

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



Marella Gore Partin of Paducah, Ky., will be crowned 1957 May Queen on Saturday, May 4

APRIL • 1957

Many Persons to Participate In Chapel Dedication

*Dr. Eugene Carson Blake to Preach; College and Church Leaders
to Assist in Joint Ceremony*

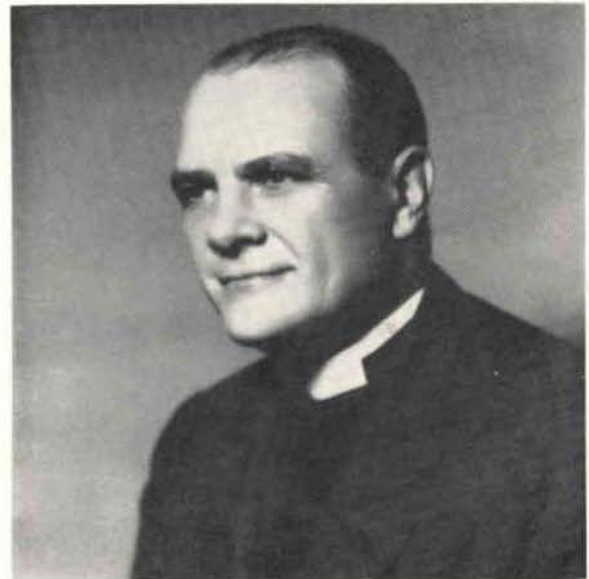
The Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., and president of the National Council of Churches of Christ, U. S. A., will deliver the sermon at the dedication of the new joint Lindenwood chapel and St. Charles Presbyterian Church. Alumnae are invited to attend.

The service will start at 10:30 a.m., Sunday, May 5. Participating in the processional will be officiating ministers and laymen, elders of the session of the St. Charles Presbyterian Church, members of the board of directors and the advisory board of the college, delegated elders from churches of the Synod of Missouri, the Lindenwood faculty, and the board of deacons and board of trustees of the St. Charles Church.

The Rev. Thomas C. Cannon, pastor of the St. Charles church, will give the call to worship, and the Rev. Dr. Robert L. McLeod, Jr., dean of the chapel and professor of religion at the college, will give the prayers of invocation.

The Rev. James R. Blackwood of Wooster, Ohio, pastor of the St. Charles church at the time of the federation of the U. S. and U. S. A. churches, and husband of Louise Ritter Blackwood (B.S. 1948), will read the scripture. The Rev. Dr. Herbert H. Watson, moderator of the Presbytery of St. Louis and pastor of the South Webster Presbyterian Church, will lead the Apostles Creed. Mr. Thomas Harper Cobbs, vice-president of the Lindenwood board, will receive the keys for the college, and Mr. Allen W. Clarke, clerk of the session of the St. Charles church, will receive the keys for that group.

The Rev. Dr. Harry T. Scherer, president of Lindenwood's board, will conduct the service of dedication. President F. L. McCluer and the Rev. Mr.



Dr. Eugene Carson Blake

Cannon will deliver the prayers of dedication. The Rev. Dr. Ralph H. Jennings, executive of the Synod of Missouri, will give the declaration of the dedication. The Rev. Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon, stated clerk of the Presbytery of St. Louis and minister of the Florissant Presbyterian Church, father of Dorothy Harmon Huesemann (M.A. 1943), will give the benediction. He formerly taught Bible at Lindenwood and was pastor of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church in St. Charles.

Two students who will take part in the service are Miss Mary Ellen Wall, sophomore of Affton, Mo., who will sing a solo, and Miss Marian Kasper, senior of Kansas City, who will give the offertory prayer. The choir of the St. Charles church, including a number of Lindenwood students, will sing, directed by Miss Pearl Walker, professor of music.

Chapel gifts and pledges are sought for an unpledged \$60,000 of the college's share of the new chapel-church. **HAVE YOU SENT A CONTRIBUTION TO YOUR COLLEGE THIS YEAR?** Address your gift or pledge to the **LINDENWOOD COLLEGE CHAPEL FUND.**

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Problems in Broadcast Programming

By Miss Martha May Boyer
Associate Professor of Speech

(Portions of a talk which followed a 15-minute radio drama, written and produced by KCLC students at Lindenwood and presented to the St. Charles chapter of the American Association of University Women)

The short radio dramatic program you have just seen produced and broadcast on the local campus station represents, in a small way, the solution of a problem in broadcast programming. Perhaps I may use it as a means of illustrating the task facing the programming departments of radio and television stations and their counterparts at the network level. True, this program is in miniature, a simplified version of its commercial progenitor. It was produced, however, to fill a specific slot in broadcast time; and that process, in essence, is what programming is.

With your permission tonight I am going to limit my observations on programming to the television field. I do not mean, in any sense, that I feel that radio is doomed — quite the contrary. . . .

If we examine this student program carefully, we may begin to understand a little why commercial programming today is what it is. The student broadcasters, unlike their commercial opposites, knew precisely what audience their program would reach. The commercial broadcaster can only speculate as to the true composition of his audience at any given time. True, he can make surveys, study socio-economic reports of the area covered by his signal, and *after* the broadcast he may read the verdict on his gamble as presented by Pulse, Nielsen, Trendex, Videodex, Hooper, and the other rating services; but scrutiny of the rating service reports gives him only a backward look.

It may tell the broadcaster what a poor guesser he is; or, if he is lucky, it may confirm his own opinion that he knows what the people want, or at least what they wanted at the time of the broadcast. As a matter of fact, neither the broadcaster nor the sponsor has an unshakable faith in the rating services. The findings of the various services differ so sharply from each other, the sampling on which the ratings are based is so small, that the accuracy of ratings themselves may be easily challenged. However, in the absence of more tangible evidence, the rating services remain to broadcasting what circulation figures are to the stockholders of a newspaper.

Now not only did our amateurs have the edge on the professionals in knowing the composition of their audience; their use of time in preparation was unrestricted by union scales or budgets. A casual estimate of time involved discloses that three writers labored a total of 13 hours; eight actors rehearsed approximately



Miss Martha May Boyer

eight hours. The eight hours of rehearsal were shared by one director who doubled as an engineer. The accompanist spent approximately three hours so that you might be entertained for 15 minutes this evening. A continuity writer and an announcer added perhaps a half hour each to the time budget.

Had this program been presented on television, we should of necessity have added the following personnel: two camera men, two boom men, a lighting engineer, a video engineer, a scene designer, two carpenters, a wardrobe mistress, a makeup man, a floor director, a production assistant, a technical director, a motion picture projectionist, and a motion picture camera man.

There are more than 450 television stations in the United States, most of them broadcasting 12 or 15 hours a day. True, many of them take many hours of programming from the networks. Some of them resort to old movies, very successfully from the commercial standpoint. The drain on time, money, talent, and creative ability is staggering. One network broadcast 6,500 programs in a single season. A typical half hour network show may involve 1,500 man hours, exclusive of time spent in selling the show and advertising it.

The cost to the sponsor may range from \$15,000 for a half hour audience participation show to \$200,000 for a spectacular. The first broadcast of *Peter Pan* consumed 8,000 man hours and cost a half million dollars.

(Continued on next page)

PROGRAMMING continued

The miracle is that between the dismal stretches of the trite situation comedies — the *Blondies*, the *Brothers*, already gasping its last with few to mourn, the *Oh, Susannahs*, the soporific soaps from *Valiant Lady* to *Brighter Day* — there are so many truly splendid programs!

Productions of *The Little Foxes*, *Caine Mutiny*, *Dodsworth*, *Man and Superman*, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, *Romeo and Juliet* all have been memorable.

You will say these are all dramas. What of other formats? There are day to day newscasts, at the network level consistently good. There are the discussion programs. At times we may have regretted the fact that they have emphasized conflict rather than a logical search for facts, but over long periods they have performed an unquestioned service. The outstanding example in this category is probably *Meet the Press*. It was on *Meet the Press*, you may remember, that Chamberlain brought his charges against Alger Hiss. It was on *Meet the Press* that Thomas E. Dewey in 1952 announced his withdrawal from the race for presidential nomination in favor of General Eisenhower. On the same program Herbert Hoover opened a whole area of speculation as to a new role for the nation's vice-president. More recently you have seen exposed on *Meet the Press* the emotion packed Suez question as highlighted in interviews with representatives of Egypt, Israel, and France.

Documentaries like *The Search*, now unhappily discontinued, the consistently thoughtful *Omnibus*, *See It Now*, *Person to Person* have all been stimulating and informative. Even variety shows have had their moments. True, Ed Sullivan has been host to Elvis Presley; but to his credit are many fine moments, such as that a few weeks ago in which he presented a portion of the Metropolitan Opera version of *Madame Butterfly*.

Madame Butterfly was thrilling entertainment for many of us, but for the second time in his long career as master of ceremonies, Mr. Sullivan toppled from first to second place in the Sunday night ratings. Perhaps the broadcasters have a point when they insist that people do not want such programs.

You will say: "Tune out the operas. Impossible!" Remember that as education increases, viewing time decreases. You college graduates spend fewer hours by far at your television sets than do high school graduates, and high school graduates are nudged out of their easy chairs by elementary school graduates.

"Why," you ask, "can't broadcasters raise their sights a bit? We'd listen more." Maybe so, but who would compose the huge market for the breakfast food, the

cigarettes, the soap, the cosmetics, the endless list of products sold by the sponsors who pick up the tab for our entertainment?

. . . The broadcast program exists as a show case for the three to five minutes of commercial time in which the sponsor presents his special message . . . The success of his program and the potency of his message are measured in the merry jingle of his cash register. That is the consideration which means most to him.

When "Ding Dong School" drops in rating from a 15 to a five or six, even though the audience it retains is numerically large, the kiddies must get along without Miss Frances. Perhaps a generation who loved her has moved on into junior high school and their baby brothers and sisters, nourished on the stronger television gruel of the westerns and the police programs, are sophisticated from the cradle.

Let us be hopeful that the occasional fine programs will raise the level of taste of the mass audience until a preference for better programming registers in the aided-recall services, the telephone surveys, and the Nielsen audimeter. Then the sponsor can be sold.

When one talks of television, it is difficult to refrain from looking into the future. We say to each other: What's going to happen? At the risk of being completely discredited this time next year, I should like to indulge myself tonight in a bit of "master-minding."

We are entering a period in which our third network, ABC, will grow appreciably stronger, competing on an equal footing with NBC and CBS. This is a happy note. It will mean a wider choice for the viewer, particularly, we hope, for large fringe audiences. ABC, as you will remember, has been coming forward strongly since it received a welcome transfusion of Paramount dollars.

I believe also we may look forward to a decline in popularity of the quiz shows. This trend would be in the right direction. Also the time seems ripe for the advent of some new comedians. We wish only the best to Messieurs Gleason, Caesar, et al., but are hopeful that somewhere, perhaps on college campuses, there are successors who will have a freshness of approach all but lost in these frenzied years.

Along with the de-intermixture of VHF and UHF channels which the FCC apparently has pledged itself to continue in principle should come more local programming. The de-intermixture will mean more strong competing channels in each community. With not enough networks to go 'round, local programming must fill the gap . . . Unfortunately the use of motion pictures probably will increase. Currently, better films are being released for television, some of them less than 10 years old, and many Hollywood film companies have

(Continued on page 6)

Goodnight, Noises Everywhere

By Mary Tyler Beaman, B. A. 1937

Alumna living in Beirut, Lebanon, where her husband, Chester Beaman, is on assignment with the U. S. Department of State, writes on "Sounds which city Arabs live by and live with"

Like a pebble dropped in water the noise expands in ever widening circles. For, as a friend of mine remarked, "This is the noisiest country on the face of the globe!"

First of all the noise starts at home. Arab houses, even the modern apartments, are of stone, for marble or tiled floors are cheaper than those of wood. The Arab apartment is also a vast expanse of space. This has the disadvantage of magnifying all sounds. Sit down to read a book (or to study Arabic) and one can hear the scrape of chairs across stone, the clatter of the smallest toy dropped, the rattle of dishes on marble-topped counters in the kitchen, and the slush of water on stone. For even though water is scarce, the help use it generously to sloosh the floors, then drive it out the door by means of handle-less brooms. On occasions there are unusual sounds, such as the time the maid turned on the gas but failed to light it immediately (fortunately she was not blown to Kingdom-Come). Mixed with the beating of rugs, hung over a balcony and struck with bamboo sticks, and the piercing cry of children "done wrong," is the pound-pound of some maid making *kibbe* (an Arab dish of meat balls made from ground beef, cracked wheat, onions, pine nuts, and parsley, with seasoning, and seems to require a lot of pounding). Drifting through all this is the sound of radio and phonograph with jangling, high pitched Arab tunes, as well as the clingle of the intercom system as Bruce, our beloved son, pushes the black button beside the bathtub.

Let anyone ring a door bell on the first three floors, and we rush to our door thinking it is for us. But the telephone presents the greatest intrusion. It costs \$100 to have a 'phone installed, so we have foregone that pleasure, but so used are we to the luxury of a telephone that when the concierge's phone rings just outside our door we have the impulse to answer it. He in turn rattles off a sonorous Arabic which sounds as if it comes from our front hall, and when he speaks to other tenants on his intercom, we get it going and coming. When people enter the lobby, we think they are coming right through our front door. Then, to top all this off, our apartment is on the approach to the Beirut International Airport, so that overhead (at about 800-1000 feet) aircraft from all lands roar in for a landing. They are so low that Bruce (who loves airplanes) used to run from them like a frightened deer.

But let us listen to what goes on outside. Pause

briefly, and you hear a constant honking of automobile horns, far and near. Just outside my study (?) window, there is a loud piercing honk of an impatient driver. The street in front of our apartment was torn up last October (to be "fixed for sure in a week") and still is, so drivers have to honk to get occupants of this building to come down and move their cars so traffic can continue. But there is always a background tooting of auto horns, as the rule here is that if you honk first you are not to blame for hitting anyone. This honking, however, is occasionally varied by the screech of brakes, and the crunch of steel wrinkling steel. I am told the standard procedure here is to run away from an accident if you can. However, I do not propose to find this out, for I drive as little as possible. The Arabs drive like cowboys coming home on a Saturday night, weaving in and out among the people, donkeys, and periodic flocks of goats, cows, or turkeys who also demand a share of the street. Regardless of mission or time of day the Arab driver, particularly the taxi driver, roars down the street at top speed. The game, to the delight of the Lebanese driver, is to outbluff the other fellow.

But there are other sounds in the street. Hogarth, in the 18th century, engraved a series of pictures called "Cries of London." Would that he were here to draw the "Cries of Beirut," for he would find it a remark-



Bruce Tyler Beaman, 2½, and Mary Anina Beaman, 1, make their contribution to the noises in Beirut, Lebanon, which their mother, Mary Tyler Beaman, writes about on this page. The Beamans moved to Beirut from London last summer.

GOODNIGHT, NOISES continued

able field. The vendors are numerous. For the urban Arab is above all a man of commerce — he has to be selling something be it even shoe-strings or chewing gum. Every morning outside my study, as on every street, one can hear the cry of the fishmonger, trodding along with eight to 10 fish in a basket. "Suuu-mak" (i.e. "fish"), he intones, with the "Suuu" drawn out and the "mak" having the smack of a mackerel's tail. He is often followed by a man pushing a cart, crying "yelly, ban-a-dur-a, yelly kuu-sa!" ("Looky-looky, tomatoes, and squash"). They both spend minutes haggling with their customers, and I often wonder how much they really do make for all their efforts. Little enough I am sure. The pots and pans salesman has a cry all his own, which I have not yet learned to recognize; but to his cry is added the rattle of pan striking pan as he rolls his cart. The kerosene peddler urges on his tiny horse which pulls the tank, and announces himself with deep blasts on an old-fashioned bulb horn. Then, especially on a Sunday, there is a man who sells cotton candy. His cart has a crank affair which gives off a "clack-clack-clack" sound, which sends youngsters running to him. There are many other roving peddlers, from the bootblack to a dispenser of "sweets" who wears a white apron and carries his wares in a small glass case. They all have their "cries" and they all pass my window.

The commercial sounds are interspersed with the cry of beggars, often blind or crippled, who ask the blessing of Allah on the giver. So, too, intrude the voices and laughter of children, for if you stop to listen you can hear children at play in the many private school yards (usually hidden by high walls) in this part of Beirut.

Then, especially in this part of Beirut, you can hear the sounds of men at work, as apartments and buildings rise by the score. Mingled with the pulsing chug-chug of a jack hammer motor is the chip-chip of stone masons pursuing a centuries-old trade, shaping stones by hammer. And about them Arab laborers, using leather bags, bring up from holes the rocks loosened by the automatic drill, to load waiting trucks. Their labors may perhaps be lightened by the call to prayer from the nearby mosques which dot the city like parish churches, or by the bells of the various churches (for Lebanon is a land half Moslem, half Christian). However, today the call to prayer from the mosque is by mechanical muezzin, like the nightingales which sang on Berkeley Square during Coronation.

To the cry of the mosque, and the bells of the church, is added the moan or wail of the nearest "rec-

ord store." These shops, selling the latest rock 'n roll, and bee-bop records from the U. S. (along with the more classical type for us older folk), put loud speakers on their awnings in order to blast the latest Elvis Presley (who is he?) tunes down the street. Of course, if you want a different sound, wander over to the nearest street car line. There are two in town, joining in the form of a T. These trams rattle along like so many toonerville trolleys.

A visit to the souk area downtown brings an incoherent jumble of noises to the ear, as well as the pressure of crowds upon your person. Every merchant tries to shout you into his shop, and begging children block your path. But even the souk must close, so that at night both downtown and here in Ras Beirut, one can hear the shattering, unnerving crash of steel shutters being pulled down over shop windows and doors and tightly padlocked. The sound of shutters falling is somewhat akin to that of a truck dumping several tons of scrap iron.

The night, too, has its sounds — for at no time does the Arab city enjoy the solitude and silence of the desert. The honk of auto horns, though diminished, continues throughout the hours of darkness. Now, however, the braying of donkeys becomes more audible (I think there must be a sizeable stable of them in this neighborhood), and around midnight the cocks begin to crow in earnest, a prolonged raucous squawk. Then, there is the periodic gurgle of water in pipes, drifting down from the tank on the roof, as well as "ghosts" who walk. Footsteps in the apartments above seem to come right down our hallway and often right into our room. Just outside the bedroom, above our patio, we can hear the soft cooing and rustling of pigeons. For the Arab next door — like scores of others in Beirut — keeps about 30 pigeons. At dawn will come the swoosh of their wings as he drives half of them into the air, with a cloth tied to a long pole, while he feeds the other half. Then he whistles them down with a high-pitched pipe. (Some men "whistle down" others' pigeons, but such men, say the Arabs, are not to be trusted) . . . Long before dawn, however, at least a dozen airplanes will have growled through the darkness to a landing at the airport. At night the roar of these mechanical flying carpets is intensified, and they seem to be coming right through the bedroom window (but they never do).

At this time of year, of course, the sound of rain in the night predominates. During the day, when you are struggling to get an open umbrella under or around the many shop awnings, or are mentally cursing the drivers who splash sheets of water onto the sidewalk

(Concluded on next page)

Dr. McCluer Gives Sermon at Easter Sunrise Service

President F. L. McCluer was the speaker for the annual Easter sunrise service in Forest Park in St. Louis, sponsored by the Metropolitan Church Federation of St. Louis. His sermon was broadcast over St. Louis radio stations.

The Easter service was the climax of the federation's Lenten services which included such outstanding speakers as Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of New York, Dr. John Baillie of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Dr. Eugene Carson Blake of Philadelphia, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

Two Students Among 5 Winners in Annual Young Artists' Contest

Grete Rehg, a junior from St. Charles, and Dell Shwiff, a freshman from Dallas, Tex., are among five St. Louis area students who are winners in this year's St. Louis Young Artists contest, sponsored by the women's division of the St. Louis Symphony Society. Lindenwood previously has had 10 Young Artists winners and twice before has had the distinction of two awards in one year.

Grete, a violinist, and Dell, a soprano, were presented with the other three winners in a public recital in St. Louis on Apr. 11. Grete, who is a student of Miss Gertrude Isidor, professor of music, was accompanied by Barbara Koeller, a junior from Barry, Ill., and a 1955 Young Artist. Dell, a student of Miss Pearl Walker, professor of music, was accompanied by Karen Glaser, a freshman from Wichita, Kan.

Poetic Drama, One-Act Comedy on Bill for May Weekend

Two plays will be presented by the drama students for the May weekend-Parents' weekend program at 8 p.m. on Friday, May 3. They are "Gruach," a poetic drama in two scenes by the British dramatist, Gordon Bottomley, and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," a one-act comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Alumnae are invited.

"Gruach" tells the story of the meeting of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. It is "solemn high theater," said Robert Douglas Hume, associate professor of speech and director of dramatics. "The critics speak of it as a masterpiece of poetic dramatic writing." The Shaw play will be the annual production of the Lindenwood chapter of Alpha Psi Omega, national dramatics honor society.



Carol Gardner of Nashville, Tenn., recently was elected Student Government Council president for next year. A history major, Carol spent the fall semester in Washington, D. C., studying in the Washington Semester program.

Another Year, Another May Court; Marella Gore Partin to Be Queen

Marella Gore Partin of Paducah, Ky., will be crowned May Queen at the traditional May Day pageant on the campus on Saturday afternoon, May 4. Her maid of honor will be Yolanda Breeden, a junior of Anderson, Ind.

Maids in the court by classes will be Ann Albritton, McMinnville, Tenn., and Sandra Bartunek, Knoxville, Iowa, seniors; June Heckmiller, Barrington, Ill., and Carolyn Wood, Marietta, Ga., juniors; Betty Jean Hagemann, St. Louis, and Lois Mayer, Middletown, Ky., sophomores; and Marilyn Burnap, Webster Groves, Mo., and Dede Shigley, Lake Jackson, Texas, freshmen.

GOODNIGHT, NOISES concluded (for when it rains here, it pours, and the gutters run rivers of water), you dislike the rain. But at night, lying in bed, the sound of it falling reminds you that it means bread, drinking water, and baths in the long months when there will be no rain—and you are thankful for February's rains. For no one can live in the Arab desert nor in the Arab city without the water which the rain brings.

Then, just before falling off into the silence of sleep, you might be reminded of the last line in a child's book called "Goodnight, Moon" (son Bruce's favorite volume), which ends: "Goodnight, Noises Everywhere."

LC Graduate Aids Hungarians; Writes of Refugees' Plight

Erika Krajicek (B.A. 1956), back in her homeland of Austria this year, interrupted her graduate studies in psychology at the University of Vienna to work with volunteer forces to aid Hungarian refugees who swarmed across the border into Austria. She has written to Lindenwood students and faculty about her experiences and about her satisfaction in supplying small needs for the refugees, particularly the children. Lindenwood's Student Christian Association sent a contribution of \$100 for Hungarian aid, and the campus International Relations Club and several individual students and faculty members sent money directly to Erika to supply individual needs.

Excerpts from her letters, which brought home the situation to the Lindenwood campus, follow:

"I don't think I have to tell you about the misery of these people, and especially about the many very young children, ranging from one day old to 13 years. It will take a lot of time to wipe out the experiences they had gone through. Some have seen their mother and father shot on the flight, and have come over alone. Some had lain for a night in the snow, hiding from a Russian tanker which did not move on. Some had been wounded themselves. Anyway, now they are here, and all we can do is to show that we *want* them, and to help them as much as we are able to."

"I want to assure each one of you that your gifts can mean an awful lot to some people, in spite of the many millions that have already been donated," she wrote to William C. Engram, associate professor of psychology, on receipt of gifts from several faculty members. "You see, there are always a lot of things, important things, for which simply no fund is available. And there are always people who are either too shy or too proud to apply to the Red Cross or like organizations for what they need"

"For example, I know a family with four children who have only tennis shoes to wear, and it's snowy and pretty cold here. When I asked their parents why they would not apply to the Red Cross for shoes, they said a lot of people are a lot worse off than they. That's possible, you see, but still it's bad enough for those children if they often have to stay all day in their room (180 square feet for 21 people) because their shoes are soaking wet. I know another young woman with a baby, her husband is still in Hungary fighting somewhere, who has only two diapers for her baby. . . . There is an old lady of about 70 who would like to knit for the children, but her glasses broke on the flight, and there are no funds for such things. I could probably fill a book this way. . . ."

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ALUMNAE PLEASE NOTE!

Dues of \$1 for the year starting October, 1956, *are due*.

Gifts to the college for the scholarship fund (nearly half of this year's students received some financial aid) and for unrestricted use (faculty salaries, library, etc.) *are welcomed*. Send your annual gift now!

PROGRAMMING concluded

become convinced that television is here to stay and are prepared to use their skills for the production of good movies designed for television specifically.

This year, too, there may be some relief from those commercials which are in violation of honesty and good taste. The Federal Trade Commission has begun systematic monitoring of television commercials. It has the power to take action against offenders, a power which the Federal Communications Commission does not possess.

You here tonight are more than passive viewers. What can you do about all this? Must you sit semi-anesthetized before your set in the gloom, a victim of the programs Madison Avenue thinks you want?

First you should write to your stations and networks expressing your opinion of programs you like and dislike Mail still matters to the broadcaster

Next, follow the program announcements and tune in programs on a selective basis. Some time there will be enough discriminating viewers to be reflected in the surveys Finally, in extremis, you could, by exerting only slightly more energy than that required to change channels, extend your hand and regretfully but firmly turn your set off. This would be unprecedented action on the part of the viewer, but, unlike Johnny, *you can read*.