

THE
SUNDAY

Chronicle

10¢

NORTH JERSEY'S ONLY WEEKLY PICTORIAL MAGAZINE

**Town and Country
Dining**



**How To Keep Your
Husband Happy**



**A World of
Distractions**



**Television Programs
For The Week**




PASSAIC FALLS AT ITS BEST


JANUARY 22, 1961

VOL. XXXIII, No. 4


YOUNG IDEAS
from
Polly Ponds




Q: "I'm a cheerleader at school and also play on the basketball team. I love sports but they make me perspire and I don't think this is very feminine. What can I do about it?"



A: It's healthy to perspire when you're very active so don't let this disturb you. Here are some precautions you can take to help render body moisture as odorless as rainwater.



Make sure your underarms are always shaved. This should be done about once or twice a week.



Use a deodorant every day.

Take a bath or shower, every morning or every night. For safety, sprinkle yourself from neck to toe with a deodorant talcum powder after bathing. This will not only leave you prettily perfumed—but will also help insure your femininity, even during the heat of the game.

©Copyright 1960 Ponds Good Grooming Service 105 **FM**



White and Shauger Inc.

435 STRAIGHT ST. (Cor. 20th Ave.) PATERSON, N. J.



MULberry 4-7880

Gift Department
Living Rooms
Bedrooms — Bedding
Dining Rooms
Furniture Accessories
Carpeting
Appliances

Free Decorating
Service

We Decorate Within
Your Budget

ZITO STUDIOS

COMMERCIAL -- NEWS -- PORTRAIT

RUSSELL ZITO, Photographer

SWarthmore 6-0104

10-16 Fair Lawn Avenue

Fair Lawn, N. J.



I. PARRILLO

The Man from Equitable asks—

**Will you leave your family a home
—or a mortgage?**

THE ODDS that you will die before you pay off your mortgage are 16 times greater than the chance your house will catch fire. Yet, most prudent families wouldn't think of being without fire insurance. Why be without mortgage insurance?

Equitable's remarkable mortgage repayment insurance plan protects your family against forced sale... loss of savings... or loss of home. Costs are low for this basic protection. For full information call...

I. PARRILLO

200 EAST RIDGEWOOD AVENUE

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

GI 5-3342

GI 4-9891

Let the man from Equitable bring you peace of mind

THE Chronicle

Published Weekly by

THE CHRONICLE COMPANY

170-172 Butler Street Paterson, N. J.

LAmbert 5-2741

VINCENT S. PARRILLO, Publisher

VINCENT N. PARRILLO, Managing Editor

Entered as Second Class matter August 24, 1926, at the Post Office at Paterson, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879.

JANUARY 22, 1961 — VOL. XXXIII, No. 4

Single Copy 10 Cents



\$4.00 a Year by Mail

CONTENTS

FEATURES

How To Keep Your Husband Happy 9

Town and Country Dining 7

'Love Apples, by Argue M. Briggs
A Complete Short Story 14

Famous American Taverns 15

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials 9

Television Programs For The Week 11, 12, 13

YMCA Offers Dances And Dance Instruction

New classes in Modern American and Latin-American Dances for beginners, intermediates and advance students will start on Wednesday, January 18, at the Paterson YMCA, 128 Ward St. The class for beginners and intermediates will consist of 14 sessions meeting once a week every Wednesday from 8 to 9 p.m. After the class the students will be ready to join the class for advance students.

The class for advanced students will consist of eight sessions meeting once a week every Wednesday from 9 to 10 p.m. Early registration for both the classes is already in progress and will continue until the day classes begin. The classes will be conducted by the well-known dance instructor Miss Sandra Lee assisted by Mr. Otto Coroselli. Miss Lee, owner of Sandra Lee Dance Studio, has been teaching dancing at the Paterson YMCA for nearly three years and has won respect and admiration of all of her pupils. Miss Lee is a member of the Dance Educators of America and the Catholic Actors' Guild.

Last month she appeared twice on T.V. as a judge on the Ted Steele Dance Party which is a weekly program on Channel 13.

The weekly open adult dance at the Paterson YMCA has been attracting new people from all neighboring towns and counties. The dance is designed primarily for adults who are looking for a nice and friendly place with different and pleasant atmosphere. It is a place where you meet your old friends and make new ones. The dance, which is open to the public, is held every Friday evening from 8:30 to 12:30 p.m. The admission is very nominal. For ladies and Y members 90 cents and for non-members \$1.00.

The Ray Van Trio has been providing live music for the last three dances. Refreshments are also available.

If you like dancing in the dim lights of the candles and in a cozy and friendly atmosphere, then plan to attend the Candle Light Inn Dance every Friday and bring along your friends.

The dance will continue throughout the cold season and will be held every Friday night. Tickets are available at the door. For groups of more than ten

people, there will be specially reduced rates.

For further information or group reservations please contact the Program Office of the Paterson YMCA at 128 Ward St., or call MULberry 4-2320.

JUST JEST

At the conclusion of a lengthy interview, the psychiatrist told his patient to walk over to the window and stick out his tongue.

"Why?" inquired the patient, to whom this seemed a rather strange request.

"Because," replied the doctor, "I don't like that other psychiatrist over there across the court."

* * *

On a newly painted wall of a high school in Miami, Florida: "This is a partition, not a petition. No signature required."

Tips on Touring

By Carol Lane
Women's Travel Authority

Safe Driving in Winter

Women who drive their husbands to work or the railroad station and the children to school must drive regardless of weather. They can use these tips on winter driving:



Be sure the car has chains for snow-packed or icy roads. On packed snow, it takes 69 feet to stop without chains; with chains, 28 feet. On glare ice, the figures are 169 and 63. The difference could be vital.

To start on a slippery surface, use second gear and start slowly. This gives the car more traction and it will be less likely to slide sideways.

When making a curve on an icy road, turn the wheel slowly. If you go into a skid when braking the car, turn the steering wheel in the direction the rear wheels slide. Pump the brakes gently. This is especially important if you have power brakes.

With power brakes and power steering, you'll need a most careful touch. It's easy to lock the brakes and over-steer. Never start, stop or change directions suddenly. And keep a good distance behind the car in front.

But before you even start the motor—be smart. Have the radiator checked and good anti-freeze put in. Don't let the weather stop you cold.

Brown Shoes

By LILLIAN MITCHELL

Lenore rose jerkily from the train seat. A cold terror numbed her muscles, and she felt her limbs respond as a puppet's respond to pulled strings. A cup of tea might help, if only she could find the dining car. She walked blindly through the train. The passengers' faces were indistinct, pale blobs, yet all seemed focused on her, like wan spotlights out of darkness.

"Yes, ma'am. A table right over here, ma'am." Oh, thank Heaven she had found the dining car. If only everything weren't so vague. She must be ill.

"Tea, nothing more," she said to the waiter.

"Well, she'd soon be with Jim. He'd meet her at the little station and take her to the mountain hide-out they'd agreed upon. There in the peace and quiet of the forests, things would become orderly again. It would be worth the trouble then, worth the dangerous planning, the nights of anxiety lest there be a mistake. No one had ever suspected. An accident, they'd say. She'd even stayed for her husband's funeral, wearing her widow's black and sobbing most convincingly. Oh, she was a smart woman all right. Of course, Jim had helped her with the details, telling her what to do, but she, with her own hands had prepared the car, the death car. There hadn't been enough of it to tell what had happened when they found it at the bottom of the steep canyon. Not much left of her husband either. "Apparently fell asleep driving," was the verdict.

She was feeling better now. The hot tea was what she needed. She was so cold. A chill seized her as she raised her cup, slopping tea into her lap. She must have dropped her napkins under the table. She bent looking under edge of white cloth. Then—horror swept over her, flooding up over her stomach and chest, and exploding into prickles on her scalp. A sturdy pair of feet rested side by side under the table, encased in neatly tied large brown oxfords, the service-weight-hose clad legs seeming to end at the far edge of the cloth.

"No!" thought Lenore. "I won't scream," as she felt the terror bubbling up into her throat. The woman must have just come in—or had she been sitting there all the time? Animal-like instinct to flight took possession of her and she hastily rose and, keeping her face averted, hurried from the car. Oh, she'd forgotten to pay her check. Would the porter call her back? She could feign sudden illness, she thought, hunting for the lounge. Oh, here it was. She sat on a little chair in the corner and covered her face with her hands. She WAS ill. And now this. If only she hadn't become ill until she was away. Those brown shoes. She'd seen them before. Somewhere in her mind she realized they had to do with the terror. She must pull herself together enough to figure out why. It must be the police. They had sent a matron to follow her. She'd be caught like a rat in a trap when she met Jim. And he too would be involved.

But no, it couldn't be. They couldn't possibly have suspected. They'd have questioned her. She'd let everyone know she was going on a little trip to forget. No one had tried to stop her. No. She was too clever to be suspected. The funeral had gone too well, she'd been grief-stricken, unconsolable.

She was thinking a little clearer now. An idea began to take shape in her mind. But of course. "Brown shoes" must be Jim's wife. Lenore had never seen her, but she would be fair between her and Jim, and was going to this type. Jim's wife had suspected the af-



stop them. Oh, she couldn't have suspected the murder — she couldn't possibly realize things would go that far. Jim had said his wife was through with him, that she was of no concern. Lenore knew differently. She could tell by the set of the feet in those determined looking shoes. She was one of those selfish, self-righteous women, with an outraged sense of justice. A dog-in-the-manger woman. Well, Lenore could handle her. She felt better at having solved the woman's identity. The police would have been more difficult. This would be easy. She'd just ride on past the station and to the next city. There she could quickly lose 'brown shoes' in the crowd and board another train back.

Jim would be anxious at her delay, but wouldn't he be pleased with her cleverness when she told him what she had done?

She was still sitting with her face buried in her hands, when she sensed another person in the small room, and her scalp rose in prickly terror again. Even before she raised her eyes and stared over her trembling fingertips, she knew who it was.

The vague, swimming feeling had possession of her again as she walked back through the car. She took an empty seat by the window and stared out, watching the country slide backwards past the window. This didn't look like the mountain country where she was to meet Jim. Could she have gone past already, or where were they? She'd lost track of time and didn't seem to have her watch. She'd have to ask the porter

where they were, and arrange to change her ticket to the next city. The train was approaching a station now. If only this horribly ill feeling would leave her.

Oh! She felt a steel-like hand grip her arm, half raising her from the seat. Her head fell forward and she saw, through the sickening whirlpool, the brown shoes dissolving and reappearing, dissolving and reappearing. Feeling so ill, there was nothing she could do but go along. When this spell passed she could decide what to do. She let herself be led from the train and into a waiting station wagon. The waves of nausea cleared a little as she felt the breeze from the open window. Then the blurred spinning wheel of her consciousness slowed. Fragments became shapes. Looming shapes. She saw the great iron gates of the brick buildings beyond. A great balloon of fear swelled within her, and burst, and away in the distance she heard herself whimpering like a hurt animal.

* * *

The white capped superintendent looked up as the matron clad in brown traveling clothes and brown oxfords entered the room. "Have much trouble getting her back?"

"No, she came along quietly enough, pretty nervous though. She's never improved, has she?"

"No. Twenty years in the county asylum is a price for love of a man, isn't it? She cracked up at the accidental death of her husband, you know."

9:00 P. M.
 2—Witness — Drama
 4—Bachelor Father — Comedy
 5—Westling—Washington
 7—My Three Sons
 9—Fiesta in Puerto Rico, Music
 11—Target—Adolph Menjou

9:30 P. M.
 4—Ernie Ford — Music
 7—Untouchables—Drama
 9—Star and Story — Drama
 11—Pioneers

10:00 P. M.
 2—CBS Reports
 4—Groucho — Comedy-Quiz
 9—Strange Stories — Drama
 11—Navy Log

10:30 P. M.
 4—The Third Man
 7—Ernie Kovacs — Panel
 9—Movie See 7:30 p.m., Ch. 9
 11—Shotgun Slade—Western
 13—Play of the Week — Drama

11:00 P. M.
 2—News—Prescott Robinson
 4—News—John McCaffrey
 7—News — Scott Vincent
 11—News—John Tillman

11:15 P. M.
 2—Movie — Vice Squad
 4—Jack Paar
 7—Movie — Comedy
 11—Movie — Drama

7:00 P. M.
 2—News—Robert Trout
 4—Lock-Up Mystery
 5—Assignment Underwater
 7—Jim Backus — Comedy
 9—Terrytoons — Kirchner
 11—News—Kevin Kennedy

7:30 P. M.
 2—Rawhide — Western
 5—Cannonball — Adventure

4—Happy — Comedy
 7—Matty's Funday Funnies —
 9—Movie — Prince of Thieves
 11—You Are There

8:00 P. M.
 4—One Happy Family—Comedy
 5—Night Court—Drama
 7—Harrigan and Son
 11—Victory At Sea
 13—Mike Wallace—Interview

8:30 P. M.
 2—Route 66—Adventure
 4—Playhouse
 5—Tombstone Territory
 7—Flintstones—Cartoons
 11—Basketball

9:00 P. M.
 5—Award Theatre
 4—Music Hath Charms
 7—77 Sunset Strip
 9—Jean Shepherd

9:30 P. M.
 2—You're In Picture — Panel
 5—Pony Express—Western
 9—Playboy's Penthouse

10:00 P. M.
 2—Twilight Zone
 4—Michael Shayne — Mystery
 5—Not For Hire—Mystery
 7—Detectives — Robt. Taylor
 11—How to Mary a Millionaire

10:30 P. M.
 2—Eyewitness to History
 5—Man Hunt — Police
 7—Law and Mr. Jones
 9—Movie—See 7:30 p.m., Ch. 9
 11—Mr. Adams and Eve
 13—Play of the Week

11:00 P. M.
 2—News—Prescott Robinson
 4—News—John McCaffrey
 7—News—Scott Vincent
 11—News—John Tillman

11:15 P. M.
 2—Presidential Inaugural Ball
 4—Presidential Inaugural Ball

Money Talks!

SPEEDY HORSES
 NOT A DOLLAR WAS EVER LOST BY ANYONE WHO ENTRUSTED HIS MONEY TO WELLS FARGO IN MORE THAN A CENTURY...
 ..FROM STAGECOACH DAYS TO ARMORED TRUCKS OF MODERN TIMES!



GUN-TOTING
 ARMED GUARDS TODAY PROTECT WELLS FARGO SHIPMENTS OF MILLIONS IN GOLD AND CASH, JUST AS THEY DID 100 YEARS AGO ON THE STAGECOACHES.



PAPER PACKETS
 OF TRAVELERS CHEQUES TODAY COMPLETELY PROTECT ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY A PERSON WANTS TO CARRY. AMERICAN EXPRESS REFUNDS **LOST** TRAVELERS CHEQUES. ...HUNTS DOWN ANYONE WHO ATTEMPTS TO STEAL THEM. ALMOST ALL BANKS SELL THEM COMPLETELY PROTECTED AT A **PENNY-ON-THE-DOLLAR!**

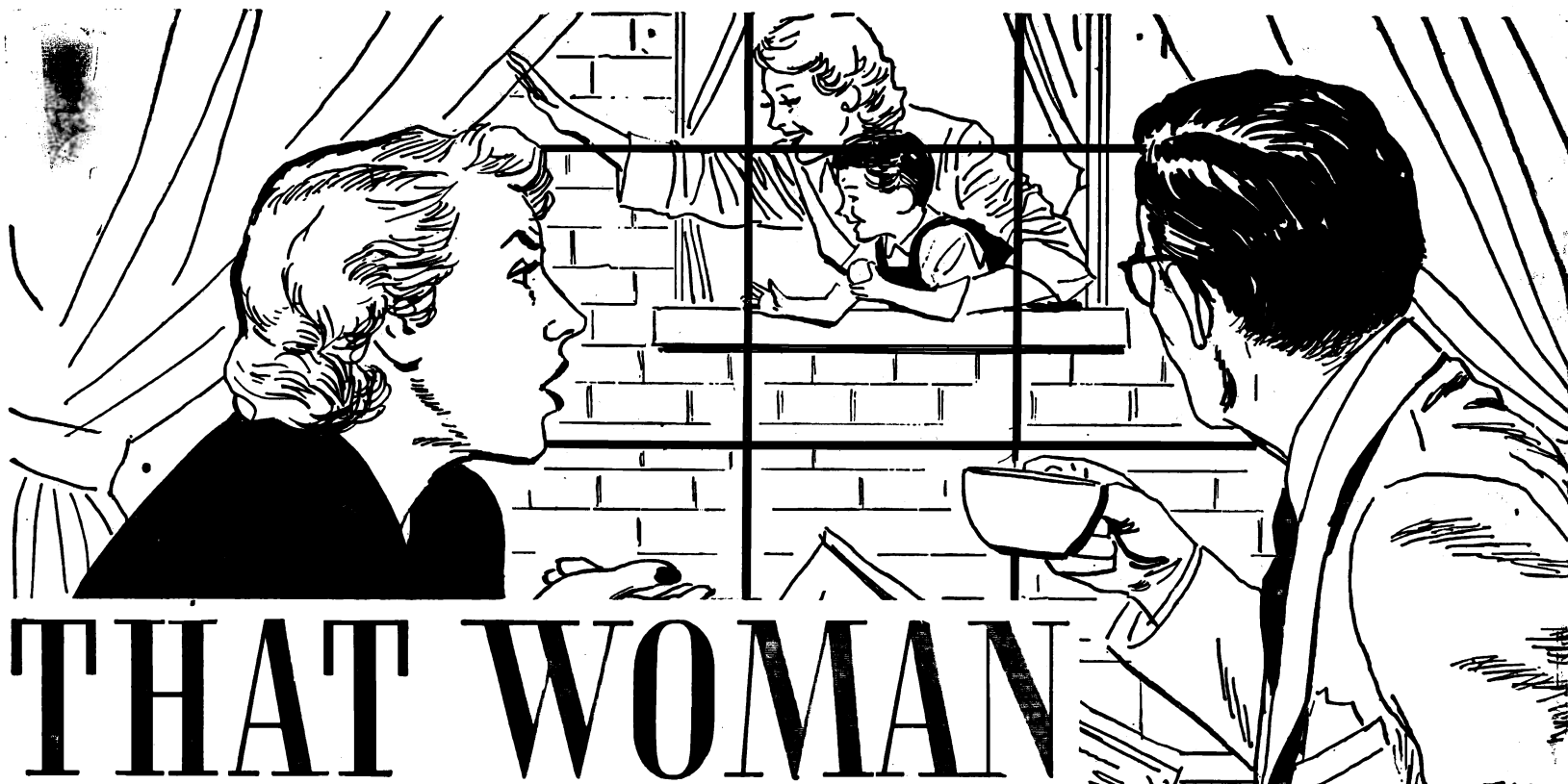
FM



RICH—BY MISTAKE — W. Somerset Maugham's short story, "A String of Beads" — about a young secretary whose life is radically changed when she receives a \$60,000 strand of pearls by mistake — will be dramatized in color on NBC-TV's "Story of Love" Tuesday, Feb. 7. Stars of the special will be (left to right) George Grizzard as the secretary's fiancé, Glenda Farrell as her mother and Jane Fonda as the bedazzled secretary.



'THE SINGLE WOMAN' — Michael Tolin, as a rejected suitor, berates Barbara Baxley, who plays the title role in "The Single Woman," Thursday, Feb. 9 color presentation on the NBC-TV Network. The full-hour dramatic documentary, a "Purex Special for Women," deals with problems of women who remain unmarried.



By ZOA SHERBURNE

Bertha snapped the shade and it flew to the top of the roller to somersault crazy around and around. The hemmed-in courtyard, twelve stories down, looked like a vivid green scarf spread out in the sun. But Bertha's eyes were on the window of the opposite court as she slammed the plates down, hard, on the breakfast table. "For two cents," she declared explosively, "I'd report her to the management. . . ."

Charlie grinned over the top of his paper. "Oh, come on now, Bertha," he injected mildly. "What for? being blonde and good-looking isn't exactly a crime, you know?" His glance went past his wife's dumpy figure to the open window.

Directly across the court That Woman was leaning out her window waving to someone down on the street. The little boy held firmly in the circle of her arms was waving, too.

"Wonder if she actually thinks he can see them twelve stories up?" Charlie sounded amused. He sounded as if he thought it was cute of her to fritter away her time like that. Bertha's lips tightened.

"If she's so crazy about that husband of hers she might find better ways of showing it. Lets him come home and fix his own dinner night after night . . . and yesterday he was ironing his own shirts . . . I saw him. . . ."

Charlie regarded his wife unsmilingly. "You seem to know a lot about our new neighbors."

Bertha flushed. "You needn't hint that I've been snooping. Charlie Gatewood. I have something better to do with my time than sit around and watch That Woman!"

Charlie's eyes twinkled. "It all depends on the point of view, I guess. . . ."

Bertha knew what he meant, of course. Why . . . half the time That Woman ran around in less than it would take to flag a train. She didn't seem to know that window shades had been invented. "Just the same" Bertha continued her thought. "There is no excuse for the way she neglects that poor baby. Never even takes him out for a walk."

They both looked across the court. That Woman had evidently snapped on her radio for she was dancing merrily about the room with the little boy in her arms.

"Well — she seems to be a good mother."

"A good mother? Bertha stared at him. "Why she doesn't take any care of him at all. Half a dozen times since they moved in I've seen him hanging out that window—it'll be a mercy if he isn't killed."

Charlie shrugged. "You had two kids of your own, Bertha; you know how it goes. Remember when Jamie got his tooth knocked out? 'I can't hold my hand over him all his life,' you told me."

Bertha looked ready to cry. "Don't you dare compare me with that shiftless woman. I did my duty by the boys and I've done my duty by you. Your meals are ready on time and they're cooked as good as I can cook them. Your apartment is clean and your clothes are ironed and put in your drawers. I don't expect you to shop and cook and scrub the floors." Bertha was almost sputtering. "Stuck-up little piece she is, too. Last week I waved to her and started to say something about what a nice day it was but she just slammed the window down."

Charlie didn't answer. He just picked up his paper and turned a page nosily. Bertha started gathering up the cooking dishes.

He came over to give her his customary little peck on the cheek before he left the apartment. "Maybe she's been sick," he offered unexpectedly. "Maybe she doesn't know how to cook. Maybe her husband likes to cook." Charlie's voice was light but the smile didn't quite reach his eyes.

The curious wistful note in Charlie's voice haunted Bertha all the time she did her housework. It was as if the woman across the court had somehow intruded between them. Resolutely she kept her eyes averted from the opposite window.

And then — as Bertha was shaking out her dust mop she could hear the little boy crying.

The little boy was seated on a chair near the window. He was . . . Bertha craned her neck to make sure . . . he was tied to the chair. Tied! His chubby arms were waving in protest but otherwise he couldn't move. His mother was nowhere in sight.

"That," Bertha told herself, "is the last straw."

She didn't even wait to change her dress. Just smoothed back her graying hair, and checked to make sure her key was in her pocket. It was time that something was done about That Woman and she, Bertha,

was the one to do it.

She stood for an instant outside the door of apartment 1236 West. A thin, tired little cry reached her ears. Bertha knocked sharply on the door and drew herself up to her full height as the pretty young woman opened it.

"I'm Mrs. Gatewood, from across the court," she announced, crossing her arms and eyeing the younger woman coldly. "I've been watching you over here ever since you moved in and I think it's high time. . . ." She broke off in surprise at the delighted smile that flashed across That Woman's listening face.

"You came over to get acquainted." The words came out in a breathless little rush. "Why, Mrs.—Gatewood, did you say? How lovely and thoughtful of you. I've been wishing and wishing that some of the neighbors would come to call." The girl held out her hand, and automatically Bertha grasped it. She found herself being led into the apartment.

"I'm glad you came before I got Tim down for his nap," That Woman continued happily.

Bertha glanced past her to where the little boy scowled from the chair where he was tied.

The mother was fumbling with the radio as she talked. "I hate having to keep tied up, but I guess I'll have to do it. He's big enough to have some sense." She scooped the child up into her arms, and smiled across the room at Bertha. "I hope you can find a chair that isn't piled high with junk. I try to keep things halfway straight but . . ." the slim shoulders lifted and fell in a shrug which dismissed such trivialities. "As soon as I get this scam to bed I'll put the coffee pot on . . . I think there are some cookies, too, Jim baked last night. . . ."

A dimple danced briefly beside the smiling mouth. She didn't seem ashamed of admitting that her husband was the cooking.

Bertha clutched frantically after her dissolving resentment. Her eyes narrowed as they met the serene blue ones.

Then . . . her heart began to pound. A swift wave of pity swept over Bertha. Pity . . . for the blue eyes looking so trustingly at a point just beyond Bertha's shoulder weren't really looking at all . . .

That Woman was blind.



**Heating Systems
Installed**

AR 4-8050 Haledon, N. J.

SHerwood 2-7738

Residence FAir Lawn 6-0666

**JAMES S. SCULLION
and SON**

Home for Funerals

267-269 Park Avenue
at Madison
Paterson, New Jersey

LAmbert 5-3108

Donohue's

Rugs, Carpets, Linoleum,
Beds & Bedding

VENETIAN BLINDS
FORMICA TOPS

296 MAIN STREET
PATERSON, N. J.

LAmbert 5-9623

**CRESCIONE
PHOTO STUDIO**

Crescione Tuxedos, Inc.

Weddings — Portraits
Commercial

Full line of Tuxedos for Hire
52 Market St., Paterson N. J.

**Park-Madison
Juvenile
Furniture**

Lullabye Nursery Furniture
Atlas and Bilt-Rite

Imported Holland Carriages
(Cor. Madison & Park Aves.)

PARK AVE. — MU 4-2828

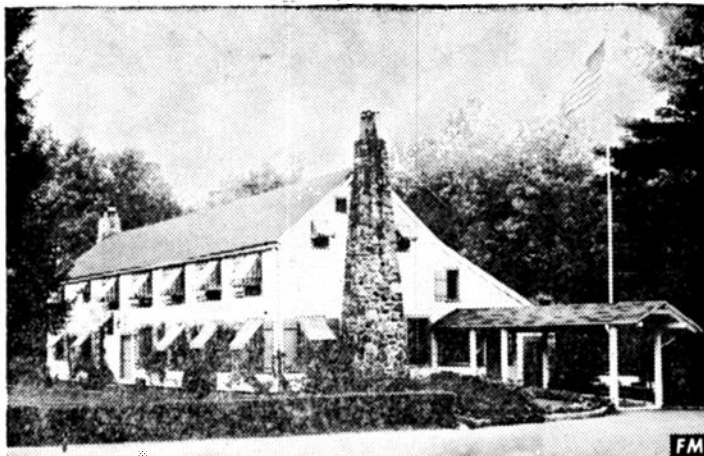
JOHN G. KOTRAN

Funeral Service and
Funeral Home

458 River Street SH 2-4019

FAMOUS AMERICAN TAVERNS

Old Mill Inn in Bernardsville, N. J.



It Stored Grain for Washington's Army

This is the story of a pre-revolutionary barn deep in the heart of New Jersey, a barn which evolved like the butterfly from the caterpillar into one of the most famous caravansaries of the country. Associated with the inn in legend and antiquity stands, just across the way, the Old Mill, one of the state's finest monuments of colonial stone and masonry.

The Old Mill and the old barn both saw service in the American War of Independence. The Old Mill ground grist to feed Washington's army camped at Jockey Hollow in the winter of 1779; the old barn stored the grain, to be drawn by the troops as needed.

The building of the majestic Old Mill with its beautiful arches and grand proportions, set among the green trees of the Somerset Hills, was a major production of enterprising early Americans. Whole families gathered to haul the stones by oxen and sledges from the surrounding countryside. But our immediate interest is the conversion a generation ago of the humbler colonial barn into a thoroughly modern inn and tavern for wayfarers.

In re-creating the old barn not a beam was touched by saw or axe. The old barn itself suggested what to do and no change was made in the roof line or structure. In spite of time the frame was perfectly good, as the

guest can see by glancing at the solid ribs and cross-beams purposely left exposed to tell their own tale. Shutters and hinges on doors are exactly as they used to be. The sub-divisions of the barn are the same; the large dining room was the wagon and machinery room, the grill was the horse-stable, the entrance hall and living-room were partitions in the barn and so was the passageway from front to back. Each of the seven bedrooms on the second floor was a bent in the great haymow.

For five years the proprietor has been Mr. Raymond M. Cantwell, graduate of Cornell's College of Hotel Management. Neighbors and devoted customers are pleased that Mr. Cantwell has the same respect as they for the old building and its special kind of quaint charm. They are pleased, too, that he dispenses the fine foods and fine beers and ales which are historically associated with the old building.

Puzzle Answer



Mr. Smith was driving through the country when his motor stopped. He got out of the car and raised the hood to locate the trouble. "The trouble is in the carburetor," a voice behind him said. Smith turned, surprised, but saw only an old horse standing nearby. Not believing his ears, he asked, "Did you say something?"

"I said you'd better check the carburetor," replied the horse.

Rushing to the nearest farmhouse, Smith excitedly told his experience to the old farmer. "Was it an old bay horse with one flop ear?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, yes, that's the one!"

"Well, don't pay any attention to him" the farmer scoffed. "He don't know anything about automobiles anyway."



Lady: "May I try on that dress in the window?"

Clerk: "Don't you think you'd better use the dressing room?"

A farmer and his wife whose Uncle Luke lived close to the stockyards, the gas works and a chemical plant invited him to come for a visit and enjoy some fresh air. Uncle Luke was delighted but cut short his visit after two days with the comment: "This country air may be all right, but there's no body to it."

Cut Out and Mail

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Chronicle

170 Butler Street, Paterson, N. J.

Please enter my subscription, or renewal to

THE CHRONICLE, at four dollars (\$4.00) yearly.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

Check enclosed () Bill me ()

Printing for All Needs —

Our extensive facilities and our wide experience enable us to provide you with a quality printing job, no matter what your needs. Our prices are moderate.

Printing for Every Purpose —

When you present your copy to us, we will follow your instructions implicitly — or, if you wish, we will add a creative touch that will lend distinction to your printed matter.

Distinctive Bridal Invitations —

We produce bridal invitations with that rich "engraved" effect, without involving the high cost of engraving. We use only the highest quality materials, and our delivery is rapid. Come in and see the work that has been done for others.

Fast Efficient Service —

We know that when you order printed matter, you want it as soon as possible. We are equipped to fill this need, and can assure you of rapid printing and rapid delivery on all your orders. Drop in to see us or give us a ring.

The

PATERSON PRESS

Printers and Publishers

170 - 172 BUTLER STREET

LAmber 5-2741

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY
