THE AFRO-AMERICAN
FOUNDED IN 1892
By John H. Murphy Sr., 1840-1922
Published every Tuesday and Saturday by the AFRO-AMERICAN Publishing Co., Inc.

"We are Americans and, as Americans we speak to America."
—Frederick Douglass

OUR CREED

We believe that America can lead head the world away from racial and national antagonisms when it extends to every man, regardless of race, color or creed, his honest and equal rights. Nothing no man, fearing no man, the Colored Press strives to help every man in the firm belief that all are hurt so long as anyone is held back.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Things that are bad for business are bad for the people who work for business.—THOMAS E. DEWEY.

GOP Forces A Short Stick Upon Us.

The Republican National Convention failed to take a positive step toward reclaiming many of its once loyal members this week, when it passed a watered-down version of its 1948 civil rights plank.

Despite the fact that some colored delegates had promised an all-out battle against any such token acknowledgement of the importance of colored voters to the party, the convention which has been marked by stormy controversy on almost every other issue, managed to push through a platform promising even less than it had promised four years ago.

While New York's Harold C. Burton said "we think this meets our needs," as he seconded the motion for adoption of the platform, Baltimore's Elmer Henderson, head of the American Council on Human Rights, immediately called the plank a "naked appeal to the South."

We are not prone to evaluate the plank in this fashion at this interval, but comparison of the 1952 statement with that of 1948 shows a definite change of approach to the issue and several serious omissions.

We will have to wait and see what the long-range plan and effect of the backwork of the architects of the plank will be, but we are at once able to see that—

1) Nothing is said about the end of segregation in the armed forces.

2) The GOP believes that civil rights is the responsibility of the States.

3) The GOP believes that any Federal action in the area of civil rights should be supplementary to State efforts.

4) The GOP does not believe that there should be a Federal bureau to carry out the work of any Federal civil rights legislation.

5) The GOP does not say whether civil rights legislation should be voluntary or compulsory, and.

6) The GOP says nothing about "enforcement" in its 1952 plank as it did so emphatically in 1948.

There is some opinion that adoption of so weak a plank may be due to the fact that colored delegates found themselves shorthanded in battle.

Out of 1,206 delegates to the Republican National Convention, and a like number of alternates, a mere 65 of them are colored party members —31 delegates and 34 alternates.

This would seem to indicate that the once-great Republican Party, which takes credit for having freed the slaves under Abraham Lincoln and has never seemed inclined to let colored Americans forget it, has turned its back on the persons who are the backbone of the party.

And, strangely, the guilt does not fall wholly upon the South, for the majority of colored delegates on the convention floor are from the South.

Mississippi is represented by an all-colored delegation. Both Georgia's seated and unseated delegations had several colored members.

By way of contrast, Pennsylvania has one colored delegate among 80 attending the convention.

Maryland has 2 delegates and two alternates out of 24 attending the convention, although 60 percent of Republican voters in the State are colored.

Thousands of colored voters have gone over to the Democratic Party in recent years, although the Democratic Party has not been traditionally the friend of colored people, nor did it grow up on the strength of the colored voter.

The Republican Party seems to want the colored vote, but it also seems not to want to bring them into the counsel of the party. Colored cast the ballots, but whites enjoy the emoluments.

Indicative of how the party seems in latter days to be inclined to include us out, are the deletions from ex-President Herbert Hoover's speech noted by newsmen at the Republican convention.

The last Republican president before the 20-year-long Democratic occupancy of the White House, had planned to say:

"The Whig Party temporized, compromised upon the issue of freedom for the colored people. That party disappeared. It detects of the plank will be, but we are at once able to see that—

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Mr. Cornish At The Convention

Marylanders who may have been surprised that Charles E. Cornish, Cambridge city councilman, voted with Taft forces in early stages of the Republican convention in Chicago, shouldn't have been surprised at all.

Although Mr. Cornish's selection as delegate-at-large was resultant of the Governor's blessings, there is reason to believe that the Governor knew exactly what he was doing.

By taking Cornish along, Governor McKeldin accomplished two things:

He made a skillful political play for the colored vote on the Eastern Shore, and to all colored voters in the State.

He paid diplomatic tribute to the opposition, for he certainly knew Cornish to be a Taft man at the convention.

It has worked out, since the initial poll of Maryland delegates in Chicago, that Cornish has allied himself with the McKeldin - Eisenhower forces.

Having voted with Taft on the rules change on Monday, Cornish voted with Eisenhower on the seating of the Georgia delegation on Wednesday.

AFRO Editor Cliff Mackay, in Chicago, reported late Tuesday that Mr. Cornish had come home to Cambridge to participate in the primary election — making the trip by air so as to be back at the convention in the event of any crucial situation.

Dr. James P. Swing, whom we understand Mr. Cornish was backing for mayor of Cambridge, was an unannounced candidate. Dr. Russell Smith Jr. emerged the winner.

It may be that the Cambridge election in some way influenced Mr. Cornish's leanings when he reversed in Chicago.

Politics oftimes makes for strange bedfellows and, with all its ups and outs, nothing about it should be surprising.

Face-Cleaning The 'Avenue'

The years of complaining, haranguing, sibbling and stalling appeared to be over, this week, as citizens of Northwest Baltimore saw workers begin the job of paving Pennsylvania Ave.

Long an eyesore, nuisance, and menace to safety because of its deep holes and dilapidated streetcars, Pennsylvania Ave. was once the object of ridicule, neglect and city-wide complaint.

But thanks to citizens, sparked by the NAACP and the Pennsylvania Ave. Business Association, the famous streets is no longer the city's "stepchild" but is on its way to attaining the dignity it deserves.

Credit is due ayor D'Alesandro and his administration for sticking to the promise to pave the "Avenue" as speedily as possible this year.

Credit also is due to the Baltimore Transit Co. which removed its ancient streetcars from the 30-mile line, and replaced them with modern busses.

But most of the credit belongs to those citizens and organizations who refused to drop their campaign for bettering the street which is Northwest Baltimore's most famous thoroughfare.

The hard work has paid off. The "Avenue" has come into its own.

HODGE PODGE

By Bob Matthews

Every now and then, Ol' Hodge gets the urge to take a poll around the salt mines. Can't understand why my co-workers all run when they see me approaching clutching a piece of paper.

Act like they don't trust me, or something! Oh, well—collared 12 of them the other day to get their answers to a burning issue of the hour:

"DO YOU HELP WASH THE DISHES?" Directed to the men of course, conversely, "Does your husband help you with the dishes?" to the weenie.

The results were amazing! Of the 21 asked, only Seven answered a flat NO!

Was interested to note that the average duration of these marriages was 15 years.

Course I have my suspicions about a couple of those NO's—15 years—Hmmmm!

The unqualified YES answers numbered 18. Tried to gain some pertinent clues I could compare with the length of time married—No dice!

The married time ranged all the way from 10 months to 31 years. Some of their answers brought up another question: "Should a man help with the housework when both of them work?"

This will be discussed and polled in a future issue. Will welcome any opinions you might have.

Asked one 26-year married man this week's question and nearly fell through the floor when he answered:

"Help her with the dishes? Hmmmmph, most of the time I do them by myself!"

Only found one other person to admit to this—a 9-year tenure.

Guess the strangest answer received to the query was:

"Only in the winter time."

Yep, I'm wondering too. Didn't get a chance to ask him anything else.

Scratch Pad

By MAE MORRIS MEDDERS

We looked out the AFRO office window, and saw a colored police officer directing traffic.

Nobody knew his name. Some one quipped, "Remember the days when he either had to be a Gardner or Walker?"

Just a joke, the way it was said, but then the true meaning of the words hit home. We realized that since those days when he had to be one or the other," there had been a slow but steady infiltration of colored men and women on the police force. Until now, we no longer could identify them by appearance or name.

Then we thought again. Within the past two years, we had seen not only more and more colored policemen but colored cab drivers;

We saw colored cab drivers; colored bus operators; the breakdown of segregation at Ford's Theatre; the appearance of workers in the health and probation departments and the gradual elimination of iron-clad segregation rules on public parks and squares.

We actually have seen the removal of the dilapidated streetcars from Pennsylvania Ave., and men laying the foundation for paving this gutted thoroughfare.

Closer examination and we had found that several downtown department stores had mixed sales staffs, and in one, a woman of color had the all-important job of head cashier and bookkeeper.

There are folks who point to these things and ask us, 'Aren't you satisfied? How fast do you want to go? Calm down awhile, and take it easy for a spell."

But we remind these folks that we won't calm down until our men not only drive taxicabs, streetcars, busses, but those pretty red fire engines.

We won't take it easy until we lick segregation on the beaches as well as in parks and squares. We won't gossip very fast as long as we can't sit down and eat at a downtown lunch counter.

And we won't be satisfied until city officials stop breaking ground for new colored schools.

Meanwhile, we'll be pleasantly happy about these other signs of progress. But the war ain't nowhere's over yet!

STUMPED!

By-Line

By JESSE H. WALKER

WIPE BEATERS—LEGAL AND ILLEGAL. It's getting to be a common sight these days to see wives—legal and otherwise, plus sweethearts who have had their husbands or boy friends arrested for assault suffering complete changes of heart on reaching Criminal Court.

That's because the errant male never turns up in the latter court until after he's been found guilty and sentenced to jail in a police court and decides to appeal.

Then, using her unique privilege, the woman changes her mind. Women, who a few days earlier appeared bruised, angry and full of vengeance in police court, are now models of love, hearts full of pity and forgiveness for some Joe who has slapped nearly twelve years off her life.

They All Forgive

"I'm willing to forgive him and forget everything" is the stock explanation.

That's when the "loving" male has received a 30 or 60 day jail sentence from an unsympathetic magistrate.

Another amusing angle to these public domestic quarrels is the fact that on the appeal the wife—or sweetheart—is suddenly revealed as the individual who started everything in the first place.

But, strangely enough, at the earlier police court trials, nothing was said of the woman being the instigator of the family brawl.

Magistrates Differ

Of course, human beings, being human beings, these wife-beating cases are handled differently by various magistrates. In some courts, the husband who strikes his spouse has three strikes (of another variety) against him the moment he enters court.

In these type courts the wife is all right and the man all wrong.

In others it depends on what kind of marriage is involved. If it's a case where the couple have joined hands without benefit of clergy it's tough luck for the Missus.

Magistrates in the latter instance seem to feel that the only time a man doesn't have a license to beat his wife is when he does have a marriage license to prove she is his wife. But common-law unions aren't recognized here and it's just the lady's tough luck she hooked up with a latent Sugar Ray Robinson.

If all this seems confusing, I'm sorry. I'm up a creek myself. Only conclusion I can reach is if a man wants to beat his wife it's okay—depending on what magistrate he appears before, the legality of the marriage, and even if convicted the speed in which his wife forgets he hit her.

Clear as mud, isn't it?

Out Of The MAILBAG

Grateful To AFRO

Dear AFRO:

I am sincerely grateful to the members of the various departments of the AFRO-AMERICAN who have co-operated so splendidly with me during my period of office as president of the Baltimore Branch of the National Vocational Guidance Association.

Even though I am leaving the guidance association and Baltimore," the AFRO will ever be with me.

President, Baltimore Branch
National Vocational Guidance Association.
MARIN WEBB WATERS

Police Court Visit

Dear AFRO:

I enjoyed Ralph Matthews Jr.'s excellent account, in the form of a playlet, concerning a visit he made in the Southern District Police Station.

Not only was the account accurate and objective, but what amazed me was either the excellent memory he has or his ability to record, virtually literally, the proceedings during the trials.

Mr. Matthews is fortunate in possessing such a talent, and equally fortunate in working for a liberal, progressive and hard hitting newspaper.

AVRUM K. RIFMAN
(Magistrate)

Praises Store Policy

Dear AFRO:

I hope you will publish my letter so that all may know of a man who believes in fair employment all the way. That man is Barney Cohen who operates a Baltimore St. furniture store.

I walked into his branch store and much to my surprise found a colored girl in complete charge of the store.

Her name is Florence Carr, who has been there nearly two months.

The store is in the heart of the downtown shopping area where the lily-white policy is the Bible of store owners when it comes to decent jobs.

It wouldn't hurt if more of these business places had some of Mr. Cohen's decency. Miss Carr was hired for her ability, not her color.

AN ASHAMED WHITE READER

Thanks From Library

Dear AFRO:

Many, many thanks for the fine publicity which you gave to our Vacation Reading Game. We have heard many of our young readers commenting on their pictures in the paper. Our readers will get certificates at the end of the game, instead of live rabbits as the caption stated.

ALMA L. GRAY
Enoch Pratt Library,
Branch No. 1

Against Loudness

Dear AFRO: I am concerned about some of the working people that are compelled to ride the streetcars and buses. Many of them are boisterous. They tell their business and everybody's. They talk too loud.

They make little of other people when there is no room for them from them. They seldom have the right transfer.

They are just plain embarrassing to me and other passengers. Perhaps if they realized how much noise and confusion they created, maybe then they would keep quiet for a while.

Mrs. DEBORAH GRIFFIN

Challenges Pearson

Dear AFRO: Drew Pearson's assertion that there was repeater voting among colored persons in the recent Democratic primary election does not appear to be well founded. For while transportation from overcrowded polling stations was proffered to a few colored and white voters it was openly explained that the move was to expedite time.

Free transportation sponsored by office seekers is not novel in this country. Consequently, it is a practice with which Mr. Pearson should be fully familiar. And, even if it were looked upon with any grave misgivings, it should be clear to all concerned that the registration required of voters would nullify any attempted repeater voting.

To place the charge solely against colored persons when mixed groups took advantage of the transportation, seems to be quite unfair to the colored participants. As one of the persons involved in the accusation I challenge Drew Pearson to prove his charges in the matter.

JOHN W. NICHOLAS

REPORTERS' REPORT TO THE PEOPLE

Fancy Free

By LOUIE ROBINSON

In past weeks I have become an expert on secretaries and the weather. This week I am prepared to join the ranks of the country's great fishermen—thanks to a bunch of railroad men who, after spending days on a speeding train, like to while away their off hours on a rocking boat.

Until now I thought fishing was a lazy man's sport to be engaged in on a shady creek bank amid buzzing mosquitoes.

Fishing School

Last week end, under the tutorship of Fred Medders, Willie Walker, a gentleman who was introduced to me only as "Rabbit," and a boat captain who apparently knew more about Chesapeake Bay than the fish, I learned something about the genuine art.

Although I didn't do as well as another—soothsayer, Harvey Stokes, a BTC worker who went along, I did drop hook long enough to learn the difference between a perch, a spot, an eel and a "toad fish." (The latter two, I was told are the whom of the ocean and he took either gives a true fisherman the privilege of using the saltiest language in his command.)

It's Simple

Catching fish is pretty simple. The boat captain takes you where he knows there are fish. You master the trick of getting a messy blood worm or whatever the present bait may be on your line and then drop your line the proper depth.

After that it's easy. You just shut your mouth right.

Since landing at least a dozen of the 300-odd fish caught by our party of six, I feel great.

I have learned to outwit a fish.

Mainstream

By RALPH MATTHEWS Jr.

Well, I went to see Billy Eckstine in the technicolor film "Skirts Ahoy"—the other day and can now report that his brief appearance made up for the rest of a sour movie that my lady friend compelled me to suffer through.

"Skirts" sang well and looked in fine fettle. He was on screen all of a minute, 45 seconds. The rest of the time it was treated to stacked-up Esther Williams, the swimming champion gone Hollywood, who is forever diving into swimming pools and splashing around like crazy.

As an actress, Miss Williams is a great swimmer. But I guess the geniuses who throw stale musical comedies like this together figure that the public will be content just to look at so statuesque a gal and not give a hoot about whether she can emote or not.

I will not go into the plot of "Skirts Ahoy." There wasn't much of a plot to go into. It did have to do with three girls who joined the WAVES to forget men or something like that.

Every time I saw them, how ever, they were in hot pursuit of anything in pants and for awhile I thought Miss Williams might out of desperation, give her heart to the Base plumber, a man easily 100 years old.

I have nothing else to add except that Mr. Eckstine wore a tasty suit of pale gray and a russet tie and if all WAVES have to be so good as the ones in the film, they don't know what you girls are waiting for.

Lonesomania

By BUDDY LONESOME

INNOCUOUS TRIVIA — There's a sad story behind the arrest of a colored policeman who has put his finger on one of the sore spots in the Police Department. The thing is in its primary stage, but you'll be the first to know . . . .

In Cherry Hill there is a housing development known as the "Garden Apartments." In front of the "Garden Apartments," however, is a huge, dirty, weed infested lot. Wonder if that's supposed to be lawn? Residents of Cherry Hill area. Special patrols of colored officers have been put in the area in an effort to catch the offenders. One warm day, when almost every tenant in the block was sitting outdoors, some sneak pulled a false alarm right across the street. When police arrived and began questioning the good neighbors, not one of them saw the culprit. Tsk, Tsk . . . The Hill Theatre in Cherry Hill is one of the finest neighborhood theatres in the city. The management has been so pleased by summer attendance that they have adopted a double feature policy, every day including Sunday. Although he doesn't live in Cherry Hill, the manager, J. Norris, is one of the leading civic officials in that area . . . I worked a murder that occurred in Cherry Hill some months ago. Name after name was "leg work." It seemed as if the suspect killed another man over a table in son told him. In Criminal Court, however, the suspect was placed on probation for two years for taking another man's life . . .

Noteworthy

By HERBERT MANGRUM

SIGNS OF OUR TIMES: The "I don't know" attitude on the part of a few people connected with the 1952 Junior Olympics.

Out of some 30 such personalities, over half have given an opinion along the following lines:

"I'm against segregation in the Baltimore Junior Olympics, but, we can't start a controversy with the Park Board you know."

Exchange Club Sponsors

Under the sponsorship of the Baltimore Exchange Club, the street is closed to colored home-coming events, is for whites only, you know. The affair is headed by Sylvia Graham.

The long awaited repairs along Pennsylvania Ave.

TV Viewers

That morning after effect, on the features of all who stay up half the night scanning the Republican confab via TV.

That Maryland delegation trying to hog the camera spotlight. That Cambridge councilman well knew that the eyes of the world were on him.

That furniture dealer in the 1100 block of Pennsylvania Ave., who offer approximately six weeks, realized that the spelling in his window display was all wrong.

Almost everyone saw now everyone is talking about, the "Old Black Joe" number featured for the GOP. Right under Honest Abe's nose too.

Eugene Hough, one of the nicest men in the city, was given a four-year jail term for numbers. Tsk, Tsk . . .

Baby-Sitter Gets 2-Year Sentence

SALISBURY, Md. — Mrs. Lucille Jones, 25-year-old baby sitter who brutally beat a "terrible" old boy because he "spit" on her was sentenced to two years in Maryland Reformatory, Tuesday, by Judge E. Dale Adkins.

Mrs. Jones, who lives in Eden and is the mother of two children herself, was convicted of the "brutal beating" of Lawrence Brewer, white, with a leather strap. The child's injuries caused him to hospitalized.

Purple Heart Winner In Korea

The Purple Heart Medal for wounds received in action is presented to Cpl. James H. Davis Jr., right, of 812 W. Monument St., by Gen. Kenneth S. Sweany, XCorps Artillery commander, in a ceremony on the North Korean mountain front. Now fully recovered, Corporal Davis is serving in the communication section of Company B, Second Chemical Mortar Battalion. A graduate of Douglas High School, he entered the Army in April, 1951.(U.S. Army Photo.

Annapolis Youth Wins Scholarship

Leo LaRue Simms, graduate of Bates High School, was awarded the Dr. Charles C. Cook Foundation Scholarship to St. John's College at Annapolis for the year of 1952-1953.

This is the second year that the scholarship has been active. The Foundation also awards scholarships to other Marylanders to the schools of their choice if they can qualify academically and personally.

"Boy Of The Year"

Mr. Simms, son of Mrs. Mary Simms of 58 College Creek Terrace in Annapolis, ranked third in his senior class of 104 pupils.

He was named "Boy Of The Year" by the Frontiers of America, and was assistant editor of the year book, and co-captain of the Bates football team.

Young Simms also was vice president of the Beta Theta Chapter of the National Honor Society of which he was been a member for two years.

May Renew Award

He will be given preference for renewal of the Cook Scholarship throughout the balance of his course of study up to a maximum of four years.

Dr. Cook, located for many years at Druid Hill Ave. and Lanvale St., left the bulk of his accumulations for use by colored citizens.

Boy Victim Of 11,000 Volts Dies At Hopkins

Thirteen-year-old Alfred Diggs who battled for his life for three weeks after 11,000 volts shot through his body, died Wednesday at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

The boy's head accidentally touched a high tension wire on June 22 as he played in a railroad freight yard.

Funeral services will be held Saturday, 1 p.m. at the funeral home of Mrs. Katie Williams, 322 N. Schroeder St. Burial will be at Auburn Cemetery.

Made Human Torch

Young Diggs died at Johns Hopkins Hospital where he was rushed after the accident which turned him into a human torch. The youngster's clothing was torn from his body by the volts, and most severe were his burns, that no cover was placed over him during his first days in the hospital.

One of 11 children, Alfred is the son of Mrs. Beatrice Diggs, a widow who lived in the 700 block W. Mulberry St.

Chided Playmates

The boy was with two playmates when he chided them for being "chicken-hearted," scaled a steel ladder to a catwalk, crawled along it for a few feet, then jumped 10 feet to the top of a railroad car.

The children were playing near the Edmondson Ave. underpass in the 2200 block Edmondson Ave. Albert walked along the top of the car, an his head brushed against a "hot wire." A flash of light an the explosion followed.

Parents Alerted To Lead Poison

TV Bald Heads At Convention

Only Heard

By RUTH JENKINS

Three years ago, a national magazine article raised the question "Is Traffic Court Justice Blind?" It pointed out that revenue-hungry cities are too busy grabbing parking violators and letting serious offenders go free.

The general complaint was that too often, drunken drivers and the like are let off with a suspended sentence or a small fine.

On the other hand, it appeared that in city after city, police and the courts have ganged up on the least dangerous of the motor-law offenders—the harried salesman and the busy housewife.

Behind this situation, lies the discovery by many tax-hungry municipal officials that there is a gold mine in parking law enforcement.

The article pointed out that Cleveland's income from traffic fines in 1948 was six times as great as that in Los Angeles, traffic fines and forfeitures pay the cost of operating all municipal courts and yields the city a profit of $3,200,000 besides.

This cash in relation to the farsightedness which Baltimore has shown in one traffic-court problem at least—that of juvenile offenders.

As cited in a feature story in Tuesday's AFRO Magazine, the Teen-Age Traffic Court is an innovation of the first water.

With emphasis on education rather than punishment, the young offenders go through a probation training period which includes enforced attendance at church and lessons in safe driving.

Stop me if you've heard this one: Writing a very lengthy and complicated thesis, a student insisted in the middle of his paper the question "Are you still with me, Professor?"

When the paper was returned to him, the student found a scribbled note: "Yes, I'm still with you, but I ain't very happy about it."

The Baltimore Goodwill Industries at Park St. and Broadway, began operation in 1919.

A Community Chest agency, the organization uses contributions of wearing apparel and household furnishings to employ handicapped persons who repair, clean and resale through community service stores.

There are more than 100 Goodwill industries located throughout the United States and 14 in eight foreign countries.

The service man keeps referring to "scattered thunder showers."

What on earth are they? Every thunder shower I've ever run into has been quite concentrated right over my head.

Three youngsters have been killed by lead poisoning within the past two weeks.

The ailment is usually caused by children eating lead-containing paint from window sills, woodwork, or plaster in old houses.

As part of its educational campaign against this serious noncommunicable illness, the city health department has sent letters to all physicians emphasizing the importance of advising parents of the dangerous consequences.

SOB SISTER.... To make the best TV appearance at the Republican National Convention, delegates have been advised to wear green, blue or pink shirts.

Page the Baltimore Transit company. There's good grounds for argument there.

Baldheaded delegates were advised to wear their pates with Pancake Makeup No. 5. Whatever happened to Aniel's Formula No. 9?

Ain't It The Truth

By VIRGINIA MANNING

Webster defines budget: A statement showing the financial state of any governing body.

My definition: A series of figures and promises made each month attempting to straighten out my financial state, resulting in a bad headache.

The urge to drive deep into the meaning of such a word was brought about by a chance meeting of an old squaintance, one who has suddenly become very budget minded.

She began telling me how I could get all the things I wanted and still have something left. This of course started out to be very interesting. I listened and followed her through until she stated that a budget was needed for clothes too.

I have thought so also, but it always seemed that bills and taxes take most of the paycheck and what's left—we will not discuss.

However, here are some of her suggestions which I shall pass on:

Make a list of the clothes you need for your various activities. My main activity is work and what's wrong with my wearing the same clothes to church or to a bridge game that I wear to work?

Second, take a good look at all the clothes in your closet. You may be surprised to find that the clothes you haven't worn in months. The only reason I don't wear them is because they are either too small or so out of date that if I should wear them it may be thought that I was going to a masquerade. The old dresses make good house dresses, anyway.

On a budget she says, it is always wise to build a wardrobe around one or two basic colors. I did building a wardrobe difficult enough in itself so why attempt to build it around anything?

Then you should check your clothes and accessories. This I could do on a calling card.

Once this is done, buying will be easy—all except getting the money.

She also stated that buying on impulse is bad, but I have to run like mad to the first department store while I have the money, or else.

These are only a few of her suggestions and I am beginning to wonder if she lives up to any. If she does, she's a fiend.

Isn't it the truth!

MacNAUGHTON'S CANADIAN
½ PINT
IMPORTED
MacNAUGHTON'S Canadian Whisky A BLEND
IT'S Satin Soft
that's why it's so extra pleasing
CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

I'M OUT FOR A RECORD-BREAKING WEEK WHILE THE BOSS ATTENDS THE NATIONAL MEETING
ASSISTANT MANAGERS SALE
COME EARLY! NO MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS AT THESE LOW, LOW PRICES

SPECIAL PURCHASE
"TRIPLE TESTED" DIAMONDS
your choice 99.50
$2 DOWN — $2 A WEEK
No Charge for Credit
OPEN AN ACCOUNT
IT'S O.K. TO OWE KAY!
KAY JEWELERS 7 W. LEXINGTON ST. 3420 EASTERN AVE.
EVERY KAY DIAMOND GUARANTEED A LIFETIME IN WRITING
Here are Thrilling Diamond Values
Look at these 8 gorgeous styles in fine quality diamonds. Triple-Tested for wear, color and quality. Your choice at only 99.50 plus Federal tax.

Chesterfield First Premium Quality Cigarette to Offer
BOTH REGULAR AND KING-SIZE
Believing that smokers want nothing but the best, when they can get it, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. is now producing a king-size companion for its regular Chesterfield.
This makes Chesterfield the first and only premium quality cigarette in both regular and king-size.
Chesterfield king-size is exactly the same in all respects as the regular Chesterfield except for its larger size. It contains tobaccos of better quality and higher price than any other king-size cigarette.
And don't forget Chesterfield is first to name all its ingredients: the world's best tobaccos, pure costly moistening agents—the best cigarette paper that money can buy—nothing else.
These ingredients give you the best possible smoke. Either way you like 'em ... regular or king-size ... Chesterfields are much milder, with extraordinarily good taste and *no unpleasant after-taste.
*From the Report of a World-Wide Research Organization.
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