

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 on.

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.

The little girl looked up, faceless 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 war.

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 1965 Bank of America Achievement Awards program have been announced here.

Nearly 100 high school seniors, representing nine area high schools, will receive certificates. Other winners will receive added honors and a chance to compete for cash awards of up to \$1,000.

The Bank of America awards are presented each year for outstanding scholarship, leadership, and promise of future success and service to society. Covering virtually all high school subjects, the awards are presented in four general fields.

CASH AWARDS totaling \$53,900 will be presented to 372 students who will be selected from the 3,000 California winners. More than 1,000 students will receive engraved trophies.

Zone competition, which includes top local winners, will begin in April. Finals will be held in May. All students who can reach the finals will receive at least \$150, and may win up to \$1,000.

Local winners include: **Bishop Montgomery High School:** Certificates—Barbara Dineen, mathematics; Thomas McCarthy, laboratory science; Eleanor Taylor, music; Mary Kay Kane, art; Susan Chandler, English; William Bedworth, social science; Kathleen Jessome, foreign language; Mary Gonzales, business; and Suzanne Simpson, home economics.

Trophies—Patrick Gahwoll, science and mathematics; Anne Bowen, liberal arts; and Mary Green, vocational arts.

Carson High School: Certificates—Elvin Hoel, mathematics; Jerry E. Markussen, laboratory science; Art Aberg, music; Jennifer Pulliam, art; Linda Morris, English; David Fuller, social science; Kathy G. Lunning, foreign art; Thelma Liwanag, business; Carole Reader, home economics; Alann Elfmann, agriculture; and Mark Hopkins, trades and industrial arts.

Trophies—Sandra Tamasy, science and mathematics; Charles Linn, fine arts; James Whang, liberal arts; and Janice Cross, vocational arts.

Chadwick School: Certificates—William D. Oberman, science and mathematics; A. Edward Morris, fine arts; and Christine N. Bullin, liberal arts.

Trophies—Christine N. Bullin, liberal arts.

Narbonne High School: Certificates—Rhe Chao, mathematics; Virgil T. Johnson Jr., laboratory science; Ellis B. Kay, music; Charles A. Bibbs, art; Gilbert Dias Jr., English; David K. H. Ho, social science; Judith Ann Hamasaka,

foreign language; Karen A. Wanatabe, business; and Karen Shields, home economics.

Trophies—Glenn Kagayama, science and mathematics; Michael J. Murphy, fine arts; Ronald Donigan, liberal arts; and Mary Barron, vocational arts.

North High School: Certificates—Douglas A. Cook, mathematics; William P. Thomas, laboratory science; Linda E. Therrio, music; Anita M. Weaver, art; Marjorie Poe, English; Naomi S. King, social science; Danny W. Scott, foreign language; Marjorie A. Babic, business; Carol M. Sexton, home economics; and Steven H. Obuchon, trades and industrial arts.

Trophies—Douglas A. Cook, science and mathematics; Anita M. Weaver, fine arts; Danny W. Scott, liberal arts; and Marjorie A. Babic, vocational arts.

Redondo High School: Certificates—Terry L. Remmers, mathematics; David J. Cole, laboratory science; Terry W. Rogers, music; Virginia L. Williams, art; Sandra L. Durant, English; David P. Durriner, social science; Eric Arumae, foreign language; Catherine Sykes, business; Patricia Ann Guilfoyle, home economics; and Kenneth L. Telschow, trades and industrial arts.

Trophies—William H. Richardson, science and mathematics; Walter E. Kennon, fine arts; Maureen O'Rourke, liberal arts; and Thomas E. Graig, vocational arts.

South High School: Certificates—Michael Montgomery, mathematics; Michael Cruikshank, laboratory science; Donald Brunet, music; Loma Salatin, art; Carleton East like, English; Nancy Menashe,

social science; Sally, Morrison, foreign language; Lee Ann Youngberg, business; Susan Alred home economics; and Glenn Saderson, trades and industrial arts.

Trophies—Suzanne Burr, science and mathematics; Douglas Vogl, fine arts; Barry Keller, liberal arts; and Sandra Saunders, vocational arts.

Torrance High School: Certificates—Richard K. Moore, mathematics; Keith W. Bleakley, laboratory science; Ronald L. Yates, music; Larry D. Champion, art; Pamela J. Flemming, English; John H. Haig, social science; Roger Lee Carpenter, foreign language; Kaben E. Bigham, business; Jo Ann McDade, home economics; and Cary Reise, trades and industrial arts.

Trophies—Laura C. Fluck, science and mathematics; Roberta Lee Myers, fine arts; Rosemary Galanda, liberal arts; and Shirley Ann Hasselberg, vocational arts.

West High School: Certificates—Adele Palmer, mathematics; Harry Dunlop, laboratory science; Terry Hunt, music; Janet Detweiler, art; Leslie Lane, English; Kathleen Swift, social science; Carol Mead, foreign language; Sharon Oglesby, business; Jo Ann White, home economics; and Delbert Mallery, trades and industrial arts.

Trophies—Kenneth Huez, science and mathematics; Carol Maa, fine arts; Ronald Gordon, liberal arts; and Cherie Button, vocational arts.

Ann Landers Says

MARCH 17, 1965

ADLINE DALEY

Get Me to the Bank on Time

Thanks to the electronic miracle of the IBM machines now installed in the bank to which we belong, if I'm delayed by a couple of red lights en route down to make a deposit on a Monday morning, I can figure that at least three checks of mine will bounce. That's because they will have arrived at the bank 18 seconds before my deposit.

I understand that even more speedy efficient methods are being planned. Eventually (I can hardly wait) you will be able to write a check anywhere within a 200-mile radius of the bank and the amount will be deducted from your account inside of 15 minutes. Or, as so often in my case, stamped with "Refer to Maker" within that same designated time. And I'm afraid that on one of my wild chases to the bank, they will be stamping me with "Refer to THY Maker."

THE FITV IS that often, due to my hasty arithmetic, I'm unaware that I'm overdrawn by, say, \$1.78; nevertheless, the impersonal IBM machine tosses my check into the same category with those of professional bad-check artists. What hurts is that the bank will also charge \$2 for NOT cashing the check, making me now \$3.79 overdrawn. Should another check arrive and be sent back uncashed, I will be even more in arrears, and so on. Tell me, if there is no money in our account to honor these checks, how come the bank keeps taking its dibs?

Fortunately, there ARE times when I operate on a balance of about \$10 which keeps us solvent. But it's a wonder that my picture isn't

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A Penny for your Thoughts

By HAL FISHER
In keeping with the season one might revise a couple of famous quotations as follows: "... the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the empire is heard in our land;" or "... in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of rosin bags and spiked shoes." Fans all over the nation are looking forward to Saturday afternoons at the ball park. Here in Torrance the Pennies Photographer asked baseball fans at South High: "Do you favor the Dodgers or the Angels, and why?"

Steve Kaplan, Junior Class: "The Dodgers are the better all around team. I've always thought of them as the home team. Their broadcasts are good, too."

George Watson, Freshman Class: "I favor the Dodgers because they are more colorful. They also play with better teamwork. Exceptional fielding is their strong point."

Frank Roimilla, Senior Class: "I think the Dodgers are in better shape than the Angels. They've got real depth in their pitching and should take the pennant if their hitting improves. The press reports have been favorable."

Dennis Kirby, Senior Class: "The Dodgers are better. They are strong in fielding and pitching and with Drysdale and Koufax up to par, it should be a good season. I'd like to see them in the series against the Yankees again."

Bart Doyle, Freshman Class: "The Dodgers have a better record and a better team. They have a little of everything it takes. I hope they take the pennant. My second choice would be St. Louis."

Bishop High Hosts Meeting
Bishop Montgomery High School is one of 26 area high schools which will host the regional meeting of the California Scholarship Federation at Loyola University March 27.

Montgomery students will prepare information packets for the 150 schools which will be represented at the meeting.

Stamp Quiz Planned for Club Meeting
Members of the Torrance Stamp Club will be able to discover how much they really know about stamps when the club meets next Monday. A giant stamp quiz has been planned for the evening and winners will receive surprise awards.

The club meets at Scott Park Community Building, 23410 Catskill Ave., Wilmington. Meeting time is 7:30 p.m.

Ann Landers Says
Old Expression Has A Message for Him

Dear Ann Landers: My wife is a great gal and we get along just fine. The only real problem is that Jessie is insanely jealous. I couldn't cheat on Jessie even if I wanted to (which I don't) because she knows where I am every minute and I am never any place I shouldn't be.

The other day I made some harmless remark about a waitress like, "That's what I call a built broad." Jessie blew her stack right there in the restaurant.

Last night it happened again. We were at a party and one of the guests brought her sister from Toledo. All I said was, "That girl should never wear anything but a sweater for two very good reasons."

Jessie yanked me into the other room and told me if I didn't stop talking rotten she would "take steps."

Honest, Ann, I am just a fun-loving guy who doesn't mean any harm. If you have any suggestions on how I can get along better with my wife I'd like to hear them. —EIGHT BALL

Dear Eight: There's an old Hebrew expression that loses a lot in translation but I think you'll get the idea: "If you don't want to hear a cat yell, don't step on its tail."

Dear Ann Landers: Recently I visited in the home of friends. There were seven adults and two teenagers seated at the dinner table. Half way through dinner one of the adults turned to the teenage boy and said, "Why in the world do you wear your hair that way? Are you trying to attract attention or do you want to advertise the fact that you are a non-conformist?"

The boy did not reply but his cheeks flushed and it was obvious that he was deeply embarrassed. The adult harassed that boy about his haircut for ten minutes, with one taunting insult after another. I was so uncomfortable I actually got indigestion.

We teach our children to respect their elders but how can we expect children to be respectful in the face of such cruelty? My evening was ruined. I was sorry I could not speak out for the boy but I didn't wish to offend my host by starting an argument in his home. Will you comment, please? —MEMPHIS

Dear Memphis: You bet I'll comment. Your lit-livered excuse that you didn't wish to offend your host doesn't cut any mustard with me, Bub.

We see increasing evidence of gutlessness, and we see it everywhere. People don't want to get involved. They are afraid of losing a buck, or a vote, or a client or a friend.

You should have spoken up and told the adult it was really none of his business how the kid wears his hair — and by speaking up I guarantee you would have gotten the subject changed — and the clod off the boy's back.

Dear Ann Landers: The world is not going to fall apart no matter how you answer this, but we would like the straight dope.

A person I know has an atrocious habit of popping a whole olive into her mouth and then spitting the pit out onto the plate. Usually it goes boin-nnnnnnnng!—and everyone turns around to see what happened.

I told this person recently that she should get rid of the olive pit by depositing it in her napkin and then placing it on the plate. Will you comment in print? I have noticed a number of people who don't know how to eat olives properly. —INTERESTED

Dear In: Spitting an olive pit into a napkin is not much better than plugging it onto a plate. The correct way to get rid of an olive pit is simply to use your fingers.

Liquor can ruin your body and your life. To learn the body-terms of teetotal drinking, write for ANN LANDERS booklet "Teen-age Drinking" enclosing \$1.00 (refund \$0.50 cents in coin and a 3-cent 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

COUNT MARCO SAYS

He's Dreaming Up New Trophy

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 Airlines.

However, this one shall be an award of merit, not for flying, but for creating a regulation against anti-feminism and sticking to it.

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.

I 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." Sorry? 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

other major airline clubs such as Pan A's Clipper 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 believes not only in the future of 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 coast 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

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 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 soiled 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?