

Brief Suits Mean Few Brains

It's not bathing suit season but already they're preparing you for hot-weather shock with previews of what Milady will be wearing on the beaches this summer.

Milady! It should be Dragon Lady, because any woman who slips into the monstrosities I've seen illustrated as "summer fashions" can only look like some monster washed up on the sand.

How right I am, again as usual. The designers haven't the slightest interest in making you look beautiful. Rather, they are most interested in garnering newspaper space and publicity for their terrifying efforts.

One so-called suit I have just seen shows a mad maiden (or something), kerchief covering most of the face (with good reason, apparently), wearing a thin bandage-type top and a brief bot-

tom. All this and hip boots too. Mon Dieu!

On the skinny model it looks bad enough. I don't look forward to seeing it on a broad-beamed, flabby woman sprawled out on a beach. The urge to squish it into the sand from whence it came would, I'm sure, overpower me.

There are two types of bathing suits. The type you wear will indicate which type you are. The brief, sensation-type suit means you have little pride in self and publicly tell the world that you have nothing to offer a man but flesh and blood.

You look like a slab of beef exhibited before a butcher. He buys the choicest meat on display. And that's about all he thinks of it: just plain meat to display.

The woman who shows imagination, taste and good style

wears a bathing suit publicly indicating that she cares not only about herself but about what others think of her. A woman who has pride can instill only pride in a man.

Take a tip from men. A man enjoys the spectacle of a woman baring her all for every man's eyes to see, but woe to the one he loves should she be so foolish or daring or silly. He is infuriated with your lack of good taste.

Be sensible. If you wish to sunbathe on a beach, then join a nudist camp or find a private place in which to expose yourself.

If you wish to swim or enjoy company at a beach or pool, then dress with the same sane approach to decency and decorum as the amount of brains you possess. The briefer the suit, the fewer the brains.

TRI-CITY EVENT

Hermosa Civic Leader Chairs Surf Festival

John B. Schmolle, area business and civic leader, has been named general chairman for the 1965 International Surf Festival, to be held in Redondo, Manhattan, and Hermosa beaches Aug. 5-8.

The 1956 surf festival, third in the history of the event, will be highlighted by the appearance of Australia's finest swimmers, paddlers, and dory men. Competition for the 12-man Australian team is unparalleled in the history of water sports, according to Schmolle.

SCHMOLLE IS A native Californian and a Hermosa resident.

Beach building contractor. He was president of the Hermosa Beach Chamber of Commerce in 1961-62 and managed the chamber from October, 1962, until August, 1964.

He served as president of the Native Sons of the Golden West in 1959-60 and was appointed to the California Conservation Council publicity committee in 1953. He has been reappointed each year.

A MEMBER of the Inter-Cities Highway Committee, Schmolle also is active in the Hermosa Beach Rotary Club and is chairman of the forestry and conservation committee of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

A native of the San Francisco Bay area, Schmolle was a champion distance swimmer and a water polo player. He received many trophies in the famed Golden Gate race.

Redondo, British Firms To Exchange Space Data

An agreement for the exchange of technical information on spacecraft has been signed by representatives of the TRW Space Technology Laboratories and Hawker Siddeley Dynamics, Ltd., of Harfield, England.

TRW will provide support to Hawker Siddeley Dynamics for newly developing European national and international space programs.

Hawker Siddeley Dynamics, an operating company of the Hawker Siddeley Group, is engaged in advanced re-

search, development, and manufacturing of launching vehicle stages such as the Blue Streak Space Launch Vehicle, satellites, and associated technology. The firm also manufactures weapon and aircraft equipment systems.

THE PARENT company is a diversified international manufacturer of a variety of aerospace, mechanical, electrical, pneumatic, and hydraulic equipment. The Hawker Siddeley Group has an annual volume in excess of \$1 billion.

TRW Space Technology Laboratories is a leading manufacturer of spacecraft systems and subsystems. It is the prime contractor for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Orbiting Geophysical Observatory and Interplanetary Pioneer spacecraft.

TRW has been responsible for the systems engineering and technical direction of Thor, Atlas, Titan, and Minuteman ballistic missile program for the U. S. Air Force.

THE FIRM is an operating group of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge, Inc., a widely diversified manufacturer of products in automotive, electronic, aircraft and aerospace fields.

TRW facilities for the development of spacecraft are located in Redondo Beach. Other facilities are maintained at Houston, Tex., Cape Kennedy, Fla., and Huntsville, Ala.



LEAD MASONS . . . Fred A. Bergon (center) has been installed as Worshipful Master of Lomita Masonic Lodge No. 644. Also installed were Wallace E. Williams (left), the new senior warden, and Walter B. Marshall, junior marshal.

Lomita Masons Install Officers for New Year

Fred A. Bergon has been installed as Worshipful Master of Lomita Masonic Lodge No. 644. Past Masters of the lodge served as installing officers, with Frank W. Tenney as installing master.

Other officers who will serve with Bergon include: Wallace E. Williams, senior warden; Walter B. Marshall, junior warden; Jacob C. Hansen, treasurer; Arthur J. Anderson, secretary; Adee Huggins, chaplain; Earl E. Ivey, senior deacon; Edward Langley, junior deacon; Daniel D. Haight, marshal; and Garnet S. Cummings, senior steward.

Alton T. DuRant, past master of the Wilmington Lodge and former inspector of District 620, gave the welcome address. Charles A. Brenne-man, retiring master, introduced the installing officers.

Earl O. Brown, P.M., was master of ceremonies and other past masters who assisted with the ceremony included Lowell W. Sheihart, and Jack W. Graham.

Following the installation ceremonies, past matrons and members of the Lomita Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star served refreshments.

MAYOR TO SPEAK Moderator for the "brotherhood" evening sponsored by the Torrance B'nai B'rith Lodge will be Mayor Albert Isten, according to Harry A. Kaplan, first vice president.

The meeting will be held Thursday.

'Silver' to Be Topic of Gem Meeting

Silver will be the theme of the monthly meeting of the Palos Verdes Gem and Mineral Society Feb. 16, 8 p.m., at St. Lawrence Parish Hall, 1950 Prospect, Redondo Beach.

Two films will be shown, "Story of Silver" and "Arts and Crafts of the Southwest Indians."

Members who have silver work are asked to bring it for display.

Press-Herald Sunday Crossword

(Answer on Page B-3)

- ACROSS 1-Unlabeled 2-Platford 3-Barker 4-Ranks 5-King of birds 6-Silkstone 7-Less cooked 8-Open to view 9-Fruit drink 10-Tail structure 11-Writing tablet 12-Sheriff 13-Archival 14-Language 15-Spanish for 'eye' 16-Edible seed 17-Frozen water 18-Abusive 19-Instrument 20-Cut 21-Vast age 22-Analyze, as sentence 23-Poddy digit 24-Deported 25-Evergreen 26-De 27-Heavy with moisture 28-Journey north 29-Scuttles 30-Fallings in duty 31-Approach 32-Handle 33-Vast herds 34-Overlooked 35-Dutch measure 36-Highest Buddhist religious state 37-Escape 38-Exclamation 39-A state (abbr.) 40-100,000 russia

Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1 through 40 indicating starting points for the clues.

Ann Landers Says

It Wasn't Rudeness, The Lady Was Cruel

Dear Ann Landers: A woman in our office is as sweet as honey on the surface but the minute a back is turned she does her dirty work.

She exaggerates details until an ordinary incident becomes a juicy morsel of gossip. Last week I had a birthday. This woman came by my desk with a gift. I was so stunned I could do nothing but thank her. After a few moments I regained my composure and returned the gift—unopened. I told her I could not accept it.

She asked me why and I said, "A gift should be given to a friend BY a friend." She replied, "But I AM your friend." I told her I didn't think of her that way.

Now I am afraid I was a little rude. What do you think?—UNDECIDED

Dear Undecided: You were not rude. You were cruel. What a heartless thing to do! If you were victimized by this woman's sharp tongue why didn't you tell her off at the time? This is the way to let people know you don't want their friendship.

Dear Ann Landers: We have four children. The oldest is 10 years old, the youngest is 14 months. Five months ago my wife took a part-time job to earn extra money which we didn't need. She left the children first with one neighbor then another—without pay. After a while the neighbors resented it and refused to keep the children.

Last week my wife took a full-time job and hired a sloppy, lazy woman who is nothing more than two arms and two legs. When I get home at night I must start supper and straighten the house. My wife sails in at 6:30 p.m., eats, leaves the dishes and then goes off to an art class, a PTA meeting, a church study class or to a lecture. She expects me to be satisfied because she has a good figure and has given me four children. I need your help.—STEADY READER

Dear Steady: First, keep your home together—for four very good reasons. Second, YOU hire a competent housekeeper.

Third, see your clergyman about some joint-counseling. A woman who goes to PTA and church meetings and to lectures can't be all bad.

Dear Ann Landers: I am a 13-year-old boy. I am glad

my parents love me enough to yell at me when I do something wrong. I used to think they were just mean, but I know better now. Good parents are supposed to make the rules and see to it that their kids follow them.

I have a friend whose parents let him do anything he wants to do and honestly, Ann Landers, the kid is a mess. He is always in trouble. Last night a girl called me on the phone and asked me to be her date at a party. I asked my mother and she said, "The answer is NO and that goes for the next three years."

Now I don't have to think about dates for a long time. Please print my letter for kids who may not know that strict parents are the best kind.—SMARTER NOW

Dear Smarter: There's an old saying, "If youth but knew what age could tell." Age can learn a few things from youth too—and you have proved it again.

To solve some of the frustrations, disappointments, and disillusionments of married life, read for ANN LANDERS' booklet, "What To Expect from Marriage," enclosing with your request 25c in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Caen's San Francisco

Winter Trips Are For Birds

MEXICO CITY—AS YOU KNOW if you read the society columns and various slick magazines EVERYBODY is in Mexico this season—EVERYBODY, to these worthies, being various Rothschilds, assorted Guinnesses, Merle Oberon and her Bruno, Brigitte Bardot, and Jeanne Moreau, in rising or descending orders of importance, depending on how cold your eye is.

NOT TO be outdone, we decided to join the vaccinated hordes, although I admit to being hopelessly square about winter vacations. Vacations are to be taken in the summer—not when most decent, God-fearing people are working. Winter vacations are for the idle rich, the deprived, the disoriented and divorcees in the first flush of a fat settlement.

THE PLANE was jammed. Well-behaved Mexican children played gravely in the aisle. The woman in front of us, a jangle of golden bangles and henna-rinsed hair, had bought a seat for her huge mink coat, whose name, she said, was Esmerelda. "Esmerelda," she told us, "is worth more than I am. She just hates to be all crunched up in a tiny closet. Do you blame her?" We said we didn't. You had to be on Esmerelda's side. It was no contest.

We sailed on, high above the Sea of Cortes. The sun slowly died after trying out every color in the palette of Orozco, Tamayo and Siqueiros. On toward the Valley of Mexico, the moon reflecting in lakes whose names we would never know. Here and there, the clustered lights of lost villages, their silence disturbed only momentarily by the jet blast overhead. And then, the endless, glittering expanse of Mexico City, fabled Tenochtitlan.

FRIENDS whisked us through immigration and customs so fast it was a pity we weren't smuggling the Star of India. "Quien es?" a curious guard asked us, then nodded politely when told. "Journalists are greatly respected in Mexico," an old hand told us later. Truly a civilized land.

EVERYWHERE the feeling of being in the midst of millions of people, most of them Indian, with the impassive faces of Aztec idols, dignified, serious, formally polite. Faces that have seen the invaders come and go without a change of expression, faces that suffered under the hacendados. Despite the skyscrapers and the rushing cars and the "Coca-Cola Grande!" signs, the faces are still there, patient under wide-brimmed straw hats and black shawls; they will outlast us all, they are the ones who belong—who make the white-skinned intruders feel out of place.

WHEN YOUR CAR STOPS at a red light you are surrounded by a small flood of humanity, selling newspapers, lottery tickets, maps, guidebooks and chewing gum. The children are on the streets at all hours: at 12:15 one morning I was stopped by a wizened little girl, no more than 7, who held out a tray of rather tattered-looking Chiclets. Not wanting any, I threw a few centavos into her tray. "No, no, Senor," she said sharply. "Peso, Peso" (about 8 cents). At 7 she was already a businesswoman, not to be put off lightly.

A CITY WHERE great wealth and public poverty live their separate lives, cheek by jowl. Outside the big office buildings knots of Indians squat on the sidewalks, wrapped in blankets. Others wander in groups through the fashionable residential areas—Lomas de Chapultepec, with its ornate, Spanish-style houses, wide lawns and trees. In San Angel, with its 18th and 17th Century grained palaces where Viceroy and Presidentes lived. In Pedregal, a newish section built on miles of ugly lava deposits, now surrounded by almost equally ugly houses in the most starkly modern of streamlined styles.

A strange and fascinating city of fine hotels and excellent restaurants in the midst of vanished pomp and glories—always in the shadow of the Conquest, its memories strong to this day. It is impossible to walk through the Alameda—a park that was originally the market place of the Aztecs—without recalling that it was once the Plaza del Quemadero (the "Burning Place") where Dominican priests, during the inquisition, burned and strangled hundreds of "boycotted" Indians on a great stone platform.

Three Inspectors Complete In-Service Training Class

Three Torrance residents have completed an in-service training course for public works construction inspectors for the city, while Farrington is employed by Los Angeles State College and was sponsored by the American Public Works Association, Los Angeles chapter.

Richard H. Cicotti of 20710 Madrona Ave., Frederick C. Farrington of 116 Palos Verdes Blvd., and Gerald W. Morris of 637 Sartori Ave. were among 47 persons who received certificates of completion for the 33-hour course. Cicotti and Morris are inspectors for the city, while Farrington is employed by Los Angeles State College and was sponsored by the American Public Works Association, Los Angeles chapter.

DISEASES NOTED Diseases reported to the Los Angeles County Health Department from the Torrance area for the week ending Jan. 16 included one case of gonorrhea, scarlet fever, and syphilis.