

The Barefoot Bay
by
John Greenleaf
Whittier

The Filson Historical Society



The Dramatic Club

OF

Neighborhood House

Presents

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's

"The Rivals"

MACAULEY'S THEATRE, MAY 10, 1911

Cast

The characters are named in the order in which they appear.

THOMAS, coachman for Sir Anthony Absolute	Carl Yunker
FAG, servant to Captain Absolute	Hilmar Klein
LYDIA LANGUISH, niece to Mrs. Malaprop	Rose Passamaneck
LUCY, maid of Mrs. Malaprop	Esther Solovey
JULIA MELVILLE, in love with Faulkland	Sadie Roth
SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, Baronet	Bernard Roth
MRS. MALAPROP	Minnie Roth
CAPTAIN JACK ABSOLUTE, posing as Ensign Beverly	Charles Morris
MR. FAULKLAND, in love with Julia	Benjamin Roth
BOB ACRES	James Yunker
DAVID, servant to Acres	Carl Yunker
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER, a gentleman of valor	Mose Taustine

"And as we've rivals been in Cupid's cause—
We will be rivals only now for your applause."

Scenes

ACT I. Scene 1—The North Parade at Bath. Scene 2—Drawing Room in Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.
ACT II. Captain Absolute's Lodgings.
ACT III. Mrs. Malaprop's Drawing Room.
ACT IV. King's Mead.

Music furnished by Manual Training High School Orchestra.

DIRECTOR, JACOB EARL MILES

Woman's costumes designed and made by Miss Elsa Forst.

Male costumes furnished by F. Szwirschina, 1110 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

55146

Menneth Davis
Adolph Cohn
Mrs. Daniels
Cille Downes
an Robinson
Mary Gilmore

wn
t. Thompson
Ruth White
beth Wilson
e Poston, Jr.
go Taustine
Rosenhauer
tram Gudex
Bill Jones
Winstanley
Lucy Brent
Joyce Rus-

Robert Mc-
P. Farnsley,

n. Wymond
Caldwell

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Walter Uri,

Vm. Vincoli
Mandeville
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Chairman,
C. Ballard

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Issue.



"The Spirit of Patriotism"

(A PAGEANT)

Given under the auspices of the

Kentucky Society
Sons of the American Revolution

By the

University of Louisville Players

Assisted by a Large Cast

In CHEROKEE PARK

Friday Evening, September 17, 1920

at Eight O'clock

In Celebration of

CONSTITUTION DAY

Pageant Director, BOYD MARTIN

Cast and Women's Advisory Committee

Mrs. Fulton Mandeville, Chairman

Supervisory Committee

Marvin H. Lewis, Chairman

news

THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM

A Pageant

COMPRISING A PROLOGUE AND SEVEN EPISODES

The Spirit of Patriotism is not only a pageant of America, but of life's springtime. Most of the episodes are taken from the "Pageant of Patriots," written by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Each episode deals with the youth of an American hero, so connected and developed as to bring out important lessons in American history.

Cast

PROLOGUE

THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM..... Ruth Truman Wilson
Costume designed and made by Mrs. George Danforth Caldwell.

First Episode

PRINCESS POCAHONTAS

CHAPERONES—Mrs. Walter McGowan, Mrs. Oscar Wilder
POCAHONTAS..... Hilda Jonas (U. of L.)
POWHATAN..... Bruce Smith
JOHN SMITH..... R. L. Whayne (U. of L.)
INDIAN BRAVES—V. L. Yarbrough, A. Kreamer, R. Winch, W. N. Flippen,
Roy Liggett, Ralph Schaefer, James Ullmond, John Holland, Charles
Deatman.
MEDICINE MAN..... I. L. Benedict
EIGHT INDIAN MAIDENS—Goldie Baron, Florence Klein, Goldy Gordy,
Rosa Urbach, Dena Parris, Clara Hurwitz, Marion Forman.
INDIAN SQUAW..... Margaret Cheatham
SIX LITTLE INDIAN CHILDREN—Martha Tabb, Dorothy Leggitt, Sue
Atherton, Jane Davis, Ellerbee Carter, Joe Crume, Peyton Hoge.
SOLOIST—Miss Chamie O'Brien
CHAPERONE—Mrs. Preston Tabb

Second Episode

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

University of Louisville Players

CHAPERONE—Mrs. John Wakefield

MARCH..... Leonard Hartkemeier
PENROSE..... Vaughn Spencer
STOCKTON..... Leo Thiemann
RIGBY..... Louis Baer
WINWOOD..... O. Brownfield Ellis
COREY..... John Walsh
PEABODY..... J. A. Adams
AMESBURY..... Leonard Brecher

THE SPIRIT OF '76

TABLEAU..... O. Brownfield Ellis, John Walsh, J. A. Adams
CHAPERONE—Mrs. Aubrey Cossar

The influence of education operates from the top down. There can be no good elementary schools without good secondary schools; there can be no good secondary schools without a good accessible college or university. **Vote for the University of Louisville \$1,000,000 Bond Issue.**

DANIEL
ROGER
ALLAN
PRITCE
BRIAN
COLBY
BLACK
EAGLE
HAWK

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Third Episode

DANIEL BOONE—PATRIOT

CHAPERONES—Mrs. Charles Horner, Mrs. D. Long

DANIEL BOONE..... R. L. Whayne
 ROGER KENTON..... V. L. Yarbrough
 ALLAN RIGDON..... Herman Handmaker
 PRITCHARD..... Louis Roth
 BRIAN..... Hugo Taustine
 COLBY..... Sol Winer
 BLACK FISH..... Churchill Rogers
 EAGLE FEATHER..... Jerome Flexner
 HAWK EYE..... C. D. Chamberlain

Fourth Episode

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

CHAPERONES—Mrs. Segui O'Brien, Mrs. Walter Uri

FRANKLIN..... Irvin Marcus
 AN OLD WOMAN..... Martha Dietz
 ADAMS..... Leo Thiemann
 MARIE ANTOINETTE..... Mrs. Isaac Hilliard
 THE DUCHESS OF BOURBON..... Mrs. Churchill Humphrey
 Mlle. DE PERNAN..... Mrs. Innes Brown
 Mlle. DE TRESSEAU..... Miss Arla Webb
 LADIES-IN-WAITING—Margaret Woolridge, Emily Wheeler, Henrietta
 Mason, Julia Morton Bohannon, Anne Pinney, Angeline Gilmer,
 Taylor Robinson.
 PAGES..... Mary Lawrence Peter, Virginia Perkins
 COURTIERS—Noble Smith, Francis McKernan, Carl Francke, Jack Littig,
 Matt Pilcher, Phil Tuley.
 ORANGE AND BLUE GROUP—Mary Belle Boden, Hope Gardner, Ouida
 Coder, Olivia Pragoff, Capitola Brown, Dorothy Hughes, Mary Dean
 O'Bannon, Mildred Sullivan, Margaret Brown, Martha Shacklette,
 Helen Brook, Anita Brook, Betty Brook, Babe Sandridge, Esther Gold.
 CHAPERONES—Mrs. Henry Colgan and Mrs. Edward Sandidge
 SHEPHERDESSES—Emily Altsheler, Mary G. Powell, Elizabeth Wash-
 burne, Melville Otter, Alice Latham, Margaret Lewis, Rebecca Yager,
 Eleanor Creel.
 SHEPHERDESS CHAPERONE—Mrs. Ed. Altsheler
 MILKMAIDS—Elizabeth Pilcher, Helen Pilcher, Mary Tilford, Eleanor
 Jett, Virginia Weldon, Dorothy Wallace, Leonora Upton, Helen
 Brooks.
 MILKMAIDS' CHAPERONE—Mrs. W. E. Pilcher
 ROSE GIRLS—Nancy Caldwell, Brook Norton, Etta Jacob, Mrs. Wm.
 Doolan.
 LADY BETTY GAVOTTE—Jean Shalcross, Edna Virginia Herb, Martha
 McDevitt, Willie Boyd, Lelia Roemele, Mary Long Hanlon, Dorothy
 Rutherford, Dorothy Hall, Ruth Strickland, Elizabeth Wakefield,
 Elizabeth Millett, Grace Parker.

The University of Louisville was founded in 1837 by your grandfathers for the purpose of education, advanced, technical and professional, for their sons and daughters. Give its 500 students in the College of Arts and Science a fair chance. **Vote for the University of Louisville Bond Issue.**

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 Bruce Smith
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rd Hartkemeier
 Vaughn Spencer
 Leo Thiemann
 Louis Baer
 Brownfield Ellis
 John Walsh
 J. A. Adams
 Leonard Brecher

sh, J. A. Adams

There can be no
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 ty. **Vote for the**

Tableau—Fifth Episode
BIRTH OF THE CONSTITUTION
 (Written by Mrs. Shackleford Miller)

AMERICA	Mrs. Kenneth Davis
LIBERTY	Mrs. Adolph Cohn
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS	Mrs. Daniels
TRIAL BY JURY	Lucille Downes
FREEDOM OF SPEECH	Susan Robinson
RELIGION	Mary Gilmore

Sixth Episode

ABRAHAM LINCOLN EPISODE

CHAPERONES—Mrs. James Beattie, Mrs. Creel Brown

ABRAHAM LINCOLN	Alex. Thompson
NANCY LINCOLN	Ruth White
AMY ROBY	Elizabeth Wilson
TOM BUSH	Lawrence Poston, Jr.
FRANCOIS	Hugo Taustine
ANDREW SMITH	Bonnie Rosenhauer
RED PLUME	C. Bertram Gudex
DARK CLOUD	Bill Jones
LITTLE GIRL	Frances Winstanley

VIRGINIA REEL GIRLS—Anne Harrison, Mary Norris Burge, Lucy Brent Altshele, Alice Beattie, Katherine Brown, Marjorie Hill, Joyce Russell, Esther Torpey, Katherine Yager, Katherine Godfrey.

BOYS—Creel Brown, Benedict Latham, James Hutchinson, Robert McDevitt, Henry Perkins, John Edward Slaughter, Chas. P. Farnsley, Bert Zimmerman, Wm. Vorries.

Seventh Episode

GODDESS OF LIBERTY	Mrs. Wm. Wymond
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CHAPERONES—Mrs. Aubrey Cossar, Mrs. George Danforth Caldwell

PAGEANT MANAGEMENT

PAGEANT DIRECTOR	Boyd Martin
DANCE DIRECTOR	Mrs. Anne Bullitt Brewer
PROPERTY MASTER	Credo Fitch Harris
MISTRESS OF ROBES—Mrs. L. H. Wymond, Chairman, Mrs. Walter Uri, Mrs. Geo. Danforth Caldwell, Mrs. Mazyck O'Brien.	
BAND MASTER	Wm. Vincoli
MAKE-UP COMMITTEE	Fulton Mandeville
WOMEN'S COMMITTEE—Mrs. Fulton Mandeville, Chairman, Mrs. Shackleford Miller, Mrs. Aubrey Cossar, Mrs. Mazyck O'Brien.	
GENERAL SUPERVISION COMMITTEE—Marvin H. Lewis, Chairman, Credo Fitch Harris, E. T. Hutchings, Peyton B. Bethel, R. C. Ballard Thruston.	
FINANCE COMMITTEE—R. C. Ballard Thruston, Alex. Galt Robinson, George L. Danforth.	
GROUNDS COMMITTEE—E. T. Hutchings, Credo Fitch Harris.	
TREASURER—Peyton B. Bethel.	

The privileges of advanced education should not be reserved for those rich enough to send their children away to college or university, but they should be offered at home to the large body of young men and women who could not otherwise afford such advantages. The University of Louisville has in all its departments a registration of 700 students. If these 700 students attended college elsewhere, it is estimated that a business of about \$700,000 a year would be lost to the city of Louisville. **Vote for the University of Louisville Bond Issue.**

PROGRAM

KENTUCKY

The Epic of a State's Unfolding

By **ETHEL ALLEN MURPHY**

PRESENTED BY

JEFFERSON POST AMERICAN LEGION

Under Direction of **Humphrey D. Howell**

AT PARKWAY FIELD

JUNE 14-15, 1923



General Chairman—Nathan P. Bloom

Scenery by Frank J. Taylor

Dances by Anne Bullitt Brewer

Costume Designs by Mrs. Theodore Mueller and Mrs. George Danforth Caldwell

Cast Supervision by Mrs. Creel Brown

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The audience is requested to view the scenes of this pageant as imaginative interpretations rather than literal reproductions of history.

PART I PILGRIMS OF DESTINY

Arts Club and Woman's Club—Chairman, Mrs. Herbert Bronner; Vice-Chairman, Miss Cecil Gordon.
Welfare Group—Daughters of Isabella—Chairman, Miss Margaret Boyle.
Costumes by Mrs. George Danforth Caldwell.

Drapings of Symbolic Costumes Mr. R. Leo Hawes
Symbols Mr. Charles Capehart
Costume of Primeval Nature Miss Ruth Rubey

DESTINY, dreaming of the great commonwealth that is to be, leads the pioneers across the mountains. In her train follow the powers that work her will in the Epic of the State's Unfolding.

SCENE 1—SYMBOLIC PROCESSIONAL.

Destiny	Miss Cecil Gordon	Pioneer Manhood	Dr. David Morton
Crystal Bearer	Ellen Gordon	Pioneer Womanhood	Mrs. Cornelia McDonald Davis
Kentucky	Miss Thelma Williams	Louisville	Mrs. L. Spears
Standard Bearer	Ledcreich Vance	Spirit of Home	Mrs. W. W. Davies, Miss Elizabeth Wallace, Miss Evelyn Wallace.
Primeval Nature	Marquise de Charette	Attendants.....	Mr. John Davies, Mr. Rogers Morton
Primitive Man	Mr. Clem Johnson	Kentucky Hospitality	Mrs. George D. Caldwell
Attendants—Ruth Peixotto Bronner, Eleanor Marie Hebehart, Lucy Brent Altsheler, Katherine Godfroy, Louise Wellman, Katherine Miller, Annie Adelia Meade, Mrs. Street Russell.			
Civil War	Peyton Hoge	Welfare, 1831 {	Mother Spalding Mrs. J. P. Hood Orphan Boy Mr. Eugene Ganz Orphan Girl Miss Mildred Holland
Civil War Mother	Mrs. Sayre Courtenay	Patriotism	Miss Pauline May
Soldier of the Blue	Mr. Forrest Hyatt	Standard Bearer	Billie Washer
Soldier of the Gray	Mr. Neville Miller	Spirit of Art	Mrs. Credo Harris
Peace	Mrs. Elsie Latham		
History	Miss Catherine Burge		
Comedy	Mrs. Morris Flexner	The Nine Muses {	Tragedy Miss Sarah Vance Oratory Miss Marian Long Music Miss Helen O'Brien Dance Mrs. Menifee Wirgman
Epic Poetry	Miss Lydia Davies		
Lyric Poetry	Miss Mary Barclay		
Astronomy	Miss Julia Duke Henning		

Because of limited space, it is impossible to list the names of all the group participants.
The following are group leaders:

Daniel Boone	Mr. Brent Nunnelley	Mrs. Pogue	Miss Louisa Baird
Col. Henderson	Mr. J. Colgan Norman	Mrs. Calloway	Miss Kate Chamberlin
Indian Dancer	Mr. Juan Buster	Mrs. Stagner	Miss Anna Priest Dietzman
Indian Squaw	Miss Buster	A Child	Miss Nellie Priest Dietzman
Samuel Henderson	Mr. J. Colgan Norman	Gen. George Rogers Clark	Mr. Neville Bullitt
Betsy Calloway	Mrs. J. Colgan Norman	John Donne	Dr. H. B. Holmes
Jemima Boone	Miss Mary Louise Bachman	Mrs. John Donne	Mrs. H. B. Holmes
Frances Calloway	Miss Martha Kennerly	Cato Watts, a colored servant.....	Mr. Marry Obrey
Mrs. Boone	Mrs. M. B. Hollingsworth		

PART II CHILDREN OF THE WILD SCENE 2—PRIMEVAL NATURE.

Before the white man knew these scenes, Primeval Nature reigned. Gone are the Children of the Wild, but tonight their spirits in dance and pageantry shall pass before you.

Symbolic Dances.

The Fireflies, The Moonbeams, The Shadows, The Tree Spirits, The Storm Spirits, The Thunder Bird, The North Wind, The Snowflakes, The South Wind, Spring, The Wild Birds.

Snow Flakes—Jean Rae Montfort, Shelby K. Wayne, Angela Leachman, Jane Taylor Seng, Mary Jane Hinkle, Virginia Jones, Marjorie Bollinger, Margaret Hike, Helena Robertson, Edith Mae Ryan, Helen Leachman.

Fireflies—Anna Voorhees Mitchell, Juliette Frazier, Jane Davis, Nancy Davis, Minnie Mendel, Margaret Garth Mitchell, Nancy Carter.

Wild Pigeons—Mary Lawrence Peter, Thelma Fenior, Mary Kelly, Betsey Hinkle, Helen Arthur, Caroline Selden, Helen Davis, Helen Holrody, Helen Green.

Moonbeams and Shadows—Amelia Minary, Elizabeth Bate, Jean Ann Miller, Elizabeth Starks, Ruth Mullins, Sue Atherton, Jane Hartman, Margaret Dewberry.

Tree Spirits—Edith H. Wayne, Jeann Hoagland, Kitty Chamberlain Hyatt, Nancy Miller, Josephine Starks, Katherine Maxey, Mary Leachman.

North Wind—Virginia Ellis.

Storm Spirits—Chamie O'Brien, Virginia Hadley, Elizabeth Armstrong, Elizabeth Attkisson, Frances Barrett, Lucy Watts.

Thunder Bird—James Pirtle.

In the heart of the forest roams Primitive Man rejoicing in the happy hunting grounds. But axes of the woodsmen ring and the outposts of civilization, the pioneer forts, arise. The Red Men pass before the advance of Civilization. Yet are they, too, the Children of Destiny, and to her later heirs they leave the land.

SCENE 3—PRIMITIVE MAN.

By the Red Men—Chairman, Col. H. V. Cohn.

SCENE 4—PIONEER MANHOOD—THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN.

By American Legion—Chairman, Nathan P. Bloom.

SCENE 5—THE PURCHASE OF THE LAND.

By American Legion and Red Men.

Ceremonial of the Peace Pipe, and Symbolic Dances.

Spring and South Wind—Katherine Maxey and James Whitman.

Corn Dancer—Frances Barrett.

Smoke Dancers—Elizabeth Attkisson, Chamie O'Brien.

PART III
THE ROMANCE OF PIONEER WOMANHOOD

Side by side with dauntless men the brave women of Kentucky labored. Let us tonight bestow upon pioneer womanhood a garland of grateful remembrance.

SCENE 6—THE ARRIVAL OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

By John Marshall Chapter, D. A. R.—Chairman, Miss M. C. Davies; Sub-Chairman, Miss Kate Chamberlin.

SCENE 7—THE CAPTURE OF THE GIRLS.

By John Marshall Chapter, D. A. R.

SCENE 8—HEROISM OF WOMEN OF BRYANT'S STATION.

These women, knowing that Indians are in ambush around the fort, go to the spring for water.

By Fincastle Chapter, D. A. R.—Chairman, Mrs. Ezra Offutt.

PART IV
THE PLANTING OF A CITY

And now, beside the Beautiful River, a band of brave men and hardy women, by faith beholding in the unplanted wilderness the homes of the future, lay the foundations of a noble city. Here, surrounded by untamed nature, watched by savage men, they sow the first wheat and reap the first of many harvests.

Dance of Rivers—Chamie O'Brien, Mary Long Hanlon, Dorothy Solomon, Elizabeth Attkisson, Lucy Watts, Frances Barrett, Virginia Hadley, Virginia Ellis, Nancy Miller.

SCENE 9—THE FOUNDING OF LOUISVILLE IN 1778 BY GEN. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

who, on his way to take the British forts, leaves fifty pioneer men and women at the Settlement at the Falls of the Ohio.

By American Legion and Sorosis Club.

SCENE 10—FESTIVAL OF THE FIRST FLOUR AT THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN DONNE.

By Sorosis Club—Chairman, Mrs. H. B. Holmes.

Symbolic Dance—The Dance of Harvest Blessing, Kitty Hyatt.

PART V
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

Time smiles upon the happy city. Hospitality reigns. Guests from far and near praise the generous courtesy of a joyous people. Lafayette, who heard the call of liberty across the sea, in time of peace returns.

SCENE 11—PROCESSION AND BALL IN HONOR OF LAFAYETTE ON MAY 11, 1825.

By Woman's City Club—Chairman, Miss Mabel Peixotto.

LaFayette	Mr. E. E. Durand, of Durand and Perry	Governor of Florida	Hon. Emmett O'Neal
Governor of Kentucky	Judge James P. Gregory	Governor of Indiana	Captain I. L. Shulhafer
Governor of Tennessee	Major W. E. Murray	Lafayette's Son	Mr. Elden Durand

Fear not to look upon this page in mourning bound. See! Womanhood would fain disarm the embattled brothers, the Blue and the Gray, but in vain. These, too, are instruments of Destiny, and from their conflict forge a firmer union when peace once more unites them in fraternal bonds.

SCENE 12—CIVIL WAR TABLEAU, 1861-1865.

By Arts Club—Chairman, Mrs. Bronner.

SCENE 13—PEACE TABLEAU—"UNITED WE STAND".

By Arts Club.

PART VI
THE LARGER BROTHERHOOD

Patriotism, responding to the far call of Humanity, sends forth Kentucky's sons. The heart of Louisville thrills to the echoes of the Marne and Flanders' Fields. The vision of a world-embracing Destiny lights with strange splendor the faces of those who go to fight for the winning of world freedom.

SCENE 14—DEPARTURE OF SOLDIERS—TRENCH SCENE.

By 138 F. A. and War Mothers—Chairman, Mrs. J. J. Flynn.

SCENE 15—ARMISTICE FESTIVAL AND RETURN OF TROOPS.

By War Mothers and 138 F. A.

SCENE 16—VISION OF THE FUTURE—CHILDREN OF THE FLAG.

By Parent-Teachers—Chairman, Mrs. Albert Terstegge. Neighborhood House—Chairman, Miss Ella Brown:
Childhood—Amelia Minary.

Spirit of the Flag, Miss Ella Brown.

Tarantella by Native-born Italians.

Under the wings of peace the children of the Starry Flag make merry. Many races to the making of Kentucky bring their dreams of fuller life. The childhood of the nation will lead your hosts to the victories of the future—victories of peace and brotherhood.

*Thus we have bid before your eyes
Kentucky's Epic Story rise.
So live that in her children still*

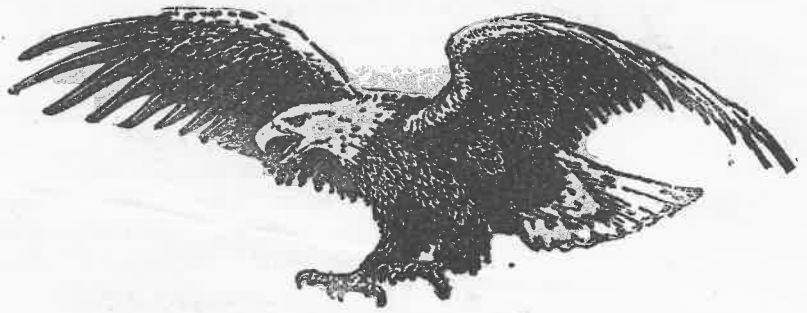
*Shall burn the great heroic will,
Shall throb the Universal Good
That shapes the Human Brotherhood.*

Music—Band of 138th Field Artillery; Orchestra, Conservatory of Music.

Singers of the Marseillaise—Members of Louisville Woman's Chorus and pupils of Madame Cara Sapin and Miss Helen Riddell,
Chairman—Miss Virginia Peter.

Assistant to the DirectorMr. Solon Russell Assistant to the Art DirectorMr. Charles Weaver
PropertiesMr. T. H. Huffman

Appreciation is due to Mr. Downey M. Gray for securing materials for scenery and to Mr. Edward Thirlwell for lights and electrical equipment.



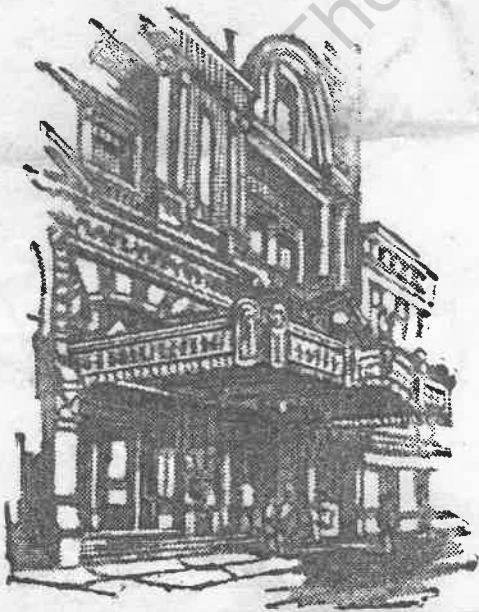
One of the South's Great Banks

Five Banking Offices

648 South Fourth Avenue
7th and Hill Streets
18th and Oak Streets
1224 South Shelby Street

Main Office

Market at Second



FOR sixty-nine years — thru wars and times of peace, thru periods of prosperity and depression — the "Bank for the People" has served Louisville without loss to a single depositor.

The growth of the Liberty Bank has been steady and consistent. Today it stands with Five Banking Offices, more than 85,000 bank accounts and over 18 millions in resources — a monument to the confidence and good will of the people of Louisville and Kentucky. Upon this record of continued service, growth, and strength, we solicit your banking business.



Program for Alumnae of Girls High School,

PROGRAM.

Mrs. M^c Bride, Ch.

Americanization Committee

November 6, 1924.

Piano Solo.....Bernadine Gazzelle

Kinder Symphony.....Syrian Boys

Value of Dramatics in the Settlement...Miss Elinor Strickland

Songs:---Die Yidische Kinder Zingers

a. Of Shlof Main Feigele (O Little Bird of Mine)

b. Shein Bin Ich (Pretty am I)

c. The Musician

Folk Dance.....Intermediate Girls

a. The Goose Girl

b. Little Man in a Fix

Handicraft.....Mr. Horace Osborne

Violin Solo Berceuse (Lullaby) Bloch
Patricia Hegan

Boys Clubs.....Miss Leah Frost

Songs.....Dhorus

a. Tic-e-tic-e-toe

b. Sailing

c. Spanish Serenade

Piano Solo.....Bertha Jackson

Folk Dances

(a) Cuckoo

(b) A Handkerchief We Will Go

Folk Games

(c) The girl is Slowly Walking

Citizenship..... Mrs. Nora Herbold

704

Mrs Elizabeth Wilson.

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OUR KENTUCKY HOME
PIONEER STATE OF THE WEST

A PAGEANT FOR THE SETTLEMENTS
OF LOUISVILLE

The Filson Historical Society

OUR KENTUCKY HOME

PIONEER STATE OF THE WEST

(The Chorus sings "America Triumphant" by John Haynes Holmes)

PROLOGUE

(Spoken by History, as the music faintly continues)

Come, Kentuckians, turn with me, a page or two of history;
Back, two hundred years or less, which is as but a Day in Time;
Back so short a space, when Wilderness untrampled stretched
Where now you rear your many storied blocks of steel and stone,
When slim red Braves hunted lazily huge herds of Buffalo and Deer
Through Forests primeval and Meadows wide and fertile! ...

The very streets where now you hurry on to common tasks is hallowed
Ground where pioneer blood and strength were often spent to
Give the West her Pioneer State. Come trace with me events which
Lead from Boone, Scout of the Wilderness, to Clark, Defender of
Neglected Land. From Wilderness Fort to cities populous and prosperous,
From happy hunting ground, dark and bollody ground, to fifteenth
State of Union. From Redman to Citizens of many hues and races,
Kentuckians All, Native and Adopted Sons, with whom Kentucky shares
Her Heritage of Common Cause and Brotherhood.....

Neighbor hood House

OUR KENTUCKY HOME

" PIONEER STATE OF THE WEST"

EPISODE I. BEFORE THE WHITE MAN

SCENE I...CREATION

- a. Dance of the Sun, Moon, Stars, Sun Beams, etc.
- b. Dance of the Mountains
- c. Beautiful Ohio - Dance of the Water Sprites
- d. Dance and Song of Kentucky's Trees
- e. Dance and Song of the grasses (Blue Grass)
- f. Dance of Kentucky's Wild Flowers
- g. Dance of Kentucky's Birds - Bird Calls
 - Dance Ensemble - They "form" Kentucky

N.H.

SCENE II -NATURE'S GIFTS

- a. Fertility of Soil
- b. Water Power
- c. Coal
- d. Oil
- e. Gas
- f. Timber

SCENE III - THE REDMAN'S HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

- a. Indian air - song
- b. Dance ceremonial of Indian Braves
- c. Corn Ceremonial (optional)

*N.H.
over the
settlement*

I
EPISODE II - THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

- a. Song - America Triumphant
- b. The Fur Trader - pantomime

*Good
well*

good will

SCENE II -ADVENTURERS - FINLEY SHOWS BOONE KENTUCKY
pantomine (attacked by Indians)

Wesley

SCENE III. Attempted settlement - Boone brings his Family
to Kentucky,; (they are forced to return)

Third EPISODE III- KENTUCKY'S FIRST HOMES

Wesley

SCENE I. SEIGE AT LOGAN'S STATION (Logan's heroism)

cat SCENE II. ~~SCENE AT SEIGE OF BRYAN'S STATION~~ (Kentucky's
brave women)

~~SCENE III. A WILDERNESS WEDDING~~

SCENE IV. FIRST CHRISTMAS PARTY IN KENTUCKY

- a. song by fortlers
- b. square dance to fiddler's Cato's music
- c. attempted Minuet, taught by Frenchman
- d. Virginia Reel

(Either scene one or two should be given to portray hardships
of fort life; also either wedding or Christmas party scene to show
jovial side of fortlers)

EPISODE IV - STRUGGLES FOR OWNERSHIP AND INDEPENDENCE

1. BUYING THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS - Treaty with Indians
at Watuga

2. CLARK ASKS AID FROM VIRGINIA AGAINST ^{English} INDIANS, FRENCH,
AND INDIANS

3. KENTUCKY TAKES HER PLACE IN THE UNION

a. Greenup reads the resolution making Kentucky
an independent state

b. Dance of the States - the fifteenth star

c. Star Spangled Banner (song) - as old flag
showing fifteen stars and stripes is dis-
played.

4. *Kentucky's First Signature*

EPISODE V - KENTUCKY 'S COURT OF HONOR

SCENE I KENTUCKY RECEIVES HER FAMOUS SONS AND DAUGHTERS

(Boone, Clark, Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Clay, Fitch,

G.W. m.H. n.H. C. Point G.W. Cal. Patch

Calvary Point Community House

*Calbage Path
? n. H. Club
Calbage & Patch*

Rose Hudson

55024

*Scientific
invention*
Barlow, Audubon, Mc Dowell, Z. Taylor, Jouett, Filson,
Cawein, Lane Allen, Foster, etc.)

94

EPISODE VI - OUR OLD KENTUCKY HOME

SCENE I. KENTUCKY HOME - negro cabins, portals of Home

*Pres. Col
mission*

- a. In the Evening by the Moonlight - song
- b. Negro spirtuel
- d. Old Black Joe (Jig by negro boys)

C. Patch

- e. Crinoline Dance (white couples)

SCENE II ADOPTED SONS AND DAUGHTERS - "CITIZENS ALL"
(Scene I in tableau, behind; as each group finishes
it takes its place in background)

M. H.

- a. JEWISH Citizens - song
- b. Italian Citizens - quadrille and "O Sole Mio"
- c. SYRIAN Citizens - song

FINALE: Curtain is drawn, showing on Portals of Kentucky Home, Kentucky's flag, bearing the her motto and Seal, " United We Stand Divided We Fall" (in tableau). Kentucky, in pantomime, bids all her citizens join hands and as the American flag is borne high, beside Kentucky's flag, all sing with audience, "My Old Kentucky Home"

Finis

Purcell' is best

15214

5

OUR KENTUCKY HOME

EPISODE I. BEFORE THE WHITE MAN

Scene 1. Creation

Several bars of the creation dance music are played, then as the music softly continues, History speaks:

In the beginning God created Heaven and Earth,
And the Earth was waste and void
And God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light,
And God said, Let the Waters under the Heavens
Be gathered unto one place and Let Dry Land appear.
And it was so, And God made the two great Lights,
The greater Light to rule the Day, the Lesser Light to rule
The Night; He made the Stars also. And God set them in the
Firmament of Heaven to give Light upon the Earth...

The lights slowly brighten, the music becomes louder, and the Creation Dancers appear.. Their dance over, the lights dim, the music softens and History speaks again:

And in these Cosmic Ages a great and inland sea roared
Where now we call Kentucky... But ages slowly passed
And with them went the briny Deep; The sandy Cumberlands
First reared their heads, then followed soon the Black, the
Pine, the Laurel, Long and Galicó Mounts; Lower elevations
Rose and aught was left of Sea. ..

In the dim light, the mountains slowly rise, waving their arms in exultation, as if they are immerging from the underground. They have been lying prone upon the ground, on a huge, rough outline map of Kentucky. After their dance, they take their proper places on the map and remain posed thruout the scene.

Grasses, reeds and mosses left soon their impress -
And among them came the far-famed, Lime-fed Blue Grass to
Clothe the Barren reaches...

The grasses, reeds, and mosses enter, dance, then take their place upon the "map".

Creeks, streams, and crystal rivers danced down Mounts and
Meadows Northwest they cut their way to form the mighty
Highway stream we call Ohio - River Beautiful...

To the music of Beautiful Ohio, the water sprites appear, frolic

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6

through the grasses and mountains, and join hands to form the northern and western boundaries of the State - the Ohio river.

Then came habitants of land and water - animals, fishes, insects, birds and reptiles; then grew the Mighty Trees and Shrubs - Pine, Poplar, Ash, Red Cedar Hickory, Oak and Walnut in the East; in the West, The stately Cypress, Gum and Cottonwood.

The Tree Dancers enter as named; as they dance the Chorus sings the "Tree Song" - see Girl Scout Song Book. Their dance completed, the trees take their appropriate places on the "Map", clothing the "sandy hills" with their drapery.

Then to this charmed scene bright flowers lent
Color and sweet perfume.....

Small girls, each dressed as a representative Kentucky Wild Flower, enter, dance, flit among the mountains, trees, grasses, then take their place in the ensemble.

Through forests dense flew multi-colored birds
To cheer this wilderness with song...

Kentucky birds enter, dance. Above the music is heard the calls of the various birds - robin, cardinal, bob white, etc.

For ^{years} ~~seasons~~ unnumbered seasons came and went,
And in this wilderness were none to plow and sow,
And reap as is man's wont;

(Here may be included the Dance of the Elements, if desired.)

All the dancers join in an ensemble, at the end of which all withdraw except those which form the boundary of the "map"; they take their places and seat themselves upon the ground where they remain until the end of scene 2.

Upon this Western Eden Nature bestowed her
Choicest gifts - wealth unto generations yet
Unborn - fertility of soil,....vast beds of coal....
Natural Gasand oil; Potential power within
Her streams...Valuable Timber stood upon her mountains ..

As History reads, a girl dressed as the Goddess of the Harvest enters and lays upon the map the harvest fruits - these should include corn stalks, sheaves of wheat, apples, a pumpkin, several tobacco leaves, etc.) Two boys dressed as miners next enter carrying stimulated, huge lumps of coal; these they place on the map, one in the East, one in the West. Next boys carrying light frames stimulating oil shafts enter and place the shafts in their proper places. Natural

5547

Gas then enters(?)...Water Power takes his place upon the "falls". The trees re-enter and take their places.. This is held as tableau until the light dims, when they exit in procession.

Complete it lay, this shield-shaped Paradise,
Forged by Nature in some crisis of her long warfare
of Time and Change... But as the ages pass comes
Man to adopt it to his varying claims and needs....

Scene III - Happy Hunting Grounds

(The music is an Indian Air - the chorus may sing)

History speaks:

Tradition shrouds in mists an Ancient Race-
Builders of Mounds which stand ~~even~~ now within the State.
Superior were they in many arts and crafts to their more
Famed successors , the Indians, who found here a happy hunting
Ground, too precious ~~e'en~~ to sacrifice for homes.
Here they stalked both animal and foe, leaving untouched
The Land in all its virginal Beauty...

A tom-tom beats as the lights slowly brighten and disclose an Indian campfire around which lie fifteen braves and their chief, wrapped in their blankets. The Chief awakens, stretches to the rising sun, awakes the others who drop their blankets, salute the sun, and dance with their bows and arrows about the fire to the beat of the tom-tom...In single file they dissappear into the woods. The lights fade... As they again brighten a wigwam and canoe stand beside the camp fire...a group of Indian squaws and children return with the braves and the corn ceremonial begins .Many bits of Indian life may be portrayed as the hanging of the papoose to the tree, stringing of wampum, etc. (See Alice C. Fletcher's "Indian Games and Dances" (Buchard Co. Boston Mass.) Several Indian songs and games may also be portrayed here.

The Chorus takes up another Indian air as the scene ends and the lights fade.

EPISODE II - THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

Scene 1. Adventurers and fur traders cross the mountains

Between Episodes 1 and 2 the chorus sings the following words to the tune of America Triumphant:

America Triumphant!
Brave land of Pioneers!
O'er Cumberland Peaks, ~~across~~ ^{across} prairie
The Wilderness Road appears.
The forests wild are parted,

f.

Traders return to sing -
In towns across the mountains
Kentucky's glories ring.

History speaks:

Among fast growing colonies unrest, adventure
Grow; the bordermen long for new lands and
Across the mountains turn.* First for commerce,
Then for adventure one by one they come; then
To return with comrades by the glamorous tales won.
Batts. and Gist and Dr. Walker are but a few of
Those who blazed the way for Finley who brought
The greatest, Boone.

Several Indians sit about the campfire as the lights
brighten. From the opposite side enters a lone trader. He glories
(in pantomime) in the nature about him, sees the Indians, gives a dign
of peace and goes through an elaborate pantomime of trading rifles,
beads etc. for several furs which the Indians produce. In the moment
that the lights go out, Indians and trader disappear. History completes
her paragraph and scene II appears.*

* Scene II - Finley Introduces Boone to Kentucky.

Yielding to the siren song as sung by Finley,
Of the far-famed cane-land and its fertile soil,
Of towering mounts and limpid streams, of meadow
Rich where spoils of chase were vension, buffalo
And Bear, came Daniel Boone, the greatest of
All pioneers, who believed himself ordained
By God to go in quest and to settle the
Wilderness. Fitted by nature was he to met the
Wily native at his game; many times he came
and went unharmed.

John Finley is shown in pantomime leading Boone, Stewart, and
three other companions into the new land; Boone closely examines
the view, tries out his rifle as the others build a fire. Boone
and a companion wander off a piece; war whoops are heard and they
are attacked by Indians; all but Boone and his companion flee
pursued by three of the Indians. Boone whispers to his companion
and they quietly accompany the Indians. Boone explaining by ges-
tures to his companion, his plan of escape. .

Scene III. Attempted Settlement

Soon Boone, charmed by all this marvellous Land,
Returned with Family and friends, . . .
But Kaintuckee was not yet for White Man's home.

Boone enters leading his party; the older children drive a
cow and sheep before them; behind the women walk. On pack horse

are kettles, quilts, bedding, etc. .The party, especially the women and younger children, are very weary. The party stops. They go about the business of making camp, the women discover the cornmeal supply is exhausted and the party shows despair.. Two men sadly saddle horses to return for supplies.. The others sit about the fire trying to cook a wild turkey brought from the woods by one of the men.. Suddenly the Indian attack, the men bravely defend the camp. Boone's son is shot down. The party grief-stricken, begin to gepack and turn their horses homeward.. This should be shown by slow pantomine.

EPISODE III KENTUCKY'S FIRST HOMES

IN The Interlude between Episode I and II the chorus repeats the opening verses of "America Triumphant"

History recites:

Again they try, undaunted,
Successful, now, at last...
Harodsburg, Boonesboro, Logan, Bryans, Louisville -
Settlements at last...
"Onward like a mighty army,
Led by hopes of courage bred, move the
Deer skin coated settlers,
O'er the trails with life blood red -
See the forests fall before them -
Cabins, rise beside the streams -
Fields maize and waving barley
In the autumn sunlight gleam.
Fast before their deadly rifles
Flees the painted savage on
And the ox-drawn cart of Progress
Seeks the way which they have gone.."

The scene should show a row of cabins and, if possible, a block house at one corner.

Scene I. At Logan's Station - Fighting the for.

(Outside the fort several women are milking cows, guarded by the men who pace about with rifles. some boys are making brooms, some girls watch a huge pot boiling soap ..suddenly a war whoop is heard, several stray arrows cross the opening, all the settlers make for the fort. But three of the men fall, one killed, one fatally wounded, the other unable to rise..The Indians leave the three lie, attack the fort and are answered by fire..As the arrows stop for a second, Logan covered by a feather bed, crawls, grunting like a hog, to the wounded man, grabs the man, and dashes back to the fort, amid arrows and balls, and reaches it in safety.

(If desired, the counterpart, women's bravery in the forts, may be shown by the women going for water during a seige(Bryan's station)).

* Boone - "Kentucky Pioneers"

MSK

SCENE II - The Porters Make Merry

The scene shows an indoor cabin scene, if possible, if not, a scene outside the fort, with cabins in background - See pictures in Purcell's "Stories of Old Kentucky" for pictures of costumes and fort interiors and exteriors; Kinkheads' History of Kentucky is also good (both are in Library in Children's department) -

Either A wedding in the Wilderness or The first Christmas Party may be used here to introduce the square Dances, the songs, the Lancers, the Fiddler, etc. so common in Fort "jolifications". Probably "The Christmas Party" is more appropriate as it took place in Louisville. See either of the above mentioned texts for a full discription of the occasion. The elaborateness of the scene will depend on the properties available, numbers, etc.

History: ALL WAS NOT PAIN OR Hardship,
For laughter comes with tears.
The Porters oft make merry with music song and dance,

The orchestra plays a square dance tune and as the lights brighten, the couples are seen in a square dance, a fiddler in the foreground - if the Christmas Party is portrayed. An old negro may show his one-stringed viâdin to which he has strung horsehair, to a Frenchmen who gives him a set of strings for a skin, the fiddler then plays, calling figures in the dance, after the Frenchman had tried to teach the boys and girls and adults the French dance (minuet) After the square dance, the Virginia Reel is danced; the crude chairs and Tables bearing roast possum, etc. are moved to the side where the older people partake of the feast and sing songs.

✓ EPISODE IV - Struggles for Ownership and Independence

History: On paper and in council waged the war
For ownership of this new Land..
Might alone did not make right....
Land companies formed and forced their claims -
French and English disputed ^{claims} with
Indians, who sold their ^{rights} ~~claims~~ of ten and
Seven million acres of their happy hunting land For
Ten thousand pounds of sterling and bright trinklets.

Scene I. Watuga Treaty

Under a tree large numbers of Indian and settlers are met. Hart and Henderson give speeches,; the Indian Chiefs return the speeches. There is agreement with some things said, by the settlers. Often disagreement is shown by Indians and White or by Henderson or Hart. Finally harmony is reached, the Indians make their mark upon a paper held by Henderson and there is much rejoicing on all sides. They are paid partly in silver, counted out, partly in showy merchandise. When A great shout arises on all sides, the Indian Chief raises his hand for silence, then says: "We have given you a fine land, but it is a dark and bloody ground".

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Scene II - Clark Comes to Aid Kentucky

History:

Charts and Grants divided and redidided
The New Soil, and many were conflicting claims.
The young Kentucky asked not for protection
From the mother state, Virginia, but powder
With which she might defend herself, 'gainst
French and Indians, allies who would hinder
Anglo-Saxon supremacy in lands drained by the
Mississippi and Ohio. George Rogers Clark rose
To the Fore, Kentucky's deliverer and defender.

(Around a table where is seated several Virginia Men, Clark rises angrily as the other men shake their heads "No" he says:

"Sirs, we must capture Kaskaskia and Vincennes, forts held by the French and thus stop the attacks upon our settlements by French and Indians. We need twelve hundred pounds of powder" (As the men again shake their heads) "Sirs, a land that is not worth protecting is not worth claiming!" (He begins to leave)

The men talk excited together, agree, rise and hand Clark a paper, clapping his hand . He leaves the assembly triumphantly..

Scene III Statehood

History: With Vincennes and Kaskaskia beneath the Heel of the moving master spirit in all the Daring plans of his adopted state, Clark Gave to the New Republic bold, makings of Three States.- the Great North-West. And to The Falls he gave the humble start at settlement - of the city Louisville, destined to become The State's metropolis. And once that Clark had Blazed the path, had shown to the new settlement Its untried power but few years passed e'er It repeatedly sought from its mother state, Virginia Independence and statehood of its own. In 17 and 92, triumphant, it joined its fourteen sister States - the fifteenth star....

A large group of settlers crowd beneath the trees, shouting "Read it to us" Greenup steps forth and reads the resolution making Kentucky an independent state:

"Resolved: By the good people of the District of Kentucky in convention assembled it is expedient for and is the will of the same that this state be admitted into union on the terms and conditions specified in the Assembly entitled: "An Act Concerning the Creation of the District of Kentucky into an Independent State."

As Greenup finishes and the joyous shouts of the settlers arise, the music begins a stately march, the settlers withdraw to the background, and fourteen girls portraying each a state come into the foreground, the fifteenth girl enters from the opposite side, led by Columbia, who bids her join the fourteen sisters. The fifteen form a circle, Kentucky the fifteenth star, as each state holds up its star. Columbia unfolds a flag, showing fifteen stars and fifteen strips, the one to which "The Star Spangled Banner" was written. The entire group joins in the song.

EPISODE V - KENTUCKY HOLDS HER COURT OF HONOR

Scene - Kentucky is seated on a dias, in a throne chair. As the famous sons are announced, a page accompanies them to the dias, the other page presents them to Kentucky. The Famous sons then stand to the right and left of the dias, in tableau.

History: "Make me men to match my mountains:

Men to match my forests bold:
Suncrowned, rugged men of statue,
Cast in Nature's largest Mould." *
And Kentucky's challenge is answered,
Her sons and daughters bring her fame,
In warfare and in government, in science and art,
In letters, and inventions, her illustrious
Sons are named ..

Too long is the roll-call now to call in such brief time
Many we must needs but name and present to you but few.

History takes her place beside Kentucky, the pages
ushur in the women and women:

John Findley, first pathfinder in the wilderness.

Daniel Boone, mater pioneer and backwoodsman.

George Rogers Clark, Defender of the Pioneer State.

Lincoln, railer splitter and Emancipator.

Jefferson Davis, President of Confederate States.

Henry Clay, the Great Commoner, of silver-tongued oratory.

John Fitch, moving spirit in the invention of the steam boat.

Barlow, versatile inventor (he enters carrying planetarium)

Audubon, the Man who knew about Birds.

* Fannie E. Duncon - Kentucky's Orders To Kentucky Teachers

EX-11

Ellen C. Semple, premier Geopgraphist.

Mc. Dewell, world famed surgeon (he carries rude surgical instruments)

Rafinesque, great naturalist (see picture p. 181 of Purcell's ^{Series} Satires of Kentucky)

Zachary Taylor, soldier and president .

Matthew ^{Jovett,} world-famed artist and portrait painter (he carries brush and palette)

John Filson, Kentuckian historian and biographer .

^{Maclean} Cawein , one of many Kentucky poets .

James Lane Allen and John Fox, noted novelists .

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnson, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, Mrs. George Madden Martin, three of Kentucky's women fiction writers.

Irwin Cobb, Kentucky's humorist.

Cale Young Rice, writer in dramatic verse

(This list may be extended indefinitely..Those who are still living should be named only. ..Each should strike some characteristic pose or carry something to portray to the audience his work. See pictures in histories and biographies for costumes..)

The chorus sings an appropriate song . This may be the third verse of "America the Beautiful"

"O Beautiful for heroes proved, etc. ..."

EPISODE VI - OUR KENTUCKY HOME

The lights show a rude cabin off to a side where is gathered some twenty negro men and women and children..some are shucking corn, some stemming tobacco, etc.. off from the group sits an old white-headed negro with a wee white child on his knee, telling her stories...in the center of the stage, thru the trees is seen the portals of "Old Kentucky Home"; greenery masks it on either side. On the steps stand several couples dressed in the style of the time, the girls in crinoline, etc. They watch as the negros sing to the accompaniement of a banjo, "In the Evening", followed by "Old Black Joe" a solo by the old Negro who hobbles forward, aided by several boys of the group. The group joins in the chorus...several negro boys dance a jig... this is followed by a negro spirtual...The white couples descend and dance a stately Minuet...The scene fades as another negro spirtuel is sung.

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Scene II - Adopted Sons and Daughters - Citizens All

History: (again in her accustomed place)

Across the seas still others came
 From Italy, ~~and~~ Germany, from Ireland and Spain,
 From ~~Poland~~, and from Syria, in freedom's cause and
 name.
 And Kentucky bids them welcome and receives them
 as her own
 To share in her great heritage, Our Kentucky Home!

(With scene 1 as a background, the following groups enter, perform and retire to the background: Jewish citizens sing, the Italians dance and sing, the Syrians sing, etc. ...As the last song is sung, the back of the stage suddenly lights up to show standing on the steps of the Home a tableau representing "Kentucky's flag", a blue background against which stand two men, hands clasped to form our seal. Under it is the inscription, "United We Staand, Divided We Fall".

Kentucky Bids all her children join hands and as Columbia appears bearing the American flag, the entire group with the audience sings "My Old Kentucky Home".

Finis

The Filson Historical Society

Written by Marguerite Nicklies
for the Louisville Federation of
Settlements - Pageant -

OUR KENTUCKY HOME

EPISODE I. BEFORE THE WHITE MAN

Scene 1. Creation

Several bars of the creation dance music are played, then as the music softly continues, History speaks:

In the beginning God created Heaven and Earth,
And the Earth was waste and void
And God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light,
And God said, Let the Waters under the Heavens
Be gathered unto one place and Let Dry Land appear.
And it was so, And God made the two great Lights,
The greater Light to rule the Day, the Lesser Light to rule
The Night; He made the Stars also. And God set them in the
Firmament of Heaven to give Light upon the Earth...

The lights slowly brighten, the music becomes louder, and the Creation Dancers appear. Their dance over, the lights dim, the music softens and History speaks again:

And in these Cosmic ages a great and inland sea reared
Where now we call Kentucky... But ages slowly passed
And with them went the briny Deep; The sandy Cumberlands
First reared their heads, then followed soon the Black, the
Pine, the Laurel, Long and Galico Mounts; Lower elevations
Rose and aught was left of Sea. ..

In the dim light, the mountains slowly rise, waving their arms in exultation, as if they are emerging from the underground. They have been lying prone upon the ground, on a huge, rough outline map of Kentucky. After their dance, they take their proper places on the map and remain posed thruout the scene.

Grasses, reeds and mosses left soon their impress -
And among them came the far-famed, Lime-fed Blue Grass to
Clothe the Barren reaches...

The grasses, reeds, and mosses enter, dance, then take their places upon the "map".

Creeks, streams, and crystal rivers danced down Mounts and
Meadows Northwest they cut their way to form the mighty
Highway stream we call Ohio - River Beautiful...

To the music of Beautiful Ohio, the water sprites appear, frolic

through the grasses and mountains, and join hands to form the northern and western boundaries of the State - the Ohio river.

Then came habitants of land and water - animals, fishes, insects, birds and reptiles; then grew the Mighty Trees and Shrubs - Pine, Poplar, Ash, Red Cedar, Hickory, Oak and Walnut in the East; in the West, The stately Cypress, Gum and Cottonwood.

The Tree Dancers enter as named; as they dance the Chorus sings the "Tree Song" - see Girl Scout Song Book. Their dance completed, the trees take their appropriate places on the "Map", clothing the "sandy hills" with their drapery.

Then to this charmed scene bright flowers lent
Color and sweet perfume.....

Small girls, each dressed as a representative Kentucky Wild Flower, enter, dance, flit among the mountains, trees, grasses, then take their place in the ensemble.

Through forests dense flit multi-colored birds
To cheer this wilderness with song...

Kentucky birds enter, dance. Above the music is heard the calls of the various birds - robin, cardinal, bob white, etc.

For seasons unnumbered seasons came and went,
And in this wilderness were none to plow and sow,
And reap as is man's wont;

(Here may be included the Dance of the Elements, if desired.)

All the dancers joining in an ensemble, at the end of which all withdraw except those which form the boundary of the "map"; they take their places and seat themselves upon the ground where they remain until the end of scene 2.

Upon this Western Eden Nature bestowed her
Choicest gifts - wealth unto generations yet
Unborn - fertility of soil,....vast beds of coal....
Natural Gasand oil; Potential power within
Her streams.....

As History reads, a girl dressed as the Goddess of the Harvest enters and lays upon the map the harvest fruits - these should include corn stalks, sheaves of wheat, apples, a pumpkin, several tobacco leaves, etc. Two boys dressed as miners next enter carrying stimulated, huge lumps of coal; these they place on the map, one in the East, one in the West. Next boys carrying light frames simulating

oil shafts place them in appropriate places

setting a cardboard model of a tree

Gas then enters (T)...Water Power takes his place upon the "falls".
The trees re-enter and take their places.. This is held as tableau
until the light dims when they exit in procession.

Complete it lay, this shield-shaped Paradise,
Forged by Nature in some crisis of her long warfare
of Time and Change... But as the ages pass comes
Man to adopt it to his varying claims and needs...

Scene III - Happy Hunting Grounds

(The music is an Indian Air - the chorus may sing)

History speaks:

Tradition shrouds in mists an Ancient Race-
Builders of Mounds which stand even now within the State
Superior were they in many arts and crafts to their more
famed successors, the Indians, who found here a happy hunting
Ground, too precious e'en to sacrifice for home.
Here they stalked both animal and foe, leaving untouched
The Land in all its virginal Beauty...

A low-ton beats as the lights slowly brighten and disclose an
Indian campfire around which lie fifteen braves and their wives,
wrapped in their blankets. The Chief awakens, stretches to the rising
sun, wakes the others who drop their blankets, salute the sun, and
dance with their bows and arrows about the fire to the beat of the
drum... In single file they disappear into the woods. The lights
fade... As they again brighten a wigwam and dance stand ready the
entire group of Indian squaws and children return with the braves
and the corn ceremony begins. Many bits of Indian life may be por-
trayed as the hanging of the pepoose to the tree, stringing of wam-
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G. Henton Macn.) Several Indian songs and games may also be portrayed.

The Chorus takes up another Indian air as the scene
ends and the lights fade.

EPISODE II - THE COMING OF THE SETTLERS

Scene 1. Adventurers and fur traders cross the
mountains

Between Episodes 1 and 2 the chorus sings the following
words to the tune of America Triumphant:

America Triumphant!
Brave land of Pioneers!
O'er Cumberland Peaks and prairie
The Wilderness Road appears.
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AP 25

Traders return to sing —
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Kentucky's glories ring.

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and a companion wander off a piece; war whoops are heard and they
are attacked by Indians; all but Boone and his companion flee;
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and they quietly accompany the Indians, Boone explaining by ges-
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Returned with family and friends,
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 Bear skin coated settlers,
 O'er the trails with life blood red -
 See the forests fall before them -
 Cabins rise beside the streams -
 Fields maize and waving barley
 In the autumn sunlight gleam.
 Past before their deadly rifles
 Flies the painted savage on
 And the ox-drawn cart of Progress
 Seeks the way which they have gone."

The scene should show a row of cabins and, if possible, a block house at one corner.

Scene 1. At Logan's Station - Fighting the War.

Outside the fort several women are milking cows, guarded by the men who pace about with rifles. Some boys are making brooms, some girls watch a huge pot boiling soap. Suddenly a war whoop is heard, several stray arrows cross the opening, all the settlers make for the fort. But three of the men fall, one killed, one fatally wounded, the other unable to rise. The Indians leave the three lie, attack the fort and are answered by fire. As the arrows stop for a second, Logan covered by a feather bed, crawls, grunting like a hog, to the wounded man, grabs the man, and dashes back to the fort amid arrows and balls, and reaches it in safety.

If desired, the counterpart, women's bravery in the forts, may be shown by the women going for water during a siege (Bryan's station).

SCENE II - The Forters Make Merry

The scene shows an indoor cabin scene, if possible, if not, a scene outside the fort, with cabins in background - See pictures in Purcell's "Stories of Old Kentucky" for pictures of costumes and fort interiors and exteriors; Kinkhead's "History of Kentucky" is also good (both are in Library in Children's department) -

Either "A Wedding in the Wilderness" or "The First Christmas Party" may be used here to introduce the square dances, the songs, the fiddlers, the fiddler, etc. so common in Fort "jollifications". Probably "The Christmas Party" is more appropriate as it took place in Louisville. See either of the above mentioned texts for a full description of the occasion. The elaborateness of the scene will depend on the properties available, numbers, etc.

History: ALL WAS NOT PAIN OR HARDSHIP,
For laughter comes with tears.
The Forters oft make merry with music song and dance.

The orchestra plays a square dance tune and as the lights brighten, the couples are seen in a square dance, a fiddler in the foreground - if the Christmas Party is portrayed, an old negro may show his one-stringed violin to which he has strung horsehair to a Frenchman who gives him a set of strings for a skin, the fiddler then plays, calling figures in the dance, after the Frenchman had tried to teach the boys and girls and adults the French dance (minuet). After the square dance, the Virginia Reel is danced; the crude chairs and tables bearing roast possum, etc. are moved to the side where the older people partake of the feast and sing songs. (See story of party in Purcell's Stories of Old Kentucky)

EPISODE IV - Struggles for Ownership and Independence.

History: On paper and in council waged the war
For ownership of this new land,
Rights alone did not make right,
Land companies formed and forced their claims,
French and English disputed ~~claims~~ with
Indians who sold their claims to ten and
seven million acres of their happy hunting land for
Ten thousand pounds of sterling.

Scene I. Watuga Treaty

Under a tree large numbers of Indians and settlers are met. Hart and Henderson give speeches; the Indian Chiefs return the speeches - There is agreement with some things said, by the settlers. Often disagreement is shown by Indians and White or by Henderson or Hart. Finally harmony is reached. The Indians make their mark upon paper held by Henderson and there is much rejoicing on all sides. They are paid partly in silver, counted out, partly in showy merchandise.

Scene II - Clark Comes to Aid Kentucky

History:

Shoats and Grants divided and redidided.
The New Soil and many were conflicting claims. . . .
The young Kentucky asked not for protection
From the mother state Virginia, but power
With which she might defend herself, against
French and Indians, allies who found kindred
Anglo-Saxon supremacy in lands drained by the
Mississippi and Ohio. George Rogers Clark came
To the Fore, Kentucky's deliverer and defender.

(Around a table where is seated several Virginia Men Clark
rises angrily as the other men shake their heads as he says:

"Sirs, we must capture Kaskaskia and Vincennes, forts
held by the French and thus stop the attacks upon our
settlements by French and Indians. We need twelve hundred pounds
of powder" (As the men again shake their heads) "Sirs, a land
that is not well protecting is not worth defending" (He begins to
leave).

The men talk excitedly together, argue, rise and hand Clark a paper,
slapping his hand. He leaves the assembly triumphantly.

Scene III Statehood

History: With Vincennes and Kaskaskia beneath the
heel of the moving master spirit in all the
During plans of his adopted state, Clark
gave to the New Republic bold, rakings of
Three States - the Great North West. And to
the Falls he gave the humble start at settlement
Of the city Louisville, destined to become
the State's metropolis. And once that Clark had
blazed the path, had shown to the new settlement
its untried power but for years passed e'er
It repeatedly sought from its mother state, Virginia,
Independence and statehood of its own. In 17 and
18, triumphant, it joined its fourteen sister
States - the fifteenth star.

A large group of settlers crowd beneath the trees, shouting
"Read it to us" Greenup steps forth and reads the resolution mak-
ing Kentucky an independent state:

"Resolved: By the good people of ^{the District of} Kentucky in convention assembled,
it is expedient for and in the will of the same that this state be
admitted into union on the terms and conditions specified in the
Assembly entitled, "An Act Concerning the Creation of the District
of Kentucky into an Independent State."

As Greenup finishes and the joyous shouts of the settlers arise, the music begins a stately march, the settlers withdraw to the background, and fourteen girls, portraying each a state, come into the foreground, the fifteenth girl enters from the opposite side, led by Columbia, who bids her join the fourteen sisters. The fifteen form a circle, Kentucky the fifteenth star, as each state holds up its star. Columbia unfolds a flag, showing fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, the one to which "The Star Spangled Banner" was written. The entire group joins in the song.

EPISODE V - KENTUCKY HOLDS HER COURT OF HONOR

Scene - Kentucky is seated on a dias, in a throne chair. As the famous sons are announced, a page accompanies them to the dias, the other page presents them to Kentucky. The Famous sons then stand to the right and left of the dias, in tableau.

History: "Make me men to match my mountains:
Men to match my forests bold:
Sun-crowned, rugged men of stature,
Cast in Nature's largest mould."
And Kentucky's challenge is answered,
Her sons and daughters bring her fame,
In warfare and in government, in science and art,
In letters, and inventions war illustrious
Sons are named...

~~Too long is the roll-call now to all in such brief t
Many we must needs but name and present to you but f~~

History takes her place beside Kentucky, the pages
ushur in the ~~men and women:~~

John Findley, first pathfinder in the wilderness.

Daniel Boone, m^ater pioneer and backwoodsman.

George Rogers Clark, Defender of the Pioneer State.

Lincoln, railer splitter and Emancipator.

Jefferson Davis, President of Confederate States.

Henry Clay, the Great Commoner, of silver tongued oratory.

John Fitch, moving spirit in the invention of the steam boat.

Barlow, versatile inventor (he m^ater carrying
"plantarium")

Audubon, the Man who knew about Birds.

~~Ellen C. Seiple, premier Geographer.~~

Mc. Dowell, world famed surgeon (he carries rude surgical instruments)

~~Rafinesque, great naturalist (see picture p. 181 of Purcell's Satires of Kentucky)~~

Zachary Taylor, soldier and president.

Matthew, world-famed artist and portrait painter-
(he carries brush and palette)

John Filson, Kentuckian historian and biographer.

Gavein, one of many Kentucky poets

James Lane Allen and John Fox, noted novelists

~~Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnson, Mrs. Alice Hegar Rice,
Mrs. George Madden Martin three of Kentucky
women fiction writers.~~

~~Irwin Cobb Kentucky's humorist~~

~~Cale Young Rice, writer in dramatic verse~~

(This list may be extended indefinitely..Those who are still living should be named only. ..Each should strike some characteristic pose or carry something to portray to the audience his work. See pictures in histories and biographies for costumes..)

The chorus sings an appropriate song . This may be the third verse of "America the Beautiful"

"O Beautiful for heroes proved, etc. ..."

EPISODE VI - OUR KENTUCKY HOME

The lights show a rude cabin off to a side where is gathered some twenty negro men and women and children..some are shucking corn, some stemming tobacco, etc.. off from the group sits an old white headed negro with a wee white child on his knee, telling her stories...in the center of the stage, thru the trees is seen the portals of "Old Kentucky Home", greenery masks it on either side. On the steps stand several couples dressed in the style of the time, the girls in crinoline, etc. They watch as the negroes sing to the accompaniment of a banjo. "In the Evening", followed by "Old Black Joe" a solo by the old Negro who hobbles forward, aided by several boys of the group. The group joins in the chorus...several negro boys dance a jig... this is followed by a negro spiritual...The white couples descend and dance a stately Minuet...The scene fades as another negro spiritual is sung.

Scene II - Adopted Sons and Daughters - Citizens All

History: (again in her accustomed place)

Across the seas still others came
From Italy, from Germany, from Ireland and Spain,
From Germany, and from Syria, in freedom's cause and
name.

and Kentucky bids them welcome and receives them
as her own
To share in her great heritage Our Kentucky Home!

(With scene 1 as a background, the following groups enter perform and retire to the background: Jewish citizens sing, the Italians dance and sing, the Syrians sing, etc. ... As the last song is sung the back of the stage suddenly lights up to show standing on the steps of the Home a tableau representing "Kentucky's flag", a blue background against which stand two men, hands clasped to form our seal. Under it is the inscription, "United We Stand, Divided We Fail".

Kentucky bids all her children join hands and as Columbia appears bearing the American flag, the entire group with the audience sings "My Old Kentucky Home".

(spoken by History, as the music faintly continues)

Come, Kentuckians, turn with me a page or so of history;
Back two hundred years or less, which is as but a day in Time;
Back so short a space, when Wilderness untrampled stretched
Where now you rear your many storied blocks of steel and brick,
Where slim red braves hunted lazily huge herds of buffalo and deer
Through forests primeval and meadows wide and fertile,
The very paths where now you hurry on to daily tasks is hallowed
Ground where pioneer blood and strength were often spent to give
The West her pioneer state.

Come trace with me events which led from Boone, the Scout to
Clark, defender from wilderness fort to cities populous and prosperous,
From happy hunting ground, dark and bloody hunting ground, to
Fifteenth State of Union; from Clay, the Commoner, to Lincoln
Emancipator, on to citizens of varied race and hue - Kentuckians
All, native and adopted sons with whom Kentucky shares her heritage.

Prologue

Neighborhood House has entered 5 plays in the City-Wide One-Act Play contest sponsored by the Division of Recreation of the Public Welfare Dept. These plays are scheduled to take place at the University on the following afternoon and nights respectively.

Wednesday Afternoon -----2:30 P.M. May 24th
Three Pills in a Bottle by U.O.A. Club

Wednesday Night-----7:30 P.M. May 24th
Jeptha's Daughter by Die Yidishe Kinder Zingers
Maker of Dreams by Euterpean Club.

Thursday Night -----7:30 P.M.: May 25th
The Turtle Dove by Delphian Club

The Dear Departed by Federal Group
The exact time each is to take place is not known now. I hope you can attend at least one period.

Sincerely, *Frances Ingram*

Admission 10c.

The Filson Historical Society

Has not been
played
July 5, 1928.

TATTERCOATS

An English Fairy Tale play taken from the story by the same name, from the Fairy Ring, edited by Kate ^{ou}Diuglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, published by Doubleday Page Co., New York.

Characters

Old Lord, Nurse, Tattercoats, Gooseherd, Prince, King, Queen, Ladies and Courtiers, Little Flower Dancers.

ACT I

The scene is laid in a rich room of a great palace. It is a beautiful room but has no air of warm living. Gloom hangs in the air. In centre is figure of an old man with a long long beard and brooding eyes, who is huddled in a great carven chair. His hands lie listless, and his air is that of a dreamer of the past.

After a moment a door opens and an old nurse hobbles in, and with a respectful gesture approaches the figure who scarcely glances up.

.....

Nurse: "Sire, I crave a favor!"

Old Lord: Again, again, and yet again, I weary of begging. What is it now, Old Woman?"

Nurse: "My Lord, do not be angry. It is not for myself I ask. Your valet has told me that you go to greet the King who is passing through the country-side. Will you not take my sweet lady, your Grand-daughter, with you?"

Old Lord (angrily raising his hand): "Silence Woman, I have no Grand-daughter. Once I had a dear daughter, but she is dead, and none can take her place. This girl of whom you speak is nothing to me. I care not where she is, so long as I do not have to see her face. Keep her with the servants, in the fields, where you will. She is

00796

nothing to me. Go!"

Old Nurse (weeping): "But, My Lord, she is your own blood, and as like her pretty young mother as one pea to another. I nursed them both and know, if you would but see her?"

Old Lord (rising, with imperative gesture): "Out Woman, before I call the guards!"

(Still weeping, the old woman goes out, and the Lord returns to his moody silent grief; after a moment's pause, the curtain goes down.)

ACT II

Scene: A country roadside. Tattercoats, beautiful but ragged, sits sobbing on a stone. At her feet lies a bunch of wilted flowers. From off stage, after the first moment of silence, is heard the faint music of a shepherd's pipe. It goes clearer, and a brown and merry gooseherd comes upon the scene.

.....

Tattercoats (looks up, smiling through her tears): "My Friend, you have followed me!"

Gooseherd: "Of course, my Dear, because you were in trouble!"

Tattercoats: "It is silly, I know, but I had set my heart upon going with my grand-father to see the King. My nurse has begged for me, as she, good soul, has so often done before. But it is no good. If she can get me enough to eat, and rags from the servants to cover my bare back, it should be enough, I suppose."

Gooseherd: "No, Tattercoats, it should not! You have the right to the finest in the land. You are a lady born if not bred. We all know that, and your gentle ways and beauty are plain to see even beneath your shabby dress. Your grand-father is a cruel man. He will someday be sorry that he is unkind to you, but meanwhile let us find what

7pvc

pleasure we can in life. I will play a magic tune and set your feet a merry dance. Even the poor little wilted flowers will come to life and join us. You shall see." (He pipes a rare and exquisite melody. In a moment Tattercoats cannot resist the charm and her feet are gayly prancing. In another moment very small children, dressed as woodland flowers, creep on, one by one, and join the dance. After an interval, the tune dies away, and the flowers slip off. Just before the end, a stranger, clad in silks and velvet, comes quietly upon the stage, and unnoticed by Tattercoats or the piper, stands watching the dance. When it is over, he claps, and smiles a greeting.

Stranger-Prince: "Brava, my lovely maid, and you sweet Piper, too. I have never seen so charming a dance. I stopped to ask my way, but stayed, enchanted by the spell. Play again, my lad."

Gooseherd (bows low, and with a smile at Tattercoats, executes a short and merry tune. The girl stands listening, smiling, and at ease. The Prince cannot take his eyes off her. Under the spell of the music, one can almost see him falling in love with her. When the tune is over, he passes a hand across his forehead in a dazed fashion.)

Prince: "Maiden, I have been bewitched. I know not your name nor condition, but I am in love with you. I beg that you will marry me. I am the Prince."

Tattercoats(laughs and shakes her head): "Nay, my Lord, you are indeed out of your wits. You would be finely put to shame, had you a goose-girl for your wife. Go and ask one of the great ladies you will see to-night at the King's ball, and do not flout poor Tattercoats."

10/20/22

(The gooseherd continues to play very softly, the notes of his magic pipe, and under their influence, the Prince sinks to his knees and begs. The girl makes him rise, but still shakes her head.

Prince: "My dear, to prove my love and my sincerity, I command you to come tonight, accompanied by the gooseherd, just as you are, with your torn petticoat and bare feet, and I will dance with you before the King and the Lords and Ladies, and present you to them as my honored bride." (Tattercoats nods and smiles and kisses him. He waves adieux and to the music of the flute, goes off.) Curtain falls.

ACT III

Scene: Midnight in the ball room of the castle. Lords and Ladies are grouped around the walls chatting amicably. On a stand, sit the musicians. On the throne are seated the King and Queen, gorgeous and ponderous. As the curtain rises, there is a pause, then the clock, off stage, strikes 12, and the Prince steps forward and glances expectantly towards the door; a second afterwards it opens and in come Tattercoats and the Gooseherd. Everybody stares in amazed silence for a moment, then such a chatter as begins! The King rises and stands before his throne, the Prince goes to the girl, takes her hand and kisses her before them all.

Prince: "Father, I have made my choice and here is my bride, the loveliest girl in all the land, and the sweetest as well!" (Before he has finished speaking, the Gooseboy puts his pipe to his lips and plays a few low notes sounding like a bird singing in the far off woods, and as he plays, Tattercoats' rags fall off, and beneath them she is clad in shining robes, sewn with glittering jewels.

King (stepping forward): "Welcome, My daughter."

All the People: "Welcome Princess." (They bow deeply, slowly, and a little sadly, The Gooseboy playing his softest goodbye goes off while the Prince and Princess smile unheeding into one another's eyes.)

Curtain.

has ~~not~~ been played -
July 5, 1928

A PLAY

THE GOBLIN AND THE PRINCESS.

The Filson Historical Society

THE GOBLIN AND THE PRINCESS.

From a story in The Jewish Fairy Book, translated and adapted by Gerald Friedlander. Published by Frederick Stokes Co., New York. This story is from the Babylonian Talmud, Mecilah 17b.

Time: About seventeen hundred years ago.

Characters:

Rabbi Simeon ben Yochai, an old man.
Eleazar ben Jose, one of the Rabbi's teachers.
The Roman Emperor.
His daughter.
A Goblin.
Palace Guards.

ACT I

The scene opens to show the Rabbi and Eleazar making a modest supper in a shabby room of a Roman lodging house.

Rabbi: "Eleazar we have reached Rome. God has given us his protection and blessing."

Eleazar: "That is true, Master, but the most difficult part of our task is still before us. Our journey is over but we have not yet found a way to gain admittance to the Emperor and present our petition to him."

Rabbi: "Thy words are true ones, my Son, were it not for the strength of the right, I would feel discouraged. Boasting of his belief in many Gods, including himself, this Emperor has forbidden Isreal the worship of its one God, and the practice of its immemorial laws."

Eleazar: "It is our mission to make him change this decree."

Rabbi: "But, Eleazar, will he listen to us, why should he cancel his own decree. To do such a thing is unheard of in mighty Rome. Here they rule according to their own desires rather than according to the wishes of their subjects."

Eleazar: "True, indeed are thy words, but perhaps the good God will help us. Whenever Israel is in distress, He also grieves with them. Their sorrows are also his. Come what may, we will present ourselves, if God will, at noon tomorrow, at Caesar's palace. The rest we will leave in the hands of our heavenly Father."

Rabbi: "Eleazar, what was that noise? It sounded like a dog beneath the table. Look and see."

(Eleazar, bending down, lifts the table cover, disclosing a goblin, dressed in a neat little brown suit and cap, who creeps out and makes a low bow.)

Goblin: "Peace be unto you, O Masters of the Law. You know me not. My name is Ben Temalion. You will probably not believe me when I tell you why I am here. The purpose of my visit is to help you. I know you have a most difficult task to perform. I think you know that this task is almost an impossible one. Is it not so?"

- Rabbi: "It is as thou sayest."
- Goblin: "Do you care to employ my services?"
- Rabbi: "I do not like to make use of thy evil power."
- Eleazar: "Stay, Master, who knows whether the heavenly Father has not sent this Goblin to help us?"
- Rabbi: "Speak, Ben Temalion!"
- Goblin: "Command me, and I will try to obey."
- Eleazar: "Tell us how thou art able to help us."
- Goblin: "I have all my plans fully prepared."
- Rabbi: "What are thy plans?"
- Goblin: "I cannot tell you unless you both agree to let me be of service to you."
- Rabbi and Eleazar, together: "We agree."
- Goblin: "Well, my plan is as follows: Know that the mighty Caesar here in Rome has an only daughter, whom he loves more than his own life. She is indeed the most beautiful princess in the world. Her mother died when she was a child. Perhaps on account of this fact, her father never refuses to fulfill her least wish. Now, I intend this very night to go to the palace."
- Eleazar: "What for?"
- Goblin: "I propose to enter her body. The princess will at once become mad. She will continue in this sad condition as long as I am in her body. When her father learn of her terrible misfortune, he will do anything to have her restored to health. You two men must play the part of physicians. Go to the palace tomorrow at noon, and demand to see Caesar."
- Rabbi: "The guards may refuse to admit us."
- Goblin: "Not so. Say that you have heard that the lovely princess has suddenly become mad. This knowledge of a court secret will impress the guard. You must then say that you will undertake to cure the princess there and then. You will at once be admitted and taken to the presence of the Emperor."
- Rabbi: "But I am not a physician, nor have I ever heard that my friend here is skilled in the art of healing."
- Goblin: "That matters not."
- Eleazar: "But how, then, can we cure the princess?"
- Goblin: "Listen, Rabbi Simeon, I will now give you the power of healing her disordered mind. All that you have to do, is to go to her and whisper in her ear my name, Ben Tamalion. I will then leave her body, and moreover, I will give you a sign that I have done so."
- Rabbi: "What sign will you give?"
- Goblin: "Of course the madness will disappear, but to convince you that I have really left her body, I will cause all the glass in the palace to break into pieces."
- Eleazar: "But, Ben Tamalion, how shall we be able to see the princess?"
- Goblin: "When you come before Caesar, to cure his daughter, he will cause the girl to be brought to you. She will call for you, Rabbi Simeon."
- Rabbi: "Why?"
- Goblin: "She will fall in love with you at first sight."
- Rabbi: "Mad indeed she must be, to do such folly. I am an old man, nearly eighty years old. My white beard is enough to frighten any girl and to make her look elsewhere for love and admiration."
- Goblin: "Now remember all I have said. You must ask the emperor to reward you for healing his child by granting a petition you will present to him when the princess has been restored to health."
- Eleazar: "To be sure, that is the object of our mission. What reward dost thou ask, Ben Temalion, for thy services?"

Goblin: "To help the children of men is reward enough for a goblin. Now let us wait until tomorrow, and all will be well."

ACT II.

The scene: A room in the palace of Caesar, very rich and beautiful. Guards are stationed on either side of an inner door. Enter the Rabbi and Eleazar through the outer door. They are halted at the inner one by the guards.

Guard: "What is your business?"

Other Guard: "Only those with Caesar's orders pass this portal."

Rabbi: "We know that the princess is dangerously ill. In fact she has lost her reason in the last twenty-four hours."

Guard: "How do you know this?"

Eleazar: "Never mind how. We do know it. Do not waste precious time. We have come to heal the princess. We are physicians, staying overnight in this city. Now will you lead us into the presence of the Emperor?"

Other Guard: "Wait here, and I will have your message sent to my Mighty Lord, the Emperor." (He motions to first guard to take the order. In a moment the latter returns with Caesar.)

Caesar: (In voice filled with contempt) "How now do you Jews dare to enter our palace and to come before our divine presence? Think you that you can work miracles better than the Roman physicians?"

Rabbi: "Tell us, Imperial Caesar, have the Roman physicians been able to cure the beautiful Princess?"

Caesar: "Thus far they have not been successful."

Eleazar: "We shall be successful this very day. Know indeed that life and death are not in the hands of man, but only in the power of God, in whom we believe. He has sent us, this is our belief, to heal the Princess. Was not your Majesty's daughter so well and happy but yesterday? Was she not like a ray of sunshine on a cold winter's day? Did she not rejoice your heart with her bright and cheery smile?"

Caesar: "You speak truly indeed. Come now, what do you demand as your reward, if you heal my beloved child?"

Rabbi: "Grant but one petition which we will put before your Majesty."

Caesar: "I swear by all the Gods to do this. Know you that the oath of a Roman Emperor is never broken."

Eleazar: "So let it be according to your imperial word."

Caesar: "Stay. Mark you well, you wise men of Israel, if you fail to heal my daughter you shall be thrown, this very day, into the arena.

The hungry lions will enjoy their meal when they devour your bodies."

Rabbi: "We hear your Majesty's warning. Have no fear. We will heal the sweet princess. Now let us see her imperial Highness, if it please your Majesty, otherwise, of course, we can not cure her."

Caesar: (Turning to guard): Let the Princess be brought before us at once."

(In an instant she enters followed by her ladies in waiting and the court dancers. She is deadly pale and seems frightened. Her eyes are staring at the two strangers. Suddenly she stretches out her hands towards the Rabbi, and cries in an excited voice,)

Princess: "Happy am I to see thee at last, O my Beloved. Of Thee did I dream last night. Come quickly and save me for I am near to Death's door."

Caesar (deeply distressed): "Hush, my dear child, Come to me and take my hand."

Princess: "Go away, I know you not, O Stranger!"

Caesar (pleadingly): "I am your Father."

Princess: "I say I know you not, never have I seen you before."

(Father bows his head in grief. One of the court ladies motions to the musicians to play, thinking they may distract the princess. Dancers execute a short dance while the music plays, but the princess stares beyond them towards the Rabbi. The father, grief-smitten, covers his face.)

Princess (interrupting music): "Musicians, stay! I wish to go to my Beloved yonder, he is mine and I am his."

(Rabbi approaches Princess and whispers in her ear. Her expression changes at once. Her face becomes calm and sweet.

Princess gazes around dazed for a moment, then turns to Father and cries out in a happy voice,)

Princess: "O dearest Father, how glad I am to see your face. I have had a most horrible nightmare. I have only just awakened. Who are these good old men? Where do they come from and why are they here?"

(Before the Emperor can speak, there is a terrific crash. The guards run out, but return in a moment.)

Guard: "There is no one to be seen."

Other Guard: "But all the glass in the palace seems to be broken."

Caesar: "Never mind about the glass. It can be replaced. Now let us rejoice. My happiness in seeing my darling daughter restored to health knows no bounds. These learned men have cured her, so I have promised them the granting of whatever boon they may desire."

Princess: "I also will give them precious jewels."

Rabbi: "No, gracious Princess, we will only accept your noble Father's favor. We ask for neither gold nor gems. We seek neither honor nor worldly goods."

Caesar: "What then, do you require?"

Eleazar: "As your Majesty knows, we are Jews from the Imperial province of Palestine. Your Majesty has lately made a law forbidding the observance of the Sabbath, Festivals, and other sacred rites of the Jewish religion. We desire to serve our God in our own way. If we are true to God, we will also be loyal to Caesar, for it is God who raises up Kings to rule the children of men. We teach our people to fear God and the King. We now put our plea before your Majesty. It is this: Pray, cancel the imperial law dealing with the Jewish observances."

Caesar: "I have promised to grant your petition. You have healed my daughter, and I shall do so. Return with my favor and protection."
(Bowling).

CURTAIN

A Fairy Tale Play adapted from story in the Jewish Fairy Book by Gerald Friedlander, Frederick A. Stokes Co.,

THE WONDERFUL SLAVE.

Characters.

A Poor man,

His Wife,

Their Five Children

The Prophet Elijah

A Prince,

Time, "Once upon a Time."

Act 1. Scene the market place, at left side of stage is the slave market where traffic is going on, at right side stand poor man and wife talking.

Poor woman, "There is no food in the house, our children are hungry."

Poor Man, "Wife I have not a penny. I cannot find any work and I don't know what will become of us. God help us, I cannot see any way out of our misfortunes."

Woman, "Cheer up, dear husband, here in the market place perhaps you will be in luck's way and find some job. You are no fool and you often say 'God neither slumbers nor sleeps but watches over all of us.'"

Man "To whom can I turn, I don't know a soul here, as you know we haven't a relative in the town, and as for friends, well we know what they are worth. When we had money we had plenty of friends but when we lost our money, we also lost our friends."

Man,—"You-me

Woman, "There is Good, Husband still One Friend left."

Man "You mean the good God?"

Woman pats her husband on his shoulder encouragingly and goes off stage. Man looks around despondently for a few seconds. Various vendors come up to him and try to sell goods but he shakes his head at all. Finally he walks over and sits down beside a bundle of hay where he is half hidden. He prays out loud.

Man "Lord of the Universe, Thou knowest that I have neither relative nor friend to whom I can go and pour out my hearts troubles. Thou seest the dire poverty and distress which have befallen my family. My only hope is in Thee, take pity upon us, not for my sake but for the sake of my poor wife and helpless children. I beseech Thee send us thy help or if it seem good in thine eyes let us die, for we know neither peace nor rest."

Looking up he sees a stranger by his side, This is Elijah the Prophet.

Elijah " Good day, my friend peace be unto you."

Man, "Peace be unto you also."

Elijah, "Why are you so downcast, what is your trouble?"

Man "How can you help me?"

Elijah "I certainly cannot help you if you do not tell me why you look so forlorn and miserable. Have you lost everything?"

Man, "Yes, I have lost everything."

Elijah "Explain please, do not hesitate to confide in me, you can really trust me."

Man "Good stranger, since you speak so kindly I will trust you and tell you all about my misfortunes. I have at home a dear wife and five sweet children. They are all starving, there is not a crust in the house. I am penniless and out of work. I will gladly do anything if I can find anyone who will employ me. My will is good and no toil or labor will be too much for me. If you would really help me find work or recommend me to someone who would employ me."

Elijah, taking hold of the mans hand. "I think I can do something better for you than you suggest. I will do the work for you which will enable you to and your dear family to live in comfort. Do not worry but just do as I tell you "

Man "What do you wish me to do?"

Elijah "Here is the slave market. You are to offer me for sale as a slave. the money you will get for my purchase shall be yours, henceforth you and your

family will know want no more.

Man "How could I do such a thing as you suggest. You are not my slave, you are a perfect stranger, and it would be far more reasonable to reverse the proposition. Here in the slave market you shall offer me for sale. Whatever I am worth will suffice to keep my poor wife and children from starvation. Come, let us do as I say, and I shall be ever so grateful to you for obliging me in this way.

Elijah, "No, no, you are to sell me as your slave and within twenty-four hours you will see me again, when you receive the money from the buyer in the market, do not forget to give me a coin. You do not know who I am, Continue to trust in God and follow my instructions, I assure you all will be well, and you will be happy and contented. Now for the slave market."

They walk a few steps to the group of persons who are buying and selling slaves. The poor man mounts the clock and calls out in a bold voice,

"I have here a most valuable slave for sale."

A bidder, "Twenty five pieces of gold."

Another, "He is a fine looking man, I will double the offer."

Another, "Sixty."

A Prince, "I will give eighty!" He holds out a heavy purse to the poor man and at a nod from Elijah the latter accepts the offer and takes purse. He opens same and taking out a golden piece gives it to Elijah who blesses it and returns it.

Elijah, Take this coin and live by means of its blessing, it will enable you and all your family to exist in comfort. Want and poverty shall never again trouble you all the days of your life. We will now part and I wish you Gods blessing."

Prince, "I will go to the Kings palace, you may stay a while slave and bid farewell to your former master. When you are done my servants will lead you to me." All bow and Prince exits.

Poor man, "I grieve to think you should allow yourself to become a slave just to help me and my family. I have done just as you told me because I seem

to feel that you are wiser than I. You said I should see you again within twenty four hours. I do not see how that will be possible now that you are a slave."

Elijah "You will see me within the appointed time. Till then farewell."

He starts off stage, left door. Man bowing low. Curtain.

Act 2.

Scene in the Poor mans miserable cottage. Door right stage, it is scantily furnished with shabby but clean necessities. The mother and children are grouped about table, waiting return of father.

Woman, "Go my son to the window and see if there is any sign of your good father."

Boy goes to window, backstage and peers out between ragged curtains.

Boy, "No mother, only a camel caravan from some rich prince passed down the road."

Little girl, "Will he come soon, Mother, I am so hungry."

Woman "Yes, my child, God willing, he is even now upon the way, patience a little longer, My sweet one."

Another little girl. "I am being brave Mother, because you and Father have taught us there is one who will not suffer us too long to endure unhappiness."

Woman "Yes, my little ones shall be fed like the birds. God has not forgotten us. Of this I am sure."

Boy, "Mother, Mother, I hear Father at the door."

Another boy, "I will open it for him" runs to door and opens.

There stands the father laden with bundles and bags of provisions. All rush towards him.

Woman, "Husband, is it really you?"

Children together, "Father, Father, Father! Come in."

Man "Yes, Wife, Yes children, it is surely I, and with gladness I will come. In my arms I bear Gods blessing. Wife heat the stove, for here is a feast of plenty for all."

Boy "Father, have you sugar plums too?"

Man, "Yes, my child, first there is good plain fare that will bring roses to your cheeks and then as a treat there is a sugar plum for each. Look all of you."

He opens packages and spreads out on the center table abundance of vegetables cereals, etc., The good wife with a beaming face builds up the fire.

Woman, Boy get more wood, and you Little Sister bring the sharpest knife to prepare the fish. Tonight shall be a feast long to be remembered.

Big Boy. "For two days we have seen no food and now the table is loaded with fish and bread, cake and fruit."

Man "Let us all say the Grace." All repeat, eat ravenously and again say the Grace after eating.

Girl "Look Mother, in spite of all we have eaten there is enough food left to last for a week."

Man "Let us again praise God for his never-ending mercies."

Woman "Now please, my husband, tell us all how you managed to obtain this beautiful food? It is all so good and there is so much of it. I am dying to know what happened to you in the market place. I am sure you have not obtained the food by theft. It was I who urged you to go to the marketplace for I felt convinced that the good God would help us in our terrible misfortune."

Man "Wife, God did help me. I was lamenting my miserable state and praying when a radiant stranger appeared and urging me to sell him as a slave he conducted me to the spot where the bartering was going on. Here a Prince bought him for eighty pieces of gold. One of these I gave to the slave as he had before commanded."

Woman "And what did he do with it."

Man. "He gave it back to me with the promise that through it we should spend the remainder of our lives in comfort and prosperity."

Big Boy. "This was a marvellous piece of luck!"

Man "It was Gods will, Let us again give thanks. "They assume attitude of prayer, Curtain falls.

Act three.

Twenty four hours later. Outside of Poor man s hut. Already it has assumed a certain air of prosperity. Jars of flowers stand around, etc., The poor man, and big boy are at work nailing a broken door frame. Boy, glancing up from work, "Father, I see stranger coming down the road."

Man, straightens up and putting hand to eye, gazes off stage along road which runs between outside of cottage and audience, "My son, it is the stranger who is the cause of all of our good fortune. He promised me t at despite the fact that he was sold into servitude he would see me within twenty four hours and now I see he has kept his word as I knew he would."

Boy "shall we go to meet him Father?"

Man "Yes, yes, my son. Your mother and the children have gone to the town to buy new clothes but it is our duty and our pleasure to greet our benefactor. You get the rug which is our one treasure, the heirloom of our fathers. Spread it here in the sunshine for our guest."

Boy goes into cottage, man goes to left stage to greet Elijah, who is entering.

Man making humble obeissance "Greetings, my Lord."

Elijah, "My friend. Rise, I come as I promised to see ^{how} you prosper."

Man "Abundantly, thanks to you and God. Now tell me if so it please you you you obtained your freedom. "

Elijah, " Yes I will be glad to do so, I shall recline here in the sunshine on this beautiful rug. Do you and your son sit beside me, yes, as equals, close; and I will tell you my tale. " All arrange themselves comfortably.

Elijah "When I left you in the market place, the Prince led me before the king his Master, the latter had long planned in his mind to build a wonderful palace in a wood adjoining his capital. He had already commenced the building The foundation was completely finished. He had hired very many slaves to carry wood, stone and other material required for its construction. When I came

before the King, I was asked, "What is your trade?", I replied, "I am an architect and also a practical builder."

Man "You are many things, Sir"

Elijah, " Yes, perhaps, well this one seemed to please the king, for he exclaimed with great joy, at my words. He then continued as follows, "It is my ardent desire to complete the building of the palace in the wood nearby. My architect died six months ago and since then my work seems to make no progress. It must be built according to my wishes. There must be so and so many storeys with so and so many rooms on each floor."

Boy "Did the king show you the plans?"

Elijah "No, but he explained to me exactly what his wishes were and when he had finished I told him that I would endeavor to carry out his orders. I then enquired when the building was to be finished and he answered that if it could be erected within twelve months he should be exceedingly happy, and added that if I could achieve this result he would give me my freedom and present me with a handsome gift."

Man "And what was your answer?"

Elijah " I replied that I would do my best and asked the king to order his slaves to recommence even at this very hour their tasks. There are yet four hours before sundown, said I, the labor is great and the time short."

Boy, "And what great Sir, happened then?"

Elijah "The King ordered his chamberlain to fulfill my requests. The slaves carried brick and mortar till sundown and then went home. I remained alone and prayed to God asking him to cause the palace to be built there and then as the King desired. The prayer of the faithful Prophet was heard by the Great Architect of the Universe who sent down myriads of his ministering angels to complete the building. The work was soon done. Before sunrise the palace stood complete. I was well satisfied and went on my way."

Boy "And what said My Lord, the King?"

Elijah "The King, hearing from people that a miracle had been performed went at once to see the palace and was mightily pleased with everything he saw. He demanded the marvelous slave who had performed the greatest deed ever heard of in his Kingdom, but they searched everywhere and could not find me so he decided that I was an angel."

Boy and Man prostrate themselves. Elijah, "Arise good friends."

Man, "My Lord, what is thy name?"

Elijah "I am Elijah the Prophet."

Man, "How, saintly Elijah, Man of God can I repay you. You have saved my life and the life of my wife and children."

Boy, "Father, here come Mother and my brothers and sisters down the road."

Man "Call them, Son, bid them hurry to receive the blessing of the Prophet."

Boy calls, and the others hurry down the road and onto the stage. When they see the stranger clad in white all assume attitudes of profound respect.

Elijah, "I leave you, my friends, you can repay me by living a good life ever helping all Gods children in distress."

Man, Woman, and children together, "This we faithfully promise to do." a moments pause and the curtain goes down. End.

The Fiction Historical Society

2020

PIPPO

An Italian Fairy tale play from a story called Gagliuso in the Italian Fairy book, by Anne MacDonnell published by Frederick a. Stokes Co. N.Y.

Characters.

Oraziello

sons of a poor man

Pippo

group of Lords and Ladies.

Puss

The King

The Princess, his daughter

Three Soldiers.

Prologue.

The outer curtain rises to show the two brothers very ragged and woe-begone talking together. In the hands of Oraziello is a large sieve. Near Pippo stands Puss washing his face and looking well contented.

Pippo: "Oraziello, do you remember how, when our poor father was dying he said to us, 'the hour of my departure is at hand, and believe me I should feel pleasure in quitting this wretched world, but that I leave you behind me, a pair of miserable fellows with hardly a stitch to your backs, owing not as much as a fly could carry?'"

Oraziello, "Yes, Pippo, our poor father lead the life of a dog. At times, we have all gaped with hunger and gone to bed without a candle."

Pippo. Nevertheless when he was dying he wished like a good father to leave each of us something to remember him by."

Oraziello, "He told me that, because I was his first born he would leave me, as a token of his love, this sieve with which I could earn my bread by riddling corn for the neighbors."

Pippo. "And to me he had nothing to give but Puss, so he said "Boy take the cat and never forget your Daddy."

Oraziello. "Well, my Brother, I will set about my business. Good bye to to you now, and good luck."

Pippo. "The same to you, Brother, but I do not really see how any good luck could come to me. My legacy only means that I must now provide for two instead of one."

The brothers kiss and Orasiello goes off stage left. Pippo turns and pets the cat."

Pippo "Well, Puss, we must be good friends, now. We are in misfortune together."

Puss, "Hay, Master. You have more luck than sense. You little know the good fortune in store for you and that I am able to make you rich if I set about it."

Pippo with great astonishment. "Show me the way Puss, and I will follow."

Puss, "Come, we shall go back to your fathers humble cottage." They exit right.

Act One.

Inside the hut, everything is shabby and bare, there is an old table a couple of chairs and a few other sticks of lop-sided furniture.

Pippo sits dismally in a chair, his head buried in his hands, beside him the table are a few empty broken dishes. There is a moments silence and then a scratch at the door. It opens and Puss comes in. Pippo looks up.

Puss "It was a fine catch today. Pippo, a good fat grey mullet better even than the dory I bagged yesterday."

Pippo "where is it, quick, I have had no food today."

Puss "Not so fast, my Master, here are but the scraps for ourselves, the head and tail will make a very fine chowder, (fine enough for us at least) the rest of the fish, as you very well know, I have presented to the king."

Pippo "Every day you take a present to the king while we live like beggars!"

Puss continues to talk while he puts the house in order, straightening chair etc., "Yes, that is the way to fortune. Every day I take a gift to the King. Sometimes it is a fish, sometimes it is a snipe, a lark or a blackbird which I have caught up from the fowlers. I present it and say, "My Lord, Pippo, your Majesty's most humble slave sends you a token with all reverence and

says, 'A small present to a great Lord.' Then the king says, 'Tell this Lord, whom I do not know that I thank him most heartily.'

Pippo. "And what fine speech, pray tell me, did the king make yesterday, when you took him the dory that was the last bite under this roof?"

Fuss. "Yesterday, the king said 'I feel infinitely obliged to your Lord Pippo and desire to know him so that I may make a return for the kindness he has shown me. I replied the one desire of my Lord Pippo is to give his life and blood for your Majesty's crown and tomorrow morning, without fail he will come and pay his respects to you."

Pippo "But I do not understand I did not go this morning. I will go at once." he rises and starts towards door.

Fuss steps him, "Hay, nay, Pippo. You must do as I say, if you wish for fortune to seek us out. This morning when I went to the king, I said 'Sire, my Lord Pippo sends to excuse himself for not coming as last night some of his servants robbed me him and ran off. They have not even left a shirt to his back. When the king heard this he commanded his soldiers to take out of his wardrobe all manner of fine clothes and linen to be sent to you. I hear them at the door now. Quick hide yourself."

Pippo ducks under the long cloth on the table and as raps come at the door Fuss opens to admit the soldiers bearing armsfull of gorgeous suits etc., The soldiers bow and exit. Pippo comes out from his hiding place. He eyes are shining and he fetches a broken bowl and sets to work to scrub his dirty face.

Fuss. "Our good luck is beginning you see Pippo!"

Pippo picking up one suit after another, "Yes, Fuss, thanks to you, come help me here." Fuss starts to dress him. Curtain.

Act Two.

A banquetting hall at the kings palace, everything is very grand and stately, down the center runs a long table decorated with flowers and covered with fine food. Beside it stands the King in suitable finery. Near him is his beautiful daughter. Grouped about are the courtiers and ladies. Enter Pippo

in a velvet suit etc., and the cat stepping proudly.

King "Welcome, welcome, my Lord Pippo, Receive our thanks for your many favors and a thousand other compliments."

Pippo is so confused that he can only bow deeply. Puss comes to the rescue Puss, "O Gracious King, My master is overcome at your Kindness. Yesterday he was the richest overlord in Italy. Today but for your generosity he would be a pauper. Of course we have farms and villages, fields and castles but they are far away on the plains of Rome and Lombardy. These riches would entitle him to marry into the family of a crowned king, but at the same time they could not at the moment notice afford him a suitable costume in which to appear before that same monarch. It is to you, we owe our dignity and my Master is so happy and so grateful that he is stricken dumb."

The King bowing graciously. "I understand the pride of my Lord Pippo and pray that he will forget the trifling gift and allow me to present my daughter the princess."

The Princess, making a deep curtesy "I am glad to see you in our court, Lord Pippo."

Pippo, recovering his senses. "And I am most happy to be here Fair Lady."

The King waves them to seats at the table. The three soldiers pass large dishes and the company eats. Pippo and Puss have their back to the audience the King is seated at one end and the Princess at the other. Pippo in an aside to Puss says,

Pippo "My pretty Puss, I pray thee take care that these fine rags don't slip through our fingers!"

Puss, in an aside "sch! be quiet, someone will hear, don't be talking of such beggarly things!"

King, to Puss, "What was that your Master said. I find I do not understand his accent easily."

Puss. He said, My Lord that he had taken a fancy for a small lemon."

Princess to soldier. "Fetch Lord Pippo at once a large basket full of our most delicious lemons." The soldier bows and exits. He returns at once and presents it to Pippo who grabs one and gnaws on it greedily. All look surprised.

Puss, in an effort to civer up her masters act. "Is it not an unusual sight your Majesty to see a Lord so rich as mine who can yet take pleasure in such simple things. He has more riches than any one can count. His movables his immovables and household furniture are such that no one knows quite what his possessions are. He is an immensely rich man. If you wish to be informed of the size of his fortune you have only to send soldiers into his lands and you will find upon investigation that there is no wealth in the world equal to his own."

King "I shall certainly do so, My Fine Puss, and if all I hear of Lord Pippo is true he shall have the hand of my lovely daughter."

Cheers from the courtiers and ladies. Pippo has grace enough to rise and bow King to soldiers. "Bring on the wines. we will drink to my new son-in-law. The richest man in Italy! Daughter, give him your hand!"

Princess, rising, "I freely give him my hand Father, not because he is the richest man in Italy but because I love the good tales of his simple tastes which the Cat tells and because I think he is a good man."

Puss "Brava Lady!" Pippo and the Princess stand with hands joined while all raise their glasses. Curtain.

Act Three. A Month later in the garden of the palace.

Pippo dressed in fine clothes wanders about quite at home. Puss enters and makes obeissance.

Pippo. "Do not bow to me, Sir Puss, now that we are alone for the first time since my marriage to the Princess, you must tell me how you fooled the King into thinking I had lands and riches."

Puss "That was easy, My Lord Pippo, when he sent out the soldiers to find out if what boasts I had made were true, I simply ran along ahead of them and

when I would meet a flock of sheep, a herd of cows or a troop of horses, I would say, Ho! have a care, theres a band of robbers coming to carry off everything in the country so if you wish to escape their fury and to have your life saved say that you all belong to Lord Pippo. Then not a hair of your head will be touched. I said the same at all the farm houses, I passed along the road so wherever the Kings people came they found the same tune piped. All they met were the belongings of Lord Pippo."

Pippo, "Soho! I am beginning to see the plan!"

Fuss "At last the soldiers tired of asking and returned to the King telling seas and mountains of the riches of the Lord Pippo and so you became the husband of the Princess as I had plamed you should."

Pippo "My good fortune is indeed due to your kindness Good Fuss. All my luck has come from you. I give you my word that when you die, (which I pray may not be for a hundred years), I will have you put you in a golden coffin and set in my own bedroom so that I may always keep your memory before my eyes."

Fuss "I thank you Lord Pippo." Enter the Princess.

Princess, "Come with me Pippo, I wish to show you my new brocaded gown." They exit.

Fuss. "Now is the moment to test my master. I will play dead and see what happens." He assumes the posture of a dead cat. Re-enter the Princess and Prince. She sees the cat first and rushes over to it.

Princess, "O, Husband, what a sad misfortune. The cat is dead!"

Pippo, unearingly. "Then may all misfortune die with him. Better he than we.

Princess, "What shall we do with him."

Pippo, Take him by the leg and fling him over the garden wall.

Fuss, jumping up. "Is this the reward you make for my rescueing you from your beggary? Are these the thanks I get for freeing you from rags and putting find clothes on your back? Is this my reward for feeding you when you were a poor starved miserable tattered ragamuffin. Go, a curse upon all I have done for you. What a fine gold coffin you were going to give me. You are

an ungrateful wretch. Well, has it been said. "He who lies down an ass at night gets up an ass in the morning."

Fippo "O dear Puss forgive me. I did not really mean what I said!"

Puss stalks proudly away but turns as he exits to say.

"Save us from him, once rich, who mourns an empty purse,
But the beggar, grown suddenly rich is a great deal worse."

Curtain.

The Filson Historical Society

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APRIL, 1928

Number VIII

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EDUCATIONAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Recreation Number

Vol V, No. 8

April, 1928

Character Values in Plans

BY JAY B. NASH, Associate Professor
Department of Physical Education, New York University

CHARACTER Education is receiving possibly more attention from educators and the public in general than is any other phase of the many problems that confront those interested—as we all must be—in the development of the child, youth and adult. We are realizing that we must educate the whole child—not an arithmetic, Latin or rhetoric child, but the child as a human being—a totality. Further, we must attempt to shape the child's behavior according to certain standards.

we can estimate, analyze and direct character-development only through behavior. Character is a series of action traits—a pattern or picture composed of many forms of behavior—judged according to standards. In other words, character may be defined as one's idea of an individual, gradually built up as the result of observing him under various circumstances, and judging according to standards of good or bad behavior.

Prof. Nash is an exponent of the philosophy of "learning by doing." To build character in boys and girls, he points out, we must provide activities which help to create desirable behavior patterns. Directed play affords many such opportunities for development.

The article printed here is one of the series of radio talks on Character Building given Friday afternoons at two-thirty, under the auspices of the National Child Welfare Association over W J Z.

Education is concerned with and is, in essence, the change that takes place in the way the individual acts. As we think of the character-building agencies or influences, we must think of them and evaluate them according to the changes which take place in the individual as the result of engaging in these agencies or under these influences. All phases of education whether within the school or outside in the street, playground, theatre, office or home deal with activities. The

child can only be educated by doing. Any modification in the child's behavior comes as the result of that child's engaging in some activity. In other words we educate by getting the child to do something.

Play has only within recent years been considered to be educational in the full sense of the word. Even now some cannot quite see the reason of cluttering up a school program with or using school facilities for play. But play is in organized education and will remain there because it definitely contributes to the child's development.

Educational Values in Play

Let us for a moment evaluate this group of activities. Remember that we can only educate through activity and we judge the value of the activity by what it does develop and how it can be used in guiding the child according to the accepted standards or ideals of society.

We will all agree and recognize that through play skill is developed—the ability to do things with elements of the environment—the coordinations with all the neural ramifications. Did you ever stop to wonder where the little fellow gets the power to ride a wheel, stand upright, hold a pen and later do things required of him in adult life; it comes as the result of the development of power which enables the infant or the child to engage in more activity and thus develop more

[Four]

power. We can readily see that play contributes to a physiological development. The idea of a "work out" symbolizes this; and the child gets his or her best work out of play.

Play Teaches Emotional Control

It is a little more difficult to see that an emotional or, if you will, an impulsive development takes place. But watch the kiddies play a game of tag. Note how the tension as the "it" approaches and the relaxation as the "it" is dodged is characterized by shouts, laughter, and possibly by jumping up and down. Watch a group of boys play "stunts", setting themselves against the physical environment and other boys. There is in play, development of the child's idea about himself, an evaluation of the self as compared with other selves. Think of all the situations in more complicated athletic games for the development, control and direction of emotional tendencies.

Probably the greatest discovery a human ever makes is when, as a baby, he discovers that his toes belong to him—the beginning of a growing idea of self. When we refer to intellectual development we mean the ability to see relationships and set them in a true evaluation. For four years at least the child gets most of his intellectual development through play as he manipulates everything available from his father's nose to the placing of one brick on the top of another. Then as he plays

with other children and realizes—learns, if you prefer—that life demands a reciprocal relationship between individuals, there is the necessity of understanding and respecting what the other fellow wants in addition to what he himself may want.

Play May be Good or Bad

Play is Nature's way of educating; we might set up the hypothesis that these play activities have been selected according to those best fitted to achieve Nature's purpose. They offer opportunities for general development that cannot be paralleled in any other group of activities but like all other valuable means of education they may be potentially good or bad.

In all probability all of our crooks have been educated in some form of educational institution. The schools not only produce the presidents and leaders of American society, but also all the social parasites and undesirable characters. I do not mean that the schools are entirely responsible for the parasites any more than they are for the presidents, but both classes have been through the system and have come in touch with its influences.

Play is a powerful factor in development and its power may be used for the development of desirable or undesirable types. Desirable leadership is as necessary or more necessary in play than in any other form of activity. Play offers, particularly in the more ad-

vanced forms, certain social situations to which the individual reacts. In these situations his behavior will be according to the standards developed and set up before him as desirable. The setting of these standards depends upon the leader—children do not play well by themselves; they tend to disagree on many points and argue as much as they play.

Importance of Leadership

The value any child obtains from play from the point of view of right behavior will be in terms of the leadership under which he plays. We read of the many abuses of the play idea and spirit—they are the result of inadequate leadership. Play as an outstanding medium of education requires outstanding leadership to direct this powerful educational force so that the individual will form habits in terms of right behavior, development in interests, and attitudes toward right behavior.

All activities are potentially character developing activities; character development does not reside in the subject but in the activity the subject draws from the individual. The child educates himself by doing. Play activities afford an unparalleled opportunity for this development. But as in all other activities, adequate leadership must be provided to ensure the child's development according to desirable standards.

[Five]



Educational Information Service

Published by the
NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE
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Beatrice Pierce*Editor*

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The Treasure Within

I have just come upon a most delightful definition of happiness. It is one recommended by William Lyon Phelps: "The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts."

There is something sage and mellow about this way of looking at life. And there is also an implication for this discussion of recreation. For what could be more dreary than, that in our play-time, we should be futile and joyless? Yet many of us are futile and joyless, millions of us in fact, if Charles Merz's statistics in *The Great American Band Wagon* are correct.

We are, according to Mr. Merz, a race of hyper-kinetics, constantly on the move, running to the movies, running to Europe, driving about all summer from one oil-station to another oil-station exactly like the last one. *The*

Great American Band Wagon is not a treatise on sociology. It is merely a very bright, clever book. But it is impossible not to draw sociological conclusions from this picture of America in her play-time. And there is something quite appalling in the colossal bustle, colossal sham and colossal emptiness, in the feverish chase after "romance" that doesn't materialize.

Perhaps the answer lies in a new understanding of the meaning of happiness. . . . "The finalities of life are rarely the stark and gasping ecstasies of emotion that romanticists would have," Baker Brownell has written in his *New Universe*. "They are, far better, an experience in normal living. They are appreciative. They are consummations found in things scattered from the dawn to dark, from dark to dawn, from shore to shore of our daily lives. They are a constant mode and an insight into things."

This is in the same spirit as Professor Phelps' definition. If we have no "interesting thoughts," travel and play and entertainment can add but little to our enjoyment. For unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, shall be taken away—even that which he hath.

If the happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts—then, as Professor Phelps points out, we grow happier as we grow older. Youth is not the golden time. "A well ordered life is like climbing a tower," he says. "The view half-way up is better than the view

from the base, and it steadily becomes finer as the horizon expands.

"Herein lies the real value of education. Advanced education may or may not make men and women more efficient; but it enriches personality, increases the wealth of the mind, and hence brings happiness. . . . No matter how many there may be in our family, no matter how many friends we may have, we are in a certain sense forced to lead a lonely life, because we have all the days of our existence to live with ourselves.

"How essential is it then, to acquire some intellectual or artistic taste, in order to furnish the mind, to be able to live inside a mind with attractive and interesting pictures on the walls! . . . Many go to destruction by the alcoholic route because they cannot endure themselves; the moment they are left alone with their empty minds, they seek for stimulant, for something to make them forget the waste places. Others rush off to the motion pictures, run anywhere, always seeking something to make them forget themselves."

Recreation and happiness and education all go along together. Empty minds make for empty days and empty pleasures. I believe it is the Bishop who remarks in Margaret Kennedy's *Constant Nymph*: "We have it in our power to do a great deal towards securing our happiness. We can enlarge our tastes and interests and perceptions. That is the chief use of education—to widen the resources."

Happiness. By William Lyon Phelps (E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927.) \$1.05 postpaid.

The Great American Band Wagon. By Charles Merz (John Day & Co., 1928.) \$3.10 postpaid.



Selected Bibliography

Education and the Good Life. By Bertrand Russell. (Boni & Liveright, 1926.) \$2.60 postpaid.

In his chapter on "Play and Fancy," Russell develops the value of make believe in the life of the child: "A child does not regard his fancies as a permanent substitute for reality; on the contrary, he ardently hopes to translate them into fact when the time comes. . . . Our life is governed not only by facts, but by hopes; the kind of truthfulness which sees nothing but facts is a prison for the human spirit. . . . To kill fancy in childhood is to make a slave to what exists, a creature tethered to the earth and therefore unable to create heaven."

The Psychology of Play Activities. By Harvey C. Lehman and Paul A. Witty. (A. S. Barnes & Co., 1927.) \$2.10 postpaid. A report of an investigation of the play-life of children, which showed that with increase of mental age there is a tendency for children to engage in fewer activities. The children of lower mental ages were found to be more social in their play than those of the higher levels.

Sources of Information on Play and Recreation. Compiled by Marguerite P. Williams, Dept. of Recreation. Russell Sage Foundation, New York. Price \$1.10 postpaid. A carefully selected bibliography of books, pamphlets, and reports dealing with many phases of recreation.

The Organization and Administration of Playgrounds. By Jay B. Nash. (A. S. Barnes & Co., 1927), \$4.15 postpaid. This is a useful hand-book for school administrators as well as for directors of playgrounds. The author has made a thorough study of his subject and writes from a background of actual experience in play administration.

America Gets on the Grass. By Mabel Travis Wood. In Survey Magazine, April 15th, 1928. An interesting account of the history of the playground movement as reported in a nation-wide study made by the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

The Philosophy of Athletics. By Elmer Berry (A. S. Barnes & Co., 1927), \$2.10 postpaid. A discussion of how team-games develop the qualities of good citizenship and ethical character and thus serve education.

Tennis for Women. By Lou Eastwood Anderson. (A. S. Barnes & Co., 1926), \$1.70 postpaid. How to teach tennis to beginners; suggestions for acquiring good form; a short history of tennis; using tennis as an incentive to the attainment of all-round health.

[Eight]

Sixty Selected Stories for Boys and Girls. By Florence C. Fox, Dept. of Interior, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

Poetical Literature for Boys and Girls. By Florence C. Fox, Dept. of Interior, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

Values in Recreation.

EXCERPTS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"**B**OSSY" GILLIS, forthright mayor of Newburyport, Massachusetts, when asked how he stood on parks, is said to have replied, "I'm for 'em. I've slept in some of the best parks in the country."

Another reason why city officials are increasingly "for 'em" is that attractive parks are proving one of the best advertisements a city can have. Parks enhance real estate values in their neighborhood, which value comes back to the city in increased taxes. Facilities for wholesome recreation attract and hold industries. Employers are keenly alive to the recreation problem in cities and its relation to working efficiency. Not a few cities have failed to secure coveted industries because they lacked sufficient parks and playgrounds. From *The Survey*, April 15, 1928.

"Recreation and culture include a wide variety of human interests from physical games to the highest ranges of the intellectual and the spiritual in art, music, literature, and religion.

Recreation... is the instinct of

the barbarian to break away from the mere search for food and the satisfaction of existence wants in order to feel the freedom of play and the comfort and joy of imagined or real contacts with power, grandeur, or beauty. It is the same instinct in civilized man that impels him to expend immense amounts of money, energy, and thought on various forms of recreation, whether physical, mental, or spiritual.

The play instinct, formerly thought by some to be the foolishness of youth, or a persistent form of "original sin", is now regarded as in a large measure natural, desirable and essential. Students of criminology are learning that much of the correctional work of prisons could be avoided by proper provision for play. Hygienists are recommending play and amusements for the building up of the body. Psychologists suggest various forms of play for quickening of mental processes. Directors of community welfare depend largely upon the playground, musical organizations, and games, both indoor and outdoor, for the cultivation of morale. From *Four Essentials of Education*. By Thomas Jesse Jones. (Scribners, 1926.) \$1.60 postpaid.

"Adults should also not study without interruption longer than an hour and a half or two hours. After that there should be a recreation period of at least half an hour, so that the study can be taken up afresh. Such recreation periods increase very much

the thinking power. . . . Besides other things, the Church has done a great deal of good for the advancement of the public health by the introduction of holy days.

The more a mind has time to rest the greater will be its accomplishments. It would be very desirable, of course, if on such holy days one would not be too much tired out by compulsory marches, or too high mountain climbing, because this makes one entirely unfit for mental work for some time. Fishing is the best thing for rest and recreation of the mind. From *Human Intelligence*. By Dr. Arnold Lorand, Czechoslovakia. (F. A. Davis Co., 1927), \$3.20 postpaid.

Guides to Leisure Pursuits For the Gardener

Spring in the Little Garden. By Frances Edge McIlvaine. (Little Brown & Co., 1928), \$1.85 postpaid. Miss McIlvaine is possessor of a garden of unusual age and beauty, and many years of experience have equipped her to write a volume rich in knowledge and taste. How the wealth of spring may be most beautifully and successfully exploited by the gardener, Miss McIlvaine tells informally and charmingly in this unusually fresh and stimulating book.

The Harvest of the Year. By Luther Burbank. (Houghton Mifflin Co.), \$4.00 postpaid. This is horticulture along with biography, philosophy, ideas about religion, education and life.

[Nine]

World Goodwill Day

May 18th, 1928

MAY 18, 1899, the Hague Tribunal of World Peace was convened, for the consideration of means of settling international differences by peaceful methods. In commemoration of that event, many nations all over the world celebrate the 18th of May as World Goodwill Day—conducting in their schools and churches programs which foster the spirit of international friendship.

The Children of Wales have sent us their annual Goodwill Day Message which they extend to "the boys and girls of every country under the sun." We are glad to pass on to the children of America this greeting from across the seas:

"Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting? Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and to kill one another."

Education for Peace

News notes from the Bulletin of the International Bureau of Education in Geneva indicate that education for peace is progressing in many parts of the world. In Spain, there is a little publication which helps the schools to understand the work of the League of Nations. In Canada

the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba has written a special article on the League which is to be incorporated in the reading books of the country.

In the United States, the 100th anniversary of the founding of the American Peace Society will be observed at Cleveland, Ohio, in May. An International Club, begun in the Girls High School of San Francisco in 1925, started a movement which has grown to include several other high schools and universities throughout the United States. The purpose of the club is the formation of international friendships between students of various countries. Such relationships have been established between groups in England, France, Mexico, Norway, Denmark, Austria, New Zealand, Greece and Japan.

Program Suggestions

Good Will, the Magician, is a pretty little pageant suitable for children six to twelve years old. It is very simple to arrange and is inexpensive. (10c a copy; 12 copies, \$1.00).

There is an unusually fine collection of international plays for children written by Virginia Olcott. These are prefaced by reading lists which provide backgrounds of the various countries in which the scenes are laid. The characterization is good and the dialogue has literary merit. *International Plays*, (Dodd Mead & Co., 1928.) \$2.10 postpaid.

News of Children's Books

A BOOK which may be added to the growing literature contributing to the international friendships of children is *Little Princess Nina*, a story of a gallant, high-spirited girl living in the south of Russia. The story, translated from the Russian by Hana Muskova, has zest, color and vitality. There are in the book charming pictures of Russian home-life—its gayety, its tenderness, its fine loyalty to custom, creed and family. There are accounts, too, of how Mohammedan and Christian adjust their differences in recognition of the essential qualities of sincerity, kindness, and hospitality.

There is nothing preachy nor goody-goody about *Little Princess Nina*, but the story has definite character values. It is a tale to enrich a lesson in geography also.

For the Younger Listeners

Stories which have a tucked-away, non-obvious moral along with many other interesting things are related by Peggy Bacon in *The Lion-Hearted Kitten*. There are eleven stories about the bravest kitten in the jungle, the cleverest fish in the river, the silly woodpecker, the mischievous monkey and other amusing friends. Children of four to eight will ask to have these stories read to them over and over again.

White Swallows is an Indian tale. It is a pretty story about "Little Bear", an Indian Boy, and his baby sister whom he names "White Swallow" after the bird making a nest in a nearby tree. The folk-lore element and the de-

scription of the forest enrich this account of the adventures of two little Indian children of long ago. The book is attractively illustrated, and is a bed-time favorite for young listeners of six to eight.

Little Princess Nina. By L. A. Charskaya. For girls 10 to 14. (Henry Holt and Co., 1926.) \$2.10 postpaid.

The Lion Hearted Kitten. By Peggy Bacon. (Macmillan Co., 1927.) \$2.10 postpaid.

White Swallows. By Emma Gelders Sterne. (Duffield and Co., 1927.) \$2.10 postpaid.

New Reading Lists

Several sources of reliable Book Lists were given in our January issue. To those lists already mentioned, we suggest the addition of the following:

Children's Book List, Treasures Old and New, Division of Literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Philadelphia, Pa. Free upon application.

A Girls' Book List. A Boys' Book List. 1928 Editions. Annotated lists for girls and boys from 6 to 15. Order from the American Library Association, 86 East Randolph Street, Chicago.

The following lists may be had free from the Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.

No. 4 Reading Course for Boys.

No. 5 Reading Course for Girls.

No. 26 Sixty selected stories for boys and girls.

No. 27 Poetical Literature for boys and girls.

HEALTH TOPICS

Pageants and Plays

NOW that warm weather is bringing thoughts of outdoor recreation to mind, the pageant comes to the fore. Linwood Taft has said, "The pageant in itself, has much greater historical value than any one film and is especially worthwhile for school children."

Written just for children is *Special Day Pageants for Little People*. These are short, simple pageants for twenty-two days during the year. They are suitable for large or small groups of children from the first grade through the fourth. Music and simple but effective costuming are suggested.

Excellent for an older and more ambitious group is *The Conflict, A Health Masque in Pantomime*.

The Conflict is suitable for groups of high school or college age. The book contains full text, with key to music, directions and diagrams for dances, and descriptions of costumes, settings and stage directions.

Helps to those interested in producing pageants will be found in *The Technique of Pageantry*. The author treats every point from the selection of the cast—through rehearsals, music, costuming, committees, fine points in production and publicity—to providing parking space and restoring lost property. This book is

essential to anyone wishing to produce a successful pageant.

Equally helpful in a different way is *Plays for Children*. This is an annotated index of plays and pageants for children of all ages. The source is listed, as well as the age of the performers, number required, and the theme in brief.

A few titles suggestive of health and out-of-doors are, *Every-Girl's Friends; Health, Wealth and Happiness; May; MayDay Interlude; Months; The Pine Tree; The Secret Garden; Spring Fantasy; The Torch; The Vision Splendid; Well Babies*.

Special Day Pageants for Little People. By Marion Kennedy and Katherine Isabel Bemis. (A. S. Barnes & Co., 1927.) \$1.60 postpaid.

The Conflict — A Health Masque in Pantomime. By Gertrude K. Colby. (A. S. Barnes & Co., 1925.) \$2.10 postpaid.

The Technique of Pageantry. By Linwood Taft. (A. S. Barnes & Co., 1925.) \$2.10 postpaid.

Plays for Children. An Annotated Index. By Alice I. Hazeltine. (American Library Association Publishing Company, 86 E. Randolph St., Chicago.)

Next Month's Health Topic:
The Child's Diet. Reviews
of five new books on the
Feeding of Children.

Health in Story Form

GRADES 1—2

THE SUNSHINE SCHOOL. By James Mace Andress and Mabel C. Bragg. (Boston, Ginn, 1928.) \$.72.

JOHNIE'S ADVENTURES WITH THE MILKARPIES. By Helen Rich Baldwin. (New York Borden Co., 1922.)

ALL THROUGH THE DAY THE LOOKING GLASS WAY. By Jean Broadhurst. (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1926.)

ALL THROUGH THE DAY THE MOTHER GOOSE WAY. By Jean Broadhurst. (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1921.)

HEALTH GUARD BROWNIES. By Nathalie Forbes Moulton. (Boston, Little, Brown, 1926.) \$1.00.

CHILD HEALTH ALPHABET. By Antoinette Peterson. (New York, Macmillan, 1918.) \$.12.

HIDDEN TREASURE. (Postum-Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Michigan, 1925.)

THE BOOK OF PETS. By Laura Zirbes and Marian J. Wesley. (Meadville, Pa., Keystone View Company, 1928.) \$.58.

THE STORY OF MILK. By Laura Zirbes and Alice V. Keliher. (Meadville, Pa., Keystone View Company, 1926.) \$.51.

WE AND OUR HEALTH. Book I. New York, American Viewpoint Society, 1925.) \$.60.

THE SAFETY HILL OF HEALTH. By J. I. Lummis and W. Schawe. Health Readers: Book I. (Yonkers, World Book Co., 1927.) \$.68.

BUILDING OUR HOUSE OF HEALTH. By J. I. Lummis and W. Schawe. Health Readers: Book II. (Yonkers, World Book Co., 1927.) \$.72.

GRADES 3—4

JOURNEY TO HEALTH LAND. By James Mace Andress and A. L. Andress. (Boston, Ginn, 1924.) \$.72.

STORY OF ROSY CHEEKS AND STRONG HEART. 2d ed. revised. By James Mace Andress and A. L. Andress. (New York, Macmillan, 1922.) \$.32.

MARY GAY STORIES. By Stella Boothe and Olive I. Carter. (Yonkers, World Book Co., 1924.) (New World Health Readers.) \$.60.

RHYMES OF THE MAGIC OF MILK. by Zilpha Carruthers. (In Thompson & Wilson Modern school readers. v.4.) (San Francisco, Harr, Wagner.)

JUST TEN MINUTES. By Eleanor Glendower Griffith. (Atlanta, Ga., Smith, Hammond & Co., 1926.) \$.75.

MOST WONDERFUL HOUSE IN THE WORLD. By Mary S. Haviland. (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1921.) \$1.00.

THE PLAY HOUSE. By Mary S. Haviland. (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1921.) \$1.00.

JACK O'HEALTH AND PEG O'JOY. By Beatrice Slayton Herben. (New York, Scribners, 1921.) \$.60.

THROUGH STORYLAND TO HEALTHLAND. By Esher Zucker; Lillian Rabell; and Gertrude Katz. (New York, Noble & Noble, 1923.) \$.80.

HEALTHYLAND. A Book of Health Stories, Plays, Verses and Color Drawings for Children. Published by Hygeia, The Health Magazine of the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago. Sold only with subscriptions to Hygeia.

WE AND OUR HEALTH. Book II. By E. G. Payne. (New York, American Viewpoint Society, 1924.) \$.75.

[Thirteen]

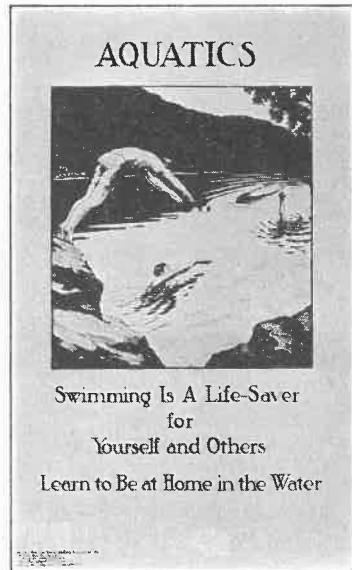
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The Health Value of Posture and Exercise, graphically presented, in ten posters. Size 17 x 28 inches. Hand colored, on heavy cover paper, eyeleted for hanging.

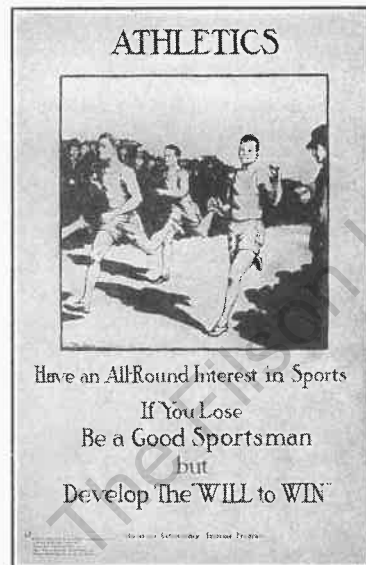
SUBJECTS:

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| PE 1. Aquatics | PE 6. Breathing and Posture. |
| PE 2. Athletics | PE 7. Setting up Exercises |
| PE 3. Health Habits | PE 8. A-1 Boy—Right Posture |
| PE 4. Play Helps Study | PE 9. A-1 Girl—Poise |
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Complete Set of 10 Posters, <i>postpaid</i>	\$5.00
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PE No. 1



PE No. 2

Order from the
National Child Welfare Association, Inc.
 70 Fifth Avenue, New York

Workers Who Win

Ten Pertinent Points in the Vocational Success of Girls.

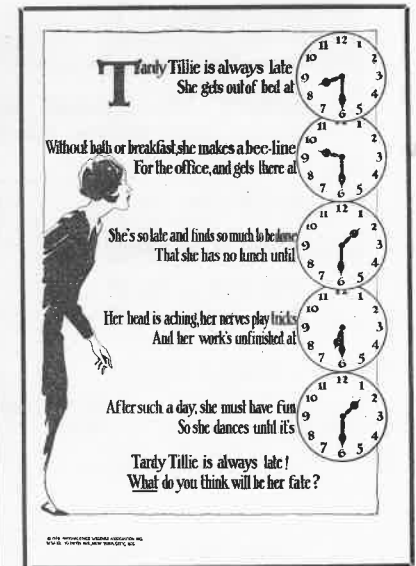
Shown in vividly colored posters suitable for Vocational Guidance Departments, Business Offices, Employment Bureaus, Girls Clubs and Continuation Schools.

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| <i>Jaunty Jane</i> | (Avoid Make-up) |
| <i>Polly Poise</i> | (Keeping One's Head) |
| <i>Nora Knocker</i> | (Cheerfulness) |
| <i>Business Betty</i> | (Suitable Dress) |
| <i>Quiet Kay</i> | (Pleasing Voice) |
| <i>Thrifty Thelma</i> | (Thrift) |
| <i>Popular Patty</i> | (Right Food) |
| <i>Tardy Tillie</i> | (Promptness) |

Size 14 x 22 inches

Sold only in sets, *postpaid* \$4.00



Order from the
National Child Welfare Association, Inc.
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Children from Many Lands



Says Jakob, "Holland is the place
Where sturdy folks belong
On our canals in winter-time.
The red-checked skaters throng.
We shout and skate and slide and coast.
That's why we're all so strong."

Holland

A colorful series of posters, developing through picture and verse, the desirable characteristics of the children of other countries.

The posters are 11 x 14 inches in size. Lithographed in full color. Ten pictures representing ten different nations.

Essentially international in spirit, these posters are especially appropriate for *Goodwill Day*, May 18th.

Special Price for
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Per Set \$1.25
Ten Sets 9.00

Regular Price

Per Set \$1.50
Ten Sets 10.00

Prices Postpaid

Order from the
National Child Welfare
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70 Fifth Avenue, New York



To boys and girls in every land,
Beyond the ocean's wall,
We children of America
Send out a hearty call,
"We are not strangers, we are friends!
We're brothers, one and all!"

America

THE STORY HOUR

February 1929

Prepared by Louisville Free Public Library
at the request of the
Recreation Council of the Community Chest

STORIES FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN-

The wolf and the seven little goats
Grimm-Household stories

Johnny cake
Jacobs-English fairy tales

Little gray pony
Lindsay-Mother stories

Elves and the shoemaker
Grimm-Household stories
Scudder-Book of folk stories

Travels of a fox
Johnson-Oak tree fairy book

The foolish timid rabbit
Babbitt-Jataka tales

Epaminondas
Bryant-Best stories to tell to children

Why the sea is salt
Thorne-Thomsen-East o' the sun and west o' the moon

Princess on the pea
Andersen-Fairy tales

Lad who went to the north wind
Thorne-Thomsen- East o' the sun and west o' the moon

Three billy goats gruff
Thorne-Thomsen-East o' the sun and west o' the moon

Fisherman and his wife
Grimm-Household stories

The pancake
Thorne-Thomsen-East o' the sun and west o' the moon

Water of life
Grimm Fairy tales

Nanny who wouldn't go home to some (Some of the incidents
may be omitted.)
Asbjornsen-Fairy tales from the far north

9242

Tiger, the Brahmin and the jackal
Jacobs-Indian fairy tales

Peterkin and the little grey hare
Pyle-Wonder clock

Little black Sambo
Bannerman

How the camel got his hump
Kipling-Just so stories

The black cat and the tinker's wife
Baker

The Bremen town musicians
Grimm-Household stories

Bun
Carrick-Picture tales from the Russian

The cat and the mouse in partnership
Wiggin & Smith-Tales of laughter

The cat and the parrot
Bryant-Best stories to tell to children

The cat, the cock and the fox
Carrick-Picture tales from the Russian

Claus and his wonderful staff
Pyle-Pepper and salt

Clever Peter and the two bottles
Pyle-Pepper and salt

Cousin Greylegs, and the great red fox and Grandfather Mole
Pyle-Wonder clock

East o' the sun and west o' the moon
Thorne-Thomsen-East o' the sun and west o' the moon

The giant who had no heart in his body
Thorne-Thomsen-East o' the sun and west o' the moon

The old woman who lost her dumplings
Wiggin & Smith-Tales of laughter

Rumpelstiltskin
Grimm-Household stories

The strange visitor
Jacobs-English fairy tales

STORIES FOR OLDER CHILDREN

Greek myths

1. The gorgon's head
2. Three golden apples
3. The miraculous pitcher
4. The Chimeras
5. The Minotaur
6. The Pygmies
7. The golden fleece

Sources for the story teller:

Colum-Golden Fleece
Hewsburns-Wonder book
Hawthorne-Tanglewood tales
Kingsley-Heroes, or Greek fairy tales of my childhood

Stories from the Odyssey

1. Adventures of Ulysses with the Lotus Eaters and Cyclops
2. Kingdom of the Winds and the Island of Circe
3. The visit of the Land of Shades
4. Song of the Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis and the oxen of the sun
5. The Island of Calypso and the shipwreck on the coast of Phaeacia
6. Princess Nausicaa
7. Battle of the beggars
8. Triumph of Ulysses

Sources for the story teller:

Homer-Odyssey; tr. by W. C. Bryant
Homer-Odyssey; done into English prose by Butcher & Lang
Homer-tr. by G. H. Palmer
Marvin-Adventures of Odysseus

Robin Hood Stories

1. How Robin Hood became an outlaw
2. The shooting-match at Nottingham
3. Little John's adventures at the Sheriff's house
4. Robin Hood and Will Scarlet
5. Robin Hood aids a knight in distress
6. Robin Hood and his men go to London to shoot for the Queen
7. King Richard's adventures with Robin Hood

Sources for the story teller:

Macleod-Book of ballad stories
McSpadden-Stories of Robin Hood and his merry outlaws
Perkins-Robin Hood
Pyle-Merry adventures of Robin Hood
Tappan-Robin Hood

- A capful of moonshine
Housman-Moonshine and clover
- Chop Sticks
Chrisman-Shen of the sea
- The city under the sea
Beston-Firelight fairy book
- Conal, Donal and Taig
MacManus-Donegal fairy stories
- The Conjure wife
Wickes-Happy holidays
- Gold tree and silver tree
Jacobs-Celtic fairy tales
- The golden arm
Jacobs-English fairy tales
- The greedy shepherd
Browne-Granny's wonderful chair
- Hookedy-Crookedy
MacManus-Donegal fairy stories
- How three went into the wide world
Pyle-Wonder clock
- The hnnngry old witch
Finger-Tales from silver lands
- The lad who went to the north wind
Thorne-Thomsen-East o' the sun and west o' the moon
- The magic ball
Finger-Tales from silver lands
- The old hag's long leather bag
MacManus-Donegal fairy stories
- Rikki-Tikki-Tavi
Kipling-Jungle book
- Saddle to rags
Tappan-Old ballads in prose
- To your good health
Shedlock-Art of the story teller

Waukewa's eagle
Tyler-Twenty-four unusual stories

The wild swans
Andersen-Fairy tales

BOOKS FROM WHICH STORIES MAY BE SELECTED

Bailey, Carolyn Sherwin
For the story teller
For the children's hour

Keyes, Angela Mary
Stories and story telling

Lindsay, Maud McKnight
Story garden for little children
Story teller

Bryant, Sara Cone
Best stories to tell to children
How to tell stories to children
Stories to tell to children

Harper, Wilhelmina, ed.
Fillmore folk tales
Story hour favorites

Alden, Raymond Macdonald
Why the chimes rang

Cather, Mrs. Katherine Dunlap
Educating by story-telling

Olcott, Frances Jenkins, ed.
Good stories for great holidays

Shedlock, Marie L.
Art of the story-teller

Cowles, Mrs. Julia (Darrow)
Art of story telling

Dillingham, Elizabeth Thompson,
"Tell it again" stories

FINGER PLAYS

This is mother's knives and forks,
This is mother's table,
This is sister's looking glass,
And this is baby's cradle.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake baker's man
Make a cake as fast as you can,
Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

To market, to market to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, joggety jig,
To market to market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, joggety jog.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down,
Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round and round.

This is the way the ladies ride, Tri, Tre, Tra, Tree, Tri, tra, tree.
This is the way the ladies ride, Tri, tre, tra, tree, tri, tra, tree.
This is the way the gentlemen ride, galpp-a-trot, gallop-a-trot.
This is the way the gentlemen ride, gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot.
This is the way the farmers ride, hobbledy-hop, hobbledy-hop.
This is the way the farmers ride, hobbledy-hop, hobbledy-háp.

Dance to your daddy
My little baby,
Dance to your daddy
My little lamb.

Here is the fence around the yard
Here is the house for mother.
Here is the church for all of us
Here is the cradle for brother.

You shall have a fishy
In your little dishy
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.

Little Robin Red Breast
Sat upon a rail
Niddle noddle went his head
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

You shall have an apple
You shall have a plum
You shall have a little basket,
When your dad comes home.

This is the church
And this is the steeple.
Open the door and see all the people.

Hippety hop, hippety hop, doggie went to Dover,
He came to a stile, he waited a while,
And then he jumped right over.

Knock at the door
Peep in,
Lift up the latch
Walk in and
Take a chair
Way down there.

Humpty, Dumpty, sat on a wall,
Humpty, Dumpty, had a great fall,
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Can't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Is John Smith within?
"Yes, that is he within"
Can he set a shoe?
Ay, marry too.
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.

Two little gray birds sat on a stone,
One flew away and then there was one,
T'other flew after and ~~there~~ then there was none,
So the poor stone was left all alone.

One of the gray birds back again flew
T'other came after, and then there were two.
Said one to t'other-"How do you do?"
"Very well Dickson, and how are you?"

F I N G E R P L A Y S (Continued)

Here's a little wash bench,
And here's a little tub,
Here's a little wash board,
And here's the way to rub.
(Not Mother Goose)

This little pig went to market
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none.
This little pig cried, wee, wee,
All the way home. (wee.)

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over
The candle stick.

Ding, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green,
Who pulled her out?
Big John Stout.

Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffett
Eating her curds and whey,
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

This little pig stubbed his toe,
This little pig said "OH!" (glad,
This little pig laughed and was
This little pig cried and was sad,
This little pig ran and picked
As fast as he could go. (him up
(Not Mother Goose)

Five little holes in the baby's shoe,
Five little buttons to be put thru,
This one says "I'll begin",
This one says "Please let me in",
This one says "I think I'll try",
This one says "So will I",
This one says "I'll stand up and see"
"If there's any room left there for me".
So he stood up straight
And put his head thru,
And that's the way
To button a shoe.
(Not Mother Goose)

Here sits the Lord Mayor,
Here sit his men,
Here sits the cock,
Here sits the hen,
Chin chopper
Chin chopper
Chin chopper chin.

Ten little squirrels sitting in a tree
The first two said "What do I see?"
The next two said "A man with a gun"
The next two said "Let's run?"
The next two said "Let's hide in the
shade"
The next two said "We're not afraid!"
Bang! went the gun
And away they all ran.
(Not Mother Goose)

Two funny old men from our town
Went out for a walk one day.
The wind blew so hard that they
Turned around and walked the
other way.

Mr. Frog hopped out of the pond
one day
And found himself in the rain.
Said he, "I'll get wet and I
may catch cold,
So he jumped in the pond again.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck "one"
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Five little mice on the pantry floor,
Looking for bread crumbs or something more
Five little mice on the shelf so high,
Feasting so daintily on a pie.
But the big round eyes of the wise old cat
See what those five little mice are at-
Quickly she jumps and they all run away
And hide in their hole till another day.
Feasting in pantries may be very nice
But home is the best, say these five
little mice.

Two little black birds
Sitting on a hill.
One named Jack-
One named Jill-
Fly away Jack
Fly away Jill
Come back Jack
Come back Jill.

1 The little mice are creeping, creeping,
creeping,

1

The little mice are sleeping,
sleeping, sleeping,
The little mice are sleeping
all thru the house
The old gray cat comes creeping,
creeping, creeping,
The old gray cat comes creeping
all through the house,

The little mice are creeping, all
thru the house.
The little mice are nibbling, nibbling,
nibbling.
The little mice are nibbling all thru
the house,
The little mice are scampering, scamper-
ing, scamper-
The little mice are scampering all

THE HEDGEHOG PRINCE.

A Polish Fairytale Play adapted from a story in the Polish Fairy Book,
by Elsie Bryde, Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co.,

Characters.

The Hedgehog (who later changes into the Prince).

His Peasant Father and

His Peasant Mother,

The King

The Guardsman

Three Princesses,

Courtiers and Ladies.

Act 1. Scene in a peasant hut in the forest. From the ceiling swings a large cradle. The woman is sitting beside it sewing and every now and then giving it a swing. She sings a Polish or Russian Lullaby.

At the end of the first verse a funny little squeak is heard, and up from the cradle bobs the head of a hedgehog. The woman rises and helps it out.

Peasant Woman, "There, my pretty one, did you have a comfy nap?"

Hedgehog "Yes Mother and sweet dreams. Now where is Father's supper. I will take it to him where he is working in the forest.

Woman, handing him little basket, "Here my sweet, and take good care not to get lost." She pats the animal affectionately on the back and opens the door, backstage for him to go out. Shutting it behind him, she turns back to her sewing and goes on with her song. As she finishes the next verse the door opens and her husband enters, putting down a load of faggots.

Man. "Where's the baby, Wife?"

Woman. "He left but a moment ago with your lunch. You must have taken the other turn. I will call." Opens the door and hallooes.

Man "He is no doubt beyond hearing, give me a bite of the good broth and I will overtake him in a moment.

Woman dishes out and hands him a cup of steaming soup.

Woman " He is a good and thoughtful child. Do you remember at first we were

unhappy that our baby was not as others were, but now we love him just as dearly."

Man "Aye, aye, for so many years we had no children and longed for them, then one day walking in the forest, you saw a baby hedgehog and said to me, 'If I had a hedgehog even for a baby, I should praise God', so not long after that this little one was born to us."

Woman, "He talks like other children takes you your lunch in the forest, and even leads the pigs to feed, we could wish for no better child."

Man "I will go fetch him now, you lay the table and mind you cook us a special tart to please the little rascal."

Woman "I will indeed" Curtain goes down as man goes out of door and woman turns to stove.

Act 11. In the forest. Under a large mushroom very comfortably sits the hedgehog eating berries. Enter the king stumbling and searching for his path. Hedgehog "What is your Majesty looking for?"

The king is puzzled to know where the voice is coming from, he looks up into the trees and all around and last he bends down and with great surprise realized that he is being addressed by the hedgehog.

King "I have lost my way, the other hunters have become separated from me and I have no idea in which part of this dense forest my path should lie."

Hedgehog "I know perfectly well which is your homeward path and I will show it to you if you will first promise to give me one of your daughters in marriage."

The King, laughing "By all means, my dear fellow."

Hedgehog "Your Majesty's word is not enough, you must write it down and give me your handkerchief as a pledge."

The King "I hardly see why that should be necessary, but if you insist I suppose I must, since I certainly do not wish to spend the night in this cold forest." He does as he is told, presenting his royal lace trimmed

handkerchief and the piece of paper to the hedgehog. The latter immediately points out the right road. Curtain.

Act 111. Banqueting hall in the kings palace. The king sits at a table feasting with his three beautiful daughters and courtiers and ladies stand around in the background. As the curtain rises a rumpus is heard off stage. Guardsman, off stage, "I am the guardsman, what do you want?"

Hedgehog, off stage "I want to see the king."

Guardsman, "That is impossible, the king is at dinner and besides he does not see hedgehogs."

Hedgehog, "He shall see me, I have his written word for it." a moment's silence as the pledge is exhibited, then the door, left stage opens and in walks the hedgehog. The king looks furious.

King "What do you here, sirrah?"

Hedgehog, "I come, my lord to claim my pledge, which daughter do you wish to give to me in marriage?"

The three princesses swoon. The ladies rush forward with smelling salts. The courtiers titter.

King. "I'll have you killed, you vermin, Come guardsman, shoot this beast!"

The hedgehog gives a shrill squeal and in the twinkling of an eye the room is filled with hedgehogs big and little who begin to nip the company. The latter hop about howling with pain, climbing onto the table, etc.

King "Stop, stop, stop, you shall have one of my daughters, you shall have her this very minute."

Hedgehog "Very well, I will choose the youngest and most beautiful one" he reaches out his hand to the princess answering that description. She takes it and smiles at him. All the hedgehogs have in the meanwhile stopped biting and are standing around looking quite at home.

Hedgehog, "Will you marry me, lovely princess."

Princess, "Yes I will," As she says these words the hedge hogs furry coat

drops off and he stands erect as a beautiful young prince clad in blue and scarlet. The other hedgehogs at the same moment undergo a like transformation and become courtiers.

Hedgehog "You have broken the spell which a witch cast over me at birth. King, kissing his daughter, "More wine and music, a dance, a dance." The music plays and the company does a short Polish folk dance. Curtain.

The Filson Historical Society

The Bear and the Skrattle.

(A Scandinavian story adapted from the Fairy Ring edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith).

Act 1.

TIME: Christmas Day, Middle Ages. Scene a banquetting hall in the palace of the King of Norway, fur rugs and hangings are on the walls, a fire is blazing and a group of hearty vikings is seated on benches around the long table where a bowl of wassail stands. Shouting and laughter as the curtain rises.

The King, rising to his feet with beaker in hand: "Good Christmas cheer to all. Let the women and the dancers be brought into our presence."

Enter from rear doorway the queen and court ladies, blond maidens with golden chains about their necks and jewels twined in their long braided hair. They are dressed in flowing robes of blue and purple, scarlet and green. Behind them follow the dancers in peasant costumes.

The ladies courtesey to the king, who rises and leads them to a long bench where they seat themselves.

The music begins and the dancers swing into a typical country dance of the time and place. After the applauding a folk song follows.

King throws a golden coin to the leader. "Good cheer, Sir Dancer, where learned you that last step, I have not seen it here before?"

Lars, the Dancer: "It was a passe, my lord, we learned in Denmark."

King. "Good, good, it was a featsome trick, Here's a health to our brother, the King of Denmark" All present rise and drink.

King, turning to one of his noblemen, "Gunter what present shall we send the King of Denmark as a pledge of our good will this Christmas-time?"

Gunter: "As your chief huntsman, my lord, I say we send him, please your Majesty, one of our fine white bears that his liegemen may show their little ones what sort of kittens we play with in Norway."

The Noblemen, together, "Brava!"

King, "Well said, Gunter, but how shall we find a bear that will travel so long a journey willingly, and will know how to behave himself to our worthy brother when he reaches the palace hall?"

Gunter.

"Please your majesty, I have a glorious fellow as white as snow, that I caught when he was a cub; he will follow me wherever I go, play with my children, stand on his hind legs and behave himself as well as any gentlemen ought to. He is at your service and I will, myself, take him, whenever you choose."

King, turning to the Queen and her ladies. "What say you, Madams?"

The Queen. "The plan is a charming one, I urge that Gunter start with the morning's dawn, and make the best of his way."

Gunter bows and all applaud. Curtain.

ACT 11.

A lonely and desolate road: Twilight with thunder in the distance. Bruin and his Master are toiling wearily along, the latter shivering in a torn jacket. Even the bear looked tired and bedraggled.

Gunter, sinking down on a nearby stone. "I must rest awhile. What bad luck has come to us. My stomach is empty and my legs worn out. I shall have a muddy bed and a bear for my bedfellow. Perhaps if I shouted some yokel might hear and come to my rescue. Yoho! YoHo!

A woodman comes whistling out of the forest, on his back is a pile of faggots. When he sees the bear he becomes frightened and starts to run away.

Gunter. "Not so fast, my friend. The bear will not hurt you. See it is a gentle kindly creature." He pats the beast who nods and pats his shoulder in return. The woodman is half convinced and stays to talk but takes great care to keep at a safe distance from Bruin.

Woodman "What would you, my Lord?"

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Gunter, "I would have a night's lodging for myself and my countryman, Sir Bruin, this good beast."

Woodman, "Nay, nay, I know of none. The only hut in these parts is that where my wife and I make our humble home and she would be angry ~~when~~ were I to bring home so strange a guest."

Gunter, "But my man, this is the most good-natured, best-behaved animal in the world though, I must allow that he is by no means one of the handsomest."

Woodman. "Nay, nay, my Lord, I cannot take you in for I should lose my dog and my cat, my ducks and my geese. They would all run away from fright whether the bear was disposed to be friends with them or not."

Bruin grunts and turns his back disdainfully on the man.

Woodman, Turning away, "Good night, master Huntsman, if you and old shaggy-back there, cannot part, I am afraid you must e'en stay where you are, though you will have a sad night of it no doubt."

Doffing his cap he starts away, Gunter bids him farewell with as good a grace as he can muster. Turns to Bruin, "So be it then, my friend, we must make our bed among the leaves. Bruin squats down wearily. The woodman turns back.

Woodman, "Stay, stay, I think I can tell you of a better plan than sleeping in a ditch. I know where you may find shelter if you will run the risk of a little trouble from an unlucky imp that has taken up its abode in my old house down the hill yonder."

Gunter. "What sort of imp, good man, any company were better than none on such a night as this."

Woodman. "What he is like nobody knows. We never saw him or anything belonging to him, except a little crooked high shoe that he left one night in the pantry. But though we have not seen him, we know he has a kind or a paw as heavy as lead, for when it pleases him to lay it upon anyone down

85x26

he goes as if the blacksmiths hammer had struck him. There is no end of his monkey tricks."

Gunter." He sounds like a most unpleasant fellow. When did he first come to your house?"

Woodman " Last winter, it was when we lived snug in the little house that will se at the foot of the hill, if you take yonder path. One unlucky night when the storm blew as it seems likely to blow tonight, this spiteful guest took it into his head to pay us a visit. Ever after that there were such noises, clattering and scampering up stairs and down from midnight till the cock crew in the morning that at last, we were fairly driven out of house and home."

Gunter "I'd like to have a sight of this imp. He seems an amusing creature. Woodman" He is worke than that My Lord, if the linen is hung out to dry he cuts the line. If he wants a cup of ale, he leaves the tap running. If the fowls are shut up he lets them loose. He puts the pig into the garden,

rides upon the cows, and turns the horses into the hayyard and several times he nearly burned the house down by leaving a candle among the faggots.

Gunter, "Bruin and I would like a sight of this monster, wouldn't we, old friend" The bear nods and shows his teeth fiercely.

Woodman" He would be a hard customer to catch for he is so nimble and active, once he is in motion that nothing stands still around him, dishes and plates, pots and pans, dance about clattering making the most horrible music and breaking each other to pieces; and sometimes when the whim takes him, the very chairs and tables seem as if they were alive and dancing a horn pipe or playing battledore and shuttlecock together. Even the stones and beams of the house seem rattling against one another and it is of no use putting things in order for the first freak the imp would take would be to turn everything upside down again"

Gunter "What do you say, Bruin shall we try our luck against this horrid

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brat? The bear nods three times.

Woodman. "I wish you well. My wife and I bore such a lodger as long as we could, but at length we were fairly beaten, and as he seemed to have taken up his abode in the house we thought it best to give up to him what he wanted. The little rascal knew what we were about when we were moving and seemed afraid we should not go soon enough. So he helped us off for on the morning we were to start as we were going to put our goods upon the wagon there it stood before the door ready loaded and when we started, we heard a loud laugh and a little sharp voice cried out of the window, 'Good Bye Neighbors!'"

Gunter, "A most ungrateful creature, I would call the imp."

Woodman. "You are right, My Lord so now he has our house all to himself to play his gambols in whenever he likes to play within doors, and we have built ourselves a cottage on the other side of the hill, where we live as well as we can though we have no great room to make merry in."

Gunter. "Which is the road, Good man."

Woodman. "Tis yonder" (points) "if you are your ugly friend there like to run the hazard of taking up your quarters in the elf's house, pray do. He may not be at home tonight."

Gunter. "Anything is better to my mind than sleeping out of doors on such a night as this. Your troublesome neighbor will perhaps think so too and we have to fight for our lodging; but never mind, Bruin is rather an awkward hand to quarrel with and the goblin may perhaps find a worse welcome from him than your house dog could give him. He will at any rate let him know what a bear's hug is, for I daresay the elf has not been far enough north yet to know much about that."

Woodman. Here is a faggot, my Lord to light your way and I wish you good night and all good luck."

Gunter. "Thanks, thanks friend. Believe me both Bruin and I are grateful

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for your kindness to us. Would you like to see the great fellow dance?"

Woodman, "Right gladly, My Lord."

Bruin dances clumsily but skillfully, both the woodman and Gunter laugh merrily. The former even goes so far as to pet the bear on the head. After repeated good nights they go off stage in opposite directions.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Kitchen of the deserted house. Gunter and Bruin are comfortably curled up in front of fire.

Gunter, stretching himself, "How's this for comfort old fellow? Better than a muddy roadside eh?" The bear nods comprehendingly.

Gunter, "Lack-a-day, I forgot one thing, I ought to have asked that good man for some supper. We have nothing left but dry bread; however that's better than nothing. We must make the best of what we have, keep ourselves warm and get to bed as soon as possible. Here's your share, my friend." Hands the bear half of bread and opening his great mouth pours down it a drink of water from his flask. Afterwards pats the bear "Good night" wraps himself in his cloak and lies down in corner. Bruin curls up near fire-place. The clock strikes, on the stroke of twelve, in pops the skrattel thru the door. He is "scaree three spans high, has a hump on his back, a face like a dried pippin a nose like a right mulberry, and an eye that had lost its neighbor." He wears high heeled shoes and a pointed cap and drags after him a nice fat kid, ready skinned for roasting. Skrattle, grumbling to himself, not seeing his guests. "A rough night, this but thanks to that booby woodman I've a house to myslef. And now for a hot supper and a glass of good ale till the cock crows." He makes preparations for supper, puts on pot to boil, get out ale, spreads cloth, etc., while he sings the following.

Sings.

Oh! tis weary enough abroad to ride,
In the shivery midnight blast;
And tis dreary enough alone to bide
Hungry and cold on the wintry wold,
Where the drifting snow ~~fa~~ falls fast.

But tis cheery enough to revel by night
In the crackling faggots light;
Tis merry enough to have and to hold
The savory roast, and the nut brown toast,
With jolly good ale and ~~dad~~.

Gunter is in the meanwhile watching cautiously while Bruin is sould asleep. The imp suddenly sees the latter rolled up like a ball and creeps nearer to examine him.

Skrattel. "One of the family I suppose", (just then Bruin gives his ears a shake and shows a little of his shaggy muzzle. "Oho, thats all, is it? but what a large one! Where could he come from and how came he here? What shall I do, shall I let him alone, or drive him out? Perhaps he may do me some mischief, but I am not afraid of mice or rats so here goes! I have driven all the rest of the live stock out of the house so why should I be afraid of sending this brute after them?"

The elf walks slowly to the corner of the room and taking up a hot spit creeps back and brings it down with a sharp thump across Bruins nose. The bear raises himself slowly, snorts, ~~shakes~~ shakes his head then scratches it, opens first one eye and ~~the~~ the other and grinned at his enemy who somewhat alarmed runs back a few paces and stands with the spit in his hand, ready for an attach. Now begins a fierce battle, this way and that fly pots and pans, it lasts several minutes but at last Bruin is victorious and with one sharp blow fairly knocks the skrattel through the open door.

Gunter. "Well done, Bravo, Bruin, Thou has combed his locks rarely, and as for thine own ears they are rather the worse for pulling. But come, let us make the best of the good cheer our friend has left us! So saying they fall to and eat a hearty supper. In the middle of this the door opens and in comes the woodman.

Woodman: Hail sir Huntsman, and sir Bruin, my wife worried me into returning to see how things were going here, her curiosity and kindness combined to urge me through the stormy night. Have you seen ought of our ugly friend?" Gunter. "Aye, man, more than enough, he and the good bear here have had a rough set-to."

Woodman. " Yes, yes, to tell the truth I had already heard the tale and have its end to tickle your ears. As I was coming back through the forest a few minutes ago, I heard a whiny voice singing this song.

"Oh, tis weary enough abroad to ride,
In the shivery midnighnt blast.
And tis dreary enough alone to bide.
Hungry and cold on the wintry wold,
Where the drifting snow falls fast."

Sing us the other verse, Man, cried I, for I could not help cracking a joke on my old enemy whom I saw was badly in the dumps at the lossof his good cheer and shelter against the bad weather. But the instant he heard my voice he jumped up, stamped with rage and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye."

Gunter, laughing merrily. Did you hear the tale, Good Bruin?" The bear bnods understandingly and looks pleased.

Gunter, "And was that the last you saw of the skrattel?"

Woodman, "No, I had gone but a little way when he was back again, looking as grim and sulky as before, 'Hark ye, bumpkin,' he cried, 'canst thou hear, is thy great cat alive and at home still?' My cat? said I, 'Thy great whit cat man, ' thundered out the little imp, 'OH! my cat" said I, at last recollecting myself, 'Yes, said I, "alive and well, and you may like to know that she had five kittens last night."

Gunter, doubling up with laughter, "Do you hear, Bruin, you are the mother of five white kits? What said our friend to that Sir Woodman?"

Woodman. "He only muttered to himself, but I went on, ' they are so like the old cat, it would do your heart good to see the whole family, such soft,

gentle paws, such delicate whiskers, such pretty mouths!"

Gunter, "And what said he to that?"

Woodman, "He just muttered again, 'five kittens', yes, said I, five kittens, do look in tonight about twelve o'clock the time you know that you used to come to see us. The old cat will be so glad to show them to you. 'I come?, not, I indeed, shrieked the skrattel, good bye to you, you'll see me no more, bad luck to you and your beggarly house."

Gunter, "Brava, man, now you can move back, and in the meantime here's health .

Woodman, "And you, My Lord, and Bruins most of all, from this day forth you are both made welcome to this house." They raise their mugs and drink.

CURTAIN.

The Filson Historical Society

Neighborhood House
428 South First Street

Presents

"ADVENTURES OF A TIN SOLDIER"

Tuesday

December 30, 1930

Three O'Clock

Prologue
A Nursery

Mother -- Mrs. Rose Urbach
Jean -- Elizabeth Karem

Jack -- Ada Sara Lewis
Tin Soldier - Boris Pressma

Scene I

Beneath A Christmas Tree

Clown -- Charlotte Hill
Dutch Doll -- Laura Berti

Russian Doll - Vivian Gutzweiler
Italian Doll - Ida Mae Sherrard

Scene II

Mother Goose Land

Mother Goose - Mrs. Rose Urbach
Boy Blue - Lucille Daub
Mary, Mary - Helen Smith
Old Mother Hubbard - Anna O'Brien
Little Miss Muffet - Velma Monseur
Jack Horner - Catherine Joseph
Queen of Hearts - Lorraine Sherrard
King of Hearts - Mary Stuart

Knave of Hearts - Mary C. Smith
Polly - Emma Peyton
Old Woman in Shoe - Julia Leo
Children - Christine Leo
Sarah Jacob
Julia Jacob
Frank Leo
Corrine Naiser
Lillian Monseur

Scene III

On a Mantle Shelf

Statuettes -- Ida Mae Sherrard and Eleanor Butts

Scene IV

In a Russian Home

Mother -- Mrs. Rose Urbach
Children -- Minnie George, Catherine Joseph, Bertha Abraham,
and Margaret George
Russian Folk Songs -- Dark Eyes
The Peddler
Two Folk Songs of Little Russia

Scene V

Mama Mender's Shop

Mama Mender - Fannie Perlemutter
French Dolls - Martha Karem
Anna George
Polish Dolls - Nellie Amin
Mary George
Lithuanian Dolls - Lorraine Sherrard
Mary C. Smith

Swedish Dolls - Laura Berti
Hannah Daub
Soldier Doll - Wilbur
Denhard
Raggedy Ann - Vivian
Gutzweiler

Scene VI

A Puppet Show

Epilogue

The Nursery - The Next Morning

Accompanist - Miss Rose Bien

The Peasants' Insurrection
1381. p 248

Cheyney, Edward P
A Short History of England
Boston 1904.

p 258 Personal
Career of R II

See Green: Short History
Chap V, sects 1-5

See Froissart: Chronicle

Henry II = Henry of Anjou 1154

Henry & 7 nobles who followed

him about 250 years known as
Angevin line of kings, the word

Angevin being taken from Anjou also
Norm Conquer

Henry I - Edith -
Matilda = Duke of Anjou
Henry II

Richard I 'Lionheart'

The Black Death.

1348 - 1350 - the bubonic plague

A 2 of population swept away

brought about most distinct
effect on the position of
the laboring classes

INFORMAL DRAMATICS



MUSIC
POETRY and DRAMA
COMMITTEE

1930

LOUISVILLE
FEDERATION
SETTLEMENTS

LOUISVILLE FEDERATION OF SETTLEMENTS
MUSIC, POETRY, AND DRAMA COMMITTEE
MARCH ----- 1930

BOOKS CONTAINING HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS:-

1. Good Times For All Times, by Nina B. Lamkin
A cyclopedia of Entertainment with Programs, Outlines,
References, and Practical Suggestions for Home, Church,
School and Community.
- Samuel French - \$ 4.00
2. Producing Amateur Entertainments, by Helen Ferris
Varied Stunts and Other numbers with Programs, Plans,
and Directions.
- E. P. Dutton - \$ 2.50
3. St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas,
Plays, Pantomines, Shadow Pictures, and Stunts.
- The Century Co.
4. Ice Breakers, by Edna Geister
Games and Stunts for Large and Small groups
- The Woman's Press - \$ 1.35
5. Games and Recreation Methods, by Charles F. Smith
Games, and Informal Programs for Clubs, Camps, and
Scouts.
- Dodd, Mead, and Co.
6. How To Put On An Amateur Circus, by Hacker and Eames
Practical suggestions for producing a circus. Plans
and diagrams for animals, stunts for clowns, side-
shows, etc.
- T.S. Denison, and Co., - \$ 1.75
7. English Class Plays For New Americans, by Emily M. Gibson
A Pageant of American Women, especially good.
- Woman's Press
8. Stunt Plays For Your Club Night, by Owen Kelley
- Drama Book Shop - .60¢
9. Acting Charades, by Laura E. Richards
More than 100 suggestions for charades.
- French, and Co., - .75¢
10. Shadow Pictures, by Sarah L. Stocking
Pantomines, Charades, Tableaux, with full instructions
as to costumes, properties, positions on the stage etc.
- T.S. Denison and Co.,

SUGGESTIONS FOR INFORMAL PROGRAMS

1. Programs requiring little work on the part of the participants;
 - a. Charades, (See Book #9 for suggestions)
 - b. Shadow Pictures, (See Book #10,# 3)
 - Ballads
 - Nursery Rhymes
 - Tableaux
 - c. A.B.C. Plays (See Book # 2, #4.)
 - Camp Meeting
 - Wedding
 - Closing Day at School
 - Original Melodramas
 - d. Style Shows
 - Down Petticoat Lane - Woman's Press
 - Costumes of Long Ago
 - Types of American Girlhood
 - Health Style Show
 - e. Living Pictures, (See Book# 1)
 - Romance in Song
 - Family Album
 - Famous Songs
 - Famous Pictures
 - Famous Characters
 - Book Titles
 - f. Pantomines, (See Book # 1,2,3,10)
 - Dream of Fair Women
 - French Pantomine
 - Bible Stories
 - g. Tableaux (See Book #1.)
 - Historical Events
 - Scenes from Different Countries
 - Biblical Scenes
2. More elaborate programs requiring more preparation on the part of the participants.
 - a. Illustrated Songs
 - Cecil Sharp Songs
 - Folk Songs of England, Oliver Ditson Co.
 - Ky Mountain Ballads
 - Lonesome Tunes, Wyman and Brockway
 - 20 Kentucky Mountain Songs, Wyman and Brockway
 - Kentucky Mountain Ballads, Josephine McGill
 - Folk Songs
 - Folk Songs of Many Peoples, Botsford

- a. Illustrated Songs (Continued)
Nursery Songs In Costumes
Sea Chantres
- b. Circus (See Book # 6)
- c. Evening At Seth Parkers
- d. Funny Paper Wedding.
- e. Old Fashioned Singing School
- f. Kitchen Band
- g. Mimic Grand Opera
Il Jacobi
- h. Old Maids Convention
- i. Animated Toy Shop
- j. Minstrels

SUGGESTIONS FOR INEXPENSIVE SCENERY:

Although scenery is used mainly to give the proper setting for a play, it does not need to be elaborate. One should try to give a suggestion of the atmosphere of the play by means of a well chosen background and a few appropriate properties rather than to try to carry out to the last detail an elaborate stage set.

In cases where no scenery is available, a satisfactory setting may be obtained by using the bare walls of the hall or auditorium as a background, and dressing the stage with branches set in tubs, ferns, garden furniture, etc for an outdoor set, or with furniture, a few pictures, curtains placed on an imaginary window, etc, for an interior. Beautiful woodland scenes may be made by stretching wire netting around the walls and sticking vines, green branches and other greens into it. Of course, this would not be practical for the winter months, unless artificial greenery was used.

The use of screens is very wide. Almost everyone has a folding screen, and others may be borrowed. These screens can be covered with a solid colored paper background, and cutouts giving a suggestion of the play itself can be glued to the paper background. If one wanted to go to more expense, a set of special screens like those suggested in Jagendorf's, One Act Plays for Young Folks, could be made. These are frames about 2 by 5 feet and are in sections of two or three put together with hinges. They make the framework for the screens. Composition board panels are fitted into these frames and painted to suggest the scenes.

A curtain set, or Arras stage, is by far, the most successful of all backgrounds. A curtain set consists of draperies hung on poles, heavy wire, or iron piping. The curtains are made in sections of three or four widths of material, allowing them to be arranged for entrances and exits to the stage. The set does not necessarily have to be expensive. Sateen, canton flannel, and unbleached domestic, dyed an appropriate color, have been used with a great deal of success. Gray, a soft shade of blue, and black are the most successful colors for the sets, as they take light well and serve to accentuate the coloring of the costumes. These curtains serve equally well for exteriors and interior backgrounds.

No stage is complete without lights. Satisfactory lights can be made from tin coffee cans, bread pans, and dish pans. These tin receptacles serve as reflectors and give a most successful light. In one play, a fantasy where the stage was to be flooded with blue light, a bushel basket, and old playground reflector, which had been discarded, and a high powered bulb, made a wonderful flood light for one side of the stage, while an old magic lantern, turned around, the backdoor propped up, and a colored gelatine placed over the opening served to give the stage a most beautiful blue stage. Experiment with colors - try colored gelatine sheets over a flash light until the proper lighting effect has been obtained. The Louisville Film Supply Co. handles the gelatines, and the more expensive lighting equipment.

Set pieces, such as bushes, trees, lamp posts, etc can be cut from composition board and painted to use with the curtain set. Silhouetted trees cut from black cambric or paper and glued to mosquito netting make beautiful woodland scenes. It must be kept in mind that the scene should suggest rather than definitely portray.

SHADOW PICTURES

Nothing is more delightful for children than shadow pictures, because small performers are usually essential for the limited space of a screen, and such charming effects may be attained with the least possible trouble. Children will enjoy helping to make the very simple props and scenery and they will be astonished to see the results obtained when these things are shown in silhouette.

The first requisite is a white curtain screen, stretched without a wrinkle, and as large as space will permit. A sheet will do, but is better stretched lengthwise across the space, as width is usually preferable to height for children. All light behind the curtain must be excluded from the spectators. Be sure there are no cracks or seams that let the light through. Dark curtains at the sides of the sheet, and a dark drop at the top work admirably, but other means may suggest themselves. A wide double doorway makes a perfectly practical frame for a shadow sheet.

LIGHTING

The light that throws the shadows should be low, on the floor, and is better with a strong reflector, or a shade that will direct the rays directly on the screen. An extension cord with a bulb and tin shade is satisfactory. Make it steady in position so it will not be jarred out of place. It ~~should~~ should be at least eight or ten feet back of the screen. A high powered bulb will give the best results, the sharpest shadows. Any low desk lamp or reading lamp that is not too high from the floor and that has a flexible stem that may be turned so the rays fall full on the screen may be used. Sometimes moonlight or other color effects may be attained by simply slipping a piece of colored glass over the front of the light.

SCENERY AND PROPS

It is great fun to make scenery and props because they may be cut out of paper or cardboard. Scenery must be placed as close to the screen as possible, flat side right against the curtain if possible, and performers must remember to handle all props keeping the flat side toward the screen. In one silhouette picture a performer forgot and turned a bird cage sideways, with the result that cage, bird, and all simply vanished from the eyes of the audience. This effect is very amusing when intentional, as on this occasion it happened not to be. But a fairy or a magician could create wonderful effects, producing almost anything out of thin air, by turning the prop around. Apples could be made to grow on a tree, roses on a bush, by the simple expedient of having them tied on in the first place with the edge toward the screen, and a fairy with a touch of her wand could turn them flat side forward. Experimenting with these effects is most entertaining. But remember that all props to create the effect must be held flat, and close to the curtain.

THE PERFORMERS

The same is true of performers, they must stand sideways for the most part, in profile, and always close to the curtain. Try to avoid having them cross each other, and always avoid massed groups of figures. Each one must stand out in clear outline. Then as shadow pictures are all pantomime, the gestures and actions must be deliberate and careful, to tell the story. Emphasize all gestures that indicate what the performer is up to, and facial expression can be very revealing too, if done in profile.

MUSIC AND NARRATIVE

As shadow pictures are really pantomime no spoken words should be used, though music may be introduced effectively, songs and dances, and a musical accompaniment played very softly helps to give the whole performance rhythm, and often makes clear the meaning. In a story in which there are several episodes or in any story the least bit complicated or confusing it is much better to read or tell briefly the events to follow. Be sure to make the shadow pictures clear in meaning to a group of children. They can not enjoy it if they do not know what it is all about.

The
Heraldic Studio
of
Ainslie Hewett
658 Fourth Avenue
Louisville, Kentucky
Telephone City 1179





Coats-of-arms, intelligently rendered in their correct shapes and proper colours, are an enduring evidence of three things: Good Taste, Historical Background, and Pride of Birth.

As evidence of *Good Taste*, the decorative quality and propriety of armorial bearings is unquestionably approved by representative people all over the world. Heraldic forms and colours, being vividly effective and direct, are perfect examples of truly decorative art.

As evidence of *Historical Background*, armorial bearings commemorate important doings in war and in peace, the romantic aspect of which, at least, no one can successfully challenge.

As evidence of *Pride of Birth*, arms were granted to our forebears as a reward for some signal service, and are still issued today only in recognition of attested worth. Armorial bearings are a token of Privilege, to be sure, but of privilege that is well founded in solid fact.

History gives rise to Tradition; Tradition begets Taste; and Taste, if given time enough, lends a certain Serenity to life and living. As this country grows more civilized, History, Tradition,

Taste and Tranquility all become more and more assured. Our old-world heritage then comes in for careful research and intelligent consideration. Those who are in a position to know say that there is no serenity superior to that which attends Pride of Good Birth. Coats-of-arms are certified patents, as it were, of all these things—*Tranquility, Taste, and Tradition*.

Has your own Coat-of-many-Colours ever been put into adequate, artistic form?

My price for a painting of your armorial bearings, executed in a combination of oils and water-colours on 9x12, ivory-tinted boards, is \$30.00. Very intricate designs, very elaborate treatment, or special research work entailed, will naturally increase the cost.

This painting, suitably framed in black and gold, or in black and silver, and shipped to you complete and ready to hang upon your walls, adds \$5.00, making the total cost \$35.00.

Each painting is executed with the same individuality, with the same attention to detail, and with the same care and pains that have made my work in bookplates widely and favourably known.

As art of this degree of excellence "must be seen to be appreciated," you are invited to visit my Louisville studio in the Liberty Bank Building, near the Brown Hotel, mornings between ten and twelve, or by appointment.

Preliminary correspondence is invited, but your cheque for the full amount must accompany your order.

Talk given
Sou. Fed of
Mrs. Hewett

Oct 31 '32
Settlements in

Oct 31, 1932

Heraldry

Written by Mr. Ainslie Hewett

Let's go back in our imagination to that glorious Thirteenth Century when knights were bold and ladies fair. The Century of grand cathedrals, stained glass windows and pious pilgrimages to the Holy Land. The century of flashing steel, feudal barons, of coats-of-arms, and gay processions of leather jackets and chain mail and St. George for England.

Coats-of-arms? How did they start? What is a badge, a device, a "cognizance"? What is a feudal baron?

Here comes a knight in full armour of steel. Only the barons, the Big Boys, could afford steel togs, afford horses. The rabble went on foot, and wore linen or leather jackets. But the crowd keeps its eye on the baron's badge. They can see it on his shield, and he wears it on his coat or mantle. He is the man to follow - always brave and reckless, always ready for a fight, a frolic, a feast, a female or maybe a foot-race. Everything in feudal times begins with an "F". It was a favour time. Or maybe it was a fearsome time - if you weren't a baron, or bully-boy yourself, and happened to belong to no castle-club.

Every baron or knight had a castle, usually perched high upon a frowning hill, with a commanding view of the valley. It was surrounded by a moat, or ditch, and protected by a huge draw-bridge, which hung out over the moat and could be raised when all the baron's crowd were safe inside.

Just outside the castle clustered a little village where the castle-crowd lived. They worked in the fields and brought in the bacon to the baron in his castle. They fed him and in return he protected them from outsiders who might be prowling. Often these prowlers would chase the retainers, or vassals, or bringers'-in-of-the-bacon, or the Baron's bully-boys, or the castle-club-crowd - whatever you like to call them - into the castle and lay siege to the place.

A free-lance prowler had no chance. Everybody belonged to one club or the other for security. If you didn't join up with some crowd you were knocked on the head and that was an end of your prowling. Whether you liked fighting or liked your feeding regular and in peace and quiet, you were forced to join something. It was dangerous not to belong.

Now the way that each castle-club kept its own crowd distinct so that they would know friend from foe was for each club to have a "cognizance" or "badge". Each and every baron picked himself out a good, juicy, claw-bearing animal or bird and set it up as his sign. He painted it on his shield, hung it above his castle entrance, and compelled his crowd of vassals and bully-boys to tack it on their leather jackets - front and back. If you failed to wear it, fore and aft, going and coming, one of your own men might sock you one in the rear or vice-versa.

This badge was the rallying sign and was also borne on a tall banner or standard. You rallied around your standard, which waved a red cross for England, and after the red cross you could distinguish the private badge of your own lord-of-the-castle. The red cross of St. George on a white

ground was the badge of all England. So that, no matter how many separate castle-clubs might join against a common foe - such as France or Italy - you could tell your own boys from the frog-eating foreigners.

These badges were very simple and easy to see. A black bear, or a red dragon, or a green cabbage might be your sign. You wore it and were proud of it, and would die for it. The baron himself, being the Main Squeeze, of course, had to have something fancy to mark him as Big Boss. He carried a short spiked mallet, or swagger-stick, rode a spiked horse, and was all dolled up in spiked armour of chain and steel and brass and copper. But over all, he, too wore a sur coat of tabard to keep the sun and rain off of his metallic trimmings. He painted his vest most elaborately, and tried to tell the world, not only who he was - all tied up in his steel gadgets and face hidden from view - but who his daddy was, and his grand-daddy. So that his simple badge pretty soon grew rather complicated, and his shield full of various devices of various shapes and colours, and metals (gold and silver).

Of course, all this pictorial way of rating himself made him a target and an easy mark in battle. But remember, you couldn't shoot him, there were no guns. You had to get close to him to crack him one. Meanwhile, you had to plow your way thru a gang of his own men, who were always thickest where the leader rode his horse.

Even if you got near enough to poke him with your pike, he would either lean over and bean you with his spiked mallet, or if he felt that you were a foe worthy of special treatment, he would reach around and cleave your silly skull with his seven-foot sword. And that would about finish you for the day, badge and all. It was great sport, if you stayed alive. Rather rough, but so is foot-ball and prize-fighting, and polo and deep-sea diving. Different centuries have different dangers, and in the Thirteenth Century, if you reached home with all your arms and legs intact, you were sure of a good dinner and a good sleep. The radio couldn't keep you awake.

This is where you were better off than the baron, for often he would go to bed with a head ache from wearing his heavy helmet, and lie awake all night, worrying over next days doings. He took the responsibility - and the glory; you took the risk and the reward - if there were any free-pickings after a fight. So you couldn't blame the head man of the castle for dressing himself up like the kitchen stove in steel, nor for putting his self importance on his shield. Being chief was no joke, and if you lost your baron you lost a stern iron-master, maybe, but also you lost your best friend. And at his death the whole castle hung out black banners and went into mourning. But barons weren't killed very often; they were too foxy for that. They trusted in God and kept their armour well greased.

You can see how necessary it was - this belonging to some club. Also it was great sport, shouting for your crowd, "Long live the orange whiffen poof!" "Three cheers and a tiger for the purple snix!"

Naturally, these castle-clubs were hard on the king, who was supposed to be Big Chief, and to lord it over all the lesser lords or barons. For, if the King was about to pull off some big scrap for the glory of the whole country, anyone or a dozen of these haughty barons might take it into his head to stay away from the fuss.

He might sulk in his castle instead, refusing to come out and fight. Nor could all the King's horses and all the King's men make him come across his moat, when once that iron-bound draw-bridge went up. The draw-bridge up, and the castle stocked with food, the bold bad baron, could wiggle his fingers at the King for months at a time. The villagers, or villains, or vassals, or bully-boys stuck around and grew fat at the baron's expense, until the King grew hot and bothered, tired and hungry and went home in a huff, and called off the siege.

But after several hundred years of this castle-club business, something happened to help the King and to queer the feudal barons. Somebody invented a black stuff that went off with a bang - gun-powder. Any baron might buy some of it, but not much, it was too expensive. Moreover, his bully-boys didn't like the new-fangled stuff. Would rather use a good old iron toast-ing-fork or a sling-shot loaded with horse-shoes and nails. But the King had plenty of money, and the Church was always handing him more. For the Church was as eager as the King to hold the country together and to make the unruly barons toe the line. So the bishops let the King have cash to buy gun-powder. If they didn't he took it anyway and blew up a castle or two just to show who was boss of Merry England. No castle could stand up against the King's blunder-busses and cannons, so the barons were check-mated, and surrendered. They sold out, and many a proud castle hung out a sign, "For Rent", or "Closed by Order of the King".

Gun-powder blew up the barons, and feudalism was dead. All the barons fell in line, bent the knee and broke their swords in token of submission.

But the King had to invent something to keep the barons' mind off their miseries. So he started a popular pastime -- tilting or jousting. He organized tournaments and let his barons dress up in feathers and fur, in silk and steel and wear paste-board crests and tilt at each other in a ring on horse-back. Tournament were mock fights, like foot-ball, polo, boxing bouts or any other rough-and-tumble gentleman's game. Not too rough, they didn't kill each other, but merely knocked a chesty iron man off his mount and broke a few collar-bones and a rib or two just to make it interesting to the ladies who looked on from the balconies above. It is always a great help to let the ladies in to look on. They pepped things up, and threw fancy scarves and ribbons and handkerchiefs to their favorite knight. It was the stylish thing to do. Some of the dames became so excited that they would tear off a whole sleeve (or maunch) and throw it to their favorite. He would kiss his hand and wrap her scarf around the top of his helmet. It looked very brave and reckless, flapping in the breeze, and it also helped to keep the top-heavy crest from coming off in the scrimmage.

The barons spent much time and money and energy on this tournament-business. They could shout and wear beautiful sporting-armor and batter each other up to their hearts' content. Meanwhile the plain, hard-working, God-fearing, every-day Bully-Boys were drafted into the King's outfit and helped swell the Army of England.

Old England became a nation, and faced the outside world as one united land instead of a hundred little bands of bully-boys - each band bullied by a bragging baron. The barons began to get together and talk things over, and their iron union-suits found their way into antique shops. The

badges or "cognizances" of the feudal lords took second place. All the King's men wore the red cross of St. George for England and the different badges were painted behind, beneath and below the royal badge. Later on they were used as "supporters" -- two lions or maybe alligators were placed one on each side to hold up the shield when the Baron's arms were engraved on his private seal. These seals were the first "coats-of-arms" as we know them today. They looked very brave and imposing. Besides the seal, a noble family might picture their coats-of-arms on anything they possessed. You first drew a shield, surmounted by a helmet. On top the helmet, your tournament crest. Beneath the shield, you put your battle-cry or your motto, on a ribbon. The old rallying badges - bulls or unicorns or tigers - you stood up on each side to hold up the entire "achievement", as it was called. The whole design was tied together by letting your mantle (or cloak) fall in folds and tatters from the top of your helmet. You painted it in gay colours.

We admire these old paintings today. They tell many a tale of romance, of bravery, of loyalty to lost cause, of pride, and valour. We design new ones, to fit new occasions, both of peace and of war. We choose our badges, our mottoes, our colours. We join a club, not to fight, but to play. And when the call comes we rally around the badge. We shout and work and pray for the success of our castle.

October 31, 1932

THEME UP...FADE DOWN FOR

ANNOUNCER: The Community Chest Players in "Your Money And Mine" offer today the seventh chapter in a series of programs in the name of charity and in the call to service for continuous war against want and maladjustment and disease. Today, the Players present Neighborhood House, the largest settlement house South of the Ohio River. The Head Resident is seated at her desk as a high school girl breezes into the office.

H.S. GIRL: Miss Ingram?....It is Miss Ingram, isn't it? They said you'd look like this, smiling and all...my science teacher did, I mean, Well, anyhow, I'm Joan Baker and I want to know, in a word, what a settlement house is. I have to give a talk on Social Forces in the City.

INGRAM: Well, I don't know that I can tell you in a word just what a settlement house in a busy city is, But perhaps I can show you around the house where activities are going on.

H.S. GIRL: Oh, I haven't time for that! Just tell me the story. How did you start?

INGRAM: Well, a-way back in 1895.....

SOUND EFFECT: MUSIC UP.....FADES INTO FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

TAYLOR: Miss Lucy Belknap, you didn't bring me all the way from Chautauqua, New York, for nothing. You have a plan up your sleeve

BELKNAP: Dr. Graham Taylor, you are right! But wait until we reach the roof of this building.

TAYLOR: This is a beautiful old circular staircase..perfect workmanship.

BELKNAP: Yes, isn't it? A long time ago, the business district of Louisville stretched along the River front. This was a residential area. Today---it is the Haymarket.

Handwritten notes:
40-
Story of Belknap
by woman next door
The Paper
Summer 1979
not Feb 1916
P47

TAYLOR: And this house was a mansion in its day!

BELKNAP: Yes. The house was originally built by a steam boat captain with material he brought from New Orleans. And this staircase is built without visible means of support...The building was a show place in its day. Later, it became and still is the Holcomb Mission.

TAYLOR: But why are we here?

BELKNAP: On top of this house there is a lookout station. We can see for miles around....In the immediate view are cluttered up back yards, high board fences, dingy houses. It must be the spot for our settlement! There....Look at that picture!

TAYLOR: That the Lord's footstool should be covered with such a tapestry of filth and dirt and crowded tenements!

BELKNAP: The Haymarket is our most congested area. Our foreign population is comparatively small, but it is concentrated here. First Street is mostly Italian; Preston---Russian-Jewish----over ther, Syrian.

TAYLOR: How about that place...up there where those draymen are congregating...for your settlement?

BELKNAP: That's Preston and Jefferson. The only available place there is an old abandoned saloon building.

TAYLOR: And so Neighborhood House emerges from your dream, Miss Lucy.. the house beside the road....where you share with each other, shoulder to shoulder.

MUSIC UP....FADES INTO

H.S.GIRL: But Miss Ingram....that's wonderful! And today, you have this big plant on First Street...all from that beginning in an old saloon building?

INGRAM: They tell the story of how Louisville got its first bathing facilities for the people of the neighborhood. Miss Mary

Anderson, who was head resident of Neighborhood House was busy washing dishes...humming as she worked.

SOUND EFFECT: RATTLE OF DISHES, ETC. KNOCK ON DOOR.

ANDERSON: Come in!

ROGOWSKY: It's only me, Miz Rogowsky. Let me do them dishes now before you spoil your pretty hands.

ANDERSON: You may help dry them, if you wish. Here's a fresh towel. No-----that dish hasn't been rinsed.

ROGOWSKY: Rinsed...what do you mean?

ANDERSON: I mean to pour hot water over the dishes washed in soap. See?

SOUND EFFECT: POURING WATER.

ANDERSON: Now, the dishes are ready to dry.

ROGOWSKY: Seems like a waste of good water to me, when we haven't even got any to take a bath in.

ANDERSON: It isn't the water you lack, Mrs. Rogowsky, is it? It's the place to bathe in.

ROGOWSKY: Yes, you're right. In my house, eight families live, and we ain't got a tub in the whole house.

ANDERSON: Never mind, Mrs. Rogowsky. That's why we have free bath facilities at Neighborhood House. Last week, over 1,000 people bathed here. Last night, I went to the City Council and told them about the thousands of baths we had been giving here...and do you know what?

ROGOWSKY: No.

ANDERSON: The City Council voted to build a free public bath house right around the corner on Preston Street for you and all of your neighbors to use.

ROGOWSKY: Oh, Miss Anderson...My Yetta, she said you were an angel and now I know it!

ANDERSON: Now, let's go to market!

ROGOWSKY: Miss Anderson, my Jake tell me last night when he come home from the George Washington Club that he learn more than he learn in school. He says that Protestants and Catholics was all together there.

ANDERSON: The religion we teach is love, Mrs. Rogowsky.

ROGOWSKY: Now, I can tell all my neighbor to come here...and pretty soon, this place will not be big enough to hold everybody who comes.

INGRAM: And soon the small rooms on Jefferson Street were inadequate for the many who came to Neighborhood House. Mrs. W. B. Belknap gave us a building on First Street near Walnut, and we moved. We had a Yard for our children, space for an expanded program.

H.S.GIRL: Miss Ingram...I am so ashamed!

INGRAM: Nonsense, child. You didn't know about us, did you? Let's see, there was the time, it must have been about 1900...

SOUND EFFECT: PIANO (OVER THE WAVES OR SOMETHING SIMILAR)

TARRANT: Just a few more tacks and this room will be decorated. Come, come, it isn't time for piano playing yet.

ALTERICO: Hallo, Mees Tarrant. I breega dees spahetta. It's nize... jooza like I make for my Tonnee. I see you lady a-work a-work and no-theeng to eat. No eat...getta skinnay. No work for the people of the neighborhood. Here...takea thees spahetta.

TARRANT: Why, Mrs. Alterico! How nice of you! Somebody take this kettle to the kitchen and put it next to Mrs. Gruber's sauer brauten and Mrs. Ogritsky's cake. What a feast we will have! This is just like a birthday party!

INGRAM: And it was---the birthday of a dream of Neighborhood House. Rooms for sewing classes, library, cooking groups---

rooms for games and parties and kindergarten.

H.S.GIRL: Oh, Miss Ingram...Tell me more!

INGRAM: Let's slip into the citizenship class. You know, Neighborhood House has a training course for foreign-born who want to be nationalized. We have twenty-two nations represented in the class. Here we are...

SOUND EFFECT: DOOR OPEINING...VOICE UP

Weber: If ze Prezident of ze United States vas to die, vot would ve do?

WOMAN: I would cr-r-ry.

WEBER: Yes, yes, of course...It would be a very sad occasion. But if ze Prezident of ze United States vas to die, vot would ve do as a Nation?

MAN: We would go into mourning. I would wear a black band on my arm.

WEBER: Yes... all this is true. But ze country....it must go on. What would ve do?

WOMAN: Oh....Oh....I know. De vize-presidenta, he would take-a da head!

SECOND WOMAN: Ya...Ya...We should have thought of that already, what? We would vote a new president.

SOUND EFFECT: DOOR CLOSING

INGRAM: And so you see, my dear, how intense these people are in their effort to learn American ways and customs and laws. To them, it means freedom to do, to live, to say, and to worship as they please...freedom to make homes for their little ones.. freedom to have a part in running the country.

H.S.GIRL:I had no idea...

INGRAM: Of course not! There was the time I tried to write a speech about what Neighborhood House meant to me....

SOUND EFFECT: TYPEWRITER CLICKING.

UHL: This is what you have said, Miss Ingram....Neighborhood House is a social settlement situated in a congested district of Louisville. It has for its basis the home life of a group of men and women of culture who devote their time to the needs of the neighborhood and try to furnish a social and intellectual center, to raise the standard of home life and to aid in improving civic conditions.

RACHEL: Oh, Miss Ingram! Miss Ingram! my mamma sent this note to you!

INGRAM: Well, Rachel. Let's see what Mother has to say...(READING)

"Dear Miss Ingram. I'm writing you this to let you know why I have not come to Mother's Club the last two times. I am sick both in heart and bed. Could you come in to see me sometime today as I must talk to you at onct. Rachel is bringing this to you. She ain't been coming to the Neighborhood as she has to be helping around the house account my beeing sick. Please come. I need to talk to you. I wouldn't have bothered you but the Neighborhood is the only place I got to go to. Yours respectfully, Mrs. Rose Smith."

MUSIC UP....FADES INTO

INGRAM: This is your house, isn't it, Rachel?

RACHEL: Yesum. Watch out the step there, Miss Ingram. It ain't been fixed yet.

INGRAM: I see it hasn't. You live on the top floor, don't you?

RACHEL: Yesum. Mind that plaster there. It'll hit you in the face when it falls if you ain't keerful. And that gas light, don't knock your head on it. Mamma always has to dip her head as she goes by.

INGRAM: Your mother---is she very ill, Rachel?

RACHEL: I dunno. She's jes' give up. Papa ain't had no work for months and months and finally, he just didn't come home. And Ma, she jes seems tuckered out. She had a cough long 'fore we left Virginia. Here we are. Papa usta say: this hall was blacker'n Dick's hat and smelled like a pot of spoiled cabbage. But inside it ain't so bad.

MRS. SMITH: That you Rachel?

RACHEL: Yes, Mamma. I brought Miss Ingram.

SMITH: Miss Ingram...I just hadta see you. Could Rachel and me go to the Fresh Air Home? Mr. Smith has...has gone. He said he wouldn't be back till he could give us something besides trouble. I worked at the trunk factory till it closed. Now I ain't got nothing...I didn't know no body else to go to but the Neighborhood.

INGRAM: Why, of course, Mrs. Smith. I think we can send you and Rachel to the Fresh Air Home. And when you are better, we might arrange for you to stay longer by helping around the dining room or something.

MUSIC UP...FADES INTO

INGRAM: And there I had the rest of my talk.....What the Neighborhood House meant to these people! It is an oasis in a desert of economic aridness.....a place where new strength is pushed across the desert of depression. Without Neighborhood House, the journey might be accomplished, but with ruined lives, warped minds, sick bodies. The settlement...a green oasis... trees and life and happiness and friendship. Yes, I think I found the rest of that talk!

H.S.GIRL: Miss Ingram....do you mind...would you tell me the rest of the story of Neighborhood House?

INGRAM: Well, the years rolled on, bringing with them new problems.... a war. Interpretation of true Americanism to troubled foreign-born neighbors who wished to know more. The settlement saw the need and met it. Legislation for play spaces for all the children of the State who needed more and adequate places in which to grow....There came the flood that swept the Ohio Valley, taking its toll regardless of creed or color or nationality.

H.S.GIRL: Why, what did Neighborhood House do during the flood?

INGRAM: We set up a canteen in the gymnasium where city hall workers, pontoon bridge builders, and hungry households were fed. More than 10,000 meals were sent out into the community in one day to feed the hungry.

H.S.GIRL: I can hardly wait to tell my class about this!

INGRAM: Forty years of service to one community...and our work has just begun! Look out here...I always get a new inspiration every time I see all those eager young children reaching out and clamoring for their place in the sun...all those parents striving to learn new world ways...and knowing that perhaps Neighborhood House has in its way pushed back horizons for each and every one of them!

H.S.GIRL: Finding their place in the sun....under Community Chest protection---through the Neighborhood House!

ANNOUNCER: And so Miss Frances Ingram, the woman who in 1905 entered the field of service at Neighborhood House, told a high school girl of the settlement...She didn't tell of herself, the young teacher whose civic reforms in the matter of child labor, of compulsory education and general child welfare measures, had made Neighborhood house famous. It was under

her headship that the settlement acquired a gymnasium in 1911 and later an enlarged playground and a new club building dedicated to Miss Lucy Belknap, that early founder. The religion taught at Neighborhood House is that which runs as a golden thread binding together all creeds, serving the community...protecting the security of the city as a whole through its work among the people of congested areas.

THEME UP...FADE DOWN FOR

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard Chapter 7 of Your Money and Mine, presented by the Community Chest Players. Chapter 8 will be given next week at this same time. We invite you to listen. This is WAVE in Louisville.

1933

PLAY PRODUCTION MADE EASY

NATIONAL RECREATION ASSOCIATION

(Formerly named
Playground and Recreation of America)
315 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The Filson Historical Society

May 27, 1937

JOURNAL, LOUISVILLE, THURSDAY MORNING, M.

City Play Festival Today

A full day of plays will be presented Thursday in the University of Louisville Playhouse on Belknap Campus. Eleven dramatic units of the city will participate in a one-act play festival which the Recreation Division of the Department of Welfare will stage through the co-operation of the University of Louisville Players.

Six children's plays will be offered in the afternoon, starting at 3. Five adult performances will be given at night, starting at 7:30. Admission will be free.

Children's plays are: "In Arcady," by the Oakdale Junior Dramatic Club; "Dream Lady," by the St. Vincent Junior Dramatic Club; "Stolen Prince," by the Shawnee Juniors; "Mechanical Jane," by St. Vincent Intermediates; "Princess and the Crystal Pipe," by Highland Park Community Center and "Stars and

Groceries," by the Shawnee Intermediates.

Adult plays follow: "On a Summer's Day," by the Shawnee Seniors; "My Lady's Lace," by the Humpty-Dumpty Players of Neighborhood House; "Joint Owners in Spain," by the Highland Park Mother's Club; "On the Lot," by the Oakdale Dramatic Club and "Polly's Hero," by the Oakdale Seniors.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson, supervisor of dramatics for the Recreation Division, will direct the festival.

Woman, 80, Wed Third Time.

Rimbey, Alta, May 26 (U.P.)—Mrs. Johnson Sundberg, 80, twice widowed and grandmother of thirty-one children and great-grandmother of six, has been married here for the third time. "Life begins at 80," she declared after

The Filson Historical Society

Neighborhood House
428 South First Street

Presents

"ADVENTURES OF A TIN SOLDIER"

Tuesday

December 30, 1930

Three O'Clock

Prologue

A Nursery

Mother -- Mrs. Rose Urbach
Jean -- Elizabeth Karem

Jack -- Ada Sara Lewis
Tin Soldier - Boris Pressma

Scene I

Beneath A Christmas Tree

Clown -- Charlotte Hill
Dutch Doll -- Laura Berti

Russian Doll - Vivian Gutzweiler
Italian Doll - Ida Mae Sherrard

Scene II

Mother Goose Land

Mother Goose - Mrs. Rose Urbach
Boy Blue - Lucille Daub
Mary, Mary - Helen Smith
Old Mother Hubbard - Anna O'Brien
Little Miss Muffet - Velma Monseur
Jack Horner - Catherine Joseph
Queen of Hearts - Lorraine Sherrard
King of Hearts - Mary Stuart

Knave of Hearts - Mary C. Smith
Polly - Emma Peyton
Old Woman in Shoe - Julia Leo
Children - Christine Leo
Sarah Jacob
Julia Jacob
Frank Leo
Corrine Naiser
Lillian Monseur

Scene III

On a Mantle Shelf

Statuettes -- Ida Mae Sherrard and Eleanor Butts

Scene IV

In a Russian Home

Mother -- Mrs. Rose Urbach
Children -- Minnie George, Catherine Joseph, Bertha Abraham,
and Margaret George
Russian Folk Songs -- Dark Eyes
The Peddler
Two Folk Songs of Little Russia

Scene V

Mama Mender's Shop

Mama Mender - Fannie Perlemutter
French Dolls - Martha Karem
Anna George
Polish Dolls - Nellie Amin
Mary George
Lithuanian Dolls - Lorraine Sherrard
Mary C. Smith

Swedish Dolls - Laura Berti
Hannah Daub
Soldier Doll - Wilbur
Denhard
Raggedy Ann - Vivian
Gutzweiler

Scene VI

A Puppet Show

Epilogue

The Nursery - The Next Morning

Accompanist - Miss Rose Bien

Play ground. May 8 - 1931.

At the N. H. door.

"What time is the play ground going to open?"

"Seven o'clock."

"What time is it now?"

"Five minutes after six."

"Got fifty-five minutes to wait!"

And they swarm, ^{dozens of little ones,} swarming into the entrance, and having to be cleared out intermittently, until the blissful hour of seven arrives.

Ten minutes later two middle-aged boys attempt to "rush" the gate, — "When is the play ground going to open?" "Go away, and come back at seven."

"Mr. Jeffries said it was going to open at half-past six" they announce brazenly. — "No, he said, at seven."

They retire to the sidewalk to wait there, convicted, but unabashed.