ANN LANDERS

Give Him a Jug

Dear Ann Landers: We have a 15-year-old son who is driving us crazy. It is his teeth and his hair. It ties up the family bathroom for one hour every norning while he brushes his teeth. But he flatly efuses to put a comb through his hair.

Here is his routine. He gets up, brushes his eeth for 20 minutes, eats breakfast, goes back to be bathroom and brushes his teeth again. Then he tets dressed. Before he leaves the house he returns o the bathroom a third time and brushes his teeth once more.

All the while his hair is matted and straggly and he says it doesn't bother him because "nobody brushes their hair anymore."

What is wrong with this boy? Do you think he will grow up and act like a civilized human?—WE'D LIKE THE BATHROOM.

Dear W.J.T.B.: Yes. He'll probably meet a girl one of these days and then he'll tie up the bathroom for two hours.

In the meantime, for those second and third brushings, provide him with a jug of water and a basin and free up the bathroom for other members of the family.

Dear Ann Landers: I am an unwed mother who wrote to you two weeks ago and asked what I could do to get support meney for my child. I am only 16 and I can't get a job.

Well, the situation has changed since I wrote. The father got married three days ago, but not to me. I went to the welfare agency as you suggested and they told me I could not get any support money out of Barney unless I can prove he is the father. If I say he is the father and he says he isn't the father, whose word are they going to take?

By the way, Barney just got out of the service and he doesn't have a job. The baby will be a year old next week and Barney hasn't given me one dime. What do I do now?—CONFUSED.

Dear Confused: Since you are in touch with the welfare people, I suggest that you do as they tell you.

I wish I could be more optimistic about your chances but you've got a tough battle on your hands if Barney is denying paternity. It may be that the best you can get, if you win, is to put him in jail. And what good would that do you?

Dear Ann Landers: This letter is to say Amen' to the appeal made by "Voice of Amer-a" to the country's dress designers. May I add a

Ica' to the country's dress designers. May I add a word?

I understand that half the adult population of the United States is over 26 years of age. (This is the half, incidentally, that pays most of the bills.)

I can tell you from experience that it as darned near impossible for a 40-year-old woman who is 5 feet 7 inches tall to find anything decent to wear, at any price. If her bust is larger than 32 she can forget it. I haven't bought a new outfit in two years and I feel positively seedy, but I refuse to wear a dress that fits like sausage casing, or, heaven forbid, the tent-style monstrosities which make every woman look pregnant.

Please tell me how the manufacturers can afford to ignore a large segment of their best customers.—PROSPECTIVE NUDIST.

Dear Pro: The manufacturers say business is good. So someone is buying the nutty styles, even though you aren't. And, P.S., Sister — neither am I.

Assembly Group Hears Testimony on Medi-Cal

Torrance High Teachers Lend Hand





Joslyn Classes Slated

Set by Crusade

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IN HARBOR AREA

\$348,000 Goal Set by Crusade

COUNT MARCO

Dress Habits Need Doctoring

which you must be more presentable.

These slatterns should be
thrown out with the other
refuse or admitted as patients, preferably to the psychiatric wards, for being sosick in their heads they don't
care about themselves.

Hospital administrators, if
they are truly interested in
curing invalids, should require all visitors to be in
proper dress. No woman has
any excuse for not taking the
rollers out of her hair and
putting on a neat dress for a
hospital visit.

If you're so lazy that you'd

hospital visit.

If you're so lazy that you'd rather remain the slob you are and if the duty call is such an effort that you can't be bothered with dressing to make it, stay home behind pulled shades and call him on the telephone. That way the patient won't go into shock after you've left.

