

# Summer School in Mexico Far From Dull

**ANN  
LANDERS**



## A Tactless Remark

Dear Ann: If I am an overly-sensitive fool, please tell me. I am going to relate, word for word, what a friend of mine said to me recently and I would appreciate your opinion of what was behind her remarks—if anything.

Out of the clear, blue sky Susan (not her real name) said, "Do you know that if you put on Al's clothes (Al is my husband) you would look exactly like him? You are so masculine in appearance I can't get over it."

I was shocked but changed the subject and said nothing. (What was there to say?) Then she repeated the same remark at a bridge club three days later—in the presence of seven other women.

Nobody said a word and I wanted to go through the floor. It is true I am 5 feet 11 inches tall and large-boned, but I have always carried my height well and never felt that I looked like a man.

I like Susan very much and don't understand what she is trying to do. Do you?—TEMPER RISING

Dear Temper: I cannot recall ever having heard a more tactless remark. By no stretch of the imagination can this woman be considered a friend.

If she brings up the subject again ask her what she is trying to prove. And let ME know, will you please?

Dear Ann Landers: Our seven-year-old son had to have some teeth filled. The dentist gave him a shot of novocain first and the needle scared the boy to death.

Yesterday I was in the room with the child and he began to fuss when the dentist came toward him with another needle. I tried to calm him but the dentist pushed me aside and told me not to "interfere."

He began to jerk the boy's head from side to side and slapped his hands—all the while yelling for him to behave. Is it necessary for a dentist to scream at children and slap them? Please comment.—AMAZED MOTHER

Dear Mother: Some dentists, no matter how competent, do not have the temperament or disposition to work with children. Obviously, this dentist should limit his practice to adult patients who can slap him back. Make a change.

Dear Ann Landers: Maybe a lot of smart people write to you, but you hear from a lot of nuts, too. Witness that letter from the wife who complained because her husband complimented her in front of company. If she lives in Memphis, ask her to send her complimentary husband to me and I'll let her have my nitwit.

Kelly and I have been married for 24 years and if he ever told me I looked nice, or that a meal was good, I'd die of shock. I could shave my head and put a ring in my nose and he wouldn't notice.

Just to test him I once put a bandage around my head and he didn't say a word. Finally I asked him if he wanted to know why my head was bandaged. He said he thought it was a new hair style.

Kelly doesn't drink, smoke, gamble, cheat, swear stay out at night or blow his pay check. I honestly think I'd let him have any of these vices in exchange for a few compliments now and then. Am I crazy?—TENNESSEE WIFE

Dear Wife: It isn't what a man says that counts—but how he treats a woman. And I'd say your man treats you pretty good. Incidentally, do you ever compliment HIM? One hand DOES wash the other.

Too many starry-eyed lovers do not know the difference. Do you? Send for ANN LANDERS' booklet, "Before You Marry—Is It Love Or Sex?" enclosing with your request 20 cents in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of the Press-Herald enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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## Growth of Area Industry Traced

A series of displays depicting the histories of six basic Southern California industries from their beginnings to the present will be shown in area branches of Security First National Bank from September until next May.

The displays will be alternated among the bank's 190th and Anza, Del Amo Center, Lawndale, Torrance, and 174th and Crenshaw branches. Each branch will have each display for three weeks.

The exhibits, which feature many rare and old photographs, will trace the progress of the aircraft, construction, harbor, motion picture, oil, and water industries.

Clyde Simpson, assistant vice president and historian for Security First National Bank, prepared the exhibits. Schedule for the opening exhibits on Sept. 1 is: Del Amo, construction; Lawndale, harbor; 190th and Anza, motion pictures; 174th and Crenshaw, oil, and Torrance, water.

The exhibits will be rotated with area branches getting a new exhibit on Oct. 13, Nov. 24, Jan. 26, March 9, and April 20.



MUSICAL SESSION . . . An intricate flamenco chord is demonstrated on the steps of Butler Institute, Guadalajara, Mexico, by Rick Woodbury (far right) of San Francisco, while Ralph Pyeatt (at left with guitar) strums in harmony. Listening are (from left)

Vicki Reynolds, Susanne Sherrill, and Margery Mautz. Young Pyeatt, formerly of the Palos Verdes Peninsula, is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Garland of Torrance. He now lives in Mexico with his parents.

## Studies Include Folklore

(Special to the Press-Herald) GUADALAJARA, MEXICO—Tortillas are no longer an exotic food to one young Californian now living and studying in Mexico. Pozole, mole and chirimoya are as familiar to him by now as hominy, gravy, and potatoes—their California counterparts.

Ralph Pyeatt, 14, who moved from Palos Verdes to Mexico with his parents more than a year ago, has been studying this summer at the Butler Institute, an American college-preparatory school in Guadalajara.

Ralph is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Garland of 1328 Cordary Ave.

BY NOW a past master of Spanish, Ralph has been able to help out students from New York, Ohio, Illinois, and Florida who are struggling with a foreign language for the first time.

"They are scared stiff of speaking Spanish at first," he said. "But after a week they could make themselves understood."

As part of the school's folklore program Ralph heard a young ex-matador explain the intricacies of the corrida. Afterwards he practiced passes with the large crimson cape and a bull's head mounted on a bicycle wheel.

IN THE FIRST bullfight of the summer season, the students saw the Spanish idol "El Cordobes" outshone by a young, unknown Mexican. "I had heard bullfights were always a surprise," Ralph said, "and this one certainly was."

Summer school students were even more surprised to read a few days later in a "Special Edition" that Cordobes was dead! They spent a few anxious hours until it was discovered that the headline was a hoax.

Along with an illustrated lecture on the customs and folk art of the Huichol Indians from the mountains of northern Jalisco, young Pyeatt heard Utsyama, a Huichol woman, explain her tribe's double-weaving technique, executed on a loom of strings and smooth sticks which is tied from a tree to her waist.

UTSYAMA also explained through a translation from Huichol to Spanish and from Spanish to English, the intricately patterned, cross-stitched squares which Huichol girls sew in order to have wishes granted by their gods—for the Huichols are still a pagan tribe. If a wish is granted in the middle of the square, the girl simply switches to another "wish-pattern" to finish the square!

In ceramics class, students were taught to decorate their own stoneware shapes by ancient Tonala painting techniques. Their bamboo brushes were made for them out of dog hair by the native workers.

Ralph was agreeably surprised to find the California Youth Orchestra arriving the first week of summer school, under State Department auspices.

(Continued on C-10)

## London: Newest Of the 'In' Cities

(Press-Herald staff writer Jerry Reynolds returned to his desk recently following a 30-day tour of principal European cities. This is the sixth in a series of reports planned for Press-Herald readers. Today's report presents some of his impressions of London.)

By JERRY REYNOLDS  
Press-Herald Staff Writer

From Soho to the West End, from Piccadilly to Westminster—London is the place to be this season.

This city, newest of the "in" cities, has been shorn of her Victorian trappings. London has become what Paris once was—and long again to be—the world capital for the Jet Set.

It began with the Mods and the Beatles and in a few short years, the City on the Thames has displaced all her rivals for the title of the "most in city" of the "in" cities.

Mod fashions set the pace for the world of high fashion. The Beatles (despite recent foot-in-mouth ramblings) own the world's teenagers. Gamblers have discovered loopholes in British law, giving rise to a profusion of clubs. And London is the true home of the dis-clotheque.

It's the best place to start a visit to Europe. The usual difficulties of language are absent (with the exception of an occasionally cockney guide who's hard to understand) and you are drawn quickly and almost effortlessly in the feeling for life which permeates this city.

It is remarkable in many ways that the city which has been the center of the world for so many years should suddenly become once again the center—but of a different world—while, indeed, the sun does set on the British Empire.

But it has. London lives and London swings.

It's a new kind of life—and talk of it usually evokes cries of "moral decay" and "decadence." Perhaps. But it is no more true in London than it is of any other major city in Europe or the United States. Take a look at New York's Times Square or Hollywood's Sunset Strip.)

The difference in London is people. People have put the spotlight on London. The world's attention is focused there and people have discovered London—not a new London, just London.

People who became bored with Paris or New York turned to London to find the new, the unusual, the exotic. And they found it.

Walk with me through London. Westminster Abbey is celebrating its 900th anniversary. Beefeaters still guard the Tower of London,

repository of one of the world's greatest collections of jewels. The Queen is at home today, her standard flies from Buckingham Palace. The National Gallery is open—displaying, free, great works of art. Workmen are cleaning the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Barges ply the Thames. And there are the Houses of Parliament, seat of the oldest representative government in the world.

But that's only a small part of this thriving city. At night, she is a different city.

In Trafalgar Square, a spokesman for the Seamen's Union draws cheers as he berates the PM. (The Seamen's strike began the day after I arrived in London). Small groups of Mod boys and girls—sometimes you can't tell the difference without looking thrice—troop back and forth across the square.

In the West End, the evening performances are ending and the patrons are headed toward Soho—center of the restaurant and night club revelry. In Piccadilly, some of the world's most beautiful women ply the world's oldest profession.

If it's before 11 p.m. (when pubs must close according to law), a detective might be 'aving 'is pint of bitters at the Red Lion, on Whitehall near the headquarters of England's famed Scotland Yard. Down the street, men drink and throw darts in another of London's pubs.

Careful as you cross that street. The traffic is treacherous. They drive on the left—the wrong side for Americans—and sometimes you wonder if they see you. Look left and step off the curb—a horn warns you to look right and jump back.

Lost? There's a Bobbie on the corner. He is, as they have always said, London's finest. Ask him a question. He'll have a ready answer. Most Londoners, in fact, are friendly when you need help. And if you want to be left alone, they understand that, too.

In Parliament Square, Big Ben peals the hour—early morning. A new day dawns and London prepares to repeat the spectacle of her kaleidoscopic life. Some new fad today, still another tomorrow. And so the pattern goes. Until the Jet Set finds another city.

In the meantime, it's London.

Your Second Front Page

# Press-Herald

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C-1



OLE? . . . Ralph Pyeatt (right) looks a bit dubious as he faces the bullheaded carretilla manned by Manuel Sandoval, a Mexican summer student. Watching the encounter are (from left) Sandra Slobodien and Barbara Woodbury of San Francisco and Julie Fredericksen of Seattle, Wash. The students learned something of the history and tradition of bullfighting from a young ex-matador who left the ring after a bad going.

## Materials Needed by Volunteers

How long has it been since you cleaned out your sewing drawer? Mrs. C. J. O'Donnell, executive director of the Volunteer Bureau of the Harbor Area, hopes you'll do it today—and send those old buttons, mixed threads, and pieces of unused material to her.

Two area women have been making children's clothes and donating them to needy children and local agencies, Mrs. O'Donnell explained, and they have been buying the buttons, thread, and material.

The Volunteer Bureau, located at 1427 S. Pacific Ave., San Pedro, is open from 9 a.m. until noon Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

## COUNT MARCO

# Forget Those Jealous Old Goats

Well, I'll be! Some jealous old goat, a politician from Alabama, objects to romance.

When Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas recently married a woman two-thirds younger than himself, Alabama Representative George W. Andrews, who appears to be the same age as Justice Douglas, was so horrified and/or jealous that he demanded a public investigation of the Justice's moral character, with perhaps an eventual impeachment.

Another Southerner, Rep. Thomas Abernathy, said the Supreme Court gives enough trouble as it is, "but for a Justice to marry someone one-third his age is amazing and maybe even disgusting." Whom is he kidding?

Another idiot—this one from Illinois—opens his

mouth, and out comes such poison as "Douglas' marriage points up a weakness in our judicial system." I for one say it points up the STRENGTH of the system, by indicating that at least one member of the Court has a mind that is alert to many things, including young girls.

An individual is only as old as he feels. Justice Douglas is a great outdoorsman who keeps his body trim and healthy and his mind active, obviously.

Let me urge congratulations to Justice Douglas on his marriage and best wishes to his bride, Cathleen. Actually, she may need all the best wishes she can get. Her husband's last bride, Joan Carol Martin, also a college student, was 23, too. Joan's comment on the uproar her

marriage caused was, "Some people wondered how my husband would keep up with me, but I'm taking vitamin pills to keep up with his pace." Apparently Joan ran out of vitamin pills, because it was "23 skidoo" for her in two years.

It is this same Supreme Court Justice about whom I wrote very favorably last year when he delivered his opinion on marriage: "Marriage is a coming together for better or worse, hopefully enduring and intimate to the degree of being sacred. The association promotes a way of life, not causes; a harmony in living, not political faiths; a bilateral loyalty, not commercial or social projects. Yet it is an association for as noble a purpose as any involved in our prior decisions."