Bank of America Award Winners Listed

ARTHUR HOPPE

Alabama Street Scene Revisited

We have a small child in our house, a little girl. She has learned to turn television on by herself and often does so for the company it gives her. She seldom looks at it, but sits before it playing with her toys, lips pursed in that sober concentration of the very young.

The other morning, when I glanced in, she was bent over a small red tennis shoe, painstakingly removing the lace. On the screen, just above her head, a white-helmeted officer was striding forward, a club in his hand.

The picture was fuzzy. I realized it was a film clip of the recent violence in Selma, Ala., when State troopers tear-gassed Negro demonstrators as they knelt to pray and then clubbed them as they ran. I paused to watch, fascinated.

The body of a woman was lying in the street, face down. The officer stopped for a moment, looking down at the woman without expression, the club swinging loosely in his hand. He seemed about to poke her with it. She moved slightly. He walked

+ How strong and secure he looked in his unwrinkled uniform, with his helmet, badge, club and pistol, each just so. How crumpled and helpless the woman looked, sprawled on the pavement, her shapeless black coat flopped around her in disarray.

I thought of how she must have felt, kneeling and praying as the officers advanced, faith in her God, faith in her cause, faith in the Christian principle of non-violence. I thought of how it must have been when the blows fell and I winced, as one does at vicarious pain. How I envied her that faith.

And I thought of the officer and how he must have felt when he swung the club. He was simply following orders, he was simply doing his job. Yet how hard it must be for any man to hit an unresisting woman with a club.

He must have had to steel himself as he raised it. He must have relished the blind release of violence as do we all. He must have had to justify himself with an inward cry of "uppity nigger!" But, above all, he must have had to close off a corner of his mind, callous it over, seal it up. Suddenly, I felt deeply sorry for him. What a cruel thing to happen to any man.

He was truly the less for their brief encounter. And she was truly more. At that moment I saw clearly that she, lying there, was the victor; and he, standing there, the vanquished.

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The little girl looked up, laceless tennis shoe held high in triumph. "See!" she said. Her head was framed by four officers, advancing, clubs in hand. I switched the station to a cartoon about a silly bear and a silly dog. She turned and watched, momentarily absorbed.

But in my mind's eye the old image lingered -the sturdy officer standing over the crumpled woman. I devoutly hoped that she, now that she had won the battle, would rise up and march forward to kneel again and again until she had won the

For I deeply believed that this woman, sprawled face down on a dusty Alabama street, the victim of her own faith in non-violence, was the hope of the world. And of the little girl

Seniors Win Certificates, **Trophies in First Round**

First-round winners in the loreign language; Karen A social science; Sally, Morri-1965 Bank of America Wanatabe, business, and son, forign language; Lee Ann Achievement Awards pro-Karen Shields, home eco. Youngberg, business; Susan Ared home econonics, and

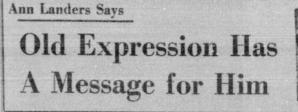
gram have been announced nomics. Nearly 100 high school seniors, representing nine area high schools, will receive will receive added honors and a chance to compete for cash awards of up to \$1,000. North High School Certific, da Saunders vocational arts North School Certific, da Saunders vocational arts North High School Certific, da Saunders vocational arts

cates—William D. Oberman, The 12-week series will Maher. science and mathematics; A. cover safety at sea, level re-Edward Morris, fine aris, and quirements, small boat han-

Christine N. Bullin, liberal dling, basic piloting and navi-arts. gation, and basic seamanship. Trophies—Christine N. Bul- Graduates of the class will re-

In, liberal arts. In, liberal arts. Narbonne High School: Certificate of Completion by Narbonne High School: Certificate of Completion by I. M. Shannon, class instruc-tificates--Rho Chao, mathe-matics: Virgil T. Johnson Jr., laboratory science; Ellis B. Kay, music; Charles A. Bibbs, rat; Gilbert Dias Jr., English; David K. H. Ho, social sci-ence; Judith Ann Hamasaka, commander.

MARCH 17, 1965



Dear Ann Landers: My wife adults and two teen-agers, how the kid wears his hair is a great gal and we get seated at the dinner table. along just fine. The only real Half way through dinner one problem is that Jessie is in of the adults turned to the --- and by speaking up I guarantee you would have gotten the subject changed

problem is that Jessie is in-of the adults turned to the gotten the subject changed samely jealous. The teenage boy and said, "Why — and the clod off the teenage boy and said, "Why — and the clod off the boy's back. by's back. by'

Pan A's Chipper Club and American's Admiral's Club have, and I don't know if they are as strict as TWA, which requires that men must wear coat and tie and women must be in dresses. It's so nice to know that someone be lieves not only in the future of

He's Dreaming Up New Trophy

other major airline clubs such as

investigate one of those air freight lines instead, and be shipped along with the other baggage

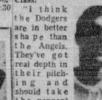
My aunt the Contessa used to say, "No woman ever travels without hat and gloves." It was of course understood that you wore a dress too. And those were the days when travel was not

creating area arts, and Mary Barron, vocational arts.
create to complete for cash avards of up to \$1,000.
The Bank of A me rice, awards are presented each the finals will receive and mathematics; will it an Weave, art; Marjori A Babic, business; Carrol Markowski, basiness; Carrol Markowski, business; Carrol Markowski, basiness; Carrol Markowski, basent Markowski, basent Markowski, basiness; Carrol Markowski,

Your Second Front Page

Press-Herald

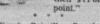
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Dennis Kirby, Senior Class:











rear depth in the ir pitch-ing and should take the pennant if their hitting improves. The press reports have been fa-vorable."

but for creating a regulation inism and stick ing to it.

I presented my first Sloppy

Venus Award to an East Coast

manufacturer of women's hats.

Now I must decide what kind of

award to present to Trans World

However, this one shall be an

award of merit, not for flying,

COUNT MARCO SAYS

Airlines.

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While awaiting my plane's departure from San Francisco for New York, I was a guest of TWA in its private Ambassador Club, a sort of resting place for the quiet moment between planes. seasoned traveler who wishes a 1 was at first startled, then delighted, when my sensitive hearing picked up the voice of the club's hostess, holding the door tightly against an unpleasant invasion, saying to a female demanding entrance, "I'm sorry, but it is the policy of this club not to permit women in slacks or shorts to enter here." Sorr She should have said, as I would have. "I am delighted to say you can't come in here in slacks

I do not know what policies

aviation but also in the future of women, and so holds firm to a principle

If only TWA would go a little further and require proper dress, not only from the Ambassador Club but for all its women passengers as well, what a great service it could do for this country. I imagine, though, that if this were so. Los Angeles would have to be dropped from the airline's schedule

I cannot for the life of me understand what excuse you can possibly give for boarding a plane wearing slacks. The longest flight coast to coust is only five hours, no matter which airline you take. It's clean, comfortable and elegant. So why slacks?

If you are so intent on going as a slob, then perhaps you should

only an adventure, it was usually a dirty one with soot creeping through the windows of the cars, which may have been plush but were not air conditioned and were solled with days and days of cross-country travel. So why, my dears, with jet

travel, do you find it necessary not only to go without hat and gloves, but in disguise as a man? The more industry tries to make your lives easier, the sloppier you get.

Whenever I see one of you not properly attired for travel, I must assume either that this is your first trip and you don't know any better, or it's your last trip and you don't care. You're already at the end of the world and ready to jump off. May I be the first to give you a push?