

return home to my mother in Jamestown, N.Y., and give up the whole crazy idea when the clincher came.

As I shuffled along the street I spotted Mr. Ziegfeld's right hand man walking ahead of me. I followed him for a couple of blocks, trying to think of something to say that would convince him I needed another chance. Finally, he noticed me, and without stopping he turned his head and said,

"'Montana,' why don't you go home and forget the whole thing."

That Montana Tag

I picked up the 'Montana' handle because I told an agent I was from Montana, thinking that it was a lot more romantic than just plain old Jamestown. If I learned anything from that bit of subterfuge, it was the fact that I probably knew as much—if not more—than most of the citizens of such places as Butte and Anaconda. It's amazing what you can learn from those booklets put out by the Chambers of Commerce of different cities.

Then it started to rain.

That did it. I packed my belongings and returned to Jamestown, convinced that the life of a show girl was not for me.

Perhaps I should mention here that prior to my one-girl campaign to conquer Broadway I was exposed to some formal music and dramatic training.

After all, I attended the Chautauqua Institute of Music when I was five, and when I was 15 I enrolled at the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School in New York. I was a sensation at Chautauqua, but at the end of my first year at Anderson's they indicated that they wouldn't miss me one bit if I didn't re-enroll.

So I figured that I'd show 'em how wrong they were by landing a big part in a Broadway play or musical. Of course, you know what happened. I should have known something was awry when I couldn't even make the third road company of "Rio Rita".

Back to New York

A year later I went back to New York. This time I tried to

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