



OCTOBER and NOVEMBER, 1949

Nancy O'Donnell

P. Charbonnet

CITY LIMITS

Magazine
35¢

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CITY LIMITS

40 MAIN STREET BRADFORD, PA.

RITA RYAN HIGHFIELD, Publisher

COVER:

The Chandra-Kaly Dancers of which Roger Graham, grandson of Mrs. M. Wilson, 53 Homestead Ave., is now a member. The dancers were viewed recently by many Bradfordians when they appeared on television with Milton Berle. They have just finished a successful engagement at the "Riviera" in New York City and will be at Radio City during December.

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City Limits, October 1949, Vol. 2, No. 10 is published monthly by Rita Ryan Highfield, 40 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Copyright 1949 by Rita Ryan Highfield. All manuscripts, etc. must be accompanied by return postage and are submitted at the risk of the sender. By subscription \$2.75 a year in U. S. and Canada.

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2

EDITORIAL

AN OPEN LETTER TO BRADFORD'S THEATRE MANAGERS

Dear Sirs:

Hollywood is notorious for turning out repetitious dribble. As a matter of fact, for the last three or four years foreign made pictures have won more than their share of the film spotlight here; such as the English made "Hamlet," "Henry V," and "Brief Encounter;" the French "Panic," "Carmen;" the Swedish "Torment;" and Italian, "Shoe Shine," and "Wal-Yo." Hollywood's standard for bringing the finest in entertainment to the American public is rapidly slipping. But, there is still a number of very fine motion pictures emanating from the shores of the sunshine state. Yet, Bradford's theatres constantly import the worst of the worst. Certainly one can not complain about the many Westerns and other inexpensive productions, because they do please the kiddies. However, the line should be drawn somewhere. There is almost a 50-50 distribution of "B" and "Z" pictures to first run "A's". This situation hardly compliments the intelligence of Bradford's movie goers.

Many people enjoy good revivals. Only one theatre in town sees fit to devote any time of consequence to these enjoyable treats. The other theatres pair up the revivals, when they do decide to show one, with a Hopalong Cassidy or Roy Rogers. We are sure a double bill featuring two good revivals would pack your houses. Why not leave request slips in your lobbies to find out just what your patrons would like to see . . . We all would enjoy pictures like "Lost Horizon," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Boy's Town", and "The Philadelphia Story" over again.

Seeing how proud we all are of our three beautiful movie houses from the stand point of appearance; let us be equally proud of the films shown therein.

Yours for bigger and better theatre attendance . . . ,

The Editors

THE PARKING PROBLEM

Bradford has a parking problem. So has every other city in the land. Everyone has his or her own ideas about how to solve it. No one yet has gotten the Distinguished Service Cross for coming up with a fool-proof solution. But every idea advanced has more or less merit. City Limits offers a few here for what they may be worth.

We had quite an argument in town when the city decided to install parking meters. Now hardly anyone argues about

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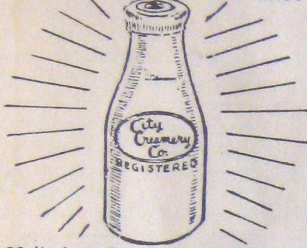
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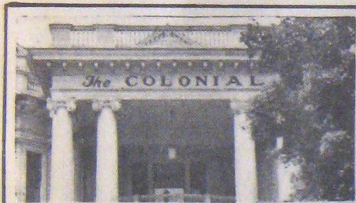
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A CHRISTMAS
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HIGH in Style
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FRIEDMAN'S CLOTHES

them, or how much assistance they have been in helping handle the local parking problem. Still, there is continued demand for more parking space here. What to do about it?

We were down in Pittsburgh the other day and noticed a down town parking facility with four or five ramps built up into the air. This will handle several hundred cars at one time. Is anyone daring enough to take a chance on building a similar structure here? It would surely help the situation.

To relieve our parking problem certain local firms have secured their own parking lots. South Penn has, Dresser has, so has Kendall. Their employees appreciate the interest taken in them by their employers in providing parking space for their private cars. This also relieves the city streets of congestion, and gives the general public a break. Therefore the public appreciates the action of these companies.



Still the auto manufacturers continue to make more and more cars, and the old ones do not seem to wear out very fast. Hence the general trend is for more cars to be noted on the highways day by day. What to do about routing them through town to lessen the traffic jam is on thing; where to park them when the owners want to stop is another. There is not too much business to be gained from motorists intent on hurrying through a town when on a long trip. Their presence in town jams the traffic lanes, and slows down local traffic which is the life-blood of any community. Experts contend it is better to route such traffic around a city, maintaining that if a motorist desires to eat or sleep in a town he will find his way down to the business section. It could be done here, but on this point the local officials have stated they will not do anything the local merchants object to. City Limits is not advocating that this be done. We are merely suggesting the idea for consideration. If it were desired, traffic could be routed via High street, and thus eliminate a lot of the congestion at the head of Main Street. Or inbound traffic could be split via Jackson and High Streets, thus cutting out half of the difficulty we encounter at the Emery hotel intersection. This is not a new idea, for when one is out driving across country he invariably finds signs which indicate "To the Business District", and others showing how to go around the town.

The trend is for business to move out to where adequate parking is available. More and more is that happening right here in Bradford. Local business men with
Con't. on page 24

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Nancy Ryan

Why Wallpaper? . . .

IT is a strange thing but we never hear a person say, "It's going to be so hard to pick out that davenport," or "It's so difficult to visualize how this rug is going to look when down." Everyone assumes that they will find something they like, which, if in their price range, they will buy with satisfaction. But when choosing wallpaper; such statements would be most undemonstrative of the undecided panic most women find themselves to be in, when confronted by samples of wallpaper. Despite this assumed difficulty by Mrs. "Average Selector of Wall Paper"—Wallpaper is more widely used and more popular than any other type of wall decoration. Not only does it continue to be in demand, but has always been, ever since wallpaper became available, to what we now call the consuming public.

Only with wallpaper can a desired effect be so readily obtained; whether a person wishes to create an effect of taste, atmosphere, color, style, size, or something unusual. Of course, an effect can be obtained by simply painting a wall—either a neutral color, or some unusual shade or tint. But paint alone does not make for simplicity, as so many suppose; nor alone, does it make for a formal, sophisticated, or a calm effect. And, even the simplest paint job requires some thought towards taste and execution. Then after the painting is completed, much is left still to be done to overcome the blankness or plainness, and a lack is felt. Paint by itself is usually neither interesting nor entertaining. When none of the desired results have been achieved with paint; paneling, bric-a-brac, shelves and what not are added. So that the resulting confusion is more overpowering than even a poor selection of wallpaper. Subconsciously and inherently, Mrs. Consumer know this and so turns to wallpaper. (We will not say Mrs. Homemaker or Mrs. Home Decorator, since both fall into the consumer class.)

And, it has always been thus. At present, our consuming public is divided into two groups, those who feel for the old and traditional, and those who strive for the modern. "Life" turns the consumer into three groups in one of their latest issues; first, those who prefer the old and traditional; second, a combination of the old and modern; and third, the strictly modern or what is known as architectural modern.

Still this division accounts for only the old and the new.

Constant attempts are made to mix the two, with varying degrees of insult to both sides. The result of such mixtures often proves agreeable and no insult should be taken. In the current exhibit of wallpapers in the Albright Museum in Buffalo, N. Y., old Italian pieces are shown against a modern leaf design and traditional pieces against a very modern scenic by an American designer. There are many modern pieces used in displays and residences against old patterns.

Modern designers like the pattern, rhythms and texture of modern wallpaper, which combine nicely with the straight, simple lines and grained texture of the woods used in modern furniture.

Wall papers in the past were designed by those who painted, designed tapestries, or drew for architecture—leaving us a pictorial version of their times. Today, some of our best artists and designers are now engaged in producing papers of all types and styles—in fact, never before has American papers had such an imposing list of "name" designers. The good designs and patterns, which were popular in the past have been accurately copied, so that we now choose from either excellent reproductions of old, tried patterns or the offerings of our contemporary artists.

"The War of Independence" made in Europe in 1840 and later remade about 1900 is considered a work of art in design, color, and craftsmanship. This old scenic paper is hung in the main dining room of the Emery.

In the downstairs lounge of the American Legion is a modern scenic and the ball room upstairs is papered in a reproduction of an old Federal pattern. The paper above the bar in the "Town Bar" is again modern scenic. We mention these examples because they were put up for the public enjoyment, rather than the many fine examples far from the public eye in the homes and residences in Bradford.

ALL through history walls have been decorated, and the farther back we go the more expensive and laborious the ordeal. Wall paper was not invented until after the discovery that printing type could be made from wood blocks. Apparently the

earliest papers were printed by letter press printers. A few years ago, wallpaper was found on the beams of the hall and dining room of Christ's College at Cambridge. This paper was printed on the reverse side of a proclamation of Henry VIII and had been printed before 1509. Scarcity of paper stock on which to print was the supposed reason for using the sheets over again. The first real development came from the printers of Domino papers from the Dominotiers in France. Small patterns were printed on in blocks, in black and white, and the colors were later painted in. These patterns were compact and geometrical. The sheets on which these were made were 12 x 16 and were sold by the quire or ream. No attempt was made to match them in hanging. Jean Papillon, in 1688, invented the continuous matching pattern. Squares of paper are still made today and are available. The stairway to Wingert's Cocktail Lounge is hung with squares, but of a large size.

In 1760, Frumier of Paris, a merchant attempted to make strips of paper by pasting the sheets together to make long lengths. This brought forth a decree from Louis XV in 1778 that each roll should be of 24 sheets. Rolls were not permitted in England, however, until 1830 because Queen Anne in 1712 assessed paper at a penny a yard and in 1714 increased the tax to 1½ cents. This tax lasted until 1825.

Jacques Chavare started printing with wood blocks used in succession a block for each color, this saved painting in the colors. However, hand colored papers, "Illuminated papers", remained popular until the end of the 18th century.

Papers were nailed on with flat headed nails up until almost our time; and if pasted were mounted on canvas or fabric, which was then nailed. One of the reasons for this was the fact that the paper was of poor quality and not very strong. Some papers were mounted on linen, and even leather.

Some combinations of paper and cloth continued to be used until the very recent development of smooth plaster walls, to which paper will readily adhere after the application of some kind of glue.

Machine printing was invented in 1849. Paper became available to a larger percentage of the population and was sold abroad and in America by Stationers, and then Furnishers and Undertakers. Plunket Fleeson of Philadelphia founded our first factory in Philadelphia. His advertisement reads, "Bed Ticks, Live Geese Feathers,

Blankets, Sacking-bottoms and of course, Wall hangings of Paper".

It might be interesting to note that effects have been obtained with wall paper that could not be obtained with fabric, leather and materials in general. Wall-paper, which started out to be an imitation of finery has successfully recreated the effect of fabric, leather, or wood. Wall

papers of a period were as expensive as the fabric of that period. Just as today, we have wall papers as expensive as our fabrics—yard for yard.

At no time since its invention has wall-paper dropped completely from favor with all classes. We have had periods of plain or figured vogues, periods of good or bad taste, times when it was relatively cheap

or expensive; just as with other items, or we might say, other articles of decoration for the home. But, never has it approached its present popularity even with its wide use in the past. Despite the added expense of materials and the labor involved, with the use of wallpaper instead of paint; hotels, hospitals, offices, banking rooms, club, etc. are specifying its use and with satisfaction.

—by CHARLES DAY



Fashion Show Option House



Light wool over dark

Tuesday evening, October 18, in the Dining Hall of the Option Hotel a fall and winter fashion show was presented by the Urban Shop.

Over fifty outfits from the casual to the "after 5 dress", modeled by Miss Pearl Larsen, Mrs. Ruth Whitford, Miss Donna Johnson, Miss Lucille McKetrick, Miss Ann Polucci, Miss Zelma Seibert, Miss Evelyn Hamilton, and Mrs. Betty Bottone, represented what the well dressed working girl will be wearing this season. Miss Jean Ann Allen provided appropriate music during the showing and luncheon. The luncheon was served after the showing by the hostesses, Mrs. Virginia Foster, Mrs. Mildred Johnson, and Mrs. Jane Mullaly.

A few of the hundred guests who were present: Mrs. Joseph Graff, Pat Kearney, Mrs. Alice Lyons, Dolores Tremaine, Mrs. Jenkins, Sue Ann Zias, Mrs. Betty Frohnappel, Sally Minor, Stella Wozer, Christine Yercen, Esther Langianese, Mary Lou Henretty, Rita Butler, Jane Eisenhart, Kay Hannon, Bernice Seibert, Betsy Higie, Winnie McGurn, Joan Wilcox, Jane Shivington, Gloria Pynter, Marguerite Stengel, Mrs. Harold Wilcox, Yolanda Pingie, Josephine Montecalvo, Mrs. Margaret Bennett, Mrs. Julia Schiappa, Mrs. Lucy Atkinson, Mrs. Josephine Zandy, Mary Curcio, Ora Franco, Carmel Pantuso, Jenny Pace, Lena Vecellio, and Clara Giordano.



Donna in a brown rayon taffeta.



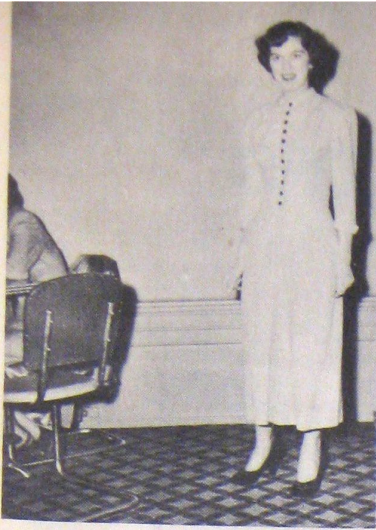
Ruth modeling a casual rust wool dress.



Betty wearing red corduroy slack outfit.



Ann in a pin checked, brown and white wool rayon.



Bobby Brooks pinwale, two piece corduroy.



Forest green crepe dress.



Bobby Brooks green, wool plaid.



Black lace and a bare shoulder!



Lucille wearing a tweed skirt and blouse.



Candids by Dougherty Studio

THE POT WATCHERS

TINY clouds of steam rose gently skyward, as the large feet of Elephontias Q. Eachendermer descended rather cautiously into the basic of steaming water. A feeling of sheer delight traveled slowly through his body. A smile of contentment rippled across his face. And Elephontias was at peace with the world.

"Old El", as his friends affectionately called him, was, by day,—a traveling salesman, who traveled on foot from door to door selling \$5.00 pots, for the ridiculously low price of \$10.00. But, at night, he was merely a poor, tired human seeking solace in his nightly, steaming foot bath.

As soon as his dogs were quieted with the liquid hot-foot, El hurried off to bed to dream of the beautiful green slips of paper, which at the moment, made his world go around. The following day, promptly at 7:30 A. M. the alarm clock, his call to duty, drew him from the depths of his nocturnal pleasantries. Eyeing this two-handed and multi-numbered bit of man's mechanical world with profound contempt, El painfully lifted himself from his horizontal position and proceeded to go about the necessary preparations to ready himself for his daily task of (and this word is used in its broadest sense) swindling the American Housewife.

"Oh, well", he said to himself, "another day—another dollar."

And, with this thought, foremost in his mind, he left his little adobe and ventured forth to conquer new worlds.

"Good morning, gentlemen", said El, sprightly, as he entered "Herman, the Hermit's, Diner of Delicate Delicacies." The diner was the meeting place of El's business associates or fellow salesman, who made up the crew. His greeting was directed at a group of four men huddled over four cups of coffee. Reading from left to right, there was Lou Morgan, a fine likeable-chap, who's philosophica meanderings often times irritated his associates; with the exception of El, who drank in all Lou had to say, with affectionate reverence as if it were a tantalizing wine of rare vintage. Lou was to intelligent to be working as a canvasser, yet too lazy and irresponsible to do anything else. However, his profound knowledge of human nature more than offset, as far as El was concerned, his other shortcomings. As Lou



so often put it—"It is truly written that the meek shall inherit the earth. So I prefer to remain as meek and unassuming as possible, and thus inherit what will be rightfully mine."

Seated next to Lou, was "Pop". No one knew very much about Pop, except that at one time he had had a shady, but exceedingly prosperous past. And now, he was the most interesting story teller in the crew. His tales of wild parties and easy money made the others water at the mouth. For some strange reason, no matter how involved or how fantastic his stories were, they all listened attentively and believed every word to be true. What had happened to cause Pop to arrive at such unfortunate circumstances was never considered.



The fourth member of this band of unarmed bandits was the Kid, twenty-one years old and raring to go. The Kid was married and his wife was expecting; therefore—his dreams of becoming an engineer had to wait while he turned his attention to making a fast dishonest dollar.

Of course our heroes didn't consider their occupation dishonest. In the strict sense one could say that it was all perfectly legal.

The fifth and final member of the daily breakfast club, was the crew manager, and most disliked member of the little troupe. Here was a weasled face, skinny runt who had the obnoxious habit of writing up more orders in one day than the others could write in a week. How he did this no one else knew. He talked as if he had cramps in his stomach. Yet, day after day, he would come in with 30 or 40 orders; at \$4.00 profit per order, which was doing all right. Anyone would think with that kind of money he would buy himself a new suit or change his shirt more than once every two weeks. But no, every day he would appear promptly at 8:30 in the same baggy suit and dirty shirt. But, his most intolerable trait was the manner in which he pushed his boys into working harder. No one was to come back to the restaurant earlier than 2:00 o'clock for lunch. And no one could take more than a half hour for that. If you appeared in the restaurant before 5:00 in the afternoon, you were reported to the front office. Darn, if he didn't check up on them too. No one

had been able to figure out, when he found the time to sell all those pots, since he was always sneaking around the corner spying on his men. And this amazing character was named Minsky Finskey.

Everyone nodded hello to Elophonthias and continued with their conversation as El seated himself.

"You see Kid," Minsky was gurgling, "Da, first thing yuh got'ta do, is get inda house. Never pitch on da steps." At this point, the blue eyed waitress, who had been waiting on the boys for the three days they had been in that territory, made her way towards the table with El's coffee and a check. Minsky raised his eyes in her direction and handed the check to the kid, "Take care o'this, kid."

"Oh, Miss, could youse spare a moment of your time ta solve a probum fer me?" With this, Minsky arose and led the unsuspecting miss by the arm to a vacant table; his free hand grasping the sample kit which contained his Broucher. After ten minutes of hissing and buzzing sounds and frantic gesticulations by Minsky, the waitress, who, all this time hadn't as far as the boys could make out, opened her mouth, left the table and returned with her purse. When she sat down again, Minsky leaned over the table, confidential like, and whispered something that brought an astonished and horrified look to her face. Immediately, she dug into her purse and handed him a flock of bills. After which, Minsky tipped his hat and slowly walked away.



"Well, he did it again", observed Lou. "Don't he never miss?" chimed in Pop. "Gosh, he's a genius!" moaned the kid, completely awe stricken.

The clock struck 9:30 which meant that another day's work had begun. Minsky handed out the territory maps, and saw that the boys were on their way.

NOW, Lou, who we have observed, as being averse to work, circled back to meet El, as per usual. The two would work their territory together, as this gave them someone else to talk to besides housewives. El liked this arrangement because Lou allowed him to keep two-thirds of all the orders they wrote. This was dangerous stuff, meeting like two errant lovers. So after discussing the phenomenal Minsky Finskey, the two found themselves ringing their first doorbell.

A voice quired from inside, "Whose's there?"

"Survey! Check-up! Collecting box-tops? Are yours ready?", came El's quick reply.

"Eh? What'a you say? Just a Minuette!" A few moments later, a middle aged woman came to the door, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Good Morning madam, we're making a survey in this section to find out how many people there are who. Do you?"

"What'a I do? Hey, you from de Fiance Co.? I ain't a'gott'a no money."



"No, no, madam, we're collecting box tops from the soap, you know, Finsco, Figolive, Paperbury, Fiz, Diz and Sm'z . . . Do you save box tops? If so we will give you \$100.00 for any one of them if you will give us your opinion about people who."

Before continuing with this dazzling repartee, it should be pointed out, that El's confusing patter, is just that. It is aimed to supposedly confuse the housewife into asking questions, thus gaining entrance into her home. Collecting soap box tops and asking for opinions are two of the methods used to do this. He is merely attempting to sell pots, and anything which is said other than that we hope will not confuse the readers to the extent intended for the El's prospective victims.

"Sure, sure, save'a'da coupes . . . gotta millions a box-a-tops. You wanna see?" El and Lou quietly followed her through the living room, into her kitchen. The odor of which was similar to a factory of burning cellophane. She motioned El and Lou back as she approached a cupboard closed by a heavy padlock. She reached into her bosom and produced a well worn key, cautiously she approached her treasure, and slipped the key into the lock. Fearlessly she swung open the door and a vast heterogeneous conglomeration of premiums, box-tops clippings and coupons swarmed out at them like a great ocean of paper pouring through a broken dike. El and Lou jumped back in fear, but it was too late, already they were knee deep in the flood of pasteboard.

"How's a' dat", said she, pointing with pride at her collection.

"That's just fine Mrs. A . . . Mrs. Ah . . ."

"Mrs. Consuella Ravelli" immediately the stunned Lou was shaken to his senses, and wrote the name down on an order blank.

con't on pg. 22

Creeping Pen

Harris



Johnny, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bird.

Malcolm



Linda Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stoltz, 141 East Main St.



Donald and Donna Rich, twins of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rich, 15 E. Washington St.

10



John, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Leonard, Custer City.

Dougherty

Dougherty

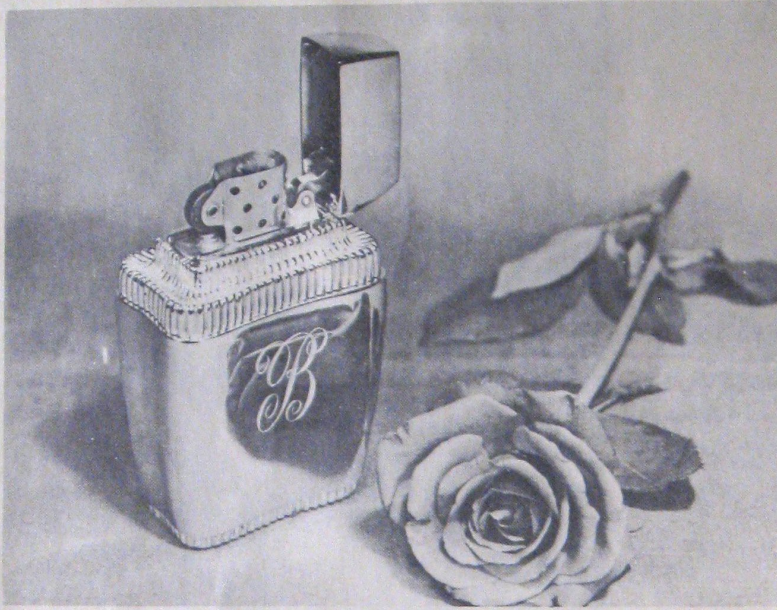
Loretta Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
Jno Coronato, 19 Roberts St.



Humbert and Mary Ann, children of Mr. and Mrs.
Frank Piscitelli, Lewis Run.



THE LADY BRADFORD



CHRISTMASS GIFT SUPREME!

ZIPPO
WINDPROOF LIGHTER

Purely Local

by Rose DiFonzo

The screams and terrifying noises of Hallowe'en are still echoing in our ears. We can still see the ghosts and goblins prowling around our houses and hear mysterious ringing of our doorbells. But the nightmares of Hallowe'en are over and we can look forward to the joyous holiday season ahead . . . Right now, while the getting is good, is the time to start on that long list of Christmas shopping . . .

Join the Navy and see the world! That's what a few Bradford sailors found out. Larry Goodman took part in cold weather exercises off the coast of Labrador. (Brrr. It's cold enough right here at home.) . . . Tom Kennedy visited the French Riviera on a ten-day leave. (Oh, for the life of a sailor.)

Bradford people are taking advantage of this perfect football weather to journey to some of the big football games. Donna Shuman went to the Penn State - Nebraska game at State College. Other Penn State fans at the game were Mr. and Mrs.

Allen Jansen and daughter, Dorothy Zeita Ledden, Jane Wilborg, Ruth Graber, Frances Keeney, Ardis Perkins, Frank Philipbar, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Quirk . . . The Princeton - Cornell game at Ithaca was almost a home-coming day for a lot of Bradfordians. Among them were alumni A. E. Booth, John Selden, and D. H. Phillips with their wives. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mallory, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fisher, and Mr. and Mrs. William Gallup were also there. . . Helen DiFonzo, Betty, Peggy, and Joan Costanzo, and Joe Henchey were seen in Buffalo for both the Niagara and Canisius games against St. Bonaventure . . . Mona Bovaird seen at the Penn State - Syracuse game.

Martha Fraser, back from a week's trip to Wichita Falls, Texas, and Tulsa, Oklahoma . . . Bob and Lawrence Shapiro resume their medical studies at the University of Buffalo . . . Donna Jean Clark completes her senior year in nurse's training at Northeastern Hospital . . . Mr. Richard Hammond, recent guest of Gettysburg College when the school observed their Father's Day. His son, John, is enrolled as a freshman.

Raymond F. Hasford, superintendent; Albert Heyberger, public relations director; Mrs. Gladys Graham, Miss Dorothy Wickham, dieticians, represented Bradford Hospital at the meeting of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Hospital Association . . . G. A. Simpson in Florida for the winter . . . Janice Johnson, now living in Lansing, Michigan, flies by plane to visit with her parents in Lewis Run.

Emil Carlini, former Bradford Phillies rightfielder, back in town . . . Dan Carnevale, former Phillies manager, seen at the St. Bonaventure - Canisius home game. Canisius is Dan's alma mater . . . Dave Kreinson, minus his voice since the Brown Indians' victory over Canisius . . . The Canisius players bunked at the Hotel Emery before game time.

Virginia Miles, vice-president of Northwestern District returned from a meeting of the Pennsylvania Federation of Women's Clubs at Harrisburg . . . Charles B. Dale, Robert MasFarlane, and Dr. Joseph Breston, members of the staff of the Bradford laboratory of the Penn Grade Crude Oil Association, present papers at the annual Secondary Recovery Conference at Penn State College. After all this

business, they went to the Penn State-Syracuse game . . .

Why Firemen get gray! Engines 2 and 3, the aerial truck, and chief's car from Central Fire Station rushed to James Orzetti's home on Rochester St. to answer an alarm at 6 o'clock in the morning. A blaze had started in the kitchen caused by a short circuit in the refrigerator. The fire was put out with a water can . . .

Mrs. P. M. Berwald spent a week in Canton, Ohio, visiting her sister . . . R. P. Barnhart, elected director of the McKean County American Cancer Society. The meeting was held at the Valley Hunt Club on Lewis Run . . . Ken Heller, Bill Hitchcock, Lawrence Brown, and Lige Schick are holders of the highest-degree in the Order of DeMolay—that of Chevalier. The award is given for outstanding leadership and services to the order . . .

Rita Roberts, training at St. Vincent's Hospital in Erie, home for a weekend with her parents . . . Marian Kreinson now has her dancing studios in the Holley . . . Deeney Hudson, Betty Peebles, and Paul Duke, Tru-Health employees, lunching together at the Option House . . . The recent dinner given by St. Francis Parish to raise money for their building fund was wonderful. Everything went



Mrs. Gordon E. Healy and Mrs. I. L. Theil, of St. Francis Parish taking tickets (and money) for the dinner.



Young fellows make fast work of "Clean Up" after the dinner.

like clock work . . . We would like to congratulate the Era's society editor on the improvement of the society page.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bryner in Walton, New York, for pleasant hunting . . . Mr. Edward Blatt guest speaker at the Knights of Columbus breakfast, October 23, was also the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Henretta . . . Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller returned from a ten day visit to New York City . . . Glad to hear that Mrs. Bess Gae Willis, well known illustrator of children's books is recuperating . . . Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Avery and Mrs. Anna Rathrock back from an enjoyable visit in Pittsburgh and Steubenville, Ohio . . . Mr. and Mrs. Richard Salisbury now living in Chicago . . . Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rathfon, formerly of Bradford, now living in Sacramento, California, have welcomed a new baby daughter into their family circle.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ertz on their 35th wedding anniversary, Oct. 18 . . . To Newcomer Club on their Eighth Birthday . . . To Pete DePalma on his 75th birthday . . . To Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Palumbo of State College, Pa., on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Palumbo is the former Miss Donna Thomas of Kane . . .

Jane Kircher flew to Philadelphia to be maid of honor at the wedding of her college roommate . . . Mrs. R. H. Van Orden, Mrs. Lloyd Foster, Mrs. Andrew Perry, Mrs. Elwood Mix, Mrs. Paul Hannon, and Mrs. Gerald Foster, all attended the 50th anniversary of the Pennsylvania Branch of the National Congress of P. T. A. in Philadelphia . . . Mrs. Pearl Staley of Knapp Creek returned from Lake Placid, where she attended a convention of the D. A. R. . . . Jack Stoltz of West Branch, stationed at the Naval Training Center, Memphis, Tennessee . . . Ruth Mutter and Christine Holly attended the North Central conference of the American Association of University Women at DuBois . . . Sam Heffner, Jr. won first place with a model of his own design in the annual meet of the Bradford Aero Model Club at Recreation Park . . . Nick Sinibaldi again director of the YMCA band . . . Mrs. S. B. Martin of Cleveland left for Philadelphia by plane. She had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Shortell of Bradford . . . Jack Moore returned to the campus of Grove City College after a weekend visit with his parents . . . Miss Edna Mae Travis, formerly of Bradford, married to William Dent of Montebello, California . . .

To prove that summer is where you find it, Mrs. Leonard Johnson of Ormsby still has sweetpeas blossoming in her yard just as fresh as the day they started to open in July.



Exquisitely yours from . . .

S. K. TATE FURS

**NOW...!
GOOD NEWS
FOR**

**Oil-
Workers**

**SPECIALLY
DESIGNED AND
CONSTRUCTED
FOR HARD
USE!**

Mido
MULTIFORT
Superautomatic
YOUR SELF-WINDING WATCH



NORTONS

SALAMANCA, N. Y.

THE SALAMI

by Eric Mitchel

Once upon a mid-night droopy,
As I sat there drinking soupy,
That I noticed; near my chamber door,
A piece of Salami, nothing more!
So surprised was I, my dearie,
That at once I started to cheerie,
Cheerie at what I saw,
Saw upon my wooden floor.
Only that and nothing more!
Suddenly, I was grabbin'
With my fork, I was stabbin'
Stabbin' the Salami near my chamber door,
Merely that and nothing more.
In my mouth I was puttin'
The salami, not no mutton;
The salami I had gotten
Gotten from my dirty floor.
Suddenly, I felt sickle,
Like I ate ice cream and pickle,
Sickle, from the salami I had eaten from the floor—
Only that, and nothing more!
So, the moral of my story,
Don't eat things from the floory,
Though you may be a king or swami,
You shouldn't do it, especially salami.



THE FOOT



THE LAST



THE SHOE

"OK"

**-Say Leading
Foot Doctors**

Nothing to compare with **CHILD LIFE** Shoes for supporting the bones, balancing the body, encouraging correct posture and promoting healthful foot growth in boys and girls.

**Child Life
SHOES**



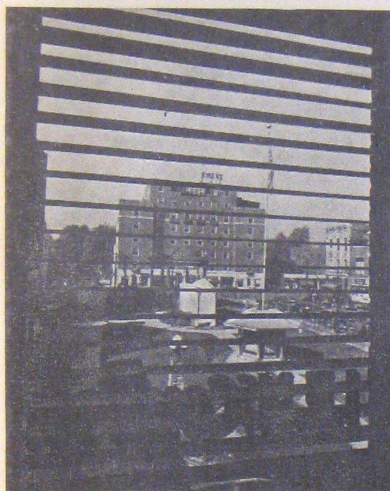
Hannifan & Co.

OLEAN, N. Y.



Miss Shirley Lerch, Granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wall of 60 Kennedy St., Bradford, Pennsylvania is one of 2 young ladies from the United States to be entered in the South African Newspaper "The Outspan's" girl and her pet, contest.

PICTURES reprinted from article in "The Telephone News" titled "Bradford and Oil" by David H. Dumigan.





for your little lamb MARKETTE coat n' legging set. Warm as toast, weightless as a snowflake, these cunning coats and leggings have what it takes to keep little girls cozy and comfortable. Made of blanket soft St. Mary's wool in a wide range of sizes and colors.

100% Wool

JACK and JILL SHOP

35 Mechanic Street Bradford, Pa.

You can watch the town go by from a park bench, or you can view it from an office window high above the main business artery, and Bradford will give you but one impression—it is metropolitan in its development and in its attitude toward itself. Here, can be seen the community's public square, and the Emery Hotel.

con't on pg. 17



In addition to Bradford Sub-district, which is largest in the number of telephones, Warren District includes Warren Sub-district and Du-Bois Sub-district. Here, in conference, from left, are: H. M. Stevenson, District Manager; T. D. Conrad, District Traffic Superintendent; J. A. Krause, District Plant Superintendent; W. R. Boreman, District Plant Engineer; and C. H. Drew, District Construction Foreman.

Black Satin

\$22.95



The Urban Shop

9 Main Street
2nd Floor Phone 7951



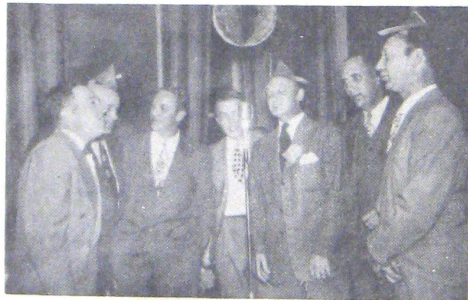
Clyde Hess, bartender of Holley Coach Room; Sophia Hassck, waitress in cocktail lounge; Clarence Welch; Leone McMillan, former waitress; and Ann Lombardo, auditor and secretary of Clip Club, admiring the pig that is about to have a "Broken Back."

IN THE LAUNDRY



Culligan Soft Water benefits you because . . .
 Soap Goes Farther—Soft Water and ordinary soap, your most efficient cleansing combination, produce efficient long lasting suds, using from 50% to 60% less soap.
 Clothes Last Longer—Washed in soft water, your clothes not only look better but they wear 20% to 40% longer.

BRADFORD SERVICE, Inc.
 16 St. James Pl. Telephone 7844
 BRADFORD, PENNA.



Leon Campbell, R. C. Hutchison, C. B. Hutchison, Mark Miner, "Baldy" Anderson, Frank Seceniquia, and Bart Anderson, "Barbar Shop Septet" provided some of the impromptu entertainment.

The inimitable Vince LaPolla



KIDDIE SHOPPE - 104 Main St.



- For boys . . . Sport Shirts - Belts
- Ties - Socks
- For Boys and Girls . . . Sweaters
- Coats - Hats - Suits
- For Girls . . . Dresses, Cosmetics
- For Boys, Girls and Infants . . .
- Loafer - Socks - Mittens

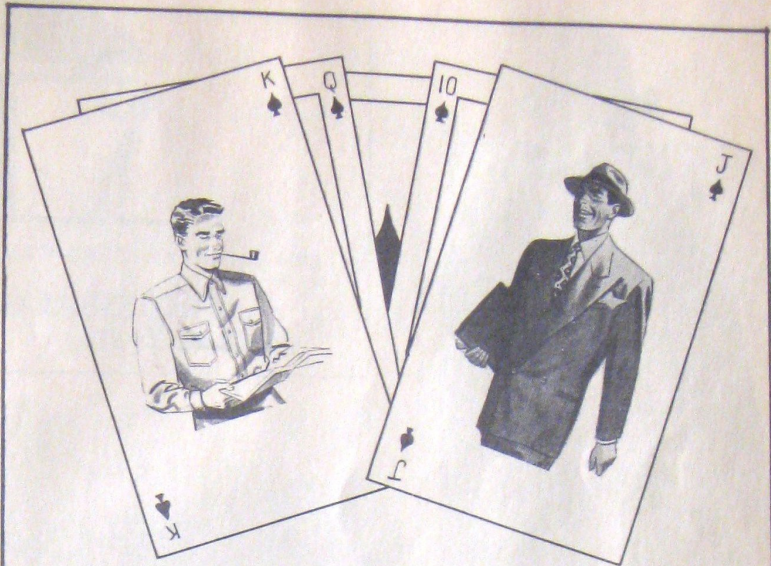
LEFT

Pictures taken at the recent party given by the Holley Clip Club. Little Civics Band played for 225 people. Just listen to what all those people ate, 100 lbs. ham, 2 cases dill pickles, 16 lbs. cheese, 2 gals. olives, 10 lbs. macaroni salad, 8 lbs. beans, and 28 loaves of bread.

THE TELEPHONE NEWS
con't from pg. 15



Bradford Plant men are proud of one of the most modern and efficiently operated garage-storerooms in Western Pennsylvania. Here, Dick Underwood, Station Installer, left, is receiving material from Emmett Whitaker, Storekeeper.



You can't lose, when you've got the best there is! And that's just what you will have in your next Hart, Schaffner & Marx

suit or Arrow shirt, at NICHOLS BROS. You men will find everything your looking for in suits, coats and furnishings at

NICHOLS BROTHERS

101 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

con't on pg. 18



The friendly atmosphere of Bradford's telephone business office is in keeping with the tenor of Bradford itself. Bell Commercial people who serve telephone customers in Bradford Sub-district are, from left: Patricia Brown; Charles H. Springer, Manager; Sue Hutchison; Jessie Glenn; Roy H. Grove, Commercial Representative; Lois Hanson; Harriette Hanson and Mary Walter.

Brook Club
BRADFORD PA

Dancing until 2
to the music of
George Jackson

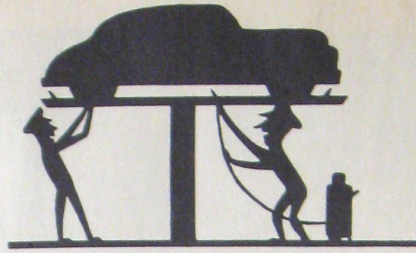
Two Shows
Nightly
10:30 - 1:00

Your Genial
Host
Hoyt Merideth

Reservations
PHONE 9754*



LESHNER'S
Custom Men's Shop
BRADFORD, PA.



give your car a MERRY XMAS with a winter checkup at-

RODEBAUGH MOTORS INC.

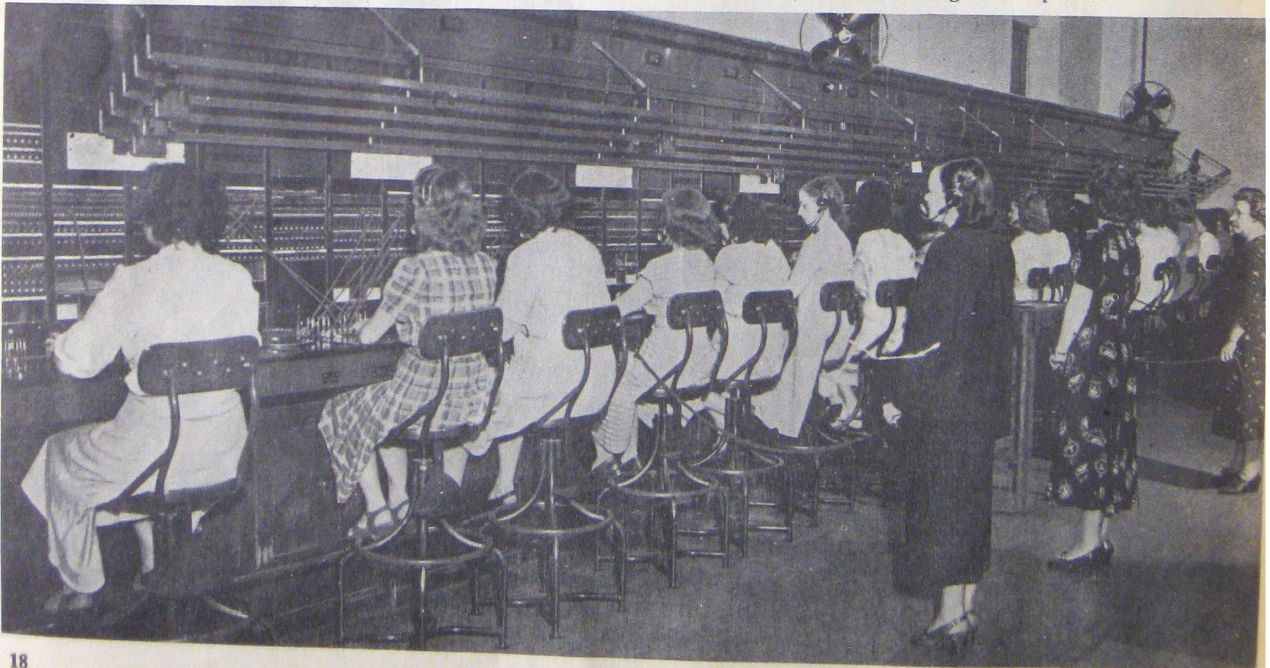
550 E. MAIN ST.

EAST BRADFORD



The smoothly operating telephone organization which serves Bradford Sub-district is an excellent example of close co-operation and co-ordination of effort. At a regular weekly conference are, from left: Earl A. Mead, Plant Wire Chief; Charles H. Springer, Manager; George K. Harsh, Senior Field Engineer; and Sigrid A. Pearson, Business Office Supervisor.

This busy Bradford toll switchboard handles a daily average of 21,000 calls to distant points. Here, standing, from left, are: Esther Howe, Supervisor; Gladys Williamson, Bradford Chief Operator; and Cecil Robertson, Bradford Evening Chief Operator.





"That settles it! I'm ordering an extension phone."

Here is proof of the excellent telephone service provided by Bradford Traffic people and the happiness they derive from their work. These smiling telephone Operators display a Service Results Form which shows a service index for the Bradford Office of 99 for each of the last seven months. From left are Beulah Harris, Norma Kern, Margaret Taylor, Dorothy Roast and Ruth Bell.



THE FABRIC SHOP 111 MAIN ST. BRADFORD PA.

IT CAN'T BE DONE

Oh, but it can!!! Anne, of the FABRIC SHOP has developed a pin-up-skirt, that is sweeping the town by storm. Just the answer to all your sewing problems. Think of it! Skirts pinned together with instructions as easy to follow, as a child's cut out. There are many fascinating designs and fabrics for you Christmas Gifts . . .



The FABRIC SHOP
111 MAIN STREET



Pictured here are members of Bradford Plant's softball team. From left, seated, are: Ray Lewis, Elmer Larson, Howard Hanchett, Bob Ryan, Ed Spittler, Charlie Boss and Ken Brown. Standing: Ed Healy, Adam Fennel, Harold Mealy, **Bill Kearney**, Dick Underwood, Ted Kozlosky and Clint Carter.

Bradford's citizens, its industries, oil producers, refiners and marketers are provided dependable telephone service by people who are as much a part of the city as the air they breathe. Here, at a conference in Bradford Dial Office, are, from left: Agnes Knowlton, Supervisor; Gladys Williamson, Chief Operator; Cecil Robertson, Evening Chief Operator; and Roberta Melzer, Senior Operator.



Middle Aisle

Miss Margaret J. Louk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Louk, of 6 McClellan Place, became the bride of Harold Noys, son of Mrs. Charles Benson, 42 Bushnell St., in a ceremony performed Friday, Oct. 7, in the first Baptist Church by the Rev. Berthold Jacksteit, pastor.

In a ceremony performed in the Der- rick City Methodist Church, Oct. 22, Helen Willard Hatteling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Barber, Tuna, became the bride of George Walker, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Paul Walker, Limestone, N. Y. The Rev. David Klingler performed the ceremony.

Miss Gladys Florence Stanhope, daughter of Selectman and Mrs. Loran Stanhope, West Brookfield, Mass., became the bride of Stanley Francis Graham, son of Stanley W. Graham, and the late Mrs. Graham, Bolivar Run, in a double ring ceremony performed Sept. 10, in the First Congregational Church, West Brookfield, by the Rev. Robert Campbell, pastor of the Old South Church, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Jean Marie Shovestull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Shovestull, 68 N. Kendall Ave., and Robert A. Salter, son of Robert C. Salter, Point Pleasant, N. J., were united in marriage in a ceremony performed Sept. 17, in the East End Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Paul G. Miller.

Miss Shirley Ann Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harman E. Allen, West Bridgewater, Pa., became the bride of Louis Pecora, Bradford, in a ceremony performed Sept. 3, in the rectory of Sts. Peter and Paul Catholic Church, Beaver, Pa., by the Rev. Robert M. Murphy.

Miss Norma June Hudson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hudson, R. D. 1, Bradford, became the bride of Earl William Burkhouse, son of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Burkhouse, R. D. 3, Bradford, in a double ring ceremony performed in the Degolia Evangelical United Brethren

Church by the Rev. Keith Perry, Oct. 14.

Miss Anna Jane Souders, daughter of Mrs. D. S. Souders and the late Dr. D. S. Souders, 17 Chestnut St., became the bride of Howard F. Kenney, 286 East Main St., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John J. Kenney, in a ceremony performed Saturday in St. Bernard's rectory. The Rev. Frederick Reilly performed the double ring ceremony.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Rayma LaRue Frantz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Frantz, 40 Willard Ave., and Gordon F. Rayburg, Tifford, N. Y., formerly of 135 Main St., Bradford. The ceremony was performed in Allegany, N. Y., Sunday, Oct. 9.

Mrs. Hazel Sanderson, Duke Center, and John Kowolski, Coudersport, were married in a ceremony performed Tuesday, Oct. 18, in Eldred.

Miss Bettie Marie Houck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Houck, 1 Storey Place, Bradford, was united in marriage to David Richard Carlson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin C. Carlson, R. D. 3, Smethport, in a double ring ceremony performed in St. Bernard's rectory Saturday by the Rev. Martin Grady.

Miss Mary Jeanne Hannon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew T. Hannon, 148 Davis St., became the bride of Andrew Anthony Sapko, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sapko, Custer City, in a ceremony performed in St. Bernard's Church Saturday by the Rev. Martin Grady.

The wedding of Miss Virginia Hubbard, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Hubbard, Fiske Ave., and John H. DeWolfe, Main St., took place in Malone, N. Y., Sept. 16. The couple will reside at 15 Fiske Ave.

Miss Agnes Pistner, daughter of Mrs.

Michael Druggan, Chautauqua Pl., Bradford, and Henry Pistner, Johnsonburg, was married to Harry Mowrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mowrey, Johnsonburg, Oct. 15. The double ring ceremony was performed in the Holy Rosary rectory, Johnsonburg, by the Rev. John A. Kirk.

Miss Edith Tamox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gilbert, Killbuck, N. Y., became the bride of Paul Robertson, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Robertson, 162 High St., Bradford, in a ceremony performed Oct. 15, in the First Baptist Church by the Rev. Berthold Jacksteit.

Miss Marilyn Ann Britz, daughter of Mrs. Josephine Britz, 1759 Las Lunas, Pasadena, Calif., was married to Robert George White, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Smith, 23 W. Washington St., Bradford, in a ceremony performed in the Chapel of Roses, Pasadena, Calif., by the Rev. Roderick Morrison, Sunday, Oct. 16.

Former Bradford City Treasurer E. M. Travis and Mrs. Travis have announced the marriage of their daughter, Edna Mae Travis, to William Dan Dent, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dent, Corydon, Pa. The ceremony was performed Oct. 7, at the Grace United Presbyterian Church, Montebello, Calif.

Miss Naomi Ruth Dahlgren, daughter of Mrs. Iva Dahlgren, 302 East Main St., became the bride of Earl Richard Austin, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Richard Austin, 103 West Corydon St., in a ceremony performed at the bride's home Saturday, Oct. 15, by the Rev. Paul Miller, pastor of the East End Presbyterian Church.

In a ceremony performed in the First Covenant Church, Denver, Colo., Saturday, Sept. 24, Miss Marion Olson, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Olson, Denver, Colo., formerly of Bradford, was married to Lenart Carlson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Carlson, Greeley, Colo. The double ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jaul Palmquist, pastor of the church.

MEXICAN POTTERY

Far from his mountain home, at steady pace,
 The solitary Aztec once more fares,
 Pursues the path to which his kind are heirs,
 The day-long journey to the market place.
 Across his brow stretch leather bands that brace
 The baskets on his back which hold his wares,
 The crude and colored pottery he bears
 Of molded clay, the trade mark of his race.

"And to what purpose," Youth, impatient, asks,
 "If centuries of effort and of will Produce no more than what one man can learn?"
 Yet none may know, in such recurring tasks,
 Whose inept fingers might acquire the skill
 To carve a gem or shape a Grecian urn.

—CECIL ROCKWELL

PLEASANT MOMENTS WITH PLEASANT THOUGHTS

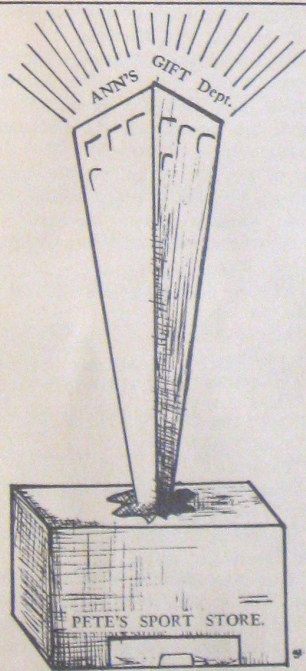
await Dad, as he slips into an AFTER DINNER NAP CHAIR . . . tailored by TAYLOR. What could be more tempting than this perfect ending to a delicious meal . . . Supreme comfort and complete relaxation . . .

It's perma-rest construction has twice the number of springs . . . luxurious Airfoam cushioning and attractive durable fabric, bring you a true value from TAYLOR'S with OTTOMAN to match! Exclusive in Bradford at . . .



TAYLOR'S

24 E. Washington St.



A New Idea . . .

SOARING TO NEWER HEIGHTS . . .

at Christmas Time . . .

For the first time, all your Xmas gift shopping problems, can be solved under one roof, with the addition of ANN'S GIFT Dept. at PETE'S SPORT STORE. Household gifts such as . . . China, Revere-ware, Etc., Toys galore. Every conceivable type of Sports Equipment and a specially attractive line of gifts suitable for the hunting season! Open for YOUR convenience from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. every day.

Pete's

429 E. Main St.

Bradford, Pa.

Piccioli's Restaurant

"Cuisine of rare excellence"

Steaks, Chops,
 Chicken, Spaghetti

301 N. Barry Olean, N. Y.

LETTERS to the Editor

Dear Mr. Harris:

We thought perhaps you would like to know the results of the full page advertisement we ran in the September issue of CITY LIMITS.

When you came to see us, and explained the power of good copy in advertising, frankly, we were skeptical. It was our contention, that since being a small, new business, the proper attitude toward advertising should be, to say the least, moderation. However, we listened carefully as you explained that magazine advertising is perhaps advertisements' most potent medium, and decided to take a chance. My associates and myself talked it over, and came to the conclusion that we would solve the question in our minds once and for all. So we told you to give us the biggest ad possible and run it once, in your next issue.

We are pleased to report, that although CITY LIMITS has been out only a bit over three weeks, THE ART CENTER has taken a sudden and definite turn toward being a prosperous enterprise. Our sales of little gifts and jewelry has picked up tremendously, and calls for our specially prepared advertising signs are coming in with constant rapidity.

We are but a small shop, but we strive to serve our customers in the best manner possible . . . our line of merchandise is novel . . . It was our aim to "Get that idea across" to our patrons. You have helped make this gesture possible. Please stop in to see me before the deadline on your next issue . . . We want to reserve another full page of advertising space. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) Marie Pantuso
Owner
Joan Kahle
Joan Jackson



Here lies the body of Lewton Rasputian,
Who died, while munching on a fig new-
ton.

His heart gave out, and his stomach gave
in,
It wasn't the figs, but ten quarts of Gin.

Here lies the body of J. Milton Leehole,
Who died while peering into a keyhole,
H died of fright, and don't wonder why,
What J. Milton saw, was some other eye.

Here lies the body of Throckmorton
Linndo,
Who died throwing a cigar through a ten
story window.
The reason for death? I think you know,
It's just that Throckmorton, forgot to let
go.

THE POT WATCHERS

con't from pg. 9

"These are just the brands we are looking for, Mrs. Ravelli" said El, picking up a box-top at random. "Now, madam, we will give you \$100.00 if you will give us your opinion."

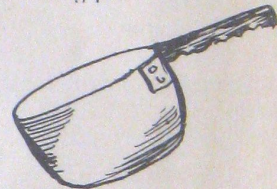
"You want a my opin?" asked Mrs. Ravelli, quite delighted at the prospect of giving her opinion about people "who."

Mrs. Ravelli cleared her throat, threw back her shoulders, tilted her head upward, and began a long oration on the evil of Juvenile crime, Italian immigration, whether anti-pasto should be used in making spaghetti sauce and an amazing host of other observations. As the conclusion approached, El's bored expression changed into a big smile.

"Wonderful! Simply wonderful! What do you think Mr. Morgan?" El turned to-

ward Lou, who all this time had been standing by quietly and patiently. "Oh, I'm sorry," continued El, this is my Boss, Mr. Morgan. He is helping me make the decisions regarding who our lucky winners will be".

Mrs. Ravelli's eyes turned toward Lou. Her mouth was open, obviously too tired to close. Her eyes were pleading with Lou. He had a look of sombre meditation. He gazed at Mrs. Ravelli and rubbed his chin, to indicate deep thought and slowly nodded his head. Mrs. Ravelli's eyes flamed with joy. A big smile burst upon her face. "Congratulations Mrs. Ravelli", said El, "Let me shake your hand. You have just won our grand prize." Warmly El took her hand. Mrs. Ravelli's flushed cheeks and expression indicated an "Ah, it was nothing" attitude. Lou stood at attention and saluted. If a band had been present, it would have struck up "Hymn To The Republic". As it was this simple ceremony had to suffice, El then proceed to open his sample kit, and produce a shiny new waterless cooking pot.



"What-a-you know, I'm-a win dis-a pot, too?" queried Mrs. Ravelli.

"Well not exactly, you see, what actually happen is this. We allow you to use your \$100.00 prize as part payment toward this wonderful, sensational waterless cooking utensil, which cost only \$110.00. In actual cost to you \$10, since you are our lucky winner. The ten we will now take in cash.

He shouldn't have been so blunt, thought Lou, detecting an awakening look in Mrs. Ravelli's face.

"What'sa dat, what-sa dat you say? You tell-a me dat . . ."

"Madam," broke in Lou, "Do you have any children?"

"Why-a-sure!"

"How many?"

"Just a few!"

"How many?"

"Eighteen."

"Your husband have any other hobbies?", interrupted El.

"Consuella", continued Lou, "I may call you Consuella, mayn't I?"

"If you would-a like-a to", blushed Mrs. Mrs. Ravelli, warmer by some ten degrees.

"Consuella, did you know that the purpose of waterless cooking is to retain all the water within the vegetables, thus locking in all the nutritious deliciousness of the vitamins. Because when cooking with ordinary pots, you lose all those precious vitamins. Yet, it's really true. All those wonderful little vitamins that little child-

ren need and must have for normal healthy growth are thrown out. Poor little kiddies, little do they know that their very life and future happy existence is being poured down the drain; their little lives washed away; hungry mouths open, anxiously expecting those wonderful necessary vitamins to enter. But do they? NO!! Their vitamins are going down the drain. Their little swollen stomachs cry out for vitamins, their tiny hands reach out for vitamins, their little throats are parched for lack of vitamins. The little eyes too weak and too tired to weep. Their nostrils dilate in search of air, but—nothing. No vitamins, no health, just sickness, misery, and pain. Little helpless children sitting down to vitaminless meals, little do they know of the black misery that awaits them."

By this time, Consuella was crying bitterly. Even, El who had seen this act many times before, had a tear in his eye. Never before had Lou been so eloquent,

nor had he looked quite so sincere in his role.

"Consuella," Lou said, with an accusing finger pointed directly at her, "You must not allow this dreadful end to come to your little children. This horrible thing must not be on your conscience any longer. You mustn't have your neighbors point and accusing finger at you as you leave the cemetery. Consuella! You owe it to your children. Sign this paper."

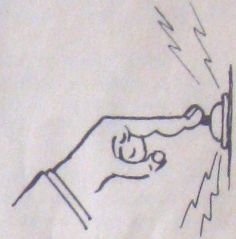
Mrs. Ravelli took the order blank from Lou's hand, the tears streaming down her cheeks. She signed quickly and knelt before him. She clasped her hands, and rocked back and forth on her knees as she wailed. "Please-a, please-a is there a steel-a hope for-a my little babies? Tell-a-me my little bambinos still-a gotta chance."

Lou placed a reassuring hand on Mrs. Ravelli's head.

"Madam, You have saved your 18 children in the nick of time! That will be \$10.00, please."

Mrs. Ravelli rose and handed the gentlemen \$10.00 and as they turned to go, she called after them, "Tank-a you—and-a God-a bless!"

Once on the steps leading from Mrs. Ravelli's home, El took out his handkerchief and blew! The tears were now quite evident. Lou looked at El and smiled, and there they were, ringing their second door bell.



by ERIC MITCHEL

THE MARGUERITE SHOPPE

FOR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Congratulates The Parents Of These New '49ers
And Wishes Them A Golden Future



22 CONGRESS ST.



BRADFORD, PA., 8462

NORTHROP, Mr. and Mrs. Nels, R. D. 2, a daughter.
BOND, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest, 49 Forman St., a son.
GRIFFITH, Mr. and Mrs. William, Kane, Pa., a son.
BERLIN, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil, Rew, a son.
COSPER, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, Smethport, a son.
KOHLE, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 41 Lawrence St., a daughter.
BIZZARO, Mr. and Mrs. Mike, 55 Rochester St., a son.
TRACY, Mr. and Mrs. Claude, Rew, a son.
KEARNEY, Mr. and Mrs. William, 188 Congress St., a son.
VENANZI, Mr. and Mrs. Emilio, 43 Summer St., a daughter.
GIFFORD, Mr. and Mrs. John 12 Mill St., a son.
WRIGHT, Mr. and Mrs. John, 190 Jackson Ave., a son.
McDOWELL, Mr. and Mrs. James, 14 Park St., a daughter.
SMALLBACK, Mr. and Mrs. William, Quaker Bridge, N. Y., a daughter.
McCARTNEY, Mr. and Mrs. John, R. D. 2, a son.
IRONS, Mr. and Mrs. Lynton, Gifford, a son.
DOUGHERTY, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, Hazelhurst, a son.
ANDREWS, Mr. and Mrs. Jack, R. D. 2, a daughter.
SLOCUM, Mr. and Mrs. Donald, R. D. 1, a daughter.
WALTER, Mr. and Mrs. Donald, 154 Summer St., a son.
JONES, Mr. and Mrs. Laverne, 108 Corydon St., a son.
TINGLEY, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, 7 Longfellow Ave., a son.
RAE, Mr. and Mrs. Donald, Eldred, a daughter.

WESTERLUND, Mr. and Mrs. John, R. D. 2, a son.
GEARHEART, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, Smethport, a daughter.
GOIRDANO, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick, 103 Chestnut St., a son.
GOULD, Mr. and Mrs. Norman, 26 Summer St., a daughter.
FRONTINO, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, R. D. 2, a son.
PISCITELLI, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, 112 Boylston St., a son.
COLLEY, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick, 10 Longfellow Ave., a son.
MGRAN, Mr. and Mrs. Leo, 79 Chestnut St., a daughter.
STEWART, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence, 33 Summer St., a daughter.
VECELLIO, Mr. and Mrs. Leno, 27 Leland Ave., a daughter.
MERRITT, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 9 Mechanic St., a daughter.
STOLT, Mr. and Mrs. Theron, R. D. 3, a daughter.
CARR, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, Jr., R. D. 1, a son.
MOORE, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, Custer City, a daughter.
MONTOURI, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony, R. D. 2 a son.
SMITH, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 61 Forman St., a daughter.
RUTHERFORD, Mr. and Mrs. John, 26 Oxford St., a son.
CUNEEN, Mr. and Mrs. Michael, 29 Chamberlain Ave., a daughter.
EURRITT, Mr. and Mrs. Roger, 23 Seaward Ave., a son.
JUDKIN, Mr. and Mrs. Harry, Rew, a daughter.
NIVER, Mr. and Mrs. Keith, Gifford, a daughter.

VAUGHN, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, 8 Collins St., a son.
FOWLER, Mr. and Mrs. William, Lewis Run, a daughter.
GLICVER, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, R. D. 3, a daughter.
STIDD, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 32 E. Main St., a daughter.
FENNETT, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald, 88 Forman St., a daughter.
EDISON, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, Smethport, a son.
SHANNON, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 34 Onofrio St., a son.
EDMONDS, Mr. and Mrs. Edward V., 6 Marion Ave., a son.
KEANE, Mr. and Mrs. William, 79½ E. Main St., a daughter.
LENHART, Mr. and Mrs. Regis, 87 High St., a son.
VIGILOTT, Mr. and Mrs. Otaris, 90 Davis St., a daughter.
McGUIRE, Mr. and Mrs. James, 64 Davis St., a daughter.
GATES, Mr. and Mrs. James, 10 Sherman St., a son.
PERRY, Sgt. and Mrs. Jay, Interstate Pkwy., a son.
SLOCUM, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, 5 Marian Ave., a son.
CRANDALL, Mr. and Mrs. Harry, 15 Onofrio St., a son.
SAPKO, Mr. and Mrs. Michael, 28 Edwards St., a son.
ESCHRICH, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, 3 Marion Ave., a son.
KEIM, Mr. and Mrs. William, 51 Bishop St., a daughter.
BURNS, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jr., Degolia, a daughter.
HOLSINGER, Mr. and Mrs. Glen, 66 Hobson Pl., a daughter.

REMEMBERING

I knew her when she had no class,
When she was just a small-town lass,
Without the jewelry and the furs,
You see, I'm an old friend of hers.

I knew her when with bony knees,
She used to climb our apple trees,
And with her teeth adorned with braces!
She liked to tease us, making faces.

That movie queen you all adore,
Could to make me awfully sore,
She'd always want to tag-along,
And sing some little baby-song.

I wonder if she still recalls,
Our "Clubhouse" down by the falls,
It had two windows and a door,
A chair and table; nothing more.

Yes, I remember Sally Lou,
Though now her name is something new.
In lights I see it, near and far,
Our old playmate has become a star.

Millie Avis

the Parking Problem Con't. from pg. 3

their businesses down town may do well to bear in mind what Allentown has done to keep the shopping center down town, rather than have it slowly but surely moved by degrees to sections a mile or two away.

Three years ago 48 merchants in that city put up \$250,000 to create ten parking lots in a four-block-square area of the central shopping district. None of the parking lots were farther than 300 steps from the counters of stores of the participating merchants. Motorists using the lots paid a 25-cent fee for four hours of parking, but this was refunded with a minimum purchase.

This free-parking-for-shoppers service was utilized by more than 200,000 automobile drivers in each of the three years. It is judged a great success, so much so that Allentown now plans to triple the capacity of the lots.

Those concerned with the parking problem in Bradford's business section—and

who isn't?—might find it helpful to look closer into the Allentown plan. Even with the installation of meters on most downtown streets here, the parking problem remains acute during rush hours. Stores in the central shopping area are suffering from it increasingly.

Some cities—Pittsburgh, for instance—have created authorities to build needed parking facilities. This solution may not be practical in smaller places. Allentown's was reached without adding to taxpayers' burdens, an important point. Merchants footed the bill, not as philanthropists but as hard-headed business men. They wanted to keep trade from being driven away by the lack of parking facilities. And the plan has paid off and will be enlarged.

Any way one looks at it, there is a lot to be done to come any where near suiting everyone, and solving any angle of the problem. The local Traffic Committee is making commendable progress, and has come up with some fine ideas. Everything they have done is a help.

The effort to keep traffic and parking separated for this discussion has been a difficult one, as there are points where they come mighty close together. We have tried to confine the main theme to parking. If we have appeared to ramble a little it was unavoidable in developing our point.

And so back to where we started. The parking problem in Bradford is a long, hard difficult one no matter how one looks at it. The time is coming when some decisions must be made—maybe in accordance with some ideas herein advanced. And maybe not. But the matter challenges the experts, and when they get through arguing it out, and put some of their plans into operation, there will be increasing problems to worry about.

Thank heaven we have not reached the point where the general public is trying to solve the traffic problems of the lanes. When that time comes we hope we have no further responsibilities on earth.

DEATHS

DAVIE, Clyde L., 72, Annin Creek.
TODD, Mrs. Thomas E., 65, Eldred.
SLOAN, John H., 57, 240 Congress St.
BOYLE, Miss Emma M., Erie, Pa., formerly of Bradford.
MILHISLER, Mr. Harriet, Rew.
TOTTEN, Henry Hyrl, 73, Franklin, Pa.
STRAIT, Delbert F., 95, Turtle Point.
BGOOTH, Mrs. Lena, 70, 62 Burnside Ave.
McKENDRICK, Mrs. Ora Platte, Elmira, N. Y., formerly of Bradford.
LYON, Samuel V., 80, Buffalo, N. Y., formerly of Bradford.
HOUCK, Robert William, 21, West Branch.
KGETHNER, Mrs. Elizabeth D., 80, West Branch.
O'MARA, Mrs. Elizabeth, 67, Limestone, N. Y.
EURNS, Fred, 65, Mt. Jewett.
McLATCHIE, Arthur W., 49, Sayre, Pa.
TINGLEY, Marsha Jean, 2-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Tingley, 42 Edwards Pl.
WHITNEY, Mrs. Grace Elizabeth, 66, Bells Camp.
HEIDBERG, Mrs. Thekla E., 85, Port Allegany.
GRIFFIN, Eley A., 86, Tuna.
FORD, Willie A., 69, Derrick City.
FLOWER, Mrs. Katherine M., 80, High St.
SCRIPER, Betty Lee, 11, West Branch.
REPINE, Jacob, 75, R. D. 1, Limestone.
THOMPSON, Mrs. Amy, 61, 45 South Kendall Ave.
ANDERSON, Harry P., 59, 120 High St.
QUIST, Halvard, J., 78, Mt. Jewett.
BEAN, Glenn A., 44, West Branch.
NELSON, Alfred John, 78, 25 Bellevue Ave.
KENNEDY, Mrs. Thomas H., 84, 64 Jackson Ave.
CONKLIN, Mrs. Jennie F., 70, Two Mile, Pa.
LORD, Harry, 57, 50 Jerome Ave.
LINDSEY, Mrs. Ella Mae, 73, Port Allegany.
PLUNKETT, Evaristus E., 35, Turtle Point, Pa.
MCGFETT, Joseph E., 78, 276 Congress St.
CARLSON, Hulda A., 73, Port Allegany.

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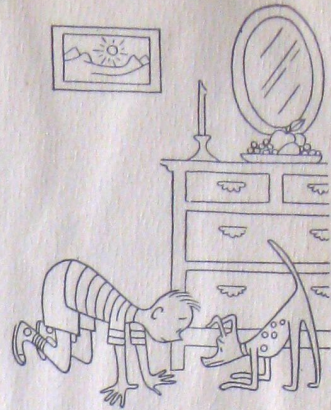
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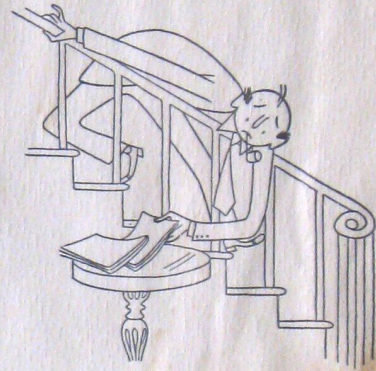
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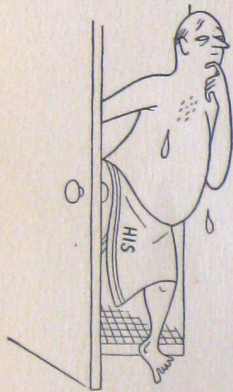
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