

# Cranston Says Peace Corps Enriches Ghana

Your Second Front Page

## Press-Herald

JANUARY 5, 1966

PRESS-HERALD

C-1

Ann Landers Says

### Your Psychiatrist Should Be Female



Dear Ann Landers: I am beginning to think my mother was right. She once told me that there is not a decent, clean-thinking man in this world. I'm convinced she knew what she was talking about.

I am 48, and have been married twice. Both my husbands were skirt chasers—morning, noon and night. The office manager made a play for me the second day I started to work here. The window washers and the janitor made goo goo eyes at me the same week.

Yesterday the meter-reader made an indecent proposal. This morning the bus driver gave me a come-on wink of the eye. I am so sick of sex maniacs I don't know what to do.

What advice do you have? Is there an escape? Please don't tell me to see a doctor for a check-up. The last time I went to see a doctor he propositioned me right in his office.—DESPERATE.

Dear Desperate: I think you ought to see a psychiatrist. But make sure you select a female. And I am not kidding.

Dear Ann Landers: I would like to say a word to the grandmother who signed her-

self "Beck and Call." She was annoyed because her married daughters used her as a sitter, a cook, and a seamstress. They also had a habit of dropping off their children at her house when they went away for weekends.

I am in the same boat, so I know how she feels. But the solution you suggested won't work for me. Here is my story: Several months ago my daughter asked if I would take her children for four days while she and her husband went out of town. When I hesitated, she said, "Well, if you have to think about it, skip it." She hung up and would not speak to me for three months. I missed the children so much it almost killed me.

Now when she asks if I will take her youngsters I say yes without hesitation. The price for refusing is more than I want to pay. Maybe you will say I am a darned fool, but I love my grandchildren.—L. A. GRANNY.

Dear Granny: Don't look now but your daughter is blackmailing you, and she is using her children as bait. I hope, for your sake, Mother, that there are no

more at home like her. One is enough.

Dear Ann Landers: I am 16 and going steady with one of the coolest cats in the senior class. We haven't done anything wrong yet and that is why I am writing. I believe in preventing trouble before it starts. Please give me some advice.

After four dates I let Ronnie kiss me. Now that is all he wants to do. I can't get him interested in going to a movie, bowling, playing records, or looking at TV. I even tried your formula of asking him questions about himself to get a good conversation going, but no dice. Ann, Ronnie would rather make out than do anything.

Last night he said if I cared for him as much as he cares for me I wouldn't fight him on this. I don't want him to ditch me, but I don't want to give in either. Please give me some advice and fast.—HANGING ON BY MY FINGERNAILS.

Dear Hanging On: I'm typing as fast as I can and I hope I am not too late. Give this creep a final no and tell him to stop pestering you or to find another girl. If he ditches you, you haven't lost much.

No teen-ager is as confident as he appears. Get clues in "Send for Ann Landers' booklet 'Dating Do's and Don'ts,' enclosing with your request 35c 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. © 1966, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate

### Bank Employee Gets New Post At Area Office

New assistant cashier in charge of the Operations Department at Bank of America's Torrance branch is George G. Riekens, according to Bruce Jones, vice president and manager.

A 13-year banking veteran, Riekens began his career as a teller in Santa Monica and was promoted to asst. cashier at the Ocean Park branch in 1959. Before coming to Torrance, he was in the Operations Department at the Ventura main office.



AT MUSIC CENTER... Members of the Carson Homeowners Association were guests of Supervisor Kenneth Hahn at the sixth annual Christmas Eve music program at the Music Center, attended by more than 15,000 persons. Shown, from left, are Mrs. Lorena Ball, 620 1/2 E. 220th St.; Supervisor Hahn, coordinator of the all-day music program; Mrs. Mary Gentry, 563 E. 223rd St.; and Mrs. Gladys Carter, 327 E. 220th St.

### Junior High Schools Big Blunder, Dr. Hull Says

"The junior high school may be America's greatest educational blunder."

So says Dr. J. H. Hull, superintendent of schools, in an article appearing in the December issue of "Educational Leadership," national publication of the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development.

The article, "Are Junior High Schools the Answer?" points out that the label "Junior High" is used to cover a multitude of institutions which vary from two-year "middle schools" to three-year "miniature high schools."

Calling the grouping of seventh, eighth, and ninth graders "illogical," Dr. Hull says seventh- and ninth-grade interests and development are so far apart that they "literally live in different worlds."

"Both high schools and colleges have more confidence in a ninth-grade curriculum from the four-year high school," he asserts. "One reason for this may be that there is still no real source of training for the junior high school teacher. This makes most junior high school teachers either converted elementary teachers or high school teachers who too often are waiting for a senior high school job."

According to the article, the trend today is away from separate junior highs and towards departmentalizing upper elementary school grades.

"putting the ninth grade back in the four-year high school where it belongs."

"THIS IS A good trend," the article states. "Such an arrangement necessitates only one transition instead of two and it tends to produce an institution that is sounder administratively and educationally."

"It is time parents, educators, and college professors went back to the fundamental truth that fancy organizations do not make good schools for young adolescents," the article contends. "Good schools are made by good teachers."

"THE COMPLEX junior high," according to the article, "with its huge enrollment, its frequent class changes, its teachers meeting 150 students a day, and its students being jostled about all among these strange events every 40 minutes all day long is too often a six- or seven-ring circus instead of an educational institution."

### Vehicle Registration Slated Until Feb. 4

The annual renewal period for vehicle registration began Monday. Vehicle owners may pay fees and obtain 1966 registration without penalty until Feb. 4, according to Tom Bright, director of Motor Vehicles.

Bright expects owners of about 11 million autos, trucks, trailers, motorcycles, and other vehicles to apply for 1966 registration during the five-week period. Registration renewal statements are now in the mail. On payment of fees, the stub of the renewal statement card is validated and becomes a 1966 registration card. The Department of Motor Vehicles also will issue chrome yellow reflectorized stickers, which must be affixed to the upper right corner of rear license plates.

### First Aid Review Set At Center

Red Cross First Aid instructors who have not taught a course within the last year and active teachers who have been authorized for three years or more are asked to enroll in the review course scheduled Jan. 11, 18, and 25.

The course will be held at the new Southern District Red Cross Service Center, 1499 W. First St., San Pedro, from 7 to 10 p.m., according to Capt. Walter West, first aid chairman for the Torrance-Lomita Red Cross Branch.

Class registration is available by telephoning Red Cross, TE 2-8321 or SP 5-1404.

"It is important that authorizations remain current to meet the demand for first aid classes," said Capt. West.

### Need Is for More, Not Less, He Says

(Editor's Note: State Controller Alan Cranston has just returned from a three-week trip to Ghana where he traveled through the African jungles to evaluate Peace Corps work in that nation. Ghana's President Nkrumah has just published a book in which he charges Peace Corps members are CIA agents.

In the following article, Cranston tells of the work of the Peace Corps in Ghana, as well as something of the difficulties which surround relations between the United States and Ghana.)

By ALAN CRANSTON  
State Controller

In Ghana, you don't just climb a mountain.

You often wriggle up one—slithering under heavy growth, poking ahead with a forked stick to break huge spider webs, while watching overhead and under hands and knees at the same time for deadly snakes. Or you sometimes bounce up one in a jeep.

But when you reach the top, at dinner hour, you are likely to find a red-haired giant of an American with a bristling mustache, playing cards with a crew of Ghanaians—while jovially spouting a mixture of Twi and three or four other African tongues.

THE GIANT is Dave Ripley, many thousands of miles from his home in Illinois.

But he is very much at home in his improvised tent and huddle of village only a few hundred miles from Timbuktu.

Ripley is a geologist, searching for bauxite. To the natives, he is also, in his words, "friend, teacher, doctor, father, supervisor, bookkeeper, maintenance man, even inventor."

For above all, Ripley is a Peace Corpsman—just one of 122 unusual American men and women in this unusual, controversial, important, fascinating land called Ghana.

IF RIPLEY and his devoted and willing-to-learn crew can find bauxite and the best place to mine it, the nation of Ghana will take a large step forward.

But even if they do not find it—and I am sure they will—Ghana has already been enriched in countless and immeasurable ways. And so has Dave Ripley, and so has America.

To put it simply: After observing—and in a critical mood—the Peace Corps in action from every vantage point, I have seldom been prouder of being an American.

The last time I was in Africa—almost 30 years ago, as a foreign correspondent covering the establishment of an Ethiopian Empire by Mussolini's blackshirts—I was shot at. Any white man was an automatic enemy.

IT WAS VERY, very different this time. Especially when in the company of a local Peace Corps volunteer, strolling across a school-ground in a remote jungle clearing, or hiking along a steaming trail in the savannah, or chatting with a fetish priest in the bush.

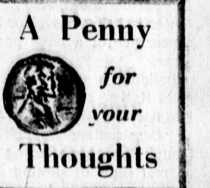
The forces shaping the Peace Corps environment in Ghana are deeply diverse and endlessly intriguing. A strong-willed, Marxist-minded president; a people suddenly exposed to great doses of education, medicine, propaganda and hope; a land possessed of remarkable riches; an economy plagued with inflation and lack of foreign exchange; traders from the Middle East, the Far East and all of the continents; the tribal chiefs and fetish priests who preside in the villages; the strong-willed, capitalist-minded women (who call themselves mummies) who manage the free enterprise market places; the agents from the Soviet Union, China and most everywhere else.

AND IN THE middle of all this are scattered 122 Americans who teach the young and seek for underground riches for Ghana, who care-

fully avoid politics, and who mingle delightfully with the people.

(Six of the volunteers I met with are Californians: Steve, Pastor of Paradise and Dave Copeland of Enconido, both geologists; and four teachers, Jim Grant of Sacramento, Vicki Duff of Concord, Peter Cook of Los Gatos, and Mike Warren, from Stanford.)

In all, I visited with 50 (Continued on Page C-3)



BY HAL FISHER

Alexander Pope said, "Hope springs eternal from the human breast..." and at no time does that outpouring of hope seem to be stronger than at the start of a new year. None of us know for sure what the new year will bring, but we can always hope for the best. I asked some people around town:

"What are some of the things you would like to see happen in the coming year?"

Carl L. Backlund, 2225 W. 239th St., acting Torrance postmaster:

"The greatest thing that could happen in the year would be an end to the war in Viet Nam. I would like to see all nations find a method of gaining peace through negotiations. Locally, I am looking forward to the remodeling of the old post office in Torrance. It could be a real shot in the arm for the downtown area."

Fermin Ponce de Leon, 21909 S. Main St.:

"I'd like to see the war end in Viet Nam. If not an end at least this year should bring a start in the negotiations to find a way to end it."

Robert Halpin, 7015 El Paseo Ave., Long Beach:

"I would like to see Britain regain its position of importance in the world. It has been going down ever since the war. They need a leader like Churchill to bring them back. As for myself, I would like to take a trip to Australia."

Paul S. Patterson, 336 Ave. "F", Redondo Beach:

"The ending of the war in Viet Nam is the most important current issue. I would like to see the U. S. make progress to the point where we make a soft landing on the moon. On the local level I hope this is the year when we get an effective rapid transit system from I. A. to the suburbs."

Judy Roenfelat, Gale Ave., Long Beach:

"Viet Nam and peace there takes precedence over all other hopes. I have a relative over there and another possibly on the way. I'd also like to see an effective plan to help senior citizens. I know of several cases where people over 65 are living on practically nothing."

### Carson Health Center Moves to New Quarters

Relocation of the Avalon Village Health Center has been announced by Dr. Earl W. Kendrick, Torrance District Health Officer for the Los Angeles County Health Department.

The sub-center has been moved to new quarters in the Scottsdale Shopping Center, where it will be known as the Villa Carson Health Center. The new address is 23233 Avalon Blvd., Wilmington.

"The additional space in the new building will enable the health department to give more and better service in the Carson area," Dr. Kendrick said. "Clinic hours and services will remain the same and those persons having appointments at the Avalon Village Health Center should keep those appointments at the new center."

Mrs. Blanche Doyle, volun-

teer at the Avalon Village Center, will continue working the clinics at the new center. Dr. Kendrick said, "We are extremely pleased," he added, "and the health department appreciates Mrs. Doyle's 17 years of service in the well baby and prenatal clinics."

While the prenatal and well baby clinics are by appointment only, Dr. Kendrick said, the health center is a walk-in clinic where immunizations against polio, diphtheria, whooping cough, and tetanus may be obtained.

Hours at the new center are 1 to 3:30 p.m. on Mondays and 8:30 to 11:30 a.m. on Thursdays.

Appointments for the prenatal and well baby clinics may be secured by calling the health department at FA 8-3310.

### COUNT MARCO

### Pretend You're a Widow, Dear

"He dirties every ash tray in the house," you complain. "Whatever he takes off, he drops. I'm tired of picking up after him."

Or, "I send him to the store and what does he do? He brings home everything but what I asked for."

Another big whine from you is, "I slave over a hot stove all day long cooking him something special and what happens? He calls to say he's going to be late. Or worse, he doesn't bother calling."

Your moans about what he does wrong would fill a book.

Would you like to make your life easier? Leave it to your good friend Count Marco to furnish you with a workable solution. Become a widow.

As soon as your beast leaves the house rush into your dressing room and put

on your widow's weeds; your basic black and pearls will do. Leave them on all day long.

Every minute of every hour during this day, think about yourself as being widowed. How does it feel to know that your man is gone from you forever. With heart diseases, lung conditions, and freeway accidents this could come to pass in a moment's time.

Go about your daily routine, keeping in mind that he is never going to come through your door again. As you pick up the clothes he left on the floor in the bedroom, clutch them to yourself momentarily, aware that this is the very last time you'll ever do it. When you hang his tie, remember how you picked it out for him.

All those cigarette or cigar ashes on the table, the floor and every tash tray filled.

Are they the last he'll ever smoke in your presence?

When you prepare dinner, don't think about the possibility of his being late, forgetting perhaps at all. Think about cooking all your meals hereafter just for yourself.

By now you shouldn't need to salt your food; your tears will do it for you.

The phone rings, the doorbell chimes. You find yourself saying, "I'll have to wait until my husband comes home."

The car doesn't start and you can't wait until he arrives to get it fixed.

But stop! Remember you're a widow.

You'll suddenly discover how important he is to you. In just one short day all your trouble will fade into nothingness, because nothing will ever again be so important as having a real live husband.

Now admit it; aren't you glad you have us both?



"The only time the world beats a path to your door is right after you decide to take a Sunday afternoon nap."