

THE
SUNDAY

Chronicle

NORTH JERSEY'S ONLY WEEKLY PICTORIAL MAGAZINE



1963 WILL BE A BETTER YEAR

Well, what kind of year has it been. 365 days have passed by and we are on the verge of another year and each of us keeps wishing that the next 365 days will produce bigger and better things in 1963. I have never seen it to fail that around this time of the year, each person you meet says, "this year could have skipped me, things were rotten with me. I hope the next one is better."

We mortals are peculiar. We place the blame for everything that happens to us on all but where it belongs. If we catch cold; it's the change in weather. If we take a fall; the steps are faulty. I could go on with a list as long as my arm. Not once in a million will you hear anyone admit "I was careless" or "I wasn't looking." Always blaming some circumstance.

It is the same when you wish a friend a Happy New Year. You are sure to hear a tale of woe. Doesn't anyone do anything wrong?

Now I have had my share of trouble, too. Our family budget during 1962 took a terrific beating. A few doctors are a little better off financially because of illness in my family. I broke a large mirror at home. At the plant the presses went berserk several times during the year and each time it happened it was an expensive proposition not only from the standpoint of repairs but also because of the time lost.

All of the things that happened to me were not the fault of the year or any particular day of the week but rather my own carelessness. The same applies to everyone else. Success and happiness do not visit people at their homes. They have to be looked for. Some effort has to be put forth before they can be achieved. Yet many develop a begrudging nature if some friend or neighbor appear to be a little better off than they are. These malcontents never consider the time and work that went into success that others have achieved. There is a cause and effect for everything that happens.

1963 will be a much better year for all of us if we remember that accidents do not happen — they are caused. If you catch cold, it's because you were probably a little careless with your dress. No matter what the circumstances were in 1962 that caused so much discomfort, remember that things could have been much worse. The new year will bring many problems but none which we cannot meet with courage and faith. Instead of waiting to see what each day of the New Year will bring, let us each try to see how much we can put into each day. Our return will be a large measure of success and happiness.

Let us each strive a little harder. Let us each be a better friend. Let us each give a little more serious thought before we do or say anything which may alter a situation. Then "Happy New Year" won't be just a hollow wish but a reality. reality.

I hope that all of you have a lot of fun in greeting the New Year and that it will be a bigger and better year for all.

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COVER STORY

It's a great big dizzy world we live in with more wonderful things happening than any dreamer could possibly conjure in his adventurous mind. And then, too, there are many, many sad happenings . . . sometimes more than we think we can bear. But here in youthful, optimistic, smiling America we're sure that tomorrow will keep its promise of a bright, shiny new world. So here we are waiting for the New Year, wishing all of you the very best in the days to come.

THE CHRONICLE

10,000 YEARS OF SPOONS

We take them for granted, paying them lip service if we notice them at all — yet spoons have had an illustrious history.

Forks were once considered sinful, knives were formerly used indiscriminately for eating or fighting — but spoons have always been symbols of hospitality. Once they were used for religious worship; today a spoon is still needed to crown English monarchs! Know where we get the expression "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," and why your parents talked of "spooning?" Few people are familiar with the historic ups and downs of the spoon.

The earliest "scoop" on spoons is that 10,000 years ago they were seashells used by cavemen. The spoon was a natural symbol of hospitality and lavish living. But the spoon gradually acquired deeper meanings. In ancient temples it ladled libations to the gods.

To this day the oil that anoints English rulers is spooned onto the royal pate during the elaborate coronation ceremony. The coronation spoon that made Elizabeth II a queen has doused the crowned heads of Britain since the 12th century.

Early spoon patterns had some interesting variations. The Romans went in for sharp spiked handles. Monks sipped their soup from spoons with handles carved to resemble saints and apostles. The boisterous knights of the round table preferred big wooden knob-handles. Moderns are apt to prefer the more durable and versatile stainless steel. Despite its rich beauty, the modern stainless is virtually alone in its toughness and surface resistance to wear. Knights of the round table would have marvelled at this material that resembles glass in its ability to shed tastes and odors . . . has an invisible film that resists corrosion and rusting . . . and possesses the strange ability to heal itself, or mend upon being scratched, the instant that oxygen touches it. And if Sir Lancelot had perchance found himself unable to order a suit of stainless steel armor, he might have commissioned Merlin the magician to conjure up one!

Maybe you weren't born with one, but to see the first light of this world with a silver spoon in your mouth refers to the usual gift of a silver spoon by the godfather or godmother but inherits it at birth. When lovers "spoon," they're doing something that was once considered foolish. The expression "spoon" in more sedate times was tagged on lovers who of a child. The lucky child doesn't need to wait for the gift, indulged in dripping and banal sentimentality.

As for forks — when they were first introduced to England in the 17th century, they were regarded as a subversive influence by clergymen who took the view that man's heaven-sent fingers were good enough. And for centuries the knife doubled crudely as dagger as well as good-cutter! Only the spoon has managed to steer clear of controversy and blood-and-thunder. The graceful, civilized spoon — long may it stir!



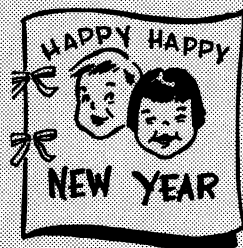
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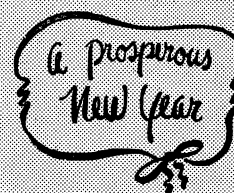
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Predicting The Future

How prosperous will we be by 1964?

How much will we spend? What will we buy?

When will the next recession occur?

For the answers, more and more business firms are turning to Louis H. Bean, former Economic Advisor in the Office of the Secretary of Agriculture, and a man famed for his ability to predict the future. He prophesied a Democratic victory for 1948, the year of Truman's election, correctly forecast major depressions and recessions, as well as their major business upturns, and developed a method for predicting weather changes and crop yields per acre at least a year in advance.

What does this forward-looking citizen see in our national future? Our present wave of prosperity, according to Bean, is likely to reach its peak during the six months right after the November election, if post-war experience is used as a guide. A recession which began in mid-1961, reached its low point in early 1962. Industrial output fell off as much as 15 per cent.

The happy sequel envisioned by this prophet: a sharp rise in 1963 to a "new high of full employment" and prosperity in 1964. At that point, industrial production will be expanding at a level in line with the normal rate of three and a half per cent a year. Consumer expenditures — boosted by population growth, increases in employment, wages and social security payments as well as rises in price and volume of goods — may be a whopping \$55 billion over the \$300 billion figure reached in 1959. By '64, predicts Bean, Americans will be shelling out approximately \$7.9 billion more for food than the \$70 billion they spent in 1959. They'll spend an additional billion for alcoholic beverages (the '59 tally was \$9.3 billion). There'll be a striking change in our national beverage preferences, with vodka riding the crest of the wave. Vodka sales, already setting a breathless pace, may double during the next several years, and by '64 may even surpass those of a current favorite, gin. How can one man venture to guess what a whole nation will be eating, drinking, spending? Bean's methods are both simple and scientific: to predict the future, he studies the past. Over the last 15 years, four minor recessions have occurred at three to four-year intervals. During the same period, consumer spending has shown an average annual increase of \$11 billion. For every additional \$100 spent by con-

sumers, about \$22 goes for food and something less than \$2 for alcoholic beverages.

But why should Joe Doakes toast the New Year of 1963 with vodka — a drink most Americans had never heard of ten years ago — in preference to older standbys such as gin, Scotch and Canadian Whiskeys? Because, says Bean, this liquid displacement has **already** taken place to a great extent. As consultant to Heublein, makers of Smirnoff Vodka, he's watched the change — one might even say he's pored over it. Vodka became more popular than brandy in '53, overtook Canadian Whiskey in '55, cordials in '56 and almost caught up with Scotch in '57 and '58.

"Vodka stands a good chance of surpassing Scotch in '60," says Bean, "and of surpassing gin shortly thereafter." He points out that gin consumption, now at a rate of 21 million wine gallons annually, has shown no marked uptrend in the past five years, while vodka has made galloping gains.

From a mere trickle of 700,000 gallons in 1950 (annual rate), vodka bottlings rose 400 per cent in four years, another 400 per cent within the next four years. Of the 17.5 million gallon increase in total domestic bottlings over the past four years, vodka contributed 11.5 million, or 60 per cent. Now about 8 per cent of the national alcohol market, vodka may claim 12-13 per cent by 1964.

It's happened before, with other commodities. In the food industry, there's been a significant displacement of butter by margarine, and a decline in the pork share of the consumer's dollar with the beef share holding its own.

The hitch — if any — in Mr. Bean's predictions? Whether they relate to the rhythm of boom-recession or to the ebb and flow of liquor sales, they're all based on post-war trends and on the assumptions that existing economic factors and trade practices would continue.

Does the economist ever err? Sometimes, and those times are memorable for Mr. Bean. No wonder. Only when he errs can friends and office associates mournfully chant:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have, Bean.'"



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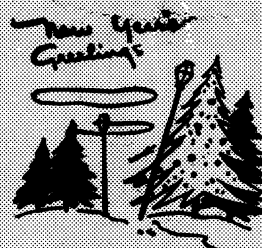
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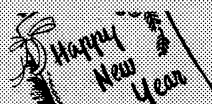
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Taming The Tender Gender

The first thing a man should get straight is that they're people too. Though their voices are high-pitched, their muscles undeveloped, and the way they throw a ball downright peculiar, — women are human beings.

Take flattery, for instance.

They eat it up, and the same basic brand of blarney feeds both male and female egos. The male flatterer, of course, sometimes wonders how the woman being flattered can believe what he's telling her. But she can . . . readily.

To give her a bigger boost than a pair of three-inch high heels, ask her advice — and sometimes take it. Does she like your tie? If not, never wear it again — with her. Does she think you should take another job? She'll be flattered that you trust her judgment — if you do.

But don't ask a homemaker (**never** say housewife) what she's been doing all day. The question implies she has a lot of free time. Never tell a girl she looks better now, without a lot of make-up. Men aren't supposed to notice make-up—only beautiful hair-dos, fashionable dresses and haunting perfume.

If you enjoy fishing or boating or some other sport considered out-of-bounds for the female, offer to take her along sometime. It will be novel for her, and she'll be delighted that you prefer her company to that of the gang of fellows.

When you compliment her intelligence, as you should do often, don't say "You know a lot about politics — for a woman." And keep away from references to "the little woman," "better half," and "fair sex" — they sound, and are, condescending.

Many gals give guys the air simply because they lack confidence. They are afraid you might hurt them later, so they reject you first. So always let a girl know you like her.

A clever young Romeo found out that his Juliet was fascinated by the Renaissance. So he spent hours in the library reading the basic books about that period . . . and then naturally his new knowledge was brought out in conversation. She was flattered.

When you give a girl a gift, forget about giving something that will directly remind her of you. You may love poetry, but she may have no use for it. Give her something she really wants, something she will really use — so she can think of you often as the person who gave it to her.

If you're buying a girl perfume, don't give the "girl-next-door" type. She'll buy that for herself. Get her the torrid kind, like Desert Flower even if she is a bookworm. Always emphasize a girl's femininity. Be prepared to open doors for her and help her on with her coat. Sometimes a girl prefers doing these things for herself — but be ready when she expects you to do it.

There's a story about a young student who, unshaven and unbathed, and wearing dungarees, took out his favorite girl. He reasoned: if she really loves me, she'll love me as I really am. In spite of skeptics, the girl married him. They

lived happily ever after—on his father's millions.

Most of the time, though, good grooming does count, and heavily. A girl takes it as a compliment when her date tries to look his best—and as an insult when he doesn't.

A wise fellow always gives himself a super smooth shave and makes sure that he smells good too. A new roll-on underarm deodorant developed by the Shulton Laboratories you may find easier to apply, since it has a really big roller and isn't gummy.

You might be surprised how important this is. If you're not careful before dancing in warm rooms or dining in crowded places, you can drive off any girl—but if you smell of Old Spice she'll believe it when you tell her she's Helen of Troy, Venus and Marilyn Monroe wrapped up in one.

Another great fault women complain of is: poor appearance of a man's clothing. You may not care if your socks clash with your tie or if your shirt collars are ragged—but women notice these things, and don't forget.

Flattery is a man's great weapon in the battle of the sexes, but consideration is the great pacifier. If you are dining with a woman who wears a mink coat, don't place it over the back of her chair—place it over the back of an **unoccupied** chair. She'll appreciate it. And if you see that she has a new hair-do, don't take her ice-skating.

Never mention money on a date. Even if you are shocked by the parking-lot attendant's demands or by the large check in a restaurant, don't embarrass your companion by complaining. You should have found out in advance how much you would be soaked.

By now you have the general idea. But for your further guidance, a researcher for the Shulton Laboratories has devised a 10-question quiz to test your present performance.

1. Do you ever steal admiring glances at her when you **know** she's looking?
2. Act mildly jealous when she talks to another man?
3. Frequently bring her flowers, candy or other presents for no special reason?
4. Compliment her often on the way she looks or cooks?
5. Take her out on the town to show her off once a month?
6. Never contradict her outright?
7. Always ask her where **she** would like to eat and how **she** would like to spend the evening?
8. Wear the ties she gives you—even if it kills you?
9. Never show up late for an appointment with her?
10. Make advance reservations whenever possible, instead of escorting her from one over-crowded place to another?

If you can answer "yes" to each of these questions, you are already on your way to being a Don Juan. All you need to remember — all the time — is that even if women can sob through an entire movie—yet remain unmoved when your team loses a heartbreaker, women **are** people.



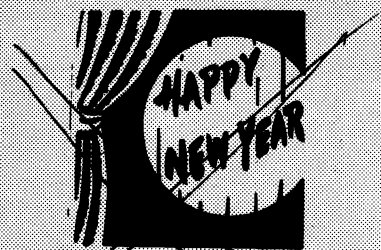
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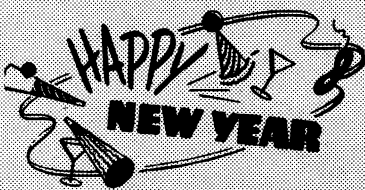
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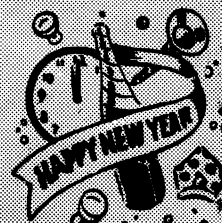


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EDITORIALS

A Brighter And Fruitful New Year

1963 and all is well. As in previous hundreds of years the world's millions have echoed and re-echoed the prayers for better things to come. Each according to his own conscience and desire will look toward tomorrow's new horizon with renewed hope and added courage.

The year 1962 was a year of many innovations, particularly in the field of scientific achievement. Flying missiles, satellites and the steps toward the conquest of outer space have created new tensions and unrest.

The international race to lay claim to the moon has stirred half the nations of the world to intensify their efforts in providing safeguards to maintain security and peace.

It is fitting that each nation take action to protect itself. But the prime concern should be the well being of the people and not the materialistic or physical properties which appear to be uppermost in the mind and heart of each of the world's individual national leaders.

Here at this stage, it would seem that too much time has elapsed. For nations as well as individuals often delay, until almost too late, before they heed the danger signs.

But the dawn of a new year, for some undefinable reason, brings the changeless gift of God to all men's hearts—Hope.

The priceless gift must be cherished and preserved else life would be hollow and without meaning.

Hope will bring fulfillment. But each of us, as a child of God, should look ahead not only for what we may receive or gain, but also for that which each of us may contribute that others may be blessed as well.

Basically, each of us is more dependent on our neighbor than we realize. For as it has so often been said man does not live by bread alone nor does anyone live in a vacuum all unto himself.

To each reader the Chronicle and its staff extends sincere wishes for a brighter and more fruitful New Year. We hope that peace will prevail throughout the world and that each of us realizes, according to the individual desires, the success and happiness yearned for.



The Editor Speaks

Here we are again and a whole year has already gone by since I made those wonderful ironclad resolutions. Now it is almost 1957 and I can't for the life of me remember exactly what those resolutions were: I do know that I made them and that I meant to keep them . . . but well, 1962 was really a busy year.

I vaguely remember a few things I was going to do with regard to business in general, but somehow there were too many interruptions. Things are about the same now as they were when we entered 1962. My bank account seems to have reached a peak . . . the same peak it reached in February of 1962. What with the increase in food prices I was surprised that I was even able to THINK about savings.

Our circle of friends has increased however, and that is just as important as money in the bank. Can you imagine anyone going through life without friends? (I'm not sure that it can be done without money).

I seem to remember a pledge I made to take it just a little bit slower in 1962. I don't understand why I didn't. Somehow there just wasn't any time for slow-ups. The wife and kiddies are still waiting for the vacation we had planned. They were wonderful plans, too. Full of promises of a wonderful time in Europe but again my memory seems a little confused as to what happened to prevent that big event. event.

I was steadfast on my resolve to cut down on cigarettes because I never seem to have any in my pockets when I get the urge to smoke. At least I do know that I smoke more now than I did the year before.

The car seems to be running pretty good lately. Of course I had intended to get a new car but the usual happened again . . . well the 1963 cars are much improved anyway.

How many of you readers have lived up to all the well meaning resolutions you made? Isn't it a shame how weak we mortals are?

Each day, each minute that passes cannot be recalled, and unless we have accomplished something or gained some satisfaction, it can be counted completely wasted. Who of us can afford to waste any time? No one, that's for sure!

This year, as 1963 approaches, we should all take careful stock of ourselves and make a few good resolutions and then one solid resolution to keep them. Whatever we gain or whatever we lose in our individuality, we should make the most of the blessings we have.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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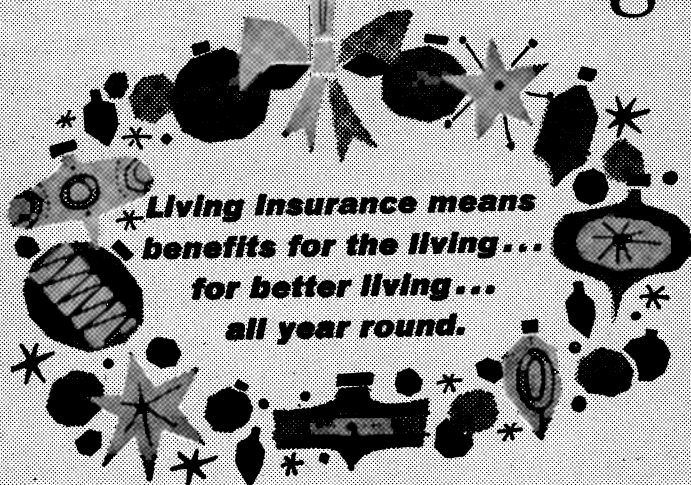
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Fitness Program for Italian Knits

Italian knits are knit for flattery, for fit, for fashion's sake. Amazingly versatile, they can be worn all through the day, and are a boon to the traveler. The high-fashion designs are becoming increasingly popular for evening festivities. You can keep them looking their fashionable best by following a few simple rules in this program for fitness.

1. Keep knits carefully folded in a drawer. This preserves the knitted-to-shape look and prevents sagging.

2. Even the finest of knits may suffer from a skirt that sits out or a collar slightly stretched. This is easily remedied. Soak the area in cold water for a few minutes, then pat out excess with a towel. You will find that when the flexible wool has dried, it has resumed its original shaping.

3. Hemline problems? Easily solved by taking hem out, pressing flat with a cool steam iron, then re-hemming to suit. Cut-off hems should be zig-zagged stitched on your sewing machine. Also, several rows of hand-stitching will prevent the cut edge from unravelling.

4. Some knit fashions are moth-proofed, however, if years are not, take particular care to store them well during

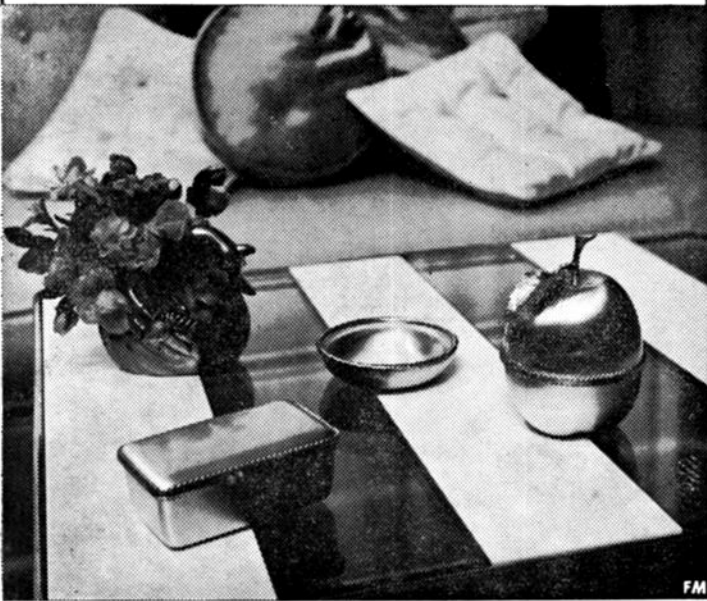


ITALIAN WOOL KNIT GOES HIGH FASHION—red wool jersey cocktail dress by Trico of Rome has a triangular décolletage in back accentuated by double bows. It is among the high fashion knits which distinguished the recent fall-winter showings.

the unseasonable months, for they form a very precious part of your wardrobe.

SMOKING ACCESSORIES

Design Inspirations From Czar's Court



A CENTURY AGO the fabulous artist Faberge designed jewels with delightful surprises hidden within. Today his ideas live on in jewel-like smoking accessories by Evans Case, which look more like collector's pieces. Who would guess the lush round apple swings open at its golden center to reveal a lighter inside? Or that the chaste, miniature chest is capable of holding a full pack of regular or king size cigarettes?

DO YOU GIVE MONEY AWAY?

Do you think that buying is always cheaper than renting? Or that ready-made foods always cost more than if you prepare them yourself? Or that a classy Bourbon is more expensive than a plain blend?

All these ideas are incorrect. And it's because of misconceptions like these that many people lose money when they try to save it!

Here are six mistakes many people make, and advice on how to avoid them:

1. They shop too often. A homemaker should shop only about once a week. Reason: you'll have more time to plan your purchasing, and you'll make fewer snap decisions. Besides, you'll go in for more economical bulk buying. And you'll get a better — and perhaps startling — estimate of how much you really spend.

2. They are fooled by appearance. You pay more for a boneless roast, but it actually saves you money in the long run. You'd think you pay more for ready-made cakes and pies, but they actually cost you less than if you bought all the ingredients yourself. (Reason: you can't buy the minimum

3. They don't anticipate their needs. Psychologists have proven that people will buy too many foodstuffs if they shop when they are hungry. And commonsense indicates that if you shop when you absolutely must have something — say, tires — you won't compare prices and pay attention to quality. Always buying things on a hand-to-mouth basis costs you the savings you might get during bargain days.

4. They buy before considering renting. If you wax your floors only twice a year, it is probably more economical to rent a waxing machine than to buy one. But, considering the upkeep costs of an automobile, renting may not be as wise as going by bus. What you must compare is: the renting charge — and the cost of the appliance, its service and repair charges, its frequency of use, and its life expectancy.

5. They pay for what they can do themselves. Nobody is born a Mr. Fix-It. And anybody can learn how. Purchasing a handbook on household or auto repair can reap dividends. Examples: if your window sticks, try waxing the grooves before calling a glazier. If your drainpipe leaks, cover it with wet plaster and cloth, tie it with a string, and let it dry. If your floor creaks, fill the cracks with talcum powder, then shellac the floor.

6. They are fooled by guarantees. A guarantee doesn't always do that. Sometimes it will have instructions you must follow to make the warranty good. And occasionally, the cut-off time is unrealistic. Your best guarantee is a well-known brand in the store of a reliable merchant.

Keep in mind that all counterfeiters don't start from scratch. Sometimes they will merely change the number of a good bill. Memorize the faces on common bills: Washington, \$1; Jefferson, \$2; Lincoln, \$5; Hamilton, \$10; and Jackson, \$20.

A handful of poisoned darts has been stolen from the Museum of Natural History in New York. A store employee in Nashville, Tenn., was caught stealing Bibles. In Chicago, workers were discovered strapping steaks around their middles before going home to eat them. And in a Kentucky distillery, almost all the women workers had fashioned shoulder holsters — every night before leaving work they gaily slipped a fifth of bourbon into the holster.

If you want to give away money — by ignoring this rule or the six others—at least get a reputation as a philanthropist.

HISTORY OF SPEED

Ever since the day man realized that the prize belongs to the fustest and fastest, interest in speed has zoomed.

Even the Bible mentions racing. "Know ye that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain." (I Corinthians 9:24).

Homer's "Iliad" describes an interesting type of race for us. During the seige of Troy, the Greek hero, Achilles, angered at the death of his friend, Patroclus, sped his chariot around the city walls, defiantly pulling Hector, a Trojan leader behind him. Achilles' enemy, Paris, having discovered the secret of Achilles' vulnerable heel, killed him with a poisoned arrow. Drag-races didn't pay off in those days either.

The earlier Greeks, who believed in putting their best foot forward, limited their first olympics to foot races, while the Romans went in more for chariot races. Their legendary driver, Ben Hur, raced his chariot around the arenas setting all kinds of horse-power records.

The animal world provides us with some interesting speed records. The fastest fish is a swordfish, which can travel at 57 mph. The racingest reptile in the world is the Black Mamba which slinks along at 7 mph. Speediest U.S. snake: the Red Racer, which wriggles at the rate of 3.6 mph.

The fleetest fowl is the racing pigeon (93.55 mph — as the crow flies), while the lightest-footed land lubber is the cheetah of Central India. This fast feline runs up to 84 mph over short distances.

The sporting world is full of fleet facts about the race against time. In boxing the fastest knock-out in a title fight was accomplished by Al (the real) McCoy in 1914 when he kayoed George Chip in 45 seconds of the first round.

At the Kentucky Derby in 1941, racing fans picked up many a fast buck on Whirlaway, who sped around the track in 2 minutes 1.4 seconds with Eddie Arcaro aboard. The "hot dogs" of the racing world are the greyhounds who can boot it home at 35 mph.

The dashingest young man of modern times is Mel Patton who ran the 100 yards in 9.3 seconds. The swiftest skier is Ralph Miller who skimmed the slopes at 109.11 mph in 1955. On the water, the prize belongs to Donald Campbell of Great Britain. This sea-going speedster crested the waves in his sprightly speed boat at 215.08 miles an hour.

A record constantly sought by young men all over the world belongs to Mr. R. Hawk who, while attending Oxford in 1955, chugga-lugged three and one-eighth pints of beer in 12 seconds. Here's how, Hawk!

Joseph Raglan of East St. Louis, Illinois holds the distinction of having laid 3472 bricks in one hour in 1937. The Pharaohs of ancient Egypt could have used him for building their pyramids.

Science and technological advance have done wonders with speed, too. Orville Wright, who was the first to write the ABC's of air travel in 1913 when he flew a chain-driven "Flyer" 35 mph for 12 seconds, might have flipped to learn that KLM Royal Dutch Airlines which has traditionally relied on good-in-the-air service to attract business, has now adopted new 600 mph Douglas jetliners to cross the Atlantic at more than six times the speed at which Lindbergh flew on his first famous flight to Paris. Equipped with noise suppressors for the engines and sky-hi-fi cabins, the KLM jets insure that the "sound of speed" is pleasant for the 176 passengers they carry.

The race against time is still on and will continue as long as man feels the urge to go there "fustest and fastest". So, during 1963, sit back and relax before time flies past you. God speed!



THAT'S A FACT

FIRST ROCKETS

SKYROCKETS WERE AN OUTGROWTH OF FIRECRACKERS DEVELOPED BY THE CHINESE IN THE 7TH CENTURY. BY THE 13TH CENTURY THESE "ARROWS OF FIRE" WERE USED BY THE CHINESE AGAINST THE ATTACKING MONGOLS AND SUCCEEDED IN STAMPEDING THE ENEMY'S HORSES.

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New Variation Of An Old Favorite



SALMON RABBIT, delicious supper dish, doubles as a late night snack when served from a chafing dish. Crusty chunks of French bread are speared on the end of a fork and dipped into the hot mixture. If no chafing dish is available, use a pottery casserole set over a candle warmer to keep the "rabbit" hot.

Everybody loves cheese rabbit, or call it rarebit, if you will. But none is better than when the melted cheese is combined with tender flakes of colorful canned salmon. Once tried, it's a dish that becomes a family favorite that appeals to one and all.

SALMON RABBIT

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 small onion, minced
2 tablespoons flour
1 can (1 pound) salmon
Salmon liquid from can
Milk
Dash Tabasco

1 cup grated cheddar cheese
¼ teaspoon salt, or to taste
¼ cup cream

In saucepan melt butter or margarine. Add onion and saute for 10 minutes, or until onion is golden. Stir in flour. Drain liquid from can of salmon into measuring cup and add milk until total liquid measures 1 cup. Stir into flour mixture and cook over low heat, stirring, until sauce is smooth and thickened. Flake and add salmon. Stir in Tabasco, cheese, salt, and cream and continue to cook, stirring, until cheese is melted. Serves 4.



Mrs. Richard J. Hughes, wife of New Jersey's governor, accepts a set of *The Book of Knowledge* from Jack Hemphill, president of The Grolier Society, publisher of the reference work. Mrs. Hughes said, "With 10 children the Governor and I are swamped with questions and are pleased that Mr. Hemphill has presented us with this special set." Children looking on are (seated) Mary, 12; Honey, 5, and Brian, 6; (standing) Pat, 11; Tim, 10, and Michael, 13.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN MEDICINE

Toward the end of summer last year, the tide along the coast of Texas suddenly began to rise ominously. From Galveston west to Corpus Christi, the surf pounded the shoreline, spilling over 14-foot breakwaters and smashing docks. Waiting off-shore ready to strike was hurricane Carla, armed with 40 billion tons of water and destruction.

Then it hit. In its wake, it left a topsy-turvy world of roofless houses, battered farms, and flooded debris. The damage: more than a million dollars. Within hours, emergency workers were on the scene protecting the damaged property, assessing the loss, and helping to put the wind-lashed pieces back together again.

Among the men rushed to the Texas coast were medical detailmen from U. S. pharmaceutical companies, making sure fresh stocks would be on hand to replace storm-damaged drugs.

For detailmen, the assignment was not unusual. Normally, they do not follow hurricanes — their job is to provide physicians with information on new drugs, their dosages, usage, and limitations and, in addition, help service retail and hospital pharmacies. However, in times of emergencies, such as Hurricane Carla, they are often called upon to speed up the flow of life-saving drugs into disaster areas and replace damaged goods.

Detailing is a full-time job, and in the U. S., it requires the services of an estimated 15,000 men, almost all of them college graduates. After joining pharmaceutical companies, detailmen are given class room instruction and on-the-job training in medicine, anatomy, physiology, pharmacology, and related sciences. This background knowledge is imperative because detailmen must be able to keep abreast of the rapid changes taking place in medicine and drug therapy.

A typical example is Harold Tilson, of Wanamassa, N. J., a detailman who has worked for J. B. Roerig and Company for the past eight years. Back in high school he was keenly interested in chemistry and majored in the subject at Cornell University.

He was sent to the Pacific Theatre during World War II and afterwards he worked briefly for a medical supply house and then worked as a medical detailman before coming to Roerig. He is married and has two children, Donna, 9, and Alan, 5.

As with many other detailmen, Mr. Tilson visits approximately 250 to 300 doctors and pharmacists. When he talks with physicians, he may discuss a new drug or a new clinical report, present doctors with copies of recent clinical papers and drug samples, and then answer questions.

To know the answers is no easy task. Many of the drugs detailmen discuss today were not on the market ten years ago and some were completely unknown only five years ago.

With the rapid advances being made in drug therapy that they regard detailmen as "an indispensable asset" to today, the services of detailmen are becoming even more vital. A recent survey confirmed this fact. A group of physicians interviewed by a medical marketing journal reported medical practice.

And at times, the detailmen win this accolade because of some rather unusual services. One detailman tells of approaching a hospital pharmacist and asking "Is there anything I can do for you today?"

"Yes," was the instant reply. "My mother's sick and needs blood. Just roll up your sleeve and see the nurse over there."

Biff tells a love story

By Gene Brockhaven

Picking his way slowly through he mases crowding toward the exits, Matt Walsh, sports writer, pondered the sensational ending of the ring battle he had just seen. He was blase about quick knockouts; he had seen many of them. But he still thrilled to the brilliant and masterful job turned in by Spot Mathers.

Well, here was a new champion and Walsh felt he should know more about the boy. Something of his personal life.

It was after midnight when he got to the hotel at which the new champion and his entourage were stopping. At the door of the Mather's suite he was halted by a blast of noise — the victory celebration. The big room was a bedlam and the company was high. Walsh glanced about the room but saw no sign of Mathers. He sought out the boy's manager, Peter Miley, in the role of host.

"Mathers? Just went down the hall to room 1117," Miley said. "Go on and see him."

Walsh did. The door was slightly ajar. He tapped lightly, waited, then tapped again. When he got no response he peered in. He stepped back, closing the door. Mmmm-m, that tableau was something unexpected and unusual on victory night in the fight racket. Young Mathers, his arm around a dark-haired girl — a sleeping baby tucked in carefully between pillows at the head of the bed. This was no time for an interview, so Walsh returned to the other room. He managed to coral Biff Jones, old-timer in the business and Mather's trainer.

"Biff, how about some dope on the new champion? And what about that gal and the baby down the hall? Let's go some place where we can talk."

"Okay. The party's almost over anyway." They went down to the hotel grill and sat at a table in the corner of the room.

"Now, tell me about Mathers."

Sure, I can tell you lots about the kid and about his wife and baby, too. I like 'em, all three of 'em, and I'd like to tell their story. But I gotta tell it my way."

"All right, tell it."

"Well, it begins some two years ago. Me and Pete Miley is sittin' in Pete's office talking about nithin' much when in walks a cock, good lookin' kid. He's got a letter for Peter from some guy. He walks up to Pete, ignorin' me, and says: 'You Pete Miley? This is for you.' Pete takes the letter, reads it and looks up at the kid.

"So, you're a fighter, eh?" Pete says.

"Yeah, and a damn good one."

"As I was saying, the kid says, 'I gotta get a fight right away. We gotta eat.'"

"Pete says, 'We, who's we?'"

"Me and Sally," the kid says and goes on talkin' about him and his wife comin' up to New York to pick up some of the big fightin' sugar they been readin' about. They come up in an old jalopy, the kid says, and now the dough's run out. Pete asks the kid his full name and the kid says, without bat-tin' an eye, 'Spottingham T. Mathers.' Pete kinda grins, but he ain't laughin'. I could see Pete takin' a likin' to the kid and soon he hands him a finif.

"Pete tells the kid to go out and buy him and Sally a steak and come back tomorrow with his fightin' togs and he'll see what the kid's got. I was at the gym the next day and Pete sticks the kid in there with an old war-horse. The kid considerin' he ain't been

eatin' so good, does okay and Pete holds him.

"We got our first peek at Sally when Pete moves her and the kid over to Pete's hotel. Pete tells the kid to go to the gym and for me to work with him.

"Well, as I says, we get our first peek at Sally, and boy, she's somethin'. She ain't got only looks but she's got somethin' else I don't know what. I go for Sally big—don't get me wrong, my courtin' days is gone — she's a nice kid. Well, them two kids, eatin' regular again with Pete payin', bloom. Soon Pete spots the kid in a four-round prelim and the kid comes through with a quick kayo. O'course he knocks over a bum, but we like the way he does it.

"It ain't long before the kid's moved up to semi-finals and then finals, because, as I say, he's good. Him and Sally is livin' on their own now because Pete's been pullin' down good pots for him and I know personal that Pete ain't takin' any cut, leastwise not much. He likes them kids, specially Sally, like everybody does. But this Sally ain't no eyewaver. She's stuck on Spot and no bones about it. But that Spot, now, he's got a bit of a rovin' eye, and he's a cocky punk and he ain't against steppin' once in a while, now the dough's comin' in. But I guess when a kid's 21 he thinks he's something special.

"Well, these steppin's begin to get quite frequent and many's the night I keep Sally company on lonely nights when that milk-sop is sowin' a few oats. I feel sorry for Sally and I tell her it's just like a case of the mumps or the measles, a little sick and you're good as new again. But Sally can take it, she's no plater, and she keeps smilin'.

Biff reached for his glass and drank.

"Well, he resumed, 'like all them smart-alex, the kid gets himself tangled up. He's been seen around with a show girl. I talk to him.

"Listen, knob-ears,' he says, 'you keep outa this.' He tells me a lot more about him and this show gal gettin' married after he wins the title and gives Sally the air.

"Next day I tell Pete all and we go to the gym where Spot's workin' out. Pete quizzes him and all he gets is abuse.

"I go around to see Sally to see if she knows about this marriage business. I poke around kinda and then quiz her if she heard anything about Spot and this show gal. Well, she starts cryin' and I feel like a dope. I don't know what to do and keep

sayin', 'there, there,' like a mother with a cryin' child. It don't do much good. Sally keeps on cryin'. Pretty soon she says she's goin' back home. And she does, leavin' a note for Spot.

"He goes around a couple of days sour-pussed. I don't hear a word from Sally for weeks and I don't think the punk has either. But Pete goes around with a wise look and I get a hunch he knows somethin'. The kid has changed some. He ain't so cocky and he seldom goes out at night. One night, just before we're leavin' for the trainin' camp, where the kid's gonna get ready for the final limination bout, I'm in his room helpin' him.

"It ain't long and the phone rings. The kid is near it an' answers. He says, 'I ain't here,' and hangs up. Pretty soon comes a knock on the door and dummy me opns it. A dame is there. I figure it's the show gal. She steps over to the kid. 'Honey,' she says, 'you ain't seen me lately.' The kid keeps on packin'.

Then he says he ain't gonna see her again. "Then the fireworks start. The dame gives him hell and when she's in high gear she heaves a water bottle at his head and stalks out. He ducks and the bottle whams against the wall.

"It's two, three days later when I see Pete at the camp. I tell him about the show and he looks at me kinda funny and says now's the time to tell him and maybe he's all over it. I don't catch the drift, but I go along with Pete. The kid's restin' when me and Pete come into the room. Pete says, 'Spot, I got some news for you, news from Sally.' The kid sits up sudden like and he gets kinda white. He don't say nothin'. 'Sally,' Pete says, 'is goin' to have a baby.' Just like that.

"The kid jumps up and he starts to cry. I think I kinda like him then, even though he's actin' sissy. 'Pete,' he says, 'I gotta go to her! I gotta!'"

"Pete says okay and take a couple days off. So the kid goes home to see Sally. You never see such a changed guy when he comes back. He's talkin' again and he's happy and even gets friendly with me and I kinda like it, too, seem' he ain't the smart-alex no more.

"So you see, like I once say to Sally, it's like the mumps, a little while sick and you're okay again, and so's them kids, all three."

"Maybe, maybe," grinned Walsh. "It's a good yarn, Biff, but not for me. It belong to the lovelorn column!"





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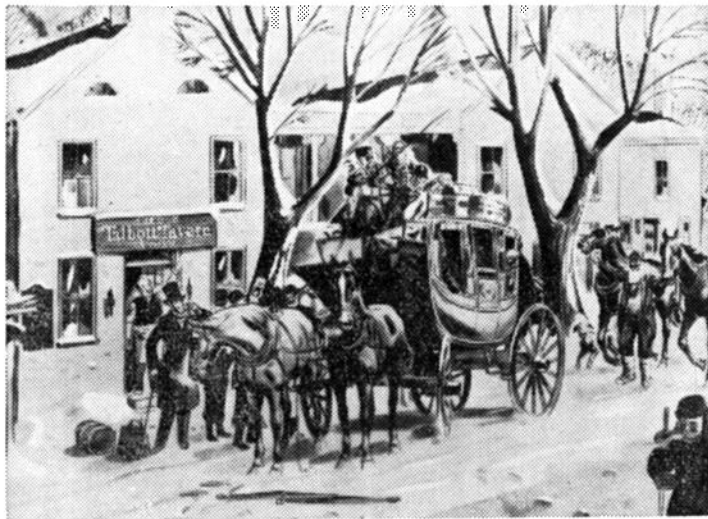
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FAMOUS AMERICAN TAVERNS

— Talbott Tavern in Bardstown, Ky. —



Where the King of France Left His Mark

"My Old Kentucky Home" lies not far from my old Kentucky Inn—Talbot Tavern, founded in 1779 in Bardstown, Kentucky, and older by 13 years than the state of Kentucky itself. It was in the home of Judge John Rowan that his famous cousin, Stephen Foster, wrote the immortal ballad whose words were often sung by congenial host and guests as they raised their tankards of beer in the nearby Talbot Tavern.

The Tavern (first known as the Old Stone Inn) has a history of continuous operation for the past 181 years. Many notables have enjoyed its hospitality, its ancient registers revealing the names of Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, William Henry Harrison and Louis Phillipe, Duke of Orleans and later to become King of France.

Indelible evidence of Louis Phillipe's residence in the inn was revealed when the wallpaper was scraped some years ago to disclose beneath a series of murals painted by the exiled duke.

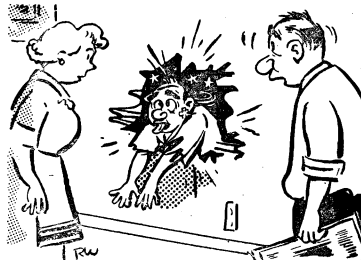
Thus the visitor to Talbot Tavern today may see these examples of sophisticated European art somewhat incongruously displayed in an environment which mainly recalls a "border" civilization and "American primitives."

Visitors may also see an old framed tariff announcement, some of the items of which read as follow: "Lodging (not more than three in bed) 25 c. Eating 25 c. Oats for horse, per gallon 1 c." It is little wonder that eighteenth century Americans began pushing west into this pioneer country.



By LEE BRYAN

A woman complained to a friend that the walls of her new apartment were so thin that the neighbors on either side could hear everything she said.



"Oh, I think you could eliminate that trouble," the other replied. "Just hang some tapestries over your walls."

The woman considered the suggestion briefly, then shook her head. "No, that wouldn't do," she replied. "Then we couldn't hear what they say."

A mother germ said to the baby germ, "Don't put that in your mouth until I clean it off . . . it's loaded with penicillin!"



A famous comic, who has since gone on the wagon, watched a newspaperman drink several glasses of plain water.

"You're an odd bird," he exclaimed, "drinking nothing but chasers."

The old-fashioned girl who used to say, "This is so sudden," now has a granddaughter who says, "Well, it's about time"



"Can't he just take lessons? does he have to practice?"

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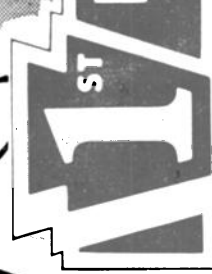
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