

Burned-Out Family Finds A Welcome Helping Hand



FAMILY BURNED OUT . . . Red Cross caseworker Mrs. Marjorie Riede (right) makes a survey with the Ernesto Montoya family in Harbor City of their fire-gutted former home. The window being shown to Mrs. Riede is how several of the family's seven children escaped. Unable to escape through the window and lost for a time in the house full of flames

was 13-year-old Connie, second from right, crippled from polio since she was five months old. Back row (from left) are Vickie, 12, Connie, 13, and the parents, Ernesto and Josephine Montoya. In the foreground are Linda, 5, Martha, 11, and 3-year-old Ernest. With the help of Red Cross the family is meeting its disaster-caused needs.

There are many things the Ernesto Montoya family won't forget about the month of January, 1966. They certainly won't forget the frightening night of January 7 when five of the seven children, Ernesto and his wife, Josephine, were awakened about 9 p.m. by the terrifying crackle and suffocating smoke of fire raging throughout their home at 25821 Frampton, Harbor City.

And you can bet they won't forget the American Red Cross. Within minutes after the family had escaped from the flaming remains of what had been their comfortable home, Red Cross had been alerted of the disaster by the fire department.

The Montoyas, including the two children who were away from home when the fire broke out, were assured that their immediate needs would be met and that the Red Cross disaster relief program would help them get back on their feet.

After medical attention had been given burns suffered by the father, mother, and 11 year old Martha, Red Cross housed the family in a nearby motel for the remainder of that unforgettable night and for the next three days and nights until a house that they could rent in the area was located.

Red Cross extended credit to the family at a local market for the purchase of food.

Red Cross caseworker Mrs. Marjorie Riede, also a Harbor City resident, working out of the Southern District Red Cross Service Center in San Pedro, was assigned to work with the Montoya family in reviewing their situation and helping them to develop a practical plan for recovery.

The Red Cross rehabilitation program is designed to help a family regain its capacity to reach and maintain its pre-disaster standard of living with the first step toward recovery being to see what the family can do for itself.

It was difficult for the Montoyas to review what had happened and even more difficult to talk about the ashes that had been their belongings when they first met with the Red Cross caseworker on Monday following the Friday night fire.

The Montoyas couldn't do much for themselves, and still can't — at least until the young father is able to return to his job at Superior Scaffold in Torrance.

Their sole savings—accumulated bonuses earned by Ernesto had been tucked away in Josephine's purse and it, too, went up in flames.

The Montoyas needed everything—a place to live, clothing, household furnishings, and supplies.

Red Cross first paid a month's rent for a house owned by St. Mary Margaret Catholic parish which had been offered to the family.

On Jan. 11, the Montoyas set up housekeeping at 1135 256th St., Harbor City, with furniture and appliances they were able to purchase with the help of Red Cross.

Red Cross funds also allowed for the purchase of new clothing for Ernesto, Josephine, and their children, Danny, 17, Eddie, 16, Connie, 13, Martha, 11, Linda, 5, and three year old Ernest.

The next day, Red Cross funds made it possible for them to secure other necessary household supplies and food stuffs.

Tears came into Josephine's eyes when Mrs. Riede, the Red Cross caseworker, said that even a sewing machine was on its way to the Montoya's new home.

Everything the Montoyas have received is like all Red Cross assistance—an outright gift that is made possible by the voluntary contributions of people supporting Red Cross through the annual United Crusade fund campaign.

"I've always been a regular blood donor to help Red Cross but I never thought I'd be on the receiving end of any Red Cross assistance. Mrs. Riede is wonderful and Red Cross has made it possible for us to start all over again," the grateful father says.

Long Beach Builders To Name Sweetheart



SEEKS TITLE . . . Sue Childers, a Millikan High School student from Long Beach, is one of 13 girls competing for the 1966 "Home-O-Rama Sweetheart" title.

Fifteen Long Beach area girls will compete for the title of "Home-O-Rama Sweetheart" at a Valentine's Day dinner meeting of the Long Beach Builders Exchange in the Lafayette Hotel.

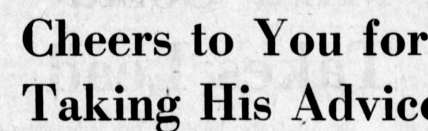
The winner and two princesses will be chosen by a vote of the entire membership, according to Don Anderson, co-chairman of the 1966 show. The "Home-O-Rama Sweetheart" and her princesses will reign over the annual home show to be held March 2 through 6 in the Long Beach Arena under sponsorship of the builders group.

During the dinner meeting Anderson will give a brief talk on plans for this year's Home-O-Rama which will have "Showcase for Modern Living" as its theme.

A sectionalized format will give visitors an opportunity to see furnishings, appliances, decorative items and other display materials under conditions of actual use.

Girls competing for the title are: Dara Dobry, Sue Childers, Marsha Lynne McDermid, Maureen Rose, Vicki Byers, Marsha Macias, Jennifer Shaeckleton, June Prubel, Joyce Ann Wilson, Sally Lundblade, Patricia Myers and Nena Ptucha, all of Long Beach; Linell Harn and Annette Thompson, both of Lakewood, and Lynda Atkins of Bellflower.

Ann Landers Says Cheers to You for Taking His Advice



Dear Ann Landers: It is apparent from your advice to the young fellow who worked in the ice cream shop that YOU have never worked the employer's side of the counter. This poor kid was exasperated because people came in and asked for what flavors they had (they had 28) and when he finished rattling them all off they said, "Oh well, I'll take vanilla."

He was sure they did it to annoy him and he wanted a snappy answer. You told him customers don't come in for snappy answers—they come in for ice cream.

As a person who has waited on the public for 28 years I can tell you that there are a lot of mean, miserable creeps in this world who take out their hostility on clerks, waitresses, and folks who can't tell them where to head in.

My first job was jerking sodas. I was 16. My boss told me that whenever I encountered a rude, arrogant, demanding person I should be courteous because that person was probably mad at

somebody he couldn't talk back to and I was the substitute. His advice has helped me stay ulcer-free and reasonably sane. Please pass it on to others who have to take a lot of lip on the job.—SMILING SAM.

Dear Sam: You were lucky to have such a wise boss. And cheers to you for following his advice. But—that little red chee-choo runs both ways.

While it is true that customers are often nasty, clerks can be pretty miserable, too. And the reason for the unpleasantness frequently has nothing to do with the encounter.

Dear Ann Landers: I am so disgusted with my parents I don't know what to do. Let me start by telling you that I am a 16-year-old girl. My parents got a divorce two years ago. I begged them not to, but they did anyway. I live with my mother.

Dad is over here at least three nights a week. When he is around mom talks in a fakey voice like she is on the

stage. I have caught them necking on the sofa a few times and it is just nauseating.

Yesterday mom told me that the three of us are going to take a weekend trip. Dad has to go to Philadelphia on business. I think it is disgraceful. After all, they are NOT man and wife anymore. Should I tell them I am not going on a trip with them unless they get married?—SMARTER THAN I LOOK

Dear Smarter Than: If you are really smart you will play dumb. It is not your place to tell them anything.

In time your parents will probably remark—which is the way they should have stayed to begin with.

Dear Ann Landers: We recently moved into an apartment after having lived in the suburbs for 17 years. The apartment has no garage facilities so we park our car on the street—as close to our apartment as we can get. Sometimes we must park three blocks away.

There are two homes across the street from our apartment. Last night my husband and I pulled into a parking place in front of one of the homes. A woman came out and said, "This space belongs to us. We own our home. Please park your car elsewhere."

Is this woman within her rights or not?—MR. AND MRS. R.

Dear Mr. and Mrs.: I know of no city where the home owner owns the street in front of his property. But just to make certain there are no freaky regulations in your area, call the police chief and get the straight goods.

When necking becomes petting, watch out! To learn how small girl keeps both her dignity and her boy friend, send for Ann Landers' booklet, "Necking and Petting—And How Far To Go," enclosing with your request \$2 in coin to 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) 1966, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate

Five Win Top UCLA Citations

Five South High graduates have won honors at the University of California at Los Angeles, according to Dr. John A. Lucas, principal at South High. Dr. Lucas said he was advised of the honors awarded the five former Spartans by Vern W. Robinson, director of relations with schools at UCLA.

Top honors were won by Catherine E. Fuller, a 1964 graduate of South High. She was elected to Alpha Lambda Delta, a national scholastic honorary sorority, for both semesters of her freshman year. Miss Fuller also was named to the Dean's Honor List in the College of Letters and Science.

Other members of the Class of 1968 honored include Jerrold E. Fink, Sandra L. Salveter, and Nancy L. Goldenberg. All three were named to the Dean's Honor List. Miss Patricia Wendy Palmquist, a 1963 graduate of South High, was named to the Dean's Honor List for the Spring, 1965, semester.

Press-Herald Sunday Crossword

Press-Herald Sunday Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers.

(Answer on Page 7)

ACROSS

1—Athletic crowd
2—Carnival
3—Magenta
4—Dumplings
5—Dim
6—Dim
7—Place for
8—Habitual
9—Cool plant
10—Spanish peas
11—Fruit used
12—Fruit used
13—Roman gods
14—Latin
15—conjunction
16—Nagrite
17—Anther
18—animal
19—Flock
20—Pestifer
21—Flock
22—Diamond
23—Diamond
24—Diamond
25—Diamond
26—Diamond
27—Diamond
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100—Diamond

DOWN

1—British prisons
2—Possessed with
3—Cleaning agent
4—Spanish article
5—Withdraw from
6—Victims
7—In music, high
8—Suits set
9—Largest plant
10—In bank
11—Organ of hearing
12—Organ of hearing
13—Native metal
14—Passes
15—Separate
16—Diplomacy
17—War god
18—Wrestler
19—Fruit drink
20—Travelled by
21—acted
22—Parched land
23—Dry
24—Faint
25—Shallow vessel
26—Prisoner Indian
27—Burred
28—animal
29—All short
30—Flute
31—On feet
32—List
33—Cook in even
34—King of birds
35—Turn
36—Poet
37—Poet
38—Couplets
39—substance
40—City in Russia
41—Demagogue
42—British
43—In a row
44—Forsakers
45—Forsakers
46—Scrupulously
47—clean
48—Dressed out of
49—Heavy bodies
50—Unusual
51—Parasites
52—Herald
53—Ship
54—Ship
55—Ship
56—Ship
57—Ship
58—Ship
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COUNT MARCO

Turn Him Loose Now and Then

He was complaining rightfully and manfully. "Why can't a woman understand a man wants to get out once in a while and man talk?" "He gets fed up with a steady diet of women and kids. If I stop off with some of the other men on the way home from work, my wife has a hemorrhage. But to have a constant diet of her and her chatter about nothing is asking too much of any husband."

You American women have indeed been poorly trained as wives if you think he must give you every minute of his free time. I often wonder where you get such tremendous egos to think you're so special that he should be deliriously happy to devote all his time to you.

There are many good reasons why the average husband not only desires but requires time away from you. Familiarity, even in marriage, breeds contempt. American wives suffer from that dread disease known as mouthitis. The minute the door opens, your mouth opens. Out comes the big wind making a lot of noise about nothing.

It's perfectly all right to ask how he feels, or "How did it go today, dear?" But stop! That's enough. Let him unwind for the first hour with the paper, a cocktail or a nap. Stay out of his way. He's had a rough 10 to 12 hours since he last saw you.

Too many of you throw dinner on the table the minute he walks in, lay out a series of household projects he is supposed to do and whine about the ones he didn't do. It's the smart, husband-holding wife who encourages her mate to take time off from her and enjoy a night on the town, bowling, card playing or just bar-hopping with his friends. There are many things you can do while he is manfully employed.

Use the time for skin care, checking over your clothes or your weekly menus, reading up on his job, or getting to know your children.

When he finally does come home, just say three simple words: "I missed you." Better to miss him for a few short hours than to miss out altogether, as so many of you has-beens find out too late to your everlasting sorrow.

BROKER INSTITUTE
Two Torrance Realtors, Alvin Grancell and Richard B. Gurney, have been invited to attend the National Institute of Farm and Land Brokers