Ann Landers Says

This Boy Needs Help, Not a Wife

Dear Ann Landers: My fiance, Bob, and I are both 20. We have been going together for two years. Bob wants to be married next May. My problem is that I don't know if I should marry him. Here is an example that worries me.

Friday night we planned to go to the movies. The last complete show started at 10:05. We arrived at the box-office at 10:15 and found it closed.

Bob was so furious he pulled out of the parking lot like a maniac and careened down the street at a dangerously high rate of speed. He kept saying "I have got to get this out of my system."

Finally he swerved off to a side-street and drove into an alley. He brought the car to a screeching halt and put his head in his hands and cried. I sat silent for about 10 minutes while he sobbed. Suddenly he changed the subject and was extremely pleasant as we rode back to my house.

I'm afraid Bob may take his erratic temper out on me after we are married. What do you think —DESPERATE

Dear Desperate: A 20-year-old man who deals with frustration at an infantile level is the worst possible husband material. This boy needs psychiatric help, not a wife. And you need to go with others for two years at least, to see if the young man is EVER going to grow up.

The letter below is from a woman who married such a man. Please read on:

* * *

Dear Ann Landers: Can you help me? My husband has a TNT temper. I try awfully hard not to rile him—even to the point where I have memorized a list of things I must not do, or subjects I must not bring up.

It is useless. One wrong word and the table or chair gets a kick or I am in for a terrible tongue lashing.

On the highway he is forever cursing the other drivers, trying to pass them if he feels they have passed him "for spite." He takes everything as a personal affront—a chance shove in a crowded area is always "on purpose." If it rains on a day he had planned to do some gardening he just sits and sulks for hours—won't even read.

Worst of all is his violent temper. He explodes over nothing and now I am the target. What can I do so his outbursts do not hurt so much? Thank you for any help you might give.—FLORADORA GIRL

Dear Girl: Your husband's inability to deal with frustration demonstrates that, emotionally, he is still in knee pants. He needs professional help. If he refuses to get it, I hope you will handle his childish behavior as you would a child's tantrum. Let him blow himself out and ignore him.

* * *

Dear Ann Landers: I am a 16-year-old girl who has just started to date. I need some answers to a few questions which have been bothering me.

One certain 17-year-old boy comes over almost every Friday evening to watch TV. He always gets tired and wants to lie down on the sofa or the floor. Then he pulls me down next to him. Before I know it he is getting very comfortable with his head in my lap.

I don't know if this is wrong or not. When I suggested that maybe he should not lie down he told me he needs to relax after a hard week in school and if I won't let him relax in my house he will find a girl who is not so formal.

Please tell me if I am being prudish—UNCERTAIN

Dear Uncertain: Any 17-year-old kid who is so tired he can't sit up when he goes to visit his girl should be sent home. I have stated my rules for necking. "Both parties sitting up—four feet on the floor, all hands on deck."

When necking becomes petting, To learn how the smart girl keeps both her dignity and her friend, send for ANN LANDERS' booklet, "Necking and Petting — And How Far To Go," enclosing with your request 30 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 this newspaper enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

C 1965, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate

Agency Gets A New Name

Shelly Advertising of San Pedro has changed its name to Shelly and LaCanfora Advertising Agency, Bruce Shelly, president of the agency, has announced.

No changes in agency ownership, management, or personnel are involved in the name change, Patrick La Canfora, vice president, said.

Shelly organized the agency in 1960. La Canfort joined the firm as account executive in September, 1961, and became a partner the following year.

Effie Mitchell continues as office manager, Walter Hendrickson remains art director, and Margaret Bailey is the copy chief.

A Penny for your Thoughts

By HAL FISHER

An 18-year-old Covina girl is abducted. She cries for help from passing motorists and people on the street. They don't want to get involved! An elderly lady is beaten up in a Los Angeles parking lot. Three people look on but they don't want to get involved! Similar reports come in from all over the state and country. People cry out for help, by-standers don't want to get involved. The Pennies Photographer asked several people in downtown Torrance:

"Why don't these by-standers help?"

* * *

Ben Melendres Jr., 9406 S. Denker Ave.:

"I suppose there are many reasons, depending on the individual. Some are afraid they will get hurt if they help actively, others may fear they will be sued later on. A few are probably confused and think the cries are some kind of a joke."

* * *

Anita Haney, 1318 W. 227th St.:

"It's hard for me to answer because I can't conceive of a decent human standing by and witnessing these assaults without doing something. The cold fact is that there are many normal appearing people who enjoy seeing violence when it is happening to someone else."

* * *

Bob Taylor, 21724 Western Ave.:

"If they understand what is going on, I'd say they lack self-respect so they can't respect the safety of others. No one can really say how they themselves would react till it happens to them."

* * *

Carolyn Coil, 2446 W. 231st St.:

"These by-standers don't care! It's not just their lack of reaction to a certain incident, it's a general attitude. They are all wrapped up in themselves. They have little or no values outside of monetary values. The welfare of a stranger means very little to them."

* * *

Tom King, 3322 Pine St., Lynwood:

"In one word, fear. Fear of the unknown. They are afraid of getting hurt themselves if they physically try to help. They fear being blamed or sued after helping. They don't know what to do, so they do nothing!"

Wilde Named To Post at Area YMCA

Appointment of William G. Wilde as executive secretary of the South Bay 'Y' has been announced by Lynne A. Frantz, chairman of the YMCA Board of Managers.

Wilde's background includes four years as the physical director of the Yakima, Wash., YMCA and service at the Hollywood 'Y'.

He attended Purdue University and was graduated with a degree in physical education. A master of science in group work was received by Wilde in 1957 from George Williams College.

Retardate Program Now Open

A daily craft and activity program for mentally retarded teenagers and young adults is being offered at the Lancaster Activity Center, 410 Camino Real, Redondo Beach, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. The center is operated by the South Bay Children's Health Center Association, Inc.

Mrs. Joyce Dunker from Holland is the instructor. Mrs. Dunker served for 18 years as a teacher in the Dutch program for severely mentally retarded. Her craft program includes mosaic tile work, weaving, and making hooked rugs.

"It is wonderful to see the friendliness and outgoing attitude which develops with program participants," said Mrs. Clarence Hall, president of the South Bay Children's Health Center Assn.

"We feel it is essential for the retardates to be in a group with others of similar capabilities, where they can feel pride in achievement and where they can learn to their greatest potential."

Further information regarding the program is available by contacting Mrs. Hall at the center, FR 6-8936.

ZIP Code Machines Developed

Torrance postmistress Clara A. Conner has received word from Postmaster General John A. Gronouski that a "big breakthrough" has now been made on electronic machines to "read" ZIP-coded mail.

"The Postmaster General said he expects to begin installation of these sophisticated new machines in major post offices in about a year," Mrs. Conner explained.

The machine will be able to sort, as well as read, at the rate of 35,000 letters an hour.

Offices which will get the machines have not been disclosed yet, Mrs. Conner said, but they will have a significant effect on the mail in and out of each community, regardless of which offices get the machine.

"The introduction of the device next year doesn't mean ZIP codes aren't useful already," Mrs. Conner added.

The ZIP code system, she said, is used to handle mail in a much quicker manner. The machines will simply help to add more speed to the mail delivery process.

Navy Banquet Will Include Young Guests

The annual shipmate banquet sponsored by the Palos Verdes Peninsula Council of the Navy League will be held at the Plush Horse Restaurant, April 8, at 6:30 p.m.

Students who attend the banquet will be included on a one-day cruise aboard a Navy ship during Easter vacation week, according to Lewis M. Andres, vice president in charge of the shipmate program.

HERB CAEN FINDS:

Travel Is Broadening-- It May Even Be Worse

MEXICO CITY — Travel is broadening, fattening, exhausting — and humbling. Mexico City has a chronic water shortage, and yet noble fountains, many of them lighted at night, play on the boulevards and in the parks. Workers are tearing out ugly concrete dividers on busy old streets, so that trees may be planted. Chapultepec Park has been greatly expanded in the most spectacular way: full-grown trees have been planted in wholesale lots, lawns have sprung up overnight and a large artificial lake built, on the short of which stands a spectacularly modern restaurant with a dance orchestra, a trio, and, not at all incidentally, good food. Since Mexico is a long way from being the richest country in the world, it makes you wonder. And also marvel.

* * *

BUT THE BIGGEST hit in Mexico City is the new Anthropological Museum, in the old part of Chapultepec Park. Before we came down here travelers kept insisting: "You MUST see it." We replied, "Uh-huh" (who needs another museum?). No sooner had we arrived than the natives began asking: "Have you seen it?" So we saw it first thing — mainly so we could reply "Yes, we've seen it"—and now we tell you: You MUST see it."

The building itself is a work of art—a spacious and airy rectangle, enclosing a great courtyard surmounted by a fantastic free-floating canopy which rains a continuous torrent around a monolithic Aztec monument. Inside, the long story of ancient Mexico's various art forms—most of them of great sophistication and elegance—is laid out in all its richness.

* * *

A BEAUTIFULLY arranged museum. Great stone faces peer through the windows from atop grassy knolls. Entire temples have been rebuilt along the perimeter. At night the genius of the unknown Mayan, Toltec and Aztec sculptors is bathed in golden light. In all, the kind of museum that brings out the looter that lurks in the heart of every tourist: you'd like to pick it up, stone by stone, and take it home with you (and yes, when you are tired of wandering through its halls, there IS a restaurant, a large and pleasant outdoor one in a sheltered nook).

My only complaint would be that the exhibits are labeled in Spanish only—as is unfortunately true of most of the signs in the public places here. National pride carried a step too far. Anti-Americanism expressed by omission? At any rate, the only bilingual sign I've seen is in the ancient Cathedral in the main plaza. In Spanish and very explicit English, it asks for donations.

* * *

NATIONAL PRIDE: you see it everywhere. Families of Indians trudging through the Anthropological Museum and the also new Museum of Natural History—a series of mound-like structures connected by open walkways—in the New Chapultepec. At a peso a head, quite a sacrifice for people obviously poor. Always a knot of natives staring at the five-columned monument to the "Boy Heroes of Chapultepec" — the young cadets who fought there to the death against the invading Americans in 1848.

And always the natives wandering around Chapultepec Castle, where poor Maximilian and his Carlotta—the pawns in a crazy game played by Napoleon III—arrived in 1864 to reign over plains that were once Spain's. Filled with Hapsburg ambition, they rebuilt the fortress into a road company palace, whose mild divertissements—Carlotta's marble bathtub, the furniture imported from Europe—are still to be seen.

Everybody knows the sad, Mayerling-like end to the story. A couple of years later the French troops went home, leaving behind Maximilian, who refused to abdicate. Carlotta rushed to Europe to seek aid for him, went insane and was confined to a castle in Belgium, where she lived on and on—to 1927 in fact. On June 19, less than three years after he arrived regally at Vera Cruz aboard an Austrian destroyer, he was executed by a firing squad on the Hill of the Bells in Queretaro.

* * *

IN SPITE of the tender ministrations of the Church these many centuries, superstition lives on in this legendary land. At the entrance to the magnificent new Museum of Anthropology stands a huge statue of a pre-Columbian rain god, which had stood for close to a thousand years in a tiny village. When the Government announced it was moving the idol to Mexico City, the natives rebelled so violently that troops had to be called. On the day the rain god was installed at the museum there was a violent deluge—the first recorded rainfall on that date in Mexico City records. Nobody was particularly surprised.

We lunched the other day with a Mexican executive who had been born in Yucatan. "I am not a superstitious man," he said, "but recently my baby became mysteriously ill with a very high fever. We had three doctors. None could cure her. So I bundled her up and flew to my home town in Yucatan. The witch came and rubbed an egg—still in its shell—all over her body. Then she broke the egg into a saucer and placed it under the bed. The next morning my baby's fever was gone. And the egg under the bed was cooked. Naturally, I don't believe in witchcraft, but—." And he shrugged.

King Here for Aerospace Meet

Congressman Cecil R. King (D-17th District) will be in Los Angeles tomorrow for a discussion of the role of defense and aerospace in dustry in the continuing development of California's economy.

Appearing with King will be Rep. Chet Holifield and Rep. George P. Miller.

"The stranger is the friend I haven't met." — EDWIN PAGENHART, quoting Carlos Romulo, president of the University of the Philippines.

Ann Landers Paperback Edition Due

"Ann Landers Talks to Teenagers about Sex" by Press-Herald columnist Ann Landers is being published in a paperback edition this month by Fawcett World Library of New York.

The book was a bestseller in the hardcover edition. It discusses problems faced by teenagers and answers some of the most pressing questions raised by teenagers about sex.

The book will appear as a 40-cent Crest paperback.

From the Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald

Why is it that Torrance Adult Evening Hi School is the only school in the county that continues to squander taxpayers' monies on "hobby" classes that do not justify the expenditure and at a time when there is urgent and increasing need of training classes for those who have been displaced in their past fields of experience and sorely in need of new skills with which to pursue earning?

A survey will attest to the fact that Torrance alone permits hobby classes in its schools. All others have long long ago discontinued such classes as being without need or justification for the attendent expenditure.

Among such classes is the cake decorating class in which housewives only interested in learning how to decorate a cake for family or friends as "students." Study of past and current enrollment will reveal that there has not been one instance of a "student" placing in this classification since training in such class is grossly inadequate. The teacher ability is too limited to train competently.

Costs of such classes could be diverted to others that will benefit the public generally. There continues to be shortage of skilled office help, furniture and upholstery, various office machine operators, etc.

It would be far cheaper for the city to buy the housewife an occasional decorated cake and subsidize the poor baker who has enough competition without the housewife in the field unsupervised.

COUNT MARCO SAYS

Are You Savior or Murderess?

It is said that curiosity killed the cat; but lack of it can kill a marriage. Don't misdirect it, though, because there are two types of curiosity, natural and nosey.

Nosey curiosity is just plain unforgivable. Like this incident:

A pilot, while flying his helicopter during relief operations in flood-stricken Northern California, noticed a woman on the ground wildly waving a white bed sheet.

With great difficulty and personal peril he landed his aircraft about a quarter of a mile away from the woman's home, only to discover after plowing through waist-high snowdrifts that all she wanted was to know what he was looking for.

Don't be that type of inconsiderate creature. Direct your curiosity into the right channels. Direct most of it at your beast.

I don't mean that you should be nosey and pry into his personal affairs; mais non! Be constructively curious. You THINK, after a few years of marriage, that you really know everything about him, what he thinks, feels, or does. But do you really?

There are little tell-tale signs, which, if you're curious, will tip you off. How about that perfume, for instance, which he gave you for a present a couple of Christmases ago? If he hasn't given you any since, have you not been curious to know why?

Maybe he wanted you to change your way of life, but you ignored the subtle hint.

Have you ever been curious to know what he thinks when you cross the threshold of your bedroom every night?

Is he wide awake, with a faraway look in his eyes; is he smiling and anticipating your arrival? If he's sound asleep, mouth wide open and snoring loudly, you should have been more curious a long, long time ago. I'd say something is wrong, wouldn't you?

Become curious, and find out what is wrong. It's not his fault, you know.

Haven't you been the least bit curious when you get all dressed in your finery to go out on the town, why he showed up with no tie and a mismatched poor facsimile of a sport outfit?

Perhaps, had you asked him when it first happened, out of simple curiosity, he might have told you he has respect for you and now feels that any night out with you is a nauseating, duty-bound chore.

Get curious. Curiosity can save a marriage where lack of curiosity can kill it.

Wouldn't you rather be a savior than a murderess? The weapon is in your hand.

Press-Herald Sunday Crossword

(Answer on Page A-7)

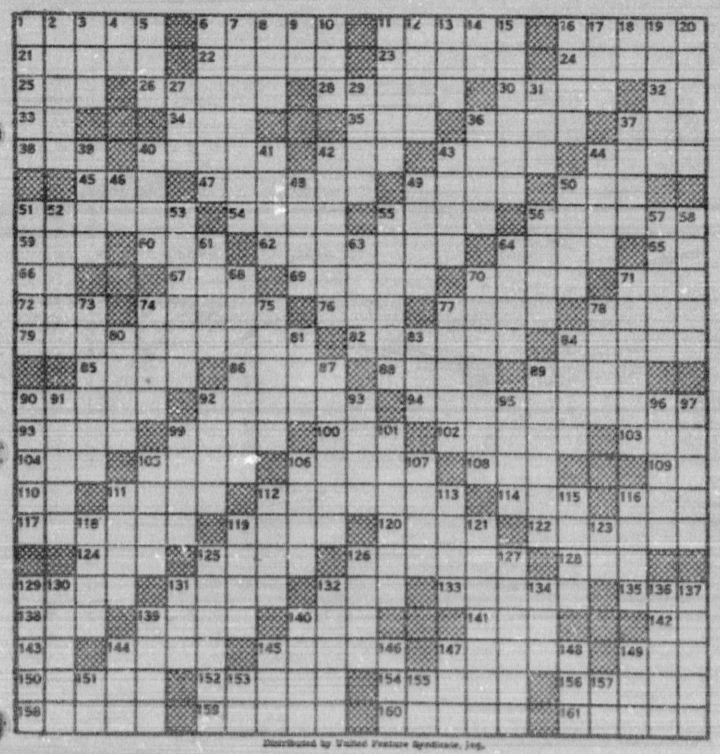
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1965

ACROSS

1—Swindle
6—Form
11—Trudes
16—Suspends
21—Lasso
22—Branch of Dravidian race
23—Passageway
24—Worship
25—Emmet
26—Social gathering
28—Mistreat
30—Great use of
32—Babylonian city
33—Saint (abbr.)
34—Damp
35—Devoures
36—Retained
37—Posed for portrait
38—Initials of 33rd President
40—Rest on knees
42—Mature
43—Sound a horn
44—Wagers
45—Poem
47—Spoon
48—Keen
50—Creepy (colloq.)
51—Bodies of soldiers
54—Blemish
56—Toward the sheltered side
58—Took a vote
59—South Korean soldier
60—Possessive pronoun
62—Struck (colloq.)
64—Tree trunk
65—Artificial language
66—Paid notice
67—Simian
68—Rugged mountain crest
70—Death rattle
71—Carpenter's tool
72—Encountered
74—Docks
76—Ocean
77—Danish island
78—Part of church
79—Ominous
82—Neck piece
84—Grafter
85—Academic subjects
86—Country of Asia
88—Rent
90—Couple
92—Piggens
93—Tart
94—Overwhelming
98—Pitch
99—Cries like dove
100—Small child
102—Eerie
103—Prefix: three
104—Bitter vetch
105—Farm building
106—River embankment
108—Man's name
109—A continent (abbr.)
110—Three-toed sloth
111—Unusual
113—Father and mother
114—Dawn goddess
115—Offspring
117—Tiny
119—Fewer
120—Wife of Geraint
122—Chaperon
124—Fruit drink
125—Departed
126—Declares
128—Period of time
129—Jog
131—Dry
132—Vehicle (colloq.)
133—Burn with hot water
135—Footlike part
138—Beast of burden
139—Cravats
140—Pedal digit
141—Falsehood
142—Note of scale
143—Greek letter
144—Civil injury
145—Talk idly
147—Stops
149—Lubricate
150—Surgical thread
152—Seat
154—Coast
156—Chief artery
158—Wear away
159—Biblical king
160—Satiated
161—Turf

DOWN

1—Collide
2—Clues
3—Dine
4—Near
5—Hit lightly
6—Thoroughfare
7—Haberdashers
8—Girl's name
9—Greek letter
10—Guido's high note
11—Fry quickly in hot fat
12—Sagacious
13—Peer Gynt's mother
14—Place (abbr.)
15—Moon goddess
16—Workman
17—Total
18—Negative
19—Massive
20—Chairs
27—Beard of grain
29—Containers
31—Antlered animal
36—Sharpen
37—Trade for money
39—Carried away
40—Military cap
41—Turns around track
42—Places for worship
43—Hastened
44—Large bundle
46—Note of scale
48—A state
49—Escape
50—European
51—Walk wearily
52—Cowboy competition
53—Blemishes
55—Append
56—Game played on horseback
57—Wipe out
58—Endowment
61—Barracoda
63—Golf mounds
64—Prohibits
68—Gradual destruction
70—Arbiter
71—Entinsulasm
73—Instructs
74—Fondles
75—Garments
77—Dart
78—Landed
80—Woody plant
81—Posed for portrait
83—River island
84—Pulverized rock
87—Measuring devices
89—Punctuation mark
90—Vapor
91—Japanese gateway
92—Uninteresting person
93—Wander
95—Vex
96—Malicious burning
97—Climbing plant
99—Solicitude
101—Doctrines
105—Lessen
106—Fixed
107—Sicilian volcano
111—Impolite
112—Await settlement
113—Posts for portrait
115—Petitioned
116—Break suddenly
118—Short sleeps
119—Hawaiian wreaths
121—Say
123—Teutonic deity
125—Miserable person
126—Fat of swine
127—Went by water
129—Fall into error
130—Willow
131—Ventilate
132—Piece of lumber
134—Allow
136—Sands forth
137—Man's name
139—Pitch
140—Group of three
144—Bushy clump
145—Equality
146—Worm
147—Terrid
148—Sink in middle
149—Anglo-Saxon money
151—Preposition
153—Pronoun
155—Exclamation
157—Conjunction



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