

## Play Cast Assembles



Assembled after the final performance of the "Man Who Came To Dinner" are the members of the large cast of the play. In the first row, left to right: Sue Lockley, Pat Lentz, and Marilyn De-Marsh. Second row, Gray Dunsmore, Ken Legenzoff, Bill Loell, Howard Tinsman, Diane Fagan, Jack Rimp, Pat Stocker, Earl Schriver, and Bob Detisch. Third row: Jim Chappel, Bob Johnson, Fran Nielsen, Donna Cramer, Mr. Lane, director, and Ron Thomas. Fourth row: Bob Purucker, Dot Kaliszewski, Bob Yeager, Art Carroll, Bob Brandt, and John Churchill. Last row: Jane Eisenberg, Max Peoples, Jane Bastow, Jean Ciccozzi, and Dennis Polotas.

## "MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER" SIGNALS END OF DRAMATIC ERA

"Great dribbling cow!" And so began the Behrend Players presentation of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," as Sheridan Whiteside, alias Jack Rimp, bellowed out this first of the many lines of abuse, which were heaped on everyone who came under his wide circle of influence.

Imagine the Great Whiteside, if you can: a vitriolic, egotistic, and sarcastic old reprobate, searing everyone who came within the range of his invective. Imagine the situations which can arise when a famed visitor invades your house for a month, and then what can happen when he is visited by an English playwright, a "cockroach" professor, and a mad, completely mad, Hollywood press agent.

This is just a sampling of what took place in Erie Hall on the evenings of May 4, 5, and 6, as "The Man Who Came to Dinner" totally and effectively amused the audience. The total attendance for the three nights was over 150, and these 150 people were treated to a rollicking and enjoyable evening by the antics of the cast.

The entire cast had spent many evenings of rehearsal for the play, and they all performed magnificently, according to the reaction

from the audience. In addition to a fine cast headed by Jack Rimp, Diane Fagan, Howard Tinsman, Ron Thomas and Kurt Gasse, the play was fortunate in having an industrious technical crew without whom the play could not have been produced. Among the technical staff doing a workmanlike job were Norma Micheal, Jack Churchill, Jim Culbertson and Sam Wallwork.

In addition to the technical staff there was a fine makeup crew headed by Dot Maxwell and an excellent handling of the play by Charlotte Flack and her assistants. However, these people were all supported and aided by countless other people who deserve mention, but space limitations prohibit doing so.

After the play the cast and technical crew had a party in the student lounge, at which time Jack Rimp presented, on behalf of the cast and the crew, a beautiful cigarette case and lighter to Mr. Land, who produced and directed "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

Play highlights: The audience and cast were amazed at the memory and acting ability of Jack Rimp, who performed a Herculean task in his portrayal of Whiteside . . . The audience also fell out of their seats when Kurt Gasse did his imitation of Lord Bottomley, and when Ron "Banjo" Thomas turned in a truly great performance as a madcap, Hollywood press agent. In addition Bob Yeager's one line of "Yes, sir" probably got more laughs than any other two words spoken in the play. . . . The cast was truly grateful to the technical crew who assisted very greatly in its production . . . This play signifies the end of one dramatic era and the hopes that another will begin next year.

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## Summer Class Schedule Drawn

Mr. Irvin Kochel, administrative head of Behrend Center, has announced that any student who wishes to enroll for the summer session at the Center must register through the Behrend office. No registration will be accepted for students or faculty from the Centers at the campus unless processed through the Center's office.

At the present time, the following courses have been scheduled to be offered at Behrend Center for a six-week summer session: Math 64, Speech 200, History 21, and English Composition 1.

Any person who is interested in attending classes for any of these subjects during the summer session should see Mr. Campbell, assistant administrative head, before leaving school in June. Registration will be conducted on July 5 at 9:00 a. m. in room 201.

## Memories

Two years are gone; oh, where they went?

Two years of youth, most happily spent.

In learning names and new faces

And all about foreign places.

But now the time is upon me near

To leave this place I hold so dear.

But as I leave my heart will seize

The freshness of these memories:

Of lounging in the cafeteria  
Of Mr. Shields and his bacteria

Of good times by the pool  
With its waters fresh and cool.  
Skating, tobogganing, skiing on the hill

Praying at Wintergreen in a chapel still

Of dances, proms, and parties many

My wallet empty without a penny.

Duffy's Tavern, the Mardi Gras  
Cheers and yells, and rah, rah

Studying history over and over  
Learning music from Mr. Hover  
The old traditional English call  
"Thank you. That will be all."

Of Mr. Balmer's crazy labs  
Those poor amoeba on their slabs

And these thoughts are but just a few

Dear old Behrend I take from you

To cherish in years upon me bent

Of joyous youth most happily spent.

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## ... Just Nonsense ...

The dense fog rolled ominously down Station Road into the valley by the entrance to Behrend Center's stately campus, as the clock struck midnight in deep hollow tones. Under the greenish lights lay a lump. What was this lump? It was a body—a dead body—lying on its front end, facing downward, with a knife sticking upward out of its backbone. The silence was cut by a shrill scream (for that night the werewolves howled.) As the echoes died away, a Nash eggbeater came roaring down the speedy highway, at 5 3/4 miles per hour. As the occupants, conscientious citizens, Smokey and Jody, zoomed by the gate, they caught a glimpse of the lump and said, "Oh, looky there! A dead corpus, lying on its front end, facing downward, with a knife sticking up out of its backbone! Shure it was. Let us dash off and notify the militia of this strange occurrence." They raced slowly to Vince's Sweet Shoppe where they found the honorable law enforcers placing little wagers with Courageous Kelly, girl bookie, who travelled incognito as editor of a local campus news rag. The honorable militia zoomed forthwith, posthaste to the aforementioned halls of learning. Upon reaching the scene of ill-repute, the lump had disappeared and the dismayed officers said, "Where is the dead corpus that was lying on its frontend, facing downward,

with a knife sticking upwards out of its backbone?" Receiving no answer, the cops were frustrated. "We must find the corpus! We must find the corpus! After all, you can't hardly get them no more!! And so they searched—onward into the night, and as they searched, one could hear the encouraging shouts of "Onward, troop!"

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the frustrated housemother, Mrs. Shortnecker, was in a state of panic—racing hither and thither shouting— "Bar the windows and lock the doors, girls. There's been a murder." You know that, everybody knows that!!! Throughout all the confusion, the werewolf howled again. Only it wasn't a werewolf—that were only a girl adventurer, howling with laughter as she returned the prop knife and clock to Mr. Lane's office, all the while thinking beautiful thoughts of future misdemeanors.

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