ANN LANDERS

Pass the Pie and Cake

Dear Ann Landers: My husband, Sam, has a habit that makes me awfully mad. It so happens that I have a tendency to be fleshy, but I am not what you'd call fat. When I wear my best foundation garment and put on a black dress I look very presentable.

Whenever we go out for an evening and a great big cow of a woman passes, Sam gives me a poke in the ribs and says, "Keep cating, Shirley."

He has done this to me in front of friends so many times I have lost count already, I really hate it. How can I fight this sort of thing? Can you think of a smart answer?—PLEASINGLY PLUMP.

Dear Shirley: You sign yourself "Pleasingly Plump". Who are you pleasing? Not Sam, apporently.

The smartest answer is for you to lose some weight. In other words, when the potatoes and hot rolls and pie and cake and cookies are passed, if you keep your mouth shut — Sam won't have anything to open up his mouth shout. his mouth about.

Dear Ann Landers: I am a woman of 55. For several years I have had a problem that no one will talk to me about. If only my husband or daughter or friends would be honest about it I would feel a lot better.

I have a peculiar odor to my skin. It is not perspiration, it is a musty type of smell that comes from my pores. When I-first noticed this (about 15 years ago) I took two and three baths a day, applied several types of deodorant, used special soaps and then sprayed myself with cologne. It didn't help. Nobody has ever said anything to me about the odor but I know it is there.

I went to a doctor ten years ago and he said there was nothing wrong with me. Please give me some advice. I am becoming so self-conscious about this skin odor that I don't want to be around people any more.—MRS. HERMIT.

Dear Mrs.: I'm sorry to disagree with your physician, but there IS something wrong with you. The problem is in your head.

Your phobia is not unusual. I have had hundreds of letters from people who are concerned about this problem. Of course they don't believe me when I tell them the odor is imaginary, and I don't expect you to believe me either.



ON LOCATION... Camera crews get a bird's eye view of the scene as they film segments of "Guide for a Married Man" now being shot for 20th-Century Fox under the direction of Gene Kelly at a location near Walteria Park. The crews were filming in the city Wednesday and Thursday

(Press-Herald Photo by Mike Eggers)

USC Dentistry School To Offer Scholarships

The University of Southern accepted immediately for or in dental treatment at the California School of Dentistry llimited service treatment for school should write to the will offer a number of full school of Dentistry llimited service treatment for school should write to the will offer a number of full school of Dentistry University of Southern California, 1967, Dr. 1961, Ingle, dean, announced today.

The scholarships are funded under a recent U.S. Public Health Service grant to USC, Dr. Engle said.

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The government scholarship to a funded school of Dentistry University of Southern California (Answer on Page A-8)

ACROSS

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ACROSS

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Vourphoble is rot surseal. I have he had hundreds of letters from people who are concerned should his problem. Of the other cerned should him problem. Of the other cerned should have been dearly as the control of the other cerned should have been dearly should have been dearly should have been dearly should have been done of the should have been done of the should have been done of the should have been done on exaction in the year with him. How can we get out of the commitment? It we led the parents how we feel our freezed by the sound in the should have been done on exaction in the year with him. How can we get out of the commitment? It we led the parents how the dear with the should have been done on exaction in the year with him. How can we get out of the commitment? It we led the parents how we feel our freezed by the sound of the should have been done on th

You're Disorganized, Helpless and Feminine

Have you realized how publicly Have you realized how publicly you carry your female badge of total disorganization? Wherever you go, whatever you do, it marks your weaknesses. It's a trap that holds you firmly back from ever achieving total equality with any man.

When you whine about how overworked you are at home, it gives you the lie. If your children are misbehaving and trouble-

COUNT MARCO

some, your badge says, "No wonder." "Stay out of politics," it announces, and when it comes to equality on the job, "forget it!" it laughs.

Would you like to know what this dead giveaway is? It's your bag, madam. There isn't a woman alive who carries an organized purse. How many times have I seen you fumbling in confused helplessness, searching and seeking, rarely finding, and then, woman-like, sighing, "Oh dear, I suppose I left it in my other purse."

Let's start with an oft-repeated, horrible example—toll booths. Here is a scene I observe again and again: A car pulls up to the toll-taker. The woman driver usually has a woman companion to add to the confusion. Will the

ually has a woman companion to add to the confusion. Will the driver be able to produce the nec-

driver be able to produce the nessessary money?

Mais non!

How about this one? She stopped fully, appeared annoyed at the interruption in her lively conversation and then proceeded to search for her bag, which she

couldn't find. Her friend spotted it in the back seat, stretched far and retrieved it. Then followed the long, involved search for a mere quarter. She managed after quite a few minutes to dig up what appeared to be not quite

enough.

This brought an additional search through her friend's bag for the remainder. Time and tempers fugit. Mission completed, business transacted, the driver adjusted her rearview mirror, checked her make-up and hair and drove off with exhaust and conversation trailing behind.

As the toll-taker said, showing amazing patience and un-

As the toll-taker said, showing amazing patience and understanding, "It never fails, but I suppose it's just as well. If but one woman drove up to this bridge with her quarter ready, the shock would probably make me go over the side."

Parking attendants tell the

Parking attendants tell the same story. Gasoline station attendants dazedly complain that a woman driver will primp and fuss, adjust and squirm, but not until he walks up for her credit card will she begin the search.

It's not so much that your bag is overloaded with trash, but it proves that your minds are not disciplined to order, neatness and preparation for expected eventualities as are men's.

Your purse is your curse. It

ualities as are men's.
Your purse is your curse. It says with finality, "No woman can be equal to a man." you are helpless, disorganized and feminine. So why fight it my dears? The next time you open your bag, think about it.

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storm
119—To narrate
121—Eat with sucking
noise (slang)
122—Savage
124—Objective
727—English boys' School
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76—Large marine fish
77—Potatoes
78—Color (pl.)
79—Excavators for ore
82—Carpet made in India
83—Flower

projection

