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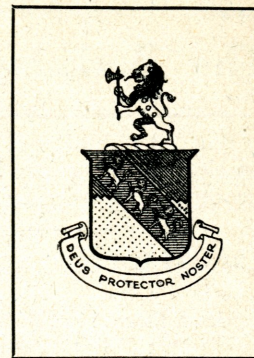
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The Evolution of Expression is a method of growth. There can be no evolution without expression; in order to grow; you must express yourself.

Dr. Emerson

The Berkeley Beacon

Founded BY and FOR the Students of Emerson College



VOLUME 2

NOVEMBER 25, 1947, BOSTON, MASS.

NUMBER 5

GET BEHIND YOUR BASKETBALL TEAM!

What takes fifteen guys ten miles to play a basketball game?

Is it the fact that the opposition will be Malden, a team that won a close game from them last year?

Is it the desire to get out there in a set of new uniforms and strut, after looking like the result of a junk dealer's dollar day sale for an entire season last year?

Is it that they want to get a game or two's experience before smashing headlong into such harsh outfits as Suffolk University, Newman Prep, New Bedford Textile (in the Arena), Burdett College and Curry College?

Is it the attraction of the new cheerleaders?

Is it the appetite of a healthy, energy-laden team to just go out and play ball?

Well, we've asked the questions, but we can't supply the answers. The place to get them is at future games of Emerson players. It is there that the fortunes of the Emerson team will start to become apparent.

And by the way, Emerson has a home court for this year. It is at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, where the scheme is to include games and dances on the same ticket . . . an arrangement that should suit the college wallet. See you at the game!

WE AGREE THAT . . .

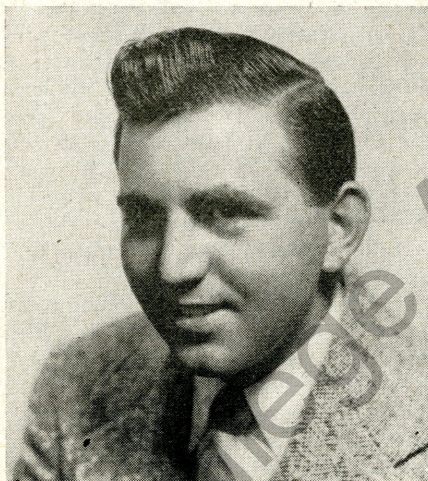
Public buildings are built for the public, not just for the limited number of unusual persons, who are not confused by the custom of substituting the letter V for the round-based letter in the inscriptions sculptured above entrances.

Most of us, if we would, but admit the truth, are puzzled, at our first casual glance, to understand them. We must scrutinize them carefully to be sure whether a structure is a museum or whether we have unwittingly started through the door of a customs house.

Perhaps it's easier to cut the straight lines of a V than to carve the curves of the less cultured letter, but we could endure it if, on future construction of churches, uni-

(Continued on Page 3)

THEATER SEASON BEGINS



JAMES DI STEFANO

STUDENT SPOTLIGHT

One of the busiest boys in our oh-so-busy school is James Francis DiStefano. Jimmy isn't just plain busy; you might go so far as to say that the guy is well occupied. He attends regular classes from nine to three every day. From six to two every night he dons the blue uniform of the Metropolitan Transit System. In his leisure time he keeps up his study of voice and piano.

Some day when you want to prove to yourself that all this voice culture to which you have submitted yourself is beneficial, ride behind Jimmy on one of the MTA's truculent trolleys. If you listen carefully to the conversation in the immediate area of the control panel, it will sound something like this: "Oh! My offence is rank, it smells to heaven . . . not you, madam . . . it hath the primal eldest curse upon it . . . fare is ten cents, madam . . ." You see, all is not in vain.

Jimmy's activities in the world of business started just after his graduation from Dorchester High School. Starting out as an order boy, he worked himself up to shipping clerk, and finally to manager of an H. P. Hood Creamery Lunch. Jimmy's

(Continued on Page 2)

INITIAL PLAY SUCCESS

The Emerson College Advanced Theater scored again on the evenings of November 4th, 6th and 7th, when they presented their initial production of the season, "Francesca Da Rimini," by George H. Boker. The group, under the tutelage of the drama head, Mrs. Gertrude B. Kay, presented the Boker version of the play. Dr. Van Lennep, of the Harvard Drama Department, who taught at the Emerson Summer School, asked that it be presented.

Lynn Toney and Gene Wood, who shared the male lead of Lanciotto, playing the role on separate evenings, gave excellent interpretations. The play was analyzed by Production Co-ordinator Guy Aylward. Special plaudits are to be awarded to Terry Shuman and Harry Coble who assisted Mrs. Kay in the direction of the play.

Mrs. Kay, in a recent interview, stated the aims of Emerson's theater groups. "We are striving to be adult in every line," she said. Special emphasis will be placed on intellectuality and emotion. Timing will also be stressed.

In future productions, Mrs. Kay revealed, students will almost fully handle all the essentials, including direction.

Following the romantic tragedy, "Francesca Da Rimini," which paved the way and set a high standard for future productions during the year, the comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," will be given on December 2nd, 4th and 5th. "First Lady" by George Kaufman and Katharine Dayton, which will be presented Arena-style, is to be given on December 16th and 18th.

Robert Browning's play, "The Blot in the Scutcheon," will be a highlight of the Advanced drama group, when they present it in the near future. The play, requested to be presented by the Browning society, of which Doctor Greene is a member, was one of the high marks in Browning's literary endeavors. This production will also be done in Arena-style.

The cast for "Francesca" was: Walter Leathe, George Markham, William Perry,

(Continued on Page 4)

The Berkeley Beacon

Founded February 1, 1947, as a bi-weekly newspaper of Emerson College, owned and controlled by the student body.

Editor-in-Chief Paul F. Mundt
Associate Editor Russ Whaley
Layout Editor William Tatum
Supplement Editor Lisa Goldstein
Chief Reporter Bob Axelby
Business Manager Don Roberts
Promotion Manager Tom Fitzpatrick
Advertising Manager Rita Dorfman
Proof Reader Jim DiStefano

Departmental Heads

Perry Massey, Faculty; Leland McInnis, Personalities; Gloria Greenstien, Soc. and Gen. News; Malcom White and Bob Silverman, Drama; Norman Tulin and John Struckell, Radio; Bill Szathmary, Students; Bill Munroe, Veterans; Mary Howes, Official; Art Kershaw, Sports; Everett Keyes, Photographer; Sarah Martin, Bruce Presscot, Barbara Hammond, Fred Jackson, Jean McKee, Cleo Nash, Frank Morasky, Ellen Goldberg, Ruth Etue, Alvida Goguen, Assistants.

EDITORIAL

Dear Faculty Members:

Between now and next June you will be dusting off the keys of your Remington-Rands, placing numerous bottles of ink in the mimeographing machine, and running off several reams of exams. Naturally, this thought doesn't bring us to our feet in a wild outburst of joy. On the other hand, there isn't much we can do about it either. Therefore, if you must give exams (and we are willing to give you the benefit of the doubt) we wish you would observe the following three items:

1. All hour exams should be mimeographed. The lighting in some of the rooms leaves something to be desired. The blackboard is not always visible from the farthest reaches of the room. Add to this the fact that your handwriting is sometimes not too clear, and the result is a continual barrage of questions which interrupt the thoughts of the other persons in the room.

2. We should be allowed to stay at the exam after the first bell rings. If an instructor can keep a lecture class until ten minutes after the hour (and sometimes longer), certainly we shouldn't have to pack up and hustle out as soon as the first bell has rung if we are taking an exam.

3. Some policy should be established concerning the length of exams. Most everyone agrees that an hour exam consists, on the average, of from eight to ten questions, which would take two hours to answer properly. Some instructors deduct credit if an exam isn't finished. Some

never bother to say. So just what do you want us to do—write briefly on each question and finish in an hour, or answer five or six of the questions thoroughly, thereby overlooking the length of the test?

Perhaps you have some ideas of your own that might serve to make exams a little more pleasant. But if they can't be made any more pleasant, you can at least let us know where we stand.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily represent those of THE BERKELEY BEACON.

Dear Sir:

Strange, isn't it, how easy it is to write a letter to the editor and feel assured that it will be printed? And they must print them all for at no time have my friends and I been more revolted than with the letter appearing in your last issue signed "Constant Reader." The letter cries for an adult newspaper, attacking it on nearly all counts. Personally, we feel the letter was written by some frustrated child who can't see any good in *anything!* But let's take "Constant Reader" apart piecemeally.

First, he takes twelve lines telling us the B. B. is always late in delivery. Then why was the issue of the 7th in our hands on the 7th? And even if it had come out on the 10th, what difference would it have made? Next, he states "the level of writing and selection of material . . . is not high." Admittedly, the *Supplement* has been poor, largely because the material has been from one or two "select" authors each time. But we note its policy is now one of greater variety what with Lisa Goldstein recently being appointed its editor. As to the paper itself we doubt that "Constant Reader" could have written an article as excellent as Malcom White's *Hollywood Attacked* which appeared on the front page. The article on Phyllis Kirch was good. She liked it which is one good test. We see that Norman Tulin and John Struckell wrote the headline story. Does anyone question the maturity of these two gentlemen?

Turning the page, we come upon the *Editorial*. Suffice to say we all agreed with it. Next, the letters, which are *usually* amusing. Then, *Official News*. Perhaps the facts contained therein would be more adult if they were set in italics. Page three has a retraction upon it. That act speaks for itself. There is an informative article on Dr. Pierce next which we think is pretty good material and pretty good writing. The same may be said for *No Strain Here* which is always good. On the last page is to be read *On The Side* by Gloria. We like Gloria and we like what she writes. Finally, the photographs of Hell Week and the hay ride are reason enough for our wanting to save the issue.

All in all, we are proud of our school paper. As college students we feel that it is an adult newspaper. Of course, it might be that "Constant Reader" has a much higher level of intelligence than the rest of us at Emerson.

SINCERE CONSTANT READERS.

Dear Sir:

. . . consider the source, is our advice to the *Berkeley Beacon*. We know who "Constant Reader" is and consider him just another "pass the buck" Charlie.

. . . from him it could be expected.

T. C., D. P., F. M., and M. E.

Ed. Note: The truth probably lies in the middle. No matter what your opinion, however, we are always glad to receive it.

OFFICIAL NEWS

May we offer an official hand shake to the members of the basketball teams and may their success follow the course of all worthwhile Emerson endeavors. Scholastic enthusiasm will be the mainstay of such broadening of extra-curricular activities—let's all provide the enthusiasm.

On November 2 President Green and Miss MacDougall met with the Emerson College Club of Providence, Rhode Island. The meeting included a discussion of the various changes in the present Emerson set-up and possible plans for the future.

ALMA MATER

O, Alma Mater, dear, thy name we praise,
Our voices love-inspired to thee we raise,
And we will cherish thee in days to come,
And think with loving hearts of Emerson,
Yours is the highest art, a shining goal,
You are the star of each and every soul,
And all your children's hearts they beat as
one,

We love thee, Alma Mater, Emerson,
And all your children's hearts they beat as
one,

We love thee, Alma Mater, Emerson.

STUDENT SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from Page 1)

desire to tread the boards finally won out over H. P. Hood and Company, and he entered the ivy walls of Emerson. As associate editor of the year book and an active member of Phi Alpha Tau Fraternity, Jim finds his curriculum pleasingly packed. The Knights of Pythias and the Quincy Community Players help Jimmy to fill in the empty instants in his schedule.

What else does our Jim do? Well, he is a cook (spaghetti is a specialty), a gardener, a baby sitter, a dancer, an interior decorator, a great uncle, and an operatic baritone with a wide vibrant range of three registers.

Jimmy's philosophy on life and the stage is an all-embracing one. "I would like to become a great actor so that I might be able to instill in other people a love of humanity through Drama."

Good luck, Jim.

E. R. S. ACTIVITIES

According to the latest reports, and a wide survey of popular opinion, the E. R. S. production of Jane Eyre was a well-received program, both at Emerson and over the air at station WXHR in Cambridge. The second in the series, a sketch of the life and works of Edgar Allen Poe is in production now and will be ready for transcription shortly. It will include representative pieces of his writings and, also, noteworthy facts about his life.

On Saturday, November 7, the Advanced Radio Workshop, in conjunction with the E. R. S. staff broadcasted a Public Service program called "The Schools Are Yours" over Station WEEL. The script was written by Mary Gibbs and Joy Fishman, and has been presented as a special Education Week feature. It was done in cooperation with the Massachusetts Department of Education and associated groups. It is well to note that the whole comprehensive project was written, produced, and directed by Emersonians.

A new F.M. and A.M. receiver was acquired and installed recently at the girls' dorm. The receiver, which is located in the reception room, will greatly improve and promote listening facilities. And speaking of listening, girls, is that dial still tuned to 900, every morning, afternoon, and early evening? Let's make it a habit, shall we?

In line with the general expansion and development of E. R. S. is an entire new series of programs, many of them audience participation shows. The quiz show, every Tuesday afternoon, at 5:00, and M. C.'d by that versatile man of the mike, Jack Raleigh, is well on its way to success, as was witnessed by the first show, at which time a large and enthusiastic crowd shared in the laughs and fun.

The news and Special Events Department has also been at work, and has come up with an educational and informative weekly feature, a news commentary, which is written and delivered by that particular commentator for the week.

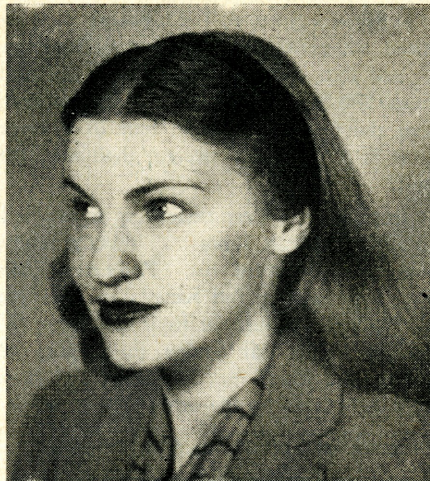
In case you don't already know it, E. R. S. has a department devoted exclusively to new program ideas. However, they are always open to and will gladly appreciate any suggestions for new program ideas. If you think your idea has any possibilities, just sketch out a general format and bring it up to E. R. S. headquarters.

WE AGREE . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

iversity stadivms, covrt hovses and other pvblic bvildings, the United States authorities and those of States, covnties, and mvncipalities would revert to the vse of the letter pronovnced "yov."

By permission of "A Book About a Thousand Things" by George Stimpson, Harper & Bros.



MRS. BETTY ALDEN MORRIS

MEET THE FACULTY

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Morris live in a very picturesque home in Squantum. If we drop in on them, we will first be introduced to a very important member of the household, "Poochy." Mr. Morris maintains that "Poochy" is second in importance only to his wife.

Now that we have all been introduced, let's sit down and learn some more about the Emersonian in this family. Mr. Morris is only too glad to help out, and we find that his wife keeps up an active membership in the Quincy Players besides her teaching duties here at Emerson. She has been acting and directing with this group for the past seventeen years.

Glancing back at her high school days, we see that Mrs. Morris upheld the Emerson tradition by playing the lead in her senior play. Aspiring to be an actress, she came to Emerson and worked for a B.L.I. Degree. While a student, she did public readings and professional make-up work (something that has passed from the Emerson scene). She also did a great deal of Settlement work. In her Junior year she won the Artist's Recital Scholarship. Mr. Morris interjects that she was often on the Dean's List, and that she graduated with honors. Mrs. Southwick was, and is, the greatest philosophical influence in her life.

In the acting line, she played with Jane Cowll's company in "Camille." At the time, James Stewart was the stage manager. She understudied the lead for "Spring in Autumn" while with Blanche Yurka, and also played in Boston and Providence with Otis Skinner. All this she did while still a student at Emerson.

In 1935 Mrs. Morris received her degree and began teaching at Edgewood Park Junior College in Briar Cliff Manor, N. Y. Mrs. Morris handled the speech department there until 1938.

Now Mr. Morris takes up the conversation again to tell us that on June 18th, 1938, he and Mrs. Morris were married. The service was performed at the Leslie

Linsey Chapel in the Emanuel Church. From that time on, until the long arm of Selective Service reached out, Mr. and Mrs. settled down to a peaceful, happy married life. However, in 1943 Mr. Morris was called into the service, and Mrs. Morris took a position as librarian in the Atlantic Branch of the Thomas Crane Public Library. She remained there until 1945 when she was asked to return and teach at Emerson.

She is very happy to be back at Emerson and is especially thrilled to be working with Mr. Connor. In her estimation, the calibre of the average Emerson student is much greater now than when she attended the college. Her favorite subject is, of course, William Shakespeare. Anyone who has watched her work, realizes that she is able to master any scene, any character, any interpretation from Bill Shakespeare's works. It is her "greatest enthusiasm either in literature, the theater, or as personal recreation."

We've overstayed our visit here, and must take our leave of the Morris family. So, goodbye to "Poochy," and Mrs. Morris and Mr. Morris (who keeps quite busy as registrar of Northeastern University when not helping his wife with an interview). We are all very fond of his wife, who is one of the outstanding personalities at Emerson. Her classes are an inspiration and a challenge. Mrs. Morris is one of the most energetic and well-loved members of our faculty—and we might add—a wonderful cook.

ON THE SIDE . . .

This is Be Kind to Classmates Week. Rules: It is obligatory for each and every Emerson student to say "Hello" to every other student he meets. Every "Hello" must be accompanied by a smile. A big one. Advantages: A chance to meet Fred Jackson (our own potential Steinbeck), Willard Smith (President of the Freshman class and also a pleasure to speak to), Dick Woodies (Young Lochinvar personified), "Muggsie" McInnis (President of the Sophomore class, married and magnificent), Rita Dorfman (whom you'll meet sooner or later on any committee or activity anyway), Jo-Ann Ryan (that vivacious red-head with the frat pin), and John Woods (that man with the mellow voice). Possible repercussions: You might, after one week of this, be able to go into the cafeteria and converse amiably with whom ever you may be sitting with.

You might, also, just happen to run into Mr. Steinkraus and, remembering your Be Kind to Fellow Classmates policy, you'll strike up a friendly conversation. And if you don't take his courses, you'll spend the rest of the semester looking for that terrific young fellow you met, and then sorrowfully conclude that he flunked out.

—GLORIA.

NO STRAIN HERE

This paper doesn't come out fast enough to congratulate all the deserving. First, these cigarette burns on my chest remind me that Dick Woodies and that other Wood wanted the Basketball Club mentioned. The club, I believe, is called the Emerson Grendals. Next, read that list of names blessed by the Dean, and make friends with any one of them—they're in the know. Then ask Mary Jean Birmingham why the Sophomore Tea was a success. Now thank the Student Government for a terrific dance, and bestow a "Young Lochinvar" to Mr. Morrey for good speech work.

Our Science Department offers these

facts: Under normal conditions (excluding that 81 step climb to 126's fourth floor and those moments when Janice Harvey and Duane Fitts look at each other!) the heart beats 106,560 times a day. Did you know that the blossom or stem half of a grapefruit is considerably sweeter than the other half?

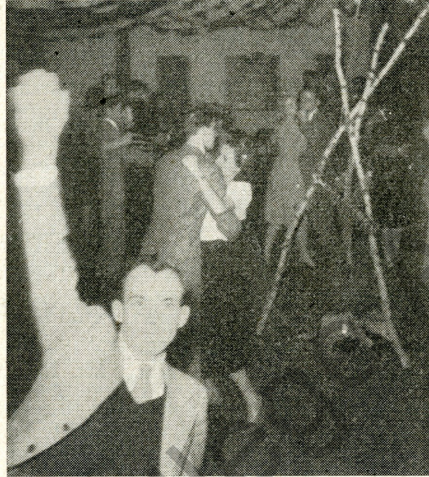
Impressions: Very refreshing to say hello to little Harleen Jones . . . during rehearsals for the recent hit, "Francesca," Mrs. Kay kept urging Ted Sanella to get closer to Shirley Williams in their embraces. We couldn't help but notice the night they performed that if they had stood any closer he'd have been on the other side of her . . .

like Mary Kinoian's silver Chinaman pin and Barbara Hammond's turtle ring . . . when Mary Solomon doodles she draws giraffes and little animals . . . Russ Whaley is a good artist—go up and see his posters sometime . . . next time you talk to Nancy Metcalf, Cloe Presnell and Rita Dorfman notice how they glow with sincerity.

Definition Department: History of English Lit. Class: a place where the Popular Ballad isn't . . . the REAL Emerson Actor: a person who, before a theater full of people on opening night, can rush to one side of the stage, peer joyfully into the wings, filled with old props, dusty scenery, tired stagehands, nervous actors, worried directors, and eager prompters and then exclaim: "My, what a wonderful view from this window!"

—MAC.

BERKELEY BEACON OFFERS UNMISTAKABLE EVIDENCE OF RECENT FRATERNITY DANCE



Hubgoblins and witch ridden brooms hovered over the vicinity of 130 Beacon Street recently lending atmosphere to the Hallowe'en Frolic sponsored by Phi Alpha Tau in conjunction with the girl's dormitory. Frolicking at the frolic can be seen, top left: camera-shy Lloyd Sherman being sworn in as non-Communist. Couples in background show keen interest in proceedings. Top right: Jane Young and John Hayward dance a jig while Lydia Casavant watches feet of Astairian dancer Tom Fitzpatrick. Bottom, center: Radio Professor, Mr. Dudley and charming wife, exchange amenities with dashing Gene Wood and Mary Kinoian.

THEATER SEASON

(Continued from Page 1)

Ted Sanella, Harry Coble, David Wiley, William Szathmary, Guy Aylward, Donald Jones, John Struckell, Lynn Toney, Gene Wood, Paul LeBoissiere, Leland McInnis, Robert O'Neil, Howard Heinlen, Eldon White, Elvira Castano, Betty Long, Shirley Williams, Lisa Goldstein, Ann Oakes, Joanne Sanderson, Robin Ladd, Hugh Giese, Leo Nickole, Terry Shuman, Harlene Jones, Rita Kramer and Helen Simpson.

The members of the production staff were: Terry Shuman, Harry Coble, J. Randolph Campbell, Warren Griffith, Robert Stevens, Gladys Toney, Kit Lindbergh, Nicolette Ysaye, William D. Lynch, Leo Nickole, Guy Aylward, Helen Simpson, Walter Leathe, Rita Dorfman, Rosemary Kiss, Howard Heinlen, John Struckell, Robert Conlon.

The sets were designed by Francis Mahard, and the costumes were conceived by Patricia Havens.

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MISTER BEOWULF

(or Beowulf Revisited)

About a thousand years ago
There lived a guy you all should know:
A famous Geat, since he was king—
But that came after this other thing.
Across the sea came a lot of noise:
A monster was eating the sovereign's boys.
This king sought Beowulf, whose fame
Has caused our poem to bear his name,
And you will hear in the following stanza
What it is the king demands o'
Our hero B, whose daring feats
Made him the pride of all the Geats.

A monster (Grendel) ate thirty-one men,
And bashed an iron door right in.
So Beowulf, without his armor grand,
Took a mighty grip on Grendel's hand.
Beowulf's bravery had the monster scared—
Since no other warrior ever dared!
Grendel took a powder, crying alarm,
And left behind his shoulder and arm.

Old Grendel died, but that's not all;
His monster-Ma came to Hrothgar's Hall.
She bellowed loudly, "Who killed my kid?"
Each proudly answered, "Beowulf did!"

Our hero turned. When he saw this creature
He smiled with glee: "A double feature!"
The big old monster charged berserk.
"It won't take long to bounce this jerk,"
She boasted, with a forehand swat;
But where she aimed, Mister B was not.
His battle song sounded through the hall,
"The bigger they are, the harder they fall."
So Beowulf finished that line of creatures
While a "Rah rah rah" rose from the bleachers.
Hrothgar seemed quite pleased at the slaughter
(But he didn't offer B his daughter).

PART 2

Beowulf took the next boat back,
Leaving two dead monsters in his track,
And at last reached home—though no one
kissed him
It should go without saying that *someone*
missed him.
For fifty years all went quite well,
Till a man showed up with a story to tell.
"A dragon," we quote, "is raisin' hell-fire,
And his fuel supply seems never to tire."
Good King B, a trifle bored,
Picked up his helmet and blue-steel sword.
He found his visitor had not been lying;
The winged monster was a-flaming and flying.
This mean old monster, excited by ire,

Was swearing and belching red-hot fire.
B rushed in, and after a fight,
Plunged his sword with all his might.
But the dragon was covered with scaly armor,
And its breath was becoming decidedly warmer.
Though the scales wouldn't let the big sword pass,
Beowulf managed to cutt off its gas.
But before it died, it took a peck
And caught Beowulf in the nape of the neck.

They died together, the worst of friends.
At this point, students, our epic ends.

—GLEEMAN CHUCK PRICE.

NOEL COWARD AND DRY MARTINIS

By ROBERT AXELBY

It happens every Spring. The drama critics band together and flay the authors, producers, actors and public for causing and supporting the miserable plays of the past season. The theatre crowd, by nature less strong than their critical brothers, are forced to flee to the wilderness of Connecticut and Cape Cod. There they drown their troubles in a flood of benzedrine and citronella. Thus was born the summer theatre.

Come Spring, some of the greatest names in the American theatre respond to the call of the wild. But lately there has been a tendency to cultivate greener pastures. Producers are flocking to Europe to bring back foreign directors and stars to appear in their summer shows. To keep a foreign star within his grasp once he has her, a producer is forced to give her numerous privileges and overwhelm her with lavish gifts, which the rest of the cast do not receive. This practice is referred to in politer circles as keeping someone down on the farm, after she's seen Paree. Yet whatever their methods may be, it is evident that summer stock is one of the most profitable seasonal businesses in the country.

With this in mind one evening last June, I placed my Portable Edition of Burns Mantle's Best Plays in the wheelbarrow, and trundled off to the Cape to see just how they operate. My first impression was that every theatre is remodeled from an antiquated barn, in which George Washington, if he didn't sleep there, must have at least kept his horse. For a summer theatre to be an astounding success, it must be located in a barn. What kind of a barn it doesn't matter, but the smallest, the draftless and

the darkest are most profitable. I imagine a playhouse with a basement full of lowing cattle is considered decidedly choice. This odd selection for a site gives each auditorium a distinct air, which you will soon discover if a brisk breeze catches you unaware.

After selecting a likely looking theatre, I picked my way gingerly through the Lincolns, Cadillacs, and Buicks parked all over the place and made my way to the box-office. When I had shoved four-forty across the board I found myself holding a ticket to "Blithe Spirit." Upon entering this renovated cow-shed, I was forced to strike several books of matches to find my way. When I had tripped over several stray tomcats, who should have been down in the feed bin minding their own business, I found my seat. They were ideally located in the sixth row. This meant that, besides five row of seats, there was only a mowing machine, a broken reaper, two cows and a sick calf between me and the stage.

At any rate, the curtain, which was to rise promptly at eight-thirty, finally found its way with great uncertainty into the fly gallery at five minutes past nine. Perhaps this was for the best, as most of the audience did not arrive until nine-thirty. Before the evening was over most of them, including myself, were sorry they ever arrived at all.

Nevertheless, the performance was an inspired one to say the least—and the least said the better! Though I am hesitant to say just what factor, exactly, did inspire it. The leading man possessed an English accent that had been cultivated two blocks east of the Brooklyn Bridge. His mannerisms suggested a young man who should have been putting his yo-yo to good advantage, rather than that of a country gentleman who was being seduced by the ghost of his former wife.

Similarly, the young ladies in the play may be dispensed with as easily. None of them had anything to offer that was attractive other than their own faces. Madam Arcadi employed a technique that was nobody else's (thank God) and truly played her part with spirit.

I remember her entrance vividly, since she arrived on the scene simultaneously with the mosquitoes. It is my belief that the manager of every summer theatre keeps a swarm of these insects purposefully near at hand. They are not of the usual variety, but the starved, bloodthirsty type. Somewhere around the end of the second act, the properties man gleefully lets these pets escape. This serves a two-fold purpose.

(Continued next page Col. 3)

SUSAN

by SARAH ANN MARTIN

"Sue, Sue, will you see who's at the door, please? I can't leave the oven."

"All right, Mamma."

Susan put her doll back into its cardboard box, covered it over with an old piece of flannel, and ran downstairs. She opened the door, and looked up at a tall, strange young man standing awkwardly on the porch. He stared at her.

"You're Susan, aren't you?"

Susan fidgeted with her pigtails and nodded shyly, staring back at him.

"Who is it, Sue?" her mother's voice called from the kitchen.

"It's a man, Mamma."

Mrs. Casey came out through the dark, narrow hallway, pulling off her apron and patting her hair. Her face was flushed from working over the stove.

"Mrs. Casey? My name's Ted Wilson. I was in the same outfit as Bill."

Susan saw her mother start and turn pale.

"You . . . you knew my boy?"

"Yes, I was with him when he . . ."

"Please, won't you come in?"

"Thank you."

Mrs. Casey led the way into the living room. She gathered up a newspaper left scattered on the big chair, and smoothed the dingy, crocheted doilies which covered the arms and back of the chair. Wilson sat down uneasily while Mrs. Casey settled herself in the squeaky rocker and stared at him. He could not bear to meet her eyes. Susan stood in the doorway, running her fingers up and down the grooves in the door-frame. Her mother looked over at her.

"This is Susan," she said to the young man. "The baby."

Susan made a wry face.

"Janie and Margaret are still at school, and Mary works now. She was still in school when Bill went away."

"Yes, I know. Bill used to tell me about his sisters, and about you, too. He used to talk a lot about you, and about his father, too."

Mrs. Casey seemed suddenly to remember something.

"Susan, will you run down to the store and tell Papa to come home right away. Tell him it's about Bill."

Susan ran off. She was glad of a chance to leave the house. The young man made her feel funny, and her mother was acting so strangely. "About Bill?" She wondered what her mother meant. She knew her brother was dead. He was a soldier and had fought in the war, and he had gone to heaven. She didn't remember very much about him except that he was tall and strong, and he had let her wear his soldier hat once for a little while when he came home to visit. That was the last time she had seen him. Now he was only

a smiling face in a photograph on top of the radio.

Susan had been skipping down the street, past the fruit stand and the jeweler and the shoemaker. Usually she would have stopped in front of each of these stores to admire first the lush ripe peaches and grapes, then the shiny watches and bracelets, and then the colored shoestrings. But this time she kept right on skipping until she came to her father's meat market. She pushed open the screen door, and went round in back of the big glass counter. A gray cat came up to her and rubbed its back against her legs. She did not stoop to pet it, but walked straight over to her father who was chopping on a piece of bloody meat.

"Papa!"

"Stand back, child! Do you want to get hurt?"

"But, Papa, Mamma sent me to tell you to come home right away!"

"What? What for? I'm busy now. Mamma knows I'm busy!"

"But, Papa, it's about Bill!"

Mr. Casey let the meat cleaver drop with a thud on the block. He turned to his little daughter.

"About Bill?"

"Yes, Papa. There's a man at the house, and Mamma wants you to come home right away."

Mr. Casey pulled at the strings of his big, spattered apron with trembling fingers. He ran his hands under a faucet at the back of the store, whispered a few words to the young boy who was his helper, and strode out the door.

Susan tried to keep up with his long strides, but she soon fell behind, and, by the time she reached the house, the living room door was closed to her. She sat down on the porch steps and waited, listening to the indistinct murmur of voices within. After a few minutes she went upstairs and took her doll out of its bed. She wrapped it in the piece of flannel, and carried it tenderly downstairs and out on the porch. She sat down on the steps again, and began to rock the doll gently.

In a little while the living room door opened, and her mother and father came out with the young man. She saw that her mother had been crying and that her father looked sad. The young man did not look at her, but only put his hand very lightly on her head as he went down the steps. At the gate her father shook hands with the young man, and then her mother put her arms around him and kissed him and kept looking after him as he walked away.

Suddenly Susan jumped up.

"Mamma, something's burning in the oven!"

Her mother seemed not to hear for a moment. Then she burst into tears, and ran up the porch steps into the house.

Susan followed her father into the living room. She could hear her mother's

long, deep sobs coming from the kitchen.

"Papa, Mamma's crying because her pie's burnt, isn't she?"

Her father was standing quite still in the middle of the room, staring at the photograph on top of the piano. He did not look at her. He only said, very quietly, "Yes, child, yes."

Noel Coward and Dry Martinis

(Continued from Page 1)

On the one hand there is the audience, who, if they haven't already gone home, are probably in the middle of a good sound snooze. Understandably, the onslaught of mosquitoes immediately revives them. Then there is the viewpoint of the actors. As they peek across the footlights to see if Aunt Minnie has actually used her complimentary ticket, they behold a group of spectators in frenzied animation. Their ambition is mistaken for interest in the play, the performer becomes afire with his art, and the result is "ham" without "eggs."

At the end of the second act I decided that the barn was too small to hold me and the two phosphorus-painted ghosts that would presently appear, so I left. As I wended my way back through the maze of Lincolns, Cadillacs and Buicks, I pictured the curtain coming down on a self-satisfied cast and a relieved audience.

My full crop of mosquito bites only further convinced me that I knew all I cared to know about the operations of a summer theatre. However, both were mercifully forgotten upon reaching home by an internal application of dry Martinis, taken every half hour until bed-time.

DESIRE

By ELLEN ADES

People all around me
Laughing
Talking.
Distant faces
All around me
All around me
I am here
I am not here
My heart is a thousand miles away.
Do you want it?
I don't think so—
Yet I hope with all the hope
I have in me
That you do.
If not, please send it back,
Send it back
Airmail, Special Delivery
Today
Send it back
If you don't want it
So I, too, can once again
Become a part of these
Laughing
Talking faces
All around me
All around me—