

The day the Free Press didn't come.



It started about 6:30, the time Mr. Randolph usually got the paper.

It wasn't there. He told his wife Martha. "It'll be here shortly," she said calmly. "The boy is never late."

But it didn't come. 7:30. Her husband went to work. No Free Press.

7:45. The children went to school. Mrs. Martha J. Randolph, wife, mother, substitute bowler, was left alone without the Free Press.

"What'll I do?" she said as she spilled her coffee. "Alone without the Free Press, it's never happened before."

Her hands began to tremble.

There were no women's pages to relax her. No entertainment section to fill her in on the night life. No fashion hints. No want ads. No recipes. No Action Line. No shopping information.

Just then she heard the paper boy at the door.

"Where have you been?" she said, snatching the paper from his hand. "I'm sorry Mrs. Randolph," the boy said meekly. "I hope you're not mad."

Suddenly things seemed right again.

"Mad?" she said, fingering the funnies. "No, it didn't bother me a bit." She closed the door and sighed.

"Good heavens," she gasped. "What do women do without the Free Press in the morning? I don't think I could have lasted until that other paper comes out."

Moral of the story: If your morning is rather empty, fill it with the Free Press. It gives you so much more than just the news.

Detroit Free Press

Awake to the morning Free Press. For Home Delivery call 222-6500 or the Free Press office in your area.

