

Tomorrow: the Supreme Test

Good morning, friends in televisionland. Welcome to "One Man's Burden," the heartwarming story of a typical young American couple, Bobby and Ethel—and of Bobby's struggle to overcome the handicaps of money, youth, good looks, nine children, and nepotism in order to make a name for himself.

As we join them today, Bobby is just coming home from work—wearing short pants, hob-nailed boots, and an alpine hat. He hangs up his alpine stock as Ethel, at the head of a small army, thunders up to greet him.

ETHEL: It's Daddy! Give Daddy a big kiss, children.

BOBBY (kissing each): Hi, Kathleen. Hi, Joseph Patrick. Hi, David Anthony. Hi, Mary C. Hi, Michael L. Hi, Mary K. Hi, Christopher George. Hi, Mathew Maxwell Taylor. Hi... Wait a minute who's this?

ETHEL: It's a little stranger, dear.

BOBBY (paling): But I've only been gone a week!
ETHEL: No, I mean it's a little stranger who belongs to one of the neighbors. I think. But enough small talk. Tell us all about your trip.

KATHLEEN: Daddy, daddy! Why did you go climb that mountain? Was it just because it was there?

BOBBY: Not exactly, dear. It was more because—David, please remove your cap gun from my eye, and Mary C. Be so kind as to roll your bike off my foot—you were here.

ETHEL: Now dear, you sit in your easy chair and make yourself comfy because we can't wait to hear every single thrilling moment of your great adventure and how was the press coverage?

BOBBY (as five children plop on his lap): Ooof! Well, we began the climb at dawn as the get your foot out of my ear sun glittered on the newly-named glaciers. On the South Col, I slipped off ooof! as my panic-stricken companions cried, "Don't jump on Daddy's stomach, Michael!" But I saved myself by grasping that lamp, catch it, Joe! rope between my teeth...

ETHEL: That reminds me, dear, one of the children, I forget which, had seven cavities. And I wish you'd speak to whichever one threw the hot water bottle in the furnace. The odor's getting...

BOBBY (with concentration as an arrow plunges into the chair beside his head): I pulled my way back up, tooth by tooth, and ow, my shin, we began the final assault on the unscaled peak where no man...

ETHEL: That's nice dear. Quiet, please, children. Especially to cowboys. Only the Indians are supposed to war whoop.

BOBBY (shouting now to be heard above the din): And at last I stood on the summit where no man has ever stood before. Oh, the courage and fortitude it instilled in me! Henceforth, no challenge will ever be too great, no task on earth too frightening. And tomorrow, I'm going to prove it to you.

ETHEL (blanching): You mean...

BOBBY (chin high): Yes! Tomorrow I'm going to stay home with the kids!

Can Bobby Survive a Day at Home with the Kids? Can the Kids? Tune in to our next episode, friends. And as you go down the byways of life, remember: Behind every man who goes far is the love of his family. And the bigger the family, the farther he goes.

Semi-Finalists Selected For Edison Scholarship

Names of nine seniors from Southwest area high schools who have qualified for the semi-finals in the 1965 Southern California Edison Co. college scholarship program have been announced by L. E. Jenkins, Edison district manager.

Southern division semi-finalists include: Maureen E. O'Rourke, 2614 Graham Ave., Redondo Beach, of Redondo Union High School; Sondra Tamasy, 22225 S. Main St., Carson High School, and James G. Janosy, 2522 W. Compton Blvd., Gardena High School.

Others are William C. Jensen, South Gate High School; Donald W. Curtis, Garry E. Pugh, and Allison R. Cadwell, all of Millikan High School; Dermot B. Edmundson, Mira Costa High School, and Gene A. Glough, Long Beach Polytechnic High School.

One of the nine students will receive a \$4,000 scholarship to the college or university of his choice. In addition, the college selected by the winner will get a direct grant of \$750 per year for four years.

The winner will be named following interviews scheduled for April 3 and April 20. Three of the semi-finalists will get Edison "Gold Awards for Scholastic Achievement."

Educational Testing Service supervised the selection of semifinalists, Jenkins said.

COUNT MARCO

Jug Won't Solve Her Problem

Only a woman could come up with this kind of reasoning: "Because women are victims of discrimination, they become solitary drinkers and a tremendous problem."

If that isn't reason enough to discriminate against women, I can't think of a better one. Whenever a woman feels that being treated as a woman is discrimination enough to hit the bottle, then something is indeed rotten, and I don't mean in Denmark, either.

The Government men to whom these words were spoken refused to fight back and agreed instead to look in to her demands. She claimed, among other things, that although women do all the dirty work in politics—licking envelopes, manning the tele-



"KING JOHN" . . . The sixth annual spring Shakespearean drama at El Camino College will feature the seldom-produced "The Life and Death of King John" on successive weekends, beginning Friday and continuing through April 9-10. Dieter Wagner, from left, the king; Sandra Bellerue, as Queen Elinor; Joe Silver, Phillip the Bastard; and Yolanda Encino, as Constance, rehearse for the forthcoming production.

Your Second Front Page
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Ann Landers Says Perhaps She Wanted An Aspirin Tablet

Dear Ann Landers: You seem to know all the answers, so perhaps you can tell me why in heaven's name a guest would be interested in what other folks have in their medicine cabinets.

Last Saturday afternoon I entertained my bridge club. One of the women took me aside just as I was about to serve the refreshments. She said, "I'm so sorry but I broke a bottle of your mouthwash. It fell out of the medicine cabinet. I hope I got all the glass up."

You know very well, Ann Landers, that bottles don't just "fall out" of medicine cabinets. She opened the cabinet door to see what was in there.

Will you explain why the contents of a medicine cabinet would be of interest to anybody?—BAFFLED

Dear Baff: If I could answer your question I would also be able to tell you why all winter the kids leave open the doors they slammed all summer. And why adults prefer the front of

the bus, the back of the church, and the middle of the highway.

The lady might have been looking for an aspirin, but I suspect she was really checking to see if you keep a neat medicine cabinet or if your family takes a lot of medicine — and if so, what kinds.

My aunt asked me why American newspapers print such trash. She said, "Yesterday Ann Landers published a letter from a mother of five children whose husband was making eyes at the baby sitter. This makes America look like a country overrun with sex maniacs, juvenile delinquents, and gutter-types."

I do believe you are giving overseas visitors a sorry picture and it might improve our image abroad if you would not print problems of a trashy nature. Thank you.—PROUD OF OUR COUNTRY

Dear Proud: The purpose of this column is to help people. It is not a showcase for visitors.

Life would be lovely if there were no unwed mothers, juvenile delinquents, or unfaithful husbands and wives, but these problems exist and they must be dealt with. Moreover they are not problems unique to America, they are human problems.

This column appears in Australia, South Africa, Canada, Pakistan, Mexico, Japan as well as in Europe. You didn't say what country your aunt came from but the letter that shocked her may have been written by a young girl from her home town.

Dear Ann Landers: We hired a carpenter to add a room to our home. He had a helper who was drunk most of the time.

After three months of fooling around and producing fifth-rate work my husband threw the carpenter and his half-stiff helper out. (Unfortunately we had paid in advance because the carpenter said he needed the money to buy the materials.)

My husband is so mad at having been taken in that he has been telephoning the carpenter at his home at all hours of the night. He curses and screams at anyone who answers the phone. (Usually it is the man's wife.)

I keep telling him he's behaving like a child, but his attitude is, "The whole family is going to suffer for this." What can I do?—A WIFE

Dear Wife: Your husband has let this thing get him. He needs professional help.



BELLS, BELLS . . . Inspecting replica of the famous bells of El Camino Real, the royal highway of the California missionaries, is Hamilton Maddaford, assistant director of student personnel at El Camino College. The bell is displayed by Dorothy Stoockle, wife of an El Camino employe. Should Maddaford need bells to awake ECC students, Mrs. Stoockle has 180 of them.

Bells, Bells, Bells Mom Has 180 Different Ways to Wake Richard

For whom do the bells toll? Ask Francis Stoockle, classified staff member at El Camino College, and he will tell you that they toll day and night for his wife, Dorothy. Mrs. Stoockle, you see, is an enthusiastic collector of bells.

Walk into the Stoockles' home at 2612 W. 175th St., and you will see, arranged throughout the house, 180 bells of different sizes, shapes, designs and colors.

ALTHOUGH many might consider a collection of 180 bells small, the fact that Mrs. Stoockle launched the collection only last summer indicates what the future may hold.

Mrs. Stoockle's most cherished bell is one made of Bohemian glass, which was given to her by a friend. She has been told that the antique red and white bell is rare and expensive.

Two of the bells in her collection with historical backgrounds are a school bell and an El Camino Real bell. Although Mrs. Stoockle is not sure where the school bell originated, it has the date

1878 inscribed on it, signifying that it is 87 years old.

THE EL CAMINO Real bell is familiar to many Californians in a small-size duplicate of the famous El Camino Real bells that were used as landmarks by the early Spanish missionaries.

Mrs. Stoockle was "thrilled" when she found the replica of the Camino Real bell. The Stoockles have been friends of the college for years, and Mrs. Stoockle had often worked closely with college officials when she had been active in community work.

El Camino College adopted the El Camino Real bell as a symbol and the bell is seen on college stationery and other literature.

THE FORMER president of the college, Forrest G. Murdoch, also had a replica El Camino Real bell on his desk.

Mrs. Stoockle has various methods of locating bells for her collection. "Mostly I tour antique shops and often dealers will keep their eyes open for bells and let me know as soon as they get one in."

Mrs. Stoockle explained, "I also visit many gift shops and many times friends will give me one," she added.

One bell was given to Mrs. Stoockle by Harold E. Wennstrom, assistant director for the division of fine arts at El Camino. The bell was the one Wennstrom used when he first began teaching.

AT THE PRESENT time, Mrs. Stoockle has no intention of discontinuing her hobby or selling it. In fact, she thinks that she would have a fight on her hands if she wanted to, because of her husband's interest in the collection.

She also has the advantage of being one mother who does not have trouble getting her son, Richard, up in time for school. She has 180 different ways to do it.

A Penny for Your Thoughts

By HAL FISHER Art Reeves, 21718 S. Alameda St., Long Beach:

You don't want to get involved? You may have a good reason. Under present California laws there is no protection for an individual who goes to the aid of another. Even a doctor who gives aid to a person at the scene of an accident can be sued later. The Pennies Photographer asked several people in downtown Torrance: "Do you think California should have an all-inclusive Good Samaritan law protecting doctors and others who give aid?"

Gwen Youngken, 1771 Marinette St.: "There are a lot of people who would like to help that don't for fear of being sued. Any of us could be involved in an accident and the lack of such a law could mean the difference between life and death."

J. Walker Owens, 1510 Crayons Ave.: "It seems incongruous that we should need a law so people can help each other. I believe we should have a Good Samaritan law to cover all individuals. Barring that we should certainly have one to give maximum protection to qualified people."

Irma Prickett, 21318 Borden Ave.: "Yes, I do. If someone genuinely wants to help he should be able to. There may be a percentage of cases where a person trying to aid another may do more harm than good, but I think in the long run the good would far outweigh the bad."

