

Well-Informed Public Wanted

Here we are, engaged in a Great National Debate on Viet Nam. "Attack!" cries the Right Wing. "Withdraw!" cries the Left Wing. And the General Public is afire with a hundred technical questions. Like:

"Where the hell is Viet Nam anyway?"

This lack of sound information is not the fault of the Great American Press. Daily, for years, the press has been carrying stories on the situation out there. Such as: "General Nguyen Chah Thi called for U. S. aid to repel a Viet Cong attack on Ba Gia near the Quang Ngai airstrip 330 miles northeast of Saigon. Meanwhile, U. S. planes again hit Da Nang while destroyers shelled Rung Sat."

Yet for some reason the General Public remains confused. And how can we have a decent Great National Debate when hardly anybody knows what hardly anybody is talking about?

Fortunately, we faced this same problem once in the neighboring republic of West Vhtnng. And we licked it.

It was in the 17th year of our lightning campaign to wipe out the dread Viet Narian gorillas. A national readership survey showed that only .0023 per cent of the General Public was still reading the daily stories on the war in West Vhtnng before turning to the Crossword Puzzles. Which 98.3 per cent found more soothing.

The White House, after an exhaustive survey of the reasons for this lack of readership interest, evolved the famous "Vhtnng Plan." Our Ambassador was dispatched to break the news to the Vhtnng Premier of the Week, General Hoo Dat Don Dar.

"Commander O'Riley . . ." began our Ambassador.

"Excuse me," said the Premier politely, "I know it's hard to remember our names. But I'm General Hoo Dat Don Dar."

"You were," said our Ambassador firmly. "But frankly, old man, our surveys showed you had a very low reader identification rating. So we're changing your name to Commander Fireball O'Riley, leader of the gallant Freedom Fighting Forces. I'm sure you'll love their new red, white, and blue uniforms."

"Ah, so," said Commander O'Riley philosophically. "If it will help defeat the dread Viet Narians . . ."

"Not Viet Narians," said the Ambassador. "Hell's Angels. We're secretly equipping them with black leather jackets and motorcycles. But they and their evil leader, Fidel En-lai Hitler, will pay for their anti-social vandalism. We're doubling our air raids on Sodom, the capital of East Gomorrah."

"Fidel? Gomorrah? Ah, I see. Well, no sacrifice is too great to save our beloved West Vhtnng."

"Correction, Commander. Your beloved West Libertyville, a bastion of democracy only 90 miles from our shores."

"Ninety miles? I will never leave my beloved country!"

"That's the spirit, Commander. But you and all your freckle-faced, blue-eyed little peasants better pack. Our technicians and earth-moving equipment are starting work in the morning. Oh, you'll love the Caribbean this time of year."

Of course, Commander Fireball O'Riley and his Freedom Fighting Forces still had trouble saving the blue-eyed, freckle-faced peasants of West Libertyville only 90 miles off our shores from the dread anti-social Hell's Angels. And the war dragged on.

But readership interest soared. And the Great National Debate was quickly resolved. Now that the public was well-informed.



VISITORS WELCOMED . . . Children are not normally granted visiting privileges around hospitals, but Torrance Memorial Hospital has found a way around it. Here four of Administrator Leonard E. Ensminger's children and a friend show how it's done in the patio section of the pediatrics wing. From left are Keith, Mark (a patient for the picture), and Nancy Ensminger, Michelle Harrison, and Dana Ensminger.

Children May Visit Sick Pals in Hospital's Patio

Children are not usually permitted to visit patients in a hospital, but they can at Torrance Memorial by using the Salm Memorial Patio.

Leonard E. Ensminger, hospital administrator, pointed out that it can be lonely for anyone in a hospital, but especially for children who are used to busy

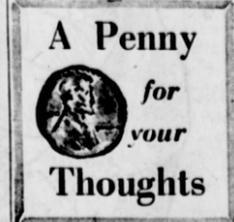
activities. The patio is adjacent to the hospital's pediatrics wing making it easily accessible. Children, who are not well enough to go outside may visit through windows.

Other patients also use the patio as a pleasant place to convalesce.

Walkways in the patio are wide enough for beds. Um-

brellas are available to attach to the back of wheelchairs. The landscaped patio has benches for extra seating and a colorful fountain.

Salm Memorial Patio was donated to the hospital by the late Mrs. John Salm in memory of her husband, pioneer Torrance industrialist and civic leader.



By HAL FISHER

Mariner 4 is still spinning around Mars and according to the space experts sending back some very acceptable pictures. We may not have any family portraits of Martian inhabitants but the success of the mission has aroused speculation on an old dream:

"Do you think there is any life on Mars?"

Georgia Linde, 713 Calle Miramar:

"In my opinion, it's not likely. If there is any it wouldn't be as we know it, due to the lack of oxygen and the extremes in temperature."

Diane Scharfman, 21101 Madrona Ave.:

"I think there's a strong possibility. Twenty years ago things like rocket ships seemed far-fetched. If there is intelligent life I don't think they'd be little green men. It is more likely they would be similar to us."

Evelyn Levine, 2126 W. 180th Pl.:

"I imagine there might be life of some kind, but not of an intelligent human type. I suspect it would be animal or plant life."

Orma Maiten, 5025 Ruby St.:

"If the scientist don't know how can we? Mars might have a low form of life similar to our insects and some vegetation but I don't believe it would have a human form of life."

Evelyn Schwab, 1508 Acacia Ave.:

"I'm no scientist, but from what I read, I doubt it."

Dear Ann Landers: My husband didn't have a dime to his name when I married him. I helped him get started and taught him most of what he knows. Now we are well set financially.

The problem is he has a dual personality — one for show and one for me. He is so sweet when others are present it is sickening. When there's no audience to play to he makes insulting remarks or shuts up like a clam.

I am attractive, intelligent, educated, talented, and a fine mother. Don't tell me to talk to him because he is always right and I am always wrong. Any suggestions?—FED UP

Dear Fed: I am not going to suggest that you talk to him because your letter spells out how you talk to him, which is part of your problem.

You both should talk to someone else, preferably a clergyman or a counselor recommended by your physician.

Your Second Front Page

Press-Herald

JULY 21, 1965

C-1

Ann Landers Says

Don't Expect Sis To Help This Time



Dear Ann Landers: I have two children and I expect my third in a few weeks. The problem is my sister Vera.

Vera has been married 18 years but she has no children. Three years ago Vera and her husband moved out of the state. She has come home quite often to help out when any of us had new babies and when Mama was sick.

Lately she's been writing such remarks as, "Little ones wear me out. They make me nervous." Today she wrote, "God knew what he was doing when he didn't give me any children. I don't think I could take it the way I feel now." (Vera has a light case of arthritis but she is not crippled or anything like that.)

I have the feeling she doesn't want to take care of my family when I go to the hospital and she's preparing me

for the letdown. Ann, I feel it is my sister's Christian duty to help me out. Please tell her so.—TROUBLED

Dear Troubled: Christian duty my eye. Just because a woman is childless doesn't mean she's obliged to be a nurse or a maid for her sister. Imposing on relatives causes more trouble in this world than any five problems combined and I am foursquare against it.

Dear Ann: My husband started with his company as a salesman. He has advanced steadily and was named eastern regional sales manager three years ago. Last week he was promoted to general sales manager and named vice-president.

The first question our two sons (ages 15 and 13) asked was, "Does this mean you will get a raise in salary?"

My husband answered, "Yes." "Well," the boys shot back, "that means we should get a raise in our allowance." My husband said, "How do you figure?" The younger boy replied, "Kids should share. If things are tough they should be satisfied with less. If there is a lot of money around they should be cut in."

My husband said he'd have to think about it. We don't know how to handle this. Help!!—CRISIS IN SUBURBIA

Dear Crisis: It would be just dandy to increase the allowances. Ask the boys what extra chores they would like to take on to merit the increase.

Explain that Dad's raise in pay is not a gift, it's a reward for past performance and compensation for additional responsibility.

Too many poor little rich kids have enough trouble without adding the burden of king-size allowances which are handed out for just breathing. Please don't do this awful thing to your children.

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You both should talk to someone else, preferably a clergyman or a counselor recommended by your physician.

Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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IN HONG KONG . . . Larry Macaray, Press-Herald columnist now conducting an around-the-world tour for Hilton Hotels, is pictured on the docks in Hong Kong. The area is one where many people live — in many instances never setting foot on land. Kowloon, on the mainland, is in the far background. Macaray wrote his "Let's Go" column for today from Bangkok, Thailand.

... Let's Go

By LARRY MACARAY

BANGKOK—The capital of Thailand, thought of by many people as a vague place somewhere between China and India, is real and we are here—drinking in the glittering magnificence of its temples and warm friendliness of its people. Almost a fairyland—too ornate and unbelievable to compare it with any places in the world.

Yesterday, we toured the city in this land of Buddhist temples to see mainly three unusual examples of their devotion to Buddha. The Temple of White Marble was first on our list to visit. Built of white marble from Italy, it provides the setting for a huge bronze Buddha covered with gold leaf and looking very expensive in its special room of worship.

Taking off our shoes and entering the temple in our stocking feet was usual procedure, as it was in Japan during our visit. The Buddhist monastery next to the temple was also interesting, especially to see all the clean-shaven monks walking around in their brilliant orange robes. I asked our guide what significance the color orange has in the Buddhist religion and he replied that Buddha was believed to have been born during a full moon — a yellow (orange to our western eyes) moon, therefore orange is a very sacred color in their belief.

THE TEMPLE of the Reclining Buddha was interesting. We passed this huge (almost a block long) reclining figure from the rear and could hardly believe the size of it until we passed its feet and saw the front of it from an angle. Made of bronze, its weight must be astronomical. The reclining stage signifies that Buddha is departing from life on earth to enter Nirvana.

The Temple of the Emerald Buddha was really the prize attraction of all. The maze of buildings are of Ceylon-type, Cambodian and Thai architecture. Set in a startling array of Oriental design, the temple itself is breathtaking.

The legendary Emerald Buddha is really a 22-inch high statue carved out of green jade. It rests upon a golden throne and is draped with gems and golden garments by His Majesty, King Bhumibol, each season of the year. This precious Emerald Buddha went from nation to nation in Southwest Asia from nation to nation in Southeast Asia from some time before 1457 until it was brought to Bangkok in 1782.

THE FLOATING market is a "must" for any tourist to see here in Bangkok. What an exciting ride by motorboat down the Chao Phraya River and then into the "Klongs,"

or canals where much of the trading is done. Small boats from 12 to 15 feet long, laden with everything from fruits to pots and pans, slide up and down the main shopping klong.

Customers also make their purchases from other small boats and the traffic really gets hectic, especially in the very narrow areas of the canals. We stopped and went ashore to shop on a large floating market that handles everything that Thailand produces for export. Their silk factory was going full blast and what beautiful silks they produce. I bought a silk sport shirt and two silk ties—my budget is straining already.

Of all the peoples we have encountered so far on our tour, the Thailand people have been the warmest and most friendly of all. They all seem so happy and content, particularly the children. Everywhere we go—in the temples, through the shops, or along the river—everyone waves and gives us a big smile—and of course we've been doing our share in return.

South High Honor Roll Announced

Forty-four South High students who maintained straight "A" averages during the spring term were named to the Principal's Honor Roll today by Dr. John A. Lucas, principal of the school.

The roll also includes the names of 194 students who earned all "As" or "Bs" during the semester.

Seniors who earned straight "A" averages include: Carol Bonnette, Sharon Burkart, Suzanne Burr, Norman Chodes, Nancy Anderson, Jan Harrell, Rebecca Hebert, Leanna McGinnis, Nancy Menasha, Susan Ropp, Diane Sakai, and Patricia Secondo.

JUNIORS WHO achieved all "A" grades are: Andre Gregory, Paul Kaplan, Stephen Kaplan, Stephen Kuchenbecker, James McGlothlin, Kathleen McNally, Marla Mendelsohn, Sandra Osborne, James Reed, and Stephen Terre.

Sophomores on the list include: Mark Abramson, Stephen Beach, David Brown, Stephanie Cynn, Timothy Chang, Lynn Comeau, David Fuller, Gary Holzhausen, Gary Jung, Kenneth Marvin, Susan Peterson, Margo Pickering, Lynn Vandermeid, and Sandra Zerkie.

Freshmen are: Juliana Chang, Linda Karmer, Leslie Libbeau, Robert Parker, Paul Satt, Steven Trudell, Karen Veatch, and Trevor White.

COUNT MARCO

Laziness Will Make You Ugly

Every woman is or can be beautiful. There is no such thing as an ugly woman, whether you're a mere teenager or nearing the century mark. Being "ugly" is your excuse for being plain lazy.

Beauty tips sent in by my readers are always popular. Here are more of them as I promised. Trying every one of them requires a little effort on your part, but I have yet to know a woman considered truly beautiful who doesn't work at the job. These do-it-yourself projects are usually quite inexpensive, so there goes your last excuse. Now get to work.

From one reader comes this tip:

"This is what I, a woman of nearly 40, do. Morning and night I wash my face with soap and warm water, rubbing hard. Rinse with a coarse face cloth soaked in hot water, again rubbing hard to stimulate skin, and cleanse all make-up.

"After washing, rub in a small amount of old-fashioned vaseline. In the morning after washing again, I use a small amount of powder base cream, then just powder and

lipstick. For myself, no wrinkles, and I've been taken for much younger than I am. Most guesses at my age are between 25 to 27.

—Mrs. E.M.B.

Another reader suggests you take two nights a week, 30 minutes each, for an oil bath, oil hair treatment, facial (while bathing), and massage of hands and face. Finish off with favorite bath powder, cologne, prettiest nightie, and robe. While you relax and watch television, give yourself a good manicure.

When you think about it, there are 168 hours in a week. The least you can do is spend one hour of the week for yourself and better grooming.

Because some of you still use a foundation base, referred to as pancake, here's a special tip for application.

"To apply pancake make-up and have it look gratifyingly natural, whether your skin is dry or oily, wet sponge thoroughly, and apply make-up lavishly and evenly. Allow to dry completely. Use powder puff to rub excess off. Rub hard enough to rub

away all lines and war marks.

"Short even strokes back and forth should be used. Be sure to rub make-up into the hairline. The facial expression required for rubbing off excess are also great exercises for the facial muscles. Make-up should be two shades darker than natural coloring. To keep from getting make-up on collars, pat talcum powder on neck with cotton and brush away excess.

—Mrs. L.S."

On how to grow eyelashes: "Grow eyelashes with olive oil. While going to modeling school, I learned that olive oil truly penetrates to the root of the hair and makes it grow. Apply oil to the eyelashes and skin surrounding them, directly before bedtime, as it does blur the vision, (but does not burn). Over a period of a month, the lashes will have grown spectacularly. Pity most women won't take the time.

Mrs. L.O."

Do send along your personal beauty tips. The book I promised you is shaping up nicely, but I need more suggestions from you. Mark your envelope "Beauty tips."