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**IT'S** generally agreed around this house that I'm a pretty sharp kid. So Mom ought to listen to me when I have some suggestions about her shopping and the family budget . . . especially since I've just checked my ideas on the adding machine, and it turns out I'm right . . . and she's wrong.

You see, Mom has the idea that she can save money by chasing way off to the "big city" stores to do a lot of her buying. I'm all in favor of savings in this family; (after all, I'll have college expenses before long). But I got to thinking about the times Mom comes back, all tired out, and didn't find exactly what she wanted. Then there's the car expense, and parking. And sometimes a baby-sitter for me, or else I'm bundled up and dragged along into crowded stores,

where strange clerks don't even have time to make a fuss over me.

One way or another, Mom's been wasting a lot of valuable time—that she and I should have been spending together at home. *AND SHE HASN'T BEEN SAVING ANY MONEY.* I know . . . because I've been adding it all up . . . and it all adds up to nothing. I'll show her the actual figures as soon as she comes home . . . and I'll remind her that she can get exactly what she wants . . . and at prices just as low as anyplace else . . . right here from the merchants of our own community.

She'll save a lot of time and aggravation . . . she'll get better service . . . and she'll be dealing with our friends and neighbors . . . the folks who pay for the parks and schools I'll be needing.

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