

I AM

A man who has not enjoyed the pleasures of a home. I have lived from pillar to post. I have never grubbed in my own garden. I have never cultivated and picked my own flowers. I am a renter; I am tired of it. I am going to seek a different existence because

I CAN

own my own home if I only make up mind to do it. I have come to this point. I am sick and tired of rent receipts and notices that tell me I must get out on a certain day. Now I see that

I MUST

get a place---a piece of ground that I can call my own. The only solution of that is my own home. My family gets restless and I do not blame them. I should be ashamed, and frankly I am. I have lived a renter's life for ten years. So, this week, you can bet your life,

I WILL

get hold of an architect. My wife, a contractor and I will start something. That something is a home. It will not be pretentious, but it will be a home---something I have never had.

I advise you to do the same thing.

This is what one man determined this week.

Pretty good advice, don't you think,

To Own Your Own Home
