ARTHUR HOPPE Tomorrow: the Supreme Test

morning, friends in televisionland, Welcom to "One Man's Burdens," the heartwarming story of a typical young American couple, Bobby and Ethel-and of Bobby's struggle to overcome the handicaps of oney, 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 hargs up his alpen 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 be-longs 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 footyou 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

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 tomor-I'm going to prove it to you. ETHEL (blanching): You mean . . .

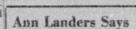
BOBBY (chin high): Yes! Tomorrow I'm going to stay home with the kids!

Can Bobby Survive a Day at Home with the Kids? seem to know all the answers., church, and the middle of ture and it might improve our Behind every man who goes far is the love of his fam-ily. And the bigger the family, the farther he goes. other folks have in their med. I suspect she was really

"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, Philip the Bastard; and Yolanda Encino, as Constance, rehearse for the forth-uming needenction coming production.

Your Second Front Page





An Aspirin Tablet

Perhaps She Wanted

Dear Ann Landers: You the bus, the back of the overseas visitors a sorry pic rare and expensive.

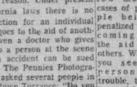


BELLS, BELLS ..., Inspecting replica of the famous bells of El Camino Real, the royal highway of the California missionaries, is Hamilton Maddaford, assistant director of student personnel at El Camino College. The hell is displayed by Dor-othy Stoeckle, wife of an El Camino employe. Should Maddaford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

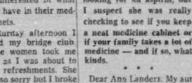
Bells, Bells, Bells

Mom Has 180 Different Ways to Wake Richard

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O C



Only a woman could come up with this kind of reason-ing: "Because women are vic-tims of discrimination, they

become solitary drinkers and a tremendous problem." If that isn't reason enough to discriminate against wom-en, i can't think of a beiter one. Whenever a woman one. Whenever a woman feels that being treated as a woman is discrimination woman is discrimination enough to hit the bottle, then something is hideed 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

phones, ringing doorbells-all they get for their hard work is thanks, whereas the political plum jobs go to men. Good! I say.

more women stayed home and minded their own business you wouldn't have to cry publicly about how

to cry publicly about now put-upon you are. The very fact that you tear yourselves away from your home obligations to do the very same menial jobs about which you complain later surely is an indication that you can't think as practically as men

And the fact that in your confused state you manage so beautifully to spend my good tax dollars on a commit-tee to raise the status of nomen makes mu blood hol women makes my blood b A real woman doesn't need

real woman need public funds to maintain her status. If you hil the bottle be-

cause you feel so insecure about how much of a wonian you are or aren't, then it is obvious, at least to me, that cause you are unfit, both mentally and emotionally, to handle any kind of job--social, po-

litical or professional. The poor American male! He does try his best. On one hand you claim special privileges because you're a wom-an, weeping and wailing about how defenseless you are. But as soon as you have beaten that into his senses you turn about and cry "Foul! We're as good as, if not better than, you.'

inaterials.) My hushand is so mad at having been taken in that he has been telephoning the car-penter 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.) Induction to the terms of the section of the s

Coordinator of the Cren-

Ann Landers will be glad to help you will your probabili-seed them to her un care of this see yours, enclosing a stanged, and edgenerated any con-ord states and the second C 1955, Portlinere Newspaper Syndicate

Escovar, Gall Forsythe, Juli have one to give maximum than good, but I think in the Burtle and Melody Wells, up protection to qualified peo-long run the good would far per division.

Irma Pricke "It seems ends Ave: in congruous "Yes, I do. t h at we If someone should need genuinely a law so peo-wants to help ple can help he should be cach other. I able to There believe an mark he a it is the man's wife.) I keep telling him he's be-having like a child, but his what can I do?-A WIFE Dear Wife: Your hushand has let this thing get him. He needs professional help. Ann Lenders will be glad to be houd a let to the procession of the Cren-shaw fair was Mrs. Theora Webber. Other first place winners were Cindy LeBlanc. Wendy Gunther, Jody Hitt, and Room 20 class project, primary divi-sion; Philip Fiint. Rick y Beach and Bryce Fonville, niddle division and George to cover all individuals Bar-ing to all an-angcos. Gerri Wagner, Steve ring that we should certainly other may de Escovar, Gail Forsythe, Jili have one to give maximum than good, but