



From April 17th through the 22nd, the Fresh Painters commanded the spotlight of student activities. Nay, more; for some eight weeks just before that time, while the forthcoming production was in rehearsal, a large portion of the student body were accumulating a fair supply of stock "cracks" and using them over and over again in conversation with their less theatrical colleagues. Many a comely co-ed was seen in the commons putting her feet through a variety of antics—strange to the uninitiated. Many an aspiring young business man, architect, lawyer, doctor, even engineer, temporarily doffed his usual seriousness, and was seen about the campus whistling scattered fragments from the score of the show, or speaking in queer phrases which smacked of communism.

The glamour of the stage, at first felt only by the chosen few who were to compose the cast, spread over the campus like a breath of spring. Johnny's girl was in the pony chorus; his fraternity brothers caught his enthusiasm too. Jimmy's room-mate had four lines to say, and they say the Painterettes laughed so hard when first he said them, that they almost forgot their steps. Lucille keeps someone waiting for her every night at the stage door. Of course it is never the same person, so she easily makes the same speech nightly, breaking up her words into groups of about a hundred, each of which closes with the same summary, "Oh, it's so much fun."

Gradually the show comes together, the choruses think the leads are funny, but realize that their work is the very framework of the whole thing. The leads, after hearing each other say the same thing so many times, begin to get used to each other and notice the choruses.

Finally comes the last week of rehearsal: practice every night until the eyes begin to close automatically, until words flow heavily, until feet keep time almost subconsciously, and until the lively lyrics have faded into nothing but rhythm. Still, Lucille, and all the cast continue to say, "Oh, it's so much fun." The glamour of the stage . . . we curiously await the opening performance.

Monday night. The curtain rises as the orchestra swings into a tune that makes one forget how far he has walked that day. There's Charley; and Joan; and Marie really is outstanding amongst the other girls of the chorus. It's clever, it's funny, it's amusing, it's unique: it's the Fresh Painters in their tenth production, as youthful, fresh, and entertaining to us as only our own classmates and friends may be. It is our own book, these are our own songs, these are our own people: we are not disappointed in them: we are agreeably surprised, and proud to realize that such as this could never be produced by a professional organization. We, too, retire that night, imbued with the glamour of the stage.

And then success. The morrow's newspapers are favorable in their criticisms: more than favorable, they are profuse with words of praise; many superlatives. More people throng Wilson Hall for the remainder of the week. King Comedy reigns supreme!