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The Little Man Meet Joe O'Tousa, Player-

Lu. NOIS:—This is the first in a series of features on the liftle men on campus, better known as LMOC's. We just fliought you'd like to know them.) Ed. Note:-This is the first

When the lights go on at the Player's show Macbeth tonight; Joe O'Tousa will once again become a soldier, medieval variety Tousa of the Army Air Corps pictured at the right.

Joe, a fourth semester pre-med, is just one of the little guys who help make Players a working organization; not a big star, but just one of the fellows that keeps things going.

Things going. And it takes a lot of them to make Players' go. The down-stairs of Schwab Auditorium Tuesday night was as busy and as confused, to the unexperienced eye, as a nylon sale. So many people, and each of them travelling in a different direction; sewing each other into costumes, slapping on make-up, fighting for screaming "Cast."

In this madhouse we found Joe wandering out of the men's dressing room, slightly dishabille (with-out his shirt, that is.) Just as we got over the blushing stage and went up to be introduced, Mimi Bressin, a make-up girl, kidnapped Joe, sat him down in front of a mirror, and handed him a jar





Joseph O'Tousa great actors started out carrying

a spear. This seemed to placate him somewhat.

"But I do have a lot of fun in this show," he continued. "I wound one guy and chase another off the stage in the last scene of Act III, that's almost better than talking. Of course, I get it my-self later, but that's fun too.

By now we were really cooking; gee, an interview! Just then another member of the make-up crew handed us a piece of brown beard to unbraid, and Mimi came over to color Joe up with grease paint. It's rather hard to talk through a back, but when she left to get Joe's forchead, we managed to go on.

"How did I get into this part? Why, I stopped Neusbaum in a dark alley one night, and told him. I got in, or else. Okay, the truth is that I tried out for the "Curse of Gold" last semester and they told me I was the serious type, that I should come out for Macbeth, so here I am.'

Mimi came back with Joe's forehead, and they disappeared somewhere to put it on. We were stopped momentarily by Vera Eby sewing Ray Kelly into a suit of mail, made from cord. By the time we found Joe, he had his forehead on, and, with several coats of powder, looked more like a red Indian than O'Tousa. We asked him about his out-of-Players life.

"I'm independent, and that means politically, too," he said. "I don't live in a frat, or belong to one either. I work part time in a private home for room and board, and I like it a lot. I was at Stote before the user and it? at State before the war and it's swell to be back."



McMullen

