

Now, where is that glamour? gone? No, not gone; on the contrary nearer to us, tucked safely away in that mental storehouse reserved for college experiences. It has faded too soon, we grant, into a cherished memory; but it shall ever remain an important part of those four years of study whose interstices are crammed with many joyous hours, and which, all taken together, is college, as we like to know it, as we want to know it, and as now we really do know it. It is a simple formula by which it may all be brought back: just whistle *She Must Have Had Her Fingers Crossed*. Gone? Indeed not, here it is.

The sparkling satire of *Call Me Comrade*, covered a large field in its implications, placing many phases of contemporary society under the microscope and magnifying them to a ridiculous degree: our penal institutions, our courts, our radio programs, figures in the public eye.

The major portion of the action, the lyrics, and the comedy rested in the hands of Johnny Mason, who proved himself both a versatile and capable comedian. With Mason we shall many times recall Miss Henriette Hahn whose dry wit became only the drier when her part placed her under the influence of too much Vodka. After seeing Miss Wasmer take off the renowned Greta Garbo we shall look for the imitation in the future in preference to the original.

The commissars: Stuart Schiffrin, Clyde Nau, Tom Jones, and Justice Herman added measureably to the list of laugh-getters. Remember? How could you help it? Schiffrin, "actually I mean," doing the Nero act.

Then there were Lou Eaton, Ray Black, and Nelda Carey, whose songs lead us to believe that we may have the pleasure of hearing them again some time in the future, when we shall be proud to draw notice to the fact that they are not unfamiliar to us. Perhaps they would sing *What a Waste of Time* to a select group.

A few more memories crowd the storehouse: Jack Harris leading his communists (or capitalists, as the case may be) with all the vehemence of the proverbial soap-box orator: Janet Koolage coyly calling court: Matt Lukens breaking his gavel-hammer in a moment of judicial excitement: Jean Hennegan, looking particularly charming in red, singing very well, and winning the plaudits of perhaps more friends than any other member of the cast: Myrl Elwood, and the Painterettes in the modernized number, *Over the Air Waves*: Miss Tracy, the flicker light number: the Show Girls, the Ponies: the epitome of youth, beauty, and rhythm: Al Dorenbusch: the robots, unique, even to the point of being unable to sit down in costume: the whole thrown against a stage set carried out to its fullest extent and quite comparable to the best we have seen.

Thus were the Fresh Painters in 1933. Other years may prove dearer to others, but we shall always think a little more vividly of this our own year. Our standard of judgment is naturally only proximity. *Call Me Comrade* has been close to us, it has attracted us with its glamour, it is to us the best show we have ever known, and with the exception of these few who may in the future come just as near to other productions, it will always remain the best, the very *creme de la creme*.

