FARREL (Helen) which is in the FILE state, and I could not help noticing that skirts in this place grow shorter rather than longer.

Alack, but not alas, the plane landed safely at the very place I started from which ends an interesting trip. Hope you've enjoyed the scrutiny of THE SHADOW—(Zowie),

Al Hertz has gone Teddy-bearish on us. Did you get a glimpse of that new coat? Al is hidden somewhere in it.

Larry O'Neill and Esther Meltzer have a window opening and closing complex.

It seems we were mistaken in the last issue of Pep-o-Grams, when we mentioned that Beadie Steinbaum has gone in for classical dancing. Beg pardon, Beadie. Now we know it's tap dancing. Uh-huh.

Ask "Sol" Werfel to show you his broken arm. He's SO proud of it.

Mayne Baker, our own poetess, loves Browning. Her interpretation of "Excelsior" is good, too.

Bennie Marshak still thinks he's a modern conception of Samson. Get that long bob?

Did you know that Ida Levine once played in the Southern company of the "Show Boat?" Incidentally, Ida is an active member of the "Perpetual Motion" League.

Wuxtry! Frances Goldberg has learned to cook!

We hear that Frances Herbert's paternal grandparent was an Alpine mountain climber, but so far, we haven't heard the lady yodel. It's true, she DOES wear a feather in her hat.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton L. Kirsch announce the arrival of a daughter on January 28th, 1931. Mrs. Kirsch is the former Rosalind Schiffman of Publix Accounting.

A good time was had by all who attended the bridge at Estelle "Jakie" Jacobs' home. The cats were swell and so were the prizes. Jean Briggs was sore because there wasn't a prize for every player.

You'd never think progressive bridge was being played if you watched Stanley Schwimmer—he just didn't progress, that's all.

Sadye Innerfield and Sam Hertz were the lucky winners.

On the staff of a paper in a small city was a reporter who was all right in most respects, but he would use up a lot of unnecessary words. His typewriter ribbon was generally in shreds before he had finished the simplest yarn. After long suffering the city editor finally summoned him to his desk.

"Listen," he said. "Here's a story I want you to go out on, and for the love of Pete when you come back tell the thing as simply as you possibly can."

This was the story that was turned in: "Donald Greene, 5 Park Street, lit a match to see if there was any gas in his tank. Yes. Age 41."
STOREHOUSE NEWS

We never professed to be very exact in our predictions but we do prognosticate a decline in the sales of the Tasty Yeast bars since Betty Sobel, Blanche Unger and Gladys Muller found that they could live without it. Oh girls, why not try your luck with Munsen's "Fish Food For Matur- ing Canaries?"

Nicholas Assatouriantz, more familiarly called, "Frenchie," is said to be a whole foreign department in one. Well, the only time that we will believe it is when he speaks all the languages at once. What do you say, Nicholas?

Katherine DeGuard is becoming quite accustomed to her new position as switchboard operator. And we all thought the board would never be the same again after Anna Jacobowitz left it. Oh well, even switchboards have to pine and forget.

Bill Enoch is a real friend of the working girl. He always has gum on hand for everybody. We are not so much puzzled as to where he gets all those sticks but we are very much interested in knowing how long the supply will last. A toast to bigger and better slices of gum from our Bill.

Whoever said that Dick O'Connell can't blush is far from being correct. Just let anybody ask Dick to provoke his bashfulness and even the red beets hide their faces in shame at the vivid color of his face.

Since Bertha Kasica shows up very early these cold and wintry mornings, it is quite obvious that the cows that usually hold up the trains on the Erie sleep a little longer and thus allow Bertha's train to pass through unmolested. We were always firm believers in longer sleeping hours for cows.

They do say that when "All Quiet on the Western Front" was produced recently—or fairly recently—a pair of dowagers were discussing the advisability of attending it and finally gave their verdict in the negative.

"No," said one, "I'm tired of these Westerns, with their cowpunching and lassoing and all that. And as for 'All Quiet'—my dear, in this modern day of the talkies, how antiquated!"

Eddie, the agency office boy, hopes that the new Amos 'n' Andy picture gets around to his neighborhood before Pepsodent removes the film.

In an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston graveyard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

—De Laval Monthly.

Insurance Department

Florence Tiernan—"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew that one small head could carry all it knew."

Sophie Weinberg—As busy as a bee.

Marion Johnson—My, we are glad to have you back! Did you enjoy the "round robin" sent you by the girls to cheer you during your convalescence?

Rosella Ballin—She rolls her own...... eyes!

Loretta Tighe—A lover of those delightful sentimental ballads. A good singing voice, too.

Roses Ferguson—Such vivacity!! Does living in a peaceful town in New Jersey do that to you, Roses?

Mathilde Friedman—What a delightful sense of humor! Me for you, Mathilde.

Rose Petillo—Soft voiced, soft mannered and good to have around.

Ida Rosen—Now, let's all sing—"Ida, as sweet as apple cider."

Syd Hacker—Charming taste in dress.

Stella Hofberg—Nice little form, in spite of her fondness for candy. She weighs about 95 pounds on both feet.

Catherine Freeman—Tackles her job conscientiously.

Betty Efros—Off again, on again—we mean her hair. Some day Betty hopes to decide whether to wear it long or short.

"So I took the Rolls Royce and tore up his letters."
Ever hear Wally Jorgensen tell about what happened to her one night in the subway? No? Well, get after her and if she refuses, make her tell. It's a riot!

Even though she's out in Minneapolis now, our own Joe Idzorek still has us all in mind. She wrote us asking for a copy of Pep-O-Grams (we'll bet she thought we had written a farewell story for her). Happy, Jojo?

Don't see much of Dot Wechsler lately and certainly miss the daily fare of "dirt" which she used to give us, so we're taking this form of telling her we'd like her to visit us once in a while....

Our vote for election to the best sport-of-the-month club goes to Mary Newman. Thanks, ol' dear....

Phil Seltsky is back with us once again after a long siege in the hospital where he was de-appendixed. Welcome home!

Paula Weiss just received the nicest Christmas present; as we've always said, "better late than never."

Barbara Cohen is so encouraging....so's Bee Lerner (God bless 'em both).

Kitty Talber just loves to fuss around and fix a person's hair nicely, so we've become a steady customer rather than disappoint the girl....

**PEP-O-GRAMS**

Reportorial Staff


Condolences are extended to Charles Schabacker of the Budget department on account of the death of his father.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Gustave Hartman of the Poster department on account of the death of his wife.

Condolences are extended to Madeline Johnston of the Cash Register department on account of the loss of her sister.

Sympathy is expressed to May Jones of the Cash Register department on account of the death of her mother.

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**9th Floor News**

We're terribly concerned about Milt Gurian—you see, he acquired twenty pounds of fat since the summer came and it's worrying him; you know, he's thinking about joining a gym, wondering what the girl friend will say when she sees that mannish "tab" in a bathing suit and suchlike. Well, the thing that's bothering us is this: if he should go on a diet, the demand for foodstuffs would go down, causing greater supply than demand which economists tell us forces prices down and what with the depression and everything such a thing would be fatal. So join the cause, you patriots, tell Milton he's getting thin as a rail, and help bring prosperity back.

A very important announcement, and one which we are sure everybody in the department will be interested in is that Clarice Aronton has fallen out of love with that certain party around here and has transferred her affections to Lew Ayres. (Poor Lew—the price of popularity, you know)....

Sid Ellison is a publicity hound! Yessir, he 'akhally' begged us to put him in this month because he loves to see his name in print. Even wanted to bribe us if we did it, but would we accept a bribe? No, indeed—out he stays!
Jest For A Laugh

Like the Nickel Fare

Maid: “You know the old vase you said had been handed down from generation to generation?”
Mistress: “Yes.”
Maid: “Well, this generation has dropped it.”

Dry

Painter: “Ever hear of dry paint?”
The Sitting One: “Yes.”
Painter: “Well, the paint you’re sitting on won’t be that for 24 hours yet.”

A Good Reply

A retailer wrote to a firm, ordering a supply of goods. In reply the firm wired: “Cannot send goods until last consignment paid for.”

The retailer replied: “Cancel order, cannot wait so long.”

Tell It To Hubby

“No,” said the lady of the house sharply, “I don’t want a thing.”
“Tell that to your old man,” retorted the surly peddler; “it will make a bigger hit with him than it does with me.”

He Lingered Too Long

“Is Mike Clancy here?” asked the visitor at the quarry after the blast.
“No, sir,” replied the foreman. “He’s gone.”
“For good?”
“Well, sir, he went in that direction.”

Count ’Em

The Little Carnegie Playhouse has gone Russian with Sovkino’s “The Village of Sin,” an atmospheric film of life in a vodka village. The film was directed by Olga Preobrezhenskaya—a woman of letters.

—Variety.

Matter of Location

Small Boy: “Father, what do they mean when they say ‘Civic Pride’?”
Father: “Well, it’s something like this. If the state institution for the demented is located in our own city we refer to it as the state hospital; if, however, it is located in another city, we call it the insane asylum.”


Wife (after talking thirty minutes): “Don’t sit there staring at me. Why don’t you say something?”
Husband: “Sorry, dear, I didn’t know it was my turn yet.”

No man’s opinion is entirely worthless. Even a watch that won’t run is right twice a day.

Small Mary Jane: “Mother, why hasn’t papa any hair?”
Mother: “Because he thinks so much, dear.”
Mary Jane: “Why have you so much mother?”
Mother: “Run along and play now!”

—Lafoodtia.
17th Floor

The first news item today is a complaint of lack of news from W. Davidson. His famous motto is—GIVE US NEWS.

Mr. Schneberger has been after the Sound department to develop a noise eliminator. We wonder just where he wants to use this?

Papa Schneberger has a new fangled contraption that looks like a radio but just blows a lot of cold air—or reversed, is supposed to make his pipe smoke smell like a rose. (It failed.) Of course, it was installed free. Latest reports are that it will be removed for reasons too numerous to mention here.

A new pose was seen of OSH, Miss Esther Raden, a picture being taken of her with our occultly inclined bouncer. OSH has been rather lonesome lately and is seen quite often in other offices.

It's great to see Frank Blakely hobbling along again. We learned that he has been separated from some of his digestive apparatus. (Since this has gone to print his cane has also been discarded.)

Jake Elder was seen and HEARD rushing into three young ladies. Was he in a hurry to get to the elevators, or what?

We are glad to welcome A. J. McIntyre and his newly constructed office to our midst but inquiry as to his title resulted in a "I don't know?" Anyway, he is a registered architect and engineer and as all data on new construction has to pass through him, we shall call him the "Goat" (Chief Engineer when he's around).

Albert Mastrangelo of the Decorating department made a rather blurred impression at the last swim. Maybe his heating system was on the bum; anyway, a timed picture showed his vibrations to be uncountable.

Have been trying to get something "on" Lee Herring these many days and it's about time—she was seen posing for a picture in her bathing suit! Real bold, eh? Her chaperone, Dorothy Lansky was missing.

Our Rumorologist reports that we had better keep an eye on Karol Newton. A new play is being produced by a very interesting OLD friend from Chicago, her home town. She might be involved although the cast is supposed to have been selected.

11th Floor

We are glad to see that Virginia Anderson who was transferred from the Long Island Studio recently to Mel Shurer's office, can get about without a limp. Miss Anderson hurt her foot at the studio in a fall (not for any star, she states).

If Paramount conducted a 11th floor hair coiffure contest, it would be most likely that Claire Kuttner of Mr. Innes' department would get first prize. Her very recent hair bob is still being most favorably commented upon.

Everybody is glad to see Mr. Scully back. Without him in charge of the 11th floor Information Desk, it is like 42nd Street and 5th Ave., without the well-known traffic director.

The Picture Analysis group after working in the ninth floor annex for a few weeks are telling everybody how glad they are to be back with us again. Their return brought us some pleasant new faces including the Misses Lang, Muller, Jacobs, Fallon and Mr. Edrick the new head of this department.

The Well can now boast of its own football star. Herman Yager needs show no more proof than his massive chest and powerful arms to convince us that he was a star guard on the High School of Commerce football team.

Betty Alperstein has learned to tell time by her calls. Somehow they always come when the minute hand reaches the twelve. Her elation confirms her appreciation of this punctuality; lucky girl.

Helen Weissman always looks up from her work with a winning smile, only to go back on working harder than before. This ideal combination makes her one of the most popular girls in the Well; well, why not?

"Staten Island school kids get a break"—Katherine Peters having left us to put over the 3 R's in a cute little school house in Mariner's Harbor.

At the end of the year in the Well, the question of Surplus just naturally arises. However, instead of wanting an increase in Surplus, Viola Goerts, we understand, is watching those little green cards from Walgreen for signs of a decrease.

Do you notice the far away look that comes to J. R. Wood's eyes when he hears the telephone ring at noon each day. Can it be that—"It won't be long now?"

4th Floor

Henriette Berman of the Legal department gained a year on the 19th of January and was the recipient of a beautiful silk umbrella presented by the girls in the office.

Miss Irene Scott also had a birthday for which the girls in the department remembered her with a bouquet of American Beauty Roses.

Chris A. Beute of the Music department is taking a well earned vacation in the Bahamas. Mr. Beute is accompanied by Lew Finston, Orchestra Conductor of the Music department. Here's hoping both Messrs. Beute and Finston come back all "pepped up."

Lucille Levy, Mr. Beute's secretary, is at present enjoying a belated vacation in Havana, Cuba.
Fun by the Hour

With Winter on the wing, and Spring flitting ever closer to the gray battlements of old Manhattan, the season for sports out-of-doors is in almost immediate prospect.

But before we plunge into the vernal season with its vernal joys, let's reflect on the pastimes of the Winter and the two lads who made them available to us of the Pep Club.

And if anyone is in doubt as to the specific pastimes to which we refer—well, we'll refer to them right now. Swimming and Bowling.

John Fuchs, Chairman of the Athletic Committee, was in direct charge of the bowling activities. The season opened October 10th and closed March 9th. During that period eleven teams, five persons to a team, indulged in the lusty sport of slinging the cannon balls down on the unsuspecting wooden bottles. And the playing will be continued in a round-robin tournament arrangement which begins March 16th and lasts till April 13th. That's a lot of howling—and it has been a lot of fun.

There were only seven four-man teams last year, and the showing this year is thus greater by about 50 percent—indicating the extent to which Mr. Fuchs has been working for the accomplishment of his program. He has established a mark to shoot at.

Ed Lee, Vice-Chairman of the Athletic Committee, reports a fine response to the swimming program. One hundred and eleven Pepsters signed up for this recreation at the Park Central pool where it "played" as a feature attraction for ten weeks, with an average attendance of seventy-five persons. There were sixty-two girls enrolled: fifty-nine boys.

There has been no doubt about the interest accorded this part of the athletic committee's ambitious schedule.

And so—three cheers for Johnny and Ed! They have helped us turn hundreds of dull evening hours into bright ones in the months just past!
Main Lobby

A. L. Clements

Perhaps you have been too intent on reaching your destination while enroute to business or when day is done, hustling to make the 5:15 at the terminal, to pay much attention to the man who sits behind a desk labeled “Information” in the main lobby of the Paramount Building.

Arthur L. Clements is the “man behind the desk.” On entering the building in the morning, his cheery greeting will start the day right and when you depart for the day his “Good Night” will follow you out of the lobby.

Mr. Clements has been at his post since the Paramount Building first opened approximately five years ago. With the passing of time you can only imagine the questions that have been asked this person.

For instance, in the past, people have been asking for a lawyer in the building who is described as being tall and thin and plays the piano. It may sound ridiculous but never the less there is such a lawyer who at one time was an actor and some folks can only remember him from his stage appearance. The inquirer is guided rightly.

Again not long ago a middle aged man was intercepted by Mr. Clements when he asked if he could see the man who hired directors. He informed his patient listener that while he was a waiter he had ideas that would absolutely revolutionize the motion picture industry. After several days of persistent visiting this personage was finally quelled by a lecturing magistrate.

“I reserved a room and a bath,” announced an excitable man a few days ago, thinking he was in the Paramount Hotel.

Once, a woman was finally persuaded in the stair well on the second floor to take an elevator when after having been directed to the twenty-fifth floor she started to walk up.

“Does the building allow that?” asked a gentleman of Mr. Clements.

“Allow what, Sir?”

“I just heard you say the stills were on the twelfth floor.”

Clements is a hero, and a modest one at that. Three years ago a young lady was held up just off the lobby and robbed of $1,400. Her screams attracted “information” who with a flying tackle brought the robber not too comfortably on the lobby floor as he tried to make his escape.

With all his unusual experiences Mr. Clements is a human being just as we are. Members should not hold any grievances against him when he tells you not to loiter in the lobby or foyer. This is not one of his own rules but one of the building management’s which must be complied with.

Well, day is done, down the elevator I go—main floor and I see Clements as I start for the street, behind his desk as usual. “Good Night” says he and I answer “Ditto” for I am a man of few words and home I go.

Lindsay Washburn, is a member of the New York Athletic Club Wrestling team. It is merely a matter of course for him to go up to the club after a hard day’s work and down a state or national champion. The absence of his habitual pipe is evidence enough to show that he is really serious about making a name for himself. Lots of luck.

Dave Greenwald, formerly a manager in training at the Rialto, New York, is a new addition to the Picture Analysis Group.

Ruth Scharf, our “Clara Bow” had that “Wild Party” you read about. The occasion was a surprise on her birthday. And what a surprise it was, we still hear tales of what a grand time was had by all who attended.

Paul Back is now enjoying a short vacation in Ocewanna, N. Y., where he is recovering from a breakdown. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope to see him at his desk very soon.

Marie Tietgen and Annette Malmud are holding weekly swimming races and diving exhibitions at the Park Central for the supremacy of the well. Come up this Thursday and place your bets.

Helen, Evelyn and Georgie Kelly have been receiving each other’s mail and telephone calls so long that there is nothing they do not know about one another. We wonder how they kept so friendly as long as they have.

PEP-O-GRAMS

Reportorial Staff

presented gifts to the crew employed in the making of the picture. Gertrude Tur- 

chon who took dialogue was the recipient of a beautiful "luck" bracelet. Larry Williams, chief cameraman on the picture, received a cigarette case and his assistant, Saul Mid- 

wall, an exquisite pair of cuff links. 

Herman Zerrenner who, for several years has been with the Paramount studio, as chief still photographer, lives in Rockville Centre, Long Island and commutes every day one of his two cars. He says: "I jump out of my bed, put a cigar in my mouth and get my car going on the road. By the time the cigar is finished I am at the studio. You see I live one cigar away from the studio."

Donald Ogden Stewart, author of "Re- 

bound," "Finn & Hattie" and other cele- 

brated works, is also author of "Tarnished Lady," Tallulah Bankhead's picture. The 

other day when introduced to someone whom he had met in Columbus, Ohio, he 

said: "Of course I remember you from 

Columbus. By the way, whatever happened to Columbus?"

George, the East gate keeper, at the 

studio can remember the time when the little neighborhood girls used to hang around the studio doors years ago trying to 

catch a glimpse of the stars as they entered 

the plant. Today George says: "I see the 
same kids grown up after six or seven years and working in the studio as extras and 
doing bit parts. They often remind me of 

the days when I chased them from the 
doors. Some of them have become famous 

stage actresses."

George can also remember back in the 
silent days when an Italian man appeared 
at the gate on a Sunday, leading his small 

son, who carried a violin case, and demand- 
ing entry into the studio. It developed that 

the man wanted to get his son into the then 
silent pictures because he claimed the boy 
could play a violin. After much discussion 

George evicted him from the studio. 

The studio boasts, among its various 

other achievements, the existence within its 
folds of one of the two members of the 

Paramount Publix doubles Ping Pong 

Championship team. Harold Sugarman of 

the studio Foreign Department, in partner- 

ship with Don Lurie of the Production 

Department won the much-prized challenge 

trophy known as the 7-P Trophy or the 

Paramount Publix Perpetual Ping Pong 
Prowess Prize, by defeating the Jesse L. 

Lasky, Jr.—Jim Colligan combination. The 
cup is a challenge cup and is consequently 

perpetually subject to challenge from any 

other doubles team within the organization. 

Maurice Hanline of the Studio Scenario 

Department and a former editor of Pep-O- 

Grams, is Chairman of the Challenge and 

Rules Committee of the 7-P Trophy and is 

the man to see in connection with applica- 
tion for challenge.

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Athletic Briefs

The bowling tournament boys are taking 

each game more seriously than the previous. 

As of February 17th, Joe Plunkett held High 

Individual Average of 168.25. Johnny Fuchs 

had the High Individual score of 252. Team 

"D" consisting of Messrs. Clausen, Fass, Tous- 

saint, E. A. Brown, and Cassidy led team com- 

petition with a score of 909.

We understand a picked Paramount Bowling 

Team is expected to be matched with 

worthy opponents from other film companies. 

Dates of such games will be forthcoming from 

J. M. Fuchs.

Swimming

The swimmers of the "Paramount Hour" at 

the Park Central Swimming Pool now have a 

real treat in store for them. The Sun-Ray 

Lamp is now in operation and a real coat of 

Florida tan can be had without a winter vaca- 
tion in Palm Beach—if you don't believe it, 

just make an inspection for yourself. We should 

worry about our friends who are for- 

tunate enough to make southern cruises during 

the winter. As a matter of fact, they will be 

envious us. Who cares—Poof!

Our contract expires March 12th and the 

Pep Club is seriously considering the renewal 
of it for a further period of ten weeks. If 

we do have this opportunity to take it up 

again, let's have the cooperation of every mem- 

ber so we can show the committee that we are 

really enjoying this advertisement every 

Thursday evening.

All of you warm weather "birds" can en- 

list for the next ten weeks and be assured of 

warmer weather so as to make swimming 

ideal—so when the notice comes around to 

you, if it does, sign it and return to E. Lee 

so there will not be any waiting for the new 

term to commence.

---

Arthur Israel, Jr., Chairman of the 

Educational Committee states that the 

following classes are now being held for 

members of the Pep Club under the aus- 

picies of the Educational Committee:

Two French Classes.

One Spanish Class.

One Stenography Class.

Each of the foregoing classes meets 

twice a week.
Thumbnail Scratches  
No. 11  
Palmer Hall Stilson

Palmer Hall Stilson gave up pipe smoking three years ago. On the day of this event he pulled a long stogie out of his vest pocket, borrowed a match and lighted the weed. He has not borrowed a match, nor bought one, since that day. Matches haven't been necessary—for he has simply lighted each succeeding stogie from the glowing butt of its predecessor.

A man who can do this without a reprimand from the fire department must certainly be a gent of some importance. And that's just what Stilson is.

As for the reprimand from the fire department—he forestalled it in his customary far-sighted manner. He bought a pair of red, bright red, suspenders, and put them on. Result—fire department thinks he is one of them. And a fireman doesn't bawl out a fellow-laddie unless it is over poker stakes.

With Frank Vreeland of the Publicity Department, he holds the standing broad record for littering a desk-top. There are those who would propose him for the degree of Litt. D.—which means doctor of littering.

Stilson's desk is so completely covered with incoming mail, clippings from newspapers, and memos that it has ceased to be a place to work at. It is more in the nature of an ever-increasing election-celebration pyre, awaiting November 1932 for the fiery consummation of its carefully-tended up-building.

At times the litter is observed to move nervously, tremulously; then to bulge and lapse, like the bosom of the sea. Workers near-about never are startled by this phenomenon. They know that somewhere, down under those forty fathoms of statistical charts, old letters and crumpled memos Palmer Hall is briskly grooping around, hunting for his rubber and preparatory to the trip home to Yonkers.

Stilson joined the Company in January, 1917, at a time when executives in charge were still wondering why on earth they had acquired Harry Nadel two weeks previously. The "Nadel affair," as it has come to be known in Paramount, so dimmed the Stilson acquisition that those same officials never gave a thought to the events attendant upon Palmer Hall's arrival. But it is the conceit of human nature that Nadel and Stilson often get together over a few convivial charts and graphs, arguing as to which is the more important cog in the Paramount machinery.

There you have the lighter side of Stilson the man.

It is only fair now to say that he really is important. As General Traffic Manager his motto is "I ship anything anywhere." He has jurisdiction and authority over all exports and imports here and abroad, and he is in an advisory capacity to all local departments including Production, Distribution, Theatres, etc.

He was president of the Pep Club in 1925-26, and during his incumbency the membership rose from 350 to 700. He was chairman of the 3rd Annual Pep Club Ball.

He is active in fraternal and social circles and is a governor of the Park Hill Community Club of Yonkers. He is a member of the West Chester Philatelic Chapter.

This last affiliation gives a clue to that "literary" bent described above. A philatelist is a stamp-collector, in case you don't know; and Stilson is one of the stamp-collectingest men in the Paramount Building.

But he doesn't stop at stamps only. He collects the letters, envelopes and wrapping paper also. And he stores this great mass of material in his files and all over his desk.

Next November, 1932, he'll celebrate with a big bonfire—if Hoover is re-elected.
DON'T YA' KNOW:

(Noe the Winchell slang)

—that Belle "Traffic" Jones has a mania for piling nails on the floor. When we say nails we mean the good old fashioned kind, not finger nails. Caught her the other lunchtime piling heaps and heaps of said nails on the floor for no reason whatsoever. Maybe it's the heat.

—that whenever Matilda Kass and Gerry Goldsmith have anything personal to discuss they hide in some secluded spot and just talk and talk.

—that the morning after the ball a certain party on the tenth received a call from his tailor about that suit. Did you ever hear that song, "Thou you belong to somebody else, tonite you belong to me."

—that May "Billing" Sommers is kinda shy but when she turns on that smile—it's a smile.

—that "Bancroft" Miller almost sold two tickets to the ball only the person found out they were ten smackers a piece.

—that Ruth "I Like Buddy Rogers" Sanstedt introduced "Peggy from Hastings" to her sister workers.

—that Luigi Luaschi has two pipes—one for office "wear" and the other for the street.

—that Sophie "Meet the Movie Stars" Singerman asked for some photos on "Tom Sawyer" the other day. Wonder if she has a nephew?

—that Guy "English" Wood has been having trouble with his barber—it seems he can never get his haircut just right.

—that Sara Friedman has red, green, yellow, blue, orange, and pink dresses?

—that Charlie Gartner speaks Spanish?

Said one Foreignite to another: "Don't you know what a semi-colon is?" The answer, folks, was par-brilliant, "Sammy Cohen?—Sure. He's editor of ' Paramount Around the World'!"

Linda Salsberger always humming "Fallin' In Love Again." Poor, fickle Linda—or it is just that Marlene Dietrich effect?

Matilda Kass saying, "Is it my imagination—or—" It's "or" Matilda, we've found that out.

Ann La Viness is noted far and wide—even to the depths and heights of the Paramount Building—as the Official Stamp Collector. Not a bad racket, eh, Ann?

Kay McKeon heard singing "Frankie and Johnnie"—What's the urge, Kay?

We hear that the Studio is raging a Ping-Pong Tussle. How about Home Office going in for a Cross-Word Puzzle Combat? Our own little Elsie Scheib is bound to burst forth with blue ribbons—medals—loving cups and all the like—with Harold (Tenthfloordesk) popping up with Honor-able mention.

And talking of that Studio Ping-Pong Tussle, Harold Sugarman sauntered into this office the other day on his way back from "Miami-a-a-a." Gerry Goldsmith lurked back into the shadows of the hall, "My God," she shrieked, "there's the Van-ishing American." Speaks well for Florida's Sol!

Kay Gruet and Ruthie Sanstedt—"Say, did ya' hear the latest...pst...pst...pst."

Through walls, windows, ceilings, doors and elevator shafts, we hear that Frances Weil's dog, Buddy, was sick—in a hospital—given medicine—got well—came back to Mamma Frances—and is now his own bark-ing, begging-for-a-bone, frisky self again. (That's a bit of refreshing news for the S.P.C.A., isn't it?"

When you hear zags and sounds of the current hit, "I've Got Five Dollars"—you just know that Eddie Ugast is somewhere about.

Ed Lee representing the New York Athletic Club in the National three cushion billiard championship tournament won the champions-ship title recently, proving that swimming is only one of his interests.

Victoria Tarjan is back with us after a battle with la gripe.

Any problem can be solved from marriage woes to the best way to kill mice. "Skipper" Rogers is the Abah Dabbah in figuring odd phenomena on the slide rule.

Elizabeth Dohm is making her annual collection of seed catalogues in anticipation of an early spring. This sign indicates the ground hog was wrong again.

"Art" Andesner was heard saying "Two million—six million—four hundred thousand—etc." In fact he was very serious with a problem. However it was just a hypothetical example.
CHEVALIER SAYS, "I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW"

(By Ed Shellhorn)

Vive La France!
Vive Chevalier!

That was the far cry a few weeks ago when Maurice Chevalier was "packing 'em in" at the Paramount Theatre. There were lines outside the theatre all day long.

And this was the man I had picked to interview. Can you imagine the thrill? And then again, can you imagine my nervousness?

I hurried backstage after the first show. I had an idea his dressing room would be crowded with friends and countrymen, later in the day.

His dressing room door was opened by a pretty young lady. I explained just what I wanted and she asked me to have a seat. Maurice hadn't come off the stage as yet. Probably the applause was so great he had to do another number.

It was only a few seconds though, before I heard that familiar accented voice in the hallway. He dashed in—greeted his wife (yes, that woman at the door was his wife) and then he saw me. For the first time in my life I tried my French.

"Comment allez-vous?" I asked.

He looked amazed. It may have been my pronunciation and then again, in the ad I read, it said people would be amazed when I spoke French. It was right.

He answered with, "Tres bien, merci, et vous?"

After that I forgot all about my French and hastily proceeded in English. I explained that I wanted to ask a few questions. He readily agreed and asked me to be seated.

"How do you like the Paramount audience," was my first.

"Et ees wo-nderful! (That's nearest I can come to his accent). The people are gr-rand. They certainly like my Fr-rencn songs. Especially Valentine. (A laugh after this). They like it as much as the people do in Paree." (I'll bet they do).

"Where do you go from here?"

"Een a few days I weel (will) be-geen my new peec-ture, The Smiling Lieutenant over at the Long Island Studio. I must rehearse right away."

"Who weel (I'm doing it now) be your leading lady?"

"I weel have two leading ladies. Miss Claudette Colbert and Miss Miriam Hopkins. They are both nice." (Ask me?)

"Have you anything you'd like to say to the Pep members?"

"Oh, yes, tell those charming people I am so sor-ry I could not attend the ball but I had a ver-ry bad cold. I'm sure they all had a nice time. How is your Mr. Eddie Brown?" (Such popularity).

Some friends came in after this and I hastily bid Maurice adieu.

Quick Thinking

Householder (hearing noise downstairs)—"who's down there?"

Burglar (with great presence of mind)—"this is station KDKA now signing off until tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock. Good-night, everybody."

—Clipped.

Matter of Location

Small Boy: "Father, what do they mean when they say 'Civic Pride'?"

Father: "Well, it's something like this. If the state institution for the demented is located in our own city we refer to it as the state hospital; if, however, it is located in another city, we call it the insane asylum."

Proof was established by Lee Herring sending cards to her doubters, Miss Lansky and Miss Dubrun, that she was in Atlantic City over the recent holiday, tho the cards arrived four days after her return. (Rumorologist's note: Lots of mailing addresses are advertised in the papers.)

"My Kingdom for a Secretary," sings M. F. Gluch from 10 A.M. on, which probably accounts for Jim Morris trying to get an office by himself down the hall.

Ester Raden (OSH) is wearing a lock and chain these days, and refuses to explain why! Rumorologically elucidating, it means nothing at all. P.S.—Just informed by the young lady in question that she "sleeps in" and that the key is not in her possession!! P.S. No. 2—"Someone very nice, but far away has the key," so maybe it does mean something after all.

Jake Elder's office is brightening up with something besides the sun these days,—Miss Trinka is gradually getting her smile back in shape.

Morris Greenberg was seen comparing the 17th floor to a school house, which just brings to mind that Francis Burdick and Karol Newton have been going to school trying to learn French so they will know what a "bon marche" is and not have to depend on "oui-dire."

D. S. Eberhardt has finally reached Madrid, Spain. He and Sidney Franklin intend throwing the bull.

Dick Fleming still has his large bay window in spite of spending most of his time in Helf's Kitchen. Some time ago he reported a long slim shadow was seen around the "Kitchen," commonly known as Dr. Voeller.

All progress was delayed while McEntee and Schneberger enjoyed the flu for a few days. Schneberger came out on top by being rushed way down south at just the right time by a trip assignment.

Kendall Way, with the help of Miss Levine, has taken over the vacancy recently made by Geo. Cavanaugh's transfer to the Operating Department.

Edith Raskin, a recent devotee of French lessons, has lost lots of hair trying to master that language.

Nothing to do in Boston but eat beans and enjoy the Library says Frank Blakely.

Weather reports indicate that the 12th of March will be calm, so Joe Sweeney can ease his mind this year.

It is recommended that Miss Sueth visit 682 Eighth Avenue where they are holding a sale on canvas gloves with strings attached. If the string breaks they can be replaced for a dime.

Marie Skelly let the cat out of the bag. She knows how to cook and likes it, but hates to wash the dishes and pots. That isn't hard to arrange Marie—boys love to do the dishes and are crazy about pots.

May Jones sure is excited lately. Everyone calls May for information—for instance:—May what is this? May what is that? May what does this mean? Everything May, cries poor May Jones. Have a heart girls, call someone else.

Helen Goldberg is our ambitious swimmer. Every Thursday night Helen could be found at the Park Central ducking the boys and then swimming for her life.

Agnes Gebbia is the one to go to for a book. She sure knows how to pick them; after she gets through reading one there never fails to be an argument as to who is to get a loan of it first.

Lucille White and Constance Morrone seem to have plenty to tell each other. They know the same boys.

Beatrice Cohen's special Saturday cry. Who wants to go to the movies, we will eat in the automat.

Mary Seletsky is getting even (as she calls it) on the girls and helped me pick up gossip. In last month's issue Mary had quite a paragraph about herself and boy friend. Thanks to the girls for the tip.

Madeline Reynolds has gotten that-a-way about a chap named Bill. From what I hear the boy friend is a trifle shorter, so Madeline has gone back to low heels.

Rita Barre comes to work every morning with her boy friend. He bought a new car; what time do you get to the building Rita, the girls are anxious to see both, the new car and boy friend.

As for the cold feet better take a blanket along.

Betty Radigan is the most ambitious person I have met in a long time. Betty just had to take up bookkeeping so she went back to school. How does it feel going to school again Betty?

Deepest sympathies are expressed to Martin E. Carroll of the Storehouse account of the recent loss of his mother.
MARRIED!

While many Pepsters were looking forward to the Paramount Pep Club’s annual Motion Picture Ball on the evening of Friday, February 6th, there was at least one other Pepster looking forward to the same evening but with a different purpose in mind.

Miss Catherine Kent, Secretary to Mr. E. A. Brown and a former Secretary of the Paramount Pep Club had long planned that this was the night of all nights to steal away unbeknownst to anybody in the office and get tangled up in one of those matrimonial knots.

Mr. and Mrs.—(well, what’s in a name anyhow?) spent the following week upstays somewhere in the vicinity of Lake Placid where they both indulged in their favorite winter sports of skating, skiing and tobogganing.

The first intimation of the news was when Mr. Brown spotted a wedding ring on ‘that’ finger upon her return to work the following Monday morning.

Best wishes and a bundle of happiness!

Catherine Kent

What Is A Friend?

What is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can be naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him, you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you.

With him you breathe freely. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meannesses and absurdities and, in opening them up to him, they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands.

You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all, you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you—

He is like fire that purges to the bone. He understands. He understands. You can weep with him, sin with him, laugh with him, pray with him.

Through it all—and underneath—he sees, knows and loves you. A friend? What is a friend? Just one, I repeat, with whom you dare to be yourself.

—C. Raymond Beran

Things We’d Like
To Know ————

If the noted economist who declares no depression can last longer than it takes a man to wear out two pairs of trousers knows where we are buying our clothes. According to his standard, the depression was over ages ago as far as we are concerned.

Whether George Planck’s recent interest in Ping Pong is responsible for his dexterity with a pool cue. Responsible scouts report that Planck and another invincible teamed against three alleged opponents recently and were in a position to sneer at the magnanimously offered ten-point spot when the game was over.

How we should spend the money R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company is bound to be sending us shortly for our contribution to their $50,000 prize contest.

If you got a peep at the crop of alfalfa Fredric March raised while he was vacationing between pictures.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

The girls in room 611 are having much fun, They’ve all arranged to meet in year 1941 To tell each other of all that’s transpired, Of those who are married, working, retired.

Since you can’t judge a book by its cover You’ll not know that Mathilde Friedman is a short story lover.

Stella Hofberg’s dog is ill. It really is distressing. Of reading dog books she’s had her fill His ailment she’s still guessing.

For heroism we should acclaim Betty Efros—She extinguished a flame. (to be taken literally)

Syd Hacker, lucky girl, we envy you! Ma’s Birthday present two dresses new?

Said Sonya P to Roses F Really it is much too warm Said Roses F to Sonya P The windows closed will do no harm.

Ida Rosen is a very good worker. You can bet, she is no shirker!

Rose Petillo has a knack of waving her hair. In attempting to emulate her, we are showing wear and tear.
On Tuesday, February 24, Lillian Hirsch, of Mr. Kent's office, "sprang" the news—she became Mrs. William Jaffe on Sunday the 22nd. Needless to say, all her well-wishers lined up on the right and shook her hand, wishing her oodles of happiness and good luck. Those of us who couldn't wait on line take this opportunity of expressing our good wishes to the bride and groom.

Why Sylvia Cooper drinks a bottle of milk a day is a puzzle to us. You're not trying to put on any more avoirdupois, are you Sylvia?

Helen Kane says she thinks Sylvia bought a dress much too large and is drinking milk aplenty so that she can wear the dress. Anyhow, that's one reason.

A sure sign Spring is here—Emanuel Feldman is now displaying a new mustache which is blooming quite nicely. Don't let them discourage you Manny, it looks very well.

It's hard to "get" anything on Jack Roper, Brina Kaplan and Helen Markowitz because we always find them working when we are snooping for news. We'll get you yet though.

A haughty-culturist is Adelaide Miller. She's so proud of her pretty plant on her windowsill that she's thinking of entering it in some plant contest.

**Eight Floor**

We'd like to know what the attraction is in Atlantic City these days. It seems said city had a frequent visitor in the person of Kay Murphy. We wonder if it's only the salt sea air OR?

Emma McLennon — our Savage Grad — is helping all the girls in the filing dept. keep that girlish figure, with her setting up exercises. We're thinking of getting Emma a job as instructor in a radio station.

Advice to the love-lorn—Yes Anne Farrell—we received your note. Don't be downhearted—Spring is just around the corner.

Alice Deegan is going around with a "Hard to get me" look these days. When we asked her what the trouble was she said that she is absolutely through with all men. Can you imagine that? What's the matter Al?—Did you have another one of those little scraps with the B.F.?

Marian Herbert, the poppy red head, is so popular there aren't enough nights in the week for her to take care of all the engagements, and we suggest a ten-day week to accommodate Marian.

We walked into 813 the other day and heard Margie Stolfe bragging about her form in a bathing suit—boys kindly take notice!

Mollie Ruth Futterman and Jeanne Oringle went to a Pajama Party the other night. No, don't get excited... it was all girls, and they claim they had a great time there. You should have seen the pajamas Mollie and Jeanne wore... Hot stuff... plenty of color to them.

Anita Siegler is wearing a new lip stick these days... it's very becoming. She claims that it's natural. Can you beat that?

Sally Walton has been going hither and yon of late. We understand that she has been attending heaps of theatre parties, etc. Wonder who the other party can be?

Emilie Ullman came in the other day with a great big long dress, and also sporting a new snappy marcel... We bet she did it all for her "Daddy."

Edwin Haley has quite a collection of "Air Mail Stamps." Next time you pass the 8th floor desk ask to see them. (Confidentially, he has been saving them for twelve years.)

We now have Sidney Herman at the 8th Floor desk. Welcome Sidney.

**Somebody Creates A Cheer For The "Pansy's"

The Pansy Bowling Team, dubbed as such by some enthusiastic bowling supporter consists of Armand Toussaint, E. A. Brown, William Fass, Carl Clausen and David Cassidy.

At their last appearance on the alleys, this team wore RED neckties and almost instantly they were called the "Pansy's." In fact, a cheer was resounding against the walls before that night was over; the cheer going something like this, "Petals, petals, rah, rah, rah... Red ties, red ties ma, ma ma."

To further impress the members of the "Pansy" bowling team each received a card on which was sketched a five-petal flower. Each petal contained a name as 'Arbutus' Toussaint, 'Eglantine' Brown, 'Dahlia' Cassidy, 'Wisteria' Fass and 'Chrysanthemum' Clausen.

In spite of the pet name given to these bowlers, they are practically assured of winning the Bowling Tournament.

**Helpful Henry**

Traveler: Porter, I want to be called at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Porter: Boss, Ah guess you-all isn't acquainted with these heah mode'n inventions. See dis hah button, heah? Well, when you-all wants to be called, you jest presses dat button, an we comes an' calls you.

Kreolite New.
A "VETERAN"

Snuggling close to the Purchasing Department or Room 1208 to be quite exact, is the domicile of Sara Lyons, head of the Exchange Service Department.

Sara came with Famous Players away back in August, 1917, and took up duties as a stenographer in the Sales Department. A short time elapsed and she was transferred to a subsidiary company known as Artcraft Pictures. Again the young lady was transferred, this time to become secretary to an executive of the Purchasing Department. Later this department was divided into various divisions and Sara was promoted to the position she now holds.

Every year Sara has been a diligent worker in selling tickets for the annual Pep Club ball. Incidentally, she topped the list for selling the most tickets this year. Miss Lyons deserves much credit for her efforts in behalf of the Pep Club.

Sara is a charter member of the Pep Club, has been Chairman of the Welfare Committee, and is now a member of the Board of Governors, a position which she has held once before.

"I enjoy a good joke," she explained to the interviewer, "but it must be good."

NEW MEMBERS

Marion Frejmann
Morris W. Goldsmith
Samuel K. Hertz
J. Albert Hirsch
Julie Jourdan
Elizabeth M. Kane
Benjamin Klein
Ethel M. Leonard

Theodore Nelson
Robert E. Parker
Joseph Roselli
Louis Rothstein
David Stellman
Glady S. Thorsen
Joseph G. Wallner
Abraham Zwirn

News of the 9th Floor

Bee Lerner looked fetching at the Ball in a fuchsia gown. Oh those redheads! Ever see Milt Gurian do the Harlem Strut and the Lindy Hop? He outrusts the originals, believe you us... Poor Wally Jorgensen; she's still worrying about those d--n charge bills... Dave Samelson started a fad down in New Orleans with those new silhouette ties for evening wear; he's a regular Beau Brummel... Who got a glimpse of Claire Singer at the Astor that night? Veritably, she was a sight! for sore eyes... What is it down in Childs that attracts Sid Elliott? Could it be another blonde Helen?... Jo Idzorek is still weeping out in cold Minneapolis about not being able to attend the Ball. She says she's coming to the next one if she has to fly!... Louise Rundy has a penchant for chocolate ice cream and raisin cake... Dot Wechsler has become our rival for the affections of a certain young party around here. Be-ware!... Paula Weiss enjoyed EAST LYNNE tremendously, judging from her tear-stained countenance after she saw it... We're a little late in mentioning it, but Bee Lebowsky looks great with short hair. Don't crowd, boys... Kitty Talber has been having all sorts of queer pains around the heart lately. Wonder who's causing it... Let's give thanks for May Keenan; she's just one perfect ray of sunshine... Lil Gushin is back with us after a long siege of the flu... Whatever has become of Bob Halliday?

Safe

Cashier (buying fur coat): Can I wear this fur in the rain without hurting it?
Salesman: Madam, have you ever seen a squirrel carrying an umbrella?
-Good Hardware.
We Wonder:

How Jean Katz obtained that beauty of a bruise on her lip upon her return from that weekend trip to Laurel-in-the-Pines—I bite!

Whether Walter Stokes knows that the girls in his department are so awfully fond of him. (Don’t let the wife read this.)

Just how it feels to carry on a flirtation (we hope it’s only a flirtation) with a good looking married man like Bill Clark.

How Mr. McCabe feels being called “Red”—because, folks, he’s bald, but nice.

Why Jeanne Latermer insists on having that “Air of Mystery” about her. Boys, she’s no mystery to me—I know!

If you have noticed the “Skin you love to Touch” belonging to Sam Hertz. Are we girls jealous.—just ask us!

Whether we have realized the good looks belonging to Mr. MacPike. Don’t rush, girls, he has a wife and family.

How Sylvia Berent manages that nice home-cooked meal for hubby. (Sh—I think she wields a can opener artfully.)

If it is known that Frances Goldberg is responsible for the above home-cooked meal. I guess that is the reason Lou has’t been himself lately.

How Inns Atwell can do so much work and have so little play. Let us in on the secret, old top.

How Ida Levin has endeavored to retain her good nature in spite of a certain reporter. Every knock is a boost, Ida.

If you have noticed our talented diver, George Stanger, at the Park Central Pool. You should see him, girls, what form—what form!

Whether you have noticed that set expression on Mag Burke’s face. Smile and the world smiles with you, Mae.

How Teddy Nelson feels becoming a Pep-Club member all these years. What’s kept him—three guesses!

If you’ve noticed how nice and neat Mildred Elles always looks in spite of her moving from one unit to another.

How Mr. Glidden feels being the boss of the two proud papas. Hast heard that Giulotti’s wife presented him with a girl, and Zammit’s wife, not to be outdone, presented her spouse with a boy. And they say times are bad.

What Mr. Freucht looks like without that pipe in his mouth. Gosh, do you think we’d recognize him without it?

Why Edith Bicak is fond of making trips to Albany. Wonder “Who” the reason is.

If you have noticed all the cigars Mr. Rossman smokes per day. I’ll bet he attends plenty of weddings.

Whether you realize that the poem entitled “the Ole Swimming Hole” appearing in the last issue of Pep-O-Grams was composed by Sadye Innerfield. It seems that the Editor did not want the Public to know it, so I won’t say a word.

If you’ve missed Morris Wohl. Oh, he’s here alright—but he’s hiding behind a big blonde mustachio. If you look closely, you’ll recognize him.

How Elsie Steinhalber can remain so sweet and well behaved throughout the years she has been with our organization.

Esther Melzer, our petite primadonna, once studied for the operatic stage, sez she. But—sez we!

Little Michael Peidl, long immune to the fairer sex, has at last fallen and HOW! The trysting place is the Paramount Theatre, loyal Mike!

Jean Diver just won’t let you forget that she was a bridesmaid recently. What’s next, Jean? Larry “Chubby” O’Neal has developed an exceptionally strong “minstrel” complex!

Ruth Gilbert, the blonde Comp-o-ite, ankered up to the altar recently, and likes it!

Betty “Ho-Ho” Whalen is taking elocution lessons to improve her gift of expression. Why paint the lily, Betty?

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Storehouse

It seems that some girls can get along without sweets for quite some time. Rae Eisner sure made a success of her attempted diet. We hope those pounds she lost don’t get homesick for Rae now.

Jack Curly seems to be very interested in his new position in the Sound Dept. What with resisters, rheostats, and filter condensers, Jack sure has his hands full.

After dancing all night on a thick carpet and then on touching the dials of a radio to find sparks flying at the contact, the Misses Sobel and Reitman believed themselves to be electrically charged. That is just what happened to them the other night. Well, if any one can’t diagnose the ease, it will ultimately have to be referred to Mr. Caming or perhaps to Dr. LaPorte.

Eddie Stober appears to be very much interested in our switchboard. Well, the truth is that it isn’t so much the switchboard that interests him as the charming Miss DeGuard who sits at the switchboard.

Blanche Unger, who was married just a few months ago, left us to become more acquainted with kitchen utensils. The last time we were guests at her love nest, she successfully shattered our illusions about those hard biscuits that are supposed to be the downfall of young brides. And we also know for a fact, that she’s just as adept with a can opener as she used to be with a typewriter.

We all welcome Minnie Eisner back to our office after an absence of a few years. Obviously, she’s still the same sweet girl considering the acclaim she got from the boys and girls who worked with her at that time.
SPRING

Spring is in the air. Far and beyond the steel and stone of New York skyscrapers, trembling buds and impatient blossoms await the warm, caressing breath of April.

A new year beckons to us. Fresh hopes stir within our hearts and like the full-toned Spring flowers that suddenly blossom into life, we look forward with spirited expectation to the promise of a vibrant, colorful season.

And in this month of a "young man's fancy," it is also fitting and proper that we take stock of ourselves; in our work, in the careers we hope to build, in everything that is close and dear to us.

In short, Spring is the time for us to begin things anew; to bring added enthusiasm to the tasks of everyday life.
Ed Lee Wins Another Title

Winning a national championship in billiards and winning a championship in swimming seems as far apart as any two sports could be, yet such is the distinction earned by Edward Lee, a member of the Real Estate department and the New York Athletic Club. Lee captured the amateur three-cushion billiard championship on March 1st, defeating Alfred de Oro, Jr., 50 to 27, at the New York Lodge of Elks. Lee won the play-off from De Oro after both had won four games and lost one.

Ed will probably sail for Barcelona, Spain, on May 9th to gain further laurels in an international contest.

The aquatic achievements of Ed include winning the six-mile Atlantic City Auditorium swim in September, 1929, in which only five out of thirty starters finished. In 1928, he won the 5-mile swim at Long Beach, the Pompton Lakes 10-mile swim and the Bay Shore 9-mile swim; and in 1927, he won the “Cross Bay Swim” from Staten Island to Coney Island, a distance of 7½ miles.

Ed is Vice-Chairman of the Athletic Committee of the Pep Club, in charge of swimming. Swimming, under his guidance has been holding sway at the Park Central pool since the first of January.

many stars on the wall as there are in the sky at night.

Ann Rosenthal of the studio legal department went out looking for a cop the other day and found one. Imagine her surprise in discovering that he was lying prostrate beneath her car. She got out of the car, leaned over the felled man and said: “I have been told that in case of fire I was to break the glass and run, but there is no glass, there is no fire, and I am not running. What shall I do?” To which the cop replied: “The first thing to do in case of an accident is to call a policeman.” Ann said: “May I call you a policeman?” The copper was very indignant because his badge was plainly visible.

Mildred Calhoun just bought a new Ford which has a black body and green wheels. Mildred says that the colors clash so that it saves her energy in pressing on the horn because people can hear the car coming.

Memories of bygone days were recalled for Ernst Lubitsch one day last week during the filming of one of the scenes in “The Smiling Lieutenant,” which he is directing at the studio. He was shown a German magazine containing a production photograph from an early German film in which he appeared as a comedian. The still is a reproduction of one from the silent picture called “Meyer in the Alps,” and Lubitsch is seen attired in regulation Alpine climbing costume, rope, pick and all, being mauled by three ladies. The scene occurs in a compartment of a train that seems to be doing all the mountain scaling. The expression on Lubitsch’s face in the picture amused the director and the other members of the company including Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins, who gathered round to bury rather than praise.

Going the Pace

She—“Where is your chivalry?”

He—“I turned it in for a Buick.”

—Chanticleer.
Sir William Wiseman, a member of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and a director of the Paramount Publix Corp., broke a “wise” banker’s rule when he addressed Pep Club members at a regular meeting of the Paramount Pep Club held Tuesday, March 10, 1931.

Sir Wiseman’s address follows:

“It is a very wise rule for a banker not to make speeches. If he follows carefully that rule and also avoids making predictions about the stock market, he may be able to maintain the reputation for wisdom that bankers are supposed to have. And yet, here you see me breaking this rule. But, when your persuasive President did me the honor of inviting me to come and address you, and knowing as I do the activities of your Club and taking the keen interest that I do in everything concerned with the Paramount Corporation, who could say no?

The industry in which you are all interested is the motion picture industry, is generally supposed to be a very modern business and in the sense of its recent development it is, but it had its beginning far back in history in the year 1640 in Rome when a Jesuit Monk, not a Jewish Monk, by the name of Aphanasius Kircher demonstrated before an audience of nobles by the light of a crude oil lamp, by which he managed to project figures of the devil on the wall of a cellar. It created a good deal of interest, but later the authorities came to the conclusion that the Monk must be in league with the devil, so they burned him to death, in the public square. Now, it may have been a rotten picture, but I always thought the punishment a little severe. Just think nowadays, if every time a bad picture was made—well, we won’t proceed with that line of thought.

“My own connection with this industry is of somewhat more recent date, although it seems a long time ago. It is ten years ago since I first became a director of this company. That was in the old days in the old building, when Sam Katz was a competitor, Sidney Kent was a rising young sales manager, and Ralph Kohn was a bright and rising member of the legal staff. During those ten years, I have followed with the keenest interest the wonderful progress not only of your company, but of the industry.

“The functions of a banker as I see it, are twofold. First of all, and some people think it is the only thing, is to provide capital for the company to expand and work on. We think, and your officers and I are sure you will agree, that we have another function too, and that is to advise and help in every way that we can any question that comes within the realms or may come within the realms of our knowledge or experience. And as this company has expanded and grown during these ten years, I have followed closely and with the greatest interest, all the moves to expand, consolidate and increase the reputation of this company. During these ten years, my firm has sold to the public, securities amounting to some ninety-two million dollars. Now, that is very easy to say, but it is a lot of money and ten years ago I don’t think anybody would have imagined that so much money would have gone into any one motion picture company.

“I don’t suppose you want to be bored with a description of the present economic situation. You have all read and heard a great deal about it, mostly from the experts who did not see the crash coming until after it had come. But, here are some facts that may be of interest to you. The Government figures show the national income of this country in 1929 as ninety billion dollars. The Government estimate for last year, 1930, is seventy to seventy-five billion dollars. Now, when you get a shrinkage like that in national income it must hurt all business. No business can escape; some more, some less. It is also interesting to note that over a good many years past, over 1/5 of the national income is spent in movie admissions. Therefore, if you get a shrinkage in the national income, you must get a more or less corresponding shrinkage in the motion picture industry. In spite of that, your company, our company, did a greater business and made a larger net profit last year than ever before.

“I was looking back at some old reports and I saw that in 1918 this company made a net profit of $1,281,000 and in 1930, in the year of the great depression, a net profit of over $18,000,000. Now, that doesn’t look like a dead concern. That wouldn’t show anyone any cause for lamenting.

“It is easy to criticize. There are, it is said, some seven million people in greater New York and there are seven million people who think they know how to make a motion picture. I am one of that number. I have often offered my advice quite unsolicited to Mr. Lasky and he has always, most wisely, refused to listen to it. There are very few people either in New York or elsewhere, who
know how to make a motion picture. Mr. Lasky happens to be one of the few who does. A critic is a person who could have done better, and one who is always going around telling us what is wrong with motion pictures.

"If I was a young man starting in business again, I would not have any hesitation about the business I would choose. Somehow or other I would manage to get to work in this office. I don't know how, but I would get in, for you have the essential of quite a young industry. You combine, and you must combine not only industry, but art with industry. You have the whole world as your market. The American motion picture industry has a head start on the rest of the world but it will be very difficult for them to ever catch up. You have a business which has grown from a little nickelodeon business to one of the greatest industries in the country within twenty years. You have possibilities in the future which are limited only by the man-power available. In this there is a great chance for young men and young women, and it is a chance that if I was only young enough to start all over again that I would like nothing better than to accept.

"People talk about the motion picture industry being on the decline, of people being tired of them, etc. They certainly lack not only facts and figures which definitely prove they are wrong, but they surely lack all kinds of imagination when you see the possibilities of the educational film, when leading Educational authorities today say that within a few year's time, motion pictures will be in every class room and every college room throughout the world. When you see the tremendous force it is in advertising; when you see the tremendous political force it has which wisely has not been taken advantage of, it is a force they cannot avoid. When you see the whole field of electrical entertainment, why, I don't think there is any business which offers the same benefits to a man who is prepared to work and who is prepared to see, as every industry must in bad times, the confidence that the end will be success.

"Twelve years ago when my firm first offered securities to the public, motion picture securities, it was considered a rather rash thing for an established banking firm to do. It was considered something in the nature of an exceedingly risky and hardly reputable industry. Today, there isn't a banking house in the world who would not be proud to be the bankers of the leading companies in this industry. It has changed the public attitude. The attitude of the industry has changed entirely in the last ten years. When we made the first issue, it was twelve years ago. Mr. Zukor in his letter to the bankers stated, 'This company is engaged in the business of producing and distributing motion pictures, being the leading corporation of this kind.' Now, twelve years later, this company is still engaged in the business of making and distributing motion pictures and is still the leading corporation of its kind. And Mr. Zukor is still the head of this corporation and is still the acknowledged leader in the industry.

"And speaking for myself and also for all my partners, we hope it will be many years before he relinquishes that position which he has held so well."

**NINTH FLOOR ANNEX**

Such abuse has been heaped on our poor heads since the last issue that we feel like the proverbial goat, Max Factor being one of the most virulent of the abusers, complaining that we never mention him. Well—From a very confidential source, we've received the information that the above-mentioned abuser used to be quite a lady killer when he was located in Mr. Mayer's office. What's troubling us is, what's become of that much-vaulted S. A., also his hair, which is winning out alarmingly? (He used to call us his pal to the end, but after the foregoing we're sure that this will be the end.) Betty Kane was engaged recently. Good luck, Betty!...Judging from his appearance, Phil Pike is either very much in love or is suffering from indigestion. However, it seems to us we've heard vague rumors of a blue-eyed, brown-haired siren, yes, Phil?...Mr. Millard's baby daughter is the sweetest child we've seen in a long time and if you don't believe it, ask him to show you that picture he totes around next to his heart...Dorothy Joseph wanted to be included in this issue...Nat Sherman is with us again after a while of grief with a troublesome mastoid, but we're certain it didn't affect his hearing the hearty "Welcome Backs" from his many friends in the department...To paraphrase Walter Winchell, "For Diversion Seekers'—Sam Bottlemen in any Italian restaurant struggling with that spaghetti...Beg pardon Louise, she spells her last name "Rance," and Bee's last name is "L-e-b-o-f-s-k-y." Oke, girls?...Wonder who nicknamed Ruth Goodman "Susie" and why?...May Keenan is God's gift to those who have colds around the office, with her combination desk-drug-and grocery store...Who's the titian-haired beauty Paul Hladky sees in his dreams?...Claire Singer and her twin sister are as alike as two peas in a pod, only we imagine Claire talks more than her sister (who knows what Fate may befall us after this?)...Whatever has become of Bob Halliday?...Paula Weiss looks great in that new haircomb of hers...What a tease Barbara Cohen turned out to be; also Ernestine Koone. It must run in the family...Milt Gurian recently went to Havana, Miami, Palm Beach and Bermuda, and what a grand time he had. Everything was simply perfect, according to the account he gave us. Lucky boy!...With our heartiest appreciation and good wishes, we dedicate this sentence to our own Jojo...Oh, pardon us! We forgot to mention that that bit about Milt Gurian's trip was a dream...Spring is here and not being immune to that prevalent Fever, we've decided to call this a column and rest our weary head for a month...
This team composed of William Fass, Carl Clausen, David Cassidy, Edward A. Brown and Armand Toussaint copped two honors. This team won the championship and also turned in the high team score of 909.
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**Average Won**

**Lost**

**Percent**
The degree of reaction al disturbance displayed by a bull when the color red is flaunted in its face, is too well known to warrant any dissertation. However, the laws governing phenomena are as yet insufficient to explain the determining cause of John Gentle's hyste-teries when red ties are worn by other members of his sex.

Marge Minscher has been advanced to Miss Coakley's department. Lots of luck at your new position Marge.

Sophie Goldstein certainly has a big interest in this Corporation. His name is (______). That would probably give the secret away.

Since a certain titian haired young lady joined the Sales Statistical Department all the boys are walking around in circles.

We are most certain Bob Gravitz likes trout fishing. He has decided to take his vacation in April which is the best time for trout.

You will notice that Olga Hapnevitch, Catherine Kirschaum and Madeline Johnston, recently transferred from the Cash Register Department to Miss Swayne's department, always shout when they speak. Probably the song of the Cash Register Machines is still ringing in their ears.

Mollie Cohen has been advanced to Miss Reynolds' position who in turn has been advanced to a higher position. The department joins in wishing both girls lots of luck.

You have probably wondered why Irving and Mortimer Cohen look so worried of late. It is attributed to the fact that both of them are bending every effort to pass the Bar Exams in June.

We have discovered the reason of Joe Di Mare's mania for Boxing. His brother is an important figure in the recent Golden Gloves contest.

Jack Tuohy has discovered an easy method of suicide. For sudden death all he has to do is to tell the boys of Miss Swayne's Department one of his jokes.

Dorothy Eisenberg and Gertrude Ginsberg certainly had their hands full teaching Irene Sweeney how to swim at the Park Central Pool. She presented such a ludicrous spectacle, they did more laughing than instructing.

We think Rudy Vallec had better be careful of his throne after hearing samples of Harry Kessler's crooning.

If Ann Reynolds persists in wearing red dresses, the Sales Statistical Department intends presenting her with a commission in the Volunteer Fire Department.

Some people believe in the axiom "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," but Dot Mansfield has revised this axiom to "An apple a day keeps the excess flesh away."

We haven't heard much about Adelaide Donohue's "Chico" lately. We hope all is well with him Adelaide.

The Members of the Contract Department certainly miss Victoria Stolfi's cheery voice and smile since she has resigned to take care of her mother. We hope her mother recovers quickly so that Vic may once more be seen at her desk.

Mr. George Dublin of the Art Department and former leader of the Paramount Pep Club Orchestra is the proud daddy of a baby girl born Saturday, March 28th. Congratulations! In case some of you haven't heard, Sara Lyons has a new secretary—Evelyn Steinberg—to whom we extend our best wishes.

We also extend the "glad hand" to Jack Fruchman, formerly of the 12th floor reception desk, who was recently transferred to Mr. Detroit's office. In due time, Jack Michael Haas, the ever-pleasant Reception Clerk has been seen with a pamphlet on FLOWERS—A sure sign SPRING IS HERE.

Marge Redmond has gone and done it—she's bobbed her hair. We can only say she looks nice any way.

If Kuth Pomerantz hasn't turned Russian, she ought to if just for the sake of wearing their style of clothing. We saw her the other day when she wore her Russian blouse and she looked cute-sky.

"A tip to the wise is too much"—Spiro Costas—had—better—watch—out—because we heard several girls say, "I saw him first," and it sounded as if they meant it.

Miss Newton's new Sessions that lent soothing affects to those hardworking souls within its hearing, was formally presented to Mr. Greenberg through Hermann Zuege after it had been invidiously removed during the night of the 27th.

Al Mastrangelo's difficulties ($) has curtailed his swimming at the Park Central, bringing the total down to two out of the original nine from this floor.

Several were asking who the new beauty was and investigation disclosed it was Miss Levine with a new bob,—the effects of Spring.

Lee Herring will soon SPRING out in a beautiful shade competing with Central Park's green; so we hear.

M. C. Gluck and secretary are very busy these days.
Do You Know Your Nations?

1. What nation is never ready?
2. What nation is murderous?
3. What nation is apt to be dull?
4. What nation is a good actor?
5. What nation is most patient?
6. What nation is most charming?
7. What nation is most fanciful?
8. What nation is most indefinite?
9. What nation is made young again?
10. What nation helped prohibition?

(The answers will be found at bottom of this page.)

A VETERAN

The month of June carries stories of the traditional brides, bugs, flowers, etc. There are pronounced facts of Helen Swayne's itinerary which shows that "everything has happened in June."

Way back in June, 1916, Helen joined the then Paramount Picture Corporation as a clerk in the Statistical Department. Two years later when the World War was at its height, this young lady decided that her country needed her services and she promptly joined the Foreign Service of the American Red Cross. That was in June 1918.

In June 1919, she was present at the signing of the peace treaty in Versailles. In June 1920, she returned to the United States and rejoined Famous Players in G. B. J. Frawley's Contract department.

June 1928 finds Helen taking her first airplane ride; this being a trip to Boston to attend a convention of the Overseas League.

Shortly after Helen's return to the Paramount fold, she was promoted to the position as Supervisor of the Contract department. The Sales Statistical department combined with her department in 1921—placing her in the Supervisory capacity which she holds at the present time.

Helen is a sentimentalist and of course, is partial to poetry. Her hobby, however, is the collecting of the first edition of rare books. As to the sporting elements, these consist mainly of swimming and golf.

Above all, she regards her Foreign Service as the greatest privilege of her life.

In other words, Helen is the humanest of all June bugs on the universe.

The Nations

TALLULAH BANKHEAD AND CLIVE BROOK ARE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN ONE-ACT INTERVIEW

(By Ed Shellhorn)

Time: Just before noon.
Place: "The Tarnished Lady" set at the New York Studio.
Characters: Tallulah Bankhead— the Alabama girl who went to England to make good.

Clive Brook—a real, honest-to-goodness Englishman.

Ye Scribe—who has a nose "quoted for news."

The scene opens as ye scribe walks over to Tallulah’s dressing table just off the "set" where she is busy retouching her makeup.

"Miss Bankhead, have you a moment to spare?"

"Certainly, young man, (you see I’m considered young) what can I do for you?"

"Well, Miss Bankhead, I’d like to ask you..."

"Just a moment, I hear the director calling. I’ll have to tell where I am. I’ll be right back. (A smile with this)."

Lapse of a few minutes. Clive Brook walks by.

"Oh, Mr. Brooks, I’m from..."

"How do you do? Will you excuse? I must run up to my dressing room for a moment."

(such manners).

Another lapse. Miss Bankhead returns.

"I’m sorry to have kept you waiting. Did you see Clive?"

"Yes, thank you."

"You wanted to ask me something?"

"I wanted to ask you how you like picture work?"

"I think it’s marvelous! You know at first, I was actually a little frightened. But now, I’m just like a veteran. It’s certainly different—but I love it."

In the meantime Clive Brook returns.

"Oh Clive, have you met..."

"Yes, indeed, I’ve had the pleasure."

"Mr. Brook, are you going to make another picture in the cast?"

"I’m sorry to say I must hurry back to the coast. I’m scheduled to start in ‘The Lawyer’s Secret.’ I’m to play the lawyer. The picture has a big cast. Buddy Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur are my fellow players."

A young man interrupts at this moment to inform the stars that the set is ready.

"You will excuse us, won’t you?"

The stars walk to the set. The camera are set and George Cukor the director gives last minute instructions.

"Lights!... Bells!... Ready?... Camera!... Begin the action."

Tallulah walks through a narrow hall and knocks on a door. There is no answer. She knocks again.

The action changes to the inside of the room where we see a young man (Alexander Kirkland) hurriedly slipping on a bathrobe and slippers. He walks to the door and opens it.

The director shouts, "Cut!" The scene is taken several times before the director is fully satisfied.

I left at this point.

A Conscientious Worker

This is just a word of tribute to Miss Esther Jablow whose indefatigable energy in behalf of the Pep Club is most admirable. Miss Jablow, in her capacity of Vice-Chairman of the Membership Committee keeps in touch with every committee member (and there are over twenty of them) and assists them in every way possible.

A great deal of credit is also due this young lady for a large percentage of new Pepsters which has helped to swell the Club roster to over 1200 members.

And Miss Jablow is one of Pep-O-Grams’ excellent reporters too.
Here and There!

Arthur Jeffrey of the Kialto publicity staff was married March 10th—and then sojourned to Atlantic City for the honeymoon.

Henry Gray, in charge of the Cash Register Department, had his own troubles recently. With many statements to be gotten out, two or three of his best stenos took this time to be absent due to illness. Henry tried to get help from elsewhere but it was not forthcoming. Consequently, he "one-fingered" the keys of the typewriter until those fingers were really sore. Henry is still suffering from finger soreness but he prides himself that he got the work out on time and made an errorless job of it too.

Arthur Israel, Jr., Chairman of Educational Committee, states that anybody interested in English, French, German or Spanish can get in touch with Miss Gertrude Chesswas of 2716—8th Ave., Astoria, L. I. Telephone—Ravenswood 8-4472. Classes—$3.00 per month. Private lessons—$2.00. Miss Chesswas (Diplomee de l'Alliance Francaise, Paris) specializes in Language coaching for all examinations—Foreigners taught English—Neglected English education improved—Reading in foreign languages for shorthand speed—French Play and Conversation for children on Saturday mornings. All tuition is payable in advance. Mr. Israel's secretary, Miss Frances S. Gashel, will be glad to give you further particulars if interested.

Everytime there is a cloud in the sky, Willie Feibesh wears his raincoat. There's a reason—it is brand new and one of the smartest pieces of wearing apparel on Broadway.

SEVENTH FLOOR ECHOES

It seems to us that the "Lucky Seventh" has been conspicuous by its absence from the columns of previous issues of Pep-O-Grams. We have determined to find a place in the sun, so if you hear strange things about us, it is merely in the interest of the "news."

Gone are the raven locks of Beatrice Fox (The poetry was purely accidental.)

Feminine hearts go pitter patter when one shining legal light comes upon the scene. Yes, we suppose dark wavy hair and blue eyes do cast their spell.

With vacation time approaching, Mr. Ludvig's capable secretary, Lilian (with one "L" if you please) Grossman must be thinking of foreign climes. What will it be this time, Lil, Japan or India?

Mr. Julius B. Shefitel, who delivered those very interesting lectures on Commercial Law, no doubt spends his week-ends chauffeuring the family baby Lincoln for his two adorable youngsters.

We almost lost our sweet Alice McGill to Canada. She had all she could do to come back to us in the same single state she left. However, that doesn't say much for the persuasive powers of the Canadian swains.

Frances Gashel is one of the Club's best boosters but has never had her name in print. So, here you are Frances!

Pep-O-Grams
Reportorial Staff


Condolences are extended to Fred V. Greene, Jr., of the Real Estate Department account of the loss of his father.

Sympathy is extended to Teddy Ferro of the Publix Advertising department account of the loss of his brother.

Our deepest sympathy to R. C. Brown of the Sound department account of the loss of his sister.

The entire Publix Studio mourns over the death of Earl Sanders, the Chief Booker of the Publix Circuit.
The John Fuchs are blessed event.
Josephine Cleary is now a competent sten."n.
Abe Goodman is now an American citizen.
Flo Goldstein is celebrating her 14th year with Paramount.
Cherry and lady friend are gaga.
Dave Cassidy is losing his waist line—bowling is the cause.
Jim Hubka should try bowling.
Viola Geerts is still unmarried.
Cecil Bau is our new comptometer operator.
Alice Dolan has many boy friends.
Lewish Fishman is our expert radio man.
Lester Lieberman should be the star of "Girl Crazy."
J. Macekala is still in the National Guard.
A. J. Michaels likes married life.
Del Miller has a good-looking sister.
In the spring, J. E. McDermott's fancy turns to golf.
Gus Harding is in his 16th year as a son of Paramount.
Arthur Leonard middle-aisled it April 11th.
And Joe Wood was the best man to keep those trembling Leonard legs from caving in.
Everyone on the 11th Floor misses Miss Fregy, especially her friendly "BonJour" greeting in the morning. As Mel Shauer's secretary she has been spending most of her time at the studio; he being busy on the production, "The Smiling Lieutenant."

Vacation Thoughts: It is some weeks since Rose Eidelsberg has returned from her West Indies Cruise but that nice tan she acquired while in tropical climate still remains. She had a glorious time and wasn't seasick one single bit. Well, most folks knew she was a good sailor.

Fred Schrader is Chairman of a committee of one on procedure and order. Fred tried his skill at most every job in the department, and now expands his activities to include a portion of the Budget Department.

ITEMS THAT MAKE US CURIOUS:
What attractions make Ann Berliner receive so many boxes of candy?
Where did Mirium Isaacs take her "cute" nephew when he visited "The Well" on his birthday, and what is her secret of success in being a successful aunt?
What does Bill Uregh get that winter sunburn?
What makes Sam Hurwitz look like an advertisement of prosperity?
Who are the Reception Committee that wait for Mrs. Margaret Banzar almost every night?
What Mary Spitzer thinks of when she waits for her sister Sadie Spitzer in the 11th floor lobby?

What pictures does Arthur Dunne keep in the photograph envelope he carries in his pocket?
Who is going to discover the possibilities of a baseball pitcher in Frank Hack?
What baskets were a trio consisting of Messrs. Kennedy, Burlingham and Hurwitz discussing?
Does Monroe Goodman read the article on "What The Well Dressed Man Will Wear?"
Whenever "Mike," the genial young man at the 11th floor Information Desk has a few minutes, he works out crossword puzzles. The other day he had a little difficulty. He had to supply a five-letter word for "arch." The two spaces before the last were already filled with the letters I and V and he wondered how he could get the word curve to fit in. Along came Guy McRae to the rescue. "Why not make it c-o-i-v-e?" said Guy. That's just like most folks pronounce curve. So there you are!

Jimmie Colligan and Don Lorrie have gone to the Long Island studio—working for Mr. Wanger. And on the few occasions they visit the Home Office everybody is mighty glad to see them.

The Pep Club extends a hearty welcome to Minard Roose, the new assistant in Mr. Wanger's New York office. He has already made himself popular by his pleasant manner.

"Randy" Rogers has a wire-haired terrier that he can well be proud of. It is white with brown spots and once in a while is given the privilege of visiting his master's office.

"And Jim always has to make a telephone call when the waiter brings the check."
Things I Disliked of Recent Days

Esther Meltzer's inevitable kicking of the back of our chairs in passing.—And she doesn't wear O'Sullivan's!

Walter Kampf's cigars!!!

That daily "window" argument.

The chip barrage that always misses the right person.

Sadye Innerfield's column which always clashes with mine—Psychic Sadye!

Larry O'Neill's lyric terror—!!! After all, there is only one Morton Downey!

I'd "Boop-a-Doop" Levine's absolute indifference to our insistent paragraphs on her.

The manly art of self-defence as expounded by Messrs. Adler and Weber.—

The commendable modesty of my co-reporters!!! (Sadye Innerfield for instance).

Ben Marshak's "Samson" bob.

Things I Liked of Recent Days

(With apologies to that other fellow on the "Mirror")

Al Hertz's cigarette supply which seems never to become exhausted, thank Heavens. Every second Saturday. (This is not exactly a recently acquired liking.)

Lefty Poole's political inhibition.

Mr. Ewald's hats.

Little Eva's pleasant "Who's calling, please" when you phone her unit.

Miss Nelson's sociability.

Vivian Baker's charm.

Ida Diekmeyer's graceful entrances.

Moby Dick's "way with the women."

Who said our population is diminishing—not according to Publix. Al Martin and Teddy DeBoer are the proud daddies of daughters. Teddy's wife is the former Ena Balmer.

Did you know that Bob Parker has his suits made of asbestos—because he's always burning up.

Elise Fraas is putting in a lot of overtime to enable her to purchase a car—so she could make the boys get out and walk.

When they come nicer than Jack Ehrenreich, we'd like to meet 'em.

A sweet kid with a sweeter smile is Ruth (Bobbie) Roberts.

What would Glidden's department do without likeable Eddie McGrane.

Now that the March breezes have breezed away, we hope that Mr. Lambert Schroeder will have no difficulty holding on to his hat.

Bill Fehr is contemplating buying a fifty trip ticket to Newburgh—the reason is a Girl, of course.

Meyer Reiner, our letter carrier, is shy as far as publicity is concerned—but not otherwise!!!

If you like them Tall, Dark and Handsome—page Carroll Franz.

We wonder who the fair charmer is that calls up Schlissinger and gets him so flustered.

We're glad to see Sam Pelser back again after his illness. Hello, Beautiful!

Grace Blake sure knows how to wear clothes. Hast seen her latest decollete?

Man, Nat Buchman shoo am a hard guy to make. Sh-sh—it must be a bet to see how long he can hold out. Don't lose hope, girls, it can't last forever!

May Corkery's department is getting bigger and better than ever. More power to the women!!!

Bobby Rucks sure has his ups and downs—with the windows.

Introducing Bill Sherwood, a new Publixite and a new Ladies' Man.

STOREHOUSE NEWS

Mr. Hynes, our amiable manager, just passed a very silent but memorable birthday here at the storehouse. It was the occasion of his tenth year with our company. We all wish him many more birthdays with us here, and happy ones too.

Al Golub is very quiet these spring days. It must be due to some girl whose every little word must be law to him or perhaps it is only a case for a good dose of castor-oil. What a matter Al?

What is this strange power Anna Jacobowitz has over men? Joe Lombardi is the latest victim to fall over her wiles. We don't blame him but we must chastise him for not showing his admiration sooner.

Jerry Bloom is moving to Brighton Beach. Here's where he can paint the town red during the summer and live to tell the tale. He should move to Pitkin Avenue where men are men and so are the women. Amen! 

Gladys Muller wants to go on a diet but she just can't bear to pass by her favorite candy shop without buying at least ten cents worth of chocolates. As for those sandwiches she eats at the Ideal cafeteria, well, they aren't fattening at all. So Gladys says. But we know a whole lot better.

Harry Kassell's sudden illness was bad news to us all because his presence here is of a very cheerful nature. We all hope he doesn't eat any more red herrings on toast.

Bill Taylor's wife is away down in Dixie and he misses her terribly. Considering the lively and carefree attitude he just acquired, can it mean anything but that he is feeling lonely? Heh, Heh.

Al Stefanie of the Foreign Department is called Steamboat Bill down here because he's always telling us that this and that ship must be caught in time.

Safe

Cashier (buying fur coat): Can I wear this fur coat in the rain without hurting it?

Salesman: Madam, have you ever seen a squirrel carrying an umbrella?

—Good Hardware.
Editor, Pep-O-Grams

Sirs:

I was quite surprised and pleased to see the thumbnail scratch in the March issue of Pep-O-Grams but must take issue with you in some respects.

Contrary to your opinion, I use more matches than ever before because the partial transition from pipe to togey seems to require it. Incidentally, I have been the recipient of many lighters, several of which are useless.

Having such a demand for matches and light prompted me to take a flyer in Kreuger & Toll prior to the crash and I am still hanging on like grim death. Naturally I must use more matches.

You accuse me of not using a pipe. This is entirely wrong. Most of the pipes I have had became so strong that I was afraid they would do me out of my job; nevertheless, when nobody is watching me at home and I am encased in my slippers (and bathrobe, of course) you will find me drawing away on the traditional old corn-cob which after all is said and done, is the only way to smoke, I think.

You talk about the Nadel Affair. There has always been a bone of contention and he was so impressed by the thumbnail scratch that he once started to clean out his desk and sent me more papers. But he did a good deed because at that time I had quite a sick boy. And among the debris which Nadel sent here, I found a puzzle which was of great interest in the sick room and undoubtedly helped in the recovery of the young fellow.

Harry Nadel and I have often wondered what would happen to this great business if we had not been injected into it, and with my aid and advice (hmmm) he has been able to hold his job and keep the PARAMOUNT outfit on the map.

At any event, I thank you for your consideration and wish to express the fact of how happy I am to have been with this splendid organization so many years and to be associated with yourself, Nadel and the rest of the clan of exceptionally good fellows.

Palmer Hall Stilson

Cigarette Manufacturers' Version

"Where there's smoke there's a testimonial."

As the little chorus girl said to her sweetie as she kissed him goodnight: "So long, I'll see you later."

The He One: It's quite true that there are microbes in kisses.

The She One: Oh, the sweet darlings.

Mr. Nubbs: Will my boy learn to drink at your school?

Professor: Sorry, sir but we can hardly find enough for the faculty.

Insurance Department

Girls, I'd advise you to stick close to Mathilde Friedman when out swimming beyond your depths. She is taking life saving instructions and would like you to give her some real practice. Results not guaranteed.

So you want to know what makes you so popular, Ida Rosen? If more space were allotted to us here, we would tell you.

Betty Efros will long remember one "off day" when she fell in front of the building, had her umbrella turn inside out and lost her necklace. If you don't call that a "jinx" day, what is? But "all is well that ends well" and the day ended without further mishap.

Din(g) Don(g) Din(g) Don(g)

Rose Petillo made a new dress!

Don(g) Din(g) Don(g) Din(g)

That we like it, you can guess!

Sh. Sh. Everybody listening? You know, Loretta Tighe herself admitted a habit of talking with her hands when under the stress of excitement.

You often hear Stella Hofberg asking for some chewing gum, but, when asked, she will say she does not indulge.

Mr. Philipson is justly proud of his dear little daughter. We hear his wife was a Paramounteer and so that makes him doubly proud and happy.

Rosella Ballin was on edges on April 1st. What with being wary because of the significance of that day, it was also her birthday, and she was expecting most anything to happen.

Some one who looked like Marion Johnson walked into our office one day and proceeded to deposit her hat and coat in a locker. "A new girl," we thought, but upon closer scrutiny, we discovered it was Marion herself, with a brand new hair cut.

Spring started with a "BANG" for Rose Ferguson. We saw her with flowers in her hand and a smile on her lips and we fancy there is something to that.

This reporter has never seen Florence Tierman out of humor, neither has anyone in this office. We wish some one would say that about us, but they can't, truly.

How It's Done

It takes three generations to make a gentleman—or, as a contemporary suggests, one darned good guess in the stock market.

—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

First Fisherman—"Why are you changing your position, Jack?"

Second Fisherman (on the move)—"I couldn't stand the uncertainty up here by Jackson; he's got hiccups, and it made his float look as though he had a bite all the time."

No man's opinion is entirely worthless. Even a watch that won't run is right twice a day.
At an early age, John D. ("Doggone" and other phrases) Clark gained an expert control of the United States language, and he has been capitalizing on this ability ever since.

Mr. Clark, or John, if you will ("will" hell, you MUST) keeps his language in razor-sharp fettle by playing golf. He plays more golf than Russell Holman or Jim Clark put together—and that means that if all the rounds of golf played by John D. Clark were laid end to end they'd fill two dozen dictionaries.

John is said to be the only film sales manager in the world who can swear between syllables. For instance—"You birds have got to for gossakes—AC—damsite—CU—sonuvagun—MU—tarnation—LATE more bookings on the next quarter!"

Yes, they say John plays golf for his health's sake.

Another characteristic of this mighty mauler of the mother tongue is his fancy for nice things. He likes to surround himself with prettiness. This accounts for his wonderful flower garden at his home in Montclair, N. J. For his fresh blossom in the coat lapel each morning. For his remarkable wardrobe which rivals William Powell's in celat. For his decided preference against Dictaphones in favor of other not-so-mechanical methods of getting office work done.

John makes about three trips a year into his Western territory. He spends the interims in the East at the Palace and at Sardi's compiling seeds of new yarns for the boys out in the mountain country.

In the twelfth floor projection room he occupies seat 3, row one. And from this strategic position he can be heard often delivering his characteristic exhortation—"Well, what the . . . . are we waitin' for, . . . . for the love of . . . . !" This usually brings a clatter of film cans in the projection room and a hasty rush of meaningful shadows on the silver screen.

John is a Crusader. He believes that a certain well-known piece of Federal legislation should be wiped off the books. What salesman doesn't?

He had his tonsils removed about two years ago. The immediate effect which this operation had on his vocal powers brought the Western Division sales 30 per cent above the Eastern Division.

His greatest claim to fame, aside from the fact that he was educated at Staunton Military Academy and took his master's degree in Philadelphia Film Row, is that he one day made a "hole-in-one" at the Forest Hills (N.J.) Golf Club, where he is a member. Even A. O. Dillenbeck and Stanley Waite have to admit to the truth of this.

But wait! He broke a hundred once! In nine holes.

It takes a lot of verbs, pronouns and adjectives to do THAT!
Quite a spell ago Paramount introduced to the movie public a picture that was to go down in history as a world beater in its particular class. It presented all of Paramount's stars in a revue entitled, "Paramount on Parade."

"Paramount on Parade" has created an everlasting vision in the minds of the public. People who are inclined to lose memory of the picture will realize with point-blank suddenness that "Paramount on Parade" lives on in the form of a present tri-weekly radio broadcast.

Entering the broadcasting studio in the Paramount Building at five minutes to twelve, one is somewhat dazed by people helter-skelter in all directions and the general talk of "breaks" and such things. To the right of the entrance door sits a young man before a large black panel covered with numerous dials, meters and lights. A little further in the studio stands the majestic console organ, towering above everything in the room. Fred Feibel is on the organ bench and the melody of a popular number reaches our ears as his fingers caress the keyboard of the responding instrument. It is only an impromptu number before the broadcast so that the control engineer sitting at his magic panel can make some minor adjustments.

Standing around a desk near the organ is Vernon "Bud" Gray, a sound engineer and two artists making final arrangements for the broadcast.

"Bud" Gray, in case you are not familiar with this genial chap, is the director and announcer of "Paramount on Parade" programs over radio station WABC. He has directed broadcasts of five Boston stations simultaneously and newspaper reports show us that he was and always will be a very popular person "on the air."

At present, he handles publicity for the Klio Theatre in addition to planning and directing broadcasts.

"Bud" is a very modest person and all credit is routed to his two most dependable and popular artists, Fred Feibel, the organist, and Hans Hanke, the pianist. Neither of these two needs any introduction to the radio audience, their efforts speak for themselves.

You've probably heard Feibel before you start the day's grind. Every morning, Sun-

days excepted, Fred has quite a following listening to his "Organ Reveille" over WABC commencing at 7:30 and ending a half hour later. As a matter of fact, he is an "early bird," arising at 5:15 each day. Three-quarters of an hour later he is on his way to the city and to the studio where he arranges his program for the morning broadcast of lively tuneful numbers. He is also one of the assistant organists at the New York Paramount Theatre.

If you've been in the music room of the theatre and heard a Chopin melody rendered on the piano as only an artist could do, it probably made you wonder who the soloist was. To ease your mind, there is no question as to the name of this pianist; it is Hans Hanke.

"One minute" calls the radio control operator and a sudden hush quiets the studio. The door is locked to prevent interruptions and then a warning hand is raised by the operator. Twelve o'clock and the mighty organ bursts into a catchy tune from the picture, "Paramount on Parade." Incidentally, it is this tune that signifies the beginning and ending of each broadcast. Feibel plays—headphones adorn his head so that he may hear how the music is registering "on the air." The organ ceases and "Bud" Gray takes the "mike." He tells you it's "Paramount on Parade" and from then on it's a half hour of superb entertainment.

An interesting feature is the exact "timing" of each number, whether it be voice, organ or something else. All selections and announcements are timed by seconds and artists are warned by a "timer" that his or her rendition is off time which necessitates speeding the number up or adding a chorus to fulfill the exacting requirements as the case may be.

The control operator maintains uniformity of sound by manipulating different dials so that no distortion reaches the "listener-in." Artists are told to turn slightly away from the "mike" or nearer in order to register properly.

A few seconds before twelve-thirty, "Bud" takes to the microphone again, a few words and the program is at an end. Once again the organist plays that catchy tune which in-
introduced the program and softly the music fades into oblivion—it is the end of the broadcast.

Do your folks at home listen in on this program? Don't forget to tell them that "Paramount on Parade" is on the air every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—commencing at noon over radio station WABC.

They are bound to enjoy the program and it's a very good luncheon tonic anyway. Also, don't forget the "Paramount Publix Playhouse" every Tuesday evening from ten-thirty to eleven over the same station—WABC.

You'll relish this entertainment and oh, for that easy chair and that old pipe; or for the ladies, that box of bon bons near the radio set.

Well, signing off now—will be listening in with you on the next broadcast.

**CASH REGISTER**

Agnes Gebb printed a funny sense of humor these days; it seems to be able to know what is going to happen in the future. Talking about fresh air friends that's Agnes; poor child is always complaining how hot the office is (?)

Helen Goldberg has become quite an expert on the typewriter. For the past week Helen has taken to the typewriter like a fish to water.

Lucille White's new beau is called Joe, all she could talk of is the price of meats and groceries.

Mary Marmorne, Betty Radigan and May Jones have behaved themselves this month. Can't seem to get any gossip about them, maybe next month. Eh girls?

Wonder where and how Mary Seletsky gets all her information. Mary is always arguing with Madeline Reynolds about not wanting to be in Pep-O-Grams.

Katherine Martin and Shirley Osonofsky have been added to our staff. Hope you will like us.

Madeline Johnston has left us for Miss Swayne's department—good luck Madeline.

Beatrice Cohen just hates publicity and makes it quite obvious she doesn't like to see her name in print. Don't worry Bea this will be the last time.

**8th Floor Annex**

Gene Newman believes in giving all the girls a break. He's filled his address book with plenty of phone numbers and calls each girl up in alphabetical order. We've learned through good authority that he's reached letter "D."

Sylvia Klaus, dietician extraordinary, gives us a hint on how to lose some of that "excess avoirdupois" which is so unnecessary these warm days. "Just eliminate your breakfasts, dinners and suppers," says Sylvia. O.K. Colonel! We'll try that, and thanks for letting us have our dear old luncheons!

Edith Kaiser, sweetheart of the Annex, has been avoiding that "future shadow" lately. Now, don't get us wrong, folks! We mean little Rubin Abrams, Edith's playmate. It seems Ruby has secretly found herself another "sweetie," but hasn't the heart to break the sad news to Edith.

Obliging Jack Oswald, our Globe trotter, will surely deliver those bedroom slippers to Aunt Nelly in Kankakee, the corn cob pipe to Grampa Josh in Chickasha, or what have you to dear old Tessie in Tennessee.

Phil Barbanel has finally joined the "four million." Of course, we refer to his ranks both as a lawyer-to-be and depositor of the new defunct Bank of U. S. Don't be discouraged, Phil. After you've passed the bar we know you'll win that case!

We all extend our cordial welcome to Charlie Adams, new addition to the Annex "Peppies."

**4th Floor News**

Another engagement. This time it is Matilda Newman, secretary to Mr. Jacob H. Karp. Matilda's left hand is decorated with a beautiful diamond ring as proof of the engagement.

Miss Ann Posen succeeds Miss Julie Jordan who has left the employ of the company. Miss Posen is very happy in her new position as secretary to Mr. Wm. T. Powers.

Has anybody noticed the lovely sylph-like figure Teresa Horvath is carrying around these days? Believe it or not but she has to take all her dresses in at the seams from eight to ten inches.

Meyer Keilsohn doesn't like his name in print but let's give him "three cheers" anyway.

**Swimming**

Swimming proved so popular during the winter months at the Park Central Hotel swimming pool that it was decided to allow Pep Club members to enroll for another ten weeks under the same arrangements. Seventy aquatic aspirants answered the call this time which is a slight decrease from the number enrolled in the previous course. This ten-week period opened on March 26th and concludes on the evening of May 29th.

Ed Lee, Vice-Chairman in charge of Swimming states that this class will be in for a real treat in that you can retain your swimming form prior to dipping into outdoor waters as it is reasonable to suppose that warm weather will be with us by the first of June.

It may be well to note that this idea was instigated by your President, Mr. Fred Metzler who has worked 100 percent to promote this second course of swimming.
That brown, healthy, “basked in the sun” look belongs to none other than our Mr. Rosenfeld. He’s back from Havana and feeling just too tip-top for any words of ours.

Old Man Matrimony (whom, the Prophets tell us, is the father of Lil’ Dan Cupid) has whispered sweet nothings in Helen Fried’s ears. She’s taken the gentle hint and plans to stop off sometime in April. That pretty wrist—watch did mean something after all.

Elsie Scheib may be heard humming “Someone to Watch Over Me.” There’s a reason, folks. Her Mr. Margon dashed off to Mexico the night before, and left Elsie to superintend. But that offee of theirs is just as “buzzy” as usual. Elsie sure can carry on.

If someone hadn’t gone to it before him, Luigi Luraschi would certainly have set himself at a piano and composed a song called, “Tie A Little String Around Your Finger—.” Lyman White, the superimposing king of the Long Island Studio, and well-known to us housewives, stalked into the building the other day bravely puffing on a Russian cigarette. We’ve been wondering who the dark—eyed Olga—Vodka is this time.

Eddie Shellhorn—Star Co-Cub on this floor—has been “nicked” (by friend or foe)—Rango. But far be it from us to know just why a cub should be named after a monkey.

Have you ever heard Sophie Singerman pick up the phone, call an office, start a conversation off with “Hello, Bozo” and then find she’s gotten the wrong number? Ask her to do it for you sometime—it’s a swell treat.

Mr. Uchida, who is superintending the Japanese superimposing stuff, has suddenly ‘gone’ Sherlock Holmes. He may be seen smoking one of those large pipes that long bears the famous heritage—and looks as though he’ll turn to you and say: “Tch, tch, my dear Watson.”

Kay McKeon has been busily greasing and cleaning her typewriter. Them there keys of hers will be clattering along at their usual mad pace any day now.

Eddie Ugast saying—“Make it a ‘Camel’—if you can.”

“Watch” out for Gerry Goldsmith—It’s a diamond one, too.

here and there:

“Preston Vds. atencion! Estamos en la clase!”

We are now in the midst of a Spanish lesson. This is just to give you a vague idea of what goes on behind the portals of Room 1017 twice a week after office hours.

Instructor Russell is speaking, (sh)

“Como se llama Vd.?”

“Me llamo Aaron Pines.” (Not bad and not good)

“Senor Pines, como era Vd.?”

“Okay!” (Somehow it doesn’t sound like Spanish to us).

A SLIGHT ERROR.... We made a slight error last month in mentioning that Ruth Sanstedt had a visitor “Peggy from Hastings.” It was “Peggy from Troy.” What a mistake!

The two people who don’t want their names mentioned in this issue are Linda Salsberger and Sammy Cohen.

Luis Fernandez, Bill Fass and Al Stafanie, the three Jersey musketeers (or is it mosqueteers) have survived another winter of blizzards and storms. Spring is here and aren’t those Jersey folk happy again?

CAN YOU IMAGINE? There is an ambitious person in these parts. Her name is Belle Jones—yes, the Belle you know. She’s learning French and Spanish at the same time—yessir, the girl can parley-vous and habla quite well!

Bernice Gerson is still vacationing down in Ole Alabam. What a life! Do you know her Montgomery address or the Gettysburg address?

Mary Jablov Broder
Vincent A. Cronin
Harry Fischer
Esther Franco
Jane Gilsenan
Jeanne Ginsberg
Fay Grossman
Kenneth E. Hammond
Mollie Joseph
Arthur Kalman

Walter G. Kaufp
William Knoblauch
Alice Maude Peate
Daniel F. Quinn
John Straub
Marie Tietjen
Lieselotte Tunnell
Stanley F. Werfel
Herman W. Yager

Cheerio!

An Englishman was visiting this country for the first time, and as he was driving along the highway, saw a sign “Drive Slow. This means YOU!”

The Englishman stopped in surprise and exclaimed, “My Word! how did they know I was here?”

Doctor: “Did that medicine I gave you straighten your husband out all right?”

Wife: “Yes, we buried him yesterday.”
THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW
(Apologeties to W. Winchell)

Just when a lil round hand is going to
ded to the fourth finger of Lillian Rad-derick's left hand, on which now repines
most gorgeous solitaire.

Just why the radio broadcasting compa-
ries have not as yet found out that Molli-

How Alice Deegan can be so cold hearted.
Where Sally Walton learns all the songs

Just what Edwin Haley is going to do if
eye ever discontinue Air Mail stamps.
How to tell the Farrell Twins apart.
If Peggy Mahoney is ever serious.
Where Anita Siegler got that lovely
smile.
When Ann Farrell is going to "Middle
Aisle It."
If Margie Stolfi ever took an Old Gold
test.
Why the eighth floor has so many good
looking blondes. Of course, we aren't kick-
ing, but don't think it's fair to the rest of
the building.

Why we haven't conducted a personality
contest so that we can elect Jimmy Di-
Gangi the "Personality Kid."

If Bill Hecht ever skipped up on an order.
Who the good looking man was that took
Marian Herbert out to lunch the other day.
Lucky fellow.

How Ruth Frankel can eat so much candy
and still maintain thatgirlish figure.

What Charley Riley finds to laugh about
at 2 A. M. "Walking his Baby."

Just what line Gus Gabriel uses on those
women of his.
Where Richard gets those quiet ties.
What makes Stock Room Jimmy Reilly
so happy these days.

If Emma Melon in is telling us the truth
about our Baby.

If Nita Siegler and Jeanne Oringle are
twins.

If all Scotch jokes are true.
If Walter Winchell will sue us for this.

THINGS I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW:
(Ditto to W. W.)

That Walter A. Hanneman served as
chairman of Publicity and Entertainment
committees for the Elks and K. of C. in his
home town.

That J. J. Arnold just presented his wife
with—a pair of Japanese Bull Finches.

That Freddy Ruzicka plays in Peter Van
Stuben's orchestra at White's Restaurant.

That Kitty Lufman has had her hands
sketched a number of times by the artists
in the Poster Art Dept. and were used in

That Emilie Ullman looks very, very

blue in Pretty.

THINGS WE'D LIKE
To Know

Why they call them, 'Yellow Cabs' when
they are painted orange.

Now that the Telegram has bought the
"World", is there any truth in the rumor
that the Graphic will take over the Times.

How many office boys attended their Grand-
mother's funeral yesterday. (Note for
those who are not fans. The New York
Yankees officially opened New York's
baseball season April 14th.)

Recently an inquisitive individual asked
Jimmie (Schnozzola) Durante, of Clay-
ton, Jackson and Durante fame if he
nourished a desire like most comedians
to play Hamlet. Jimmie's reply was, "I
never work outside of New York." The
same question was put to Groucho Marx
upon his arrival in California. His answer
was, "I will if he spots me a stroke a
hole." Now, what we'd like to know is
whose gag is this anyhow?

Beaucoup de louanges

"Editor, Pep-O-Grams,

Dear Sir:

I am the errand boy who delivers to this
great organization, "Pep-O-Grams," "Press
Sheets," "Mensageiro's" and other Paramount
publications.

I feel it a great honor to be the boy who
delivers these publications and know that they
actually pass into the hands of the executives
and employees of Paramount.

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and employees of Paramount.

Sincerely yours,
Sam Kessler"

Shocked Old Lady—On my way up here
I passed about twenty-five people in parked
cars.

Young Hostess—Oh, I'm sure you're mis-
taken. It must have been an even number.

Policeman (to intoxicated man who is try-
ing to fit his key to a lamp post)—I'm afraid
there's nobody home there tonight.

Stude—'Mus' be. 'Mus' be. Thersh a light
upstairs.

Ann why did you buy that referee's
whistle?

Doris—I have a date with a football
player tonight.

PEP-O-GRAMS
PAGE NINETEEN
Jest for a Laugh

Cissie de Missie, the famous movie star, decided to make a tour of the hospitals to spread cheer and comfort among the patients. She was accompanied by a dozen or so reporters and photographers who had happened to show up at the time. Of course, her press agent had nothing to do with it. Before one bed, occupied by the victim of an automobile smash, she paused daintily:

"I'm Cissie de Missie," she announced, "of the movies. Did you ever hear of me?"

"Ma'am," replied the chivalrous medical case, "I was dreaming of you when the accident happened. That's why I crashed."

"Oh, you lucky little devil!"

The Pruitts had the reputation of being the world's ideally married couple, so on their silver anniversary friends gathered and in the course of the evening asked Mrs. Pruitt how it happened that she and her husband never quarreled.

"It's because we understand each other so perfectly," she beamed. "If we have a difference of opinion and I am right, Channecy gives in at once."

"And if it is he who is in the right?"

The lady drew herself up. "In our twenty-five years of married life," she declared, "that's never happened."

"Think of something very nice," said the dentist as he started to drill, "then you won't notice the pain."

The patient did not move.

"Splendid. What did you think about?"

"Well, I thought my boss was here in my place."

A Lesson in Latin

A student in a New England school had flunked in Latin. In the quiz the student was called upon to give a written translation of the verse below. There are Latin scholars reading this who will be moved to tears:

"Isabili, Here's ago,
Fortibus es in arto.
Neces, Mari, Thabi trax
Vateriae in eum pax, a dux."

After weeks of effort, the student came forth with the following. It is not surprising that the instructor read it to the class:

"I say, Billie, here's a go,
Forty busses in a row.
No," says Mary, "they be trucks."
"What is in em?" "Packs o' ducks."

Small Mary Jane: "Mother, why hasn't papa any hair?"
Mother: "Because he thinks so much, dear."
Mary Jane: "Why have you so much, mother?"
Mother: "Run along and play now!"

Truth in Advertising

And another feature that the makers of the Dictaphone could truthfully advertise is that it never takes a man's mind off his work by crossing its knees.

"John, you think more of that old radio than you do of me."

"Well, dear, I get less interference from it."

"Sonny, what's that noise upstairs?"
"Maw's dragging paw's pants over the floor."
"They shouldn't make much noise."
"I know, but paw's in 'em."

"How does your new cigarette lighter work, now?"
"Fine, I can light it with one match."

Grocer: "You want a pound of ochre? Is it red ochre for painting bricks?"
Small Boy: "No, it's ochre wet Maw makes puddin' with."

Do You 'Member Way Back When...........

...folks ate victuals instead of vitamins?"
...an 18-day diet was unheard of?
...kids ran errands for a cent and mowed the lawn for a nickel?
...a session in the barn with Dad took the place of psychology?
...you used to go to the slaughter house for a "football?"
...the "boys" played checkers in the old back room?
...the boys stood on the corner to watch the hobble skirts go by?
..."One minute please, while we change reels," used to be thrown on the silver screen?

Matter of Location

Small Boy: "Father, what do they mean when they say 'Civic Pride'?
Father: "Well, it's something like this. If the state institution for the demented is located in our own city we refer to it as the state hospital; if, however, it is located in another city, we call it the insane asylum."

-Pep-o-grams
Saturday 13 June

Pep Club Outing
The Annual June Outing

The Paramount Pep Club returns to Asbury Park, N. J., for the third time on Saturday, June 13, 1931. It is the day of the Club's annual outing.

A variety of entertainment has been mapped out for your enjoyment by your energetic Entertainment Chairman, Edward A. Brown.

Here are a few pertinent facts about the outing:

A special train will leave the Pennsylvania station at 9 A.M., making stops at Manhattan Transfer and Newark.

A dinner will be served at 5:30 at the Berkeley-Carteret Hotel.

The Asbury Park Convention Hall has been contracted for which will be at the exclusive disposal of the Pep Club. A special orchestra will provide music for dancing—both afternoon and evening. Convention Hall provides ample facilities for dancing and is only a stone's throw from the Berkeley-Carteret. In addition to dancing, card tables will be provided at Convention Hall (upstairs) where one may enjoy part of the time in this manner.

Bathing house privileges have been secured at a discount for either surf or pool.

Permission has been granted to use the Municipal Golf Course.

Due to heavy expenditures which the Club has undergone to make this outing as attractive as it will be, it has been found necessary to charge five dollars for each guest Club members may wish to bring with them. This charge, of course, will entitle guests to all privileges of the day enjoyed by the members.
Back in 1916, a good furrier had deserted the fur business for the manufacture of motion pictures. He was making about twenty high-class "features" a year.

In a nation dotted with nickelodeons a man in San Francisco, a man in Pittsburgh and a man in Asbury Park, N. J., were each proprietors of a "chain" of two or three motion picture theatres which were trying to be of the better sort, and which boldly charged up to 25 cents and even to 35 cents for their best seats.

In those days, features ran a full week without change, but even at that these three exhibitors were unable to get enough features of the better sort to fill out a year's schedule. The San Francisco man came East, visited Pittsburgh and Asbury Park on the way, picked up the pioneers of better pictures in each of these cities and brought them on to New York. They collaborated with an exchange head in New York and one in Boston, who supplied the social climbing theatres in the New York and New England areas. Each of the five men put up $1,000 and the Paramount Pictures Corporation was organized.

The new corporation opened negotiations with Adolph Zukor, of Famous Players, Jesse L. Lasky, David Belasco, Henry Savage and Oliver Morosco, who controlled other production potentialities, and contracted for fifty-two weekly features of high grade for their own and to be offered to other high-grade theatres.

While this contract imposed most complicated conditions regarding trade-marks and the inclusion of "credits" on pictures for the benefit of the actors and producers, the five equal owners of Paramount insisted, almost to the point of disrupting the deal, on a trade-mark of their own. The producers finally gave in and our advertising agency was asked one afternoon at four o'clock to have a trade-mark ready next day!

Our general manager and I sat down at my desk and began fooling with a lead pencil and a pad of paper. As the most "paramount" thing we could think of, we first drew a homemade mountain, about as in Fig. 1.

It didn't look high enough, so we then added some stars to lift it up. It then looked like Fig. 2.

Then we lettered the words Paramount Pictures through it and it looked like Fig. 3.

We called a commercial artist in and asked him to see what he could do with the thing overnight. Next morning he brought in what was, with a few slight changes, today's Paramount trade-mark, and which Mr. Zukor said recently was worth $15,000,000.

The general manager who "collaborated" with me on making the trade-mark was Francis H. Sisson, now vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, first vice-president of the American Bankers Association and known as one of the most sought after after-dinner speakers in the United States.

Mr. Zukor was the former furrier, then and now the head of Famous Players.

The five Paramount owners were William Hodkinson, of San Francisco, James Steele, of Pittsburgh, W. L. Sherry, of New York, Raymond Pawley, of Asbury Park, and Hiram Abrams, of Boston.

Those owners afterward sold their birthright to Mr. Zukor and his associates, and the genius and advertising of these gentlemen have been lavishly expended to give the Paramount trade-mark the $15,000,000 good-will Mr. Zukor claims for it.

Personally, we think it much too modest an appraisal of even its minimum value.

Reprinted from Printers' Ink Monthly for April, 1931.
Mr. Sam Katz, Honorary Vice-President of the Paramount Pep Club and Vice-President of Paramount Publix Corp., in charge of Theatre Operation, addressed an overflow crowd of Pepsters at the regular monthly meeting of the Paramount Pep Club held Tuesday, April 14, 1931.

In President Metzler’s introductory remarks, he mentioned that efforts had also been made to get Maurice Chevalier to speak, to which Mr. Katz replied that trying to substitute for Chevalier—was a real order.

“The second thing that I observe,” stated Mr. Katz, “is that the publicity department has been functioning well and I suppose that is typical of Paramount; a very good publicity department. The attendance here looks like the opening of ‘SKIPPY.’”

“Seriously, when Mr. Metzler asked me to talk to you today, I had not the remotest idea of just what was expected of me. However, when I got into the room I felt that it was pretty easy to find a topic. The most important topic that I possibly can think of is the value of genuine association each with the other. In the scheme of things we are all designated to do certain work and unfortunately when an organization gets to the size of Paramount we are locked up in respective offices and don’t get the opportunity that I know all of us enjoy, and would enjoy increasingly; that of meeting each other more frequently and more intimately and at first hand exchanging viewpoints and rendering service each to the other. However, because the organization is so large it becomes necessary to segregate in an organized manner not only its business functions but its social life; and to get to each other—each department to the other and each individual to the other through that organized method of better understanding that speaks for a better business.

“Back sometime ago when we operated a small group of theatres in Chicago, we had a weekly — almost a daily—Pep Club meeting. We didn’t call it Pep Club but its purpose was the same. And the genuine joy of the job there was: that I knew everybody in the company by his or her first name; that I could go to any one and get a free expression as to just what I might want about our business. And as I think back I can remember office boys, people in the accounting department, the publicity department, and all through the organization, rendering extremely valuable service to the proper conduct of our business.

“No business can finally be any better than the mental frame of mind and the mental contentment of the people who make it up. No business can survive in the last analysis unless there emanates throughout that business a feeling of friendship, a feeling of loyalty, a better understanding increasingly of each other’s problems in the business—and personal, if you please. And that business is best which accomplishes that end of it most.

“The Pep Club in Paramount I think has been responsible for as much of the success of Paramount as any of the ingenuity or the singular ability of any single individual carrying on its affairs. No one man, or any group of men has the time nor could possibly cover the ground necessary to carry on the world-wide ramifications of this institution unless each and every member of the thousands who make it up plays his or her part in synchronization with the whole. And so, the Pep Club in its fashion does its share. It creates increasing understanding, and I repeat that frequently, because I am so definitely sold that that is the genuine heartbeat of the business.

“In my small end of it, I like to think that all of our folks in the theatre end do understand each other, do sincerely like each other, do find it easier to spend the day in the Paramount Building than any other place they can think of, do get sufficient enjoyment, do feel a genuine reward, and as I make the rounds of some of the offices and the boys come into my office, I go home each evening pretty content about that feeling. And in times of stress like we are passing through now, we have comfort in the thought that in a unified, fine humane, organized manner the men and women who make up Paramount will always see it through.

“They talk about the Paramount spirit as supposedly an intangible something, which it isn’t. It is that decidedly definite something that each one gives to the other in his daily contact, and the combination of which provides sufficient motor power to run this entire machine and see it through. I have had a singular experience in this institution in that direction.

“We organized Publix, as you know, as al-
A New Activity

A new activity in the form of a Little Theatre Movement is being sponsored by the Educational Committee.

At the first meeting of the group held on April 27th, Chairman Arthur Israel, Jr., was exceedingly pleased as the response was such as to assure the success of the venture.

Mr. Daniel Russell has been chosen director, and the production of plays will be under his supervision. We have been particularly fortunate in securing the services of one so able as Mr. Russell. His broad experience and thorough training in this field are surpassed by few. Mr. Russell is a graduate of the University of Southern California and of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, England. He has been associated with the American Laboratory Theatre and was assistant director of the Pasadena County Players.

Mr. Russell expects to give the group an exhaustive course in theatre technique, including performance, stage effects and the like. Those who have no his-trionic ability will be afforded an opportunity to participate in the activities of the group by lending their assistance insofar as the actual staging of plays is concerned.

It is not too late for anyone to become associated with this group.

Renting Office

Frank Dillon in anticipation of warmer weather has taken his scarlet bathing suit out of moth balls. (Whoops.)

The reason why gentlemen look twice—Gladys Thorsen is the attraction of this office.

Al Wood has a weakness for tennis. It’s too bad there aren’t any flies in the winter time so he could keep in form with the ‘ol fly swatter.

Ed Dowd tutors backward youngsters in his spare time. Young ladies also are a specialty for this ‘teacher.’ (His ‘phone has been discontinued.)

Driver’s License Renewal Service

Anyone wishing to renew their 1931 New York State Driver’s License may do so by getting in touch with Henry Bachmann in Room 1123. Henry will supply the blanks to be filled out and will see that your license card is delivered to you pronto. Dan O’Neil of the Mailing Dept. will undoubtedly draft one of his boys to make a path between the Home Office and the License Bureau.
The Bowling Dinner

The final chapter of the bowling tournament was labelled “finis,” at a dinner held on Wednesday, April 22nd, at the Piccadilly Hotel at which President Fred Metzler acted as toastmaster.

President Metzler presented prizes to the members of the winning team which consisted of Carl Clausen, Edward A. Brown, Armand Toussaint, William Fass, and David Cassidy. Also to Joseph Plunkett for the highest average and to John Fuchs for the highest score.

For unusual form, two “palooka” (pardon us, we do not know what this means, but we might suggest your getting in touch with the Street Cleaning Department or Sam Rheiner for definition) prizes were awarded to Joseph Parker and James Speer.

Vice-President Lou Diamond and Official Photographer Lew Nathan were the invited guests. A few remarks were given by Lew—showing his interest in bowling and other athletic activities of the Club. Lew also did his specialty by taking pictures of the diners.

Mr. Metzler announced that the Publix Theatres Divisional Supervisors were the donors of the prizes, proving their interests in the affairs of the Pep Club, even though they are traveling most of the time.

They have always taken a very keen interest in all activities of the Club and they want to assure the members of their willingness to help at all times.

The Round Robin Tournament held after the regular Club schedule resulted in a tie and both teams waived the splitting of the prizes; therefore, no awards were made. The teams tying for first prize were No. 1—Lemm, Parker, Glidden, George Brown, and Doughney; No. 2—Plunkett, Winchell, Vornbaum, Herrnkind and Stokes.

In the Sweepstakes, the following bowlers took the prize money: first, Allan Adams; second, Henry Gray; third, James Speer; fourth, Joseph Phillipson; fifth, William Fass; sixth, Fred Wieber. Bert Adler won the special prize awarded by Dwyer’s Bowling Alleys for having the highest game.

One, But Such a One

Brigham—“My mother-in-law has only visited my home once since I got married.”

Mugham—“Well, if you don’t care for her company, I’d say you were in luck.”

Brigham—“Luck, nothing! She came to pay her first visit, and she’s still there!”

Dying Hard

Duckworth—“They keep telling us that the jazz age is over and jazz is dying out.”

Skipworth—“Yes, I’ve been hearing its death rattle over the radio for the last five years.”

With regret we bid good-by to Verne Davidson of Mr. Schneberger’s department. He leaves us for the great open spaces. States he’ll make the trip in his Dodge. Let us be hypercritical and say—he’ll start in the Dodge.

J. H. Goldberg is the possessor of two radios, good and loud radios, the kind that are at their best about two in the morning—so to make an unusually long story very short may we suggest a little extra accident insurance, just enough to ease over that onerous period when a feller’s trying to remember just what hit him.

By the way, can anyone tell John Schneberger what there is about the game of baseball that makes so many grandmothers ill?

Four months in Spain and Doyle Eberhart is home again well rested and looking fit as a fiddle. He has many an entertaining story to tell and several pictures to illustrate the most interesting points. We asked him about the customs of Spain but he seemed rather confused.... Says he and King Alfonso departed from Spain the same day but after reading the newspapers he’s undecided as to whether his Highness was observing an “old Spanish custom” by escorting him out of the country or whether he was in reality escorting his Highness.

Jim O’Donnell’s gone and done it. We don’t know the young lady who caused this brave heart to palpitate but whoever she is, we pay homage to her woman’s intuition and wish her a life of happiness with one of the finest men in the department.

Bids are out on a cage to be built for A. J. McEntee. Spec. call for 2 x 4 iron bars, reinforced to keep the feminine contingent at least five feet away.

Paul Rudy is sailing this month for England where he will assist Evan Perkins in the new building program for Europe.

Edith Raskin doesn’t want her name to appear in this column and then adds “if I were writing it, what I could say about Edith Raskin—whew.”

Mary Trinka positively refuses to divulge the date of her wedding. Various means of extraction have been tried on her but to date she stands pat. Mary doesn’t look superstitious.

The diminutive Miss Burdick still holds the record for long distance commuting.

Our own special bachelor Ray Massie claims he has a pain in his heart and that it becomes more acute on moonlit nights. Diagnosis might show it to be a severe case of moonlightitis.
EYES AND EARS

By Dick Engel

It would seem from the foregoing title that this article would most certainly refer to a general theme on certain parts of the anatomy.

Nevertheless, there is no connection whatsoever, for "Eyes and Ears" in this instance relates to our brother Paramounteers of the Paramount Sound News Staff.

Of course, you have seen a Paramount Sound Newssreal sometime or other and as the news events flash on the silver screen accompanied with the sound of whatever the action may be, surely you'll agree that the subtitle of "Eyes and Ears of the World" is well chosen.

Important happenings from all over the world are recorded at risk of life and limb to reach the theatre patron and present a graphic picture of events of the day before the eyes. It is one thing to read a particular news item in our favorite newspaper, but to bring the very pictures of that same incident before your eyes and to your ears is a feat which cannot be termed as nothing less than miraculous.

Tranquility has no place in the lives of a Paramount News representative. Excitement reigns supreme, for in this position you catch whatever the world has to offer. Variety is the spice of life. It is just this and more which constitutes the every day life of a newsman.

If you will recall back a few weeks ago, especially if you are a rowing enthusiast, you will recall that the Navy and Columbia crews met in competition on the Harlem River.

A person acquainted with this "battle ground" for the crews of New York colleges and their rivals know that the Manhattan side of the river is flanked by the Harlem River Speedway and a stone wall fronts a promenade walk at the river's edge. To the south is the Washington bridge and a little further on is the historic Highbridge spanning the river. Still looking southward we behold the majestic skyscrapers of the business district poking their towers skyward.

On this particular day thousands crowded the stone wall and hills of the park adjoining the speedway. High on both bridges were many others all anxious for the race to start. Being a highlight news event one would expect a Paramount News Truck on the job. Sure enough there it was right near the starting line.

Its crew consisted of Henry Desiena, Camera-man, "Lefty" McClelland and Lou Cass, Sound Apparatus Engineers, Cyril Brown, Offstage, or what is commonly known as Announcer, and Abe Dublin, General Assistant. The crew were busy testing their equipment. A atop the roof of the truck rested the tripod of the camera. Inside the body of the truck amid coiled cables, batteries, control panels and what not, sat the Sound Engineers checking up on the sound reproduction apparatus.

At the Columbia boat house some two miles up the river was another news unit recording the action and speeches before the crews took to the river. This second news crew was manned by Hugo Johnson and Ed Schabbehr. A third unit was located on Washington Bridge to catch the long shots.

At last the Navy and the Columbia crews slowly came down the river. Everything is in readiness for the recording of the event, all men are at their stations and it is just a matter of seconds before the race starts.

The switch on the camera atop the truck clicks, wheels turn and the camera sweeps each crew in a close up.

Now, the shells are in position, excitement is at a pitch and then—"They're Off." The shells seemingly jump from the water as backs bend and ears flash.

The camera follows them from the start and when the crews are out of camera range, the news truck starts forward to catch "shots" at the half-way point.

The horn growls out its warning and people dash madly from its way. Careening over the rough roadway Desiena and Dublin have all they can do to support the tripod on the roof.

At last we catch up to the crews—we pass
them and then we come to a stop. Once again
the camera swings into position and once again
the switch clicks. Cheering from the crowd
now—Columbia is leading.

Down the river go the crews, Navy setting
a 37 stroke and Columbia their powerful 35
stroke.

Once again they are out of camera range.
Once more we leap forward to catch the finish.

The finish line—thousands are yelling as the
Columbia crew flashes across first, a length
and a half ahead of Navy. The camera has
captured all. Both crews cheer one another as
the crowd breaks on its way home.

An incident is finished in the lives of the
News crew. They pack away their equipment
and start to some other assignment, for always
in this busy world of ours something is going
on.

"Eyes and Ears of the World" bringing
events of the day into our own lives, remark-
able achievements such as accomplished by
Paramount Sound News certainly deserve
what credit that can be bestowed on this mar-
velous staff.


REAL ESTATE

The four "mugs o' beer" or rather muske-
ters, namely, 'Banjo eyes' Andesner,
'Champ Mulligan' Lee, 'Peaches' Fannon
and 'I—see the initials R. G. E.' have formed
a sorority. Cheer up peoples, the name has
not been decided on as yet, but suggestions
have been plentiful (?).

Kay Sullivan and her pre-summer sun-
burn exhibited daily at this office.

New recruits to our ranks consist of Ma-
demoiselle Cooper, Links and Cherwitt.
"Welcome" quote the gang.

'Charlie' Powell getting back to nature
with his interest in raising tulips and the
such.

Ed Jones broke a hundred last week play-
ing golf but the sad part of the story is—
this was for only the first nine holes.

When a locomotive whistles for a grade
crossing—that's a good time to believe all
you hear.

Customer: "I've brought that last pair of
trousers to be reseated. You know, I sit
a lot."

Tailor: "Yes, and perhaps you've brought
the bill to be receipted, too. You know, I've
stood a lot."

This Means You

By an Ex-Editor

What is bothering Mr. Addison Simms of
Seattle at the moment more than the dis-
appearance of Justice Crater, the plight of
Alfonso of Spain, or what to do with his
old razor blades is "What becomes of ex-
ceditors of Pep-O-Grams?"

Pausing a bit in his mad rush to the cor-
ter to catch up with Kid Prosperity (and
everyone you meet tells you he is "just
around the corner".), Mr. Simms demanded
that we confirm or deny the rumor that
Pep-O-Grams ex-editors are immediately
snatched up by the Pullman Company and
assigned to its gigantic staff of "name pick-
ers" for railway coaches.

This is a downright falsehood and we told
him so to his face, though, for the moment,
we couldn't for the life of us think what
does happen to a Pep-O-Grams ex-editor.
A little research work and here is what
Mr. Simms found in his mail the next morn-
ing:

Charles E. McCarthy—first editor of Pep-
O-Grams. Now Director of Public Rela-
tions, Paramount Publix Corp.

Glendon Allwine—Eastern Director Ad-
vertising and Publicity, Fox Film Corp.

Jay M. Shreck—Managing Editor Exhibi-
tors' Herald.

Mort Blumenstock—Motion Picture direc-
tor. "Penthouse Blues," "Devil Sea," made
at Long Island.

Maurice Henle—City Editor Cincinnati
Post.

Albert Deane—Foreign Production Repre-
sentative, L. I. Studio.

Charles L. Gartner—Assistant Manager
Foreign Publicity.

Barney Hutchison—West Coast Publicity.

Tom Walsh—Walker Engraving Co.

So it seems that the editor's chair of your
little publication is quite a jumping off place
for bigger and better things. So if you can't
be an editor, at least be a contributing
editor and when this story is rewritten a
couple of years hence, the list will be con-
siderably longer and perhaps your name
will be "among those present."

For those who would delve down and
dig out the moral of this little tale, you will
notice that, without exception, these men
have stuck to their chosen line of work. If
you are an office boy, pick out the job that
looks like it might fit in with your plans best
and "stay put." Gadding about wastes val-
uable time that should be spent acquiring
the experience that will eventually put you
on the top of the heap in your particular
line. And that goes for everyone right on
down.

Read that list again. Think it over. And
good luck to you.
Miss Stumpf, of the contract files, has been Home quite some time due to a very severe sore throat. The entire Department joins in hoping for her speedy recovery and return.

Marion Saperstein has returned to her work after an early vacation at Norfolk, Va. Her tanned complexion has caused everybody in the Sales Statistical Department to count the days till their vacation rolls around.

Helen Guttell, recently returned from her vacation, and intends sending the weather man a letter of thanks for holding off the bad weather till her vacation was over.

The boys of the Sales Statistical Department celebrated Red Wednesday with a necktie party—It's an old western custom.

It's too late boys! Catherine Tebrich is now wearing a Diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand. Congratulations Catherine.

Marge Minscher has not spoken much since she returned from her quiet vacation, but, the twinkle in her eyes does not seem consistent with a quiet vacation. Ye scribe intends to learn what Marge is holding out on us.

Eleanor Gallagher will be telling us all about her vacation when this publication is distributed.

With the coming of Spring a young man's fancy turns to love, poetry, and flowers. But not so with Mortimer Cohn, each Spring we find him earnestly engaged in a fruitless endeavor to raise a moustache. Mortimer is obsessed with the old adage "If you don't succeed at first, try and try again." However, the strain is telling upon him this year. The constant and fruitless search for noticeable growth has aroused the interest of the entire Department.

We are pleased to have in our midst a new Pep Club Member—Mr. George Akerson—to whom we bid, Welcome.

Adelaide Miller gets the credit for accidentally suggesting a new name for this magazine—"The Pep Club Roaster." One day while talking about the Club Roaster, she called it the ROASTER.

Brina Kaplan says she's all in on account of moving day at home. However, the apartment is even nicer than the last one and so it really was worth the bother.

Maybe some of us weren't jealous when Marie Dunn reported to work Monday with a nice rosy sunburn. Maybe!!

Lillian Hirsch, the latest bride on the 12th floor, was presented with a beautiful table lamp for her home, by several of her Paramount friends.

Better luck next time, Spiro (Costas). Spiro recently entered a swimming contest and lost, but we're sure he'll win the next time because we have heard he's like a fish in water. Anyway, that's what his side-kick Joe Stern says.

We knew there was something different about Morris Kerstein of the 12th floor reception desk. He's a Canuk (in other words, a Canadian).

"STRUGGLING YOUNG ARTIST"—that's what Joseph DiMare of Miss Swayne's department is. He sure is a crackjack when it comes to drawing.

Every other word uttered by Manny Feldman is "My girl Dottie." Tell us her last name, Manny, or we'll go "dottie."

Several Pepsters have often heard Herman Lorber, Bill Sussman and Knox Haddow referred to as "The Three Graces" and want an explanation. Probably FAITH for Bill Sussman, HOPE for Herman Lorber and CHARITY for Knox Haddow.

Katherine Hagen acts as if she, too, has been bitten by "This Thing Called Love."

Since Alice Blunt has taken to horseback riding, she prefers to eat from the mantel piece. We'd do the same thing, Alice.

In a separate issue of Pep-O-Grams, Eugene Harwood will reveal for the first time to the public his impression of Marlene Dietrich. Why, Gene, how could you even mention Marlene after that visit on Monday by that adorable yellow-haired blue-eyed little lady? Aren't men fickle?

It has just leaked out that Alexander Davis is a budding playwright. A play that was written by his very self is being produced out in Bronxville. We wanted more information but he is too modest to talk.

We would like to suggest to Sylvia Bring that she join the Dramatic Club. She speaks very nicely.

Also, what the Dramatic Club needs is someone like Percy Lockwood's son—21 years old, six feet four inches and weighing 240 lbs. Hot dogs! Maybe Mac Blum knew he was coming in to see his father because she wore a bright red pail'd dress that day. Are we right—or—are we right?

Molly Joseph's middle name (we are told) is "Gum." We hope we're not "es-chewed" for telling on her.

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The New Baby

The stork has again visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Hanneman, our noted cartoonist and former art editor of Pep-O-Grams, in Baldwin, Long Island.

On April 15th, a charming bouncing baby girl arrived and was promptly named Patricia Janet. The Club takes this means to wish Bill and the Missus the heartiest of congratulations.
I am 5' 4", have blue eyes and red hair. I am Irish and my folks hail from County Clare.

I like dramas, particularly with a touch of comedy. My favorite picture is "Devil's Holiday." My favorite leading men are Fredric March and Phillips Holmes. My favorite sports are dancing, riding and swimming. My favorite orchestra leader is Rudy Vallee.

I was thrilled when I was selected for the leading role in "Chicago" on the stage but I was astounded when I was picked for a lead in the motion picture "Abie's Irish Rose" by Anne Nichols. I certainly am grateful to Miss Nichols.

I enjoyed playing the Paramount theatre. The applause was music to my ears. I still think Rudy Vallee's imitation of my dancing was a riot, but my imitation of Rudy

I think my new picture, "Night Angel" will create a stir because it's different. In making one scene I had my head doused with a pitcher of cold water seven times in three hours. After each wetting the hair dresser dried my hair with a wind machine and had to curl it all over again. No doubles could be used because the shots were too close and in order to record the action perfectly Mr. Edmund Goulding, the director, had the whole scene repeated seven times. What a day!

In conclusion I must say I like to autograph photos and I don't think much of Walter Winchell.

Variety's Movie Critic Covers a Wedding

Ed. Schellhorn

One of the burg's wows was the Fitzritz-Jenkins tie-up yesterday P. M. at the First Methodist house on the main stem. Business was near capacity with only a few seats at the rear gaping. A good break in the weather helped to fill. Gladys Fitzritz, starring in the bride's part, played opposite an unknown as the groom. This youngster will be heard from again. He has the personality stuff down fine and carries his clothes like an auto salesman. The girl has a following in town and got a big turnout. She knew her orange blossoms and the "I will" stuff.

The bridesmaids clicked with plenty of the old S.A. and high-toned wardrobe. Hokum talk from the sky pilot went over as per schedule. No gag stuff. Best man a flop failing to lose ring on cue. A high-salaried organ pounder mopped up with the old time classical hits and the well known march. The local peasants ate it like hash and voted it swell.

Whether the combination will stick is a query. The knowers look for a run of two years at least.

The Past President's Association

Rumor has it that the Past Presidents of the Paramount Pep Club are about to organize and meet monthly thereafter. The object in view is to keep alive those pleasant memories when they piloted the Club through their respective years as President and also to be of service in any constructive program the Club may wish to foster.


Sixth Floor Notes

Ellen Bailey of the Filing Department is back after a week of illness. We are all glad to see her back again.

Did you know that, Alice Palange of the same department, has a brother that is a Radio Announcer? He announces over Station WOR.

Edith Moses and Elsie Thompson are girl friends. Elsie is the organist at the Brooklyn Paramount.

Jean Olishansky has a new boy friend, but she won't tell us who he is.

J. Marcovechio is nearly as good a ball player as Babe Ruth. Except that Ruth is paid for it, and probably gets a few more homes.
Brevities—Lad you notice how much lighter the offices look since the girls started wearing their new Spring clothes in light and vivid colors? New Spring hats selected by Ann Ber- liner are considered very smart and were commented upon by the girls. What the men will wear this Spring was exhibited by Monroe Woodman in his new suits and apparel combinations in color.

Arthur Dunne hasn’t been looking well. He came in to business before he fully recovered from an illness. Now he is home, but we hope to see him fit as a fiddle soon.

Henry Gray’s cheerful presence saunters from Cash Register to Exchange Auditing and back again. He is doubling for Arthur Dunne.

Have you noticed the flower corsages frequently worn by Ann Berliner. Remember, we mentioned the boxes of candy received by Ann last month.

A bouquet of roses was given to Mary Spitzer on April 15th, which is the eighth anniversary of her wedding. As a celebration of the day, a group consisting of Mary Spitzer, Mrs. Marjorie Banzer, Norah Har- ran, Ann Berliner and Sadie Spitzer had a party. After dinner and whoopee at the Village Barn, the girls saw a musical comedy.

Kenneth Lawson and Bill Urch find pleasure in whistling, and they are harmonizing to the trills of a number called, “Whistling in the Dark.” They should, don’t you think?

The vagaries of Spring have affected Monroe Goodman, who was seen roving about the “Well” and his heart is on his sleeve, figuratively speaking.

Since a certain trip to his home town, Bill Urch has tried to keep a long face and ap- pear nonchalant.

Frank Hack has been making frequent trips to the 12th floor in the vicinity of Miss Coakely’s department. Cherchez le femme.

When the question of vacation is discussed, Fred Schraeder has a far-away look in his eyes. Is it the girl in the bathing suit, Fred?

The diplomacy of Prett Burlingham was put to a test in the Bronx recently at a party which included Frank Hack and others. Prett was almost stranded but he did a Houdini and came through with flying colors.

Did anyone notice Miss Miriam Isaacs at her desk with a pile of papers, alone after 5 P. M.?

Mary Spitzer, suffering from wounds and abrasions and bandaged at her desk after being in an accident in the subway.

News Item—No member of this department reported that he had to attend an alleged funeral of an alleged grandmother on any of the opening days of the baseball season.

Tennis enthusiasts began to play tennis again last month. Messrs. Fred Schraeder, Bill Urch, Frank Hack, Monroe Goodman and Sam Hurwitz are interested in this fascinating sport. May we suggest to the Pep Club Athletic Committee the idea of arranging a tennis hour or afternoon similar to the swimming hour, and later, the staging of a tennis tournament. All of those in favor of a tennis hour or afternoon express themselves by writing their opinion to John M. Fuchs, Chairman of the Pep Club Athletic Committee.

Half the well seems to be at the Park Central every Thursday nite. Among those present last week were, Celia Haiman, Chris Volpe, Fannie Gertler, Annette Mahmund, Marie Tietgen, Harry Boriskin, Sal Asaro, Warren Smith and Herman Yager. There must be some connection between the work- ing in the well and swimming.

Izzie Altman moved to Flushing from Staten Island about six months ago. How ever, he still spends half his time in the foggy borough. The reason for his condition sometimes meets him in front of the Paramount.

Evelyn Kelly can be seen limping around from desk to desk. She admits its rheuma- tism in her knee. Well she must be getting old. Maybe it’s from the pool, who knows?

Can you imagine tall, stately, sedate and distinguished looking Ethel Single doing the “Lindy Hop”? She claims she is one of the original hoppers. We don’t doubt that.

Spring is here, and so is “ROMANCE.” Ruth Scharf, Celia Haiman, Helen Abend, Ruth Cohen and Chris Volpe report exceptional developments.

We extend our heartiest welcome to Joe Ungerleider, formerly a “big Shot” from Rutgers University, lots of luck!

Congratulations to Dave Greenwald on his new position with Mr. Arthur Mayer.

Any fool can waste, any fool can muddle, but it takes something of a man to save, and the more he saves the more of a man does it make of him.

—Kipling.

“Two good aids to health,” says a doctor, “are to swim regularly and drink plenty of water.” To insure the most gratifying results, of course, these should be done sepa- rately.

“I can never read a newspaper properly when traveling by train,” a correspondent tells us. It is annoying when the man op- posite turns over the page before one has finished.
Catherine Cunningham, shorn of her tresses is just as attractive. It is difficult to say which style is the more becoming.

Joe Doughney insists on seeing his name in print in every issue so he dislocated a finger in the round Robin tournament. The bandaged finger is about the size of a baby "papoose." Luckily nobody was under him or there might have been a real casualty.

A notice sent around by the club asking for dramatic talent has aroused the "Hero" and "Heroine" instinct in several of our talented personnel. Charlie Shabacker intends to clean his "villain's" mustache; Gene White is sending her little blue gown to the cleaners; Herbert Litz is studying Shakespeare again. If we had a dog and some ice we could put on Uncle Tom's Cabin.

For several months past, Anne Graham has been "off" sweets and on "medicines." As a matter of fact her purchases have kept one poor little druggist in Flushing from going to the poor house.

Kenneth Snyder, a recent edition of the Budget Department, biked all the way to Tarrytown, New York to find himself a bride. Marie Ostrander could hardly refuse, so they were married on April 29th at the Tarrytown Reformed Church. After a short honeymoon, they will make their home in Maplewood, N. J.

Bermuda bound, Homeward bound and Bound Forever gives a fair idea of the exploits of Arthur J. Leonard of the Paramount Accounting Department since the last issue of Pep-O-Grams.

Being an accountant and knowing his figures, this former Treasurer of the Paramount Pep Club became married on May 11th at the Church of St. Rose of Lima to Miss Helen Ryan, a charming young miss from Brooklyn.

It is quietly rumored that she will reign as Queen of the Leonard domicile—so s' no use to argue, Arthur. If you know your percentages and decimals Art, you'll at least strive to get 50% of the decisions. Up to date, everything is quiet and serene—"and that's the way it is always going to be," says the newly married accountant.

The couple have just returned from a delightful honeymoon trip spent in Bermuda and are now residing in their newly furnished apartment in Brooklyn.

On the day preceding the wedding the groom was the recipient of a beautiful chest of silver, a gift from his friends in the office.

The staff of Pep-O-Grams together with his many Pep Club friends join in wishing the happy couple barrels of happiness and the best of luck.

“Paramount Pep” was the title of the social organ of the Famous Players Company before its successor, the present "Pep-O-Grams" took its place.

The May 1918 issue of Paramount Pep carried the following account (it was under the heading of "Doing Their Bit") — "Herman J. Lorber after a flying trip (Accounting, not Aeroplane) through the exchanges of the Kansas City District, on his return to New York found that he had been called by Uncle Sam and is now at Camp Upton."

Herman started in the film business just one year previous to the publication of the above article as an accountant with Artcraft Pictures. Incidentally, at the time he launched on a new career, so did he register for the draft—June 5, 1917.

In June, 1919, Herman returned from abroad and promptly joined the auditing staff of Famous Players. An invitation in the form of a promotion came from Harry Ballance in June 1920 and Lorber became Chief Accountant of the Boston Exchange. 1922 and 1923 found him Office Manager and then Booking Manager under George Schaefer at Boston.

One year later, Herman became Special Foreign Representative with headquarters in Paris, then Stockholm and London. He remained in the Foreign Department until June 1927—installing our American branch office systems throughout Europe.

Since June 1927, Lorber has been special representative of the Eastern Sales Division under George Schaefer. June 1931 will find Herman rounding out fifteen years of service with Paramount.

His weakness is golf; talks about it all Winter and Spring finds him trying once more to break a hundred. He did it once and is very determined to duplicate this "feat," as he calls it, again.

Needn't Fear the Office Boy

We pin the hollyhock of welcome upon the eminent recruit to the magazine-writing racket. We are sure that Comrade Coolidge will get fewer rejection slips from editors than he got from Congress.

—The New Yorker.
The wires are always hot between here and the Exchange. One of our young ladies—known to us all—bills and coos daily with a young Don Juan of the Exchange—also known to us all. Probably just another pair of "Coo-Coo's."

Ann LaViness may be seen during all hours of the day ravishingly drinking her fifth or sixth quart of milk. T'wouldn't be a bad idea if Paramount installed Milk Stations for Ann on every floor.

Ask Guy Wood who is the young lady who looks like Sylvia Sidney and watch him forget he's English.

Mr. Uchida of the Japanese superimposing staff has acquired that well-known Broadway vernacular spurring out at odd moments —"ole boy, ole boy"—"gee, whiz" "hiya" and a few others that the Censor Board wouldn't allow us to print.

When the boys of our department came strutting about with ties from David Souhami in Paris the girls pouted and we were very much annoyed. John Nathan, however, saved the day. He sent the girls salt-water taffy and purposely forgot the boys.

If a gum-chewing tournament was held, Eugene Schosberg would probably grab the flying colors...for speed and originality in jaw movements.

Sophie Singerman must be reading "Is Sex Necessary."

Helen Fried, now Helen Alberts, is back from a "perfectly d-u-v-i-n-e" honeymoon. Poor Helen! She surely is subject to wise cracks.

4th Floor

It's good to see Eleanor Lindeberg back at her desk again after several weeks' absence due to illness.

Gertrude Cohn is decorated with a black eye and bruised face due to an accident when a thief tried to make his getaway from the Building and just knocked Gertrude around like a rag-doll as she was coming in from lunch.

Dorothy Lynch was the recipient of a beautiful birthday gift, in the form of a pair of long kid gloves, from the girls in the Legal Department.

Condolences are extended to Edith and Linda Salsberger on account of the death of their Aunt.

Sympathy is extended to Mary Newman of the Publix Booking Department on account of the loss of her father.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Sada R. Snyder of the Publix Advertising Department on account of the loss of her mother.
Echoes From the Seventh Floor

We are glad to welcome back Mr. Thomas Varnon to the Legal Department. It seems like old times when we hear his and Marion Coles “Afro-American” voices as they decide where to have lunch.

Since Arthur Israel, Jr. has been guiding the destinies of the Educational Committee, things have certainly been humming. Law lectures, stenography, French and Spanish classes, and now, our own “Little Theatrc” are just a few of his enterprises. Looks like Mr. Israel is a university all by himself.

Mrs. Rose Weinberg’s mother is recuperating after a very serious operation, and we are all happy to note that the worried look Rose has been carrying around has departed.

Why all the hullabaloo about Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel. We have our own modiste right here on the seventh floor. The girls around here are, or should be, envious of the beautiful and many gowns Marth Vargas, Mr. Phillip’s beauteous secretary, numbers among her wardrobe.

We were reprimanded for our quip re Bea Fox’s locks. Glory be, we didn’t mean she had gone in for a prison bob. Oh, no, only a long one. But it seems it was all for naught, for Beatrice has decided she likes long hair after all, and has deserted the shears for hairpins once more.

“And he said he would get me in the movies.”
Fred Metzler

Fred Metzler, who was swept into the office of the Pep Club Presidency on a straight Liberal ticket, has conscientiously and rigidly carried out all his campaign promises and more. He has not only reformed the Paramount Building since taking over the reigns of government but he has built up several new departments.

The reform measures have been accomplished in seven major drives, to wit:

Making elevator boys quit saying “please” after every enumeration of a floor number.

Breaking the pulp-wood glut on Frank Vreeland’s desk in Room 1255.

Getting Cliff Lewis to move from 46th Street to Mt. Vernon.

Persuading Eddie Brown to transform a great mustache into a caterpillar mustache.

Sending Henry Gray to the American Legion convention in Boston.

Keeping Charlie Gartner away from the American Legion convention in Boston.

Resetting the weighing scales in Walgreen’s drug store so that they will read ten pounds light.

President Metzler’s newly created departments are not so numerous as his reform measures—but they are every bit as impressive, to wit (who started this “to wit” stuff, anyhow?)—

A committee which at Christmas time sells turkeys, candy, and other good things to wit. (Oh, Mr. Perelman, pah-leeze!) Now for a flash at the boyhood and the interim of this man Metzler before he came to Paramount. Well, maybe we better not take up the interim today.

What have they got doctors for? We’re only a scribe. Suffice it that Paramount was proud to interim on its list of loyal employees. Anyhow, it can be said that he prefers seriousness to wit. (That will be all, Mr. Marx.)

Now then, the boyhood.

He snuck off to the hay-loft to read “Wild Bill Hickok” and “The Circuit Rider.” He made faces at the ladies who visited his home to play bridge. He spent the warm summer days in his native Buffalo shooting marbles.

The activities of his boyhood life are evident in his life today. He reads the wild bills submitted by the Publix Circuit riders. He makes faces when his wife tells him company’s coming to play bridge.

Even the marble analogy still obtains. For in the ancient game of marbles there is a certain type of sphere known as a “tom troller.” In his boisterous fashion, the young Metzler called this a “comptroller.” And that’s precisely what he is today, in the Publix Accounting Department.

That he has a high regard for his boyhood years is very evident. For he has given two other fellows a chance at minor existence. They are Robert and Roy Metzler, aged 15 and 11. Fred’s their dad.

Any girls in the family? No. That’s all there is to wit. (Why hello there, officer! Who me? Pinched? Why I didn’t do anything—)
Storehouse News

Since Rae Eisner became one of our company's shareholders, we hear nothing but stocks and stocks again. And every time the 36 becomes a 35 and that same 35 becomes a 34 it's just like pulling teeth from Rae. Well, she ought to know by now the ups and downs of being a great big successful business woman as she is.

Lou Caputo dances so well that he is never sitting when the music plays hot numbers. In fact, he is so good that the females invite him to dance and when they finish the girls thank him. Oh, Lou, what would your mother say if she saw you then?

It's been a long time since Bertha Kasica's name has been in the limelight and it has cropped up again to let everybody know that she doesn't like certain beverages despite the fact that she does live in New Jersey. Well, that's a clue for the Brooklymites who find their own home town a little parched in places. Please, speak easy, Bertha!!

To be or not to be, that is the question. We are duly informing Bobby alias "Semmy" Guilloyle that if he breaks any more records he will either be dunked or we might even punish him by squeezing him into an Austin car. What will it be, Bob?

Minnie Eisner is on a diet, but if those dainty cakes don't stop finding themselves in her path, it won't be a diet any longer. May the heavens send strength and fortitude to another victim who eats jujubes just to keep the candy industry on the go.

It seems that the Taylor boys refuse to give up the Southern accent for our highbrow drawl. They are not to be blamed in the least for we are sure that their Southern mammy and pappy wouldn't know who we were without the sho', sho' and the inimitable, pur' tha' down tha'.

All of us didn't get a peek at Mr. Carroll's son, but from what we hear, he's not just another boy. For that matter neither is Marty just another daddy but he's that certain papa.

Suppose

Supposin' fish don't bite at first, What are you goin' to do? Throw down your pole, chuck out your bait And say your fishin' through? You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish And fish and fish and wait Until you've ketched a bucketful Or used up all your bait. Suppose success don't come at first, What are you goin' to do? Throw up the sponge and kick yourself And growl, and fret, and stew? You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish An' bait, and bait and cast Until success will bite your hook For grit is sure to win.

—Literary Digest.

Pep Club's Ace Reporter

Pep-O-Grams gladly gives credit to all who help to make the magazine the success it is. One of the unsung heroes is Miss Doris Meyer who has been faithful to the cause in "shorthanding" all the speeches at the Pep Club meetings.

Miss Meyer's interest in the Club has been greatly appreciated by the editorial staff and by the members in general for the word-by-word write-ups of the various men who have honored the Club by addressing its members.

Some of the speeches have been delivered at a normal pace while others have been spoken at a rapid rate of speed. Whether moderately slow or increasingly fast, and under all conditions, Miss Meyer has correctly recorded each discourse.

We are most glad to extend our many thanks to Miss Meyer, the Pep Club's ace reporter, in order that these transcripts may be a permanent and correct record of Pep-O-Grams.

8th Floor Annex

Jack Oswald is a warm friend of a genuine A-1 Count. How noble!

Charlie Adams can shoot the buffalo off a nickel, at the same time quoting Shakespeare's "To Be or Not To Be."

Rose White still dreams about her European trip. Saving your pennies for another tour, Rose?

Leo La Lanne has that recipe for strawberry shortcake (the kind Mother makes). Sylvia Klaus' pet hobby is housekeeping. Are we right, Sylvia, or are we right?

Josef Zimanich will always give you a grand "Hello," no matter how busy he may be.

Rudolph Weiss has many pet hobbies, but we've yet to learn what they are.

Edith "Tiny" Kaiser is trying mighty hard to find a swanky outfit that will go well with her "Boop Boopa Doop."

Lou Nathan can get almost anybody to smile for him.

Rubin Abrams nurses a secret desire to become a strong man. Watch out, girls!

Frank Prete is an ardent admirer of Mitzi Green.

Phil Barbancell, our promising young lawyer, stands in front of a mirror every night and debates with himself.

Arthur Novak is reducing his corporation. Is it because of the depression, Art?

Bernadene Zorn and Karl Waltz are now Annex "Peppies." Welcome, children!
9th Annex

Who’s the unknown (?) admirer who sent ‘Root’ Goodman all those postcards, “en route”...? Irving Hajek (did we spell it right this time?) has been transferred to Phil Selletsky’s office. Best wishes, and confidentially, anything you can tell us about Dorothy Wechsler will be gratefully listened to; we’ve missed her lately... Milton Gurian is going to adopt a Beaver; he just loves the little animals... Three guesses, who’s the biggest shrimp of the department...? Suppose this is just as good a place as any to officially say “hello” to Paul Bach, Elsie Nuttie, Larry Fisher, Harriet Kilion, Madelyn Mitchell, and several others (whose names we have not as yet learned, but who will be mentioned next time), and bid them welcome to our department... It isn’t indigestion Phil Pike is suffering from, no sirric! It’s heartburn (catch on?)... Now will someone please tell us what’s become of Bob Haliday...? Thanks for the letter, jojo... Kitty Talber just hates to be mentioned here... Clarice Aronton has been doing her exercising up at the Park Central lately... Dave Samelson looks so frightfully busy these days... Ditto Bee Lerner... Wish Rae Bittell would advise us how she loses weight... Wonder why the sound of “Harry” makes a certain girl’s heart miss a beat...? Fanny Schwartz is up here now, with Mr. Standard, sweet as ever, bless ‘er little ‘cart (What ho! how English we’re becoming)... Wilma Philipson gets mixed up occasionally with her “ibes”... Sid Ellisson sets himself up to be a judge of eyes, but we can’t see it... anyhow... Barbara Cohen has the most infectious laugh and the way she bites when you tell her a joke is a pleasure... Teddy Housman loves to walk in the rain, but to us it’s all wet... Well, at last we’ve done something good, Jeanette Lutz told us we saved her life... Thanks for the boots, Mr. Owens... Whatever would we do without Max Factor...? Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall goes the old Nursery rhyme, but that’s nothing on the fall your reporter had the other night... Is our face red...?... Wally Jorgensen’s been taking vocal lessons lately but she’s still a little nervous when singing before her instructor... What’s this that’s going on between red-haired Ray Whalen and Claire Singer...? Lil Gushin has obligingly offered her services in behalf of this column, thanx... 

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Things We’d Like To Know——

The number of the ex-fire chief summering in Sing Sing who complained to the management that there weren’t enough exits.

A story that would beat Charlie Winchell’s “snake-shooting” tale and Dick Dorman’s prize “fish” story about the pelican that swallowed a fisherman’s live bait and then flew off with the pole.

What team really won the Pep Club bowling tournament. With these disputes and all, who knows?

What delayed the Spring that song pluggers have been singing about for weeks? We have had a lot of that ‘Ho-lum’ feeling but little or no Spring.

If President Hoover made his youthful guest, Bryan Untiedt eat a chicken the other day when they dined together? If so, did Herb set a good example for the ‘snore-storm’ hero by eating his too?

What the new Eighth Avenue subway trains will look like, and if they have any seats. If so, why?

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Spanish Class Is Making Headway

J. H. Seidelman, Assistant General Manager of the Foreign Division expressed a wish several months ago that a class might be formed in Spanish which would equip any interested members of the Foreign Department and other employees with a knowledge of Spanish conversation, reading and writing.

The class was formed about a month ago and has been meeting twice weekly ever since; each session extending one hour.

Seventeen members comprise the class including Messrs. Stilson, Fass, McClave, Rosch, E. B. Schosberg, Jacobs, Pines, Shellhorn, Miller, Stefanie, Robert, Wilnotte and the Misses Schelb, Jones, M. Meltzer, Greenwald, and Horvath.

The teacher of the class is Daniel M. Russell, Statistician of the Theatre Department and a linguist of marked ability. He is likewise a member of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, has studied extensively abroad and is particularly competent in instructing the class—and the members of the class are fortunate in having his services.
At the “Tarnished Lady” premiere, it looked like it was raining Rolls Royces outside the theatre and the Ermines were so plentiful it seemed as if it were snowing and when the stars began to arrive, the people began hailing them—so that all in all it was pretty thick weather.

Georges Metaxa, one of the world’s best dressed men came late, probably because he found it difficult to choose which one of his six evening suits he was to wear.

One of the nicest of the men present was Al Wilkie who greeted the stars in behalf of the studio.

Tess Klausner was chatting briskly with Freddie March.... We wonder what they were talking about.

All the society women who were in the party scene in the picture were present at the premiere wearing the ermine wraps and costly jewels they are seen in on the screen.

Charlie Ruggles’ voice seemed to get better as he continued the speech.

Everybody at the opening wanted to know what Tallulah whispered into Charlie’s ear while they were standing on the stage. Our spies report, having installed a dictaphone between the asbestos curtains, that the Alabama belle said nervously, as she clasped Charlie’s hand and placed her lips next to his ear: “Don’t go away Charlie, stay with me.”

All the Fannies were there including Fannie Ward and Fanny Hurst.

Gertrude Turchin, who worked on the picture, was in Ruth Roland’s and Georges Metaxa’s party.

One of the studio informers reported having seen Saul (Small Steak) Jacobs with a Ziegfeld glorification.

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One Thing At A Time

George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, was talking to a group of executives not long ago about the advertising policy of his corporation. The company manufactures five tobacco products and in the past they were advertised as a group. Under Mr. Hill’s direction each is now advertised singly.

“We started to advertise a family of tobacco products—something to suit every taste in smoking,” said Mr. Hill. “Results were not altogether satisfactory and we made some experiments. Soon we became convinced that advertising is most effective when it sets out to do one thing at a time.

“That,” he added, “is a good rule for any man to follow in any walk of life.”

—Opportunity the Magazine of Salesmanship.

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Madeline Reynolds’ mother gave a surprise birthday party on Saturday, April 25th for Madeline. Mary Mar- mone and a telegram represented the girls wishing her a happy birthday.

- For the first time in months May Jones went to a dance, with her brother; hope you had an enjoyable evening May.

A petite young lady in our department prefers Jewish boys. Take it easy boys, don’t shove.

Broken Hearts in our department! The blonde Adonis has shown his preference for Helen Goldberg, the lucky girl!

Mary Seletsky is awfully worried lately. Her beautiful blonde tresses are getting dark and she is afraid to have it bleached.

Believe it or not, we have amongst us a young lady:

(a) Who raves about her figure, height and weight
(b) Talks about her Joe till you can choke her
(c) Can’t learn to sharpen a pencil
(d) Who is always tired at five o’clock (from talking)
(e) Last but not least, who laughs like a factory whistle.

It must be in the air, Rita Barre is becoming economical and is saving her money. Every day for the past few weeks Rita has been bringing her lunch. I wonder if her boy friend has anything to do with it.

Betty Radigan has her troubles these days. The only theatre in her town burned down, now Betty has to spend her money on a Broadway theatre.

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Elwood J. Duerenberger
Barney Ellman
Kathrynn L. Laze
David Greenwald
Manuel H. Miller
Michael Haas
Charles Schierenbeck
Thomas Hayakawa
Edith Sussman
Mary Lally
Marguerite E. Tresselt
Madeline Lang
Mrs. Rose Weinstein
Sunisaku Yamamoto

---
Jest For a Laugh

Beats Einstein

A Lebanon man says he worried a good deal over making out his income-tax return, until he finally hit upon a simple formula, which he now offers free of charge to any who may be perplexed in the future.

He listed as dependents one blonde wife, a sedan car, three goldfish and two children. He then multiplied his grandfather's age by six and seven-eighths, subtracting his telephone number. Next he added the size of his hat and subtracted the number of his car. After these preliminaries, the rest was easy.

Deducting $1,000 for keeping his wife a blonde for the whole year, he divided the remainder by the number of lodges he belonged to, multiplied by the number of electric lights in the house, divided by the size of his collar.

This gave his gross income, which, after dividing by his chest measurement and subtracting his blood pressure, gave the net amount owed to the Government.

—Lebanon (N.H.) paper.

Service Improvement

"Fare, please! Fare!"
The passenger gave no heed.
"Fare, please!"
Still the passenger was oblivious.
"By the ejaculatory term, 'Fare'" said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of the service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely alluded in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car and suggest that you liquidate."

At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

—Forbes.

Mrs. Mack: I'm bothered with a little wart I'd like to have removed.

Dr. Jones: The divorce lawyer is at the second door to your left.

Teacher: Who were elected President and Vice President in 1928?
Pupil: Herbert Hoover and the brother of Mrs. Gann.

Effective Remedy

Higgins—"Wasn't it in your town that so many boys were doing tree-sitting stunts last summer?"
Jiggins—"Yes, but we broke it up easily when school was ready to start—we hung an arithmetic in each tree."

First Aid

Green Hand—"There was a live mouse in that last bucket of milk."
Dairyman—"Well, you fished it out, didn't you?"
G. H.—"No sir; but I threw the cat in."

A candidate is a man who believes the votes he gets will be in proportion to the number of times the voters see his picture.
—San Diego Union.

All We Know Are

Askit—"Why do they call it the 'Poet's Corner'?"
Knowit—"Did you ever hear of a poet that wasn't in a corner?"

Change of Plan

Mrs. X.—"My sister May always said that if she had a baby girl she would name her 'June'."
Mrs. Z.—"Well, did she?"
Mrs. X.—"No, it just so happened that she married a man named 'Bugg'."

Gain or Loss?

McTavish—"Mon, what shall I do? I just swallowed a ten-dollar bill."
MacNable—"Wheesht, was it the grocer or the gas company?"

Give and Take

Pa—"You mean to say that that big red cow gave nothing at all?"
Sonny—"Oh, she gave it all right—she gave nine quarts and one kick."

Fowls and Ducks

Eva—"See that young man over there? He deals in furs and hides."
Cora—"Well, if he would tell the truth about the furs, he wouldn't have to."

Not Off the Stage, Anyhow

Mr. Smith—"I can't see what keeps you women from freezing."
Miss Johnson—"No, and you aren't supposed to, big boy."

Lightning Recruiter

"Fourth for bridge!"
"Okay!"
"That's great! Now all we need's a third."
—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.
Asbury Park

The picture on the front and back covers is a panoramic view of the City of Asbury Park. It is the scene of the Paramount Pep Club outing to be held on Saturday, June 13th, 1931.

A glance at the picture reveals that there are many interesting sights to look forward to in Asbury Park. There are amusements of practically every description for both young and old.

Perhaps foremost among the amusements will be the call of the ocean for the bathers. And then there is the pool, dancing at Convention Hall, both afternoon and evening; tennis and golf.

And for the persons who like to walk, there are miles of spacious boardwalk. And for those who prefer to rest, there are plenty of benches and chairs.

Saturday, June 13th, will undoubtedly be one of the happy events to those attending the outing. Make certain to be there so that this day will be another happy memory in your life.
ON TO ASBURY

Everything is in readiness for the outing. Read this page carefully so that you are informed.

Transportation

The Pep Club Special will leave Penn Station at 33rd St., New York City at 9 A.M. It will make a stop at Manhattan Transfer at 9:24 and one at Newark at 9:32. You can get on the train at any of these points. We will reach Asbury Park at 11 A.M.

Members will be admitted to the train at any of the above mentioned points by giving up their Club cards and being identified by one of the Committee.

Leaving for home at night, the Special will pull out of North Asbury Park at 10:30 P.M., and will stop at Newark at 11:43, Manhattan Transfer at 11:47 and will arrive at Penn Station in New York at 12:05 A.M. The time given is Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Food

One meal, dinner, will be served to members and their guests. This will be at 5:30 P.M., at the Hotel Berkeley-Carteret. Dinner tickets will be distributed on the train after it leaves Newark. Following is the menu:

- Cantaloupe
- Salted Almonds
- Cream of Asparagus
- Sirloin of Beef, with Mushrooms
- New String Beans
- Potato Duchesse
- Hearts of Lettuce and Tomatoes
- Russian Dressing
- Mousse Sarah Bernhardt
- Petit Fours
- Mocha

Outing Committee

All arrangements for the outing have been made by President Metzler's Entertainment Committee, composed of Edward A. Brown, Chairman; Joseph R. Wood, Vice-Chairman; Arthur Leonard, Claude Keator, Bert Adler, Sara Sultner, Homer Traw, Carl Clausen, Clarence Alexander and Joseph Zammit.

If you are in doubt about anything, ask one of the members of the Committee. They will be glad to tell you.

Expenses

Guest tickets may be purchased from Homer Traw in the Herald-Tribune Building or Miss Sara Sultner of the Cashier's Dept., 11th floor, Paramount Building. Guest tickets are $5.00 per person. A special ticket for children under 12 years of age can be purchased for $1.50. And guests of members who do not use the special train can secure a ticket for $3.00. Guests will be granted the same privileges as are extended to the members.

Dancing

An eight-piece orchestra from Asbury Park will furnish music for dancing at Convention Hall; from 3 to 5 in the afternoon and after dinner until it is time to catch the train.

For those who do not care to dance but like to watch the dancers and listen to the music, there are plenty of seats in the mezzanine—and comfortable too.

Sports

There will be a reduction on the bathing tickets and it will be one of the houses situated near the Berkeley-Carteret Hotel and Convention Hall. Golf can be played at the Municipal Golf Course by paying a small green fee—and this applies to tennis too.

Ed. A. Brown

JOSEPH R. WOOD
Miles of interesting boardwalk; acres upon acres of sandy and more than agreeably inviting beach; the cooling, invigorating touch of briny Father Neptune—that will, in all probability, be your first impression of Asbury Park where the Paramount Pep Club will be on location with Old Sol furnishing the kleigs and Mother Nature the majority of the settings Saturday, June 13th.

Six very representative Paramount Publix theatres are located in Asbury Park. The Paramount on the boardwalk is one of the finest theatres in America. The Mayfair has for sometime been known as "New Jersey's finest theatre," its unique architecture being a subject of discussion wherever showmen are talking about better theatres. The St. James was, at one time, THE vaudeville house of the North Jersey coast. The Lyric is an ideal popular price family theatre. The Savoy has seen many a road show open—and fold the next week as Asbury Park audiences are very critical. And the Rialto caters to the downtown popular price patronage. You will be proud of these theatres when you see them the 13th.

The Convention Hall, the center of activities the big day, is directly across the boardwalk from the Paramount theatre. There you will dance on a wonderful floor right out over the ocean. You will stroll around the open air promenades; investigate the many inviting nooks; inspect the Hall of Fame containing flags from many nations, all centering around the American flag given the Hall of Fame by our own Mr. Adolph Zukor. Make yourself right at home in the heart of one of the world's finest resorts.

The Berkeley-Carteret is just a stone's throw from Convention Hall and the boardwalk and beach. It offers every convenience to be found in the smartest resort hostleries. The golf and country club arrangements make golf or tennis possible to those preferring these sports. Famous and beautiful Deal Lake will invite you to investigate its attractions in canoes.

The sun will start sinking in the West and many Pep Club members will say, "I'm NOT going home until Sunday night. All this is too good to leave." The great majority will hesitatingly leave it all behind, and Saturday, June 13, 1931, will be more than another happy memory.
Mr. Walter F. Wanger, an executive of the Paramount Publix Production Department addressed the meeting of the Paramount Pep Club on Tuesday, May 12, 1931.

In opening, Mr. Wanger stated that it was a great pleasure to be present and to be able to talk to the members, especially at this time which is probably the most historic time in the history of the company.

“Paramount, because of its prominent position in the business, must suffer the penalties of leadership — and there are a great many penalties as well as advantages to our leadership. We must be talented and our operations are naturally costly because of the duties that go with leadership.

“There is no other company in the industry that maintains three great studios as we do. We have our major studio in Hollywood where the majority of the features are made. We have our studio in New York which is unique in the industry because it enables us to take people right off Broadway who could not leave to go to the coast and test them without long term contracts and it enables us to obtain authors who could not possibly leave New York. The rest of the world, and we are fully aware of the changes that are taking place in that end of our industry, is being looked after by our studios at Joinville, just outside of Paris, where next year they are going to make forty very important features.

“When you realize that we have a threefold obligation, you realize that we cannot just go out and make five or six fine pictures. Because of all of our own Publix theatres and the other theatre circuits that depend on Paramount, we have to maintain the greatest volume of pictures of the finest available quality and deliver them with the highest degree of service. It is really difficult in a creative business like ours to meet that threefold obligation of quality, service and quantity, but Paramount has done that for twenty years.

“Don’t forget that this business has grown very rapidly from a movie show to a vast industry and that it naturally requires some adjustment to keep up with that growth. Within the next year, we will make you feel very proud and I am quite certain that inevitably in Paris, Berlin, Budapest and Japan, as well as throughout America and the rest of the world, there will be a new Paramount, an international Paramount, representing absolutely the last word and the spirit of the times.

“That is our dream. Everybody is working day and night to accomplish this. Never before has there been a time when the studios have been so stripped for action and manned for battle. Have plenty of faith in us. We have plenty of faith in you and we want you to know there will be no stone left unturned to get Paramount to the spot where it will just be Paramount and the rest of the industry.”
Things We’d Like
To Know

Why a woman will always take your last cigarette?

If Dick Dorman will have to resort to incidents from the motion picture, “Monsters of the Deep” to outdo Charlie Winchell’s fish stories?

A good cure for Asbury Park sunburn?

Why Ken Long has all the luck when it comes to getting ‘speeding’ tickets squared?

Who revived the old story of the two dope fiends whose conversation is hereby duly recorded for posterity: 1st D. F. “Well, I think I’ll buy the Kimberly diamond mines.” 2nd D. F. “Who said I wanted to sell?”

What Jimmy Furman is going to do with the empty ‘perfume’ bottle he brought back from Canada? Is it a lamp?

Whether we are less inquisitive than we used to be, or if it is because we are running out of gags and gossip, that makes this column shorter and shorter? Help!
Group Insurance

By G. B. J. Frawley

Have you ever stopped to consider what Life Insurance means?

Some of us have, but there are a number who constantly keep putting it off, feeling that there will be lots of time on the morrow; but tomorrow never comes, and in the meantime, before we realize it, sadness is in the home. And while money can never buy back loved ones who have gone, still it may help to settle doctors’ bills which may have been incurred, at least pay for some of the expenses in connection with the deceased.

Group Insurance is one of several forms of insurance, and is issued on the lives of the employees of large corporations. However, it is necessary for at least 75% of the employees of that corporation to participate before the insurance can be in force.

Immediately it is operative, the cost is very small, and in fact at the rate of 60c a month, is the only type of insurance which may be procured at so low a premium.

Do you know that you can obtain a $1000.00 Life Insurance Policy through your Company for 15c a week? This $1000.00 to be paid to you if totally disabled, or to your beneficiary in any manner you may see fit.

In times like the present, there is nothing you can buy, where you can obtain so much for so small an outlay, always bearing in mind what this $1000.00 may mean to your loved ones who may need financial assistance, should anything happen to you.

A number of the members of our Club have already taken advantage of this wonderful opportunity. But there are still a few whom we have not heard from. And to those we cannot too forcibly bring to their attention the above facts. And each of them should consider it his duty to immediately make application for this Group Insurance, obtaining the blanks therefor from Miss Irene Sullivan of Mr. McLoughlin’s office, Room No. 1119.
Mildred Greenblatt has just finished working out a plan to rid the good old United States of the depression. If anyone is interested in this plan, Millie will be glad to explain it in detail. From latest reports, it is said that only one person understands it—Lady Einstein.

Fred Taylor is going to the outing this year...and with his wife. He expects to motor down. He's reputed to be quite a swimmer—a la Johnny Weissmuller.

Anna Cohen can hardly wait until the day of the outing. She is anxious to give her “blazing one-piece” a tryout. Here’s hoping for a nice warm sunny day say us all.

Gertrude Sacharow, although never having been to Asbury, can tell you more facts about the place than perhaps the oldest resident of that town. She is secretary to the man that handles the advertising and publicity of the theatres along the Atlantic seacoast and thereby hangs the tale of Gertrude’s learnedness.

Estelle Morse has a passion for autographed photographs. She gathers all she can irrespective whether they are movie stars are not. There must be a reason for all this. Perhaps we’ll learn some day.

Edna Bennett purposely keeps out of the limelight in all Club activities to make certain that her name won’t appear in print. Outside of that, she is a perfectly normal girl. Yessir, say 50 million—admirring boy friends.

Jeanette Mendelowitz has often been compared with Jeanette MacDonald as a singer. And as a matter of fact, our ‘Jeanette’ is the quietest person ever.

Sada Snyder recently visited her dentist. The anticipation was greater than the realization. We refer to the ‘pain.’

Theodora Hansman paid the regular admission price to attend the official opening of “The Smiling Lieutenant.” She said that it was worth the price to mingle with a lot of movie celebrities.

Eve Ettinger has a ‘pint’ delivered every morning. It is Grade A milk.

In order to avoid the crowded subway trains, Gertrude Berg often walks home from the office. She lives in Brooklyn. Now, do you believe everything that you see in print?

Evelyn Michaelson hears so many fish stories from her boss that she herself is seriously contemplating going on a fishing trip.

Dorothy Ruff is still winning most of the arguments. Ask hubby, he knows.

Alice Irene Kelly Dempsey always signs her full name to all documents but she is just plainly “Irene” to us.

Shirley Korrenrein prefers mints to chocolates anytime.

Dorothy Blatchford has resumed her summer commuting to Long Island.

In the last issue of Pep-O-Grams our President, Fred Metzler, was the subject of Thumbnail Scratch No. 13. The numerical designation just happened that way and was not the result of an editorial plot.

Mr. Metzler now points out that this is not the first time the ominous (to some people) number has come into his life.

He became engaged for wedlock on the 13th of the month. He was married on the 13th, in the year 1913. His wife and he were each 26 years old, which is four more thirteens. They left for their honeymoon on train No. 26—a pair more of the so-called disastrous integers.

Mr. Metzler pointed out to his interviewer that “13” has never brought him a moment’s trouble. The alert reporter knows why—for as Fred’s hands fumbled meaningly with some papers on his desk as a signal that the interview was concluded the scribe noted that the fingers were crossed.

Teresa Horvath has reduced so much that she was mistaken for Lucille Levy the other day.

Lucille Levy has gained 5 pounds and is beginning to look like Teresa. .

Matilda Newman is still happily engaged.

Dorothy Lynch is acting rather ‘funny.’ It’s a new boy friend she isn’t telling us anything about.

Henriette Berman still wears size 21½ shoe and a 6 inch belt.

Eleanor Lindeberg seems to be getting stronger after her recent illness.

Mr. Jacob H. Karp has just returned from a month’s trip to Hollywood. It really was a business trip.

Tessie Coyne’s B. F. had better watch his step. Tessie may not be as old as she looks. It looks suspicious to us—what with such childhood ailments as measles and mumps.

Although Aimee Elliott says she only took two drinks on her weekend cruise to Nassau, we have our own ideas on the subject—or else—something’s wrong somewhere.

If you are in any doubt as to whom the coloratura soprano laughter belongs to, set your mind at rest. It’s Rebekah Shuman’s.

Lillian H. Grossman has joined the great army of Ford owners.
Theodore C. Young

The word "Theodore" is from the Greek and means "gift of God"; the letter "C" is from the Latin and means "one hundred"; the word "Young" is from the Chinese and means "laundry."

And so, according to the best heraldic records, the name of our eminent chief of the Real Estate Department means literally—"By the gift of God he can buy old laundries at one hundred dollars apiece and make first-class theatres out of them with the aid of a few chairs and mirrors."

But our good Pep-O-Grams readers are aware of the foregoing facts. They are also privy to many more of the capabilities of this demon real estator. Lots and lots more.

What the good Pep-O-Grams readers would be most interested in perusing on this page are the heretofore unknown yens and double-yens of our subject for the day. We'll cite a few of them. ("Site" to you, Mr. Young.)

He likes to engage in fist-fights, and his favorite blows are riparian rights to the jaw.

His favorite dish is cornice-beef and cabbage.

He is a devotee of fencing, provided it runs clear around the property.

As for other forms of gymnastics, he gets his fill of them at the New York Athletic Club. Yet he does NOT have Athlete's Foot.

He likes to commute on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R.R. Likes to, hell! He has to, for he lives in Pelham.

Being an executive he is not without a passion for golf. His favorite pastime following a round is to make a rapid calculation of his opponents' score totals, calling them off in a raucous voice immediately after the others have announced their own figures, like this:

Opponent—"Ninety-three."
Young—"One hundred and nineteen!"

Opponent—"Eighty-one."
Young—"Ninety-Nie-Yun!!"

In this way, his opponents have broken many clubs. Over his head.

T. C. has another secret pash. Sh! He saves up magnifying glasses. Yep, he has a whole study full of them at home. A magnifying glass' purpose is to draw attention to a small object and make it look about a hundred times as large as it really is. Well, we said at the beginning that T. C. is a real estate man.

And, oh yes! We nearly forgot. There is, in the Young menage, beside Mr. and Mrs., a daughter. She's rather grown up now—but she'll always be a Yonnestor to Theodore.
There's one thing Erwin (Exchange) Lesser won't have to buy Mildred (Home Office) Meltzer when they've gone and got married and that's stockings. Saturday afternoon was one of the biggest stocking events of the season. A shower was given for Mildred in Mr. Shauer's office (it just happened that way, that's all). Ann La Viness did the catering and there were sandwiches were great (weren't they, Elsie Scheib, Helen Alberts and Paula Greenwald?). Kay McKeon did the decorating, the spying and the scheming. Some spying and scheming credit can also go to Mildred Chereskin and Helen Alberts who managed to keep the 'bride' away from the stocking-laden room. The men of the Foreign Department presented Mildred with the stunning pair of lounging 'pajamas' you've ever set your eyes on. When the party was well under way two scheming men (Eugene Schoseb and Saul Jacobs) managed their way into the room, but were only successful in grabbing off a cracker or two. At any rate it was a gala event.

Saul (Booth) Jacobs has taken to dramatics! With the snap of the fingers and several exclamations of hokus, a Walter Hampden-the-2nd is in our midst. Walter Hampden, yes—but how about Don Juan—the greatest lover of his time?

When Matilda Kass sings "I've Got Five Dollars," Gerry Goldsmith rushes up to her with a hat or dress and says "Willya buy it?" Just fast salesmanship, we call it.

After that stocking shower of Mildred Meltzer's, we've just sitting back, holding on tightly to our purses (apparently for more than one reason) and hoping that no other young damsel will up with a wedding announcement. However, we have our own suspicions—say when—Ruthie Sandschet?

Guy Wood still calls elevators "lifts".... Belle Jones is acquiring a Spanish accent ....Owen McClave won five dollars (cash) in a baseball pool....Al Stefani lost hope on that moustache....Sarah Friedman actually wore a dress two days in succession ....Bill Pass threatens to wear his fireman's uniform to the office....P. H. Stilson speaks a dignified Spanish....Lillian Beck still has her troubles....Saul Jacobs counted on winning five dollars....Gerry Goldsmith knows all the boy's secrets....Ask Luigi Luraschi to explain how a snake eats a pig....Kay Gruet and Ruth Sanstedt are always together....Matilda Kass still raves about Bermuda....Sophie Singerman en-

joyed Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant"....Louie Fernandez sings that Spanish ditzy "Manon Inez"....Al Stefani thinks it plenty hot....Linda Salsberger never stops talking about "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"....Albert Deane is back from a trip to Trinidad. Folks are excited about "Gente Alegre"....It's a Spanish picture....May Sommers has a bungalow at Manhattan Beach....Gertrude Wiethake takes red pills to make her peppy....Sammy Cohen used up all the adjectives praising "The Smiling Lieutenant"....Paula Greenwald bought herself a new advertisement....Elsie Scheib speaks English with a Spanish accent....That's what comes of taking Spanish.

Harold (tenth floor desk) must be a staunch follower of Governor Al Smith. Every once and so often Harold will whistle "East Side, West Side"—"Annie Laurie" and the rest. Probably he can see the Empire State Building from his bedroom window.

Elsie Scheib is still peering aimlessly out of her office window humming quietly to herself, "Ah, Love, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?"

For sympathy in Home Decoration Problems see Mari Bachrach who is now located in her own home and has struggled through this period.

We have all noticed that Doc Voller just can't stay out of R. C. Brown's office. What can the attraction be?

If Teddy Bloomfield doesn't show her new complete black outfit to the girls of this floor soon, there will be plenty of nervous break-downs.

The spring cleaning bug has hit Karol Newtown—AND HOW.

Western Union and Postal Telegraph take this opportunity to congratulate and sincerely thank Gilda Soculo for having a birthday on May 18. It certainly boosted business for these two companies.

The "absent minded professor" (Played by R. Brown) nearly kept the bride and groom waiting at the church last week, when he almost forgot he was Best-Man.

On a certain Monday morning we noticed our SCHMALTZ Herring (Lee) was a PICKLED Herring, due to her hang-over from a heavy week-end.

See Dot Lansky on how to prepare for Boat-Rides, whether rain or shine.

Henry Behr sure plays safe. He keeps his new straw hat under lock and key.

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Henry Behr sure plays safe. He keeps his new straw hat under lock and key.
So, Bess Decker finally got her car. Well, you know the old saying—"What’s worth waiting for is worth having." How about a ride, Bess?

Sadye Innerfield has just returned from her vacation during which she went through Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia Beach, Va. There’s only one thing she’s sorry about—and that is that she could not take home any samples—particularly when she visited the Bureau of Printing & Engraving at Washington, D. C., where she held, in her own little hands, $127,000,000 in currency.

Here’s the latest—Jack Ehrenreich is taking a trip to Washington, D. C., and he’s not going alone! He has chosen for company—Sam Hertz, Jean Briggs and Estelle (Jaki) Jacobs. No Chaperone?

Oolie Olwovitch showed up at the dramatic club just a wee bit late. Poor Oolie had no opportunity to display his talent. Of our attendance of Actors and Actresses, twelve best ones are to be chosen next week. Wonder who the lucky dozen will be?

Frances Goldberg took an early vacation to get rid of a bad cold. Poor Frances came back more hoarse than ever. I guess it was damp in Them Thar Woods.

Carroll Franz has been seen visiting around in Mr. Beyea’s department. Wonder who the reason is.

DID YOU KNOW?—

That Beadie Steinbaum is firmly convinced that Shakespeare has entered the burlesque field since she saw a sign on 42nd Street which reads—"Burlesque—AS YOU LIKE IT....??"

That it is Betty “Ho-Ho” Whalen’s fondest ambition to become ingenue in any production sponsored by the newly formed Dramatic Club and that she is absolutely confident that she can “out-Marlene” the great Dietrich any time. (Next week, “East Lynne.”)

That my illustrious journalistic rival, the scintillating Sadye, should have her stuff syndicated but doesn’t???

That Mary “Big Smile” Turner has “solicited” it—??? After all these years!

That “Mimi” Marle and Bert “Feet” Adler still argue on with Mimi retaining a slight verbal advantage???

That Esther Meltzer just simply CAWNT hear very well over the telephone???

That when Mr. Wohl cannot get into a telephone booth, “there’s just no use talking.”???

That Ida Levine is no longer good copy and that we MUST turn elsewhere for our subtleties???

That Al “Rainbow Man” Hertz loves to doze during lunch hour???

That the migration of American citizens to New Jersey has us worried???

That Lefty Poole was an unwitting neighbor of Two Gun Crowley, the big slenith???

That Isabelle Forsman thinks “Mickey Mouse” is a trained rodent and a pal of Rin-Tin-Tin???

That Jerry and Jack of Mr. Plunkett’s unit have been named “The Happiness Boys???"

That Cyrena Ryan occasionally remembers her Southern drawl???

That Rose Clayman can sing and won’t which is slightly better than not being able to sing and doing it like Esther???

That “I’ve Got Five Dollars” is Charlie Eich’s favorite melody but not Jean Diver’s????

Away From Old Scenes

By Rose S. Reitman

We cannot help but feel sentimental when we think of leaving the old storehouse way up on the sixth floor at 141 East 25th Street. It is the same feeling when one has to discard a possession full of memories. But that building that housed the storehouse will stand as another milestone in the progressive history of the great industry we work for. The few blocks that were traversed from the station to this building, the shops and windows we gazed at during lunch time, the street tracks and street cars we walked by, the same people we said good-morning to, all these and many other familiar things will have to be put away in a corner of our fading memories, to be revived again years later.

We have new buildings and new streets to which to become acclimated. We will have new objects to gaze at and become absorbed in. And we will have new faces to become familiar with just as we were back at the old storehouse.

We have not yet seen the new Paramount Annex, but it won’t be long before our destinies will again be blended with the new building and we will again fall back into the pleasant state of mind as with a new friend. And perhaps someday this experience in the light of greater enterprises will be put away by a newer experience and again bring back pleasant memories. Memories such as we are now living through.

And so the task of leaving old scenes for the new is a duofold one. It holds one spellbound anticipating new adventures while at the same time it makes us reminisce over past joys.
A VETERAN

Every conscientious stenographer lives in hopes that someday she will realize her ambition; that is to become secretary to the president of the organization of which she is a part.

Fifteen years ago a girl's wish became a realization, for at this time Belle Goldstein assumed the responsibilities of being secretary to Mr. Adolph Zukor.

Belle joined the staff of Famous Players in October, 1915. The entire personnel of the movie company then consisted of a mere handful of people. Little did this small group realize that they were the pioneers of what was to be the world's largest producing, distributing and exhibiting company of motion pictures.

It will be interesting to know that Belle's position demands certain qualities which are essential in her work. Personality, tact, accuracy, and ability to carry out details are just a few of the qualifications which must be better than standard to serve so capably as Belle does.

Interviewing the miscellany of persons representing all walks of life who approach Mr. Zukor on one proposition or another is a very interesting phase of Belle's work. Everyone is permitted to explain what he or she has to offer, and what they have to offer is sometimes very amusing: A collection of rare snuff boxes was recently offered to Mr. Zukor at a questionable bargain price; a man who could make his eyes come out of their sockets thought he would be a great find for our production department. However, in the event that anyone has something of real interest to offer in the way of merchandise, ideas or services he is conscientiously referred to the proper department head.

Belle was one of the organizers and first secretary of the Pep Club. She has also served on the Board of Governors.
8th Floor News

Hello folks, here we are again. Sorry we missed last month’s issue as we had a couple of choice items... but we will put them in now. DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Alice Deegan was a law student at one time... BUT... No divorce cases.

Mary McLaughlin won a prize for that skin you love to touch. She attributes it to Lifebuoy Soap. (Not an ad).

Pearl Schnur is going to trip down the aisle to the tune of Hearts and Flowers, soon. We will give you the exact date in due course of time.

Elaine Treitel was saving her pennies to get a hair cut, but she changed her mind, and is letting her hair grow... so now we suggest that with the pennies she saved she can buy a couple of hair pins.

Bill Hecht never misses an opening. Always Billy on the spot when it comes to first nights... such drag, just a man about town.

Emma McLennon is taking automobile lessons... Yes... (Hey Em—you know the fundamentals anyhow don’tcha? The idea is to keep both hands on the wheel.)

We’ve been promised a lot of snappy sports outfits for the outing. Here’s hoping the girls in the filing department don’t wear knickers.

We had a buyer for Jack McInerney’s ash-tray, but he got bashful before the sale, so now the ash-tray is still on Jack’s desk. Anyone interested in a good second hand ash tray?

Ed Omstead is back in these here parts again. Welcome home Ed.

Someone on the eighth floor was accused of having no soul. Does anyone qualify?

Marian Herbert’s “It” is still devastating the males. Such popularity must be observed.

Moe Kallis, the gentleman with the artistic ability, who hails from Kansas City says from now on, New York is his home town... Moe just loves N. Y.

Get the old Welcome mat out again, this time for Miss Lillian Fenske and Miss Rosalie Sevcik. (A little late on this, but you know the old adage—better late than never.)

Jim Reilly asked me how to spend $150,000. He has a ticket for the sweepstakes you know.

Not to be outdone by his brother Bill, along comes the stork to Walter Hanne- man’s home and left a nine pound, eleven ounce baby boy. O Boy, some baby, says Walter with his chest sticking out. There seems to be a race in the Hanneman family with Bill getting the girls and Walter the boys.

Edwin Haley, the maestro of the eighth floor reception desk was extremely interested in the outcome of the soccer matches between Scotland and New York. You should have heard him tell some stories on how the game is played on the other side.

Phil Cohen is back from his Vacation and whistling louder than ever before.

We wonder if Mollie Cohen is really wearing green dresses because of Irving Cohen’s strenuous objections.

The secret is out, Natalie Bindler of Miss Swayne’s Department will change her name, on June 28th, 1931, for better or worse.

Shakespeare’s famous balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet is once more being enacted before our eyes. A modern Romeo, one Fred Brannen has been noticed courting his Juliet on the now famous balcony of the 12th floor. We are proud to announce the role of Juliet is played by our Colleen Irene Sweeney.

The Sales Statistical Department join in hoping for the speedy return of Catherine Kirschbaum.

With swinging Pitcher and gleaming eyes, we note Helen Swayne’s departure from her desk at an appointed hour each day, bringing to us a delightful picture of the old-fashioned Milk Maid of yester year.

Cash Register

Madeline Reynolds’ pet expression: — Oh Hush.

Shirley Sosnoffsky had the honor of interviewing Rudy Vallee for her school paper.

A good way to find out if Helen Goldberg has a date is to ask her if she is going to wear her pinchers.

Helen C. Wawzycki of Miss Swayne’s department has joined us; hope you will like us, Helen.

May Jones is quite busy these days buying odds and ends for her new apartment. We all wish you luck and happiness.

On May 6th, 20 years ago Mary Selitsky first saw the light of day. Happy birthday Mary, if you had told me sooner this would have been in last month’s issue. Better late than never.

Rita Barre is the young lady that owns the sweet smile.
CLaire Singer denies the alleged romance between Ray Whalen and herself, but she does admit she could go for a certain somebody around here in a "big way," whose name we are under oath not to divulge....

Mr. Deitch's Mary is still the best baby in the word.... "Hal" is the name, the sound of which makes that young lady's heart beat faster, not "Harry;" we had Rae Bitell conjuring who the young lady in question was.... Elsie Methlie, with a very well-written letter, called our attention to the fact that we had misspelled her name in the last issue through a "reportorial" error.... Now that we know Bob Halliday's whereabouts, where does Al Greenberg keep himself?.... Wonder what the menu will be at the Berkeley-Carteret this year? Last year's was so good (if we remember rightly, we did a paragraph's worth of rave on it) that our mouth is watering in anticipation.... Darn this rain, anyhow!... Barbara Cohen has been asking the age-old question, "What shall I wear?"... Milton Gurian has very kindly invited all the girls in the department to drive down in that battered old wreck he calls a Car.... Rumor has it that Nat Sherman has a "secretpassion" for a nurse, but Nat won't commit himself yet.... Hope Max Factor is having a nice rest during his "vacation".... Whatever can be the matter with Joe, haven't heard from her in a dog's age.... Mary Newman finally plucked up enough courage to have those troublesome tonsils removed. Bravo!... Bee Lerner's "permanent" is a darb.... Mary Vernon looks so sleepy these mornings, guess it's because she stays up nights wondering how to wake up full of pep.... Nick Devereaux finds a nice car goes a long ways with the women.... Betty Kane is so well-behaved, we don't know what to write about her.... Well, we're going to have a June Bride after all, Thelma Finkel is taking the fatal step the 28th.... Willie Borack, formerly district hooker out of Salt Lake City, is now located in the Home Office. Wonder if he still retains those Mormon ideas?.... May Keenan is going on her vacation soon. Who cares?.... Clarice Aronton is trimming down beautifully.... Wonder will the old suit do, or shall we take the new Jantzen down to the bench?.... Dorothy Joseph is looking forward to a nice afternoon of Bridge, no doubt.... Oh, if we only had some real news to print about Dot Wechsler.... Fanny Schwartz takes to a bolt like a duck to water.... Wonder if you people reading this alleged column realize the struggle it is to fill it up with no "dirt" at all.... Every time we come scouling around, Paul Hadley looks at us with something akin to terror in his eyes, have no fear, Paul, we don't intend to mention you at all.... What a help Lil Gushin turned out to be!.... We've been waiting here for a bolt of lightning, or something to strike us, so we can finish this up with a clever word, but something has happened, and it doesn't seem likely to, well....

The 11th floor hasn't been the same since Margot Fragey moved to the 6th floor. We all miss that delightful French atmosphere which her being amongst us created. Well, what is one's loss is another's gain—so other folks will have a chance to learn more French. Nest ce pas?

Miss Ella Caldwell has adapted the florists' slogan "Say It With Flowers." Being unsellish, she makes it possible for some of the home office folks to enjoy the flowers from her wonderful garden. And you know how nice it is to have flowers on one's desk!

The Home Office extends a hearty welcome to Mr. Richard Rowland and Miss Mary McCaffery, his secretary, who have just moved from the studio to the 11th floor. It seems like months and months have passed since J. J. Colligan and Don Lurie were with us, but upon checking up we find it has only been about six weeks. Now there can be no doubt about it—they certainly have been missed and it sure is grand to have them back with us. Maurice Hanline, who also came back to the home office recently, hasn't lost his ready smile while at the studio.

We want to commend Marie Deverich for her very lovely hair comb—it certainly is becoming.

Mr. Scully never loses that great smile and pleasant manner of his. No wonder so many visitors to Paramount say it's even a pleasure to wait in the reception room for appointments.

"Mike" of the 11th floor desk still continues to be obliging and makes everybody notice his willingness to be of service.

Forgive us if we are mistaken, but we just can't resist hazarding a few predictions for our Asbury Park outing; so, here goes:

And, lo! and behold! on the beach:—Charlie Adams and his harmonica. Leo LaLane sporting a gorgeous parasol. Karl Waltz admitting that "the office is never like this." Sylvia Klaus and that boy-friend, Arthur Novak so afraid of wetting his bathing suit. Lou Nathan making us all look at birdies. Rubie Abrams and a big container of coffee. Edith Kaiser in those "Boop Boopa Boop" beach pajamas. Rose White sadly admitting that only the Elements control those "permanent waves." Jack Oswald becoming a wee bit sentimental. Paul Barban in a swell looking law-suit. Eugene Newman playing that "love game," but oh, my, what a racket! Rudolph Weiss at a loss as to which of his hobbies to pursue. Frank Prete desperately trying to teach Bernadene Zorn how to swim. Maurice Lawrence telling us all about the hoss-cars in Cheekawgo. And Josef Zimanich just a wow with the wimmen.
Jest For a Laugh

Fair Trade

An illusionist performing in a Northern town put a woman into a box from which there was no apparent outlet and shut the lid. When he opened it again there was nothing inside but a couple of rabbits.

After the performance a Scotsman went to the illusionist and asked him if he could perform the same trick if his (the Scotsman's) wife were to get into the box.

"Why yes," answered the illusionist. "But are you anxious to get rid of your wife?"

"Weel," answered the Scot, "it's no sae much that, but wee Wullie got me tae promise him two rabbits for his birthday!

—Sporting and Dramatic.

Occasional Loaf

"Your office is as hot as an oven," said a client to his lawyer.

"So it ought to be. I make my bread here.

—The Reflector.

No woman ever made a hit with her husband by striking him for money before breakfast.

Irene Thomas, pretty typist,
Really made a hit
With her new boss, Dave A. Meyer;
But she had to quit
When he noticed on each letter
She had signed—DAM/IT.

"Johnny, what is a cannibal?"
"I don't know."
"Well, if you ate your father and mother, what would that make you?"
"An orphan."

"Hey, Mike," said a workman to the other atop, "don't you come down on that ladder on the north corner; I took it away."

"I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," sang father, as he rocked the infant back to sleep.

—Krealite News.

Rubber

They were skating in the rink Christmas eve, and Liza fell down, flopped over, and came right up again in front of Rastus with remarkable agility.

"Did yo' see how quick Ah recovered mah equilib'ium, Rastus?"

"Golly, yaas—almos' befo' Ah noticed it was uncovahed!"

Was She a Blonde?

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert,
And then she gave the wrong address—
The nasty little flirt.

Not So Bad

Police Sergeant—"Is the man dangerously wounded."
Patrolman—"Two of the wounds are fatal, but the other one isn't so bad."

Sh! Sh!

A colored lad was, strangely enough, strolling through a cemetery, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which read: "Not Dead, but Sleeping."

Scratching his head, the little darkie remarked: "He sure ain't foolin' nobody but h'self."

For years and years, the two sexes raced for supremacy—now they've settled down to neck and neck.

One For the Golfers

Placid old lady (to golf apparel salesman)—"I'd like to look at some large handicaps, please; my husband said if he had had one yesterday he would have won the golf tournament."

—Imperial Life Guard.

On the Job

Mother: "Jimmy, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?"
Jimmy: "No, mother, the store was closed."
Mother: "What! Closed at this hour of the day?"
Jimmy: "Sure. There was a sign on the door that said "Home Baking."

—Sydney Bulletin.

Chance for a Third Ticket

"What do you think of the two candidates for the election?" asked one free and enlightened voter of another.
"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them I'm thankful only one of them can get elected."

Born That Way

Prof., to student who has been late often—"When were you born?"
Stude—"The second of April."
Prof.—"Late again."
RECORDED

Another stellar event has been happily recorded in the archives of the Paramount Pep Club—the annual outing held at Asbury Park on Saturday, June 13th.

Nearly five hundred members and their friends took advantage of the holiday and glorious warm weather.

Bathing, dancing and miniature golf were indulged in to a great extent while tennis and golf had their full share of participants.

With everybody more or less engaged in some activity during the day, the dinner at the Berkeley-Carteret found all present and willing to partake of the sumptuous repast.

And then followed more dancing at Convention Hall until it was time to depart for the station where the special train awaited the homeward and somewhat tired club members.

It was a day of relaxation; a day of joy and happiness; a day not soon to be forgotten—the Pep Club’s annual outing.
News Sleuth Nabs
Phillips Holmes

"Hello, is this the St. Moritz Hotel? Will you connect me with Phillips Holmes, please?"

"How are you, Phil? Remember me? Yes, that's right. Just heard you were in town and thought I'd call. Say, listen, Phil, are you busy? I wonder if you'd give a little inside "info" for our Pep magazine, What did you say? "Sure, I'll be right over."

Lapse of time or just as long as it takes to get to the St. Moritz from the Paramount Building.

"What I really wanted, Phil, was some little incident that happened recently that would prove interesting reading."

"Well, I don't know really where to begin, there's been so many things happening in the last few years. A funny thing happened only the other day during the shooting of American Tragedy."

"On this particular morning I limped onto the set with a cane."

"What happens?" was the first thing Sylvia Sydney asked.

"Slipped on a rug and sprained my ankle" was the answer I had prepared.

"A couple minutes later one of the cameramen walked over."

"What happened, Phil?"

"Slipped on a rug, sprained my ankle, I answered for the second time."

"By ten o'clock after I had lost count of the number of times I had repeated, 'Slipped on a rug, sprained my ankle,' Director Josef von Sternberg came to my rescue."

"I have an announcement to make," he said, addressing the entire company. 'In order that Mr. Holmes may save his voice for this picture I wish to say for him that the reason he's limping and walking with a cane is because he slipped on a rug and sprained his ankle.'"

"The people just roared after that. We certainly had some great fun making the picture, particularly those boat scenes. If you remember the story, I take Sylvia Sydney, who plays Roberta, boating on the lake with the intention of drowning her but change my mind, she gets panicky, the boat overturns and she gets drowned. Well, we were in and out of the boat so many times that I was beginning to feel sort of water-logged."

"Picture making is certainly great fun."

—Ed. Shellhorn

Borrowed an Idea

The cover design on this issue of Pep-O-Grams was suggested by the cover design on the June issue of The Planet, the house organ of the Morris Plan Co.

There have been some changes made on our cover but basically it is an idea borrowed.

Many thanks to Mrs. Kane, Editor, and Mr. Addonizio, Managing Editor of The Planet who so kindly consented to our use of their original drawing.

4th Floor

We are glad to hear that Margy Waddell is on the road to recovery after an appendicitis operation.

Teresa Horvath was the recipient of a very handsome purse for her birthday on June 18th by the girls. Teresa presented herself with a hair-bob.

Dorothy Lynch expects to do some real high flying soon—just as soon as a boy friend gets his pilot's license at Curtiss Field.

Lucille Levy came back from the first part of her vacation with a nice sunburn.

Her Father: "My boy, I like you, and I want you to marry my girl. But have you spoken to her Mother about it?"

Suitor: "No, sir."

Her Father: "Then to make it a sure thing for you, I'll oppose the match."

JOIN!
The S. Rankin Drew Post of the American Legion is looking for new members. As this Post is composed of ex-service men associated with the theatrical industry it is an excellent opportunity for you to become acquainted with our budding in this and other motion picture companies. Join now! Application cards from Charles L. Gartner, Home Office.
RUDY VALLEE STRESSES THOROUGHNESS IN WORK IN ADDRESS TO PEP CLUB MEMBERS

Rudy Vallee, famous stage and radio crooner and entertainer made an address at the regular monthly meeting of the Paramount Pep Club held Tuesday, June 9, 1931.

"It was not so long ago that I was working in a theatre, one of a small chain in Maine. I used to sweep the theatre out twice a day—and it was rather a large theatre too; took care of the furnace, polished the brass billboard signs and cranked the motion picture machine as they did not have motor driven machines back in 1918 and 1919 in Maine. That came about because of a disagreement with the head clerk in my father's drug store, and it is just such a tiny thing as a disagreement of that particular nature which perhaps changed the whole course of my life. I never regretted anything. I felt that everything happened for the best even though it may not have seemed so for the moment. And it was this that brought me into the theatre, something I had a great desire to do. And it showed me one or two things as I began an analytical analysis of myself. I found from the way I worked so hard for so little money that I did have a great desire to work in the theatre. The desire was so great that I was willing to sacrifice a great deal in health, time and everything else to learn the theatre. Of course, in those days, they did not have corps of ushers or some of the other unusual things that you have in the large cathedrals of motion pictures today but at least I have a fundamental working knowledge of every department of the theater itself, something I am very happy to have although I make very little use of it in my orchestral work.

"That brings me to the first point that I would like to leave with you people striving to get ahead because I know many among you have come to the conclusion that there is not much worth while in working hard. Possibly you may at times be pessimistic, may feel that in so great a corporation as Paramount Public, which is so tremendously large, that individual merit and ability will go by unnoticed. May I knock that fallacy on the head right now once and for all by giving my honest and humble opinion that true merit and ability will always come to the surface. You cannot keep a good man down and if you have something unusual and different to offer, it will come to somebody's attention at sometime. I believe that very sincerely although at certain times it may seem almost hopeless.

"Another maxim I will give and stress very strongly is that we only get out of life what we put into it. For a period of ten years, I practiced the saxophone every spare moment I had. Sometimes at the beginning I practiced four, five or six hours a day. I had one goal, one ambition, to someday come to New York and make a name for myself as a saxophonist, to someday rival the great Rudy Wiedoeft, who was my idol, my God, and whom I worshipped morning, noon and night. I put everything I had into it and those hours when I was head usher in a large theatre of the cathedral type later on, I listened to the orchestra very attentively even while I was taking tickets, and those hours stood me in good stead because they built in my mind an appreciation of a certain type of composition and they gave me an appreciation of some of the things that go into music.

"I have had very little pleasure in my life because I was either working in my father's drug store or studying my instruments. I do not say that to win your sympathy or your pity but to bring home to you one thing, if you give everything to your work unstintingly and wholeheartedly, something must happen if you are in the right field. This is, of course, a tremendously important point. If you are a square peg in a round hole, you obviously will get nowhere. It is very difficult sometimes to analyze ourselves and be frank and truthful about our inherent qualities but it stands to reason that if you are not naturally gifted, you will not get anywhere in music, that is, outstandingly anywhere in music.

"I remember back in 1918 and 1920 when I found that I had the gift of inherent true pitch, almost let us say perfect, and that I had a natural flair for phrasing music. These things came to me without any effort on my part but I know that they would mean nothing if I did not cultivate them so I would be able to use them when I wanted to. In other words, to knock that fallacy of everything being a break in the head, you may have a break come to you, but if you have not prepared yourself then it does come it will mean nothing. Realizing I had the sense of pitch and those other God given qualities that we must have to get ahead in music I went ahead to four or five hours practice a day until the neighbors nearly went crazy. I worked very hard realizing that through hard work and hard work alone could I come to the front, and that is why I try to stress at this point that you will only get out of life what you put into it. Too many fellows believe in the fallacy that everything is a break. I know the advertising columnists would have you believe that in my particular case I stepped up to a microphone and the world dropped dead. Let me assure you it was not so easy.
"I find that too many people lack thoroughness. When I used to wash windows in my father's drug store I noticed that some of the clerks polished the middle of the window very highly but were careless about the corners. We used a Bon Ami solution which left a white dust in the corners and this they would leave until the next Saturday when the operation would be repeated and the coating in the corners would be left there again. I find myself, and very thankfully, with the qualities for doing work and doing it thoroughly and that has always been one of the outstanding things that has helped me to succeed. Anything worth while doing at all is worth doing well. I would rather not attack a thing unless I felt that I could do it thoroughly. I recall when I first started at the Heigh-Ho Club, the boys thought I was unreasonable when I told them that I wanted to get perfection, perfect Victor records, at each performance. They said they could not produce perfection all the time. I realize that but there is no harm in reaching for it. I realized that I was aiming very high but I contend that was the only way to succeed in producing something outstanding.

"My advice to any of you who want to get ahead is utilize your waste moments. Instead of reading the News and Mirror in all your spare moments while riding in the subway and elevated, occasionally have something worth while to read. If I have been fairly successful in my own particular field, it is because I have made every minute count. In a few years I expect to sit back and take it a little easy. I have worked very hard in the last ten years and everybody must have some rest and recreation and it is for this reason and not because I feel that in another few years the public will not want me any more that I plan on doing this. If you are in the right groove, you will find yourself giving yourself to your work every minute of morning, noon and night. Prepare and improve yourself in your spare moments for what you particularly want to do, for what you feel you are fitted for.

"There are a few other points that I would like to stress. Every employer expects a good memory from an employee. Try to improve your memories through the method of association. Use historical and important dates, that is usually a good method. You can make yourself very necessary to your employer if you know more than your job demands. Find out things that he doesn't think you know that will be of aid to him when he needs them. You can make yourself so valuable to your employer that you can eventually take his place when the occasion arises. They also want speed and acurracy. Many of us simply take our time and do not care whether or not a thing is absolutely perfect. Strive for perfection. Strive for speed. Train your memory to remember things, to extract the wheat from the chaff. Unless you learn to differentiate the unimportant from the important, your work and preparation for the goal you are striving for will mean nothing.

"Analyze yourself, find out what you are fitted for and give yourself over wholeheartedly in preparation for that job. Spend every spare moment reading, listening and observing the things connected with that particular field even though you may not be working in it at the time. You can prepare yourself so that when the break comes for you to get into that field you will be ready, and then even after you have made good, continue to look forward to the future."

MR. AND MRS.

Add to the list of Newly-Marrieds the name of Larry Flynn, our genial and capable director of transportation.

On Friday, June 19, Larry was married to Miss Elizabeth Mullin in St. Gabriel's R. C. Church, New Rochelle—home town of the young couple. Joseph Flynn, brother of Larry, was best man. Nora Quinn was the bridesmaid.

The newly-wed Flynns spent their honeymoon in Atlantic City, and are now residing at the Remington Apartments, New Rochelle.

Telegrams and letters of felicitation have been showered on the Flynns from their numerous friends of the Pep Club and of the Paramount company at large.

Larry has served Paramount for six years, and is one of the most conscientious and best-liked of the younger men of our organization. His yeoman work as the moving spirit behind all the smoothing machinery which makes conventions perfect as to detail, is well known by every Paramounter who has attended the annual gatherings.

Pep-O-Grams extends hearty good wishes to the Larry Flynns!

"Gay Courage"

It's hard to think of sunshine When the rain comes tumbling down; It's hard to think of laughing eyes When someone wears a frown; It takes a lot of patience To pretend that things are right— So "Gay Courage" is the thing to have And hold with all your might.

If friends prove disappointing And we find they're not worthwhile; It's human to be worried And it's hard to force a smile; But buckle on your armor If you try, you'll sure win out; Let your watchword be "Gay Courage" You'll get by without a doubt.

—June Bug.
The Outing

Yes, it's just a memory, but reminiscing of "that day" brings a twinkle into our eyes and perhaps a long sigh.

Every minute crowded with something, and for once the God of rain, old man Pluvius, withheld his powers so that the Paramount Pep Club outing would be an untold success.

Written down in the history of the Pep Club as a time never to be forgotten; happy faces, glad hearts, all true Paramounteers were on Parade.

First the train ride down, then buses met us at the depot, then the ride to the Convention Building where our own Paramount Theatre rises in majestic splendor. The 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' of those who saw the boardwalk and the ocean with the sparkling green water pouncing in long curling silver crested foam on the beach.

Hand in hand we stood while cameras clicked recording our visit so that we would see what we looked like in the pages of our magazine.

Small groups made their way to whatever interested them, swimming, golf, tennis and what have you. "Hello Paramount" rang the cheery greeting as we met in different places.

As the afternoon waned the boardwalk was crowded with sunburned faces, all headed in the direction of the beautiful Berklely-Carteret Hotel where the "feast was set."

Music while we 'gurgled our soup,' singing the old tunes as the meal ended. Then the stroll along the boardwalk at dusk and finally winding up in the Convention Hall. Here we danced to the syncopating strains of a fine orchestra. It seemed like only a few minutes of playing before "Home Sweet Home" was played and then we made our way to the waiting buses and thence to our special train. The engine puffs and homeward bound is another Pep Club outing.

Of course, an outing wouldn't be complete unless some of the folk missed the train. Some of our members did, but in the end everybody was safely home and happy.

And so, as lots of good things are, it's just a memory but just the same "what a memory."

Edward A. Brown, Chairman of Entertainment Committee who successfully engineered the outing, in one of his characteristic poses.

ALL ABOUT THE OUTING:
(By one who didn't go)

A certain young lady with red hair is standing for a lotta kidding these days concerning a little incident that happened. The reason she stands for it, is she's tired of sitting.

Al Stefanic wore his knickers. Some folks say they are from Al's "pre-longy" days.

Luigi Luraschi tells us he had a great time—in addition to getting a heavy sunburn Luigi met two girls he actually didn't know. And that's something, if you know Luigi.

Guy Wood found himself a bathing suit—and if we remember correctly Guy lost one last year. That evens the score, Guy!

Paula Greenwald is that way about a certain young man she met. Aren't we all?

Aaron Pines brought his lunch—but not his supper.

Two of the young brides went "stag..." We mean Mildred Chereskin and Helen Levy.

Gertrude Levy and Henry LeVacca of the Paramount Annex had a long chat. Maybe they were talking "shop..." Who can tell?

Saul Jacobs, so we hear, put himself in solitary confinement. That's if you know what we mean.

Bernice Gerson was watching the antics of Mr. L. L. He's such a cut-up.

Lyman White, of the studio, was there, as was Mr. Uchida, both basking (?) in the sun.

They tell us that Luigi and Guy Wood had quite an argument over a certain little "Miss" called "Sue." Wonder who won out?

And the Foreign Department had a "stag" table at the dinner. When a bunch of the boys get together you know what happens.

Here and There:

The water fountain is doing overtime these days. Most of the girls have went and bought themselves water glasses. What's the big idea?

May Sommers tells us that the "bungalow at Manhattan Beach" is not really a bungalow but can be called such. Now, I ask you?

When Gertrude Levy returned from her vacation she had lots of fun applying cold cream. In fact, Walgreens agreed to give her a reduced rate if she bought a case.

Lillian Beck, in her efforts to get tanned, has bought herself a pair of those pajamas and is now basking on the roof, (P. S. Not the Paramount roof!)

—Pep-O-Grams

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GARTNER CELEBRATES 15TH ANNIVERSARY
PROUD OF "LEAGUE-OF-NATIONS" ACCENT

(Reprinted from Paramount Around the World)

As your Editor entered the offices of the foreign advertising and publicity department on June 1, and wished the assembled staff a cheery "Good morning!" in his customary low musical voice, he noted a rapt expression on the face of Charles Louis Gartner, assistant manager of the department.

Taking advantage of the prerogative of his craft, your Editor, in his customary shy manner, asked Charles Louis Gartner what the h— was the matter, and was astounded to learn that Charles Louis Gartner was mentally reviewing his fifteen years of service with Paramount.

Fifteen years—and Paramount only twenty years old!
Fifteen years—and he himself still a beardless youth!

Scanning a story, your Editor subjected Charles Louis Gartner to a pitiless "third degree" and uncovered these hidden facts: When he entered the employ of Paramount Pictures Corporation, June 1, 1916, as a page boy, Paramount and Famous Players were still separate organizations. He still remembers the nice, blue serge uniform, including military cap with Paramount written in gold braid across the front, he wore as messenger. And he shamelessly admits making many a nickel walking to places where he was expected to ride.

As a kid he was interested in advertising and publicity, and used to study proofs of ads for the newspapers. One day he criticized proof of an ad out loud. The boss heard him, changed the copy accordingly, and incidentally gave the youthful critic a job in his department. Was writing pressbooks when the war broke out. Enlisted, and people in the office were so glad to see him go that they presented him with a gold wrist watch. Served twenty months, ten overseas, and was wounded. When he got back he was given a job in the domestic publicity department. In July, 1925, he emigrated to the foreign advertising and publicity department, where he has been ever since.

Surrounded, as he is, by Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch and Yiddish translators, it is little wonder that Charles Louis Gartner speaks English with a fascinating "league-of-nations" accent, of which he is very proud, but which is the despair of the telephone operators. His full name is Charles Louis Gartner, but he is affectionately known as Charles L. Gartner.

A Veteran

"For she's a jolly good fellow" is an expression that can be used when referring to none other than Florence Goldstein of the Paramount Accounting Department.

Florence is an "old timer," having been a Paramounter since May 1916.

Her early career with the company began in the Foreign Accounting Department under Mr. E. E. Shafer. From the history of the company, we know of the merger and then the rapid rise of Paramount in the ensuing years.

"From comparatively few people, we have grown to such proportions that it is difficult for one to become acquainted with everyone, let alone the entire Home Office staff," quotes Florence. Very true are her words but those who know Florence appreciate her good fellowship and sense of humor.

Her sporting activities are confined to golf (miniature) and swimming (without feet on the bottom).

CASH REGISTER

Mary Marmion loves to swim beyond her depth and then yell for help. This happened on a very hot Sunday when all beaches were crowded. Now Mary is quite known on her beach._Were you really swimming Mary?

Helen Wayzicki has her troubles these days—doesn't know whether to have an ordinary permanent wave or a steam wave.

Rita Barre spent her vacation down south and claims she likes Virginia best of all.

Helen Goldberg's blonde adonis seems to have transferred his attentions to Constance Marrone. Helen's new boy friend is called Milton who also works for Paramount.

Mary Seletskey loves to see her name in print. She never fails to take home her Pep-o-grams copy to show her folks what the girls think of her—?

Madeline Reynolds feels important these days—since vacations started in this department Madeline works on the comptometer.

Beatrice Cohen is back from her vacation and looks like she put on weight.
Parmley Wilhelm Urch went home to St. Clair, Pennsylvania, during his vacation and returned to New York City via Montreal, Canada, and Syracuse, New York. Bill must have figured out a better method of travelling than by a straight line which is considered the shortest way between two points.

Myriam Isaacs is having her vacation in the Adirondack Mountains.

Frank Hack believes he has improved his tennis while he vacationed at New Jersey and points west.

Ann Berliner was ill on account of tonsillitis. Mary Spitzer broke a long record of attendance by having to stay out for a few days on account of a bad cold.

A little bit of human sunshine was brought into the "Well" on June 27th, when Mrs. Dunne visited the offices with Cynthia, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dunne’s blonde baby girl.

Karl Brenman wishes that we have an outing every week so he can dance again with all the pretty girls whom he met at the outing at Asbury Park.

Norah Haran and her husband drove down to Asbury Park on the day of the outing from their summer home at Red Bank.

Fred Schrader had pleasant company going to Asbury Park as he went by automobile.

Many people are looking at themselves as they were in Asbury Park, if the photographs reflect the picture. Among those seen, in the photographs, were Mrs. M. Banzer, Mary Spitzer, Sadie Spitzer, A. Berliner and Myriam Isaacs.

June whispers—Fred Schrader with the femme on the 12th floor; Frank Hack casting spells on two females, one on the 11th floor and one on the 12th floor; Karl Brenman hypnotizing them to come to him at his desk; Prett Burlingham keeps his loves in the dark; and Monroe Goodman who seems to be that way about some one on the 11th floor.

Did you notice that big, white Panama on Monroe Goodman? Perhaps he believes in the saying "Appearance makes the man."

New tennis enthusiasts in the persons of the girls who are taking lessons in tennis playing at the "Y" seem to prove the popularity of the sport. Among the new players are Ann Berliner and Myriam Isaacs.

Swimming is one of the things most of us enjoy, especially in the hot days of summer. Kenneth Lawson swims at Midland Beach; Karl Brenman at Farragut Pool and Jones Beach; Prett Burlingham isn’t particular where so long as he can swim far; Sam Hurwitz likes the waves at Rockaway.

Evelyn Arsine and Herman Yager missed the train coming home from Asbury—they say they took a walk on the boardwalk.

Evelyn Kelly has returned from Boston where she spent her vacation visiting the old folks at home. Maybe.

Elsie Zimmerman tells of all you can do in one week with the night atmosphere.

Betty Alperstein is so busy or is it lazy at Ameicia, N. Y., that we have as yet not received any word from her.

Rose Kirsch after a long absence is back with Publix again. Welcome home, Rose.

Mary Utley’s melodious southern drawl is liable to break into "Lissen dar sugar" any minute.

We have just learned that Ernestine Tricca was born in Abyssinia. Good bye—Abyssinia.

Mary Brady, Lulu Kaiser and Ethel Single are cooling off at the Rockaways.

Someone suggested that Milton Bleman and Fred Weber be called the Piano Twins. Their first request should be "Side by Side."

Two more wise damsels have followed the post-war style which is admittedly, one of the wisest, yes, that’s right—had their tresses shorn. First Miss Josephs of the Medical Dept., and then Frances Weil. Miss Joseph’s Titian hair looks nicer than ever and Miss Weil—well, her hair cut is even nicer than Marlene Dietrich’s.

Claire Kutner had a birthday—the day before 4th of July—and amongst other remembrances she received a dozen beautiful roses which certainly "dressed" up the desk as well as made her happy.

Undoubtedly many Peppers, will be glad to know that Kitty Epstein (familiarly known as "Eppy") came East from Chicago the latter part of June with—her adorable three-year old boy and charming husband. Eppy dropped in to say "Hello" to as many of the folks at the Home Office as she could. We certainly were glad to see you after six years. Come soon again.

"Mike," formerly of the 11th Floor Information Desk under Mr. Scully has been transferred to the accounting division and while we of the 11th floor miss him, we are glad to know that he is on the way to bigger things.

Reportorial Staff


The world is getting so hard boiled that if you want to see a man weep you have to go to a prize fight.
The Nominating Committee

At the regular monthly meeting of the Paramount Pep Club held July 14th, President Fred Metzler appointed the Nominating Committee for the forthcoming election of officers for 1931-32.

This committee will nominate candidates for each vacancy in accordance with the by-laws of the club's constitution.

If you wish to propose names of candidates for the committee's consideration, do so, in writing, as soon as possible. The vacancies to be filled are—President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary and six members of the Board of Governors (four men, two women).

The August issue of Pep-O-Grams will publish the names of candidates proposed by this Nominating Committee.

T. N. Jones, above, is Chairman of the Nominating Committee. Those serving with him in this important work are, left to right, John E. McDermott, Marie Dunn, Henry Behr and Mabel Thompson.

A Literary Genius

Word has just been received of a promising young literary genius in our ranks by the name of Shirley Sosnofsky.

We learned that Shirley received a gold medal for her efforts in behalf of "The Mirror" for winning the highest scholastic award to Class A school publications of the United States and second prize in the Columbia University contest.

Shirley, a member of the Cash Register Department is a graduate of the James Monroe High School. And was the feature editor of "The Mirror," contributing editor of "The Monroe Doctrine" and literary editor of the Senior Year Book. She was voted unanimously the class poet.

Condolences are extended to Theodore C. Young of the Real Estate Department on account of the death of his wife.

Condolences are extended to Pearl Schur and Eleanor Nelson of the Publix Accounting Department on account of the deaths of their fathers.

Sympathy goes to J. E. McDermott of the Paramount Accounting Department on account of the recent loss of his mother.

Sympathy goes to Robert Halliday of the Publix Booking Department on account of the death of his mother.

Heartfelt sympathy is extended to Margaret Mahoney of the Publix Advertising Department on account of the recent death of her father.
Regarding the outing to Asbury Park:

Bob Stanley and Al Martin with their respective wives were seen strolling on the boardwalk.

Ruth Johnson with her "better-half" having a gay time with Miss Winston and Miss Tormay trying to take pictures of a little colored boy.

On the Beach (Ziegfeld should have been there) were Jeanne Lateiner, Lillian Soskel, Harriet Scharer and so many others basking in the sun and swimming in that glorious ocean.

Playing a friendly game of cards were Norman A. Rossman, Jimmy Smith, Jack Boxer and Bill Altinaus.

Near Convention Hall—Mildred Ellis was having a grand time playing tag with Bill Knoblauch.

Wherever one’s eyes strayed could be seen that amiable youngster, Bert Adler who does so much for the good and welfare of the club.

In the Ballroom, gliding over that beautiful floor could be seen Betty Whalen, Bess Decker, Jeanne Briggs, Joe Hahn, Estelle Jacobs and Charlie Eich.

The place was a fashion show—Sport clothes predominating. The weather was perfect and Everyone was Gay and Happy.

Congratulations—Grace Blake and Carroll Frantz went and did it—another set of Publicists who decided that two can live as cheaply as one.

Bill Sherwood has been transferred into the Split Figure Unit. Hope he doesn’t find the work head-splitting.

We are happy to see Miss "Winnie" Wynn back at her desk after a long illness. Here’s hoping she keeps well.

The reason for the exclusion of at least fifty-one outing pictures in this issue is because Bert Adler was in all of them. That boy must have had a busy day following the photographers around.

Welcome to Elmer Upton. We are certainly glad to see you back with us looking so well and feeling so fit.

George C. Shepherd of the Minneapolis office is in New York spending his vacation. We certainly are glad to see him. George likes Minneapolis but he also likes New York. You see, he is a native of New York.

Dorothy Moloney is among the missing. Dorothy resigned to try her hand at housekeeping—good luck Dorothy. Upon her resignation the department planned a surprise luncheon party at Sardi’s and presented her with a pair of book ends—something to dust and to keep her from forgetting her friends in Publix. It is with regret that we see her go.

The latest resignation was due to the lure of the Golden West for Mildred Elster. Mildred left for Los Angeles where she expects to make her home. (It has been asked if she intended going in the movies—but if she has such intentions she has kept it a secret.) The latest report from her is that she has passed safely through Chicago and having a delightful trip. If the West loses its charm for you, Mildred, New York will be glad to welcome you back.

We are glad to welcome Emilie Ullmann back to our ranks recently when she was transferred from Mr. Diamond’s department.


That Esther Meltzer is a born leader? A good way of proving this is to dance with the young lady.

That Larry "Skippy" O’Neal is not averse to picking up stray newspapers in the Asbury Park Special???

That Sadye Innerfield, singularly quiet for a change, was evidently gathering material for another of her startling scoops???

That Room 302 at the Berkeley Carteret was Open House to the Pep Club in general and Mr. Ewald’s unit in particular?????

That the wild waves said plenty to Vinnie Cronen????

That Charlie Eich went Jackie Coogan on us?? Did you “get” that white cap???

That Artie Kalman waxed sentimental and much was heard about that little Western town?????

That the more elegant of us will invariably choose a Packard instead of a bus???

That Inniss Atwell almost did a perfect Pav-lova while dashing for the train?????

That like the well-known poor relations, Bert Adler was ALWAYS with us?????

That Isabelle Forseman was discovered vainly trying to dissuade Charlie E. from a suddenly developed Jersey dance complex?????

That Frances Goldberg cannot sing, but WILL try?????

That a certain Esther talks a marvelous game of bridge????

That Bess Decker arrived late in her town car, etc hee????

That little Anne from Bayonne missed the train, and WHY????

That Jeanne Briggs again synchronized the soup course?????

Instalment Collector: “See here, you’re seven payments behind on your piano.”

Purchaser: “Well, the company advertises, ‘Pay as you Play’.”

“What’s that got to do with it?”

“I play very poorly.”

Larry—“What is a Scotchman?”

Van—“A person who eats salted peanuts on his way to a friend’s house for a little drink.”

“How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?”

“Neither, it’s a calling.”
FLOOR

Paramount-Warner Tie-up

Claire "Sunshine" Friedman's romance came to a happy climax June 7th when she promised to "Love, Honor and Obey" Phil Goldstein of Warner Bros. In honor of the great occasion the following tendered "Sunshine" a Luncheon at Sardi's: Sara Lyons, Barbara Linker, Helen Kane, Rose Goldstein, Irene Flattie, Sylvia Cooper, Evelyn Steinberg, Kathleen Walsh, Marge Redmond. And presented her with a beautiful table lamp. Good luck, Mr. and Mrs. Newlyweds!

We hear a young man from the Exchange paid a noon-day visit to Kathleen Walsh, who is just as sweet as she is pretty, and although she denies it, the girls insist he took her to luncheon. He ought to be congratulated if he did—we know many who would like to.

Last month was moving day for Betty Eichelnorn, who moved from Room 1206 (Mr. Hammell's office) to 1205 (Mr. Sussman's office). It seems she prefers odd numbers.

We were all sorry that Spero Costas was transferred to the 11th floor desk but now we don't mind it so much since his brother, Basil, is taking his place.

Ann Horenstein had a lot of explaining to do regarding that patch on her face. Walked into a door, Ann—now is that the truth?

Petry's (Augusta Peterson) Permanent Wave Makes Petry a Proud and Pretty Girl—and why not—it's a Peach.

If Helen Markovits doesn't quit drinking milk pretty soon, there's no telling what may happen.

It's wonderful how good humored Joseph Stern and Morris Kerstein are even in this hot weather. Probably that's because of Mr. Michael Haas' kind guidance.

Natalie Bindler of the Contract Department was presented a beautiful set of crystal glassware by her co-workers, as a wedding gift. She will spend her honeymoon at Lake Osca-wanna, N. Y.

The sales statistical department can boast of an enterprising young lawyer, that is, if Irving Cohen successfully passes the Bar Examinations he had while on his vacation.

Jack Tuohy is still raving about the Southern beauties he met on his vacation tour to Jacksonville, Florida.

Margy Minscher and Helen Carroll will tell you how they crashed into the movies at Asbury Park. I understand their screen test was excellent.

Madelyn Johnston, Eleanor Gallagher, Dorothy Silveri and Helen Wayzyci are still trying to arrive at their final score in the miniature golf tournament they held at Asbury Park.

Adelaide Donohoe has turned air minded; she intends flying to Virginia during her vacation.

Paramount Annex News

Gladys Muller received an award from Marty Carroll for dependability, sincerity, honesty, sociability and for other noble attributes. We all hope this reward doesn't go to her head because many a good woman's chance of success has been shattered by such a sudden flow of congratulations from all of us. Keep up the good work, Gladys, for there are many more from where the last one came from.

Eddie Stober is very busy testing his pair of opera glasses up on the roof of the new Paramount Annex. What we can't understand is why they need so much eye testing. Maybe Ed-die spies objects of interest now and then from his perch. But that's an entirely superfluous supposition, isn't it, Ed?

Most of us saw Minnie Eisner's husband the other night and we have yet to see a more charming couple than Mr. and Mrs. Schrader.

Henry Levaca acquired a lovely coat of tan that would arouse envy in the heart of any life-saving guard. And it was acquired right in his own back-yard too.

Nick Assatouriantz, alias, "Frenchy" recently moved to Weehawken and he invited all of us to his charming abode. All invitations must be returned by July 4, so get busy boys and girls for fun is in store for us. We've heard a lot about these French parties and we hope we won't be disappointed.

All of us hope to see Johnny Peres back with us in tip-top condition. From what we heard, his appendicitis operation was successful so we all toast to John's future health. Appendicitis is one thing that a person need not travel to Reno to get rid of, thank heavens.

Marty Carroll looks like Sherlock Holmes with his new pipe. Of course, Mr. Holmes was reputed to have a certain Dr. Watson following him about that Marty can't boast of. But still, there's the Chevrolet waitin' and watchin' for Marty which is only his'n and his'n only.

Bill Enoch returned from his vacation with a new sparkle in his eye. He doesn't divulge anything but we are too worldly wise not to recognize when a man's in love. Are we right or are we right, Bill?

Katherine De Guard's vacation time has been indefinitely postponed but you needn't fret, Katherine, because postponed pleasures are very sweet in the end. We may be wrong, but it's an idea anyway.

Bertha Kasica's pictures taken on the outing revealed to us that she has very good photographic possibilities. This is one time when the belief that a charming lady doesn't take a good picture can stand a little contradictory discussion.
The Ninth

The girls have agreed that they could die (that's literally true!) dancing with Sidney Ellison....Who was the pretty young thing Leo Miller was toting around?....Eureka! We've finally met the editor of this illustrious mag....Who got a glimpse of Kitty Talber's "B. V. D.'s"?....Another unsolved "Ashbury Park Mystery": What became of Dave Samelson after he left Convention Hall??....Clarice Aronton's favorite "torch" song the past few weeks has been "When Your Lover Has Gone," but now we suppose it will be "When Your Lover Has Returned," or words to that effect....Strange as it may seem, the fender on Jimmy Heitman's Chrysler was bent by an Austin! Incidentally, we have a swell complement for Jimmy, which he can collect anytime....Claire Singer tried some wrestling with Nat Sherman, coming out second best....Sol Bragan is so solicitous about our health; we're "fine," thank ye, Mr. Bragan, howwa you?....Nick Devereaux spent the weekend down there...and how!....That ginger ale Larry Fisher so kindly distributed at the dinner table tasted Oh! so good....Wally Jorgensen and Louise Runge sternly determined to "get that sultan on," one with her robe on and the other covered with sand. Keep trying girls, if you don't succeed this year, you may by 1935....Encountered Irving Hajek on the boardwalk: just a big hunk of "Class"....Max Facter's camera is great—for anything but taking pictures....Paula Weiss looked g-r-r-eat in that hired suit!....so did Fanny Schwartz (that's what you get, woman, for calling us a "dorg")....We did our best to while away some of the time at the beach with a few songs, but we couldn't help noticing that pained expression on Wilma Philipson's face....Fred Weiber certainly looked great, being the blonde-hair, tanned-face type....What became of Arthur Schwab?....No kidding, what would become of some of us forgetful females if it weren't for May Keenan?....Barbara Cohen actually danced with some man....Oh, Manny!...Certainly did miss our joyo....Too bad Dot Wechsler's on the ninth floor proper and not up here....What we could say about her....Bee Lerner was one of those who decided she wouldn't risk losing her admirers by getting into one of those lovely bathing suits that were for hire....Jeanette Lutz always looks so delightfully calm and collected; how do you do it?....Nat Sherman asks the girls to dance in such a nice way....Wonder if Dorothy Joseph did get that afternoon of bridge she was pining for?....Observed Susie Goodman and her "sidekick," Jean Friedman strolling the boardwalk....Another stroller was Alex Halperin....We "spotted" Phil Selesky and his lovely fiancee at Convention Hall, their usual genial selves....Milt Gurian's handball seems to be producing the desired effect. He informs us he's lost 12 pounds, but confidentially, we don't believe him....The entire department joins your reporter in wishing Mr. Saal, former head, great success and happiness in his new work....

DUES ARE DUE

Pep Club membership cards for the period of August 1, 1931 to January 31, 1932 are now ready for distribution. Those who desire to get their new cards will please get in touch with the Committee Member on their floor.

Remember that your Group Insurance policy is in force only while you are a Pep Club member in good standing. Therefore, pay your dues not later than August 1st.

You may obtain your new Pep Club card from the Membership representative most accessible to you. There is no other dollar that you spend for which you get so much in return.

Membership Committee

Esther Jablow.....12th 15th Floors—Par. Bldg.
Irene F. Scott........4th Floor Par. Bldg.
Belle Kaem............6th Floor, Par. Bldg.
Helen Callan...........7th Floor, Par. Bldg.
Gustav Gabriel........8th Floor, Par. Bldg.
Edward C. Coope........9th Floor, Par. Bldg.
Nicholas T. Devereaux,
9th Floor Annex, Par. Bldg.

Aaron Pines............10th Floor, Par. Bldg.
Harry J. Wright........11th Floor, Par. Bldg.
Isadore Alterman,
11th Floor (Public) Par. Bldg.
James R. O'Donnell.....17th Floor, Par. Bldg.
Rose Eskin............12th Floor Herald Tribune Bldg.
Eva Horowitz........14th Floor, Her. Trib. Bldg.
Mildred Aronstamn........Long Island Studio
Henry Levac,...................Storehouse
Ray Eckerson...........New Laboratory
Palmer Hall Stilon.....Foreign Representatives
Joseph Zammit, Chairman

Esther Jablow, Vice-Chairman

MARRIED

According to Jack Chalmann, "the flowers that grow in the Spring, tral-la, have nothing to do with the case." However, this up and coming young man, not to be outdone by some of his enterprising colleagues, has, as the saying goes, taken unto himself a bride.

For those who must know the who's and where's, the brand new Mrs. Chalmann was formerly known to her friends and relatives as Emily Walker. She has lived in Rye, N. Y., all her life and attended, without too much effort, Elmira College. She is said to be a good cook.

The groom, otherwise known as Jack Chalmann, sports a Southern drawl he can't disguise. And to cap the climax, he is one of Lem Stewart's Manual boys.

The ceremony was performed without undue fuss at The Little Church Around the Corner, at High Noon, June 26th. The bride's "I do" was soft but clear. The groom's slightly indistinct.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chalmann we extend every good wish and with the New Yorker remind them that "marriage is a lot of fun."
NEW MEMBERS

George E. Akerson
Edward Alexander
Maurice M. Amund
Evelyn Arvine
Salvatore Asaro
Nicholas Assatouiantz
Harry Boriskin
Karl T. Brenman
Daniel M. Brown
Armada Corde
Spero Costas
Barney Dobrians
Helen Eckman
Edith Gold
Marie Groesbeck
Gertrude Guinan
Anne C. Haag
Raymond J. Hitchcock
Emily Hoffarth
Aloysius S. Hore
Theresa Jacobs
Alice Kostering
Ada Malpete
Elsie Methflec
Arthur T. Nagle
Marion Paschel
Alma Quinn
Ethel Ravellie
Paul H. Raup
John Earle Sawyer
Michael Schneller
Florence Schroeder
H.W. L. Sherwood
Warren Smith
Max Stevens
Harry E. Strubhar
Kathleen Walsh
Ray Walsh
Karl H. Waltz
Murray H. Waterman
Marion Wehman
Arthur H. Wolfman
Bernadine Zorn

Fond memories of a day well spent. Something to talk about, think about and dream about for many days to come. Another Paramount conquest.

Let us gaze into the doings of the Annex Peggie and share their joys for awhile. What ho—Sylvia Klaus, Edith Kaiser, Ruby Abrams and Gene Newman busily engaged in a merry game of miniature golf. Edith Kaiser sinking a hole in one while good old Eddie Sullivan gives his camera a treat in snapping the procedure. As we leave this happy group, we encounter upon our dear friend Rudolph Weiss, walking along in grand style enjoying the scenery and what have you. Karl Waltz and Bernadene Zorn bravely fighting the wild and witching waves. Is there no end to this devilry?

Ah—what are these strange and melodious tunes we hear in the distance? Well, let us find the culprit. None other than our famous singing minstrel, Charlie Adams and his harmonica. Jack Oswald and Arthur Novak joining Charlie in a hectic search for Josef Zimnich, to complete a grand quartette.

Things We'd Like To Know—

Who is the bigger liar—a Painless Dentist or the manufacturer of Tasteless Castor Oil?

Why Jack Chalman forgot to kiss his bride after the ceremony at the Little Church Around the Corner? Also, will he ever live it down?

What ever became of the self-made man who began supporting himself at nine months by crawling to a baby show and winning first prize? (Ed. Note: Probably grew up to be 'Mopey Dick'.)

How Don Hoobler expects to keep that white linen suit clean? And who'll be the first to ask him where his broom is? “Who'll be the first—who'll be the last?” sez he.

The outcome of the boner pulled by the Fort Hayes band at the Harding Memorial Dedication when the 'umpahs' blasted out with, “Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone.”

Now that the bass season has opened, will Charlie Winchell sprawl a wrist so he can't cast, or will he really go out and catch one of those whoppers he tells about?

What became of all the Pee Wee golf enthusiasts? Seems silly now, don't it? Wonder if the proprietors are using shills? If not, they might take their cue from the Chinatown bus operators.

“And did you hear about the school teacher who kept her boyfriend an hour later every night because he was naughty?”

PEP-O-GRAMS PAGE FOURTEEN
The interviewer borrowed another match. Another match from A. M. Botsford, Director of Advertising for Publix Theatres, and struck the match on the sole of the right shoe of his amiable quarry. The right shoe which was at that moment encasing the right foot of the benighted Bots. The right foot, which, at the end of the right leg, was lolling, sprawl-fashion, across the glass-topped Botsford desk.

"Mr. Botsford," he queried, "they tell me that when you go to the projection room to see a preliminary screening, you invariably wait until the room is dark and the picture has started before you enter. They add that when you DO enter, you stop short, pull a match from your pocket and having lighted it, hold it in the hollow of your cupped hands, murmuring incantations, strange Voodoo words and muttering a few mutters. What I want to know is—why do you always put on this act in the projection room? Is it to placate some strange gods of the mystic land of filmmood? Is it to banish evil spirits; is it your way of bringing good luck to all within the room—or are you just trying to see where you are going?"

Bots took his foot off the desk, bent his knee over the back of his neck and stuffed the pedal extremity tenderly into his breast pocket, giving it several final pats, in the manner of a man pocketing a gay handkerchief. The interviewer tensely awaited his answer. It was to come in a moment, for the Botsfordian Adam's Apple was bobbing in beautiful rippling bobs under the skin of the Botsfordian throat.

"You see, it's like this," said Bots, running diamond-ringed digits through his crisp, sandy curls, "when I was just a little tyke, working round the London docks, my boss said to me one day—"Ere! Tyke this package over to Mr. Winterbotham."

"Did you deliver the package and get the tip?" interrupted the interviewer.

"Yes and no," said Bots, "yes on the package; no on the tip—for Mr. Winterbotham was a cold, stern man."

The interviewer laughed lustily at this typical Botsford joke. Then his face became serious.

"But Mr. Botsford," he insisted, "this has nothing to do with your match-striking act in the projection room."

"I'm going to get to that," said the subject of the interview.

"Get to what?" asked the reviewer.

"To the projection room—I'm leaving right now, for I'm five minutes late. Gotta match?"

The interviewer drew a match from his hip pocket. Mr. Botsford removed his foot from his own breast pocket and got up from his desk-chair. The interviewer arose and stood near the door. In the next instant a strange thing happened.

Bots tried to put his foot into the interviewer's hip pocket. But the gesture was so forceful that in a split-second's time, the interviewer found himself sitting uncomfortably on the corridor floor.

He got up limping.

A voice trailed after him down the hall. It was the voice of A. M. Botsford.

"So long, Mr. SUMMERbotham," it said,
Jest For a Laugh

Base Impostor
 "Poor Lola! She got cruelly deceived when she married old Goldrox."
 "Why, didn't he have any money?"
 "Oh, yes, plenty of money, but he was ten years younger than he said he was;"
 —Optimist.

Squaring the Circle
 Bursting open the door marked "Private," the butcher confronted the local lawyer.
 "If a dog steals a piece of meat from my shop, is the owner liable?" he asked the
 man behind the desk.
 "Certainly," replied the lawyer.
 "Very well, your dog took a piece of steak worth half a dollar about five minutes ago,"
 "Indeed," he returned smoothly. "Then if you give me the other half, that will
 cover my fee."
 —Wall Street Journal.

Somewhat Confused
 Kenney Kinnear (leaving for blind date)
 "What did you say her name was?"
 Phil King—"Hummock. Always remember that it rhymes with stomach;"
 Kenney (returning two hours later)—"I couldn't find Miss Kelly!"

They Met Before
 "How much do you think I made in commissions last week?" said one drummer to
 another.
 "Half."
 "What do you mean by 'half'?"
 "Half of what you're going to tell me," was the knowing reply.

The Usual Procedure
 Richardson—"I don't know what to do—buy a car or a house."
 Bobberton—"Simple. Buy a house and mortgage it to get the car. Then you'll
 have both."

Might Mislay the Equator
 Father—"Why were you kept in at school?"
 Son—"I didn't know where the Azores were.
 Father—"Well, in the future just remember where you put things;"
 —The Gas Line.

Father—"Didn't I tell you not to let me catch you doing that again?"
 Little Willie—"Yes, sir."
 Father—"Then why did you do that?"
 Little Willie—"Because I did not think you would catch me."

"Have you ever run a temperature?"
 "No, but I have driven most every other kind of car."

"I made a serious mistake this morning."
 "What was it?"
 "I gave my husband Ivory flakes instead of cornflakes for breakfast."
 "Was he mad?"
 "I should say so—You should have seen how he foamed at the mouth."

"Air you the fresh young fellow what sold me this stuff yesterday and said it was tooth-
paste?"
 "Yes sir."
 "Well I tried fer half an hour this morning, and I'll be durned if it would make my
 teeth stick in."

Old Lady: "My poor man, I suppose you have had many trials in your life?"
 Tramp: "Yes, ma'am, but only one conviction."

"Will you join me in a bowl of soup?"
 "Do you think there is room?"

Wife (at head of stairs, 2 a.m.) "Is that you, John?"
 John (ominously) "Who were you expect-
ing?"

"So you were in the hospital three months, must have been pretty sick!"
 "No; pretty nurse."

"How you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"
 "Well, I done learned to add up de oughs, but the figgars booder me."

We reckon the reason that Cupid makes so many wild shots is that he aims at the heart
 while looking at the hosierly.

Irate Customer—Waiter, here's a fly in my
 soup!
 Waiter (scoffingly) O, No sir, you're mista-
taken. That's one of those new Vitamine Bees
 that we serve with each and every order.

Caller: "Who's the responsible man around
 here?"
 Office Boy: "If you mean the fellow that
 always gets the blame, it's me."

A pretty girl wearing the very latest in bath-
ing suits, was sitting on the beach when a
 young man approached her and took off his
 hat, remarking that it was a fine day.
 "How dare you speak to me," said the girl
 indignantly. "I don't know you from Adam.
 "Well," returned the young man unconcern-
edly. "I would hardly know you from Eve."

"That's a good looking suit you have on
 Fred, old boy. Mind giving me the address
 of your tailor?"
 "Not at all, but on one condition that you
 don't give him mine."
The Nominees

The Nominating Committee presents for your approval the candidates pictured on the front cover.

After due consideration and much deliberation, the Committee, in their opinion, chose these persons because they were deservedly qualified to carry on the traditions of the Paramount Pep Club.

Thanks are extended to the members of the Nominating Committee for their interest in the Club in giving of their time and completing a task well done.
A Dream Interview with the Marx Brothers

By Ed. Shellhorn

Having decided to make their new picture, "Monkey Business" in Hollywood, the four Marx Brothers practically astonished California by coming from New York in covered wagons.

(Note to Editor—As a matter of fact the brothers came on the Santa Fe Chief. But the tickets were paid for and the boys didn’t want to give a free ad.)

"It was a long, slow trek," sighed Chico whereupon Groucho immediately placed two dollars on Lazy Joe a nag who was always good on a slow track.

The four brothers—Harpo, mighty pantomimist; Chico, mighty musician; Zeppo, mighty wag; and Groucho, mighty lak' a rose—were given a thunderous welcome upon their arrival at the Hollywood station by three baggage men, two red caps and a fellow named Willie Feibesh, who said Harpo owed him six bits since 1924.

"Have you boys any desire to play East Lynne?" one of the reporters wanted to know.

"Not until after we play the Palace," replied Groucho.

"What's the plot of your next picture going to be?" was the next query.

"We can't answer that until we figure out the plot of our last one," replied the lads in unison.

"And will there be any music in the picture?" inquired another scribe.

Groucho replied, "Nor if we can get Chico to play again."

One reporter asked Chico how many pictures he had played in.

"This da third," he replied.

"Will you please enumerate them?"

"Sure,—first, second, third."

"Chico what do you think of talking pictures?"

"Our picture will be seen by people all over da wor!—even uninhabited places. Everyone is funny in films. Even the carpenters put up da false front. "I lak' da school teacher though. She mak' da little things count."

At this point, Groucho remarked, "Chico brought with him a schnozzer (unprofessional) and with Zeppo came two Afghan hounds who will write gags for the new movie—providing it turns out to be a dog picture."

As a concluding statement Groucho added, "Thirteen is unlucky at a dinner when the host has only twelve chops."

Things We'd Like

To Know . . .

How many have read the book, "Ho Hum" issued by the swanky "New Yorker?"

Why Don Hoobler is fortifying his new apartment in New York with soft, sweet and sentimental Victor records?

Who coached Lily Pons, French opera singer of the Metropolitan to say in her radio debut, "I know my English is -----?"

How many long distance phone calls did Rodney Bush make from Kennedy, N. Y., to Larchmont during his vacation?

Why les femmes cover up with straw chapeaux in December and with felt chapeaux in July?

How can Walter Winchell, (no relation to Charlie) get away with it all?

Why Jack Murray and Ken Long take a special interest in doing art work for this mag?

What office roommates are the authors of "We Nominate for Oblivion?"

Will the members of the Nominating Committee again serve in a similar capacity?

Why Eddie Brown, past President and genial Chairman of the Entertainment Committee shuns publicity?

Why Sam Cohen, editor of Paramount Around the World likes to have his name appear in every issue of Pep-O-Grams?

Whether A. S. Grist ("S" for Speed) pleaded for clemency when hauled before a Justice of the Peace to answer to charges of speeding? It was Gus' second appearance before the Justice in the same day.

PEP-O-GRAMS PAGE THREE
"Motion Picture Business is Based on Public Relations."

states Governor Carl E. Milliken

Carl E. Milliken, former Governor of Maine and now Secretary of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, made an address at the regular monthly meeting of the Paramount Pep Club held Tuesday July 14, 1931.

"I am glad to meet and greet you as fellow members of this industry, an industry that we have every right to be proud of if you stop to think of it, an industry that was never more in the spotlight than right now for the service it can render. And you have a right to be proud that you belong to this organization, and I say that after having had the privilege of meeting your people here in New York, in Hollywood and most of the film trade centers in the country.

"In the picture business, we are having some problems right now and there is no use trying to overlook them or forget them. I have just come from the coast and have reminded myself again out there in the atmosphere of production of the things that were done three years ago or a little more when sound came upon us, and it is worth while to remind yourself right now that an industry that can do what this industry did, readjust itself to new conditions almost overnight, can meet any situation. It is just a question of applying properly the brains, business ability and team work that we all know exists in our industry.

"However before I come to my further remarks on these problems, I want to digress. I want to talk about public relations which is my particular field and which is very vaguely understood by most of us in the business. This part of our business can best be explained by the way of a remark I once heard somebody make. Someone said and very true, 'Everybody in this country has two businesses, their own and the motion picture business.'

"The problems that we who deal with public relations largely find ourselves confronted with, have to do with people in the various communities all over the country who are not regular patrons of the theatre but who are interested nevertheless in the motion picture business. We are different from any other business in this particular. Whatever sales attempts, etc., they make, their problem is simply to get out and attract more and more people every year, and the more they attract, then that is just that many more customers they will serve. In our business, it is different. Even if they don't get to be patrons they presently begin to get concerned about pictures and they presently want to tell everybody how the picture business should be run. To meet with these people, get misunderstandings corrected, get information over to them, and have them get to understand, and for the first time for many of them and to their great surprise, that this thing as they then realize is more than a nickelodeon show, that this motion picture theatre that exists in their town which they may never have been inside of, offers from time to time entertainment of the finest character.

"That is what we are trying to do through public relations; give information to those who know nothing about the business. To make out of those people new customers, out of the ranks of those who have not understood about the business before.

"Now, I said we have our problems in the picture business right now. Producers who have checked up with us find that the theatres are feeling the depression right now. It is not, however, a time to be discouraged. For that reason, now is the time to analyze the situation thoroughly. For those who are observing, are convinced that our business is unique among all businesses in the country not only because of the fact that up to just lately we have been practically immune to the depression that confronted everybody else but in the fact that it is only right now that we are beginning to feel it in the theatres. We can sell our product when it is the product that the people want, whereas many other businesses cannot. There has been a situation for many months, a situation that is getting better we believe now, where concerns that have had a very fine product of its kind could not be sure of selling. We can be sure of selling pictures that people like. The lines still form around the corner and let's not forget it.

"The spread is wider than ever before between the popular picture, the one that really appeals to the people and the one that doesn't appeal. Other things that go with it are the fact that families tend to
go together to the pictures now more than they did before the times of depression for the simple reason that father and mother feel that they should go somewhere and take the youngsters with them for some entertainment at little cost whereas formerly father and mother entertained themselves at a higher cost and let the children do likewise.

"In attending pictures, as well as from the observations of others, it is apparent that in this period right now people are not so keen about having problems pressed upon them to be solved. They don't want involved situations and much tragedy. They want what is light and happy, that which will take their minds off their troubles and away from what is worrying them. As an industrial matter, and speaking to the Home Office of one organization, I want to transfer to you an impression that has been gaining on me and that I felt more keenly this time in Hollywood than on any previous visit there.

"In this business we have repeatedly tried to close the gap that does exist between the field, the theatre and even the Home Office and the studios in Hollywood. It is perhaps the psychology between Hollywood and New York, this difference in attitude between those who produce and those who have to run the theatre, but one of the most outstanding facts in this business and one of the most disturbing in this situation is the long time it takes the word to get back from the theatre, from the public that goes to see pictures, to the studio itself where the pictures are manufactured. Many of you are in a position to recognize that this is something that needs to be remedied. What happens out there is this:

"They work hard on a picture, they get it finished and open it in Sid Grauman's or some other place and determine for themselves right away by the results of that opening what the picture is going to do and then forget about it. An opening in Sid Grauman's is not a reliable indicator, but they don't appreciate it out there, they don't realize some of the different trends of feeling and taste throughout the country that I believe exists and I believe we here and the officials who run the theatres are concerned more than the studios are. I am not saying a word in criticism of them. They are making what they think is wanted. We can help to get to them quickly, changes in taste and trend of thought when we spot them. I came back to the office with the feeling that I was going to try to do better in that regard, for after all, the motion picture business is a style business just as much as any other. The trend of thinking changes a great deal and we have to face the changing situations. It is a very serious job to try to forecast months ahead what these tastes will be.

"That is why I say the whole motion picture business is based on public relations. It is the greatest thing in the world for the average community right now in these trying times that confront us. It is the one thing that does most to make life liveable, to get people away from their troubles, to relieve the monotony of the pull of depression. We are reaching out to communities all over the world. Not only is that service essential but communities cannot exist without it now that they have become used to it, but an industry that has faced as we have the problems that have risen from time to time can adjust and will adjust itself to any situation that exists and will win.

"I think it a fine thing that you have this organization and are taking this means of keeping in touch with the different parts of the business and the different departments' work. For the more all of us know about this business, the more we can do to make this business render its utmost services to the public."

E. J. Zukor Proud Daddy Again

Another blessed event happened in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene J. Zukor, on Sunday, July 5th, when a son was born. James R. is his name and he weighed nine pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Zukor have two other children, both boys; Eugene J., Jr., 9 years, and Adolph, the 2nd, 5 years.

Pep-O-Grams extends heartiest congratulations.
Moe Koppelman went away on his vacation and returned with a wonderful suntan, which he received on a New York Beach the day before he came to the office.

Wasn't it "hot" enough where you were, Moe?—or—does that prove New York is the hottest place after all?

Mr. McDermott's assistants are bewailing the fact that they had to work on July 28th when the office closed at 1 P. M.

Jimmy Smith expects to hire an expert accountant to determine the amount of his winnings, if any, at the Outing.

After his adventure with vaults, the other day, Ed Alexander will be sure of the one he wants to get into. How close to being pinched were you, Ed?

"Andy" Natvig has an uneary way of getting good weather on his Monday vacations. How do you do it? Do you use the skip-stop system for determining the Mondays you come into the office, or is that established by the amount of work awaiting you?

Nat Kleinman is having a little trouble retaining his honors as a "lady killer" since the Audit Department has heard news of his exploits.

Is it just our imagination or does Dick Bennett seem more carefree since his family went out of town?

We hear that a petition will be circulated among those who were away on their vacations when we got time off, to get an extra day off in order to make up for it. Some chance!

Arthur Haupert is swamped with cancelled cheques which he is reconciling with the bank accounts. What would you do if they were good, Arthur?

McEvoy and Ed Alexander smoke the same kind of pipe tobacco. They ought to buy it in gross lots—it's cheaper.

Morris Frommer has started studying for the next C. P. A. exam. Too hot to study now, say we, but the best of luck to you, Morris.

Morris Simpson is very fortunate in his choice of stenographers. Each new one that comes up for his dictation seems nicer than the previous one. What is it?—"It?"

C. Valentine seems to have deserted the ranks of the pipe smokers in favor of cigars—when offered.

Contributions to Mr. McGovern's attempt at voice culture are still pouring in from members of the Well. No one has yet sent a rope—how come?

Miss Boyd and Miss Strauch are their usual cheerful selves even though lots of work has accumulated for them since Miss Waxelbaum went on her vacation.

Mary Silverstein will spend her vacation at Livingston Manor—doesn't she realize someone will be keeping tab on her up there?

What stenographer is making a habit of noticing the colors of the shirts worn by the men of the Well?

According to Wilfred Elterich's stories the Rockaway River must be a fisherman's paradise, if you know how. We cannot forget, however, that this is merely a fish story.

Lou Kaiser came in one morning with a mark on her chin which developed into a bad case of poisoning. We are extremely happy that she has recovered. Be careful in the future about getting marks on your chin.

Ruth Jacobs must be doing a lot of traveling on her vacation according to the post cards we receive at different intervals.

Helen Weissman and Ruth "Clara Bow" Sehrif have returned from two weeks in the "mountings" looking very well and extremely happy

Gertrude with the last name of Guinan has as yet not received any write-up in Pep-O-Grams. We thought that anyone with a name like Guinan would be news anyway.

Maurice Amend showed keen displeasure at the remark in this column about his very colorful complexion. We take this occasion to apologize.—Maurice does not care if we write anything about him, except about his complexion.

Between swimming and golf, Annette Malmund manages to keep in very fine condition.

Anne Morek is very anxious to show you some pictures which she took at the Rockaways. And it's not the ocean or boardwalk she wants you to notice either. Guess what?

Our "Smitty" Smith could well enough be a comic character in any newspaper. It's not his face, however, it's because of his continual wise cracks.

Myriam Isaacs returned after having her vacation at Green Mansions, in the Adirondack Mountains. "The outstanding treat of her vacation," said Myriam, "was saddle riding on the bridle paths which wind their way along the hills lined with trees."

Monroe Goodman spent a joyful vacation at Saranae Lake. On account of business, your reporter is unable to inform you of Monroe's outfit, which is said to be the zenith of sartorial splendor for vacation activities.

Ann Berliner sailed for Florida. Ann recently completed a course in tennis and will be able to display her skill in the "grapefruit state."

Fred Schraeder spent a very restful vacation in the Pocono Mountains at Pocono Pines, Pa. Fred played golf and enjoyed the women.
Fred specializes in taking photos of girls in bathing suits.

Mary and SADIE SPITZER are back from their vacations at Belmar, N. J. The popular Spitzer sisters look like bronzed Indians. Cool sea breezes and the witching ocean waves helped to make this vacation an enjoyable change from the country.

Mrs. M. Banzer will probably be having a cool drink at Stroudsburg, Pa. when this magazine reaches you.

While Arthur Dunne is away on his vacation, Henry Gray of Cash Register Dep't ambles his genial frame into the "Well" once in awhile to see that all is well.

Kenneth Lawson left on his vacation and Frank Thorp has joined the company to do Kenneth's work. Frank Thorp is a graduate of Xavier's and lives at Manhasset, L. I. He plays the violin and also tennis. With Bill Urch playing the piano, a saxophone player would make up a band in the department.

The "Pep Club" tennis tournament finds Sam Hurwitz and Frank Thorp among the players. If a ladies tennis tournament would be held, Myriam Isaacs and Ann Berliner would probably participate.

Prett Burlingham and Karl Brennan are two of the popular men with the girls on the 11th and 12th floors. Frank Hack prefers blondes anytime, and anywhere.

Blonde Norah Haran says she may get red in the face but never can get tanned. Week ends at Red Bank, N. J. where Norah swims and spends her time may disprove her contention.

We learn that another good man has taken the fatal plunge, for on August 13th Henry Ungerleider of the Theatre Management Analysis Department married Lillian Klein. Henry and Lillian are spending their honeymoon at the Thousand Islands. All their friends in the Pep Club join in wishing them all good wishes for a successful married life.

11th Floor

Charlie "Waldorf" Shabacker is taking unto himself a wife this coming October. He has been showing diamond rings and booklets on ocean trips to everyone in the office. Here's wishing him "bon voyage."

Kenneth Snyder reports very favorable progress in his married career and as he is Shabacker's assistant, we have a faint suspicion that he helped sell Charlie the idea of getting married.

Joe Doughney just returned from one week's vacation at his chateau in Rockaway. The sand was so hot on the beach that his whole family wore asbestos shoes and had their meals served while they were in the water. A life guard thought he saw a whale but it was only Joe floating around blowing out some salt water that he drank.

Miss White returned from a two-weeks' vacation with its corresponding sunburn. She reports having had a marvelous time so that must mean that she met a Mr.?

Herbert List hitchhiked his way to Canada in a flivver that he recently bought and claims that he rode 50% of the way and pushed 50% of the way. He maintains, however, that he had a fine time and a good rest but from what we have heard we wonder where and how.

Dave Wagman gave the girls in the Catskills a good time for two weeks by telling them stories during the nine days of rain. The judge must have imposed a "$25.00 or 9 days" sentence, and Dave took the nine days.

Eileen Donaghue will soon be heading for "deah ol' Boston." Too bad that all the nice young men at Yale and Harvard are on vacation because we have been told that Eileen made quite a hit at several football games during the past season and has been kept busy since then by her correspondence.

Our patient, Anne Graham, bought out one drug store and is now considering buying control of a wholesale concern such as the United Drug Co.

Isn't it just grand that Mr. Scully has two such wide awake and "at your service" boys to keep things moving efficiently on the 11th floor? In case you don't know their names here they are—John Wright and Spero Costas. And, while Edward Kohn was substituting he, too, was obliging and pleasing.

It isn't necessary to ask Dorothy MacLean if she had a nice vacation. Just take a look at her beautiful sun-tan and note her constant good spirits.

In the event that you don't know the name of that neat appearing young chap whose work often takes him to various departments, it's about time you were introduced to—Sam Dornfeld.

Wonder if Don Lurie can bring home the bacon for Paramount when inter-film company tennis tournaments begin? We bet he will.

Guy MacRae, better known as "Guy" came back from his vacation and tells us: "It was great."

PEP-O-GRAMS

Reportorial Staff

Let's examine this person known to the English-speaking world as Eddie Brown.


Now that the middle initial is disposed of, let's take up the outstanding characteristics of Mons. Eddie, as he is known in all the French-speaking countries of the world.

First of all comes the Brown mustache. Well, all right, Otto, the gray mustache. Throughout the winter season this hirsute appendage is sharply barbed at both ends like a codfish hook. It doesn't get that way naturally. Eddie works on it in his study at the Brown home in Springfield Gardens, L. I. All right, the red home in Springfield Gardens.

Each night at nine o'clock, the Brown family allows Daddy Brown the next sixty minutes—until ten o'clock, to do the regular nightly ceremonial with his mustache.

The performance is a complex one, but briefly the treatment is about like this: Dip straggly ends in bees-wax; press waxed ends closely against face with hands; take tailor's iron and run over each end, forming neat creases, like a pair of pants; take ordinary paint-brush, douse it in can of Valspar and brush sharp tips of the mustache. When Valspar has dried, give mustache a coat of white lead filler, and finish job with two coats of weather-proof varnish.

Dust lightly with powdered mixture of owl feathers, buffalo fleece (we said fleece), halibut petals, milk bottle caps, bamboo shoots, birds' nests, rubber gaskets, and horse-meat taffy.

After dusting, place in medium oven and let simper slowly until hard.

When all this has been done, Mr. Brown has no mustache—but boy! he's got a couple of pluperfect MUSTACHIOS!

Along in the early summer the Brown family annually denies him this hour's devotion to his labial outcropping, and so he has to let it be. As a result, Eddie's mustache in the summer-time goes to seed, wandering wildly all over his face, like one of those ogre-ish caterpillars that always spoil picnics.

But that reminds me, Mr. Brown has never personally spoiled a picnic in his life. In fact, he has been the intrepid leader in so many successful Pep Club outings that all good Pepsters have come to expect the credit line, "Arrangements by Eddie Brown," on all picnic programs. Just like Swift on a ham—or for that matter ham on Swiss. He's known to the entire Swiss-speaking world.

Well, to carry on.... Mons. Brown has quite a family. There is the good Mrs. Brown, there is Edward Jr., 16, the eldest boy; there is Eunice, the daughter, aged 11; and there is Alvin, 6, the youngster of the group.

So you see, Eddie is not a Broadway daddy at all. He is very much a Springfield Gardens, L. I. daddy.

As for the other attributes of this paramount Paramount Cashier, well, he is a past president of the Pep Club, 1929-30; treasurer of the Club, 1924-25; member of board of governors, 1926-27 and 1927-28; member of bowling team (score of 251 last winter); dancer par excellence; hockey fan; devotee of cigars.... and so we could go on, and on.

It would all prove that Eddie's a regular fellow in any language.
DID YOU KNOW??????

That Bert Adler is the recognized champion "Ink-slinger" of the 13th floor—in every sense of the word??????

That Mimi Marle intends taking advantage of those singing lessons—Goody goody!!!

That a certain party has insisted SO strenuously on having her name appear in "Pep-o-Grams" that we have finally succumbed—so here goes—FRIEDA KRAKOWER—(Hope you like it!).

That Ray Walsh operates a ledger bigger than himself?????

That the reason for Larry O'Neal's happy face lately, is the incredible "winning" streak of the New York Giants?????

That Lefty Poole spent his vacation in New England—and may write a column for the Herald-Tribune shortly.

That we all miss little Kay's cheery smile and hello enough to devote an entire column to it??????

That Betty "Ho-Ho" Whalen's car is still the topic of conversation?—Ho-Hum!

That petite Esther Meltzer doesn't like Rudy Vallee any more since his fatal plunge—BUT JUST AS MUCH?????

That Walter Kampf has given up long, black cigars—the depression?—AND ARE WE THANKFUL?????

RECOMMENDED TO AMUSEMENT SEEKERS—(Sorry, Mr. Winchell)

Esther's tam; Bert's "Leviathan anchors"; Al Hertz's color harmonies; Rose Clayman's lilting soprano; Eileen Frizell's "oh-so-interesting" snapshots of her vacationing; Bill Sherwood's "man-about-townisms"; Walter's "Triangle" phone business; Mr. Wohl's inability to stand the heat; the pet party diversion of Frances Goldberg; the sweet "Hello there" of little Eva and last—but assuredly not least—the books read by Ida Diekmeyer—

Frances Goldburg decided that she is tired of wielding a can opener so she will leave us to stay home and cook regular meals for friend husband. Good luck to you—we will surely miss you ol' kid.

Ask Helen Seesholtz why she takes that journey to Camden almost every week-end—It's a long "Stretch" we think.

Bess Decker spent her vacation among some lovely scenery—yes—she's going to enter one of her snaps in a Kodak contest, the title to be "Weeds."

George Rogers just got back from a trip to Montreal. George didn't even bring a bottle back. What a patriotic guy!

Miss Corkery's unit ain't what it used to be. Harriet Scharer is now in Mr. Glidden's department. Bernie Solomonick is back at his ditto's. Joe Oates is temporarily working for Mr. Frick. All that is left of them, of four hundred, are Miss Corkery and Miss Lally.

We have heard that Al Hore is smitten with a big brown-eyed damsel named Hazel. How about a knockdown, Al?

Jeanne Briggs, Jack Ehrenreich and Sam Hertz are to be seen at Rockaway Beach most every Sunday. What's the matter, Jeanne isn't one guy enough—give another girl a break.

Mr. N. A. Rossman has the distinction of having the smallest unit. With Jeanne Latiner and Morris Wohl being away on their vacations at the same time there isn't any department. Sadie Innerfield happens to be the only one you see around now.

United

Amid the settings of an old Ukrainian Village, Duffy's Lane, Hicksville, was the scene of the reception given to John Papajek of our Poster Art Department and Anne Sitnick, formerly a member of the Cash Register Department, following their church wedding at the St. Ignatius R. C. Church, Hicksville L. I., on Sunday, July 19th.

The entire three blocks of Duffy Lane was gorgeously decorated as is the custom in Europe, where the girls with their pretty costumes would dance their native folk dances with the aid of the accordionists and fiddlers. It was a gala party for Steve Natick, who acted as best man and Olga Hapnaowich, one of the bridesmaids and also William Hanneman.

After a brief honeymoon the bridal couple will reside in Hicksville, L. I., to settle down in married bliss.

Pep-O-Grams and their many friends in the Pep Club extends hearty good wishes to them.
The scene opens in Boonton, one of Jersey’s larger towns. (pop. 5500). The principal character, “Gil” by name, is canoeing at the moment with one of them city gals from a nearby camp. She is luring him at the moment (doggone it) and poor Gil is failing like a ton of brick. And then—the gong sounds and the little girl had to hurry back to camp for taps. Moral: Don’t do today, what you did yesterday.

Here and There:
May Sommers invites the Foreign Department to her bungalow at Manhattan Beach. So kind of you, May!
Kay McKeon was seen at the Pavillon Royal out on the Island recently. Now, Kay, be nice to the millionaires!
Louie Fernandez is back from his vacation. He claims to have had two weeks of rest—with his family.
Ruth Sansteldt (5’3”) states she positively will not marry within the next two years. That’s what they all say!
Owen McClave has a system whereby one can have two meals for the price of one—without any embarrassing situations. What a system!
Luigi Luraschi is now giving lessons. Lessons in what, you ask? Ah, you’ll have to ask Luigi!
Kay Gruit spent her two weeks’ vacation up state, with her brother. Says you!
Gertrude Wiethake up used her two weeks in the wilds of Jersey. When we say wilds, we mean wilds!
Linda Salsberger has postponed her vacation until September. What some girls won’t do to go horseback riding!
Jerry Sussman no sooner returned from Central America when he left for Europe. What a life!
Elise Scheib is busy these days. Since Clarence Margon returned from his trip to Mexico the office is all a buzz.
Bernice Gerson has discontinued the afternoon crackers and jam for the summer months. How could you Bernice?
Sammy (Sculle) Cohen is considering a possible merger of “Paramount Around the World” and the Saturday Evening Post. That is to say if the S. E. P. can get some good ideas. What a break for the S. E. P. (says Sammy).
We all are sorry to hear that Lillian Beck is ill but we hope for her quick recovery and expect to see her smiling face back in 1017 any one of these days.

Ninth Floor Annex

Pepsters returning from vacations minus pep: Sam Bottleman back from the wilds of Mass. plus a fine tan and a good rest… Phil Pike in bed with an injured foot, 320 days before you get another one Phil, so better luck next time…. Mae Keenan back only feeling and looking like a million dollars. May says she has her health anyway. Ye sed it! … Milt Gurian and Sid Ellison just returned. running an even race with the Gold Dust twins. If you don’t think so, what difference does it make? … Nick Deveraux and his car vacationing in Mass. Case you don’t know it, Nick’s boat is the only one of its kind that takes everybody for a ride and makes the owner walk home. Stand back, girls…. Things not to be missed: Our own little mermaid, Susie Goodman at Oriental Beach. Sue claims she has nothing to do with the tide and Sue knows…. Signs on Mary Vernon’s and Claire Singer’s backs reading, “Don’t Touch”! Old Sol was a bit too playful with these girls and who blames him?.. Scott Lett with the skin you love to touch but heaven help you if you do! Another victim of exposure…. Vic Campbell imitating his two youngsters. We enjoy the imitation immensely. How about the neighbors, the real thing?…. Welcome to our midst: Joel Golden back from Kansas City. How does it feel to be back, Joel?…. Miss Sally Corbett, Mr. Higgins’ new secretary, Helen Kelly, Ada Malbetze and Anne Fallon, formerly of the 11th floor…. Can you suggest to ‘Red’ Whalen and Larry Lederer, reception boy, where to spend their vacations? Suggestions received in the order received.

Helen Wawzycki wants it known the right way to pronounce her name is “War zak ee.” Thank you.
May Jones sure is getting naughty these days. Her remarks are surprising for such a quiet person.

A judge of beauty wanted: To vote upon the prettiest ears. The three attractive girls with the pretty ears are:—

Constance Morrone, Madeline Reynolds, Beatrice Cohen.
The girls have succeeded in persuading Lucille White to cut her hair. It is a long bob now.

Betty Radigan is on her vacation (traveling). We will hear all about it when she returns.
Paramount Annex News

Katherine De Guard just got one of those cute little hats with feathers in them. And if her sweet appearance doesn't boost the hat industry, then we don't know what will.

Marty Carroll is getting along swell with his brand new Chevrolet. From what we hear the car has already have its share of flat tires and maybe some back seat driving, too. And that ain't nothin' yet, so Marty says.

Vacation time for Eddie Stober is up and he's looking fit as a fiddle. Now you're just about ready to dig into a pile of work, aren't you, Ed?

Johnny Peres is back with us after his prolonged illness and he's looking great. We suppose his wifey is responsible for his quick recovery. So we all cheer Mrs. Peres for taking good care of our own Johnny.

We all want to voice our heartfelt thanks to Jack Bird, our distinguished elevator man for the excellent service he extends us. We've seen many an elevator man in our day, but they don't come as witty and polished as Jack any more and that's telling you something.

We rarely ever see Mr. McKenzie on our floor, but when we do see him he always has a kind word and smile for all of us, and that's the spirit we admire, Mac, old boy.

Now that Mr. Goldberger has gone on his vacation, his right hand man, George Ochstreicher drinks all the water from the 4th floor cooler all by himself. And it looks as though George is drinking for Mr. Goldberger, too.

Betty Sobel just moved to a more sedate section of Brooklyn where there are so many trees that you can't see any houses. But are there mosquitoes, out there? Betty will be able to tell you all about them in a week or two.

Gladys Muller is very busy working in Bertha Kasica's place, who is vacationing at present. The mats and slides department is a difficult one to tackle, but nothing de-ters our Gladys who is out looking for an-other service medal. And we hope she gets it, too.

Sincerest regrets are extended to Agnes Donovan of the Publix Accounting department at the loss of her mother.

Condolences are extended to Raymond J. Hitchcock of the Publix Accounting department at the loss of his brother.

Sympathy to Frank MacCabe of the Publix Accounting department at the recent loss of his mother.

Things that puzzle and worry us these hot and humid days: What lure Buffalo has for Charlie Adams—can it be the damsels, or can it be the beer, eh? What to write about Leo LaLanne and Joseph Zimanich. Why Jack Oswald will cut the heel of his foot while fighting the waves—is it to save his "soul"? Why Rubie Abrams will persistently return to Poughkeepsie year in and year out for his vacation. Why Arthur Novak prefers "odd" vacation days instead of a fortnight. Whether people will photograph more readily in the good old summer time, Lou Nathan. When and how Rudolph Weiss will take his vacation. How Eugene Newman finds time to devote all day to the ladies even though he swims eight hours, plays tennis six hours, dances three hours, eats two hours and sleeps five hours each day while vacationing at Sackett Lake. Where Rose White is sporting those swanky pajamas these summer days. Whether Karl Waltz enjoys solitary confinement. How Edith Kaiser will look with her vacation tan since she is already fifty shades darker. Why Sylvia Klaus went and done it—now she can't brood any longer over the very serious problem: "Girls, shall I bob my hair?" The results are swell, Sylvia.

Tennis Tournament

In view of the interest that has been shown in tennis by a number of Pepsters it was decided to run a tournament and then form a team among the best players to represent Paramount.

About twenty-five players responded to the questionnaire that was sent out early in July and since that time elimination matches have been held both during the week and on Saturdays.

Results of the matches that already have been played are as follows: Fred Ruzicka defeated George Planck 6-0, 6-1. F. Thorpe defeated L. Luraschi 6-3, 6-1. L. Hoffman defeated T. Hayakawa 6-3, 6-1. I. Singer defeated S. Hurwitz 6-2, 6-2. Gus Grist defeated S. Frey 12-10, 9-7. N. Wolpov defeated E. Duernberger 8-6, 6-4.

The results thus far in the second round: F. Ruzicka defeated J. Martenson 6-1, 6-1. L. Hoffman defeated F. Thorpe 6-1, 6-1. Irving Singer defeated Gus Grist 6-1, 3-6, 7-5.

It is generally understood that matches will be arranged with the various film companies according to the statement of Irving Singer, Captain and Manager of the team,
A very modest and quiet person is Peggy de Grau, department head of Contract Approvals.

Peggy came with Paramount in August 1915, relinquishing a career with an automobile tire concern to do so. Peggy's first position consisted of receiving criticisms on Paramount Pictures from exhibitors. In this manner, it could be found out what the public desired in the way of entertainment and future pictures were made accordingly.

In 1917, Peggy became connected with the Purchasing department. Soon afterward, she was transferred to the Sales department in charge of Cancellation of Contracts.

When Mr. Kent came in from the field to take up duties in the Home Office, Peggy received her knowledge of Contract Approvals through him. She has been head of this department ever since.

Her recreational activities consist of swimming, golf and a good book ejected between the two.

Fourth Floor

Everybody's happy to see Margie Waddell back at her desk after several weeks of illness.

According to reports being received from Dorothy Lynch, who is on her vacation, she has given her pilot boy friend the "air" for a chauffeur. She found out it's better walking back from an automobile ride.

Sylvia Grabel asks "What must I do to get my name in the Pep-O-Grams?"

Matilda Newman is on her vacation, somewhere in the Berkshires. Her next vacation we hope, will be her "honeymoon."

Teresa Horvath certainly is primping up these days. She has acquired a very sylph figure and a new hair-bob. Who is he?

News Lab Tabs

Ed Cassidy just back from Atlantic City. Rumors have it?

Lew Pollack is back from Beach Lake, feet and all.

Bill Leahy is going back home for his vacation, by Crickety....maybe by bus.

Kate Hecht our Milwaukee co-ed is vacationing at her Beach home. (Brighton.)

Is Wegodsky going up to Canada.........?

Political News.....Our accountant Richard F. Murray, Esq., has been petitioned to run for Fire Chief, Mayor, or what have you, of Bogota, N. J.

Eighth Floor

Elinor Tritel has returned to the office, after spending a delightful vacation down in ole "Virginia." Besides acquiring a lovely coat of tan she also brought back a southern accent. Can you all imagine that? Yah Suh.

Freddy Ruzicka, besides being an expert violinist is also an expert tennis player. We hear that he made the Paramount Publix Tennis team. Good luck, Freddy.

Hear Ye! We have a cross word puzzle expert in our midst, None other than Kitty Lufrano. She confided to us that whenever she has a few spare moments she gets to work on a puzzle.

We Nominate For Oblivion—

Jack Meredith—because of the smelly pipe which he insists on smoking in screening rooms.

Charlie Winchell—because of his proclivity for cacochloeguidism.

Claude Keator—because of the persistency of his cry—"Got anything for Pep-O-Grams?"

Jack Murray—because he is an antithetic. This blonde Scandinavian hailing from Minnesota masquerades under an Irish cognomen;—and his strident voice belies his Lilliputian stature.

Gus Grist—because of his incorrigible idiosyncrasy of twiddling his blonde locks; and the disturbing drone of his incessant humming.
The Inaugural Dinner

The next big event that concerns Pep Club members is the Inaugural Dinner—and this is set for Thursday evening October 22nd in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Astor.

You are requested to be there promptly at 6:30.

Each member will be permitted one guest ticket; this ticket permitting your guest to come at ten o'clock, to enjoy the dancing immediately following the dinner.

A prominent hotel orchestra that is often heard on the air will furnish music for the dancing; dancing holding sway from ten until one A. M.

Edward A. Brown, Chairman of Entertainment Committee, assures you a most happy evening.
NO INAUGURAL DINNER

Even though the front cover and the editorial of this issue of Pep-O-Grams tells you about the forthcoming Inaugural Dinner, there will be no Inaugural Dinner as you will note from the following resolution passed at the last meeting of the Board of Governors.

Prompted to a great extent by unsettled business conditions, your Board of Governors have decided to postpone indefinitely, the Inaugural Dinner and to substitute in place of it a regular Club meeting. This meeting is to be held possibly at the Criterion Theatre in October, at which meeting all of the incoming officers will be installed. It is expected that we will have most of the major executives of the Company at this meeting.

Although this may hurt your feelings and cause you keen disappointment at this time, there are, however, better times ahead. Dr. Stern, the new President promises you that.

In addition to the large sum of money the dinner would cost the Club, it is also a saving on the individual’s pocketbook. Girls usually buy smart looking gowns, the boys often take their girl friends home in taxicabs, hairdressing expense and countless other items of expenditure will be saved when most of the members can ill afford to spend their money in this fashion.

Among other things, the plans include two outings next summer. And the new President is thinking of holding one or two winter meetings at some hotel where an evening of dancing will be part of the entertainment.

Business conditions will undoubtedly be more promising by the time next summer rolls around. And if certain plans go through, the Club’s treasury will be in a better position to give these affairs without cost to you.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.
An Impression of Sylvia Sidney

By Ed. Shellhorn

An infectious smile doesn't sound like a very sure passport to success, does it? However, Sylvia has that and more—in fact, this charming young lady's grin is working overtime these days.

Recently, Sylvia journeyed from the coast for the opening of "An American Tragedy." A few days later she was called back to the Hollywood studios and within the short period of two weeks Sylvia was back in New York for the opening of "Street Scene"—that's traveling a la Frank Hawks.

Considering the amount of film first-nights that take place in Hollywood and are attended by the stars in dozens, and the fuss and excitement these affairs create, I suppose that it isn't as odd as it sounds for players to have favorites among their colleagues. Of course, we must bear in mind the enormous publicity given these Hollywoodites at these premieres, so possibly they don't always turn out for the fun of the thing. Sylvia Sidney is an exception and confesses to being a keen picture-goer at all times.

When asked the names of the actors or actresses in whom she takes particular interest, she at once replied, "I think Phillips Holmes and Gary Cooper are both marvelous actors but I consider Ruth Chatterton as having the best screen voice of anybody." This statement coming from one who herself possesses a beautiful rich voice which records excellently is no mean tribute. It's perfectly sincere too; Miss Sidney being a frank and outspoken woman.

Vacation talk seemed to be in the air so Sylvia was questioned about her vacation and replied, "This may seem odd to you but like the sailor who spent his shore leave rowboating in the city park, I spent a few days of my vacation from work on 'An American Tragedy' in visiting the various sets and watching Josef Von Sternberg direct the rest of the company.

"Since the court room happenings revolve around the love triangle of Phillips Holmes, Frances Dee and myself, I decided it would be a novel experience to take part in the proceedings as a spectator rather than an active participant."

Wanted—A Director

It was with sincere regret that the dramatic club learned of the resignation of their highly esteemed instructor and friend, Dan Russell.

After spending three hours weekly for approximately three months in this effort and apparently having achieved a certain degree of success, the dramatic club feels that suspension of class at this time is not good judgment.

It is earnestly hoped that the dramatists may be assisted in choosing a successor who would be as competent and desirous to produce a play.

Champ Again

Once again Edward Lee of the Real Estate department added another championship to his laurels. This time it was in the form of a swimming meet held at Bronz Beach, N. Y., on Saturday, August 22nd; known to all swimming enthusiasts as the National A. A. U. long distance swimming championship.

Ed won the contest after a grueling swim in competition with such famous swimmers as Ray Ruddy, Wallace Spence, Leo Giebel and others of national reputation.

This is the second time Lee has held the National Long Distance title, the first time being in 1928.

Ed holds another national championship; one in no way allied with swimming; that is, the National Amateur Three Cushion Billiard championship which he won last Spring.

The Pep Club congratulates Ed. on his latest achievement.

Nominated for Oblivion—

Dick Dorman and Earl Long because they were hypsibrachycephalic enough to start this column.

Business Man (to his rival): "Man, what's become of your ethics?"
Rival: "Oh! I traded it in on a Hudson."

Head Cook: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?
Assistant: I did. It was half past ten.

Pep-O-Grams

Three
Balloting Unnecessary

The following, self-explanatory, is an excerpt from the minutes of a large and enthusiastic Club meeting held on September 8, 1931.

The Chairman suggested that due to the fact that the only candidates for office are those selected by the Nominating Committee, and since the time has now elapsed according to Article VIII of the Constitution for any opposition ticket for nomination, the Pep Club is in a position to save itself and the company a substantial sum of money and time in the following manner: That a ballot be drawn up containing the names of the candidates with their respective offices as selected by the Nominating Committee, this ballot to be designated "the official ballot." The Chairman was authorized to have such a ballot prepared and to select a member of the Club in good standing, who is not a candidate for office, to cast the said one ballot for all the candidates designated by the Nominating Committee, this to be deemed an unanimous vote and the official ballot and only ballot to be cast. Motion seconded.

The Chairman called for discussion and asked for objections. There being none, a vote was called for and the motion was unanimously carried. The Chairman thereupon appointed Messrs. Carl Clausen and Louis Leffler as an Election Committee, and in accordance with the foregoing motion they are to appoint a Teller to check the official ballot which will be cast September 22nd with the Chairman of the Rules Committee.
Officers Elect

The incoming administration includes among its personnel, the officers and Board of Governors pictured on this page.

These officers and new members to the Board of Governors will officially take office on Thursday evening October 22nd.
“Paramount Pictures Are Clean,” states Mrs. Rita C. McGoldrick

Mrs. Rita C. McGoldrick, who conducts the Department of School and Screen in the Motion Picture Herald, was the guest speaker at the postponed meeting of the Paramount Pep Club held Tuesday, August 25, 1931.

“I want to dispense with that great gossamer thing. This is not a speech; this is a sort of family conference because in a sense I feel I belong to Paramount. Ten years ago I became interested in motion pictures. There was a small group of us who saw clearly that motion pictures are more influential on the citizens of America than even the churches might be and we thought we would like to do something about it. But we were a very small handful and it was rather difficult to know what to do.

We saw that the motion picture industry was the fourth largest industry in the country. What would you do? How would you go about it? Just about that time Mr. Hays opened his public relations committee. He opened the door to the industry. He invited the outside groups to come in and we came in hesitatingly. We did not know what it was all about.

“Those ten years were very rich in experience and I learned something. I hope perhaps to go ahead in a larger way to do the work that I began as an amateur. If I were to write a valedictory, I would say the trouble is not with the makers of motion pictures, but it is the public. It is the public who makes a demand upon you; and you as good business men will make what you can sell.

“In the past year we have seen a strange cycle of motion picture making. We have seen sex and the gangster. Now we know that sex has to come into stories. It is drama; it is life; you cannot get away from it. But sex does not mean every woman has to be a loose woman. It does not mean that every man is the kind of a man that takes advantage of a girl. There is something grander than that about it and I would like to emphasize this particularly because it seems so sordid. However, Paramount, you have kept your slate clean. That is almost the keynote of what I should like to say—Paramount has kept a clean slate.

“When everyone else was going into the sex cycle with pictures such as ‘Behind Office Doors,’ ‘Beauty and the Boss,’ and all the rest of them, Paramount didn’t. When the producers were making those pictures it made some of us wonder whether all women were like that. And on the crest of the wave, Paramount did something that I thought was splendid; Paramount began producing family audience pictures. You made ‘Tom Sawyer’ and then your beautiful ‘Skippy’ was such a success that you have set a new cycle going in motion picture making. Every company is rushing forward to make a ‘Tom Sawyer’ or a ‘Skippy,’ but they are calling them other names. Some of them will not measure up to your ‘Skippy’ or new ‘Huckleberry Finn,’ but Paramount set the pace and did it at a time when it was crucially necessary to do it.

“Let me go back over a long step of over ten years. We were doing volunteer work. We felt we wanted to spread a propaganda of public interest for better pictures. We saw the viewpoint of the business men. If a woman’s husband is making brass beds and the public wants wooden ones, he will stop making brass ones and make wooden ones. And we saw that if we could promise the makers of motion pictures that we could get them audiences for the better pictures then our work would not be useless. Strangely enough better pictures do not pay. Probably the greatest picture that has been made, I think, was Paramount’s ‘With Byrd at the South Pole.’ That to my mind was a magnificent thing; it was an epic. The mobs that make box office are not appreciative enough of a thing like that. The public of America we feel, fails to appreciate the greater things.

“It became our work to try to develop audiences for better pictures. We knew the value of publicity. You can sell anything to the American public if you advertise enough, so we concluded that even though we were amateurs we would try to sell the idea of better pictures to the American public and it became my job to write a weekly radio release. At first I did it for a lark and wondered if any station would take it, and surprisingly enough, they did. Now we have in that organization twelve major broadcasting stations broadcasting the weekly release which I have written for several years; finding it a lot of fun and sometimes finding it a terrible burden trying to get that release out each week. We now have 163 newspapers carrying reprints of the radio talk and that brings us a tremendous audience.

“When you make a ‘Skippy,’ when you make a ‘Huckleberry Finn,’ when you make a ‘With Byrd at the South Pole,’ we can go on the highways and byways giving it real publicity and that is the kind of publicity that will bring in actual audiences. And may I say something about you and about your Paramount? I suppose if I am quoted in the industry for what I am going to say, I will be put down as being a very biased person. I have no right to say professionally how much Paramount means to me and yet more than any other company, Paramount has given us 100% co-operation.

“Two weeks ago you had a Twentieth birthday and in the Motion Picture Herald I was asked to do an editorial page on your birthday. I talked of Paramount’s personnel, of Paramount courtesy, of your consistency and the way you go through with things, of the record of your pictures in the past year which is a notable record of endorsed pictures.

“We have about seven national organizations previewing pictures as volunteers. You have
among them editors, the YMCA and YWCA, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and the Parent Teachers Association. These people are serving, most of them, in Hollywood previewing pictures and sending out to the constituents a review and rating of the pictures they have seen. That voice of the organized women has become a strident voice. We do not know how strong it is yet but they are sending out those appreciations or denunciations of your pictures to all of the cities and all of the towns of the entire country. Paramount in the past year has had a higher rate of endorsed pictures than any other company. You have not gone down into the mud to make pictures.

"A good many of you know, if you have been reading the current books that you find them pretty raw. Some of the books are startling in their ugliness. They are pathological. Their analyses are rather horrible. Their profanity stops at nothing, and I read some of them and wondered what is going to happen to some of our young people. Now you know that motion pictures are made of current books that are successes and in the past year you can think back what books have been sold to the movies to become pictures. You have a wonderful one to your credit. You bought 'An American Tragedy.' Those of you who have read the book know how many avenues it opened to salaciousness. Some studios making 'An American Tragedy' would have made an obnoxious picture—and we have had a few obnoxious pictures this year—but Paramount didn't. It picked out its ugly sordid parts. It is a book that most of us feel is an example of literature that is greater than trash, and 'An American Tragedy' was made into a great film because it left out the cheap suggestiveness and it hewed its lines. Paramount turned out a picture that is a great tribute to this company.

"The American people want to go to the movies. It is their chief source of entertainment and joy. The American public is movie minded but the only thing that they want to buy is a good family audience picture. If we will give them the family audience picture, they are going to buy it. They are going in mobs to see 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Daddy Long Legs.' The crest of the wave of that other stuff has passed by and now we are on the tide of new things and now Paramount more than any other company has sent it in the right direction.

"You know I feel that companies like individuals may boast of aristocracy, and aristocracy means good manners. It does not mean that the people have Park Avenue homes but they have the good manners, and Paramount has that capacity. I suppose I am a little bit biased. Your Paramount men are marching along in good consistency of performance. Their courtesy has stood out to me among all other groups and I feel that is putting Paramount in the group of Paramounts. I am very proud to belong to you in a little way."

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A Veteran

Marty E. Carroll, better known as "Marty" to his many friends in Paramount, began a career with the film producing company in May 1920. His position at the time was as clerk in the Shipping department of the Storehouse.

Marty has been with the company nearly twelve years and now holds the position of Assistant Manager of the aforementioned department.

Marty was a member of the old 69th regiment—165th infantry, better known as the Rainbow Division during the World War. During the months of conflict he spent much of his time in the front lines until one day at Chateau Thirry an enemy rifle bullet hit his knee. After the wound healed sufficiently, Marty was back in line again until the war ended. Nineteen months after entering the army, he was honorably discharged as a sergeant. Immediately after his discharge from the army, he joined the Paramount organization and has been here ever since.

Marty is a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and a member of the Veterans of the Rainbow Division. In the past, Marty has served on the Reportorial staff of Pep-O-grams, the Athletic committee and several others. He boasts of a family including his wife and two sons, aged nine and six.

11th Floor

Johnnie Wright, the popular page boy on the eleventh floor has movie aspirations. He'd like to play juvenile parts like Junior Durkin.

Pauline Grossman is looking well after her vacation cruise.

Though Claire Kuttner is suffering from a severe cold, she looks perfectly healthy; having acquired a nice coat of tan on her trip through Canada.

Though it's rather late, we hereby introduce Mr. Innes' new and most charming secretary, Miss Mandel.

The new magazine, "Ballyhoo" has at least two champions. Room 1104 never misses reading an edition. Mr. Roose is contemplating suing the publisher for libel. His name was used in vain.

Though it's not October 1st, the 11th floor is buzzing with moving activity. The Legal department is returning to its former camping ground and there will be more pushing to get a look into the much coveted mirror.
The stork doesn’t bring future theatrical men into the world. Such fellows are USHERED in.

And so—Daniel F. Hynes (Dan to you and you) was ushered into the world on his day of birth in Boston, the town where they CODdle their young and BEAN visiting I.W.W.’s.

At an early age Dan grabbed himself a load of the Braves Ball Park—and ever since he has been slug-nutty about what Bill McGeehan calls the “apple-knocking industry.”

The diamond pastime became a juvenile fixation with Dan—and he has carried this horsehide complex into his adult life, even up to and including the supper hour at the Hynes homestead in Flushing. Which makes it a vexation-fixation for Mrs. Hynes, what with Frank, 16; Paul, 14; and Daniel Jr., 12, seated round the board and no daddy present to carve the steaming caviar mit geduempte runder-brust.

At such times a visitor to the “Jints” ball park would certainly see and hear the rabid Daniel shouting in maniac intonations into the smoky air of late afternoon—“Sockitaway! Sockitaway in ’ere, ol’ boy, ol’ boy, ol’ bahoyee!”

And when he IS home, Dan hustles his own third of a baseball team out into the nearest Flushing sand-lot and shows the youngsters how to handle the hot ones around third base, just like he used to do it in the old days. That’s the reason why Dan has preserved those youthful stream-lines. Always home too late for supper, he makes up for the lost time by exercising his sockitaway fixation.

Before he came to Paramount 12 years ago, Dan was manager for the New Haven Railroad at the Consolidated Ticket Office. Before that he was with the central New England Railroad. And way back there in the early days he was a telegrapher, Morse the pity for his boss—since Dan was always getting baseball figures mixed in with signal tower numbers in his dispatches.

Being one of the founders of Flushing and a leader in the movement whose slogan is “Better Homes in Flushing and Better Flushing in the Homes” Dan has become a great orator and politician. He has been known to vote as high as twelve times in one day.

But all kidding aside—Dan is a great guy. He’s a pal to everyone of the 33 Paramounteers who are responsible to him as boss at the Storehouse—and none of them ever has to be bawled out. But they’re all baseballed out plenty, by their sockitaway leader.
Sammy Cohen, the news hog, just returned from a vacation at the Napanoch Country Club (It’s not swanky—just the name) Sam's been telling a story which involves the great game of ping-pong. Have you heard it? If not, you're one of the few fortunate left.

When this item reaches the Pep pages, Linda Salsberger will have returned from her vacation in the White Mountains. If you want to make a hit with Linda just bring her a bouquet of golden rods. Hey, Hey!

We made a slight mistake last month in predicting that Gertrude Wiethake would spend her vacation in Jersey. It was Staten Island. Is there such a difference?

We're happy to say that Lillian Beek is back at her desk after a long siege of illness. Here's hoping “Becky” gets a little enjoyment out of this summer anyway.

Owen McClave's been telling the joke about the Scotchman who went into one of those "all you can eat for 60c" on a Monday and was carried out on Friday. Maybe it wasn't a Scotchman.

The Sansdick-Gruit sister team will be part of the Sister team for a few weeks while little Ruthie is vacationing. Kay seems lost these days without a luncheon mate. It won't be for long though!

We're really ashamed to announce that not one Eugenie (pronounced U-jeeny) hat has been seen on the tenth floor. A person would surely believe that the Foreign department should lead in these new fashion creations since so many originate in Paris. Girls, we hang our heads. Now, take the men (you take 'em). Just take a look at Eddie Ugast, Guy Wood or Luigi Larschi or even Saul Jacobs and you get the latest from London or Fifth Avenue.

OUR SCANDAL COLUMN
(a la Winchell)

Mildred Chereskin was seen at the Jones Beach pavilion recently munching a "hot dog."

Al Stefanie is that way about a certain "magazine cover model" whom he calls Doris.

Mildred Meltzer caught in earnest conversation with her other half in front of 1501 recently on a Saturday afternoon.

Linda Salsberger receives phone calls from a certain "Lee."

Beggars: "Madam, I have not seen a piece of meat for weeks."

Lady: "Mary, show this poor man a mutton chop."

Introducing

A real friend of the Paramount Pep Club — Walter Weidner.

Walter is the young man who has helped so much in the preparation of Pep-O-Grams.

His advice and co-operation have gone far toward making the make-up of our official magazine a delight to the eye.

Walter is in charge of the printing establishment of the Weidner Printing Co., Brooklyn. He is married, has a daughter, and is an ex-service man.

The editor, and the Pep Club membership are jointly appreciative of the assistance given by Walter Weidner during the past year.

Cash Register

The first outing this department had was held on Aug. 25th, at the Village Barn. We were ten in the party and what fun, games and dances were furnished by the owner of the "Barn."

Thanks to Madeline Reynolds for suggesting the "Village Barn" also thanks to Betty Radigan for helping to make the party a success.

Our charming co-worker Rita Barre celebrated her 19th birthday on Aug. 18th. Rita has us all guessing since her return from Virginia Beach. A call from a furniture company and her pretty smile whenever marriage is discussed makes us all think Rita is holding out on us.

Helen Goldberg feels happy again. That petty (?) argument with the boy friend is forgotten. All we hear now is my boy friend and I.

Madeline Reynolds wants to know why she was born lucky.

Mary Seltskly and Beatrice Cohen always have something to tell each other; wonder what they talk about when they whisper to each other.

Lucille White is another one that always has something to say....

May Jones is back at her desk again after a two weeks' vacation in Mass.
Dorothy Klein of Brooklyn, former chief accountant at the New Jersey exchange, is now a welcomed member of the Exchange Auditing department. Miss Klein has been in the employ of Paramount for a number of years.

Hannah Trager of Yonkers and formerly in the accounting department of the Brooklyn Exchange for several years is another newcomer to the Exchange Auditing department. Miss Mildred Maybelle Gibson is also a happy addition to the department personnel.

Mrs. Marjorie Banzer spent her vacation at Stroudsburg, a summer resort in the Poconos mountains.

Prett Burlington plans to travel all the way to Minnesota, his home town.

Karl Brenman was raised in Rochester, went to school at Notre Dame and starts his career in New York.

Fred Schrader left the twelfth floor and is again in the "Well."

Arthur Dunne returned from his vacation with a new coat of tan which harmonizes well with his red hair.

Ann Berliner recently returned from a vacation to Florida. Both the going and coming trips were made by boat. Practicing for a trip to Europe, Ann?

Monroe Goodman spent his vacation at Lake Placid where he impressed the fair sex with his sartorial elegance.

Johnny Gentile and Helen Carroll have come down a floor to be on a level with and take part in our work.

We certainly hate to see Elsa Zimmerman leave us. But she is going to study voice real seriously, and we hope at some future date to have the pleasure of hearing her sing. We all wish you the very best of luck, Elsa.

May we suggest something to Emily Hoffman? Why not try a sponge instead of spoiling a perfectly good handkerchief, at the movies?

We know a certain young lady who wrote to her boy friend every day while she was away on her vacation, and received a letter in return. That certainly is "Love and devotion." Isn't it so, Cele?

We welcome back Margaret Denninger after an illness of several weeks and are very happy over her recovery.

Fred Weber and Gertrude Hamburger have just returned from Saugerties, N. Y. There is no connection, however; only coincidence.

Ruth Lesser cannot explain that tired feeling. Some call it love, but we are not so very sure about that.

Izzie Alterman was another one of those unluckys who got two solid weeks of rain on his vacation.

Molly Levy is back from a very enjoyable stay in the mountains. Ask her to tell you about it.

Madeline Lang has had a passion for seeing her name in print. We suggest a printed sign for her desk.

We are happy to welcome Misses Frances Attanasio, Ruth Kaplan, Alice Coyne and Carla Allerup to our department.

Julius Freidman, man of all work, returned from a month's vacation at the Citizens Military Training Camp. He hasn't yet exhibited to us the maneuvers of the Manual of Arms but that may be because he has not been asked, yet. He went on a long overnight hike of four miles which is about equivalent to the walking he does at the office each morning.

We wonder if A. J. (it Al) Hart is profiting by John Mahan's instructions on the use of the fingers when telephoning.

Nettie Cohen is another recruit to the ranks of those who go to camp for vacations. Her destination is Green Mansions Camp. Here's hoping she knocks them dead the way she does at the office.—Oh, those eyes!

Harry Wright and Morris Frommer have been phoning the tax returns for the past few days until now their conversation is mostly—whose got the—report? What's the maximum tax? And How much is a mill?

The following are the contributions to the fund to promote Mr. McGovern's voice control.

1 Rope—sent since our suggestion last month.
6 Razor Blades—slightly dull.
1 Sandpaper block—second hand.
1 Used toothbrush.
1 Necktie—frayed.
1 Bottle of Listerine.
1 Box of Smith Brothers Cough drops.
1 Package of "Think of Your Adam's Apple" Luckies.

and 1 Carton of Old Golds—You know why. The fund has been going strong. All future contributions should be sent directly to Mr. McGovern.

Ever since the announcements of the new bowling season were sent out Johnny Fuchs has been surrounded by great bowlers, the biggest of whom has been Joe Doughney, our honorable treasurer.

Miss Boyd took the last week of her vacation and returned to join Miss Stranuch and Miss Waxelbaum in their overtime labors at the typewriter. The girls may need a hammer to punch the keps before they're through and another vacation when the present work is completed.

A. J. Michaels is the proud father of a baby girl, born August 17th. Weight, five pounds.

A. J. Leonard was in charge of the Accounting department during Mr. McDermott's absence on vacation.
9th Floor Annex

Harold Greenberg has joined the ranks of the Benedicts, "the way of all men"... Lil Gushin follows in his footsteps, the merger took place September 6... May we congratulate the happy brides and grooms?...

Mary Vernon has the distinction of having the shiniest nose in the place..... As an admonition, Sid Ellison, always count trump when you play Bridge..... Kitty Talber has returned from her vacation with a tan worthy of mention..... Milt Gurian is so sweet these days. We wonder.... All Bee Lerner needs is a horse, and sound effects of the Light Cavalry Overture with that new-fangled derby..... They're Paula Weiss' greatest problem lately..... Louise Runge recently celebrated her sixteenth birthday..... How Sol Bragin loves his Chee-hago!.... Wonder what Jeanette Lutz and Dot Wechsler are reminiscing so much about?.... Max Faeter has adopted a "Baby" name, Ada Malpetse.... Da-da, Da-da.... Teddy Housman's "scar of battle" is all healed, and she's looking her own charming self again..... Dave Samelson doesn't make very good "copy" these days..... Don't anyone dare mention CLOTHES to Wally Jorgensen or us!.... Barbara Cohen can't be bribed to go into a B.M.T. subway train at night. But what are we poor Brooklynites going to do?.... Must hand it to Claire Singer; her repertoire of stories is great!..... Seems to us we haven't mentioned jojo for quite a while. Please note, jojo, and don't "bawl us out" in the next letter..... Now that the Inaugural Dinner has been set for the 22nd of October, it gives us exactly 6 weeks to worry about a new dress..... Can't figure out why Joel Golden is so nice to us; lets us walk with him, and everything!..... Nat Sherman still can't decide where to go for that long-awaited vacation..... Get a load of Stanley Mendel's moustache!..... Poor Dot Joseph got an awful lot of rain during her vacation, but cheer up, Dot, rain is just marvelous for the complexion.....

Sixth Floor

Ellen Bailey became the wife of Edward Boehm on Saturday, August 8th.

It seems that 'Dan Cupid' is busy on the sixth floor. Hannah Schneider of the Telegraph department left to become Mrs. Joe Pulin.

Leonora Korenstein has recently returned from a week's vacation in Asbury Park.

Jean Olishansky has left the steno department to work with Miss Coombs of the Publix Ditto department.

Ella Hagen hinted to us that we've never mentioned her name in Pep-O-Grams.

Lilyan Davidson recently returned from her vacation and it is apparent that she likes medical students.

Alice Palange returned from her vacation; having had a marvelous time although it rained plenty.

Dorothy Finn had a great time vacationing in Massachusetts.

Harold Logomarsini still thinks that the Brooklyn National Leaguers will win the pennant.

Joseph Egan had a great time during his two weeks at Rockaway Point.

Jerry of the mail room returned from Canada saying that it is as wet as ever.

Seymour Gruber of the Printing department is a composer of songs. He recently composed one that is said to be very good.

Did you ever ask Dan. O'Neill a foolish question? Try it sometime.

The Stenographic department welcomes Helen Kaufman, formerly of the Publix Music department; also Rose White from the Publix Music Novelty department.

It may be this inspiring weather that is responsible for a delve into poetry. At any rate—Here goes: It was a balmy summer's evening, the annex folks were there. The occasion was a grand one, Sylvia Klaus to "bob" her hair. Jack Oswald and Art Novak were there to lend advice, And with them Charlie Adams, Karl Waltz and Rudolph Weiss.

Was little Sylvia nervous? She knew that she was, sorta', Should she really eat it? Maybe she hadn't orta'. At any rate, 'twas growing late, would someone please advise her? Who should walk in at this crucial time?— dear old Edith Kaiser.

With her was a gentleman, Ruby Abrams was his name, He stood four feet, ten inches, but a gentleman just the same. Surely he could help her, his decision would complete it. And he told her not to cut it, and made sure that he beat it.

Thus ends my little story, folks, the saddest one, if ever, Sylvia has went and done it though, 'twas better late than never.

"We dry our eyes and stow our pain, And watch the cypress of Helen Swane, Away from New York to Kalamazoo, For a vacation with Mr. A. Kangaroo." J. Tuohy.
The Speed Demon

He’s a Georgia Cracker by birth, a New Yorker by choice. And we don’t blame him his heresy. As a matter of fact we point to his Manhattan tendencies with forgiving pride. (And we won’t explain it, either.)

Gus, as he is called by friends and strangers alike, reigns supreme as the exploitation genius of Len Stewart’s (ad.) Advertising department. But you can’t blame Gus for that. Things have just happened to him.

Gus, occasionally gives away his rural background. For like all out-of-towners, he roots for the Yankees instead of the Giants. However, he is an expert tennis player, a cross between George Lott and John Dogg. He never buys clothes without consulting every member of the Advertising department. Which doesn’t enhance his sartorial splendor. He holds the distinction of winning two tickets in one hour for speeding, pleading gracefully but hopelessly before two grim-visaged Justices of the Peace in the quiet calm of Pennsylvania.

If he cannot be considered a full-fledged lady-killer, it is not because he, like the famous Barkis, “isn’t willin’.” And he has a grand sense of humor best illustrated by a post card received from him recently from Atlanta where he spent his vacation. The card shows the Atlanta Penitentiary, and he writes, “Wish you were here.”

Oh yes. We hear that Gus will preside alone over a bachelor apartment this winter. You know, one of those apartments with a private entrance. Yes, indeed, just another home-town boy making good in a great big way.

The Club’s New Hymn

Music and Lyrics Express Real Spirit of Pep.

All crooners and would-be crooners will be delighted to hear that the Paramount Pep Club now has an “Almy Mammy” song. Suggested by President Fred Metzler, the lyrics were written by Josef Zimanich and the music by Phil Boutelje of our Music department.

Both Mr. Zimanich and Mr. Boutelje are members of the Pep Club.

The idea first was to reproduce the song in Pep-O-Grams but this was found to be impractical; hence, the regular song sheets.

“Song of Pep” has been sincerely dedicated to Fred Metzler and the Paramount Pep Club.

The song has been tried out in the presence of eminent musicians and they all agree that the music and lyrics express the real spirit of pep.

“The wonderful idea of creating a song of the Pep Club belongs to our esteemed President, Fred Metzler,” states Mr. Zimanich—and as a lasting tribute to him, let us all learn it and sing it at our Inaugural Dinner as well as on other occasions too.”

Charles Strobel of Vince Trotta’s art department gets credit for designing the cover.

Young Lad: “Paddy, what is college bred?”
Dad: “College bread, my lad is made from the flower of youth and the dough of old age.”

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

“Well, if it ain’t my old dad,” he said, as he looked in the mirror. “I never knew he had his pitcher took.”

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn’t escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up into the attic, and found the mirror.

“Hum-um,” she said, looking into it, “so that’s the old hag he’s been chasin’.” — Plate Maker’s Criterion.

Joe: “Do you come from Boston?”
Henry: “Hell, no! I’m talking this way because I cut my mouth on a bottle.” — Typo Graphic.
Mary Turner has the furniture and apartment and is all set for
those wedding bells to ring out.
The happy day is Sept. 22nd.
Helen Farrell went and did it.
She is now Mrs. Martin Ennis;
another couple of Paramount Publixites
signing up. Good luck to them.

We wonder just where Helen Eckmann
got that strut she is exhibiting these days.
Could it have been inspired by Marlene
Dietrich?

It did not take the boys long to discover
Mazie Dineen who is a newcomer in Homer
Traw's department.

Poor Charlie Eich—he stayed home on
his vacation. This business depression sure is
depressing.

**DID YOU KNOW??????**

That Beadie Steinbaum led the shock
troops in the newest Cash Receipts Civil
War?????? And that she lost the skirmish
by a nose?????

That cute little Helen Farrell up and
married that handsome elevator lad in the
Paramount Building and that her life will
now be a series of "ups and downs"?????

That the quickest way to test Jimmie
"The Great" Begley's swimming prowess is
to capsize a canoe in which he is seated???

That there are several "pretty" reasons
why Bert "Feet" Adler is so sternly op-
posed to the elimination of unit shows over
the Publix Circuit?????

That Ida "Rumba" Levine is taking up
tap dancing—of all things?????

That all is quiet on the Western Front
since petite Esther Meltzer and vivacious
Jean Diver are vacationing?????? Wait'll
they see this!

That intellectual Miss Helsing is back
with us—Russian literature and all?????

That it has been finally settled that Mr.
Adler is in the employ of the Company for
a longer period of time than Ye Scribe?????
AS IF ANYONE CARED!!!

That my illustrious rival, the dazzling
Sadys, has done more to glorify the first-
person pronoun than Rudy Vallee?????

**Recommended To Amusement Seekers
(with apologies to Walt Winchell.)**

Mary Kaen's insistent "Crying for
the Carolines" and singing in general; Frieda
Krakower's shyness; Mary Turner's inex-
haustible fund of stories; Betty "Ho-Ho"
Whalen's new picture hat; Walt Kampi's
musical sneeze; Mr. Fruenich's morning
canter; Mimi Marie's "Helen Kane" com-
plex.

**A LA PHOToplay TITLES**

"An American Tragedy" — Lefty Poole.
"Fighting Caravan — — — Esther Meltzer
"Rainbow Man" — — — Al Hertz
"The Big Parade" — — — Jakey
"Check & Double Check" — Mayme Baker
"The Covered Wagon" — — — Rhinow

Jean Katz came back from her vacation
with not only a tan but sporting a lovely
friendship ring from the boy friend. It
must be in the air.

Helen Seesholtz went one better, came
back from her vacation, announced her en-
gagement and plans for a wedding, to be
held shortly; also her retirement from the
office. What luck we wish this girl.

Jeanne Lateiner also annexed a new boy
friend in the country, who writes, calls and
sees her as often as possible. Gee, ain't
love grand?

With moving and shifting some of the
scenery around we now find Jack Boxer in
Schroeder's unit; Oolie Olwovitch in
Plunkett's and Joe Lewandos in Stanley's.

Gene Weber is now taking care of Teddy
DeBoer's worries while he is away on a
much needed vacation.

J. Zammit is quite an ambitious worker.
He manages to nab you wherever you are
and nail one of those new Pep Club mem-
bership cards on you.

Joe Lewandos won second prize in the
recent golf tournament held at the Tysen
Manor Country Club. . . . You should have
seen all the newspaper write-ups! A future
Bobby Jones in our midst.

Pearl Schuhr of Publix Files changed her
name Sunday, Sept. 6th. Here's wishing her
luck.

**Athletic Briefs**

From the returns on the recent questionnaire
on bowling sent out by Johnny Fuchs, it seems
as though we'll have the 'ol bunch back at the
game again this Fall and Winter in addition
to several more. For a good time and lots of
fun, it is suggested that everyone take ad-
vantage of this offer.

Even though Summer wanes, swimming is
still being enjoyed and probably will be all
winter by those enthusiasts who are going to
the St. George Hotel pool in Brooklyn. Cut
ticket rates can be obtained from the cashiers
of both Paramount Publix in the Home Of-
Fice and Herald Tribune buildings respectively.

The Paramount tennis team is rounding out
a highly competitive but successful season. By
the time this article goes to press, our team
will have played the General Motor's team
which game was originally scheduled for Au-
gust 29th but was postponed on account of
rain. A future combat will be with the Uni-
versal representatives.
During the last few months Miss Helen Swayne has been dubbed various nicknames, but none have been so fitting as her latest monicker, "Gimpy"; and as long as we're on the subject, have you heard how Helen behaved on Gary Cooper's latest visit to the Building?

After five years with Miss Swayne, John Gentle has been advanced to Mr. Dunne's Department. Lots of Luck, John!

As Jean Cadger says, "The way they take the census in Scotland is to roll a penny down the street."

Have you noticed Irving Cohen's manly (?) pride in his newly discovered wavy hair?

SALES STATUTORY RELEASE SCHEDULE

"Skippy"—H. Swayne.
"Just a Gigolo"—I. Cohen.
"Honeymoon Lane"—N. Bindler.
"Silence"—E. Gallagher.
"Up Pops the Devil"—P. Cohen.
"It Pays to Advertise"—P. Mahoney.
"Four Feathers"—M. Minscher.
"Reducing"—J. Cadger.
"Public Enemy"—R. Gravitz.

A SCHOLAR in our midst! Morris Kerstein of the 12th floor reception desk very modestly admitted, when cornered by a reporter, that he has been awarded a four year scholarship—a year at City College and 3 years at a Western university. We are glad to hear this about so fine a young man. Good luck, Morris.

There is a certain technique in getting out of cabs as Helen W. Swayne will always remember in the future. Recently she stepped out of a cab in the wrong way and put a few ligaments on the unemployment list for several weeks. However, she is "all better" now and is her usual good self once again.

We have just found out a secret about Sylvia Cooper of Sara Lyon's office—She is to be married on October 11th. With Sylvia's sweet disposition and charming manner, we are sure the marriage will be a great success and we hasten to wish her and her "to-be" great happiness and good luck.

Although we don't think Augusta Petersen deserves any publicity, (because she flatly refused to divulge any dirt about the other members of her office) we can't help but admit we did miss her during her absence from the office on account of a sudden illness.

Ruth Pomerantz picked up her desk and typewriter and moved into 1219 from Miss DeGrau's office, and two filing cabinets now rest where Ruth did.

Button, Button, who's got the Button? That's what Adelaide Miller wants to know, but it's a plant instead that's worrying her. Her tiny plant disappeared from her window-sill the day before her vacation and hasn't been seen since. She is afraid it has met with foul play because she claims it was too young to walk alone.

Publicity Department has gone Southern. By that we mean several of the members are from Way-Down-Georgia or some other place down yonder. We-all sho' want to give them the glad hand.

A Reporter's Cry

There are some people in the place, Who never see their name or face In Pep-O-Grams, they're so darn quiet, Come on folks, start a new diet; Do things, good, bad or full of glee And then a head line you shall see, In Pep-O-Grams—our own little book, That we rush to read by hook or crook.

Things We'd Like
To Know . . .

What ad writer took a holiday and did those spiffy ads for "Ballyhoo"?
The license number of the taxi that took a pass at George Planck's spanking new Chezy, the other day. So would George.

Whether the tricorn (Empress Eugenie, to you) hats are but a forerunner of what is to come. Can you imagine lego-mutton sleeves in the subway?
If Ye Editor, Claude Keator, appreciates the fact that this piece of copy will be the first deadline, we ever made.
How the telephone operator of a certain advertising agency stands the gaff. Call Eldorado 5-5800 some dreary morning and get that, "Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, Inc. Good Morning." It is a sure cure for the groan.

How many people were unjustly accused of writing the "We Nominate for Oblivion" column in the last issue of Pep-O-Grams. If all the threats are carried out, it should be good reading this issue. Everyone mentioned last month has volunteered to do a little mud-slinging for this issue.
Eighth Floor

Kitty Lufrano has gotten herself a Nom de Plume. Yes, they call her Phoebe Snow now, all because she has been wearing white these days. At least it's not a bad name.

Lillian Fenske receives a mysterious phone call nearly every day. Wonder who it can be?

Fred Jehle spent his vacation in Washington. Bet three to one he had an audience with President Hoover. Did you tell him about our "gang" Fred?

Rosalie Sevcik refuses to divulge her personal likes and dislikes, so we can't get anything on her, but we do know she recently got herself a permanent wave, which she called a flop, but it's really very becoming.

Oh yes, Freddy Ruzicka is getting married the 1st. (The 1st chance he gets.) At least that's what he tells us. Trying to kid us, Huh? Well we'll get even. Wait until he does get married.

Sally Walton feels that the new Eugenie mode in hats is becoming much too common and therefore wears a black velvet ribbon in her hair, which makes her look quite "GORGEOUS." (And furthermore, it's cheaper than a new hat.)

Charley Reilly's little baby has a new nick-name. "Battling Nelson Reilly." "Bat-tling Nelson" has sprouted two new teeth, and that's all you can hear Charley talking about these days.

Bill Hanneman just added a new suit to his collection. What is this thing called "depression?"

Bill Hecht back on the job after a delightful vacation at Big India, smoking the pipe of peace, or maybe it's a Dunhill. But at any rate, he received a pipe as a gift.

Peggy Mahoney lunched with Reri and Meri of the Ziegfeld Folies the other day. Go ahead Peggy, ask me how I found that out.

Well, here it is September and we still hear of vacations. Walter Hanneman is enjoying his two weeks of rest and recreation in Philadelphia.

It seems the most popular sport in the poster art dept., these days is outdoor painting. All of the boys are going in for the sport and are painting some beauties. The winter contest will start soon.

Marian Herbert is riding the girls from the filming dept., around in her Chevy, on Saturdays. Sure, they go out to Long Beach, Jones Beach and other places, so I hear. Wonder if there's any chance of some of us poor hard working boys and girls joining her some Saturday?

Johnny Papajick has added the African jungle to his collection of art in his new home. Protection for his new wife I suppose.

Mollie Futterman is now on her vacation. Think she has gone out to Jones Beach. I know the last time I was out there, they had a couple of handsome life guards.

Joe Newman went to Elmira for his vacation. Yep, fourteen days. You should have seen the swell post card he sent, of the fine new jail up there.

There's a bottle of milk left outside of room 806 every day. Don't know who the milk is for. It might be for Sylvia Chock, perhaps Edward Sullivan, maybe Lillian Rudnick, or even Vivian Fredericks. We'll have to snoop around and find out, but in the mean time, this is a swell way to get these Pepsters' names in Pep-O-Grams. Ain't you? Who's esking? I'm telling you.

Alice Deegan still claims to be a man hater, but I saw her walking down Broadway with TWO men the other day. Someone else trying to kid us?

Mr. Haley just returned from his vacation with wim, vigor and vitality. Had a pleasant trip by auto to Cape May with stops at Asbury Park, Atlantic City, and other resorts along the Jersey Coast.

Ann Farrell, Emma McLennen, Marge Stolfi, and Alice Deegan are becoming experts at Bridge. You should hear them tell some stories about Bridge parties they attend.

**PEP-O-GRAMS**

Reportorial Staff


Sympathy is extended to Kenneth Lawson of the Paramount Accounting department who recently lost his mother.

Condolences are extended to Lester Lieberman of the Paramount Accounting department who recently lost his mother.

An expression of heartfelt sympathy to Thomas Cronin of the Paramount Accounting department who recently lost his father.

An expression of sympathy is extended to Kathleen Walsh of Sara Lyon's department whose sister recently passed away.
Jest For a Laugh

Suspicious Husband: Who called this afternoon?
His Better Half: Only Aunt Sophie.
S. H.: Well, she left her pipe here.

Auditor—"Now, let's see your pink slips."
Miss Filing Clerk—"Sir!"

She: Do you know you'd make a wonderful fireman?
He: How's that?
She: You never take your eyes off the hose.

"You never bring me candy like you used to before we were married."
"That's so. Well, you never heard of a fisherman feeding bait to a fish after he had caught it, did you?"

Teacher: "Willie, give the definition of 'Home.'"
Willie: "Home is where part of the family waits until the others are through with the car."

"I'll explain deductions," said the young law student, airing his knowledge in the home circle. "In our backyard, is a pile of ashes. By deduction, that is evidence that we've had fires going this winter."
"By the way, William," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift the evidence."

She—When does a man think most seriously about marriage?
He—After he is married.

McGinty: "I've a terrible corn on the bottom of my foot."
Pat: "That's a fine place to have it. Nobody can step on it but you."

"I call my girl a Golf Bug."
"For what ungodly reason?"
"It's her ambition to go around in as little as possible."

"Rastus, I understand that you have become the father of twins?"
"Yassuh Ah done call the just one Adagio Allegro, and Ah'm goin' to call the second one Encore."
"Musical names, all right. But why do you call the second one Encore?"
"Well, suh, you see, he wasn't on the program at all."

Null: "I started out on the theory that the world has an opening for me."
Void: "And you found it?"
Null: "Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."

A writer sent a poem to an editor, who it seems, had little use for the verse. The title of the poem was, "Why Am I Alive?"
The editor wrote, when returning the poem, "Because you sent the poem by mail, instead of
delivering it in person."

Doctor (to fair patient) "You certainly have acute appendicitis."
Fair Patient: "Oh, Doctor, you flatter me."

Burglar: "Let's figure up and see how much we made on this haul."
His Pal: "Shucks, I'm tired. Let's wait and look in the morning papers."

The first time a Scotchman used the free air at the garage, he blew out all four tires.

"Say mister," said the little fellow to a next door neighbor, "Are you the man who gave my brother a dog last week?" "Yes." Well, ma says to come and take them all back.

Mrs.: You deceived me before we were married—you said you were well off!
Mr.: Well, I was—but I didn't know it.

First ditto—"Did you kill any moths with the moth balls I gave you?"
Second ditto—"No, I tried for three hours, but I couldn't hit one."

Prof.—"Why are you crying, young man?"
Student—"I drank some eider, and now I can't find my way around."
Prof.—"Well, you mustn't take it so hard."

Sweet Young Thing: Could you fix up some castor oil so it would not taste?
Druggist: Surely; sit down—won't you have a soda while you're waiting?
S. Y. T.: Surely.
Druggist: Something else, Miss?
S. Y. T.: No; where's the castor oil?
Druggist: You just drank it.
S. Y. T.: But that was for Mother!

Flicker Stars

Mrs. Mosquito: Where is your daughter?
Mrs. Housefly: She just went to the front door for a screen test.

"What would you do if you had had five dates with a man and he had never attempted to kiss you?"
"I'd lie about it."

Lil.: "Think I'll take up horseback riding, it will increase my social standing."
Helen: "I don't know about the social part, but it sure will increase your standing."

The Modern Child

Very small son: "Dad, give me a dime."
Papa: "Not today, sonny, not today."
Small son: "Dad if you'll give me a dime, I'll tell you what the iceman said to mamma this morning."
Papa: "Here, son quick, what did he say?"
Small son: "He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning?"
A Decade Of Service

A record of ten years service in the interests of the employees of our company is something to be proud of and it gives me the greatest pleasure to extend congratulations to the Paramount Pep Club on the occasion of its tenth anniversary.

That the ideals of good fellowship, constructive help along educational lines, promotion of sports and healthful activities, and the promulgation of the Paramount Spirit are fundamental has been proven throughout the decade of your club's existence. Ten years ago the Pep Club was merely an idea but today it is a flourishing organization with a record of accomplishments made possible only through the hearty co-operation of every one of its members. This record is most gratifying to me and it should be to every member of your club.

Congratulations, again, to all of you and I speak for all the officers of your company when I say that I hope the next ten years will be as fruitful for you as the last have been.

Adolph Zukor
In these “times that try men’s souls” much depends on the individual employee’s loyalty to the corporation. Each should recognize that he is a necessary cog in the organization’s machinery. On occasion one may feel that if he does not come in direct contact with the executives, he is not noticed and not appreciated. This is a false assumption and an unwise attitude, for there is no person in the ranks whose work does not have a direct bearing on that of someone else. Thus neither the efficient nor the inefficient escape the attention of the higher executives of the company. By working together for the common good through this trying period, we are all bound to be better off—stronger in the consciousness of our own accomplishments and in the estimation of our business superiors in the organization.

Eugene J. Zukor
Two Birthdays

Two birthdays are celebrated this month. It is the tenth anniversary of the Paramount Pep Club and the seventh anniversary of Pep-O-Grams.

As another year rolls by, the Club continues to prosper; prosper not only in increased membership and finances but also in the promotion of welfare, educational, social and athletic activities.

Pep-O-Grams helps in its small way of keeping informed all Pep Club activities.

With a new administration taking office, imbued with ideas and a determination to carry them out, the Paramount Pep Club and Pep-O-Grams should reach new heights of endeavor and accomplishments during the coming year.

We congratulate the outgoing administration which has striven hard to make this year one of the highlights in Pep Club history.

An old year ends; a new year begins. Co-operation on the part of the members will be of beneficial aid in making another year of stellar accomplishments for the Club.
The New Administration

President
DR. EMANUEL STERN

Vice President
CHRIS BEUTE

Treasurer
HOMER S. TRAW

Secretary
DORIS MEYER

Board of Governors

F. L. METZLER    CHARLES L. GARTNER
Joseph J. Doughney    Lillian Stevens
Ida Wolfe    Montague F. Gowthorpe
Helen Winston    Aldythe Reichenbach
E. A. Brown    Joseph Walsh

John E. McDermott
Dr. Emanuel Stern—President
To The Members Of The Paramount Pep Club

IT is with a deep sense of appreciation that I have accepted the Presidency of this grand club. This applies not only to the honor of being President but also applies to the appreciation of the responsibilities that I assume for the coming year, particularly in view of economic conditions. I want to thank every member of the club for the confidence that they have expressed in my guidance. I want to thank the chairmen and members of each of the committees for accepting the burden which they all know is harder this year than ever before.

With all the success that has been attained in this club in previous years, I feel in duty bound to call the attention of each and every member to the fact that the carrying on of successful achievement for this year will depend more than ever on the individual efforts of every member of the club with all of us pulling together.

Let our concerted efforts prove our loyalty not only to the club but to Paramount and its leaders.

Emanuel Stern, M.D.
New Officers

Chris Beute—Vice President

Doris Meyer—Secretary

Homer S. Traw—Treasurer
New Governors

F. L. Metzler

Ida Wolfe

Lillian Stevens

Joseph Doughney

Charles Gartner

Montague Gowthorpe
Continuing as Governors

Helen Winston

Aldyth Reichenbach

Edward A. Brown

J. E. McDermott

Joseph Walsh
A Statement From Mr. Zukor To All Employees Of The Paramount Publix Corporation.

I am desirous of taking this opportunity for a frank discussion of our company's affairs, so that all of its people the world over may have before them my viewpoint and my feeling about the company at this time and its future.

It is not unnatural that in times such as these, when the economic structure of the whole world and its industries are in a more or less chaotic state, that people removed from the executive offices of the company should wonder about their company.

Individuals in high and low places have had their finances impaired. Investments in enterprises have depreciated. This is a natural consequence of the world wide economic depression. However, we in Paramount have faced periods of depression before. A similar situation prevailed in 1921—the only difference between this condition and that one is this one's greater scope. In 1921 every one put his shoulder to the wheel and out of it emerged a greater Paramount. I have greater faith and hope in the future of Paramount than ever before. Our institution is represented throughout the four corners of the world by the best men—men of proven courage and ability, and it is with this knowledge that I face the future with calm and assurance.

Our studios are giving us better product this year than last. Our theatres are operating well, carefully and economically. Our distributing department sold the product well everywhere. Our foreign business, in spite of conditions, is splendid. Our financial structure is sound. Our credits are unimpaired.

Seldom is it necessary for me to call upon the manpower of this organization for anything, because at all times the organization does its job. However, because of this world wide condition I am availing myself of this opportunity, first, to assure every man and woman in Paramount of my unflinching belief and faith in our company, and to assure you that with your co-operation we will emerge a greater and more prosperous Paramount.

(Signed) ADOLPH ZUKOR
A Press Agent’s Letter
by Bunny Bryan

Most Any Hotel
Except a Good One.

My dear Boy:

Now that I have finished a day of answering questions about show business in general and “Tilly’s Fatal Romance” in particular, I’ll endeavor to rid myself of that four-leaf feeling by answering a question you have asked me many times.

You say, “Why shouldn’t I become a press agent?”

I say with emphasis, “Why SHOULD any sane person?”

Press agents are both cussed and discussed. When business is good, the great show is always given credit for the box-office draw. When business is bad, everyone wants to know, “What is the matter with the publicity?”

A press agent is supposed to be and often-times to his surprise, turns out to be a combination magician, miracle worker, dynamiter, trouble smoother, hail fellow always willing to be met.

A press agent is always supposed to have a joke worth telling at his command while as a matter of fact he doesn’t dare tell his best jokes.

A press agent is supposed to be able to walk into most any newspaper office almost anywhere, and regardless of the animosity towards all things savoring of show business, be able to calm the editor’s brow and plant a story or two.

A press agent is supposed to be able to put in on an advertising discussion and advise what to say, when to say it and how to say it. Sometimes he succeeds.

A press agent is supposed to be able to take any picture, no matter how worthless a piece of tripe it may be, and figure a logical business-getting sales angle.

A press agent, must above all things know when and how to say, “Yes” and “No” and laugh uproariously or smile discreetly.

A press agent is supposed to be chock full of confidence but without a chip on his shoulder. He is supposed to be able to obtain an audience most anywhere and to able to favorably impress the party being interviewed.

Think over this subject carefully, my son. If you are thoroughly convinced that you can fill all these “musts,” hire yourself to Washington and, using the demanded ability to obtain an interview, sell Mr. Hoover on the idea that you would make an ideal Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Otherwise, you may find yourself in the years to come, writing letters of advice to your son from hotels on the wash bowl and pitcher route.

Things We’d Like To Know

What a certain member of Publix Advertising Department did with those twelve extra copies of the last issue of Pep-O-Grams.

The number of inches Charlie Winchell’s chest has expanded since he became a father. Patricia Ann is the name.

If you know that Thomas Jefferson, statesman and signer of the Declaration of Independence, invented the swivel chair in which you sit as you read these jottings? Scout George Planck brought back this choice bit of news from Monticello.

What is harder to get than a pair of 50 yard line seats for the Harvard-Army game? Or 40 yard line seats for that matter.

If we call it quits, will Professor Shaw stand on the Public Library steps and whistle “Yankee Doodle” while we suck a lemon?

Why the United States government doesn’t follow the Paramount Pep Club’s voting plan and have one ballot cast for the next president? This country will never have another George Washington as long as election promises are made. And think of the radio speakers it would eliminate. There is Eddie Cantor for instance.

Casts the Official Ballot

Dave Cassidy, who used to do a lot of pegging to the bases when he was the star catcher on the Paramount championship baseball teams, has now turned to casting. Casting in this particular instance refers to the casting of the official ballot which elected the entire slate of candidates proposed by the Nominating Committee.

The election took place on September 22nd in the office of John J. Wildberg, chairman of the Rules Committee. Also in this group were the Election Committee, composed of Carl Clausen and Louis Leffler, and Joseph V. Parker, the Teller.

But Cassidy was the “big shot” of the conclave. He cast the official ballot—without the least castigation from those present.

Dave Cassidy
IN REVIEW
In relinquishing the office of President of the Paramount Pep Club, I can wish my successor nothing better than that he be accorded the same generous, unanimous co-operation that was given me during the past year.

It is customary for the out-going President to summarize the activities of the Club during the past year, and I do this knowing that credit for the progress of the Club is credit that should go to my fellow officials, to members of committees and especially to those Club members in the ranks without title who have the welfare of the Club so much at heart that they never refused any demand that has been made upon them.

We can best appraise the progress of the Club during the past year reviewing its activities in the light of the purpose of the Club. That purpose is fourfold—promotion of fellowship—encouragement of educational advancement—mutual welfare—the stimulation of loyalty to the Corporation. The mere mention here of highlights of the Club’s activities during the past year will show how fully the purpose of the Club has been achieved—Inaugural Dinner, the Christmas Party, the Annual Ball, the Asbury Park Outing; all records were broken for attendance at the Club’s monthly meetings with an average of over 700 members at each meeting; meetings were addressed by Mr. Adolph Zukor, Mr. Ralph A. Kohn, Sir William Wiseman, Mr. Sam Katz, Mr. Walter Wanger, Gov. Carl E. Milliken, Mr. Rudy Vallee and Mrs. Rita McGoldrick; for the classes in law, French, Spanish, stenography and dramatics, there was a larger enrollment and a more intense application than ever before; the scope of co-operative buying for the benefit of members was greatly enlarged; there was considerable increase in Club membership and increase in the number of members availing themselves of group insurance; athletic activities for members were extended. All this confirms our intention to make participation in the activities of the Club more general than ever. During the year a larger percentage of members than ever before shared the Club’s activities.

This month the Paramount Pep Club celebrates its 10th anniversary. The Club would not have lived through ten years if it had not fulfilled each year the reason for its founding. But during the past year there was more reason for a Paramount Pep Club than ever before. I think that our club is called the Pep Club, not because its members have the pep which prompts them to cheer when everything is rosy—but because they have the “pep” which makes them keep their heads up when things look dark. During the past year when the business outlook was so dark, the Club played an important part in confirming the confidence of employees in the company and stimulating that loyalty which is needed more than ever at times like these. This after all is the Club’s greatest contribution to the welfare of the company and its members. It is of this particularly that we all should be proudest as we view the past year. It is this which justifies the title, “Pep Club.”

I know that every member of the Club joins with me in this wish to the newly-elected President—that the Club will continue during the next year to adhere firmly to its purpose. If it does, then we all know that our very best wishes for it will be most fully realized.

F. L. Metzler
Dear Pep-Club members,

May this little note convey the heartiest thanks to all of you for your splendid cooperation on the tenth anniversary. Any area from whom you have treated very kindly, although I have been a member for only a short time.

Madame Greer

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Dear Mr. Metzler,

Though that mighty little publication of yours - Pepograms - and my kind friends and of much will you kindly come to Pep Club members only.

Saturday - August

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Dear Mr. Metzler,

Please extend my very congratulations to all the members of the Pep Club on the tenth anniversary of the organization. I am sure I cannot be in New York and help you celebrate the occasion. I am very glad to hear about it.

Your friend,

(Handwritten note)

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Dear Mr. Metzler,

Please extend my very congratulations to all the members of the Pep Club on the tenth anniversary of the organization. I am sure I cannot be in New York and help you celebrate the occasion. I am very glad to hear about it.

Your friend,

(Handwritten note)

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Dear Mr. Metzler,

Please extend my very congratulations to all the members of the Pep Club on the tenth anniversary of the organization. I am sure I cannot be in New York and help you celebrate the occasion. I am very glad to hear about it.

Your friend,

(Handwritten note)
PEP-O-GRAMS
PAGE NINETEEN

Dear

We're delighted to have you join the Select Club. With your membership, you'll enjoy special privileges and discounts at our exclusive events. Welcome to the Select Club of Paramount Pictures!

Best regards,

[Signature]

Paramount Select Club
Honorary Vice-Presidents

Many happy returns to fellow members of the Pep Club. You have established your club as a pioneer organization in the field of cooperative helpfulness beyond any question of doubt and I am indeed glad to extend my felicitations on this occasion. Ten years in the motion picture business is a long time and the successful operation of a club such as yours for that period speaks volumes for the effective work of its officers and members. Yours is the spirit that has made Paramount the outstanding name in show business all these years.

Jesse L. Lasky

This year your company is celebrating its twentieth anniversary and your club is entering its second decade of helpful service. I know every member of the Pep Club gets as much gratification out of these records as I do. All of us have been going through trying times, but there is great satisfaction in knowing that your company and your club have built their organizations upon sound principles which have made it possible for them to celebrate two such healthy birthdays.

Heartiest congratulations to every one of you on the splendid achievements of the last ten years.

S. R. Kent

Ten years of service such as that which has marked the activities of the Paramount Pep Club since its inception is a record worthy of due appreciation in the observance of the anniversary now at hand. Although just one-half the age of Paramount, the Pep Club is approaching a mature age which brings even greater obligations and opportunities for advancement not only for Paramount but to Paramounteers individually. One cannot help but be proud of past accomplishments but now that we are looking hopefully towards the future, the Pep Club stands on the threshold of a new day when merit and achievement will count for more than ever before. May the coming ten years bring to each and all the full measure of happiness, profit and pleasure Paramount Pepsters have so richly earned.

E. E. Shauer
Honorary Vice-Presidents

It's a real pleasure to be able to write a word of congratulation to the officers and members of the Paramount Pep Club on the occasion of the Club's tenth anniversary. Enthusiasm and loyalty are the most valuable assets any business organization can have and the Pep Club is entitled to its full share of credit and praise for fostering these essential attributes among the Home Office employees of Publix Theatres. You can well afford to put out your chest and strut a little for you have accomplished a lot of good for all of us in these ten years.

SAM KATZ

The Pep Club's birthday this year is a significant one, marking as it does ten successful years of work for the employees of our company. May I add my congratulations to those already expressed and say to every member that your club's record is one to be extremely proud of and one to be zealously carried on through the years to come.

RALPH A. KOHN

I extend heartiest greeting to the Paramount Pep Club in celebration of its tenth birthday.

Since the Club was formed it has unswervingly kept to the purposes set forth in its constitution: fellowship; educational advancement; mutual welfare and loyalty to Paramount. By keeping to this path it has become an integral and important part of the Paramount Publix Corporation, and as such has contributed tremendously to the progress of our company. Please accept my best wishes for its continued success.

E. J. LUDVIGH
WE want an original name for the new monthly magazine, which the Board of Governors has authorized to be published by and for the members of PAR MOUNT PEP CLUB, Inc., and are offering a prize to the member submitting the winning name, in accordance with the rules of the Contest. The following have kindly consented to act as Judges:

Mr. Eugene J. Zukor
Mr. Richard W. Saunders
Mr. George M. Spidell
Mr. Charles F. McCarthy
Mr. Harry D. Goldberg

RULES

1. All contestants must be members in good standing. (HAVE YOU PAID YOUR CURRENT DUES?)

2. The name should be original, and must not be that of another publication.

3. Submit as many names as you desire, but put each on a separate slip of paper, and do not put any other written matter on the paper.

4. Plus the slip or slips in an envelope, seal the same, write your name on the back of the envelope and address it to

The Contest Committee
Paramount Pep Club, Inc.

5. All names must be submitted before 1:30 P. M. Saturday, Oct. 11th, 1924, and any received by the Mailing Department after that time, will not be considered.

6. The decision of the Judges will be final, and if the name selected has been submitted by more than one person, similar prizes will be awarded to the others.

7. The name of the winner or winners, and the prize or prizes awarded, will be published in the first issue of the magazine.

H. A. NADEL
President
An Old Nadel Custom

Harry Nadel takes great delight in telling how his administration, when he was President in 1924-1925, started publishing Pep-O-Grams. It was Harry himself who first conceived the idea of getting out a monthly publication to be published by and for the members of the Paramount Pep Club.

Harry first had to sell the idea to the Board of Governors who were somewhat reluctant about spending a lot of money when the treasury was rather low. However, they consented to allow Harry to spend $50.00 on each issue.

The editorial staff consisted of Morton Blumenstock, editor; Lillian Stevens, art editor; and Charles Gartner, associate editor.

After getting the official sanction from the Board of Governors, the next thing that confronted Prexy Nadel was a name for the publication. Teaser cards were first sent out—distributed on desks and posted on bulletin boards. The only copy appearing on these cards was, "WANTED—A NAME."

The "Wanted—A Name" cards created all the curiosity that the cards were intended to. In fact, Jack Roper thought it was some gag about giving a name to a new-born babe of Tom (Olvany) Walsh. Consequently, Jack promptly sent Walsh a dictionary with the request that he look one up for himself.

Shortly afterwards, circulars were distributed throughout the office explaining in detail what a name was wanted for. A cash award of $25.00 in gold was to be given to the person submitting the best name for the new Club publication. The judges in this contest consisted of Messrs. Eugene J. Zukor, Richard W. Saunders, George M. Spidell, Charles E. McCarthy and Harry D. Goldberg.

The contest to win the twenty-five florins for a title for this publication was a great success. The contest opened October 1st and closed October 11th. Harry Nadel, who compiled the statistics, says that suggestions came in on almost everything from personally engraved note paper to a Child's restaurant menu—and there were 494 of them. Incidentally, it might be stated that it was Mel Shauer who was dining in Childs on the last day of contest and who suddenly became aware that there was only a short time left to submit his selection—and consequently, used the back of the menu card to submit his choice title.

Following out Nadel's suggestion for presenting the titles without the names of the senders, a complete list of titles was given to each judge and later at a joint meeting, the judges voted on a final selection.

Glendon Allvine, now with Fox in a publicity capacity, was the winner of the award for his selection of the name, "Pep-O-Grams."

By this time, everybody knew that there would be a monthly publication but the date of the first issue was kept a secret. The Hallowe'en dinner which is better known now as The Inaugural Dinner, was the date set by the editorial staff for the distribution of the first issue. Special plans were made for this distribution. During the course of the dinner, a bugle call was heard, and there appeared at the entrance doors four Postal Telegraph messengers attired in their well-pressed uniforms, and wearing Pep-O-Grams on their caps instead of Postal—carrying a message of interest to every Pepster seated at the dinner table. It was the first issue of Pep-O-Grams.

So, the moral of this story is that it is an Old Nadel Custom to publish Pep-O-Grams regularly once each month.
Personally Grateful To . . .

KEN LONG and JACK MURRAY who have shared honors in creating the front covers, thumbnail scratch cartoons and pictorial layouts of bowlers, outing, etc. To this duo should be given most of the credit for the artistic make-up of the magazine during the past year.

HENRY GRAY who again undertook the task of assuming the role of Chairman of the Reporters' staff. Through Henry's personality and aggressiveness, Pep-O-Grams has been able to provide a wealth of news with the hearty co-operation of the entire reportorial staff. And Henry has written several stories, too.

LEN DALY who has again used his typewriter to excellent advantage in writing another series of thumbnail scratches. These articles are one of the highlights of each issue and thanks to Len personally for making them such interesting reading. This and other news events have been capably and willingly taken care of by Len.

LEW NATHAN who has contributed prints, prints and prints. Whenever a negative wasn't available, Lew would shoot the 'subject' even though he had plenty of other work to do. Thanks a lot Lew for your hearty co-operation in supplying the photos even though most of the requests bore a rush tag.

DICK ENGEL who was always filled with excess ambition; always willing to do more than asked. To you especially, I am deeply grateful for your many write-ups on tennis, bowling, swimming, the synopsis of veterans and your other feature articles.

Claude B. Keator
Also Personally Grateful To . .

RODNEY BUSH for his helpful suggestions in the make-up of the magazine as well as for his monthly contributions on, "Things We'd Like To Know."

EDWARD SHELLHORN, not only for writing the news events of the Foreign department but also for his personal interviews with the stars which have been printed monthly throughout the year.

DORIS MEYER who has been responsible for the write-ups on the speakers appearing at the various Pep Club meetings. This has been no easy task and Miss Meyer is to be highly complimented for rendering this service.

JOHN CICERO for his taking entire charge of the many cuts that have appeared in this magazine throughout the year. And for his hearty co-operation on all occasions in assuring first-rate service.

EDDIE SULLIVAN who has proved himself a capable assistant to Lew Nathan and has also rendered valuable assistance to Pep-O-Grams in securing photographs promptly.

WILLIAM HANNEMAN who has come to the rescue on more than one occasion in supplying cartoons and sketches during the current year.

Claude B. Keator
I Have Learned

That some people have a sense of humor; others haven’t.
That one of the worst things you can do is to misspell a person’s name.
That reporters insist that you print every word they submit.
That a few persons like Ed. Shellhorn’s star interviews.
That some readers object to certain usages of words in Dick Engel’s stories.
Why Rodney Bush only held the editorship for one month.
That artists Ken Long and Jack Murray are temperamental.
That Len Daly’s thumbnail scratches are easy to read but hard on the ones written about.
What co-operation is.
To know Prexy Metzler and Entertainment Chairman Ed. Brown more intimately.
Not to be too insistent on requests for story material.
That certain members detest publicity while others don’t object.
That G. B. J. Frawley is an ardent booster for Pep-O-Grams.
That Helen Swayne signs the name, “June Bug” to her many verses of poetry.
That Henry Gray is the one and only person to head the reportorial staff.
That Lew Nathan likes to do a lot of ‘shooting’ but has never fired a shot in his life.
That Doris Meyer is crazy about taking shorthand notes of all the speeches made at Pep Club meetings.
That ex-editors sympathize with you.
That Vince Trotta’s department is responsible for the clever notices each month announcing the Club meetings.
That the editor is responsible for a lot of things.

The Editor—
**TINTRIPE! (no apologies to Skolsky)**

Albert G. Stefanic was born in Boonton, one of Jersey’s larger towns. Formerly water station for horses. G stands for Gilbert called “Gil” in Jersey and “Al” in the big city. Leads a Jekyll-Hyde life. (courtesy Paramount). Has mole on first toe of right foot. Someday it likely will wash off. (suggested by O. McClave). To bed early—in morning. Wears pajamas—sometimes. Snores constantly and most annoyingly. Intellectual reader. Ofttimes pays a half dollar a day to read a book. Presented with cane last Christmas. Razzed to such an extent his sister is using it to beat rugs at present. Regularly attends dances at Lake Hopatcong. Does dance called “Stumble!”. Pals with boy with monickers like “Dutch” and “Goofy”!. Famous slogan, “Give me Liberty or else”—likes canoeing, particularly with the girls. Will marry only when he finds the right girl—with some money.

**THIS FLOOR OF OURS! (apologies to Winchell)**

Paulo Greenwald sporting new bob and haircomb these days...Belle Jones first-nighting at the Scandals with a man...Eddie Ugast returned from a trip to the coast (West)...Ruthie Sanstedt reads Ballyhoo from cover to cover...Elise Scheib quiet since returning from her vacation...Margot Fragey wears one of those Empress Eugenies...Guy Wood in intimate conversation with Betty Boop, nee Margie Hines...Saul Jacobs back at his old stand beside Becky’s desk...Aaron Pines, contact (?). man still “studies law...Linda Salsberger craves cooler weather for two reasons...Hayfever and homesick riding...Louise Eckhardt is a confirmed vegetarian...Charley Gartner sporting a new brown suit...Gertrude Wiethake excited about airplane ride...Bill Fass answers to “Daddy” now...so do a lot of other people...But not in the same way...Bernice Gerson shuffles her feet...Just like the folks down in Alabama....

**MONTHLY BULLETIN**

Luigi Luraschi returned from his vacation a day late. Luigi claims that he missed his boat and had to wait until the following day for the next boat.

**SCANDAL! . . . A BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT!**

Sammy (Schmule to us) Cohen is in a terrible jam. It seems he was all set on going to the Pep Club dinner, in fact he had gone so far as to see “Moe the tailor” about hiring one of those classy (?) tuxedos. But as you all know, the dinner was called off and Sammy has no need for the suit. Moe thinks differently, he calls it a breach of promise. So there we have a “breach of promise suit.”

**Lessons Worth Learning**

“Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

“Learn to attend strictly to your own business.

“Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

“Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything likely to create friction.

“Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things.

“Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

“Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

“Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

“Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.”

—Gas Service.

**WHAT IS SUCCESS?**

It's doing your job the best you can, And being just to your fellow man; It's making money, but holding friends, And staying true to your aims and ends; It's figuring how and learning why, And looking forward and thinking high; And dreaming little and doing much; It's keeping always in closest touch With what is finest in word and deed; It's being thorough, yet making speed; It's daring blithely the field of chance While making a labor a brave romance; It's going onward despite defeat And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet; It's being clean and it's playing fair; It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair; It's looking up at the stars above, And drinking deeply of life and love; It's struggling on with the will to win, But taking loss with a cheerful grin; It's sharing sorrow, and work and mirth, And making better this good old earth; It's serving, striving through strain and stress, It's doing your noblest—that's Success.

—Author Unknown.
Several years ago, when Charlie Ruggles was playing in vaudeville, he leaped from a pier and rescued a little boy from drowning, the comedian revealed today while doing a scene for "Husband's Holiday" at the Paramount studios. Two hours later, a man came up to Ruggles, asked him if he had saved his son and when Ruggles blushingly admitted it, the stranger demanded to know where the lad's cap was.

Ernst Lubitsch, Paramount director, waxed philosophical the other day when he said: 

"If you like something, avoid it. It's bad for you."

... ... ...

Judith Wood, Paramount's Wampas baby star, was discussing with an extra girl Russ Clark, the former University of Illinois boxing coach who has been given an acting contract.

"He surely has a large vocabulary," said Judith.

"Yes, and such massive hands," exclaimed the other.

... ... ...

While Stuart Erwin was working on the "Working Girls" set at the Paramount studios, a detective from the Hollywood station appeared and informed him that a man who looked like Erwin had just been killed.

"He's a dead ringer," was Erwin's only comment.

... ... ...

According to Phillips Holmes, currently playing in "The Man I Killed," Ernst Lubitsch's production, dentists are never perfect. Phil says they are either practicing or drilling all day long.

... ... ...

Soap, according to Richard Arlen, whom Paramount is presenting in "Touchdown," is good for the eyes. It makes them smart, says he.

... ... ...

Funny, Isn't It

Isn't it funny? That a man will get up in the morning from an advertised mattress, shave with an advertised razor, and put on advertised underwear, advertised shirt, collar, tie and shoes, seat himself at the table and eat advertised breakfast food, drink advertised coffee, put on an advertised hat, light an advertised cigarette, ride to his place of business in an advertised car, seat himself at an advertised desk, in an advertised chair, then turn down an advertising solicitor on the ground that advertising does not pay."


The Art Photographer to His Love

When fog and smoke and sultry city's pall
And spewing "sub" kiosks and strident horns
Their blanketing of smirch plop over all
Life's scene; I search the pristine bournes
Of yet-fresh mental visionings and strive
To limn a vision of a fragrant one—
A woman joyous, pliant, much alive,
I find my wits, my senses all undone
By "close-up shots" of Dorothy and Kay;
By blurry views of Mary, Sue and Jane.
And focussing my dream-sense where I can
My memory is a camera-plate for pain—
Until I switch the lens to wholesome truth
Then do I catch the perfect picture—Ruth!

—Len Daly

Getting Off Place

Two drunks were riding the street car. After having traveled for half an hour or so one asked the other "Say, hic, buddy, hic, what time is it?" The other pulled a box of matches out of his pocket, looked at it gravely and replied "Ish Wednesday." "By gosh," explained his friend, "then, hic, I must get off here . . . ."

... ... ...

I extend my hearty congratulations to the Paramount Pep Club in the celebration of the tenth anniversary.

E. Cohen.

... ... ...

If the next ten years of activity is handled with as much vigor and vitality as the first ten, then the success of the club is assured.

L. S. Diamond.

... ... ...

PARAMOUNT SENSATIONAL
MARLENE DIETRICH LOVE
PUBLIX BULL MARKET
HEAVEN HALITOSIS CAPACITY
PROSPERITY TROTTA
SINCERELY YOURS

Russell Holman
Duke Wellington sketches the designers of the covers of Pep-O-Grams. In case you do not recognize these Publix-spirited worthies, they are Jack Murray and Ken Long. Both have been married for a long time. (Adv.)
RESIDENTS

1926-27
A. Zukor
1922-23

1927-28
A. Shauer
24

1928-29
W. Nadel
25

1929-30
J. Stilson
26

M. Doughlin
27

H. Rotta
28

E. A. Rovley
29

A. Brown
30
Dear Pepsters:

Ain’t it awful how the years roll by, but ain’t it grand how the Pep Club goes on and on getting better and better every year?

And ain’t it pretty decent of a guy what used to be their President eight years ago to admit that?

The answer is “No!”

Will all of you please consider yourselves telegraphed as follows: PAST PRESIDENT’S PEREGRINATIONS PREVENT PRESENCE PARAMOUNT PEPSTERS PARTY—PITY POOR PRUNE.

Peppily,
Melville A. Shauer.

Hail to two birthdays; the Pep Club’s tenth and its official organ, Pep-O-Grams, seventh. Pep-O-Grams has played an important part in the activities of the Club during these years in maintaining the Club at its present high standard.

And hail to two leaders; Fred L. Metzler who is completing his term of office as headman of the Pep Club and to Dr. Stern who succeeds him. Under the efficient guidance of President Metzler, the Club has steadily moved forward. And to our good friend, Dr. Stern, I feel certain that he will reach new heights of success during the coming year.

Harry Nadel.

OUR JOB—During this period of general business decline existent for many months, we are prompted to review our individual situations. After such an analysis, the honest, fair-minded employee of PARAMOUNT can only but feel and express a deep sense of gratitude for his job and appreciation to our Corporation which has so diligently conserved the best interests of its people.

Today employment such as we enjoy is of far greater value to ourselves personally than the recompense we receive. It fruitions in our peace of mind, personal happiness and ability to care for and protect our dependents. Therefore, let us all look well to the Company and without stint or hesitancy do everything in our physical power to assist PARAMOUNT in its battle to drive out “OLD MAN DEPRESSION” and bring back again PROSPERITY.

The Corporation and its officers are leaving no stone unturned to help stabilize business throughout the World and we must not fail of co-operation.

Palmer Hall Stilson.

Ten years of pep, loyalty, achievement and progress is now written on the minutes of the Paramount Pep Club. We may feel justly proud of this record, and confidently anticipate its continuance.

My sincerest commendation is offered Mr. Metzler and his administration for the past year’s work and my congratulations to Dr. Stern and his associates with a pledge of continued co-operation during his term.

J. P. McLoughlin.

As we all know, PARAMOUNT PUBLIX is forging ahead further and further each day, and as it progresses, we find PARAMOUNT PEP CLUB following closely along in its footsteps and keeping pace with it. Its members too, are progressing, for they never miss an opportunity of displaying in some manner, those wonderful cardinal principles, upon which our Club was founded, i.e., Promotion of Good Fellowship, Development of Social Activities, and last, but not least, Stimulation of Loyalty to our great Mother Organization, PARAMOUNT PUBLIX.

Our good friend and co-worker, Fred Metzler, has just completed a very successful year as President, and we all unite in congratulating him, as well as expressing to him our deep appreciation for the wonderful strides our Club has made during his Administration.

To Dr. Emanuel Stern, our new President, my esteemed friend and associate, I hasten to express my sincere congratulations, and wish him unmeasured Success during his tenure of office. The Club, under his leadership and with his guidance, will climb to even greater heights than ever before in its history. He can always count on the support, assistance and co-operation of every Member.

Continued Success for Our Club!

G. B. J. Frawley.

MORE THAN EVER A SYMBOL—Now more than ever before, the Paramount Pep Club is a symbol of the vast unquenchable spirit of Paramount Publix Corporation. With the entire world in a vast regenerative turmoil, and with every country seeking means for betterment in the fact of ever-changing conditions, our Club is a positive pillar of strength in symbolizing for the entire Corporation that ever-necessary spirit of morale which must continue to radiate to the Corporation’s thousands of representatives, not only in the United States, but in every part of the Globe. In view of this fact, it is indeed significant that our Club celebrates this year not only its tenth anniversary but also completes the first of many, many decades of service in behalf of the ever-growing, ever-expanding Paramount Publix Corporation.

E. A. Brown.
As the editor was about to write his seventh and eighth letters to Past-President Trotta, (the 4th, 5th and 6th letters aren’t shown in cartoon due to lack of space) the telephone buzzed and it was Vince, himself. “Say, how much time have I got? What is your deadline? Somebody moved a couple files out of my office and I’ll have to go to the public library and do a bit of research work.” And then several days after the deadline, came the cartoon—it is the result of Vince’s diligent search for material for his annual message. (Editor.)
Mollie Cohen's bob — Dorothy Eisenberg's giggle—Sophie Goldstein's charming pastime of placing her elbows on her stamp pad—Ann Reynolds's blue eyes and how wide they opened at sight of her birthday presents from Dorothy Mansfield—What "Pat" Cohen and Dorothy Silveri have in common, cross word puzzles—A new friendship, Irene "Colleen" Sweeney and Hazel O'Connell—Anna Stumpf's chewing gum—Katherine Kirschbaum's laughin spells—Adelaide Donohue's ready smile—Helen Gitell's lack (??) at baseball pools — Natalie Bindler's grocery memorandums in her desk—Mae Strup (our pal!) bringing candy back from lunch — Lawrence Bailey's geniality — Evelyn Bornstein's knowledge of music—How Mae Weisberg's gaining weight—Kitty Coakley's troubles with her "cherubs" — Phil Cohen and Bob Gravitz—Joe DiMare's imitation of a bird — K. Kirschbaum and Ola Hapnowich (let's make it "Happy") always together—"Skippy" Swayne's picture of her "Gary" on her desk—Eleanor Gallagher's correspondence —How glad I. Mahoney and Henry Goldberg were to see each other at "Goldie's" latest visit —How all of us wonder where M. Minscher goes horse back riding—"Pat" Cohen's startling resemblance to Groucho Marx (minus moustache)—How a visitor must think Sylvia Koenigsberg belongs to the Sales Statistical Department—The commuter Madelyn Johnson—Jean Cadger's roses.

FURTHER 12th FLOOR RELEASES:
G. B. J. Frawley..........."MAN POWER"
Jack Roper................."LITTLE CAESAR"
Helen Swayne.............."LAUGHING LADY"
Henry Gray, "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"
Messrs. Haddow, Sussman and Lorber, "THE UNHOLY THREE"
Arthur Dunne.............."DIPLOMACY"
Sadie Spitzer.............."BE YOURSELF"
Mollie Cohen.............."IT'S A WISE CHILD"
Gertie Ginsberg..........."COQUETTE"
Joe DiMare................."SMILING LIEUTENANT"
Irving Cohen.............."OLD IRONSIDES"
Marie Dunn.................."SWEETIE"
Phil Cohen.................."THE KIBITZER"
Molly Bregman.............."QUEEN HIGH"
Mary Lipple................."SOCIAL LION"
Edna Grady................."ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE"
John Gentile..............."BEAU BRUMMEL"
Hazel O'Connell............"RED HAIR"

Dorothy Eisenberg........"FEET FIRST"
"Happy" Hapnowich,
"FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP"
Ann Reynolds,
"TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE"
Eleanor Gallagher........"SPEEDY"
Sylvia Koenigsberg,
"DANGEROUS CURVES"
Bob Gravitz................."GIRL CRAZY"
Adelaide Miller..........."THAT ROYAL GIRL"
Polly Mahoney............."THE GREAT GATSBY"
Karl Brennan,
"THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME"
Larry Flynn.............."THE PRINCE CHAP"
Irene Sweeney............."ALONG CAME YOUTH"
Anna Stumpf.............."CAUGHT SHORT"
Frank Hack................."A DEVIL WITH WOMEN"
Sophie Goldstein........"THE GREAT GABBO"
Kitty Coakley.............."MAYBE IT'S LOVE"
Mae Strup................."THE THOROUGHBRED"

Jack Roper became the proud father of a son on Monday, October 5th. Son and mother doing fine and father extremely happy. Congratulations!

Sadie Spitzer has earned the title of "Champion Bill Collector." Take a tip from us and send her to collect your bills. With her charming personality and gracious manner, no one can refuse her.

Since Irene Flautte moved to Sunnyside, L. I., we've heard of several of the men considering moving there, too.

Lillian Hirsch has invited us all over to a house-warming in her new apartment but she didn't say when or where.

It has reached our ears that Carl Harrison is-like—that about Claudette Colbert. Is that right—or—is that right?

We can't help but notice that Alvin Adams has acquired a passion for bright green and blue shirts since taking over Cliff Lewis' former duties. How come?

October 11th will always be a memorable day to Sylvia Cooper. Right, it was her wedding day. Best wishes to you, Sylvia.

"California Here I Come" seems to be the national anthem now—Gerry Fowler and Pearl DeGrau have been spending their vacations there. Here's hoping they had a splendid time and will tell us about it when they return.

Adelaide Miller has been quite lonesome as has Esther Jablow.

Despite our earnest endeavors, we have been unable to find out just where Sylvia Blaustein has been vacationing. We know it was some place in New York.

Haven't seen Rose Goldstein around lately. Smarter, Rose, where've you been hiding?

It is quite evident that Mr. Stanley Waite's secretary, Mary Jablow, has lost a few pounds. Will you please pass the diet, Mary?

Lois Johnston (Florence Johnston's four year old daughter) paid us a visit a few days ago. She's a very lovely little girl, Florence, and you can well be proud of her.
Irene Meltzer is an avid book reader, always carrying one of the best sellers under her arm.

Since Mr. John D. Clark’s return from the Coast, Maric Dunn is a mighty busy girl and when we say busy, we mean busy.

ROOM 1255
"THE BEE-HIVE OF HUMAN INDUSTRY"

Bob Moriarty, big sow and mow man from the bed-rocked state of Connecticut, is happier than ever these days. He read in the paper that only morons whistle. So he now pays no attention to traffic cops while driving happily down to work.

Packer Palmer gets the brass-belted baloney doll. When the zeppelin, or is it just a dirigible, was flying over the other day, he said, "I gas it’s in the bag."

Carroll Odell, newcomer f’um Vi’ginyuh, suh! has the nicest desk-location in the room. We guess everybody knows why.—Adv.

Carl Harrison, the lad from Zinzinaddi, Oho, is our most rabid baseball fan. Also our most rapid worker. In and out of subways.

Tess Klausner, has got a big yen for Irving Hoffman, Leonard Gaynor, Roland Barkland, Bob Moriarty, Len Daly and Walter Huston. She has stills of all of them hidden in the files.

Ethel Simpson knows more answers than most girls know questions. But she always gives the right ones. If the right people ask them.

Eileen Elliott doesn’t know any answers. But then, does she have to?

Forney Wyly is glad the cold weather has set in again. For as he puts it—"Now I can set in myself, in front of the fire, popping corn and dri—I mean, eating it."

Wally West, who says he is not a brother of Galley although interested in cabin cruisers, has a new slang expression which everyone is taking up. It’s "You Sz." Fifty percent different from "Sz You."

Len Daly, who hails from Philadelphia, never yet set foot, hand, or other anatomical equipment upon Claude Keator’s New Jersey. Allus drove through, b’gosh; or rid in the steam-cars.

Peggy Fewer, chief consultant to many mighty men of pressagentry, says there is only one way to classify a piece of writing as "news." Would it make somebody mad? Yes! Then it’s news. Don’t get mad at this, Peggy.—Ed.

Lillian Da Costa, who reads Pep-O-Grams faithfully every month, says she has no doubt about that word "—Ed." which appears at the end of paragraphs in our magazine. It is an abbreviation, Lillian says, for "Eddie Schellhorn."

Margaret Russell, farmcette, wise-cracker, vodvil fan, and Bud Gray devotee, has a good word for a speakeasy. The word is "excellent." She can’t give you the name; she lost her card.

Cliff Lewis, new head man of the Ad forces, is one of the leading handball experts of the Pep Club. Yes, de Lawd turned loose one of nature’s noblemen when he turned Cliff lose. (pun; no extra charge.)

Earl Wingart, head of the Pub forces, recently brought his Lares et Penates back to Gotham from Long Beach. That means household effects, you dope.

Alvin Adams rushes up with the news that local schools are going to show talkie comedies in their auditoriums, beginning next week. "That’ll bring the MARX up," says Al.—Adv.

* * *

Eighth Floor

Marge Stolfi came in the other day wearing a red beret and looking all spiffed up. She certainly looked the berries, and I don’t mean razz-berries.

Alice Decgan received an invitation to attend a football game with one of THE boy friends. Was she excited? And how.

Bill Hecht recently helped his father celebrate his ninety-second birthday. There were three generations at the party. Seems to me they must of had a Hecht of a time.

Mollie Putterman is getting herself set for plenty of dancing this winter. She knows a lot of boys who are members of clubs, and they have promised to take her to their winter dances.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Gus Gabriel without Ed Fay’s Cigarettes.
Rosalie Sevcik without Mr. Haley’s matches.
Elinor Trictel without the colored comics of the Sunday papers.
Peggy Mahoney without her package of "chiclets."

Lillian Fenske without her collection of Eugenic Bonnets.
Harry Potter without the financial section of his favorite newspaper.
Sylvia Chock and Kitty Lufrano without their cross word puzzles.

Jonas Arnold with a pair of pretty red garters.

The filing Dept. without their lunch hour bridge games.

Marian Herbert running down the hall, without boop-boop a dooping.

Walter Hammel without his risque titles for Minsky’s Burlesque shows.

Ida Glucksman attempting to ejaculate "Yiddish profanity."
Paul Grosz taking Lindy Hop lessons without Willie Feibisch.

Did you know that Anne Farrell’s nickname is "Toots?"

Ben Schriber returned to the office minus his tonsils and adenoids and claimed he lost fourteen pounds. My, they must have been big tonsils. Vivian Fredericks had a severe case of bronchitis, but she is o.k. now.
THE WELL

Will someone please tell us how Rose Kirsch keeps so well dressed and looking so happy in this depression, or what have you...Herman Yaeger says this fall weather reminds him of the days when he starred on the football team for "dear old Commerce."...Who is that calls Frieda Kriedman, makes her lose her speech. IT must be him, for it can't be asthma...We are beginning to wonder from what kind of a past Rose Brownstein is trying to hide—she keeps so quiet about herself.

Izzy Alterman deserves a Boy Scout medal for laughing at everyone of Henry Ungerleider's jokes...Harry Boriskin is the musical "Bean Brummel" of the department. He works by day, and drums by night...Maurice Amend is absolutely depression-proof, did you see the picture of his new Franklin...Warren Smith—we mean "Smitty"—considers going to the movies in the morning, afternoon and evening, a perfect day. A perfect day for the movies, we'd say.

Madeline Lang has seen her name in print and she liked it too...Annette Malmond—pronounced with that French accent, has a Chevrolet, also pronounced with that French accent...Celia Haiman has again made up her mind that she won't tell anyone anything about her personal affairs...Mary Evelyn Kelly is "celebrating" this anniversary because she has kept her Boston accent in this vulgar city...

Henry S. Ungerleider—call me "HANK"—seems to be satisfied with married life. Two hundred pounds by Christmas or bust, says he...Ruth Lesser always has the best candy there is, in the top drawer of her desk—sweet girl...Mollie Levy has a boy friend who lives in Bayonne, N. J., and she lives in Brooklyn, nuf said.

James McCurdy—he's Jim to you—started smoking a pipe the other day, but didn't get very far...Someone has a swell boy friend who takes her home every night. Am I right or does he bring you to work too, Leah Cohen?...That Stately Golden Blond, Edith Gold—coincidental isn't it—just had a change of scenery...Salvator Asaro our candidate for the "what a Man" club. His usual lunch is two plates of spaghetti, two veal cutlets, baked ham and then dessert—WHAT A MAN...

Helen Mayer is the short of the long and short of it. Has anyone seen her boy friend? Stella Dugan thinks that this is going to be a very hard winter, and has already started saving for Christmas...We hereby defy anyone to find someone nicer to work with than Wilfred Eleterich...This is as good an occasion as any to extend some timely and other belated welcomes to Jesse Iverson, Mary Sullivan, Frances Attanasio, Carla Allerup, Ruth Kaplan, Anne Wisch, Clara Soderberg, Margaret Unger, Syvelle Brown, Emma Brown and Doris Shefis.

Even though Dave Greenwald is no longer with us, we must take this occasion to congratulate him on the birth of his daughter, Jane, on September 25. Lots of luck to little Jane Greenwald...Florence Miller has a dress which she is willing to give away. Everyday she wears it she has to work overtime...Kay Jones recently had her hair cut, and looks very nice. Did you notice it?

Alice Kostering gets very excited every time she gets a 'phone call from that certain party. Feels good, eh kid?...Mary Brady powders her nose every time she runs down to the ninth floor annex. We wonder if he notices it.

Rhea Kravitz after two years of married life, has learned to cut bread and open cans. Some progress, aye...Evelyn Arisne has a decidedly pretty shade of hair. Please tell us when you really have decided on the shade, Evelyn...It is no longer news that Ruth Jacobs is interested in someone in Publix Accounting Department...Ethel Single is this department's candidate for best dancer. May I have the next dance, please?

We saw Gertrude Hamburger walk down Broadway with a nice looking fellow—is it time for congratulations yet?...Betty Alperstein has organized a bank in spite of recent failures. Her depositors read like a who's who in Publix...Ruth Scharf knows "everything that's fit to print" and some things that are not so fit...Is it the light that gives that new tint to Maralyn Shortsis hair?

Esther Wolnek displayed a new outfit recently but our attention was called to the sparkling crystals she wore, wonder why?...Maude Peate always speaks of a certain Irishman she knows. We wonder whom she means?...Ann Marieke is heading towards Maine on her belated vacation. Have a nice time...Gertrude Guinan, what's in a name—looks very good in red and blue.

Mildred Opdyke just returned from the second half of her vacation, looking very good...Helen Weissman seems very quiet lately—what's up, Helen?...Ruby Noles says her boy friend likes it over her ears. We think her hair looks good that way too...

Announcement Extraordinary—Flora Varley "Middle Aisled" on October 9th. Her new name is Mrs. Wallace Gould. That's something...Marie Tietgen is now in training for the coming basketball season. Last season her team won twenty-five games in a row...Milton Bleman is ready for the bowling season. He expects to break 100, in fact he'll even bet on it...Miriam O'Connell won't do or tell us anything about herself. Have you taken notice of the way she smiles lately, what is it?

Margaret Deninger is now a member of the Well proper. Good to have you out here Margaret...Who was the young man who called Estelle Herman from Rockaway? Give us the lowdown...Emily Hoffarth is looking
for someone with money. We promised to help her look—and now we’re still looking... Mary Gazie looks kind of busy lately. In fact she has looked so for some time...

Frank Reilly’s wife was up the other day and boy what a “pip”. Congratulations, Frank, you sure can pick them...We wonder how Theresa Jacobs can look so wide awake so early in the morning. Maybe it’s a cold shower or something...Please ask Marie Grosbeck how to get to Hudson Heights. She’s the only one who knows how...Lulu Kaisser looks very sad these days. Can it be love? I’m not asking you, I’m telling you...

Someone told me Sadie Whitman is a very good cook. In fact her roast chicken is the best she ever hopes to taste...Fred Weber can tell you anything about anybody. Here is an able assistant for the Winch.

The occasion of the 10th anniversary of the Pep Club and Pep-O-Grams turns our memories back to the organization of the club at 485 Fifth Avenue. Three of the charter members of the Pep Club are with us in this department. A few words of congratulations and gratitude would not be amiss at the present time, although it should not be necessary to have an anniversary in order to do this.

We salute Mrs. Marjorie Banzer on the Pep Club’s tenth anniversary. Always a conscientious employee, Mrs. Banzer has given her best efforts not only to her work but also in helping and teaching others in their work.

We salute Miss Mary Spitzer. By her fine character and personality she has become a friend to all who know her and has given a friendly hand to everyone, especially the new people joining our department.

We salute Arthur Dunne. As head of the department he has helped many of us with our problems and has given us an understanding rarely found in an executive in a corporation as large as Paramount.

May the succeeding years see your efforts rewarded and the goal of your dreams come true.

A month before the birthday of the Pep Club, Mary Spitzer received congratulations on her own birthday. By the number of cards, best wishes and gifts received, we judge that Mary has many friends who remembered her natal day.

Bill Urch was ill with ptomaine poisoning but after several weeks session with his doctor, is back at his desk peppier than ever.

Norah Haran returned from a late vacation which was spent at Red Bank, N. J., and vicinity. Indian summer days suit Norah fine, and the only thing wrong was that it ended too soon.

Helen Carroll who joined the Publix division of our department felt at home very quickly as she had been in contact with us for some time while she was with Mr. Jack Roper. Helen does make a bright little spot as she sits in front of our desk.

Ann Berliner decided to continue courses at the “Y” in various physical sports. Her activities in the past have been at swimming and tennis. What now Ann?

Kenneth Lawson is back at the old stand, as Frank Thorpe has left the company. Kenneth is one expert at the job.

Prett Burlingham returned from his vacation with the folks back home in the vicinity of the state of Minnesota. They must grow darker and bigger tanned complexities in the wild and not so wooly West.

Frank Hack states he is "off women." It seems to us that the idea has been heard before.

Karl Breman played baseball now and then during the summer, but now that the football season has arrived we are hearing Karl talk enthusiastically about the famous Notre Dame team. Karl, by the way, is a Notre Dame alumnus.

This anniversary issue is not going to have an item about the clothes that Monroe Goodman wears. However, there are more issues of Pep-O-Grams to come.

Fred Schaeder, who has taken over the work in connection with the Publix billings, joined Arthur Dunne in bowling for this season. We are rooting for them to come through with high scores during the coming bowling tournament.

Myriam Isaacs refused to have lunch on two of the young men in the department. Myriam evidently believes in being true to one and only.

John Gentile can be included among the talented ones in the department who play musical instruments. John plays the trumpet and has his own orchestra.

Maybelle Gibson got a new machine, a new apartment and a new permanent wave within a short time. Soon we may hear about her new boy friend.

One of the favorite amusements of Dorothy Klein, who is in the Publix Accounting division of the department, is bridge. When her partner makes an error, Dorothy treats it as a joke. That’s what we call a test of a sense of humor.

Hannah Trager, one of the commuters from Yonkers likes the towns of Larchmont, Rye and Harrison in Westchester county for their amusement centers.

Jim Speer is now the acknowledged golf champion of the WELL after having taken Messers. Mohrhardt, McGovern, etc. over the jumps recently. Jim would also be pretty good at bowling, if...

Julius Friedman, the chief cook and bottle washer of the WELL has done so many paste jobs during the past month, that any reference to them might call for a “paste” in the eye.

Mary Silverstein is rushing the Fall season by wearing her velvet dress and Express “Oogenia” into the office.

There is much debate on the makeup of the bowling teams, as each of the fellows wants to be on the strongest team. Johnny Fuchs must be having his troubles.
Arthur Haupert is still very busily engaged with his cancelled checks—so busy, he has no spare time—not even for the girls who visit his desk.

Tommy Cronin has noticed that J. L. Brown has a private "nook" where he reads Pep-O-Grams and other interesting periodicals.

Morris Simpson has taken some more of his trips to the land of the Canucks but always returns as cheerful as ever.

Paul Gramer has moved his desk next to Arthur Haupert's. He is now prepared for a cold winter as Arthur's corner is the warmest in the well.

Julius Friedman has become a reporter for his school newspaper. We are afraid he will become "high hat" now that he will be interviewing movie stars and other celebrities.

J. L. Brown and MacKechnenney paid a visit to Nat Kleinman at the hospital. We hope Nat doesn't let the pretty nurses keep him there too long.

Gertie Strauch brought some flowers into the office after lunch one day which elicited queries as to whose birthday it was or what anniversary she was celebrating. Luckily the rose fever season is over.

Minnie Waxelbaum and Mary Silverstein will be very busy on the cold winter nights that will soon be here. They are going in for club activities that will take all of their time—when they are not working overtime at the office.

Ann Boyd, as dcmure as ever, seems to be happier than usual. That gleam in her eyes must mean that there is a "he" in the wood pile.

John Mahan is busily engaged in breaking records on the bowling alleys. If someone doesn't set him back soon, he'll be in Johnny Fuchs' class.

Nanette Steinberger has formally returned to the city having closed her bungalow with a bang! and how, ask her!

Charles Johnston doesn't have to get up with the cows and chickens now that he has left the scenic and other beauties of Park Ridge, N. J., for the blondes of New York.

Lately Dick Bennett and his pal, A. J. (et al) Hart, have been in the WELL, quite frequently. They're both married so it cannot be a female lure.

Armand Toussaint by resurrecting his pipe is the latest to join the real smokers club which now includes Jim Speer, Ed Alexander, Morris Frommer, J. L. Brown, Julius Friedman, J. F. McEvoy and C. D. Valentine when he doesn't smoke those midget cigars. If we get many more you won't be able to see the well because of the smoke in it.

The boys have given Moe Koppelman a present of a small deck of cards so that he can practice playing pinochle on his way to and from the office. How much did you lose, Moe?

A. S. Natvig, John Mahan and Morris Frommer, all on different bowling teams, each claim theirs to be the best. We wonder how far down in the standing these teams will be at the end of the season.

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Paramount Annex News

Well, here we are, back on the old job again to spill the beans.

You know, there's one person among us who doesn't give a rap which way the scales read. And that's Harry Kassell. Lately, he's been putting on plenty of weight with very noticeable results. Maybe it's those pretzels and beer or else it's those German schnitzels. But whatever it is, it's a sure fire-brand, nicht wahr, Harry?

Now and then we hear an occasional bit of news interest concerning Rae Eisner's latest flame. We don't know his name, and we have never seen his face but we hear that he's simply grand. And when Rae hangs up the receiver with a broad smile on her face, we can immediately tell who's been at the other end and we will bet our last shirt that it wasn't "The Shadow" either.

Now that summer's gone, Henry Levaca wouldn't be going so often to that big Indian Lake out on Long Island. The nerve-racking spelling of that Lake prevents us from mentioning it here, but it's a very very big Lake anyway. And Henry looks as though he had a grand time every time he went up there.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Bill Taylor who left our company. We'll miss his Southern drawl around the office and all of us extend him our heartiest wishes for continued success.

The two weeks vacation certainly did Marty Carroll a lot of good. He looks much better and is wittier than ever. And above all, he's still our own good old "Marty." He's a moityghty foin chap, he is.

Bertha Kasica has already registered for the coming elections. Whatever party you uphold, Bertha, remember that if you ever want to be elected let your platform be, "Bigger and Better Weenies and Plenty of Mustard."

Katherine De Guard is away on her vacation and we hope she gets plenty of rest. Here's wishing she gains those few pounds she recently lost. And while we're piling it on how about a couple of more pounds, Katherine?

Now that we are all back from our vacations and in buoyant health, Mr. Hynes wishes that we all get behind him and help put over the biggest season we ever had in our history. And we've all given him our pledge that we surely will make it a memorable season.
Budget Topics

Mr. H. B. Elliott spent his vacation in the Maine backwoods and returned to the office a changed man. He now has plenty of vim, vigor and what have you? (He spent a day in Canada.) In anticipation of this change he signed up for bowling this year but in tossing around trunks while he was away he overdid his strength and will have to postpone his debut until next year.

Seymour Schulz studied medicine during his vacation and is now taking a post-graduate course in nose operations. Any pester who wishes to know about an operation for sinus trouble can have expert advice from Professor Schulz, B.B. (Borough of Bronx).

The Budget Department took down their sign SECOND HAND CARS FOR SALE because both I. Singer and H. List sold their cars, that is there was still a few cents left when the Sheriff was thru. After traveling De-Luxe all summer they decided that the carrying? charges, including repair bills, would eat up the residual value of their cars. After quite a struggle and some high pressure salesman ship they found a couple of buyers and now each one has about $10.00 extra spending money.

It is rumored that Anne Graham now has a permanent boy friend and that it won’t be long now before—. Let’s hope the depression ends soon because it’s keeping a lot of good men from doing right by their girl friends.

Eileen Donoghue still has that look of contentment and hope in her eyes so maybe she has her own little secret. It may be that she also has a very good reason for hoping that “Good times are just around the corner.”

Joe Doughney, the demon of “Budgets” feels that Ted Lenn’s team should do between 750,000 and 800,000 this season on the strength of his bowling try-outs. Of course this may include part of the German war debts but subtracting the rate of exchange since Lewisland went off the gold standard it should be pretty close to the final averages.

We now have an honest to goodness artist from Greenwich Village in our own Helen—yes that accounts for the difference you have noticed in her general makeup—deportment n’everything.

There is a certain man who has been calling extension 381 in the Budget Department quite frequently and asking for Miss Katherine Janz. When someone inquired his name she coyly lowered her eyes and became quite “fussed.” We don’t like to make any rash statements, but—

Geisene White has gone in for light opera in a big way. Hardly a week goes by but she is all agog over “H.M.S. Pinafore,” “The Mikado,” or some other Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Kate Smith is also a great favorite with her.

DEDICATED TO K. S.
One of the happiest members of this Department

Is the hick from the sticks
Who seeks his big moments
By making jelly and shopping sticks.
To complete his contentment
He has joined the village choir
Perhaps the next thing will be the department of fire.

It was with no end of enthusiasm that the members of the Budget Dept. received the gladsome tidings of the betrothal of none other than Charles Waldorf Schabacker. They wept, they laughed, they rejoiced, they snickered. Charles Waldorf, a supposedly perennial bachelor, had finally succumbed to the feminine wiles of some fair maiden and had leaped or been pushed (who can tell) into the rough sea of holy matrimony. It is well known that Charlie can’t swim.

Studio

If little “Dicky” Spiro, the darling baby who is making his first screen appearance in “His Woman” with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper ever disappears, we are sure you will find him in either Gary’s or Edward Sloman’s home.

One of our “fem” film cutters is feeling blue and lonely since C. N. Odell has been transferred to the Home Office Publicity Department.

Irving Pichel, who came all the way from the Coast to play in “The Cheat” is causing a lot of feminine hearts to palpitate at the studio.

Two damsels from Oklahoma, whom he had never seen before, visited D. Carter the other day. It must be that “sex appeal” he puts into his publicity copy.

“It’s the depression,” says Harold Sugarman, who is doing all his cutting up in the cutting room these days.

Upon leaving the hospital after having her appendix removed, Edna Hill was presented with a beautiful negligee from her friends in the cutting department.

Two camels were imported from Pittsburgh to play an important part in the Smith and Dale short. So now the studio has its own private zoo.

Eddy Cline, who believes he is the luckiest man in the world, won an electric clock the other day and now he is concentrating on an automobile he bet on.

My hearty congratulations on the Tenth Anniversary of the Paramount Pep Club, whose reputation has been built on a foundation of loyalty and good fellowship.

Theodore C. Young.
14th Floor

Two very, very important events took place in the City of New York on Wednesday, Sept. 30th, 1931, in the “Forties.” The less important of the two—the preview of the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel we’ll only mention in these columns, and immediately turn to the other—the added personnel and new layout of the Editorial department offices on the 14th floor of the Paramount Building.

Everybody knows Mr. Botsford, formerly in charge of Public advertising and now the popular head of the Editorial Board, but everybody does not know that his initials—A. M.—have a real significance insofar as time is concerned—yes, Mr. A. M. is always the first one on the job each A. M.

Most folks in this world remember most easily that a certain friend owes them so much money, but there aren’t many who can remember plots, authors, titles, etc. of plays and books. It is amazing how Miss Maude K. Miller, one of the most busy executives of the Editorial Dept., can remember so many important facts. We hope some day she’ll write a book on “How to Acquire a Good Memory.”

If it weren’t for the thin clouds of smoke visible through the half-open door of Russel Holman’s office we wouldn’t know he was about. He prefers typing himself on a noiseless typewriter his ideas and stories and then turning them over to a secretary, and you know how noiseless a noiseless is. NB. Please do not misplace that pipe, or might we suggest keeping several, say one in each desk drawer.

Mr. H. A. Wohl, formerly of the L. I. Studio seems to forget to eat. Or it might be that his watch only goes now and then. Or that he has become so absorbed in the perusal of some story that he loses track of time. When he does ask the time it is most always around 1:45, then he dashes off for a bite, and back again to work.

One would be led to believe that Miles Gibbons was related to the well-known radio speaker, Floyd Gibbons. He has the same forceful and almost as rapid manner of speech.

We’re all delighted to have with us Jay Germe, formerly of the L. I. Studio, whose music has helped make Paramount pictures entertaining. Did you know that he wrote some of the music for the popular musical now on Broadway, “Shoot the Works.”

Frank Vreeland is such a rapid walker we feel almost safe in making a $1,000 bet he could run up the stairs from the lobby of the building to the 14th floor.

“Publix Opinion” must be of the opinion that they’re going to miss Albert Hirsch who has just come from them to this department, and it is our opinion that we’re going to like him immensely. We welcome you, Mr. Hirsch!

Miss Ada Levien, one of the editors of the Home Office Story Bulletin, went up to Conn. for her vacation and when she returned a vote was taken which resulted in a unanimous decision that she had returned with the most perfect “sun tan.”

If anyone asks Miss Frances Kanes, who also edits the bulletin, how she manages to remain slim, she’ll say she doesn’t know, but we know—it’s due to hard work. It is nice to see someone who loves her work so much that she finds it easy to smile.

If you ever feel the least bit blue we suggest that you go to Evelyn Hoch, Mr. Botsford’s secretary and if she’s not too busy at the time, she’ll make you laugh. She has a fine sense of humor and has that something which makes everybody like her.

Florence Henry, Miss Miller’s secretary, has been trying to reduce but hasn’t succeeded very well. You know how it is, if you like sweets. No matter whether you gain or lose, you’ll still be popular with us.

If only we could have one wish granted! That Miss Ella Caldwell could maintain outside of her extensive work in the department, a hot house for plants! During the summer she brings in each morning many beautiful flowers from her garden and naturally when winter comes along, we feel sad when we see the empty flower vases.

Marie Deverich, who has been with the Dept. several years, must know the weather expert at Washington. She took her vacation in September and chose the weeks when the weather was perfect.

Frieda Weisman is a loyal Paramounter. She goes to the Paramount Theatre every week and whenever she is especially enthusiastic over a Paramount picture she tells the others and gets them so interested, that they go and they in turn tell their friends to be sure to see that particular picture. That’s the way to help swell box office receipts.

Miss Ann Rosenberg, who has only been with us about a month can type more accurately and rapidly than any young lady we know. She is such a cheerful person, and such a willing worker that we are indeed happy to have her with us.

Miss Margaret Stafford has moved from L. I. to N. Y. and is now quite comfortably settled. Yes, she is the young lady who never fails to give everyone a “Good morning” greeting.

Sam Dornfield, reception clerk, is kept busy these days—more callers, more people whose requests have to be taken care of. He’ll never put on weight.

The following former 14th floor occupants have now moved to the 13th floor and we certainly miss them—

Mr. D. A. Doran, Jr., who is the editorial department’s aeroplane fan;

Marion Avery, his secretary, who lives in the Kockaways and is an expert swimmer;

Maurice Hanline, who knows a great deal about Hollywood, having worked at the Coast sometime;

Ben Kamsler, who knows all about the
current shows, and whose work makes him a "first-nighter";
Miss Kay Swan, who knows how to keep cool in the summer by not wearing stockings;
Nancy Stenberg who is always in jolly good spirits.

The only member of the Editorial Dept. whose name you have not seen mentioned here, is reporter for that department and naturally has nothing to say for or against herself, but if you wish to know who she is, just turn to the list of reporters in this magazine (the initials are P. S.).
(Thank you Miss Seligman for your lengthy contribution—Ed.)

6th Floor News
Things We Would Like To Know....
Why Ellen Bailey didn’t inform us before that she was such a good swimmer.
Why Alice Palanage will follow Ellen’s footsteps and become a bride.
If Ann Nichols would like her name in this column.
Why Lil Davidson is so blue. Is it because she no longer can spend her week-ends at Lake Mohigan.
When Seymour Gruber will become an "Irving Berlin."
Who Helen Kaufman has an appointment with every Wednesday.
Why we haven’t mentioned Tom Tinston before.

Mr. Philip Brown of the Information Desk celebrated his golden wedding anniversary recently. Fifty years married is something to be proud of. Congratulations.
Harry Anawanda is a very good singer. It’s been said that he has nearly as good a voice as Rudy Vallee.
Nathan Brownfeld has been nicknamed The Phantom because of his admiration for the picture, "Phantom of the Opera."
Wilbur Cohen recently purchased an automobile and has been making a great many trips.
Since Romeo Fabrizio no longer has his own car, he probably has a charming girl that supplies him with one.
Mae of the mail room has just returned from his vacation. Rather late for a vacation.
Probably Bing Crosby doesn't know that Jerry Slater thinks he is marvelous. Some one should tell him.
The boys of the mail room have organized a basketball team. Any person desiring to compete with them should notify Mr. Peek at the Rivoli who is acting as manager.
Marion Roth of the Music department has joined the staff of stenographers in the Stenographic department.
Now that Ann Rosenfeld has left the Stenographic department to work for Miss Caldwell of the Editorial department, we wonder if she misses the sixth floor.

Many happy returns of the day!
Although only ten years old, Paramount Pep Club is the father of many similar clubs throughout our world-wide foreign organization.
J. H. Seidelman

On this, the tenth birthday of the Paramount Pep Club, I want to say that the friendly and helpful spirit of the Club is an inspiration to me personally, as it is also, I am sure, to the whole organization.
Sam Dembow, Jr.

Movie Memories Portrayed
by the Annexers
Leo LaLanne - PLAYBOY OF PARIS
Rose White - BEHIND THE MAKEUP
Jack Oswald - - - - - - - - - THE MIGHTY
Edith Kaiser - - - - - - - - - - - HONEY
Sylvia Klaus - - - - - - - - - THE NIGHT ANGEL
Karl Waltz - - YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN
Ruby Abrams - - - - - - - - - LADIES LOVE BRUTES
Charlie Adams - - - - - - - - - SHADOW OF THE LAW
Arthur Novak - - - - - - - - - SAFETY IN NUMBERS
Josef Zimanieh - - - - - SOCIAL LION
Lew Nathan - - - - - - - - - GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL
Humbert Provence - - - - - - - - - - - ONLY SAPS WORK
Sarah Chatkin - - - - BAD GIRL
Yetta Goldstein - - - - - - - - - A LADY SURRENDERS
Frank Prete - THE MAN WHO CAME BACK
Eugene Newman - - - - THE BAD ONE

Going from the ridiculous to the sublime, we regret to announce that Rudolph Weiss, Leo LaLanne, Edith Kaiser and Ruby Abrams have left our group of happy annexers for the wild and wooly fields of the Accounting Department. Good luck! children, but be careful. Josef Zimanieh has been so busy composing the new Pep Club song that he has grown a full sized beard. And now let us all join Charlie Adams in celebration of his birthday and wish him the best ever.
Golf

Golf is a form of work made expensive enough for a rich man to enjoy it. It is physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a $200,000.00 club house.

Golf is what letter-carrying, ditch digging and carpet beating would be if these three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored stockings by gouty looking gentlemen who require a different implement for every mood.

Golf is the simplest game in the world when you decide to take it up and the toughest looking after you have been at it ten or twelve years.

It is probably the only game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can carry or afford. Those balls cost from 75c to $25.00 and it is possible to support a family of ten people (all adults) for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in a single afternoon.

A golf course has eighteen holes, seventeen of which are unnecessary and put in to make the game harder. A “hole” is a tin cup in the center of a “green.” A “green” is a small parcel of grass costing about 1.98 a blade and usually located between a brook and a couple of apple trees or a lot of “unfinished excavations.”

The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about $200.00 worth of curious looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner.

Each implement has a specific purpose and ultimately some golfers get to know what that purpose is. They are the exceptions.

After each hole has been completed, the golfer counts his strokes. Then he subtracts six and says, “Made that in five. That’s one above par. Shall we play fifty cents on the next hole, too, Ed?”

After the final hole, the golfer adds up his score and stops when he has reached eighty-seven. He then has a shower, a pint of gin, sings “Sweet Adeline” with six or eight other liars and calls it the end of a perfect day.

Heartiest congratulations to the Paramount Pep Club on the occasion of its tenth anniversary.

Lem Stewart

Congratulations to the Pep Club in celebration of its tenth birthday. May it enjoy many more happy years.

Cliff Lewis

Happy landings for every member Paramount Pep Club during coming ten years.

O. R. Geyer

From the “Memoirs of Jack Tuohy”

These summer nights so plagued with heat,
Suggest to mind but one relief:
A cooling road, a country dark,
A car—a girl perfects the lark.

So off our hero one night goes,
And by his side is perched his dove,
Who not solely pleased with sitting by,
Requests her beau to teach her to drive.

With quick assent the seats are changed,
Instructions fly; our hero sits.
To no avail, she will not heed,
The car becomes a bucking steed.

And soon from nowhere there appears
A most unwelcome guest,
Whose uniform and pleasant growl
Tells something is amiss.

Our hero is of Celtic breed,
The uniform of like kind,
A sheepish look, a swallowed plea
And our hero once more free.

Tho oft may one our hero see
Acrusing in his car,
One will observe with careful note
His dove no longer thar'.

Irving Cohen.

May the Paramount Pep Club continue to prosper in the years to come as it has during the last ten years. My hearty congratulations on the Club’s tenth birthday.

Walter B. Cokell.
9th Floor Annex

Well—the end of another year, and here we are, again trying to compose what is laughingly called a “knockout” column for the “last issue.” About the only one who will be “k. o.”’d is myself, we guess, after the Editor reads this . . .

The past year has witnessed many changes for all of us—good, bad or indifferent . . . Let us review some of them . . . Quite a number of the “old guard” have gone, among them, Bill Saal, Burt Kelly, Vic Campbell, May Keenan, Phil Pike . . . We wish them great success in their undertakings . . . And then, there are those who took “the fatal plunge”—Lillian Gushin, Thelma Finkel, Harold Greenberg . . . What can one say except wish them lots of luck and happiness? Brave people! . . . Add to this the numerous changes in personnel, the transfers to and from the field, births, deaths, etcetera, etcetera, ad infinitum, and there are you, . . . and here we are . . . rapidly growing sentimental, and when we grow sentimental . . . there’s a possibility we may become maudlin . . . and if we become maudlin . . . wouldn’t that be too bad? So, before this becomes a first class version of Auld Lang Syne, let’s go! . . .

So Dave Greenwald’s the father of a girl, is he? He was so sure it was going to be a boy, too . . . Judging from his beaming countenance these days, however, we think he’s pretty well satisfied, as is . . . And Charlie Winchell—his “pride and joy” is a girl too! . . . Congratulations! . . . One reason we’re glad the Dinner is off is because we couldn’t decide whom to invite, so that’s another load off our alleged mind . . . Wonder where Joel Golden learned how to make all those pretty speeches? . . . Lives there a girl with soul so dead, who not at some time to herself has said, “I wish I had some money for some new clothes?” . . . Wally Jorgensen and yours truly believe there ain’t no such animal . . . Clarice Aronst just doesn’t like the way we wear our hair, do you, Clarice? . . . At that, we’d appreciate some good suggestions . . . We were just going to start that old query about “whatever has become of Bob Halliday” again, when we caught sight of him the other day, so we won’t . . . Carrie Lane, a swell girl . . . Will Jeanette Lutz and Dot Wechsler ever stop “reminiscing”? . . . Max Facter is sojourning in Minneapolis for a while . . . guess we oughter write jojo to show him the town . . . Louise Runge’s leery of us; she thinks we put everything we hear in this space . . . we couldn’t! . . . Question: When is Milt Gurian going to join that gymnasium he’s talking so much about? . . . Mary Newman would look great with one of those tricky pompadours . . . Nat Sherman will be back from that long-await ed vacation when this comes out . . . Sue Goodman painted the ol’ town red when she visited there on her vacation . . . The office seems so quiet lately . . . Dave Samelson has gone on a short vacation . . . Bob Fannon heads the Contract Unit now . . . Madelyn Killion goes for those subway mashers in a big way . . . G-r-r-r! . . . How about telling us where you get those pretty hats, Bee Lerner? . . . There’s one thing about that Singer girl; she can certainly wear clothes . . . Betty Kane has decided she won’t go up to Castle Hill next year . . . Kitty Talber’s going to let her hair grow—that is, until she cuts it . . . Haven’t a thing to write about Sid Ellison lately . . .

Trials and Tribulations of a Receptionist

All was peaceful and quiet, very unusual for the 11th floor when in walked three men, or “rushed in” would be more appropriate. Demanded one, “I’d like to see Mr. Jesse Zukor! Said another “No, Mr. Adolph Lasky would be the better man to see in this instance! The receptionist who by now was very skeptical, looked from one man to the other and said, “Mr. Hoover is in his office right now, and quite busy, but if you will give me your names, I think I can arrange an appointment with him in just a few minutes, would you care to do so?” While two of them walked back and forth in the reception room imitating Felix the Cat, the third decided that it didn’t make any difference whom they saw, as long as it was one of the above mentioned. When asked for their names. “Oh just put down anything. Groucho, Harpo, Coolidge, anything.” By this time, as you can imagine, he was on the verge of an hysterical breakdown, and was going so far as to demonstrate his strength on all three of the men, whom he thought to be freshmen on a fraternity hazing stunt and having a good time at his expense. Just about then in walked a man who recognized them, called out “Hello there Chico.” This person had a difficult time calming the receptionist but he succeeded by telling him that they were three of the four renowned Marx Bros. Oh, for the life of a sailor!

PEP-O-GRAMS
Reportorial Staff

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Eleanor Maud Cherry can draw beautifully and has sketched many people in Publix.

Charlie Eich writes plays and has them broadcast over the radio, (Station WMCA).

Elise Fraas studied singing and believe it or not she can sing.

Morris Wohl lost fifty pounds by reaching for a lucky instead of a sweet.

Rose Eskin is very versatile and that Fannie Brice has nothing on her.

Norman A. Rossman can add in his head quicker than a comptometer.

Harrriet Sharer goes to Pratt's three times a week. She is being taught to teach sewing.

Nick Herrnkind can also draw—and how, page our art department.

Sylvia Berent gets up at four A. M. to play golf. I guess she likes golf.

Carroll Franz came back from his vacation slightly heavier. He grew a mustache.

Edith Bicak took up teaching once upon a time. Prefers Publix no doubt.

Maxine Kessler Slater wants some correspondence, write to 162-Seaver St., Roxbury, Mass.

"Jake" Jacobs once weighed ninety-eight pounds—when she was about six.

Benjamin Marshak is romancing that young lady from Canada—she is in New York.

Mr. Schroeder went and bought himself another grey hat (finders, keepers).

Myron Brac—is studying to be an undertaker, better keep away from him.

Mr. Glasser and Little Steve have the most winning and contagious smiles.

Claire Bach must be athletically inclined—she wears only sport clothes.

Sid Schlessinger and the girls have already started their "window" arguments.

Helen Seesholtz was given a combined bridge, luncheon and shower by Rose Eskin.

Edith Kaiser, Leo Lalane and Rudy Abrams are now sojourning at the Herald Tribune.

Phil Shenker—you'd never think it—still has a way with the women.

Al Brenia's pet name is "Julius" the alligator, wonder why.

Martha Miller is letting her hair grow—to keep warm during the winter we guess.

"Karl" Hertz is the lady killer in Publix—boy he slays 'em.

Harry Fischer can make a smoke screen from his cigarette—he'd have been good in our war.

Jean Katz's ambition is to be able to operate a comptometer, now that she operates a car.

Frank McCabe's favorite song is "How Dry I Am."—Nobody knows.

Jeanne Finnegan is the speediest Comptometer Operator in Publix. She's called "Fast and Furious.

Artie Wolfman's secret ambition is to be able to laugh like Benny Rubin.

Jack Katz can tell you every ball player in the Major League—and what they eat for breakfast.

Ruth Johnson has been promoted to a Secretarial Position.

Joe Lewandos taught all the big shots how to play golf.

Sam "Hello Beautiful" Pelson has the most alluring voice over the telephone.

Jeanne Briggs has published a book on "How to Make Clam Chowder."

Lillian Sokol isn't as quiet as she seems—you should see the boy-friends!

Joe Zammit is often mistaken for a constable—he's always chasing around.

Jack Ehrenreich and Vinnie Di Fiore were the original "Happiness Boys.

Jeanne Lateiner can change her voice so easily, she should be a ventriloquist.

THINGS I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW.

(With apologies to Walt Winchell)

That Sadye Innerfield, that "other" reporter is using my usual column labeled "DID YOU KNOW??" but since I borrowed it also, nothing can be done about it!!!

That Mimi Marle's recent accident is very, very mysterious since the young lady can never remember which foot was injured!!!

That Betty "Ho-Ho" Whalen, that extremely witty young lady, from the 14th Floor is convinced that "Baul Geste" means a humorous boy friend!!!

That Gene Weber and the Spanish Inquisition have a lot in common. Ask Bert Adler! Or Mimi Marle!

That Frieda Krakower should have been an Amazon!!!

That Esther Meltzer WILL wear a Eugenie hat, and we try so hard to be serious!!! And speaking of a freckle on a grapefruit—Nuff sed.

That Rose Clayman, who is pinch-hitting for Jimmie Begley during the latter's vacation, knows her film rental from A to—well say, B.!

That Al Hertz has the strangest places in which to deposit his ledger!

That Bill Sherwood will shortly "soapbox" it at Union Square! IS his face RED???
That Myron Bracciaventi (what a handle to spell) is extremely susceptible to bad puns. Ask him the one about Hughie, the tough cop!!!

That there are more doubles for HELEN KANE on the 13th Floor than anywhere else in the building—!

That Mr. Cronin is limping around the office and groaning continually because of injuries sustained in a Football game last Sunday—at least—that's what he tells us—!

That Ida Levine and Perpetual Motion are synonymous!—

That a sure cure for the blues is Mary Turner's description of her trip to Bermuda—and the reason WHY she stuck so asidiously to her cabin—!

That Al Hertz has gone in heavily for art photography. And so young!!!

That the Misses Ryan and Griswold are hard at work on a revue to be presented shortly and in which the new "Pep" song will be heavily featured!

That Rose Erskin is the "Beatrice Lillie" of her unit!

That Jimmie Begley and the 14th Floor are no longer companionate—WHY?

Tennis

After numerous postponements the tennis match between Paramount and General Motors was played on Saturday, Sept. 19th, at the Riverview Courts. General Motors emerged the victors by a score of four matches to three. The games were all closely contested and the result of the match was not known until the last doubles contest was played. Final results showed that Paramount won two singles and one doubles match as against General Motors' three singles and one doubles. The scores were as follows:

Hoffman, Paramount defeated Ehrlich, General Motors..........(6-1) (9-7)
Grist, Paramount defeated Marks,
General Motors ...............(6-3) (6-0)
Nealy, General Motors, defeated
Ruzicka, Paramount ..........(8-6) (6-4)
Langdon, General Motors, defeated
Wolpov, Paramount..........(6-2) (6-1)
Winslow, General Motors defeated
Singer, Paramount..........(6-2) (8-6)
Winslow and Langdon of General Motors defeated Singer and Wolpov of Paramount in doubles by (6-2) (6-3).

Hoffman and Ruzicka of Paramount defeated Ehrlich and Nealy of General Motors (6-3) (6-3).

It is felt that with the interest shown in tennis this year by so many enthusiasts that a regular tournament should be run next summer by the Pep Club in order to give every member an opportunity to participate in this enjoyable, healthy sport. We hope, next season, to develop some potential Elsworth Vines' right here in Paramount who will be able to face any strong tennis team and come home the victors.

CASHER REGISTER

Catherine Martin has a new nephew; maybe she isn't a proud aunt? Ask her and she will tell you all about George Francis.

Rita Barre is doing a lot of planning these days. A one room apartment seems to occupy her mind.

May Jones just loves the hard working men. First it is the plumber, now we hear it is the telephone man.

Betty Radigan has her troubles these days. We all wish it will soon be over.

Constance Marrone and Lucille White enjoy each other's company a lot. They are always going out in a foursome.

Madeline Reynolds tells us it will not be long now. Here's wishing you and the boy friend lots of happiness.

Mary Seletsky's idea of making money—Is betting with Madeline Reynolds that the Cardinals lose.

Bea Cohen will not bet less than five dollars (wonder what she will use for money) that the Cardinals will win.—So far no one has come forward.

Shirley Sosnofsky certainly knows her books. Wonder where she gets them all.

Mary Marmone and Helen Goldberg behaved themselves this month. Can't find a bit of gossip about them. I hope next month there will be some news.

Jack Oakie, Paramount's rubber-faced comedian, has written a "hard times" song. Its title: "A friend in need is a friend who feeds."

If Your Heart Isn't In It

If your heart isn't in it, whatever the task. Then, there isn't a wage that you ever could ask,
Or a person could pay, half sufficient for you
For the load you must carry, the work you must do.
If you don't find a joy in the things that you touch,
Then whatever they pay you, they pay you too much.
For there isn't a duty that's done with a frown
That amounts to a lot when you simmer down,
If your heart isn't in it, then let's put it in!
It will lighten the task, it will help you to win.
The things that you do and the things that you make
Are not for your own but for everyone's sake.

—Enka Voice.
Without question there is no motion picture today that arouses more curiosity than the animated cartoon. It is not a wholly new idea, as the industry has had them for the past fifteen years. First in their silent form and now more realistic than ever by employing sounds and effects through a tedious process of synchronization.

Perhaps you, as a theatre patron have asked yourself and others, “How do they make them?” Maybe your own ideas as to how they’re made might have satisfied that curiosity you had, but as the saying goes, “The Truth Will Out.”

In the first place the originator of Paramount Song Cartoons is Max Fleischer. Of course, you remember his silent cartoons entitled, “Out of the Inkwell” starring Koko, the Clown, some years back. Fleischer has been in this particular business many years, and it has been a long irksome journey to the fame he now enjoys.

The Fleischer studios where these pictures are made, are located just a few blocks north of the Paramount Building. The staff consists of some one hundred twenty-five people, all engaged in just this business. Co-operation is a by-word. Here, it is realized, for without harmony in the staff, this type of a motion picture would be a failure.

The development of a complete song cartoon is most interesting.

To begin with, a story which is adaptable to this type of picture is decided upon. Music is then arranged and gags are developed.

After the proposed cartoon has reached this stage it is turned over to the animators or cartoonists as you prefer, who in turn make drawings of the action as described in the story. Not all of the cartoons are drawn by one person. The animators divide up the story between them after a discussion in which all details are decided upon. Each animator then develops a series of penciled drawings and they in turn, are transferred to the “in between” department which furnishes cartoons. That completes the action between those sequences which the animator has made. From this procedure the cartoons are then “traced” and “inked in” on a clear celluloid sheet. The figures are then painted a sharp white and black for contrast. This process is called, ‘opaquing.’

The next step is the make up of backgrounds which are appropriate for the locale as called for in the picture.

All drawings are finally assembled and checked for motions, completeness of detail, etc. The next process is the timing or laying out of exposure sheets for photographing the cartoon. Drawings are now put in sequence to fit the music.

Each drawing is then photographed in order. Incidentally it will be interesting at this point to know that it takes on an average of 7,500 individual drawings to make up a complete song cartoon. Unbelievable perhaps for so short a picture, yet the song cartoon’s life on the screen is but for several minutes.

After the film has been developed the entire cartoon is shown in a projection room where a check-up is made for smoothness in the moving of the figures, and the general make-up of the picture.

The final addition to the then complete cartoon is the synchronization of music, sound effects and voice which tend to give
the picture life. Nearly every sound from
gargling soup to a skeleton walking on a
tin roof is accomplished by technicians ex-
perienced in this art.

To those of us who have seen the Betty
Boop character in these cartoons, we do
know that her voice has a certain charm.
Betty Boop is growing more popular every
day with the movie fans. This character is
portrayed by a very real person who syn-
chronizes her voice to that of the young
lady in the cartoon.

The average Fleischer song cartoon takes
ten weeks to make. Approximately one
week is spent in synchronizing the sound
and the balance of the time is devoted to
the animation of the cartoon itself.

It is a hard, tedious job and Max Fleischer
and his co-workers are to be lauded for
their wonderful efforts which we all know
are enjoyed by the theatre-going public.

• • •

Insurance Department

Vacations are over but we have never been
announced. So here goes:

Loretta Tigue reported a delightful time
on her cruise to Nova Scotia and Bermuda,
whereas her genial assistant Matilda Freed-
man said you can’t beat the State of Maine
for a vacation. Stella Hoffberg likes the
water so what could be better than the nearby
beaches. Beatrice Efross took a thrill at both
the beaches and mountains. Rose Petillo said
that Connecticut was mighty fine. Your re-
porter Sonia Pode (who by the way is not
responsible for this) delights in going to a
certain camp in Pennsylvania, I wonder why?
Rose Ferguson did not like the idea of stop-
ing in one place so she spent two weeks
travelling hither and yon and reports a won-
derful time. Ida Rosen was another one of
those who preferred the wild and woody
camps. Syd Hacker said that Kauneonga
Lake in New York State is just grand. Flo-
rence Tieran in a bungalow by the sea.
Marion Johnson spent her time at Atlantic
City and must have had a jolly good time,
for is she now wearing on her proper finger
of her left hand a sparkler, lots of luck Mar-
ion. Rose Ballin said that vacations were
made for rest, so she spent the time at home,
I wonder what Broadway shows and clubs
profited by this decision. Sophia Weinberg
is at this writing in Canada and from the cards
it looks as if she was enjoying herself. Our
own Belle Kaem has not yet taken advantage
of her two weeks, but expects to get away
for a grand and glorious time very shortly.
Catherine Freeman was another one of those
who had a good time visiting the nearby
places. Mr. Anderson likes to week end in
Maine. Saratoga was reported by Mr. Philip-
son as a nice place.

• • •

Twenty words, no more, no less
Congratulations to express
On the birthday of our greatest Pep Club
Is no cinch job for a lyric dumb.
Leon J. Bamberger

With apologies to CREMO.

REAL ESTATE

Believe It Or Not (Not by Ripley)

BUT:

Real Estate celebrates its 14th anniversary
at this time.

T. C. Young takes to golf “like a duck to
water.”

Mary Cotter is now a “one man’s woman.”

Bill Lawrence is the “family chauffeur.”

“Gerty” Vollmer thinks “dental work”
means straightening out automobile fenders.

Wallace Chandler is the recipient of some
“love letters.”

“Marge” Tresselt is the “quietest” person
in the department.

“Jim” Boohecker “can’t take it” (Lou
Holtz).

Loretta Cooper has “wigleryitis.”

Eric Ericsson “almost” had an operation
to talk about.

Evelyn O’Connell travels the “High Seas”
every day (Staten Island ferry).

Ed Jones is “lost” in his new home in
Westfield.

“Kay” Sullivan will soon be back with us
again.

“Teddy” Schreiner has a secret passion for
tennis.

“Ed” Wall has a fine “baritone” voice.

Yetta Berkowitz’ boy friend is a “persistent
fellow.”

Ed Lee takes a bath every day (result, Na-
tional Long Distance Swimming Champion).

Elizabeth Dohm’s hobby is flowers (Geran-
iums excluded).

“Arty” Andesner has “them soulful eyes.”

“Bee” Ackerman had a “frown” on her
face one Saturday.

“Charlie” Powell was an ‘aviator’ in the
World War.

Catherine Waddell expects to become a
“New Yorker” for the winter months.

“Skipper”, Rogers put his “Baby” away for
the winter. (Ed. Note: Baby means
boat).

Lillian Links is sorry that “summer is
gone.”

“Charlie” Della Lana is sometimes called,
della Lacawanna.”

Dick Engel didn’t write this. (Boy, that’s
a relief).
Resolved.

Presented at the meeting, September 9, 1931, by Mr. John J. Wildberg and unanimously adopted by the members of the Paramount Pep Club.

WHEREAS, Mr. Louis Diamond has been succeeded as Vice-President of the Paramount Pep Club, Inc.; and
WHEREAS, during his term of office he gave his services freely, and performed the work efficiently, now therefore be it
RESOLVED: that the Paramount Pep Club, Inc., is sincerely grateful for the services he has given; and in this manner, expresses its deep appreciation; and be it further
RESOLVED: that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Club and also that a copy of this resolution, suitably inscribed, be presented to him.

* * * * *

WHEREAS, Miss Rose Weinberg has been succeeded as Secretary of the Paramount Pep Club, Inc.; and
WHEREAS, during her term of office she gave her services freely, and performed her work efficiently, now therefore be it
RESOLVED: that the Paramount Pep Club, Inc., is sincerely grateful for the services she has given; and in this manner, expresses its deep appreciation; and be it further
RESOLVED: that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Club and also that a copy of this resolution, suitably inscribed, be presented to her.

* * * * *

WHEREAS, Mr. Gilbert B. J. Frawley has been succeeded as a Member of the Board of Governors of the Paramount Pep Club, Inc.; and
WHEREAS, during his term of office he gave his services freely and performed his work efficiently, now therefore be it
RESOLVED: that the Paramount Pep Club, Inc., is sincerely grateful for the services he has given; and in this manner, expresses its deep appreciation; and be it further
RESOLVED: that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Club and also that a copy of this resolution, suitably inscribed, be presented to him.

* * * * *

WHEREAS, Mr. Theodore C. Young has been succeeded as a Member of the Board of Governors of the Paramount Pep Club, Inc.; and
WHEREAS, during his term of office he gave his services freely and performed his work efficiently, now therefore be it
RESOLVED: that the Paramount Pep Club, Inc., is sincerely grateful for the services he has given; and in this manner, expresses its deep appreciation; and be it further
RESOLVED: that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Club and also that a copy of this resolution, suitably inscribed, be presented to him.

* * * * *

WHEREAS, Mr. Joseph Sweneey has been succeeded as a Member of the Board of Governors of the Paramount Pep Club, Inc.; and
WHEREAS, during his term of office he gave his services freely and performed his work efficiently, now therefore be it
RESOLVED: that the Paramount Pep Club, Inc., is sincerely grateful for the services he has given; and in this manner, expresses its deep appreciation; and be it further
RESOLVED: that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Club and also that a copy of this resolution, suitably inscribed, be presented to him.

* * * * *

WHEREAS, Mr. Joseph Philipson has been succeeded as a Member of the Board of Governors of the Paramount Pep Club, Inc.; and
WHEREAS, during his term of office he gave his services freely and performed his work efficiently, now therefore, be it
RESOLVED: that the Paramount Pep Club, Inc., is sincerely grateful for the services he has given; and in this manner, expresses its deep appreciation; and he it further
RESOLVED: that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Club and also that a copy of this resolution, suitably inscribed, be presented to him.

* * * * *

WHEREAS, Miss Jeanette Mendelsohn has been succeeded as a Member of the Board of Governors of the Paramount Pep Club, Inc.; and
WHEREAS, during her term of office she gave her services freely and performed her work efficiently, now therefore be it

RESOLVED: that the PARAMOUNT PEP CLUB, INC., is sincerely grateful for the services she has given; and in this manner, expresses its deep appreciation; and be it further

RESOLVED: that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Club and also that a copy of this resolution, suitably inscribed, be presented to her.

* * * * *

WHEREAS, Miss Helen W. Swayne has been succeeded as a MEMBER of the BOARD OF GOVERNORS of the PARAMOUNT PEP CLUB, INC.; and

WHEREAS, during her term of office she gave her services freely and performed her work efficiently, now therefore be it

RESOLVED: that the PARAMOUNT PEP CLUB, INC., is sincerely grateful for the services she has given; and in this manner, expresses its deep appreciation; and be it further

RESOLVED: that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Club and also that a copy of this resolution, suitably inscribed, be presented to her.

F. L. METZLER,
President
ROSE WEINBERG,
Secretary

G. B. J. FRAWLEY,
Chairman of Board

Chester Conklin Tells All!

Chester Conklin, the Catalina, Cal., lad whose mustache makes him look like a walrus, on a recent visit to New York was asked by a group of friends at luncheon how he managed to “get that way.”

In response he delivered the following amazing yarn—

“When I was tuna fishing in the Aleutian Islands several years ago I found that the waters thereabout were infested with walruses, or to be correct, walr, which set up such a great commotion all about the boat that it was impossible to attract the attention of the much-desired tuna at all. I decided that I must gain the goodwill of the tuskered seals before any progress could be made in the matter of getting a fair catch of tuna. Therefore, I addressed my attention to a particularly jovial member of the noisy herd. I spoke in his native tongue—

“Apteryx, diphthong-bloobanpie, sockup, audien!” I yelled.

“Ha-ha!” he responded to my amazement, “we don’t care if he is president. We got shares in General Motors. But just the same we’ll be good guys. We’ll do what you want us to do. We’ll tuna round and go back where we came from.”

This evidence of good fellowship and an inclination to make puns got me. I couldn’t be harsh with such a care-free and altogether naive individual.

“Bleeck-muss sarabandecalligraphy Yonkers on toast” I said, politely this time.

“Sure,” he responded, “I’ll come and sit in your boat, but first you must answer me one question.”

“What is that?” I asked.

“It’s this,” he said—“You’ve been to Sardi’s I guess and you’ve seen on the menu where it says ‘Milk-Fed Veal Cutlet’—huh? Well, here’s what I want to know—how do they feed milk to a veal cutlet?”

To make a short story of it I answered his question, he got into the boat, and we became the best of friends. Before I left the Aleutians he took me to the luncheon-meeting of his Rotary club. It was there I learned his name was Russell. He learned that mine is Chester. They do things like that at Rotary clubs; call one another by their first names I mean.

Finally the day came for me to leave. I clasped his fin as a parting gesture.

“Wal, Russ,” I said with some feeling, “I hope I see you again some time.”

He grinned. “Chester remember me by in case you don’t,” he responded, and pulled out his upper canines. “Chester reminder of me, kid. Wear them always. That’s all. G’bye, see you in the movies.”

“So,” concluded Conklin to his friends, “that’s how I came by the well-known walrus appendages.”

“Wait a minute” interjected one of his listeners, “You haven’t explained this veal cutlet business. How do you feed milk to a veal cutlet?”

“That” said the canny Chester, as he started to leave the room, “is another story. It has to do with making cattle fatter. So you’ll have to excuse me, since I prefer my Catalina.”

—Len Daly.
Due to the wholehearted co-operation received from the members of the Paramount Pep Club, the Educational Committee was able to sponsor many new activities, all of which were enthusiastically supported.

Beginning November 11th, 1930, a series of lectures in commercial law was conducted for the members of the Pep Club. We were particularly fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr. Julius B. Sheftel of the Paramount Legal department to deliver these lectures. Such subjects as contracts, negotiable instruments, leases, sales, bankruptcy, etc., which are of particular interest to the layman, were discussed. These lectures were supplemented by a series of talks on insurance by Mr. Henry Anderson, head of the Paramount Publix Insurance department.

Miss Helen B. Swayne of the Educational Committee suggested that it would be of much interest to the members of the Pep Club if we could secure a showing of the motion picture, "With Byrd At The South Pole" for them. The response to the canvass made by this committee as to how many members would be interested in seeing this picture was so overwhelming, that it was necessary to put the picture in two projection rooms on December 1st, 3rd and 5th. We take this opportunity to thank Messrs. Arthur Bell, Irving Mintz, Benjamin Klein and Morris Goldsmith who secured permission from their Union to exhibit this picture after working hours without any charge to the Club.

Since a considerable number of the members of the Pep Club expressed a desire to undertake the study of French, a search was made for a capable teacher. Miss Gertrude Chesswas was finally decided upon and she later proved that our choice was an excellent one. The number of applicants for the course was so great that two classes were organized. This course met with such success that those who attended requested that a new class be formed this season. This class met with such success that those who attended requested that a new class be formed this season. This class was to conduct not only an advanced class for those who took the course last season, but also a beginner's class.

Paramount's business with Spanish speaking countries is such that we felt that the organization of a class in Spanish would be of particular benefit to members of the Foreign Department. Mr. Daniel B. Russell who was in the employ of Paramount at that time, volunteered to conduct such a class. Mr. Russell is a linguist of considerable ability and proved himself to be a most successful teacher. The number of members of the Foreign Department who enrolled for this course was such that the class had to be confined to the members of that department.

About the first part of February, it was brought to the attention of the committee that there were many girls employed by the company who had a knowledge of typewriting, but had never studied shorthand. A class of about thirty girls was organized after we had secured the services of Miss Mary G. Muleahy, a teacher in the Julia Richman High School of New York City. This class also met with such success that there have been requests that it be continued this year.

Upon ascertaining that Mr. Russell, who was conducting the Spanish class, was a member of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London and had been assistant director of the Pasadena County Players in California, we prevailed upon him to organize a group for the study of dramatics, which would ultimately present plays. The work done by Mr. Russell with this class was exceptional. Its members were most enthusiastic and it was with the deepest regret that the class disbanded during the summer when Mr. Russell severed his connections with Paramount. The Group has petitioned that the class be continued this season.

We were particularly fortunate in being able to offer all of the aforementioned activities to the members of the Pep Club without charge either to the Club or its members, except in the cases of the French class, for which a charge of $5.00 a month was made for two lessons of one hour each per week, and the stenography class, for which there was a charge of a little over $1.00 per month for two lessons of one hour each per week.

I wish to thank the members of the Educational Committee, which was composed of Misses Helen B. Swayne and Frances S. Gashel and Messrs. Marion Coles and Elmer R. Short, for their fine co-operation, without which it would have been impossible to have successfully undertaken the aforementioned activities.

Arthur Israel, Jr., Chairman.

Just before Lilyan Tashman sailed for Europe, following the completion of her new Paramount picture, "Girls About Town," she declared she may have to walk to the continent. She planned to take a tramp steamer.
It has proven a very interesting task to be Chairman of the Co-operative Buying Committee and to be so closely connected to the members of the Pep Club.

As Chairman, I have had the opportunity of meeting many of the members personally and to help them purchase at discount the various and many items which can be secured through this committee.

Each year the list becomes longer and the variety of commodities is surprising. To enumerate on these would take too much space. Suffice it to say that the committee has helped to clothe and feed the members and in many instances furnished homes in their entirety.

The members have saved a considerable amount and we have been glad to offer them our suggestions and service.

Belle Elkies, Chairman.

As in past years, the main athletic activity was bowling. We have grown from a small inter-departmental tournament to a tournament to which a greater percentage of members have aligned themselves than any other club activity; not only from the rank and file of our organization but from the executives too. In the 1930-1931 tournament, fifty-five members participated in this activity. This not only brought members of various departments together but created a greater degree of good fellowship among the participants. From present appearances, the 1931-1932 season will out-do 1930-1931 by at least twenty-five members and I sincerely hope it will grow bigger and stronger each year.

During the year we also tried swimming at one of the well-known pools. This activity can be developed the same as bowling, especially among the fair sex as they constituted a greater percentage actively engaged in this sport.

Tennis was tried with a certain amount of success.

Baseball was taken into consideration but on the advice of the Vice Chairman and a special committee, was dropped due to lack of experienced players.

I wish to take this opportunity on behalf of the members of the committee to express our sincere appreciation of the President's friendliness and wholehearted co-operation and also to thank the following members of the committee for their support and assistance. Advisory on Bowling: Carl Clausen, Kenneth Long, Theodore Loomis and Joseph Plunkett. Swimming: Edward Lee. Baseball: N. Herrkind. Tennis: Irving Singer.

John M. Fuchs, Chairman.

Due to the fact that the Constitution and By-laws of the Paramount Pep Club seem to be in proper form to cover all contingencies arising thereunder, and due to the further fact that the Nominating Committee's recommendations proved to be so acceptable that there is no opposing ticket, the work of this committee during the past Club year has been facilitated to the greatest possible extent.

I wish to thank Miss Irene F. Scott, Mr. Edward J. Rosenwald and Mr. Arthur Israel, Jr., for serving with me, and also to take this opportunity as a Club member to express my deepest personal thanks to you Mr. President for the manner in which you have handled the Club in all of its phases during your incumbency.

It has been a source of extreme pleasure to work with as capable an administration as the present one has been.

John J. Wildberg, Chairman.

This year, the committee endeavored to make a Pepster of every employee. There were those who had been working for the Company quite some time without becoming members. They were approached and willingly joined the Club. Partly through this effort, approximately 300 new members were added to the Roster which now comprises over 1200 names.

While the activities of the Club center in and around New York, thanks to the good offices of Mr. Palmer Hall Stilson, Pep Club members are to be found in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Tokio, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Colombia, Panama, Calcutta, and in many other cities throughout the world. These members voice their appreciation at receiving Pep-O-Grams.

Through the co-operation of Mr. Arthur Novak, we have been able to enroll all Public Traveling Auditors. Mr. Novak sees to it that their copy of our magazine reaches them regularly.

A great deal of credit is due Miss Esther Jablok, able Vice-Chairman and a conscientious worker. This young lady gave freely of her time and it was not unusual for her to do Pep Club work at home.

I want to thank each and every member of the committee most sincerely for their good work. It was through their energy that the collection of dues exceeded $2,400.00. I also wish to express my deep appreciation to President F. L. Metzler for his co-operation. It has been indeed a great pleasure to serve under his administration.

Joseph Zammit, Chairman.

Your Publicity Committee has had an extremely active year, since the Pep Club’s activities have been of such a varied nature as to be of interest to the public as well as the trade. Publicizing such events as the annual Pep Club Ball and the highly successful outing at Asbury Park, as well as addresses of interest by Sir William Wiseman, Mrs. Rita McGoldrick, Rudy Vallee and others, has certainly been a pleasant task for the Publicity Committee.

We believe that the year past has been a very fruitful one for the Club and its activities have been brought to the attention of a wider group of readers than ever before.

Earl Wingart, Chairman.

I am pleased to report that the accounts of the Paramount Pep Club, Inc., have been audited and found to be in order. I also wish to acknowledge the valuable assistance of committee members: Miss Agnes V. Donovan, Messrs. Richard Bennett, William H. Lawrence and Albert S. Webb. The thanks of the committee also go to Treasurer Joseph Doughney for his splendid co-operation.

The Finance Committee extends to you Mr. President and the officers of your administration, our sincere congratulations for the extraordinary efforts and success achieved during the past year.

Robert P. Stanley, Chairman.
I want to take this opportunity to express my thanks to Miss Irene Sullivan, Mr. Daniel F. Hynes and Mr. T. X. Jones for their whole-hearted interest in the activities of the Welfare Committee of which they are members.

The work of this committee is naturally of a confidential nature and no detailed report can be made other than to assure the Club that this committee functioned during the past year.

Dr. Emanual Stern, Chairman.

The Entertainment Committee has been at the helm of several diversions during the past year. The first one on record was the Christmas Party held in the eleventh floor well just prior to the Christmas holiday.

Perhaps the most outstanding event of the Club year was the annual Movie Ball which took place at the Hotel Astor on February 6th. This affair was well attended counting among its guests the luminaries of stage and screen as well as executives, employees and friends of the entire motion picture industry.

The annual June outing took place at Asbury Park on Saturday, June 13th. This outing was exceptionally well attended with members and friends partaking in the various sports of the day and enjoying a delectable dinner at the Hotel Berkeley-Carteret. A special train out of Pennsylvania station took the hundreds of Paramounteers to and from the seashore city.

I gladly give credit to the following members of the committee who have co-operated wholeheartedly:—Joseph Wood, Larry Kent, Cliff Lewis, Vincent Trotta, Bert Adler, Arthur Leonard, Charles Johnston, Jack Roper, William Fass, Arthur Cozine, Lou S. Diamond, Claude Keator and David Cassidy.

Edward A. Brown, Chairman

A total of over 19,000 copies of Pep-O-Grams was distributed last year through the work of the Bulletin Committee. The figure sounds high? Well, there are 1600 copies each month—and there are twelve months in the year. Multiply the two—that’s what we did.

These copies are carried to the members through the kindness of our reception-desk boys in all Paramount parts of the building. We wish to thank the young Paramounteers for their assistance.

In addition, there is a mailing list of 125. Members in all parts of the world are on this list—and each receives his copy every month. Several score more go to editors of other magazines.

This committee is responsible also for the posting of Pep Club bulletins, of which there are fifteen bulletin boards in the Home Office and one each in the Paramount Annex, News Laboratory and Studio.

And still another duty is the procuring of automobile licenses. Members fill out the blanks in possession of the committee, and the licenses are obtained for them, through the proper official channels, as quickly as possible.

Henry Bachmann, Chairman.

May I offer my congratulations to the Pep Club on the occasion of its Tenth Anniversary. There are a few members of the Pep Club and of the Company that have been here longer than I, but not many.

Next year I will be celebrating my Fifteenth Anniversary with the Company and almost that long with the Pep Club, so here are congratulations from one old gaffer to another.

A. M. Botsford
Bill Hanneman sketches the editor in the midst of getting out the anniversary issue.
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Year Book</th>
<th>Athletic</th>
<th>Co-Operative Buying</th>
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<td>1927-1928</td>
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### Roster of Past Officers and Members of the Board of Governors

#### Officers

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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
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<th>Vice-President</th>
<th>Treasurer</th>
<th>Secretary</th>
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<td>1921-22</td>
<td>Eugene J. Zukor</td>
<td>Oscar A. Morgan</td>
<td>Edward A. Brown</td>
<td>Belle Goldstein</td>
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<td>Joseph A. Walsh</td>
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<td>Vincent Trotta</td>
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<td>Lou S. Diamond</td>
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#### BOARD OF GOVERNORS

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<td>Elizabeth Summerlyn</td>
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<td>Elected to fill vacancy</td>
<td>Elizabeth Summerlyn</td>
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#### BOARD OF GOVERNORS (Continued)

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<td>Joseph A. Walsh</td>
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*Chairman of Board  †Resigned  ‡Elected to fill vacancy
Roster

ABEND, HELEN
ABRAMS, RUBIN
ABRAMSON, PHILIP
ABRAMSON, PHILIP G.
ACKERMAN, BEATRICE
ADAMS, ALVIN A.
ADAMS, ALLAN
ADKINS, CHARLES F.
ADLER, BERT A.
AKERSON, GEORGE E.
ALEXANDER, CLARENCE W.
ALEXANDER, DAVIS
ALEXANDER, EDWIN
ALEXANDER, MARION
ALLISON, PAUL
ALPERSTEIN, BETTY
ALPERT, IDA
ALTIERMAN, ISADORE
ALTHAUS, WILLIAM J.
ALZEN, MAURICE E.
ANDERSON, HENRY
ANDERSON, THOMAS L.
ANDSENEK, ARTHUR C.
ARLIDGE, ROBERTA
ARONTON, CLARICE M.
ARONSTAMM, MILDRED
ARSENE, EVELYN
ASARO, SALVATORE
ASSATOURIANZ, NICHOLAS
ATWELL, INNIS D.
AVERY, MARION
AXELSON, JOSEPHINE
BACH, CLAIRE V.
BACHMANN, HENRY
BACHRACH, MORITZ
BACK, PAUL
BAER, EMANUEL
BAILEY, ELLEN
BAKER, MAMIE K.
BAKER, VIVIAN
BALLANCE, HARRY G.
BALLANCE, MAURICE
BAMBERGER, LEON J.
BANNAN, JOHN F.
BANNON, LOUISE
BANZER, MARGARET
BARBANELL, PHILIP
BARHAM, TRACY
BARRY, GEORGE A.
BARRY, JOHN P.
BARTONE, JOHN A.
BASCH, WILLIAM
BAUER, CECILIA
BAUCH, WILLIAM
BAUERLE, CHARLES
BEACHAM, LILLIAN
BECK, LILLIAN
BEGLEY, JAMES P.
BEHR, HENRY D.
BELL, ARTHUR
BELZUCI, JOHN A.
BENDER, MADELINE
BENEDICT, MORRIS
BENNED, EZNE
BENNETT, RICHARD
BERENT, SYLVIA
BERRY, GERTRUDE
BERG, EVA
BERKOWITZ, YEPPA
BERMAN, HENRIETTA L.
BERMAN, SAMUEL I.
BERNSTEIN, ABRAHAM
BERNSTEIN, GLADYS M.
BERWALL, ARTHUR M.
BEUTE, CHRISTOPHER A.
BEYEA, ERNIE W.
BICAK, EDITH F.
BINDLER, NADINE
BINES, DAVID
BLAKE, GRACE
BLAKE, LEWIS F.
BLAKELY, FRANK H.
BLATCHFORD, DOROTHY
BLAU, ALEXANDER
BLAUSTEIN, SYLVIA
BLEICH, PAULINE C.
BLEICHERT, MILTON
BLITZER, MINNIE
BLOOMFIELD, ADELINE B.
BLUM, JEROME D.
BLOOM, MAE
BLUMENTHAL, RICHARD M.
BLUNT, ALICE R.
BLUTREICH, HARDY M.
BOHMEYER, JACK
BOOHECKER, JAMES M.
BORACK, WILLIAM
BORSKIN, HARDY
BORNSTEIN, EVELYN
BORODIN, MAURICE
BOTTSFORD, ALFRED M.
BOTTLEMAN, SAM D.
BOUTELJI, PHIL
BOYD, ANNE
BOYLE, ALICE C.
BOYSE, ROSE
BRACIAVANTI, MYRON
BRACCO, PAUL
BRADY, MARY M.
BRADIN, SAUL
BRASHER, RALPH E.
BREGMAN, MOLLY
BRENNIA, ALEXANDER
BRENNAUS, KARL T.
BRESSLER, GEORGE
BRIGGS, JEANNE E.
BROWER, MARY JABLOW
BROOKS, BERNARD P.
BROSNAH, DANIEL M.
BROWN, ALICE L.
BROWN, EDWARD A.
BROWN, GEORGE E.
BROWN, JAMES E.
BROWN, JAMES L.
BROWN, JULIUS
BROWN, PHILIP
BROWN, RALPH C.
BROWNFIELDER, NATHAN
BROWNSTEIN, ROSE
BUCHANAN, BYRON B.
BUCHANAN, NATHAN
BUCHWALD, SAM
BULGER, EDMOND T.
BURDICK, FRANCES
BURKE, MAE C.
BURLINGTON, PRESTON H.
BURN, WALTER L.
BURNE, ALFRED
BUSH, ROYDENT T.
CADGER, JEAN M.
CALDWELL, ELLA
CALLAN, HELEN R.
CAMBERIA, FRANK
CAMPBELL, VICTOR S.
CAMPO, THEO. A.
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