

# Features of the Year

Come evening and we hasten to get out our room-mate's new tux. It's the night of the Prom, or the Charity Ball, or something, and we wouldn't miss it for the world. And half-way through our shower—just as we are getting up enough nerve to turn it cold—we begin to wonder how in heck we got roped into this thing anyway.

Or perhaps we have become stage-struck and prowl about the wings of Wilson Auditorium with the haggard look of a genius misunderstood and unappreciated. We get over that and satisfy our Thespian creativeness in Row X by sniggering when the hero kisses the heroine on her last line in Act Two. And the next day we discover the News critique to be a mess whether it pans or praises the Mummers show.

How the oldsters tire us with their: "Back in the days of Fresh Paint—"