

FOOTLIGHTS

Every once in a while we set out and have a splendid time being bored. We make a great show of how something which pleases other people utterly bores us. Rather a martyrdom of intelligence sort of thing.

We went to the Players' show Saturday knowing that "Broken Dishes" was one of those family, homely affairs at which parents always chuckle roinniscently. We have a family ourselves and we have sisters and brothers and we have quarrels aplenty to satisfy whatever wailike cravings a peaceful soul may have. So it seemed like bringing bores to boredom to trot deliberately over to the auditorium to get about three more hours of the thing on the stage and this for pleasure (sic) Anyway we are all set to make the most dramatic situation possible out of our boredom for the benefit of all those within wiggling distance. But, confound it, we weren't bored.

This man Kearton got us the moment he came in. With the cloud of Donald Meek's superbly pathetic interpretation hanging over him like a faculty proctor, he created his own Cyrus and a likeable fellow, too. His performance to us ranks among the few fine performances of leading roles which we have seen in the past four years here. Almost every line, of which he had many, was read with intelligence and understanding.

The play itself was pretty poor. Entirely wholesome and consequent-

ly strained, it was punctuated sparsely with witty lines which relieved scattered obviousnesses. After many sturdy commonplaces and healthy disorders, we were astonished to have the whole thing turn out to be as wish fixation or something psychological like that. We were just sitting up in anticipation of a good mess of abnormally colored curtains jerked closed.

We were decently satisfied with Mrs. Mason's performance. Her reading was accurate. However she is too pleasant looking to convince us of the domineering woman. (We've seen domineering women and they look like the devil, especially after thirty years.) We don't see that it's Mrs. Mason's fault though.

Of Miss Blahfeldt as the romantic interest, we say that she put up an excellent appearance on the stage.

We mean she looked pretty nice. That blinded us somewhat to the fact that she did not act with exceeding vigor, knowledge, or perspective. It's her first time, however, and with her good stage bearing, we are looking forward to seeing her again, more skillful.

Miss Harry we saw on the stage for the first time and she overdid it. She snuffed at the right times, but too loudly. But Miss Mullin, we are all set up about the way she did. It's the first time we've liked her on the stage and she must keep her eye out for parts that she can handle the way she took the part of the maiden school teacher.

Gross was miscast and it's a shame because he has done some excellent work heretofore. He hit a high spot when half-frozen, but he's no delivery boy to us. For the prize musicist, we point our finger at soft-voiced Mr. Ruelcel as the man from Headquarters. Jez, he talked like a gent. Wise and Moore turned in fine pieces of burlesque character work

The way they handled the parts seemed to be just about the way they ought to be handled. Hiest as the Stranger was tall enough and has black hair, but acted heavily.

The characters and scenes were well-proportioned and timed and may we say here and now that we forgive Professor Cloetingh his "R. U. R." on this account. The actors paused on the laughs, which is a tribute to the director.

Built on a ten-piece dance band, the orchestra stuck together, praise be, as never before. They played well. Conductor Shelley's arrangements of popular songs. A laurel is due Shelley for undertaking to make concert arrangements which, though somewhat garish, were pleasingly

contrasted. A tomato is due the Players for failing to note the arrangements on the program in place of myriads of backstage minions. If anyone has not seen the phantasm of

rhythm patterned on the ceiling as light from the music rack lamps plays against the gesturing conductor, he must. We missed out boredom.

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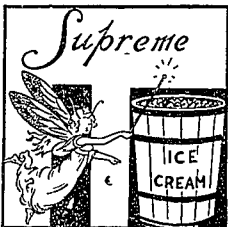
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