ANN LANDERS

Give 'em Bread and Water

Dear Ann Landers: For the past several years I have been working as a practical nurse. I have had a rare opportunity to observe what goes on in dozens of American families and it is pretty sad.

If you could see the perfectly good food that is dumped daily into garbage disposers and trash pails it would make you sick. There were four children in the last place I worked. I had to cook four different dishes for dinner almost every night because Willie didn't like roast beef, Tillie didn't like liver, Millie couldn't stand meat loaf and Gilly had to have something different than the others.

When I was a child we ate what was on the table or we went without. Nobody put in special orders like at a restaurant. And nothing was thrown out. My mother used to say, "You'd better eat it tonight, kids, or you'll see it again tomorrow."

Please print this letter, Ann. It might give some American mothers something to think about. —MRS. EYEFULL

Dear Mrs. Eyefull: Finicky eaters are made not born—and mothers who cater to the gastronomic whims of their children do them no favor.

There should be one menu for the entire family and if Tillie or Willie don't want what is put before them, let them eat bread and butter.

* * *

Dear Ann Landers: I like the way you put down the cheapskates, meddlers, pests, nags, and blabbermouths. One group you haven't hit for a long time is the meanest of all and I wish you'd go after them again. I refer to selfish children who don't want their widowed father to remarry, for financial reasons.

It never fails. If Dad has no money the children try like crazy to push him off on some nice woman who will take care of him in his old age. If Dad has a little cash or owns some property they tell him to be careful because every woman in town is after his money.

I am 58 and have been going with a wonderful widower who is 63. I shouldn't say I am going with him because we never go anyplace. He comes to my place almost every night for home-cooked meals and we watch TV together. He says he can't take me out in public because his children wouldn't like it.

I am very fond of this man and he is very fond of me. We could have a good life together but he has made it plain that he will never remarry because his children are against it. I don't go with anyone else because he has asked me not to and I'd hate to make him angry.

Don't you feel this man is stupid to allow his children to run his life? Please so say. — MRS. ALONE TOGETHER

Dear Mrs.: He's not stupid. You are. The man has told you that marriage is out, yet you cook for him almost every night, allow him to burn out your TV tube, and you don't go with anyone else because he might get angry. I'd say he is pretty darned smart.

* * *

Confidential to At the Top But Lonely: People can get through grief and sorrow alone, if they must, but joy must be shared. I have never known a loner who was happy. This, my friend is your problem.

* * *

Want to say "no" to drinking without your buddies putting you down? Get cued in. Write for "Booze and You — For Teen-Agers Only," by Ann Landers. Send 35c in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request. Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of The Press-Herald, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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ON STAGE NOW . . . Terry Collier (left), Patricia Lester, and Anne Childress are pictured in a scene from "Any Wednesday," now playing at Chapel Theatre in Torrance. Reservations for the play, which will play on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, may be made by calling the theatre box office. "Any Wednesday" is recommended for adults.

Two Weekends Left in Run of 'Any Wednesday'

"SRO" signs have been posted outside Chapel Theatre during the past couple of weekends as four talented performers have kept audiences entertained with the current Chapel production of "Any Wednesday."

Patricia Lester of Palos Verdes portrays the patient and tolerant wife whose husband is experiencing a middle-aged romance, while Anne Childress of Torrance is cast as Ellen, the beautiful mistress of the husband.

The men in the cast are George Pugsley of San Pedro, who plays the role of John, the gay-blade who — underneath it all — is really a settled married man, and Terry Collier of Hawthorne as Cass, the would-be boyfriend of Ellen.

Jarl Victor of Palos Verdes directs the production.

Heading the backstage crew is production manager Ellen Vogl of Torrance. Jack Boggs is stage manager and John Hendricks is the assistant stage manager. Others are Lou Tappan, sound;Edd Linskey, lighting, and Rene Galleran, props.

The sets were designed by Phyllis Palmer.

Reservations for the remaining two weekends may be made at the Chapel Theatre Box Office at 4164 W. Pacific Coast Hwy.

Why Politicians Dislike All Newspaper Reporters

Reprinted from the Coalinga (Calif.) Record

We once heard a United States Senator say, "All newspapermen hate politicians."

We construed his statement as an example of what psychologists call "projection"—attributing to others one's own feelings or motives.

What he really was saying, we felt, was "All politicians hate newspapermen." (We doubted the accuracy of the Senator's original assertion because it would mean that newspapermen hate one of their primary and most stimulating news sources; hate, that is, the very people who make the newspaperman's job interesting. We discounted this as an improbable state of affairs.)

But if our interpretation was correct, why, we wondered, should this be so? Why do politicians hate newspapermen?

Essentially, we believe, it is because newspapermen are trained to do what politicians don't like people doing because it gets the politicians, in trouble.

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To begin with, a newspaperman is trained to listen (as opposed to merely hearing) what is being said. This immediately puts most political speakers at a disadvantage.

A newspaperman not only listens, he writes down what he hears! He takes notes! There are politicians who, with considerable justification, feel this to be an egregiously unfair practice.

As if this were not enough, a newspaperman asks questions. Not just any questions, mind you, but questions designed to make the speaker amplify, clarify and specify—three things a politician often doesn't want (and sometimes isn't able!) to do.

(And the worst (for the politician) is yet to come.

A newspaperman has to write a story reporting on what he has heard. The newspaperman must make his story intelligible to the reader. Sometimes, for his story to make sense, the newspaperman must make reasonable assumptions or draw logical conclusions from what the speaker has said.

This could be disastrous for the politician who did not think through the full implication of what he was saying. Or did not understand the true meaning of the words with which he said it.

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Or never intended for his words to have any real meaning in the first place. (To the newspaperman, words are precise tools of communication to be used to guide, instruct, enlighten or inform—purposes often farthest from the mind of the talking politician.)

And then, horror of horrors, the newspaperman PRINTS all this!

All those seemingly safe ambiguities, those hopefully hidden inconsistencies, those flaws in logic and faults in fact are shown in black and white for all to read and reread, now and forever.

All those inanities that might have remained restricted to a limited audience, now broadcast to the world; all those words of blunder and bombast, barely understood by most of his listeners and left unrecorded, soon to be forgotten by all, now down in imperishable form which the newspaperman (curse him) will use to torment the politician for the rest of his life.

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Really, it's just too much!

Now, we know we have been making broad generalizations which obviously do not apply to all newspapermen and all politicians. What we have said perhaps better describes only good newspapermen and bad politicians.

No . . . that is not altogether accurate.

We daresay that every politician, good or bad, at one time or another commits the sin of hating newspapermen. But it is, because it is so natural and inescapable, only a venial sin.

Although the newspaperman and the politician have the same ultimate objective —namely, the public good— the peculiar roles they play in attaining this objective are so different as to be inevitably incompatible.

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The newspaperman wants to tell all, immediately. The politician wants told only what he wants to tell, when he wants to tell it.

The newspaperman alway wants direct answers and prompt decisions. The politician often prefers the safer course of evasion and delay.

The newspaperman enjoys the open clash of divergent ideas. The politician fears it, preferring to deal with controversial matters—when he must—in closed-door privacy. Consensus and compromise are the bywords of the politician, but they spell a slow day for the newspaperman.

The newspaperman reflects—indeed, encourages—the distrust which Americans traditionally have held for those who wield public power over them.

The politician, understandably, resents this distrust, especially in the newspaperman on whom he is so dependent for a good "image" (and before whom he is so vulnerable for a bad). The politician, honest, incorruptible, dedicated man that he is, resents the prying, pushy, nagging newspaperman who somehow doesn't understand that he, the politician, knows best.

Now do you see why politicians hate newspapermen? And why newspapermen just LOVE politicians!

CHP Commander Issues Call For New Patrol Applicants

Captain P. J. Ford, commander of the South Los Angeles Area office of the California Highway Patrol, reports that a civil service examination for the position of Traffic Officer on the California Highway Patrol will be given throughout the State on Feb. 18.

"Although applications to take these examinations are being accepted on a continual basis," said Captain Ford, "those applicants wishing to take the February examination must turn in their applications by Jan. 20."

Captain Ford said applications can be obtained at the local office of the California Highway Patrol or at the California Department of Employment.

Applicants for the examination must be between 21 and 31 years of age, have at least the equivalent of a high school education, be between 5 feet 9 and 6 feet 6 in height, and be in good physical condition.

Captain Ford said resident requirements had been altered to allow application by men who haven't established residence in California. This change is designed to attract men who are leaving the military here or are studying law enforcement at one of the colleges in the State.

Professor Takes Chairman's Post

New chairman of the 3,000-member southern California section of the American Chemical Society is Dr. Robert D. Vold, professor of chemistry at the University of Southern California. Dr. Vold, a resident of Playa del Rey, took office Jan. 1.

Lincoln Day Dinner Set For Feb. 13

Dr. Max Rafferty, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, will be the featured speaker at a 46th Assembly District Republican Lincoln Day Dinner.

The dinner will be held Monday, Feb. 13, at the Pen and Quill Restaurant in Manhatten Beach, according to Alan MacQuoid, general chairman, and Joseph McCann, treasurer.

Reservations for the dinner may be obtained by mailing a check for $10 for each plate to the Lincoln Day Dinner Committee, 1615 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

Psychology Course Set

"Psychological Aspects of Crime," a three-unit course, will be offered at Harbor General Hospital by the University of Southern California beginning Feb. 9.

The class will be taught by Dr. Frank Risch, clinical psychologist with the Veterans Administration, and will meet Thursdays from 7 to 10 p.m

Registration, payment of fees ($50 per unit), and purchase of textbooks will take place at the first class meeting.

This Crackpot Cracked Under All the Strain

COUNT MARCO

Not all men are strong enough to bear up under the strain I put upon them. By demanding women be more of a woman they must consequently shift a great deal of responsibility on the man's shoulders. Some crack under the strain like this crackpot who wrote:

"Look Stupid: How would you be here if it was not for your mother? Quit knocking mothers and pick on us males for awhile. We are all to blame." — J.N.

I don't pick on all mothers. Many are extremely worthwhile and productive, like sow mothers, cow mothers, dog mothers, chicken mothers, etc.

☆ ☆ ☆

When a mother writes my editors that she is horrified at some of my columns and removes them from the paper before her teenage daughter can see my words of wisdom, let me reassure them with this letter.

"Dear Count Marco: I am 13 years old and read your column once in a while and agree with most everything you say. Women who write in and ask why they shouldn't take baths with their husbands must be batty. Also I think those women who write in to you, cuss you out and then dare you to print it are very stupid and probably the kind you would find on a barstool. Keep up the good work." —B.M.

I think for the time being you should stick with the comic pages. You have many years ahead of you before wondering about the stupidity of an older generation bathing a deux or squatting on bar stools.

☆ ☆ ☆

I get some of the strangest requests from some of my fans, but the following is probably the strangest of all so far. And I must admit, also for the first time, that I am completely stumped.

"Dear Count Marco: I am writing you for a friend of mine. She recently read in your column you said God intended women to wear dresses. Do you have the phone number of God?"

It's unlisted. And probably busy, anyway, or off the hook in case someone like you just might try to get through.

☆ ☆ ☆

My title has gone through many misprints from misfit readers coming up with such misnomers as Countless, No-Account, Count-Down and others. This is a new one for me:

"Dear Clout Marco: If you write the things that appear in your column merely to provoke a response then I suppose there is some justification for your ridiculous remarks. However, if you are sincere that you believe 'the women who write to me are babbling idiots,' then these same idiots are also your readers.

"Does not the fact that you have an idiot following demonstrate the futility of your work?"

Dear Betsy: Welcomed to the fold. Your membership card and button in the B. I. Club will be sent forthwith.

Press-Herald Sunday Crossword

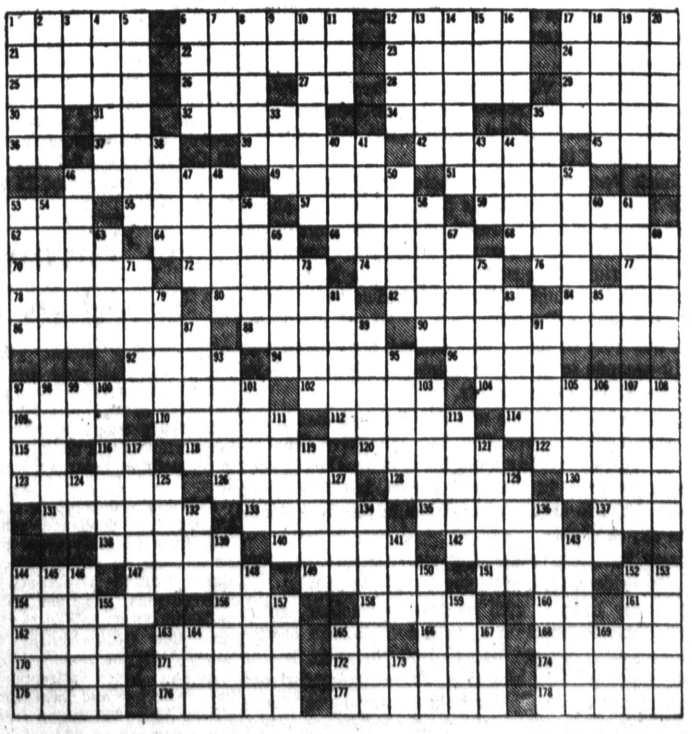
(Answer on Page B-4)

ACROSS

1—Rex ....., author
6—Secret
12—Storehouse
17—Absorbed
21—To harden
22—State of Venezuela
23—Wide
24—Wings
25—Busy when autumn leaves fall
26—Tattered cloth
27—Syllable of scale
28—City of Switzerland
29—Name of person, place, thing
30—French for "and"
31—Cooled lava
32—Eat soup noisily (slang)
34—Place
35—Facing direction from which glacier impinges
36—Symbol for tellurium
37—Cunning
38—God of winds in the Aeneid
42—Italian poet
45—Legal charge
46—Kind of car (pl.)
48—Inclinations
51—Rails
53—Core for fashioning hollow metal objects
55—Slumber
57—Sober
59—Colored
62—Pierre .....
64—Tinker to ..... to Chance
66—Florentine iris
68—Frightened
70—Piece for practice in music
72—Prepares for print
74—English poet
76—Half an em
77—Academic degree
78—Thoroughgoing
80—Sailing vessel
82—Fore-and-aft rigged vessel
84—Fervor
86—Alternates in the lead
88—Frolic
90—Kind of card game
92—Head covering (pl.)
94—Threefold
96—Precipice in Hawaii
97—A holiday (pl.)
102—Heating device
104—Let go
109—To aid
110—Breed of dwarf cattle
112—Hogs
114—One who ceases from labor
115—Symbol for tantalum
116—A sol-fa syllable
118—Charge upon property (pl.)
120—Slumber
122—A bout
123—Beats it (slang)
125—Beer
128—Babylonian numeral
130—Tall marsh grass
131—Astral spirits of Saturn
133—Deserve
135—Mathematical term (pl.)
137—Signifying maiden name
138—Advertising display lights
140—Mississippi, for instance
142—Produced designs on metal
144—Feline
147—Harvests
149—Thighbone
151—Reverse slightly
152—Symbol for silver
154—Mine entrance (pl.)
156—Knock
158—Resound
160—Ream (abbr.)
161—Word of negation
162—Genus of grogs
163—Animate
165—Pronoun
166—Energy
168—Lasso
170—Wall molding
171—Lake in Canada
172—Rescind
174—Finished
175—Repast
176—Fortune tellers
177—Idolizes
178—Exploits

DOWN

1—Green- . . . .
2—Growing out
3—Arctic bird
4—To wrinkle
5—Harbingers
6—Wheeled vehicles
7—Spoken
8—Not clearly expressed
9—For example (abbr.)
10—Tousle
11—Japanese porgie
12—Recedes
13—Cornered
14—Main artery (pl.)
15—Woodland deity
16—Holland commune
17—Rave
18—Reserved
19—Hesitate
20—Taut
33—Take from by force
35—Spiritualist's meeting (pl.)
38—Eastern university
40—Preposition
41—Unadorned
43—Word expressing negation
44—- . . . . Speaker, famous outfielder
46—In safe keeping
47—Field of granular snow
48—Sows as a lawn
50—Male forebears
52—Part of poem
53—Extent of land (pl.)
54—Bishop's headdress (pl.)
56—Preen
58—Clock face (pl.)
60—Teutonic deity
61—Preclude
63—Harem rooms
65—Begin
67—Condescend
69—Ravine
71—Make into law
73—Cicatrices
75—Of the sun
79—Mark . . . . .
81—Becomes united closely
83—One who heaps up
85—Either: a notehand breve
87—Decay
89—Has knowledge of
91—Thin pieces of fired clay
93—Slow-moving creature
95—Wicked deeds
97—Large tube
98—Manila hemp
99—Symbol for cerium
100—Reach
101—Visible vapor
103—Trojan hero
105—Danish weight (pl.)
106—To be present at
107—Mediterranean vessel
108—Eat away
111—Wrath
113—Weird
117—Mohammedan noble (pl.)
119—Fine line of a letter
121—S. African ferry (pl.)
124—Football position (abbr.)
125—Fruit of blackthorn
127—Split asunder
129—Denomination
132—Nahoor sheep
134—Lured
136—Poached in cream, as eggs
139—Elf
141—Regret
143—Weasel in white
144—Billiard shot
145—Part of poem
146—Ringworm
148—Relish
150—Hair-removing implement
152—Put up poker stake
153—Spurs
155—Weight of eastern Asia
157—Writing implements
159—Similar
163—Beast of burden
164—Confederate general
165—One of the Gershwins
167—Footlike part
169—American author
173—Victorian Order (abbr.)



(A Bell-McClure Syndicate Feature)