Put Your Bet On the Ladies

Once upon a time there were two races. One race had white skin, straight hair, thin lips, and long noses. The other race had black skin, curly hair, full lips, and short noses. It had been that way for millions of years. But you know how ladies are. Above all, they want gentlemen to look at them.

The white ladies decided being white was really kind of insipid looking. It was much prettier, they decided, to be brown. So they traveled millions of miles to Deauville, Miami Beach, and the Galapagos, where they poured billions of gallons of sticky lotion over themselves and laid motionless for trillions of hours in the broiling sun. In order to turn brown

And of course, being ladies, they decided that straight hair was just about the most horrible thing that anyone could ever imagine. So they spent millions of hours and billions of dollars sitting under incredibly hot chromium machines. In order to make their hair curly.

Nor could they bear thin lips. Thin lips, they said, were incredibly unbearable. So they spent millions of dollars for colored crayons and billions of hours in front of their mirrors pain stakingly coloring their lips. In order to make them look more full.

And as for their long noses! Why there wasn't a lady in the whole world who was satisfied with the shape of her nose. And those who could afford it went to plastic surgeons who performed skillful, expensive operations on them. In order to make their noses shorter.

Eventually, of course, every white lady in the whole world had brown skin, curly hair, full lips, and a short nose. So that gentlemen would look at

The black ladies, understandably, were different. They were different because they already had brown skin, curly hair, full lips, and short noses. So they, being ladies, naturally spent millions of dollars for skin whiteners and hair straighteners.

They, too, devoted trillions of hours in front of their mirrors to coloring their lips painstakingly. Only they tried to make theirs look more thin. And those who could afford it also went to plastic surgeons. Only they wanted to make their noses

At the same time, all the ladies of both colors did their utmost to change their shapes. If they were too fat, they underwent tortuous diets and exercises to get thinner. If they were thin, they did the same to get fatter. And needless to say, the young tried to look older and the old younger. All so that gentlement would look at them.

two that gentement would look at them.

Eventually, as the sciences of coanetology, plastic surgery, nutritions and geriatrics advanced, all the white ladies got browner, curlier-haired, thinner lipped and plant and the white ladies got browner, curlier-haired, thinner lipped and plant and the white ladies got browner, curlier-haired, thinner lipped and plant and the white would be some shape and the same age.

At last every single lady in the whole world way in the same shape and the same age.

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We ended up giving every-thing back, and since we've been on our own we've been much happier, and closer. We appreciate my parents more than ever. They gave us nothing but their wonderful company—when we want it —and we love and respect them.-D.H.D.

Dear D.H.D.: Making it on your own is one of life's great joys. Aren't you glad you didn't miss it?

The Bride's Guide." ANN LANDERS booklet gives authoritative and complete information on how to plan a wedding. To receive your copy of this comprehensive guide, write to Ann Landers, in care of this newspaper, enclosing a long, self-addressed envelope and 5 cents in

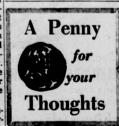
dressed envelope son coin.

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

The Kansas-Ohio Society of Los Angeles will meet today at Clifton's Cafeteria. Dinner will begin at 6 p.m with the program slated from 6:30 to 8:30.

Issue of Free Press,





have him check the house and collect the mail."



"I leave the drapes open so it won't look like the house is closed up, and I also have a neighbor boy water and mow the important is to stop all de-

Ann Bewley, Tower Street,

a neighbor come in while
we're gone to
open the
drapes during the day
and close



No One Should Be So Unfair

There's one thing I'll say for you women. If you had been judges during two re-cent divorce hearings, I don't believe a single one of you could possibly have thought up such verdicts as were

could possibly have thought up such verdicts as were handed out.

That they were edicts from men is beyond my comprehension. One is so completely unfair that I shudder at the future of this country.

Let's review the case in New York. A State Supreme Court justice there invoked a seldom-used power of the court. He ruled that the husband may not marry anybody else without the court's permission as long as his ex-wife is alive.

is alive.

That she is provided with a mere \$2,500 a month support by that same ex-husband seems not revenge enough. He has to stay single.

Mon Dieu! This is against Mon Dieu: This is against all principles of decency, and certainly it must violate a man's constitutional rights. Isn't every man permitted a second chance for happiness? Obviously someone made his first attempt at it a miserable, bank-breaking failure.

able, bank-breaking failure.

If such legal maneuvering can be accomplished in one State, the disease and disaster can quickly be picked up in other States. California, which is bad enough already. I'm sure will be the first demanding "equal rights" of that sort.

The second case involves a California divorcee who receives one half of her exhusband's assets, which are considerable. In addition, he must pay her expensive at

must pay her expensive at-torney's fees and a shocking sum for the private investi-gators she hired to undo him. Equal rights, indeed!

I've said it before and I say it again and again; "No woman is worth a nickel, let alone large sums of support money, when she no longer performs services for which she originally contracted.

When you, the wife suspect that something is going on behind your back which requires the services of a private investigator, then it is you who are at fault. I've said it before and I

Instead of an investigator, what you really need is a full length mirror and a hidden tape recorder so you can both see and hear yourself. Such shame you'll feel that you'll be down on your knees beging forgiveness instead of cash on the line.

Marriage is what YOU make of it. If you prefer to make a mess of it, then don't blame him or expect to be paid for it.

MERIT AWARD . . . A. E. Ford, right, is presented a "good-job-well-done" commendation to accompany his gold award pin marking 30 years' service to the U. S. Air Force. Ford, of 5528 Marialinda Drive, is a quality assurance project officer of the Air Force Contract Management Division, headquartered at Los Angeles Air Force Station. Colonel William K. Ashby, CMD Deputy for Quality Assurance, makes the presentation.