

**THE
SUNDAY**

Chronicle

10¢

NORTH JERSEY'S ONLY WEEKLY PICTORIAL MAGAZINE

**The New American
Basketball League**



**New Facts About
Safe Driving**



Frightening Prospect

Impertinence



**Complete
Short Story**



**Television Programs
For The Week**



JUNE 11, 1961

VOL. XXXIII, No. 24

THE DRIVER'S SEAT



That between-meals snack of rich, fattening food could cost you your driver's license if police officials ever take seriously the recommendations of Dr. Rosario Robillard of Montreal, Canada.

The Canadian physician is convinced that fat automobile drivers are more accident-prone than slim drivers. The accident rate of an obese driver is directly proportional to his degree of overweight, he says.

Dr. Robillard has suggested that driver's licenses be denied applicants who are extremely fat, and that restricted licenses be issued to other overweight applicants.

Speaking of driver's licenses, did you know the Federal government has authorized the Bureau of Public Roads to set up a national driver register in Washington, D. C.

Purpose of the Federal agency is to form a clearing house to identify for the states those motor vehicle drivers whose licenses have been revoked for drunk driving or conviction of a traffic violation in which someone was killed.

Used to be that if your license was taken away in your home state, you could always move to another state and regain your driving privilege. The new Federal Driver Register is designed to stop this practice.

The American Optometric Society also has a few things to say about driver licensing. Seems that only one or two states test an applicant's night vision before issuing a driver's license. Since we do at least a third of our driving at night, the American Optometric Society feels we should demonstrate that we can see after dark before we are issued licenses to drive.

Night traffic accident records seem to support the charge that many drivers lack night vision. There was one narrow bridge in Minnesota that seemed a particular target of night-blind motorists who rammed into it at regular intervals. The problem was solved only when the entire bridge was coated with reflective paint to enable drivers to pick it out of the darkness a half-mile away.



Uncle CHARLEY'S "Epi-grins"

Ho hum, the smaller the politician, th' bigger the promises.

Nope, you kin never make a hit with a kick.

Yep, th' less some gals have on th' more they show off.

When folks say; Once in a while; How long is a while?

Don G. says, "A feller's raisin' has a lot to do with his dates."

After all, nit wits are not wits.

Small minds usually give out big talk.

Yes sah, the village belles are usually appealin'.

Noted Doctor says, "It is only normal to forget" — Thank heaven!

Yep, traffic congestions are a jam 'n nuisance.

It's perfect mating when he snores and she's deaf.

Yep, the sea of matrimony has lots o' storms, squalls and breakers.

Grandpa Hedges says in life, there's so many women and so little time.

In the Spring the trees ain't the only things that are sappy.
Rev. Charley Grant

Rx for pet Health

At Last: A Tablet To Rid Dogs of Fleas, Ticks

There should be 26,000,000 happy dogs in this country today, for the end of thousands of years of scratching those pesky pests, flea and tick, is in sight!

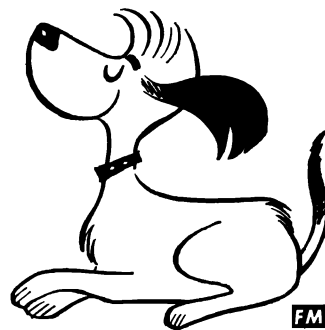
Veterinary research scientists at Pitman-Moore Company have developed the first oral insecticide, a sugar-coated tablet called Ectoral: dog swallows pill, flea bites dog, flea dies. Same for the tick.

Every dog owner is familiar with these blood-sucking parasites. But many do not know that the dog is not their natural habitat, just their feeding place. Flea eggs are deposited in sand, stuffed furniture, floor cracks and other out-of-the-way places, where they hatch. Then the flea looks for a living host for food. (A female flea produces some 500 eggs in a lifetime!)

Long-haired dogs have been known to carry 1,200 active, biting fleas; short-haired dogs as many as 500. Ticks may appear singly (usually in the pet's ear), or in numbers. To combat these creatures, Americans spend upwards of \$100 million annually on sprays, liquids and powders. These preparations, as any dog owner knows, have temporary benefit at best, since it is almost impossible to maintain an even protection over the pet's body for long. Besides, these topical treatments are messy.

Unlike the topicals, the oral insecticide is clean and easy to give. Dogs gulp their food, and the sugar-coated tablet can be put in a piece of meat. Through regular use of Ectoral, Rover can be protected from re-infestation as he travels about the neighborhood and mingles with other dogs. It is available only from a veterinarian.

There are literally hundreds of varieties of fleas; dogs have their own, cats have theirs...and there is even one that specializes



in humans. However, most varieties will take at least a sample bite of man. Aside from the discomfort they cause, fleas and ticks carry diseases from dog to dog, and from animals to man, such as Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, tularemia, bubonic plague, among others.

An interesting sidelight on the flea is its extraordinary jumping ability. It is reported that a flea can jump as high as 7½ inches and a distance of 200 times its own length. A man with comparable ability would be able to jump over a 35-story building. It's no wonder, then, that these parasitic pests are able to move from dog to dog.

If your dog is infested with fleas or ticks, have it examined by a veterinarian to make certain the parasites have not brought a disease, or caused a skin infection. He will advise adequate measures to rid the pet of these invaders, and to prevent their returning.

Tips on Touring

By Carol Lane
Women's Travel Authority

Facts And Figures

What would America be like without cars? Of course, we'd miss the comfort and convenience, but try to imagine what would happen to our economy.

One out of every six businesses in America can be considered automotive. Industries connected with motor transportation employ about one out of every seven workers.



The trucking industry alone employs 6½ million persons. There are 790,000 people in automotive plants. Road maintenance takes 493,000 people. The crude oil and refining industry has created jobs for another 294,000. In addition, there are 193,000 service stations in the United States.

There are about 88,000 new and used-car dealers in this country. Car sales and service means work for 2,023,000 persons. Another 700,000 people make batteries, car stampings, electrical equipment, or are in insurance and financial companies related to automobiles.

The automobile industry uses 48.4% of the malleable iron produced in the United States, 70% of the plate glass, 63% of the leather, 63% of the rubber, 16.9% of the steel, and 42.5% of the lead.

You see, the cars that provide so much pleasure and convenience to us provide a great many jobs as well.

Did you know that many parents of workers who have died could qualify for dependent parents' benefits if they would make a claim. If you were receiving at least one-half of your support from a working son or daughter at the time of his or her death, contact your social security office.

Time to retire? Call at your social security district office about one or two months before. Early filing of an application for benefits will mean regular monthly income to you when your paychecks stop coming in. Bring your social security card and evidence of your age when you call.

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The New American Basketball League

Plans Some Changes In Playing Rules

A new professional basketball league is in business now. It's taking shape fast, and preliminary plans have just been completed.

The new league is made up of eight cities — Cleveland, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Washington, D. C., Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Honolulu. It's called the American Basketball League and is set to roll this Fall.

Important money is in back of the operation, and it takes important money. Because, the new league will be competing — more or less — with the N.B.A. And the N.B.A. is established and well-entrenched. So, it will be a tough and expensive job for the project to get off the ground, but there's room for both of these leagues.

Certainly, it should make things interesting. The new league will introduce some new wrinkles into basketball. Its acting commissioner and the man who has carried the ball in organizing things, is Abe Saperstein, who owns the Harlem Globetrotters. He's acting as commissioner until things get started, but his main job in the league, will be running the Chicago franchise. That's Saperstein's home city.

He's not happy about many of the things in the game today and would like to do something about it. Saperstein says basketball has become just a big man's game, and that sort of thing can be overdone. If it keeps up, he feels nobody under seven feet tall, will be allowed on the court.

That's why the American Pro Basketball League will try a few new ideas,

to give the smaller man a chance. Not only that, there will be more accent on defense. As it stands now, basketball is all offense.

For instance, the new league will permit a three-point field goal. An area will be pointed, 25 feet in front of the baskets and any field goal shot in back of that area, will count for three points instead of the old-fashioned two. The little man will get his chance in this way. He'll be able to get set from a position behind that 25-foot mark and let the ball rip. If it goes in, presto — three points!

Another rule will widen the keyhole area around the foul line to eighteen feet, to keep the big man away from the basket. That's the Olympic style.

Perhaps the biggest difference the new league is going to make in its pattern of basketball, is based on greater respect for defense. In the old rugged days of basketball, there was a lot of contact between the players and the fans liked that kind of game. Now, the little man is handicapped because the referee won't let him come close to the man he's guarding. So, how's he going to stop him — without using a gun?

The new league aims to do something about that, along with some other things. It should be fun. Not for the NBA, of course, because there's nothing humorous about competition to a professional sports promotor. But just the same, the indications are that the fans will relish the picture of new faces, new teams, and new action.

Many old taboos will be eliminated

by the American League, as it moves into the athletic picture. In addition to the innovations and changes in the rules, other departures from protocol are indicated. For instance, the Cleveland entry in A.B.L. has signed Johnny McLendon on a two-year contract to coach the team.

What makes McLendon unique, as coach of a pro basketball team, is that he's a Negro. He is the first of his race to run a court squad in the top pro ranks. The 45-year-old mentor has compiled an amazing record of 512 victories and 122 defeats as coach. The teams he handled were: Lawrence (Kansas) High School, Tennessee State College, and the Cleveland Pipers. This latter team won the National Industrial Basketball League championship last year, climaxing the performance by taking the national A.A.U. crown.

It was the Pipers' personnel, with McLendon in charge, performing in a tour of Soviet Russia a few weeks ago. This American squad played eight games against the Russians and won all of them. A graduate of the University of Kansas, McLendon now will turn his attention to the Cleveland club in the new pro league — and is expected to prove a tough man to beat.

The anti-monopoly trend isn't confined to basketball. The pro football ranks saw the advent of the American League last year, rivalling the well-entrenched National loop. The newcomers took a financial drubbing, but they're back for more this year. There, too, it should make interesting watching.

Opportunities Unlimited:

Don't Put People on Shelf While They're Able to Work

By ANNE HEYWOOD

SOMETIMES we put people on the shelf too soon—and by treating them like oldsters, make them old before their time.

This was brought home to me recently by a letter from a reader who is 67 years old, a peppy woman who lives with her daughter and son-in-law.

She Keeps House

"They both have jobs," she told me, "and it was understood that I would keep house for them, because there isn't much money.

"But now they have hired a cleaning woman to 'help' me, and I don't need the help. I love running the house, and doing the cleaning and cooking. But they insist that I mustn't 'strain' myself. Strain myself, indeed! I'm much more apt to die of dry rot!

"Isn't there any way we can convince young people that you don't fall apart on your sixty-fifth birthday?"

Her Doctor's Help

In her particular case, it wasn't too difficult. She enlisted the help of a wise family doctor, who talked to the young people and told them that "Mommy" needed work and responsibility and a feeling of being needed, far more than she needed help and rest.

But too often, the older person doesn't protest enough, feels that perhaps it is inevitable, and thus gets pushed into a kind of dry rot.

Women Especially

Women particularly, judging from my mail, find this happening. Many times they are widows, with grown children, and they have no business experience. So they live with the kids, with the understanding that they will keep house or baby-sit. But then, little by little, they become victims of enforced idleness. And the tragedy is that many times they

could have lived useful and busy lives up into their eighties.

Recently, I read a book which, while not on the topic of aging, does a wonderful job of showing how grand a woman's later years



Her Daughter and Son-in-Law Didn't Want Her to "Strain."

can be. It is called "Venture to the Interior," and is written by a very wise man named Laurens van der Post.

New Project at Seventy

He tells of his mother, in Africa, who, after raising thirteen children, decided, when she was seventy, to take on a new project.

She took over a family farm in the remotest part of Africa, where she was the only white woman, and put it on a well-run basis, working all hours and having a wonderful time.

The author says,

"There my mother is to this day, a slim, lovely, upright, gracious old lady. She is still active, vigorous, young in spirit and convinced that she will live to be a hundred and twenty."

If you're feeling "old" I suggest that you read "Venture to the Interior."

Crossword Puzzle

By LARS MORRIS

ACROSS

- 1—Stinging insect
- 5—Wide awake
- 10—Earthy material
- 14—Body of ship
- 15—Kind of bear
- 16—Barbarian of Charlemagne's time
- 17—Melody
- 18—Straighten
- 19—Central hub of wheel
- 20—Starchy dessert
- 22—Intertwined confusedly
- 24—Cravat
- 25—Leaf of corolla
- 26—Wretched dwelling
- 29—Youth
- 30—Danger
- 34—Dry
- 35—Human race
- 36—Malignant
- 37—Pistol (slang)
- 38—Building fronts
- 40—Forward part
- 41—Kettle drum
- 43—Food fad
- 44—Mix
- 45—Cherished memento
- 46—Serpent-like fish
- 47—Evergreen trees
- 48—Striped mammal
- 50—Fish (Scottish)
- 51—Movie actress
- 54—Windpipe
- 58—Young salmon
- 59—Girl's name
- 61—Listen to
- 62—Like wings
- 63—Put in prison
- 64—Girl's name

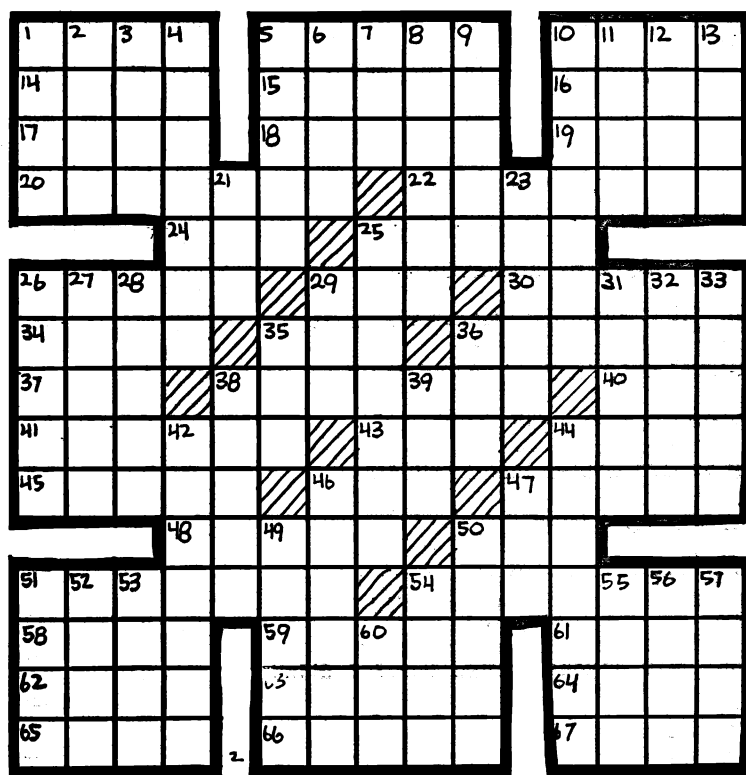
Answer to Cross Word Puzzle on Page 15

- 65—Breathing organ
- 66—Pertaining to British War Minister
- 67—Rhymed composition

DOWN

- 1—Interrogative word
- 2—Gentle breeze
- 3—Woman's undergarment
- 4—Braided
- 5—Rapidly

- 6—Charlotte
- 7—Yale University
- 8—Raved
- 9—Apply special process to
- 10—One who mutilates
- 11—Egg-shaped
- 12—Bathe
- 13—Anticipate with horror
- 21—Lubricate
- 23—Back of neck (pl.)
- 25—Pretended remedy for diseases
- 26—Mother of Ishmael
- 27—Make speech
- 28—Essential to life
- 29—Sap used for varnish
- 31—Torn asunder
- 32—Silly
- 33—Gives temporarily
- 35—Prefix: bad
- 36—Gave food to
- 38—Lathe cutter-holder
- 39—Dollar (abbr.)
- 42—Grotesque
- 44—At middle of hull
- 46—Journey made to carry message
- 47—Size of coal
- 49—Give lie to
- 50—Cogged wheels
- 51—Bridge
- 52—Ring of light
- 53—Noted times in history
- 54—Small bird
- 55—Pertaining to air
- 56—Call
- 57—Unit of weight
- 60—Western Indian



Clue by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS



By ART BEEMAN



Yattity- Yattity

By ZOA SHERBURNE

"In other words," Genevieve snapped "you think I talk too much!"

Charlie glanced over the rim of his coffee cup and gave her a gentle turneth-away-wrath sort of smile.

"Now, honey, I didn't say any such thing," he protested gently — "I suggested that as long as Mrs. Fulton has no children of her own and isn't particularly interested in young people it might be a good idea if you — sort of let her take over the dinner conversation—"

Jane came into the room, slid into her place and unfolded her napkin. "Hi . . . Mr. and Mrs. . . . swell day, isn't it?" Her blue eyes crinkled with amusement. "Isn't anyone speaking to anyone around here? I didn't hear Mom say a single blessed word coming down the stairs . . ."

Genevieve regarded her only daughter coldly. "You don't have to remind me that I talk all the time . . . your father just covered the subject very thoroughly."

Charlie lifted pained eyes toward the ceiling. "All I said . . ." he began, but Genevieve cut in.

"All he said was that if I didn't talk Mrs. Fulton's ear off tonight that he might be able to pin her husband down to a new contract . . ."

"Oh, that's right . . . tonight is that big dinner party the Fultons are giving. The Ambassador, isn't it?" Jane said.

Charlie buried himself behind his morning paper and wished he'd kept his mouth shut.

It wasn't as if Gen's chatterbox were anything new. "Marry that girl and 'I Do' will be the last words you'll get a chance to say . . ." his mother had warned him grimly.

For twenty years he had read his newspapers, watched his television programs and even figured his income tax to Gen's flow of words.

He tossed aside his paper and rounded the

table to give Genevieve's shoulders a squeeze.

"Sorry, hon . . . guess I talked out of turn. I'm taking my things down so I can change at the office. I'll meet you at the hotel. O.K.?"

Gen regarded Charles and Jane unsmilingly. "I don't have to have a house fall on me," she pointed out. "I know perfectly well when I'm not wanted. I've been planning on this dinner for over a month. I even got a new dress and I'm going to have my hair done . . . you know that, Jane . . . but if your father is ashamed of me . . ."

Charles waved his arms futilely. "I didn't say that. I'm not ashamed of you. It's just that . . ."

"It's just that you're afraid I'll yattity-yattity-yattity all night and never give anyone else a chance to open his mouth . . . and anyway, I don't talk about the children all the time. I've been listening to all the newscasts and sports reviews and things like that . . ." It was still going on when Charlie let himself out into the hall.

Mr. Fulton was playing host near the portable bar when Charles arrived at the hotel that evening. Charles accepted a drink and crossed the room to where Genevieve was sitting on a low divan talking to a well-upholstered woman who turned out to be Mrs. Fulton. Only . . . Gen wasn't talking . . . she was listening.

Both the women favored Charles with a vague smile and Gen reached up to pat his hand . . . then Mrs. Fulton's soliloquy went on.

" . . . of course, New York is all right for run-of-the-mill items like shoes and bags and hats and things like that. But I really feel, my dear, that you can find the smartest styles on earth right in little old California. Of course, as a native daughter I'd naturally say that . . . but well, look at all the movie stars . . . they're the ones who make the fashions . . ."

The woman paused for breath and Charles waited for Gen to catch the ball of conversation while it was still bouncing.

Gen lifted her handkerchief to her mouth and coughed gently.

"I think that is very true," she murmured.

Mrs. Fulton leaped back into action. "Now . . . take Janet Gaynor. It's so hard for a small woman to look really smart, I always think. You do remember her? I used to see her in silent pictures when I was just a little girl . . . a child, actually! Or do you remember the silents, my dear?" The monologue was still going on and on when they were called to dinner.

Gen's place was down the table beside Mr. Fulton . . . she gave her husband a Mona Lisa sort of smile as he held her chair. Charles went back to his seat beside Mrs. Fulton and endured the woman's chatter for six courses.

Genevieve was evidently making a big hit with the old man. She looked different. Charles wondered if it was the new hairdo

that made her face look thinner. She smiled and nodded and occasionally went into lady-like hysterics, burying her face in her handkerchief, a trailing chiffon affair. The chief liked to think of himself as a brilliant conversationalist and wit . . . you could see he was just eating up Gen's wide-eyed admiration. Why she wasn't even eating anything. Charles found himself beginning to be a little annoyed at the way Gen was flitting that damn handkerchief around . . . like a movie siren.

When the party broke up Charles had some difficulty wresting his wife away from the Fulton's. The women made a tentative future date, and then they were in the taxi driving home.

Gen sat in her corner of the cab and smiled out the window . . . she said nothing. Jane was waiting for them when they entered the house.

Gen slipped out of her coat and tossed it on a chair. "Did you get them?" she asked. "Hm-m-m? Oh, sure, darling . . . upstairs on your dressing table . . ."

Charles stared at his wife's retreating back. "What's going on around here?" he asked.

"You mean you don't know?" Jane queried.

"All I know is that I've just spent a mystifying and uncomfortable evening. Your mother hardly opened her mouth . . . and she kept diving behind that handkerchief and peeking out at people . . ." He broke off. "Why the grin?"

"You. You're so funny, Daddy! What about the contract?"

"Oh, that . . . it's in the bag! Both Mr. and Mrs. Fulton were crazy about your mother. I'm supposed to meet J. P. and sign it tomorrow."

"But . . . that's wonderful. Isn't it just what you wanted, Daddy?"

"I don't know what I wanted . . . but if it means that Gen's going to sulk, and mumble . . ."

"She won't sulk. She just didn't talk because she couldn't . . ."

"What do you mean she couldn't?"

"No lower plate," Jane explained demurely. "I 'accidentally' joggled her elbow while she was washing it and she dropped it into the wash basin. I had it fixed this afternoon — \$14.95."

"But — but didn't she even suspect?"

Jane shrugged. "Oh, you know Mother."

Charles stared at his daughter in admiration while his hand moved toward his pocket.

From upstairs came a familiar and soothing sound. Genevieve wasn't talking to any one, but the steady flow of words went on and on like a stream that had been dammed too long . . . a restful sound.

Charles was grinning as he carefully counted out \$14.95 into his daughter's hand — and then added an extra ten — for services well rendered.



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FAMOUS AMERICAN TAVERNS

The Hiawatha Hotel in Hailey, Idaho



Took Three Years to Build, Still Going Strong

It took three years to build the storied Hiawatha Hotel in the little mining town of Hailey, Idaho, a few miles south of famed Sun Valley. But, unlike most of the other structures thrown up in the boom days of the 1880s, the hotel is still in business. Very much in business, for through the years it has maintained the reputation set for it on opening day by the local newspaper:

"It is admitted to be the finest hotel between Denver and the west coast."

It is interesting to note that the three-story stone and brick building cost only \$35,000 to erect. (That was in the days when dollars were dollars and hard to come by.) A comparatively large sum — \$5,000 — was put into the great bar, from which since many a wealthy mine owner, lonely prospector, rugged miner and visiting celebrity have lifted their beers and ales.

When the Hiawatha was opened Hailey was far different from the quiet residential community of today. It was a ripping, roaring, wide open mining town with 18 saloons and 12 gambling houses. "Faro, poker, roulette and other games of chance were plentiful."

But other characteristics put

the Hiawatha ahead of its time for that part of the west. Hailey was the first town in the Idaho Territory to offer electric lights and telephone services. The Hiawatha also has a national reputation as a "spa." The large natatorium maintained in connection with the resort as well as the heating system are fed by water piped from the Hailey Hot Springs some two miles out of town. Mining men, labor leaders, ranchers and politicians from the start made the hotel their headquarters and "took the waters."

Today, with winter sports claiming an increasing number of adherents, the Hiawatha has added a new type of patron — the sportsman. And its fine food and beverages are available in the popular "Sportsmen's Lounge."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWER



**HAVE
FUN!**

By LEE BRYAN



A five-year old showed up at kindergarten one day dressed in faded blue jeans under a frilly petticoat and a beautiful ruffled party dress. Pinned to the dress was this note from the girls mother: "I hope you don't think this was my idea!"

"Have you ever been troubled by diphtheria?"

"Only when I tried to spell it."

Mrs. Black: "Yesterday I almost got killed."

Mrs. Blue: "What happened?"

Mrs. Black: "I walked into an antique shop and asked, 'What's new.'"

Laurie: "The people next door must be very poor?"

Mother: "How do you know, dear?"

Laurie: "They made such a fuss when their baby swallowed a dime."



Politician: "There are many ways, my friends, of making money. But there's only one honest way."

Opponent: "What's that?"

Politician: "I was pretty sure you wouldn't know!"

Aunt: "Well, Bobby, how do you like school?"

Bobby: "Closed, of course."

Cut Out and Mail

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