

Move Out of Town If You Marry Him



Dear Ann Landers: I need help and I need it fast. I am engaged to a man whose whole family is squirrely. Ned's mother pops tranquilizing pills into her mouth as if they were peanuts. Whenever she is faced with a crisis (like the cleaning lady not showing up), she stops eating and goes on dillies.

Ned has an older sister who carries gin around in a cough medicine bottle and drinks all day. It took me two years to catch on. This girl is too sick (spelled d-r-u-n-k) to work half the time so Ned has to help her out with her bills.

Ned has a couple of brothers who mix up the pills with the booze and one of these days they are going to hit just the right combination and wake up dead someplace.

I cannot understand how come Ned is so normal. He is the best adjusted man I have ever known—and a tee-totaler who hates pills. I have to fight with him to take an aspirin for a headache.

I love Ned and want to marry him but when I look at his family I get scared to death for fear our children might take after one of the kooks. What do you say.

—EYE OF THE CYCLONE

Dear Eye: My consultants tell me that behavioral problems are more environmental than hereditary. But, they caution—we DO inherit nervous systems.

If you marry Ned, I hope you will move to another city as an added precaution. Nutty relatives can make a well person sick.

Dear Ann Landers: Jack and I

PROFILE: BEN SMITH

Baseball Business Key To Sports Shop Success

In 1953 two men walked in to the Torrance Cycle and Key Shop in downtown Torrance and told co-owner Ben Smith they wanted to buy equipment for a Little League organization.

The unusual part of the deal is the cycle and key shop was not in the sporting goods business. But flattered by the visitors, Smith listened to them speculate how Little League would make baseball the most popular sport in town some day.

"Gentle Ben" paid a visit to the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. in Los Angeles to talk business. Through this contact, the first Little League in Torrance was outfitted by the Cycle and Key Shop. Since then the baseball business has mushroomed.

Now solely involved in sporting goods, Ben and Paul Smith do business in their own building at 1421 Marcelina Ave.

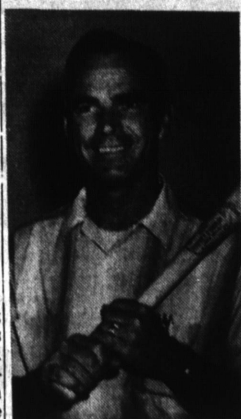
It should be explained the two partners are not brothers, as most people are apt to believe, but rather brothers-in-law. Ben Smith married Helen Smith, the sister of Paul Smith.

Ben and Helen have two married children—Mrs. Claudia Nichalason and Tim Smith, a student of Los Angeles School of Optometry.

When Ben and Paul got out of the service in 1950, they agreed to go into business together and planned to start a partnership in Santa Ana. But Paul's family offered them the former cycle and fix-it shop and the boys stayed in Torrance.

Ben Smith has lived in Torrance since 1922, when his family came here from Alfalfa, Okla. He attended Torrance schools.

Ben did not know anything about sporting goods when he started out, but today he is competing with some of the



BEN SMITH

most expert retail stores in existence.

As the baseball season gets under way this month, more than 8,000 baseball caps have been supplied by the "little" sports shop.

Inasmuch as the store handles "team business" for 24 Little Leagues, Pony Leagues, Babe Ruth Leagues, and high schools, bulk business handled by the store amounts to 700 dozen baseballs and 300 dozen bats.

Smith says parents have a tendency to purchase baseball shoes and gloves with other dry goods in the shopping center. When the supply is

gone, according to Smith, referrals are made to the sporting good stores such as his.

What the league has come to expect from Ben Smith is the type of service that keeps the "little man" in business.

A few years ago when a league needed 50 more caps to outfit every boy for an opening day parade, Ben arranged to show up at the factory at 4 a. m. Saturday to help block the caps. The order was delivered as the parade was forming.

A boy from Chico, Calif., playing in the 1964 Western Regional Little League Tournament in Torrance, had his cap chewed by a dog at the home where he was billeted. The \$1.50 cap had to be rebuilt to be uniform with the other players.

It took about \$15 of time and effort to get the job done, but as long as it was remotely possible, Ben Smith was ready to satisfy the need.

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CONCERT READING . . . Members of the cast for "Don Juan in Hell," a concert reading to be presented for the final time next Saturday at Chapel Theatre, 2222 W. Lomita Blvd., take a break from the rehearsal. Pictured (from left) are John Pemley as Don Juan, Joel Victor as The Devil, and Jacqueline Smalley as Senora Ana. Curtain is 8:30 p.m. and admission is \$1.

South Pacific To Be Staged 'Roses' Theme

Tickets are now on sale in the college bookstore for the college bookstore for the show are Richard Harris, Shelley Maurice, Ruben Lugo, El Camino College production of "South Pacific," which will be presented in the college auditorium May 11, 17 and 18. Admission is \$2 and \$1.50.

Festivities of the 80th Annual Tournament of Roses — January 1, 1969 — will be themed "A Time to Remember." Gleeson L. Payne, Association president, has announced.

COUNT MARCO

Curves Should Be Aim of Diet

Diets are fine, in their place. The necessity of getting rid of excess lard has always been one of my most important sermons to you women. But I don't mean that you should carry it to extremes.

A lot of you American women are dieting yourselves right out of your personalities and your husband's arms. You don't necessarily have to be a size 8 to be beautiful. The truly beautiful woman is she who is loved. And personality is an important love factor.

Some of you dieting, exercising, fleshless women of today are just like scrawny hens without enough energy left over to lay an egg, let alone be a wife. Your worst enemy in this battle of the flesh is usually a very good female friend or relative who can spot a half ounce before it has had a chance to relax into fat.

A nice, tender chicken is always a little on the plump side. You must have a little padding to buffet the noise and nerves of the daily routine. A man likes curves, not angles.

Curves are a woman's bait. Take a look at any man's girlie magazine. Any skinny, scrawny women? Au contraire, they are all on the hippy, busty, leggy side—in other words, sexy.

So don't ask your girl friends how you look. Ask your man. If you have the curves and the bit of plumpness that is necessary to make you an armful of real woman, you'll know by his contented smiles as he takes a firm grip on you.

If you have the ingredients within you that make a good wife and a lovable woman, the man in your life won't notice a few extra pounds.

However, don't stretch his love by eating a nicely rounded figure into a shapeless tub. There's a difference between being shapely and shapeless. Too much is as bad as too little.

So aim for nice normal cushiony bumps and curves—for that armful he likes to hold. Bind it, girdle it and bra it, if you must.

But for love's sake, don't beat it, bruise it or lose it—use it!



Even a married woman is entitled to her own private affairs.

Once the phone rings for the lady of the house, it works like Pavlov's bell. The whole gang (including the dog) decides they're hungry. They swarm around the kitchen noisily feeding their canine appetites while they're whetting their appetites for gossip, and that's the end of mother's privacy.

Even if you don't go for the idea of not being in on Mom's conversations, she's still got a right to say what she wants without a clamoring, chomping audience around.

Make a special sacrifice for Mother's Day. Give up on eavesdropping forever and get her

an extension phone for the bedroom.

Far away from the kitchen. And far away from the kiddies.

One call to your General Telephone business office takes care of the whole thing. We play up the gift idea by sending out a miniature toy phone with a gift card first. Just to let her know the real phone is on its way.

Leaving her to her own private affairs can make her feel like that old, used-to-be, single, independent self again.

That's something every mother needs. Even if it's only for a couple of minutes a day.

Give her an extension phone for Mother's Day. General Telephone