

Wow! What a Buck Will Buy --- On Child's First Shopping Spree

By FRAN MAIER
Woman's Editor

Janie sat very still on the front seat as Daddy drove the car down the dark, winding street (where home was) and headed for the shopping section.

Janie not only sat very still but she sat silently, staring straight ahead even though she couldn't see anything but the glove compartment drawer. It wasn't very interesting, but after all, Janie was five last June and my goodness, wasn't she going to school and

everything? Not only that, but she was starting out with Daddy to do her Christmas shopping.

SHE permitted her fingers to move a little to make sure the lit-

tle red purse with the little white dog on it was tightly closed and her dollar thus perfectly safe. Traffic noises increased a little and way ahead Janie could see some traffic lights. She knew that after Daddy had driven under three of them, he'd flip the lever and start the little lights winking so he could make a left turn. Then just a little ways more and a right turn into the brightly lighted parking lot, a short walk to the stores and there she'd be, doing her very own Christmas shopping.

"A GOOD thing Daddy is tall," she thought. "The clerks wouldn't even know she was there unless she waved over the counter or called out, and my goodness, no young lady would do that!"

Daddy drove under the three green lights, made the left turn and the right turn and the parking lot gleamed around them. Janie blinked a little and primly waited for Daddy to come to her side and open the door the way he did for Mother. She thought he was very happy by the big grin on his face, and knew he was the way he chuckled when she solemnly handed him two nickels for the meter. He locked the doors and away they went.

"DADDY" Janie said, stopping short, "maybe you'd better carry my money for me. I heard Grandma say sometimes when the stores are crowded there are 'pocket-snitchers,' and I wouldn't want one to take my money."

Daddy tucked the dollar in his wallet and told her he'd be especially careful tonight. He certainly didn't want any "pocket-snitcher" spoiling her first shopping trip.

AT THE drugstore where they stopped to buy perfume for Janie's teacher, she told the clerk she had earned the money herself . . . scaring insects away from Grandpa during the summer when he took his nap out in the backyard hammock.

Daddy made himself busy looking at some cigarette lighters and the clerk ducked behind the counter because, as Janie knew, it was very bad manners to cough in a customer's face . . . especially a cash customer who just paid \$2.95 (plus tax) for a bottle of perfume.

Daddy tucked the small package deep into his pocket, thanked the smiling clerk and with Janie's hand tight in his, started down the street to the toy shop.

JANIE'S dignity deserted her and she squealed with delight at the beautiful dolls, cuddly dogs, and many other items that caught her fancy. For a long time she debated buying a Christmas present for herself but finally decided that was not the thing to do, and settled on a \$2.98 go-horse for little Marx and a space ship and spaceman suit (\$3.98) for Howie.

Daddy looked askance at the bulky packages but shouldered them bravely when Janie offered to carry the perfume so he wouldn't have so much of a load.

THE NEXT stop was at the big department store to buy for Grandma and the two Grandmas. Inwardly, Daddy gave thanks that there were no aunts and uncles, and therefore, no cousins on the list. Finish it off here and two proud Grandfathers were all that remained on the list.

After much lip chewing and confidential chatter with the clerk about size, Janie bought a "lovely" purse for Mother, with a new wallet and key chain tucked into it for good measure.

With another winning smile she again asked Daddy to pay for it, explaining to the clerk about the "pocket-snitchers" and Daddy "taking care" of her dollar. Daddy solemnly paid (\$7.95) and handed Janie the package.

THE GRANDMOTHERS each were to get bed jackets (\$4.95) and slippers, "the kind that fit anybody, even you," with a quick look at the clerk's feet. The bed jackets had to be unwrapped to find suitable colors in the slippers. After some serious thought Janie made her choice, turning her charming smile to Daddy once more. This time it was \$3.95 a pair.

Loaded down with the accumulation of gifts, they headed for another drug store, where both

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Christmas Crooning Early

Joan Thoriakson, 750 Kennebec, can't make up her mind when it comes to Ricky Nelson, Pat Boone and Frank Sinatra. The 14-year-old Bloomfield Hills junior high school lass, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thoriakson, has been doing her Christmas swooning at Marty's Records, Cranbrook and Maple.



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Here Comes the Bride

A Bonnie Miss bride doll at S. S. Kresge's, 223 W. Maple, attracted the rapt attention of five-year-old Robin Blasier, of 18430 Kesh, Southfield, on a shopping tour. The bride doll, complete with satin wedding gown and pearl headpiece, sells for \$3.88.



Just Bear-ly Her Size

It's obvious that Kimberlee Squires wants the huge teddy bear she latched on to at Wilson's Drug store. But the big decision is whether it should be for her third birthday, Dec. 22 or for Christmas. Kimberlee, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Squires, 564 Wellesley, was just browsing with her mom when she located the bear.