



Deborah Meader Papers

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MARTINA AND PEREZ

SCENE I

Humming vireos

Martina is sweeping and singing (like a cat bawling)

Balcony scene. Curtain opens. Cock comes in preening his feathers - looks about. Crows near entrance, approaches center stage, crows again. Third time stands near Martina's balcony. While in the midst of third crow, Martina opens her door and steps out on balcony. Cock bows deeply.

Cock.....Buenas dias, Senorita Martina.

Martina...Buenas dias, Senor Cock.

Cock.....Ah, my pretty Martina. What a lovely gown you have on.

Martina...Thank you, Senor. Your comb is more beautiful than ever this morning.

Cock.....I manage to keep it quite well trimmed. But my dear Martina, I have something I have wanted to ask you for a long time.

Martina...Prey, what is it, Senor Cock?

Cock.....Pretty Martina, will you marry me?

Martina...Oh, perhaps, if you tell me how you will talk to me in the future.

Cock.....Yes, yes, I will gladly tell you. (Standing up and flapping his wings) Qui-qui-ri. Qui-qui-ri. Qui-qui-ri. Qui---

Martina...*(Covering ears)* Enough! Enough! Indeed I will not marry you! What led you to suppose I could bear such a clatter!

Cock.....Please, Senorita, please! Only permit me to try again and I promise you I will sing very softly.

Martina...No, no. With your crowing I should never be able to get even the tiniest nap in peace.

Cock.....Then it is *adios*, Senorita Martina. I fear I shall never *(again)* crow with any pleasure. *(Bows and exits.)*

Martina...How upsetting he is! I really feel quite giddy. Where could I have left my *smelling salts*? I must go inside for a moment. *(A knock is heard off stage. She changes her mind. Returns and settles herself with fan.)* Who can be knocking at my gate?

SCENE II (cont.)

Martina..How delightfully refreshing my new powder is. It makes my nose look so aristocratic. (Fans herself and preens as Cat knocks again off stage and enters.)

Cat.....(Bows) Buenas dias, Senorita Martina. How pretty you look today!

Martina..And you, my good Senor. What handsome whiskers! I am so glad that you have come to pay me a visit.

Cat.....(Going up close to balcony) Are you alone?

Martina..Quite alone, Senor Cat. Why do you ask?

Cat.....Senorita, will you marry me?

Martina..(Fanning) Oh, perhaps, if you tell me how you will talk to me in the future.

Cat.....Yes, yes. Senorita, if you will marry me, all of my life I promise you I will talk to you like this - meow, meow, meow,

Martina..Oh, Senor! What a scratchy voice you have. You frighten me. I am very sorry, Senor, but I could not tolerate such a voice morning, noon, and night.

Cat.....Then, Senorita, I fear I must go. (Exit Cat)

Martina..Good-day, Senor. (Gets up) Dear me. How shiny my nose gets. I must powder it once more. (Steps are heard) (who can be coming now?) (Martina turns around and steps inside) (guy) Am I never to have a moment's peace?
(Duck enters)

Duck.....What a pity she is not here. Before she arrives it might be well to practice my speech. -- My beautiful Senorita, Martina, I love you. You are more beautiful than ^{any} Senorita I have ever known. Say you will marry me!

(Martina is heard off balcony singing a Spanish tune) *Humming again*
vialto

flute She is coming. My Martina! I must be ready. (Plays a few notes on flute - Martina comes on balcony.) Buenas dias, Senorita (Nervously and stammering) Will-will-will you marry me?

Martina..(Fanning herself) Oh, buenas dias! Marry you, Senor Duck? Well, perhaps I might if you were to tell me how you will talk to me in the future.

Duck....^{always} Senorita, I assure you I will talk to you like this - Quack, quack, quack, quack---

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Martina...Oh, Senor Duck, Senor Duck! Day after day and week after week I have had to listen to your quacking across my patio. The very thought of hearing you quack all the rest of my life makes my poor head ache and swim.

Duck.....(cries) But Martina I will give you a beautiful home.

Martina...No, no, Senor Duck. My mind is made up. I cannot possibly reconsider.

Duck.....Farewell then, Senorita, but I will never forget you. (Exit)

Martina...These Senors are really great nuisances. (Exit)

(Enter Frog)

Frog.....~~Ker-chug, ker-chug~~ ^{BAROM - BAROM}. Where can Senorita Martina be today? I looked for her in vain at the duck pond. Maybe she is ill! If I walk about perhaps she will hear me and come out on her balcony.

(Enter Senor Cricket)

Frog.....Buenas dias, Senor Cricket.

Cricket..Buenas dias, Senor Frog. Where are you going?

Frog.....I have come to call on Senorita Martina. I have a question to ask her.

Cricket..So have I, so have I. Suppose we wait here together.

(Enter Martina) (Both Frog and Cricket bow low and talk at same time)

Fr. & Cr..Buenas dias, Senorita Martina. Will you marry me?

Martina...Oh, but Senors, you forget your manners. I cannot talk to both of you at the same time. Senor Cricket, suppose you speak first?

Cricket..Senorita Martina, will you marry me?

Martina...(Archly) Perhaps. But first tell me how you will talk to me in the future.

Cricket..Gladly, Senorita. All of my life I will talk to you like this - Coqui, coqui, coqui---

Martina...But Senor Cricket, what makes your voice so sad? Your song makes me want to cry.

Cricket..Oh, Senorita---(Martina interrupts)

Martina...No, no, Senor Cricket. It is now Senor Frog's turn to speak.

Frog.....Will you marry me, Senorita Martina?

Martina...Perhaps. Before I decide, suppose you tell me how you will talk to me in the future.

Frog.....Senorita, I will talk to you like this - Barom, barom, barom--

Martina...Oh, Senor Frog! I couldn't possibly marry you or anyone with a voice like that! Besides I have heard that you frogs talk constantly, both day and night.

Frog.....I am sure you must be mistaken.

Cricket...Please, Senorita!

Martina...Senors, you are both growing tiresome! I have made up my mind. As husbands, neither of you will do!

Cricket...(Horrorified) But Martina!!!

Frog.....(Solemnly wagging his head) She'll live to regret us. (Takes Senor Cricket by arm) Come along, Senor Cricket.

Martina...(Flouncing about in a tantrum) Regret them indeed! Vain old grampus! (First looks in mirror and then up and down street. Powders nose again) Who can be coming now? Can it be? It is.. Perez. (Excitedly) Oh where is my fan! -- my smelling salts! my mirror! (With each exclamation she grows more frantic) Oh my nose! My mantilla! (Settles herself quickly and tries to be calm and collected) Oh how handsome he looks! How nicely he bowed to Senor Cricket and Senor Frog. (Looks in mirror once more as Perez enters - walks to balcony and bows low.)

Perez....Buenas dias, Senorita Martina.

Martina...(Still excited) Buenas dias, Senor Perez.

Perez....It is a lovely day. Won't you come out and walk with me a while?

Martina...Thank you, but I think I prefer sitting on the balcony if you will but stay and sing to me.

Perez....(Bowing) Your request gives me great pleasure, Senorita. Would you like to hear my latest composition?

Martina...Nothing could please me more.

Perez....(Sings) I am a little mouse from sunny Spain
In Royal Mansion's halls is my domain.
At night I watch the sun set in the sky,
And sometimes see the King and Queen pass by.

Martina...How beautifully you sing, Perez.

Perez....Thank you, Senorita. Now please come down from your balcony and I will tell you a secret

Martina...I will come at once!

(Perez walks to meet Martina.)

Perez....Senorita Martina, for a whole month I've been waiting and planning to tell you a secret!

Martina...(Excited) A secret! Oh, Senor Perez! For a whole month! What can it be?

Perez....(Solemnly) Will you marry me!

Martina..But Senor, if your request is a secret I cannot answer until you tell me how you will talk to me in the future.

Perez....Senorita, I will talk to you in the language of my forefathers. Like this - chui, chui, chui, chui--

Martina..Oh, how lovely! It sounds just like music, Senor Perez. I will marry you with pleasure.

Perez....Brava, my Martina. Then dance three measures of the tarantella and if you have not changed your mind we will be married at once.

(Tarantella to 2 or 3 phrases from Bolero.)

CURTAIN

MELILOT

Scene--I

House of Dock and Dodder. Dock and Dodder discovered.

Dock-----How it does rain.

Dodder-----Yes. I wonder if it will ever stop.

Dock-----Hark. I think I hear someone outside the door.

Dodder-----It is only the torrent.

Dock-----No. (A knock is heard) See, I told you so. (Goes to window)
It is that child who lives on the mountain. (Knock comes louder)

Dodder-----Who is there?

Melilot---It is Melilot.

Dock-----Come in little Melilot.

Dodder----- (Melilot enters) We are glad to see you, Melilot. This is Dock and
I am Dodder.

Dock-----Come in. (Melilot comes in slowly and hesitatingly)

Dodder-----A long time ago your father came here but he went out as soon as
he saw us.

Melilot---My father, oh my dear father. He is dead and my mother also.

Dock-----She is very sad and hungry, and we have nothing to offer her but
tadpoles which she can not eat.

Melilot--- (sobs) Dear neighbors, the rain has beaten a hole thru the roof
of my cottage. I am there all alone and in very great need. Will
you come up the mountain and help me?

Dock-----She asks us to her house.

Dodder-----We may go if we are invited

Dock-----Little Melilot, we will go with you up the mountain to your hut.

Melilot---Thank you, dear neighbor. Your eyes are very kind. Thank you. I would
perish with out help.

Dodder-----Come; let us go together. We'll take your arm. (They go out, one on
each side of Melilot)

CURTAIN

Scene--II

Melilot's cottage. Enter Dock, Dodder and Melilot.

Melilot---Here we are neighbors. There is the hole in the roof.

Dock-----Come, let us to work, Dodder.

Dodder----Mend the roof we will.

Melilot---Heaven will reward you. (Exit Dock and Dodder)

I'll try to poke up the fire. Now it rains. It is kind of my neighbors. They are very ugly but they are kind.

(enter Dock and Dodder)

Dock-----It's mended now.

Dodder----It is tight as a drum. No more rain will come in here.

Melilot---Come to the fire and try to get yourselves warm.

Dock-----This feels good.

Dodder----That it does.

Melilot---I am sorry, dear neighbors, that I have no supper to offer you.

Dock-----Ah, but you have supper. (Bread and milk appears)

Melilot---Oh, I am thankful. Here, dear neighbors, come and eat.

Dock----- (Whispers to Dodder) She is starving yet she gives us all the food.

Dodder----We must eat it all. You know the reason why. (They eat)

Melilot---I am so happy that I have food to give you after your hard work for me.

Dock-----That was good and we have had quite enough.

Dodder---- (More bread and milk appear) See, here is supper for good little daughter Melilot, and no one else.

Melilot---There is more than enough for me. I will save half for your breakfasts. You will remain with me for the night, will you not, my friends. The sun has long set and the path down the mountains is dark and difficult to follow.

Dock-----Yes, we will gladly stay. Won't we, brother?

Dodder----Indeed, yes.

Melilot---You must sleep in my father and mother's bed in the next room.

Dock-----Where will you sleep, little daughter?

Melilot---I will sleep on this pallet here.

Dodder----Your heart is kind. Good-night.

Dock-----Good-night.

Melilot---Good-night. (Exit Dock and Dodder) How strange that at first
I should have thought them ugly. Blessings on them and their kind
hearts. (Looks out the window)

Fairy Voices--

Up to the moon and and cut down that ray,
In and out of the foam wreaths plaiting,
Spin the froth and weave the spray
Melilot is watching--Melilot is waiting.
Pick the moonbeams into shreds.
Twist it, twist it into threads.
Threads of the moonlight, yarn of the bubble
Weave into satin-double and double
Fold all and carry it, tarry ye not,
To the chamber of gentle and true Melilot.

Melilot---What a beautiful voice. It sounded like a fairy voice from the
waterfall.

(Enter Fairy with satin)

Fairy-----Here is a gift for your frog friends.

Melilot---Oh thank you, beautiful fairy. I am so glad I will not have to send
my kind helpers away without a gift. I will make them new suits
while they sleep. They will see that I am glad to work for them
as they have worked for me.

Fairy----- (Waves her wand) Bless you child.

Melilot---This will be for Dock and this for Dodder.

(Curtain)

Scene--III

Same as scene II

Melilot---The dresses are finished and I laid them by their bed. How weary I am. The fairy sang to me all night long and my needle never needed threading. Thank you, kind fairies. I'll lie down for a little sleep.

(Lies down on bed)

(Enter two Princes)

Dock-----She has set us free, the dear child.

Dodder----With all the satin the fairies brought, she has saved nothing for herself. Would she not like a rich dress in place of those rags? I kiss her, brother, for her sake.

Dock-----I kiss the lips that bid us come hither.

Melilot---Oh, fairies, those are the dresses I made for my two kind neighbors. Do not take back your gift. It made me so happy to do something for them. It is true you helped me. The satin is yours and the thread, too, yet I beg you to let me have the ~~XXXXXX~~ suits for Dock and Dodder.

Dock-----Ah, dear little Melilot, you say you have done nothing ~~for~~ by yourself yet the kindness in your heart has done more for us than all our love and service will repay. It has changed us tonight from the ugly monsters who were Dock and Dodder into our rightful forms again.

Melilot---Then are you my dear neighbors? Why, see my dress. How wonderful, how beautiful it is.

Dodder----It is the kindness of your heart has done it all.

(Melilot runs to the window)

Melilot---See the rain is no longer falling and the sun is shining.

(Dock and Dodder go to the window)

Dock-----Do you see anything between us and the sun?

Dodder----A black speck.

Dock-----Tis the wicked fairy, Frogbit, herself.

Dodder----Let's spread this net. (Spread net while Melilot looks out window)

Melilot---A great black raven has settled on our roof.

Dock-----Ah, Frogbit, we are ready for you. Come on.

Frogbit---Caw. Caw. I will come thru the roof. (Drops into net. They wrap it about her)

Caw, Caw let me go. (Beats her wings to get free)

Dock-----Never.

Dodder----Well done.

Melilot---Poor bird, why do you treat her so?

Dock-----Waste no pity on her. She came on a bad errand.

Melilot---(Putting arms about Frogbit) How can a poor Raven be your enemy?

Frogbit---(Biting at her) Their enemy and yours.

Melilot---Mine? How can you be my enemy? I would do you no hurt for I love you? (Kisses raven) (Raven struggles and shrieks Caw,Caw)
Ray---no evil can come of a true kiss. (Raven changed to lump of earth) What have I done?

Dodder---(Dance for joy) Well done,well done,little Melilot. We'll throw it into the water fall. (Exit with earth)

Melilot---What can it mean?

(Enter brothers)

Dock-----We lived happily with our brothers in the water-fall until Frogbit came with her evil race and drove all the good fairies from the valley.

Dodder---She took Dock and I prisoners and turned the land into a marsh and brought down the never ending rain.

Dock-----Then she turned us into Frogs.She said, "Live here till a little child can look at you with out being afraid,can believe in you entirely,invite you to her home,give up her supper to you,and of her own free will make dresses to cover your filthy shapes.

Dodder---And you,dear Melilot,have done all this.

Melilot---Then I have really been a friend to you?

Dock-----Aye and to Frogbit too.An innocent kiss is the charm that breaks all evil spells.You have broken the spell that changed her into a creature of mischief.As she is changed back to earth once more she will yield beautiful flowers.

Dodder---Now,dear Melilot,Dock and I will care for you.We will wear your clothes from moonbeams and foam.All the bread and milk you need will appear on your table and you will never worry more.

Melilot---Dear friends,how can I thank you? I felt as tho my dear Father and Mother had returned and were with me. (Embrace)

CURTAIN

MIKEY MOUSE

Scene I----Woods

Enter Mickey and Pluto. Mickey whistles, stops center and waves hand to Minnie off stage. Calls.

Mickey----Who-oo Who-oo Minnie.

Enter Minnie

Mickey----Hello there, Minnie, we were just going to your house. Lets take a walk. What do you say?

Minnie----That will be fine. Where shall we go?

Mickey----I know, lets visit Widow Church House. She is very fond of you and me.

Minnie----Yes, lets. She'll be glad to see us, I know. She is a fine friend. Let's pick her some flowers.

Mickey----Oh, yes. She is very fond of flowers, likes them better than cheese.

Minnie----Has she been a widow long? What happened to Captain Church House?

Mickey----That's quite a long story. Didn't you ever hear it?

Minnie----No. Tell me about it, Mickey.

Mickey----Come and sit here on this stump and I'll tell you. Lie down Pluto.

Minnie----Begin, Mickey.

Mickey----Captain Church House was skipper of the Happy Land and the last time he sailed away he told Widow Church House he was going to look for treasure-

Minnie----Ooo-h, treasure. Did he find any?

Mickey----I don't know, because when the Happy Land came back the Captain wasn't on it, only that fellow, Ugly Pete. He said the ship had been in a storm and the Captain was lost overboard.

Pluto----Bow-wow-Gr-r-Gr-r. (runs off stage)

Mickey----Keep still Pluto. What's the matter with you?

Pluto----Gr-r-r-r-

Minnie----Maybe some body's coming. Oh, look, Mickey, it's that old Ugly Pete you were telling me about. I don't like him. He scares me. Let's hide.

Mickey----That's right, it is him and he has some one with him. That have they shovels? Let's hide behind the bushes.

Minnie----Quick before they see us. Lie down Pluto, lie down. (all exit hurriedly)

Ugly Pete-(Off stage) Come on-Hurry up there. We've work to do. My chart shows this is the spot I buried it.

(enter Ugly Pete and one sailor)

Six paces from this tree is the spot. (paces off) Dig here.

Sailor----Aye, Aye-Sir.

(both dig rapidly)

Hi. I'm hitting something, Pete.

Ugly Pete-That's it, dig away. Up she comes. (Lift up chest on stage)
I told yer so. Just where I hid it when we got back on the
Happy Land. But wait till you see what's inside. You'd never guess.
But daylight's bad for work like this. Let's hide it and divey
it up tonight.

Sailor----Just as you say, Pete.

Ugly Pete-Here let's cover it with leaves. No one will notice it. (they
cover chest with leaves) Come on till tonight.

(Exit Pete and Sailor)

Mickey----Come on, let's go and see what it is.

Minnie----Oh, wait, Mickey, till they're out of sight.

Mickey----Oh come on. I want to see what they dug up.

(Mickey, Minnie and Pluto creep on)

Look Minnie, it's a chest. Looks like a sea chest to me. Let's open
it.

Minnie----We don't dare do we, Mickey.

Mickey----Oh come on. (they tug at chest. Mickey gets stick and prisms)
There she comes. She's going to open now. (lid comes open)

Minnie----Ooo-h. Look Mickey, look. Jewels. Diamonds. Pearls. Rubies and Gold.

Mickey----Jimmy Crickets. What does it say inside the lid. Look there is
a name there. It says "Property of Captain Church House".

Minnie----How did Captain Church House's chest get here. Where did Ugly
Pete get it?

Mickey----I saw it, Minnie. I under stand it all. Captain Church House found
the treasure and this old Ugly Pete got rid of him and stole
his chest, then he buried it here.

Minnie----That's a wicked thing to do. Do you really think that was the way?

Mickey----Of course. How else would the chest have Captain Church House's name?

Minnie----Oh, Mickey, you are wonderful. Just like a dancing detective.

Mickey----This belongs to Widow Church House then.

Minnie----Does it really?

Mickey----Of course, she was his wife.

Minnie----Won't she be surprised.

Mickey----We'll have to out-wit Ugly Pete or he'll be after us. I have it.
I have a plan. You stay here and I'll be right back. Pluto will
look after you. Stay here, Pluto, look after Minnie.

Minnie----I'm scared, Mickey, hurry.

Mickey----I'll hurry.

(Exit Mickey)

Minnie----Let's hide Pluto. Good dog. You'll not let Ugly Pete get me. I'll
you Pluto.

Pluto-----Bow, Tow. (licks Minnie)

(Enter Mickey with Scarecrow)

Mickey----Look what I have here Minnie.

Minnie----Oh, a scarecrow. What you going to do with it?

Mickey----I'm going to put it down here by the chest and when Ugly Pete comes, I'll scare him with it. He'll think it is Captain Church House's ghost.

Minnie----Oh Mickey, you're wonderful.

Mickey----It's getting dark. They may be back any minute. We'll hide it here.

Minnie----Oh, but I'm scared.

Mickey----You hide over there.

Minnie----I'm afraid he'll see you.

Mickey----No he won't. Pluto you take care of Minnie.

Pluto-----Grr-Grr.

Minnie----There they come. Oh, hide Mickey and be careful.

Mickey----Hurry up and be sure not to make any noise. Lie down Pluto.

(They all hide. ~~ENTER~~ Enter Ugly Pete and Sailor stealthily)

Ugly Pete-Come on, now's our time. Be quiet. We don't want any one to hear us.

Minnie----(Sneezes) Ker chew.

Pete-----What's that?

Sailor----What?

Pete-----Didn't you hear something behind that bush?

Sailor----Haw.

(Pete looks at bush)

Come on let's divide up.

Minnie----Ker chew.

Pete-----~~(starts)~~ There, I heard it again. Sounded like a sneeze. I bet some-one is spying on us. (Goes to bush) Oh, Ha, see what I found. (Hears out Minnie who screams) Look at the pretty little lady. Well, well, isn't she a little beauty. (Chucks her under the chin) (Minnie cries and struggles. Pluto barks and paws at Pete) Here Bill, hold this little bird while I open up the chest. I'll take her as part of my share. How'll you like to come home with me my pretty? (Tries to kiss Minnie who struggles and pushes him away) Time for that later. Now for the sugar.

(Bill holds Minnie. Pete leans over chest. Scarecrow rises)

Scarecrow-Oh-ho that girl. Why did you steal?

(Bill drops Minnie. Both start back)

Bill-----It's Captain Church House.

Pete-----It's his ghost.

(Both yell and run)

Mickey----Ha, ha, ha. (Drops scarecrow and hugs Minnie)

Widow-----Well, you're going to get one too and Pluto, what will we get
for him, the good doggie. Poor Mrs. Chipmunk. She is sick. I'll take
her some dainties, and Clara Cow has a mortgage on her farm.
We'll see what we can do to help her. I want you to promise me
that you will help me to help others.

Mickey

& -----Oh yes indeed, we will. Won't it be fun.

Minnie

Widow----- (Looks at picture on wall) Dear Captain Church Mouse.

(Mickey and Minnie embrace)

CURTAIN

A MONKEY TALE

- Monkey: I am Jocke the monk. I make my bow to you. I wave my tail and I screech, and here's my Mother. Oh, hello, Mother.
(He pulls her down)
- Mother: Hello, Jocke, be a good boy and always screech. I'm going to fetch some food for you and your father. Don't forget what I told you, Jocke.
- Monkey: I will, Mother. I'll screech for help when I need it and screech to warn the jungle people when danger is about.
Goodbye.
- Mother: Goodbye, Jocke.
- Monkey: The jungle is a warm, damp place full of tall trees jammed together and vines growing over everything. I was born in the jungle, I love it. Oh! Oh! Here comes Leo the Lion! Ha! Ha! Leo you can't catch me!
- Lion: It's a good thing you're up there because I happen to be mighty hungry today. (Growl)
- Monkey: That parrot over there would make a much better meal than I would.
- Parrot: Ark
- Lion: Growl
- Monkey: Oh! here comes the tiger. He won't even see me. (Crawls up higher) (Tiger growls and goes out)
- Monkey: (Swings by his hands*)
Oh, hello, Jumbo
(Jumbo reaches up with his trunk and grabs the monkey by the tail)
- Monkey: Oh! Let go of me, Jumbo!

(Elephant exits)

Did I say there were crocodiles here? There are.

(Enters Crocodile)

See that big crocodile - See him holding his mouth wide open. Why, do you suppose? I'll tell you - Because here comes the Zick Zack bird (Zick Zack bird flies in) now to pick his teeth.

He is the only tooth brush the old crocodile has. (Monkey climbs lower and lower to get a better look. The vine breaks he falls behind crocodile) (Crocodile sees him and turns and snaps at him) Oooh - Oooh - Chatter, chatter, chatter!!! (Scrambles up tree)

(Mother enters)

Mother: Whatever is the matter?

Monkey: See that crocodile (Crocodile slips into river) Oh! Mother (hides head on breast of Mother) He almost got me. I am so relieved.

CURTAIN

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES
Puppet Play in 2 Series

Characters - Pharooch - Princess
Counsellor - Attendant
Soldier - Baby Moses
Miriam
Mother of Moses

Scene I. Palace of Pharooch

Pharooch & Counsellor discovered.

Pharooch - What shall we do with these Hebrews - they multiply too greatly in our land

Counsellor - Yea, my lord, something must be done. They flourish in spite of the hardships we have imposed upon them. Why not kill their male children. Then we would know that they at least could not grow up to plague us.

Pharooch - True - I shall give the order immediately.
Call the captain of the Guard.

Counsellor - (Steps to side of stage)
Calls - Captain - Here -

Pharooch - The numbers of the Hebrews plague my sleep -
Enter Captain - bows before Pharooch

Pharooch - Take men and slay all the Hebrew boy babies in the land - Rid me of these brats.

Captain bows and exits -

Counsellor - 'Tis well done - My Lord -

- CURTAIN -

SCENE II

Private garden pool & Pharooh's daughter.

Enter Miriam and the Mother of Moses, carrying the infant Moses.

Miriam (Looking at the baby) Oh, Mother, how can we give him up?
Mother We could not, little daughter, were it not to save his life.

Miriam Couldn't we even keep him a month longer?

Mother You know we cannot. Only yesterday he cried so loudly that an Egyptian, passing by, looked at the house with suspicion.

Miriam I know, and our neighbor, Sarah, told me she heard something like a baby's cry coming from our house.

Mother Isn't he beautiful?

Miriam How could anyone be so cruel as to want to kill a baby?

Mother Pharooh is afraid of the Hebrews. He thinks that if he kills the boy babies they can never grow up to fight him. He forgets Joseph and how he saved all the land of Egypt from famine.

Miriam I wonder what his daughter, the Princess, thinks of his law. How would he feel if someone killed her.

Mother He loves her above everything else, I have heard, and no wonder. I hear she is very beautiful and very kind. All her maids love her. If only she would find our baby.

Miriam Mother, you don't mean that this is why you have come so near to Pharooh's palace.

Mother Yes, that is why. I feel as though Jehovah is guiding me. This is where the Princess comes to bathe. What is she should find him.

Miriam She couldn't help but love him

Mother She alone could protect him from Pharooh, but we must leave him now or someone will hear us. Bring the basket here.

Miriam Do you think it will really keep out the water?

Mother I think so. We smeared the clay on very thickly. (Lays the baby in)

Miriam He loves it. Do you like your fine new bed? (To the baby)

Mother Little darling (Turns away) How fortunate he does not understand.

Miriam Mother, I think I hear someone coming.

Mother We'll hide the ark here in the bulrushes. Is it the soldiers?

Miriam (Looking off stage) No, it is the Princess and her maids.

Mother Hide nearby and see what happens

Miriam Quick-they must not see us

BOTH EXIT

Enter Princess and Attendants

Princess How hot it is today

Attendant The water will be cool here

Princess Yes, that is why I like this spot. It is shady and the pool is deep

Attendant (Fells water) It is cool. (Baby crys, attendant jumps) What is that?

Princess It sounded like a baby's cry. Where could it come from?

Attendant-I think it came from the rushes (Peers in) There is a basket there

Princess- (To slave) Fetch the basket for us (Slave bows and brings basket to Princess) It is a baby and what a beautiful one. Don't cry, pretty one. There, there - he grasps my finger.

Attendant Why, he is smiling at you

Princess How could it happen that a baby should be here?

Attendant It is probably one of the Hebrew children. You know Pharooch has ordered all Hebrew boy babies killed.

Princess Yes, I know, his Mother could hide him at home no longer.

Attendant Oh! the soldiers are coming - what will you do? They will take him and kill him.

Princess Am I not Pharooch's daughter? Leave it to me.

Enter Soldier - Princess faces him - attendant and babe behind - Soldier bows low -

Princess What seek ye here? Know ye not that this pool and garden belong to Pharooch's daughter?

Soldier (Bows again) Pharooch's orders were that we leave no place unsought for Hebrew children.

Princess Pass on - I wish to bathe.

(Baby cries)

Soldier (Starts to leave) and then pauses at the cry)

Surely a babies cry -

Princess Yea, tis my adopted son

Soldier bows & exits

Attendant What an escape for our dear bate. Will Pharooh find out?

Princess It matters not - he can refuse me nothing. How old do you think he is?

Attendant About four months old, I should think.

Princess I know nothing about babies, do you? Have you ever cared for one?

Attendant No. I never have.

Princess We must have a nurse (Miriam enters timidly and bows before the Princess) Who are you my child?

Miriam I am Miriam - the daughter of Amram, the Hebrew. I heard you say you needed a nurse. Shall I call a Hebrew woman for you?

Princess Yes, do, bring her to us quickly. (Miriam runs out) it will be wonderful to have a baby to watch and love.

Attendant What shall you name him?

Princess I will call him Moses, because I drew him out of the water.
(ENTER MIRIAM AND MOTHER OF MOSES)
Is this the woman?

Miriam It is, Princess

Princess (To Mother) Will you care for this child for me?

Mother I will, Princess, you cannot imagine how happy ti will make me.

Princess Take him then, and nurse him, and I will give you your wages Follow me to the palace.

Mother Yes, Princess (Picks up child)

Princess Come, I will not bathe today (EXIT PRINCESS AND ATTENDANTS)

Miriam He is safe

Mother Yes, Jehovah has saved him. Go tell your father that all is well.

- CURTAIN -

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER CHILDREN.

Scene I Home of Mother Goose
Mother Goose discovered when curtain rises.

Mother Goose: Dear me I wonder where Little BoPeep can be?
(goes to the side and calls BoPeep, BoPeep)

BoPeep runs in crying (Boo-hoo-hoo)
Puts her head down on Mother Goose's shouldr.

BoPeep: Oh Mother Goose I've lost my sheep and I can't tell where
to find them.

(Mother Goose pats her on shoulder)

Mother Goose: There--there leave them alone and they'll come home
bringing their tails behind them.

(BoPeep raises her head)

BoPeep: Do you really think so? Mother Goose

Mother Goose: I'm sure of it. But where is Little Boy Blue?

BoPeep: I saw him under the haycock fast asleep.

Mother Goose: Dear--dear that careless boy go wake him up and tell
him to blow his horn.

BoPeep: Go wake him so not I for if I do he is bound to cry.

Mother Goose: Never mind go wake him as I tell you and tell him to
blow his horn.

BoPeep: Alright (Exit)
Mother Goose:

I am sure the sheep will be in the meadow and the cows in the
corn.

(A horn is heard off stage)

Mother Goose: Well I hope that will bring them back where they belong.

(Enter Little Boy Blue crying)

Mother Goose: You are too big a boy to cry when you are wakened, stop
right away.

L. Boy Blue: (sniffles but stops)
Mother Goose:

Did you get the cows out of the meadow?

B. Blue: I did.

Mother Goose: And the sheep out of the corn?

B. Blue: Yes.

Mother Goose: Will I be able to depend on you next time not to go to sleep?

B. Blue: Yes you can. (Mother Goose pats him on the shoulder)

Mother Goose: That's a good boy.

B. Blue: But I am so sleepy Mother Goose.

Mother Goose: Well then you must come to bed, you come right along with me up stairs.

(Little Boy Blue stretches)

B. Blue: Oh alright.

Exit.

Curtain.

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES

A puppet play in one scene.

6th grade girls only copy

Enter Miriam and the Mother of Moses, carrying Moses.

- MIRIAM: (Looking at the baby) Oh Mother! How can we give him up?
MOTHER: We could not, little daughter, were it not to save his life.
MIRIAM: Couldn't we even keep him a month longer?
MOTHER: You know we cannot. Only yesterday he cried so loudly that an Egyptian, passing by, looked at the house with suspicion.
MIRIAM: I know, and our neighbor, Sarah, told me she heard something like a baby's cry coming from our house.
MOTHER: Isn't he beautiful?
MIRIAM: How could anyone be so cruel as to want to kill a baby?
MOTHER: Pharaoh is afraid of the Hebrews. He thinks that if he kills the boy babies they can never grow up to fight him. He forgets Joseph and how he saved all the land of Egypt from famine.
MIRIAM: I wonder what his daughter, the Princess, thinks of his law. How would he feel if someone killed her!
MOTHER: He loves her above everything else, I have heard, and no wonder. I hear she is very beautiful and very kind. All her maids love her. If only she would find our baby!
MIRIAM: Mother, you don't mean that that is why you have come so near to Pharaoh's place? *palace*
MOTHER: Yes, that is why. I feel as though Jehovah is guiding me. This is where the Princess comes to bathe. What if she should find him!
MIRIAM: She couldn't help but love him.
MOTHER: She alone could protect him from Pharaoh. But we must leave him now or someone will hear us. Bring the basket here.
MIRIAM: Do you think it will really keep out the water?
MOTHER: I think so. We smeared the clay on very thickly. (Lays the baby in)
MIRIAM: He loves it. Do you like your fine new bed? (To the baby)
MOTHER: Little darling. (Turns away) How fortunate he does not understand!
MIRIAM: Mother, I think I hear someone coming.
MOTHER: We'll hide the ark here in the bulrushes.
MIRIAM: (Looking off-stage) It is the Princess and her maids!
MOTHER: Hide nearby and see what happens.
MIRIAM: Quick - they must not see us.

Exit both.

Enter Princess and Attendants.

- PRINCESS: How hot it is today!
ATTENDANT: The water will be cool here.
PRINCESS: Yes, that is why I like this spot. It is shady and the pool is deep.
ATTENDANT: (Stooping down to feel the water) It is cool. (Baby cries) (Attendant starts up) What is that?
PRINCESS: It sounded like a baby's cry. Where could it have come from?

ATTENDANT: I think it came from the rushes. (Points) (Peers in)
There is a basket there.

PRINCESS: (To slave) Fetch the basket for us.

Slave bows and brings basket to Princess.
It is a baby, and what a beautiful one! Don't cry,
pretty one. There, there - see - he grasps my finger.

ATTENDANT: Why, he is smiling at you.

PRINCESS: How could it happen that a baby should be here?

ATTENDANT: It is probably one of the Hebrew children. You know,
Pharaoh has ordered all Hebrew boy babies killed.

PRINCESS: Yes, I know. His mother could hide him at home no longer;
but no one shall kill this beautiful baby.

ATTENDANT: What will you do?

PRINCESS: Am I not Pharaoh's daughter? I will keep him. I will
adopt him.

ATTENDANT: What if Pharaoh finds out?

PRINCESS: He can refuse me nothing. How old do you think he is?

ATTENDANT: About four months old, I should think.

PRINCESS: I know nothing about babies, do you? Have you ever cared
for one?

ATTENDANT: No, I never have.

PRINCESS: We must have a nurse.

(Miriam enters timidly and bows before the Princess)
Who are you, my child?

MIRIAM: I am Miriam - the daughter of Amram, the Hebrew. I heard
you say you needed a nurse. Shall I call a Hebrew
woman for you?

PRINCESS: Yes, do. Bring her to us quickly.

(Miriam runs out)

It will be wonderful to have a baby to watch and love.

ATTENDANT: What shall you name him?

PRINCESS: I will call him Moses, because I drew him out of the
water.

(Enter Miriam and the Mother of Moses)

Is this the woman?

MIRIAM: It is, Princess.

PRINCESS: (To Mother) Will you care for this child for me?

MOTHER: I will Princess. You cannot imagine how happy it will
make me.

PRINCESS: Take him, then, and nurse him, and I will give you your
wages. Follow me to the palace.

MOTHER: Yes, Princess. (Picks up child)

PRINCESS: Come, I will not bathe today.

(Exit Princess, Attendants, and Slaves)

MIRIAM: He is safe!

MOTHER: Yes, Jehovah has saved him. Go tell you father that all
is well.

Curtain

THE MAGIC PITCHER

ACT I

(Scene opens with mother walking back and forth in front of the house with the baby in her arms. Sings a short lullaby, then stops and talks to child)

MOTHER: "There, there, baby! - Go to sleep. Mother knows you get hungry sometimes - but there isn't any more milk to give you. Yesterday I was so tired I couldn't work, baby, and I didn't have any money to buy any more and ~~there~~ won't be a bit to give to Jean and Suzette. Oh, sometimes I wonder what is going to happen to us - to you, and little Jean and Suzette. If I only knew what I could do to make us all well and strong again. I get so tired - so tired."

(Enter Suzette from left - beckoning off stage)

SUZETTE: "Sh-sh-sh" (whispering) "Jean! Jean! Come here! Look at mother - she is crying again. What can be the trouble?"

(Enter Jean, coming up close to Suzette)

JEAN: "I don't know, Suzette, mother looks that way most of the time now. She keeps saying she is so tired."

SUZETTE: "Well, I just heard her say she wished she could make us strong agin."

JEAN: "I know, Suzette, let's make believe we are strong. Let's dance around and play and then maybe mother will think we feel fine."

SUZETTE: "Yes, Jean - we can play 'round and round the mulberry bush'. Come let's take hold of hands and you sing."

(The children face each other and start dancing around, Jean singing as loudly as he can)

SUZETTE: "See, mother, we are playing again - we're having such fun."

(They start to slow down and Jean says)

JEAN: "O, Suzette, I'm getting so tired, aren't you?"

SUZETTE: "Yes, Jean - but see, mother is watching - we must keep on."

(After jumping and singing for a few moments
they gradually slow down until they stop)

"I just can't do that any more, Jean. I just have to sit down.
Come, let's go over and sit under that tree. Maybe we can think
of something to do for mother that won't make/have to walk or
us
run."

(Exit children)

MOTHER: (following children and watching them out of sight)

"My poor children. Oh, how I wish I could be sure that they were
going to grow up strong and well. There, there, baby, go to sleep,
go to sleep."

CURTAIN

ACT II

(Scene is laid in the woods back of the house.
Background of large trees. In the foreground
a low stump)

(Enter mother from left carrying a bundle of
sticks. Walks around slowly, looking for
children)

MOTHER: "There Jean and Suzette, you may go home now. We have enough
wood for the fire and to cook supper. Suzette, you look at
the baby and see if he is all right. He was asleep when I
left."

CHILDREN: (off stage) "All right, mother."

(Mother goes slowly over to stump and sits down)

MOTHER: "I am so tired, so tired, I think I'll sit down on the stump and
rest awhile. The sun is so nice and warm here. I wonder if the
fairies have forgotten about us. They say if people are kind to
each other that the fairies will help them, and surely my children
are kind to everyone. I am so sleepy I can hardly keep my head
up."

(Bend over slowly nodding)

(Enter Fairy from right - comes toward mother and touches her on the head with wand)

FAIRY: "Wake up! Wake up, little mother! I have come to talk to you."

(Mother raises head then sees the fairy and jumps to her feet, sending pile of wood to the ground. Bows to fairy and keeps backing away from her.)

MOTHER: "Oh, oh! Oh! - Who are you? Am I dreaming?"

FAIRY: "Do not be afraid, little mother. I have come to help you. I have been sent by the other fairies to talk to you and to bring you a present."

MOTHER: "Oh, a present for me?"

FAIRY: "Yes - the fairies want to help you but they could not decide which present you would like to have. One fairy said 'Let us give the mother a bag of gold. That will buy so many things for her.' But another said 'That's such a common gift for the fairies to give - I think it would be much nicer to give her a beautiful rose-bush - one that would grow over all the house and cover it with its beautiful flowers.' But still another fairy said 'I know what the mother would like to have - The Magic Pitcher. She was wishing that the children would be strong again, and that would be just the thing.' So they have sent me to ask you, which one you would like to have - the bag of gold - the beautiful rose-bush - or the Magic Pitcher."

MOTHER: "Oh, Fairy, - you are indeed very kind - but how can I choose! I want so much to take the one which will make my children really happy. The rose-bush would indeed be beautiful and just to think of it covering my little house! But the roses would only bloom a short time, and then be gone. The same way with the gold. I know only too well that it would take only a short time and that would be gone, too. But the Magic Pitcher! Fairy, you said that would always be full of milk?"

FAIRY: "Yes, little mother - that is why it is called the Magic Pitcher - because it is always full of milk."

MOTHER: "Just to think what that would mean - to know that little Jean and Suzette, the baby - and I too - could always have plenty of milk to drink! That it would always be here even till the children were all grown up. Oh, Fairy, that is the gift I should like to have. Will you please tell the other fairies that I should like to have the Magic Pitcher."

FAIRY: (floating toward the mother and bowing)
"Oh, little mother, you have chosen wisely and well. All the fairies know what a wonderful gift the Magic Pitcher is. They will be so happy when they know you have chosen it. Now I shall go right away and tell them, so that by the time you reach home the gift will be waiting for you."

MOTHER: "So soon, Fairy!"

FAIRY: "Yes - for as soon as I tell the other fairies, they will place it on your table in the twinkling of an eye. Goodbye, little mother, goodbye. Goodbye. Goodbye."

(Fairy leaves right waving wand over mother as she disappears)

(Mother stands still for a moment as if dazed and talking to herself)

MOTHER: "Am I dreaming? Was the Fairy really here? Oh yes, I know she was. I really saw her."

(Starts running around and looking for children)

MOTHER: "Jean! Suzette! Where are you? Come quickly! We must go home! The fairies are going to bring us a present. They are going to bring us the Magic Pitcher!"

(exit)

CURTAIN

ACT III

(Inside the house. Background interior scene with stove and table in one corner, window in center back, table in center foreground on which is sitting the Magic Pitcher. Bed at one side of room - chair on the other)

(As curtain goes up, mother is heard singing a tune of one of the songs the children dance by. She is first standing by the stove, then starts doing some dance steps and begins to sing more gaily)

MOTHER: "Oh, I am so happy! So happy! I feel just like dancing the way the children do. Let me see, what is that little dance they do with that tune (starts to do the dance, still singing, then stops, laughing to herself) but I must be careful or I shall wake up the baby."

(Goes to the bed and leans over it looking as if the baby were asleep)

"Oh, how sweet he is! And how big and strong he is getting to be. He grows rounder and rosier every day - not much like the little baby I used to have - so sick and weak and crying all the time. I, too, am so much stronger. Why, I work hard every single day and hardly ever get tired like I used to."

(Goes over to the window and looks out)

"There are Jean and Suzette out there playing - Jean is playing ball with the boys and Suzette is running for all she is worth. How happy they are, too, and how strong they are getting every day!"

(She turns and goes to the table where the Magic Pitcher is sitting)

"Oh, my little Magic Pitcher, you are the one that has made us all happy. Since you came to us - since the children have been drinking milk every day, our family has grown happier all the time. I wonder if the fairies can see - if they can know how much they have helped us."

(Goes back to the stove as if to prepare supper)

MOTHER: "But I must hurry and start supper. The children will soon be coming in - and, oh, how hungry they will be. Let me see, we'll have some nice milk, vegetable soup with some prunes and bread and butter, with plenty of milk to drink. That's the kind of supper to make boys and girls grow."

(Suzette is heard calling off stage)

SUZETTE: "Mother, mother - mother-r-r"

(Suzette enters)

"Oh, mother, mother - do you know what Jean did! - Do you hear the boys calling? I could hardly wait to get here and tell you - Jean made their team win the game to-day - isn't that just wonderful? Oh, I'm so happy! I'm so happy! I'm so happy!

(Keeps jumping up and down and running back and forth)

MOTHER: "Sh-sh-Suzette, you must be careful, the baby is still asleep."

SUZETTE: (trying to keep voice down)
"I'm sorry, mother, but I just feel like shouting! To think it was our Jean who did that! I wish he would hurry up and come home so we could hear all about it. There he is now - (goes to door) Hurry, Jean, hurry - we want to hear all about the game!"

JEAN: (off stage, still in the distance)
"I'm coming Suzette, wait till I get my hat and coat off."

(Jean finally comes in and Suzette runs up to him)

SUZETTE: "Oh, Jean, tell us about it. What happened? What did you do to make the boys call out like that. They were throwing their hats in the air and saying 'Jean won the game for us' - 'Jean won the game for us!'"

JEAN: "I didn't do it all, Suzette."

SUZETTE: "But tell us about it."

JEAN: "Well - the game was almost over and the score was a tie - five to five - then I made a run and that made our side win. That's all, Suzette."

SUZETTE: "But that did it, Jean. And now the boys know you can play ball after all. I'm so glad aren't you?"

JEAN: "You bet, I am, Suzette, you know those boys used to make fun of me and no one wanted/^{me}to play on their team, but now they all asked me to be sure and come on their side to-morrow. Do you remember that day, Suzette, when we tried to dance 'round and round the mulberry bush' to make mother smile? Remember how tired we got?"

SUZETTE: "Yes, Jean, that was the day the fairy came and brought us the Magic Pitcher (goes over to table). You know, Jean, ever since we have been drinking milk, we have been getting stronger every day. That's what has done it. (Runs over to mother) Oh, mother, we are so glad that you are so wise. To think you chose the Magic Pitcher and we are all so much happier than we would have been with the other gifts."

JEAN: "But sometimes mother don't you wish you could have the rose-bush ~~and~~ the bag of gold too?"

MOTHER: "Hush, Jean, you must not talk that way. Besides, I really do have the roses and the gold too."

(Children running to mother)

CHILDREN: "Oh, mother, tell us, where are they? Why didn't you show them to us before?"

MOTHER: "Listen, children. ~~It~~ is not as you think. Suzette look at Jean. Jean look at Suzette. See the roses in your cheeks? That's where my roses are - and I should much rather have them there than have the most beautiful rose-bush in the world."

JEAN: "That's right mother. Suzette surely is prettier than when she had that thin, pale face."

SUZETTE: "Oh, mother, did you hear that? Jean says I'm prettier. But mother we don't have the gold, do we?"

MOTHER: "Yes, my dear, don't you see, I am so much stronger now since I have been drinking the milk too, that I can work every day and I earn ever so much more money. Besides, it is not just the money that brings happiness. When people are healthy and strong they can always be happy. Health and happiness go together."

JEAN: "That's right, mother. We are all much happier now, and soon I'll be so big and strong that I can earn just lots of money."

SUZETTE: "And I, too, mother. I can earn money, I know."

MOTHER: "Yes, children. It won't be long before you will all be earning too."

JEAN: "But, mother, when I look at that pitcher it makes me so hungry. Is supper almost ready?"

MOTHER: "Yes, Jean, but you must get your hands and face washed first."

SUZETTE: "Oh, yes, mother-just see how dirty his hands are!"

JEAN: "Well - how can I play ball if I don't get dirty, Suzette?"

SUZETTE: "That's right, Jean. Come let's hurry and get all scrubbed up nice and clean. I'm so hungry!"

(Exit children)

(Mother goes to table and looks at the pitcher)

MOTHER: "Yes, my little Magic Pitcher, you are the one that has made us happy. (Looks up as if at children in room) Oh, how I wish I could tell all boys and girls that it would make them strong and happy, too, if they would only drink their four cups of milk every day."

(Mother goes back to stove)

"But I must hurry, the children will soon be back and how hungry they will be!"

(Starts singing the same little dance tune as at the beginning)

Revised

THE MAGIC POTION.

Scene I

Bed room of the Princess Lalla. Lalla discovered in bed. Nurse comes in quietly and peeps at Lalla, then goes to window and opens curtains to let the sun shine in.

Lalla----- (Crossly) Don't pull the curtains. The sun hurts my eyes. Go away and let me alone.

Nurse----- Why, Princess, the sun is beautiful and it is time you were up and had your breakfast.

Lalla----- I hate the sun. I don't want any breakfast. I don't feel well and I'm lonsome.

Nurse----- I'm sorry, because the Queen, your Mother, is coming to see you and we must'n't worry her. Come, dear Princess, sit up and let nurse brush your hair and wash your face. (Raises Lalla) My, my, ~~what~~ a cross little face. Can't you smile?

Lalla----- No. I don't feel like smiling.

Enter QUEEN. Nurse curtsys.

Queen----- (Goes to side of bed) Good morning, Lalla darling, how are you this fine bright morning?

Lalla----- (Sullenly) I'm alright.

Queen----- Didn't you sleep well, my pet?

Lalla----- I slept well enough.

(Queen looks at nurse who shakes head)

Queen----- Come, come, this won't do. I have a fine surprise for you. Something to make you laugh. Won't it nurse?

Nurse----- Oh yes, indeed, your Majesty.

Queen----- (To Lalla) Guess what the surprise is, my dear.

Lalla----- I don't like surprises, unless it is Roland come to see me.

Queen----- And who is Roland, pray-

Nurse----- He is the little boy who used to play with the Princess until his Majesty, the King, forbade it.

Queen----- Oh yes. Just a common little boy. Childern ~~XX~~ ^{who} play with my littlee Princess must be of noble blood.

Lalla----- (Indignantly) Roland isn't common altho his father is a merchant and not a Duke or an Earl. He is yhe nicest little boy I know.

Queen----- Well, anyway, you'll like my surprise much better than Roland I-

Lalla-----No I won't. (Flounces about in bed)

Nurse-----Princess, that isn't the way to speak to your royal Mother.

Queen-----You are feeling very badly this morning, my dear- (then brightly)
Guess what my surprise is.

Lalla----- (Indifferently) Is it a juggler with snakes in a basket?

Queen-----No--not that. Guess again.

Lalla-----It's some Egyptian dancers.

Queen-----No, guess again.

Lalla----- (Crossly) I'm tired of guessing.

Queen-----Well then, it is a funny little Dwarf who is going to make you
laugh.

Lalla-----I don't feel like laughing.

Queen-----Oh, but you will, when you see him. (to nurse) Hemis outside,
tell him to come in.

NURSE goes to door and motions.

Nurse-----The Queen bids you enter.

DWARF enters, kneels and kisses Queen's hand.

Queen----- (Motions to him to go to Princess) Look, darling is he not
droll? Doesn't it make you laugh to look at him? (Laughs
merrily. Nurse joins in while Dwarf goes to Princesses bedside
and kisses her hand.)

Lalla-----I think he is ugly. Take him away.

Queen-----Make her laugh, funny little Dwarf.

Dwarf----- (In a high squeaky voice, jumping up and down.) Do you like
riddles, your highness?

Lalla-----What kind of riddles?

Dwarf-----Funny riddles--rhyming riddles.

Lalla-----I don't know. Let's hear one.

Dwarf----- (Wags head to rythm) From a palace, white and thin,
Lots come out but none go in.
What's the answer to that, hey?

Lalla-----I don't like palaces. They're tiresome.

Queen-----Let's us try, Nurse, what could it be? (They all think)
I give up.

Nurse-----So do I.

Queen-----What's the answer?

Dwarf----- (Jumping up and down) The answer is an egg shell. Ha, ha.
Nothing ever goes back into an egg shell. (Queen and Nurse
join in laugh. Lalla is as cross as ever.)

Queen-----Give us another.

Dwarf----- (Waggles head to time)
Something sweet and also sour,
Made by a Queen in a summer hour.
What's that-hey-your Majesty, what's that?

Queen-----Dear, dear what can that be? Lalla, surely you can guess that one.

Lalla-----Oh, tell him to go away.

Queen-----Alack, tis no use. Tell us the answer, stupid one.

Dwarf-----A tart, your Majesty. That may be sweet and may be sour.

Queen-----True enough, but go now.
(Dwarf bows and backs out as SERVANT enters)

Servant---His Majesty, the King.

Queen----- (To nurse) I am glad he has come. Something must be done.

ENTER THE KING Nurse and Queen curtsy.

King----- (Kisses Queen) Well, my love, how is our little Princess this
morning? (Goes to bed)

Queen-----She is not well. She is failing each day, before our eyes.
See how pale she is.

Lalla-----Good morning, Father.

King-----Where are all the roses that were in your cheeks? Did the
court physician visit you yesterday?

Lalla-----Yes, Father.

Queen-----He is an old foggy. He accomplishes nothing. There are surely
much wiser in the kingdom. All he does is to dose her with
pills and powders. She has grown worse every day. (Begins to sob)
If you don't do something we will lose our darling, who is dearer
to us than our whole kingdom.

King----- (Patting Queen) There, there, my dear. I'll do anything you say;
offer any reward, be it half of my kingdom, to him who restores
Lalla to health.

Queen-----That's it. Send heralds abroad thru the city and thru the
kingdom, with your proclamation. Something must be done.

King-----I shall do it immediately. (Kisses Lalla) Our little Princess
must be made well again. (Starts off)

CURTAIN

-3-

(4)

The Magic Potion.

Scene I. (continued)

King: (Patting her) There! there! my love! I'll do anything you say, - offer any reward, be it half my kingdom to him, who restores her to health.

Queen: That is just what you must do. Send heralds abroad and throughout the Kingdom with the proclamation. The situation is desperate.

King: It shall be done. I'll give the orders immediately.

Curtain.

Scene II.

Man and boy discovered in a street.

Herald: (Passes through the street- blows trumpet and calls)
Hear ye! hear ye!- the Proclamation of His Majesty, the King! Anyone, restoring the health of the Princess Lalla, may ask any reward, be it to half of his Majesty's kingdom. Hear ye! hear ye!

(Passes on through , exits)

Son, Roland: Did you hear that father? I knew Lalla was ill. Cant we do something for her? I know she is as lonesome for me as I am for her.

Sarus, Father: What could we do, Roland? It was His Majesty's order that forbad you to see her, because I am only a shop-keeper.

Roland: I know, but he really loves her and would do anything to make her well again. Couldn't you go to him in disguise as a wizard or wise man?

Sarus- Probably all the child needs is good fresh milk, nourishing food, exercise and rest. That is what has kept my children healthy.

Roland: That may be so but I know she is lonesome for me too. I have it, Couldn't you pretend milk was a wonderful medicine.

Sarus: Well that is rather a bright idea. It might be called a wonderful white potion. If the King received me, I could make all the rules as to her treatment and food, ~~dit~~ diet I'd call it.

Roland: Yes and you could have me go with you as a page. One rule would be for us to be alone with her in the garden, so we could play together as we used to do. Oh father dear you cant refuse. We might save out little Princess life.

Sarus: Well, it might be done.

-4-

(5)

The Magic Potion.

Scene II. (continued)

Roland: You must do it father. The King offers to give any reward asked. You can ask him to let me be her companion again. Wont you father? You know we love each other dearly.

Sarus: I will try it - tho it is dangerous business.

Curtain.

SCENE III.

Audience chamber of the King.

Servant: Nuna, a wizard from the East comes to offer his services to restore to health the Princess Lalla.

King: Show him in.

(Servant bows low - Enter Rolands' father Sarus, disguised as Nuna and Roland, disguised)

King: Enter sire. I have received the messages you sent to me telling of wonderful cures. I have great hopes that your occult wisdom may be the means of restoring the Princess Lalla to health.

Nuna: (Bows low- clasping bottle of milk to his bosom) Your Majesty, this magic potion that I bring with me, properly administered, has the power that you seek. It is marvelous in restoring and preserving health.

King: I fervently hope it will have that power over Lalla's sickness.

Nuna: Of that I have no doubt, if I am permitted to administer it, under the most favorable conditions.

King: You may have your way in everything.

Nuna: Then I ask that I be allowed to spend two hours each morning and two hours each afternoon, alone in the garden with the Princess. I guarantee her safety. Then she must each meal, drink one glass full of my magic potion and with it eat vegetables and fruit prepared as I shall direct. When this treatment has been followed during the day, I will have her given a glass-ful of the potion, warmed before she retires - this making sure a night of restful sleep. Give me three weeks to carry out this plan and you will find your child well on the road to complete health.

King: Your will shall be law. Her Majesty, the Queen is most anxious about her daughter's condition and will cooperate and rejoice that you have come to help us.

~~5~~
The Magic Potion.

Scene III (Continued)

Nuna: I will do all in my power for the Princess but I must be permitted the attendance of my page boy here to wait upon me.

King: Of course, he may attend you.
(Page boy bows)

Nuna: Thank you, Sire.

King: (To servant) Take the seer to the Queen and Princess.
(Servant and all bow low and exit)

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

The garden of the Princess three weeks later.

The Princess Lalla is playing Tag with Roland while the father sits by.

Lalla: You're "it" and you can't catch me.

Dances about.

Roland: Can't I, though. Just watch me. (Rushes at her- catches her cries) "Tag" - (They both laugh merrily and sit down panting.)

Nuna: When His Majesty, your father sees you now, my child, he will think you are well indeed.

Lalla: (Laughing) Yes, he certainly will and it is all due to your wonderful magic potion, milk - My! won't he be surprised ~~to~~ when he finds that mysterious white liquid comes from Mrs. Bossy Cow.

They all laugh.

Roland: Don't forget me. I helped too. I made you laugh and run about so you could drink more milk.

Lalla: (Pats him) Of course Roland, dear, I couldn't get along without you.

Roland: Do you think the king, your father will be angry?

Lalla: I hope not. He really loves me and will be happy to see I am well and strong once more. He must never take you from me again, though.

Roland: Father dear (goes to Sarus) You are going to ask that as the reward, aren't you. To let me be Lalla's playmate.

Nuna: I will do my best- dear children but enough of this talk. I have sent word to his Majesty that he can come to view your progress Lalla - He may come any time. Let me see you do that little dance again.

(7)

~~-6-~~
The Magic Potion.

Scene IV. (continued)

Roland: Alright.

Lalla: Oh, yes, let's dance - Bid the musician play some dance music.

(Roland steps off stage)

Music begins - He returns. They dance.

Enter Servant Who Announces-

Servant: His Majesty the King sends word that he will visit the Princesses.

Nuna: Quick- Roland- go conceal yourself until I call you.

Roland runs out.

Lalla: Oh! what will father say?

Nuna: Now for the test. Will he forgive us.

Voice outside.

Voice: His Majesty:-

Enter the King.

Nuna bows low- Lalla runs to him and throws herself in his arms.

Lalla: Oh father dear. See how well I am again,-

King: (Holding her off) Can it be possible- Is this my pale little listless girl of three weeks ago. What roses there are in your cheeks!

(Turns to Nuna)

Our deepest gratitude is due you. How did you accomplish it?

Nuna: The magic potion, together with open air and long sleeps have done the work, your Majesty.

King: Indeed they have. And now for your reward. Name what you will, tho it be half of my kingdom.

Nuna: (Kneels and remains kneeling) Your majesty, I am an imposter. I am not the Wizard, Nuna as you think, but only Sarus, the shopkeeper, father of Roland. My son loves your daughter and grieved deeply on learning of her illness. He begged me to help her. The reward I ask is your forgiveness for our deception and your permission that they may be playmates once again.

8

The Magic Potion.

Scene IV.(continued)

Nuna: (calls) Roland, enter - (turns to the king) He was my page.

(Roland enters and falls on knees.)

King: How dared you do this thing! (Angrily)

Lalla: (Embraces her father) Darling Father, do not be angry! What they did, they did to help me and not for their own gain. They ask nothing for themselves. Please forgive them. See how well I am.

King: That is true my dear, Perhaps they meant it all for the best - (Impulsively) I forgive you. (Raises Sarus and Roland) As for Roland's being your companion, I will raise Sarus to the peerage. You shall be "Earl Nuna" then Roland's rank will entitle him to be your companion.

Nuna: (Kisses the King's hand.) Oh, your Majesty!

Roland kisses hand of King.

King: (turns to Nuna) But that magic potion- What was it?

Nuna: Milk, Sire, just pure milk, the magic potion, that every child can have to make and keep him or her well.

King: So - it was milk. Well, Well- the story of what it has done for the Princess must be sent far and wide that all the children of my kingdom may know it for the magic potion that it is.

Curtain.

Note:-- If Roland is disguised as a negro page in the second scene, there will have to be two Roland puppets. He might not appear but only be mentioned and then only the one puppet would be necessary. There would have to be a puppet each for Sarus and Nuna. Nuna could be dressed like pictures of the Wizard Nuna.

THE MONTEZUMA LEGEND

Prologue

The Pueblo Indians tell a story of their nature god, Poseymo. He had as his father the great Sun himself. His mother was a poor little Indian girl. Poseymo ran wild through the woods and over the mountains until he was grown. The time came to draw lots for a new high priest. To everyone's surprise the lot fell to Poseymo. The old men were horrified but Poseymo seemed to think it was perfectly natural. When washed and dressed in beautiful clothes with his hair properly arranged, he was handsome. He was a good high priest also, but the old men tormented him so that he left and later appeared at Pecos. Here, instead of the name of Poseymo he took that of Montezuma. He became a great ruler.

Our scene will show you how he called the animals forth from their abode with the Great Serpent, ruler of the Underworld Kingdom to be food for man. The eagle brought him messages from the Great Spirit to guide him. He sends the eagle back to beg the cloud boys to send the much needed rain to make the corn grow. The beating of the drums symbolizes the thunder and the rattles the patter of the falling rain. Montezuma sends a snake as a messenger to the God of the Underworld to ask him to send the corn up through the ground. At last his father, the Sun, appears to encourage the corn maidens to reach up to him.

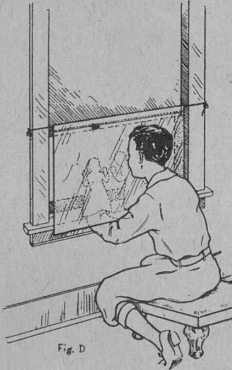
CURTAIN OPENS

CURTAIN CLOSES

Epilogue

Such peace and prosperity came to the inhabitants of Pecos that people came from everywhere to live there. The reason for Montezuma's great success was that he was guided by the Great Spirit in everything he did. It was found that he must establish other pueblos to house his people. To assist him the Great Spirit sent his eagle to guide Montezuma in his work. The eagle flew ahead of his. When he dropped a feather, there a new pueblo was built. Always the eagle traveled southward. At last Montezuma bade good bye to his people. Before he left he lighted a sacred fire and commanded it to be kept burning. Twelve maidens were to tend it. On this fire depended the peace and prosperity of their people. If this fire was kept burning, he promised them he would return. Montezuma then mounted the sacred eagle and flew southward to establish his kingdom in Mexico among the Aztecs. For many centuries the fire was kept alive. Then, one night, the maidens, made drowsy by the heat of the fire, fell asleep and the sacred flame died. With it died the prosperity of the Pueblos. To this day the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico enact a dance drama each year of which Montezuma is the hero.

When it is warm enough to have a window open and the audience is out-of-doors, a good show can be given by making the window into a theater opening. Open the bottom sash, pull the shade curtain down to meet the bottom of the open window. Place a 5-inch strip of cardboard across the bottom of the window and on the outdoor side. This will act as a mask and form the lower part of the stage. Hang the backdrop across the stage opening and on the indoor side. See figure D.



PUPPET MANIPULATION

If you have stuffed the puppet heads tightly and carefully you will have good looking puppets. You can press the puppet costumes and backdrop with a warm, not hot, iron.

Learn the lines of the play. Then you will be able to watch the puppets constantly and so make them act more alive.

Place the first finger in the head of the puppet, the thumb and little finger in the two arms. Bend the remaining fingers close to the palm of the hand.

Keep the wrists stiff with the head of the puppet vertically above the elbow.

Have the puppet enter the stage from the side, not bob from below.

Keep the puppet at the proper height—the waist line a little above the stage floor.

By a small movement of the first finger move the head of the puppet speaking, with varying motions and emphasis, with each phrase spoken.

Hold heads of puppets, not speaking, still. They may change their positions but must continue to listen.

To have the puppet bow, bend the wrist directly forward, keeping the head straight from the body of the puppet.

Do not speak the lines too rapidly. Speak the words distinctly. Change the tone of the voice for each puppet.

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THE MEADER PUPPET SALES CO.
St. Paul, Minn.

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD BARN

A Puppet Play

By **DEBORAH MEADER**

Scene 1

Place—An old barn.

Characters—Dick, Joan, MacAndrews, Nellie Graves.

Dick enters right, on puppeteer's left hand, and beckons to Joan who is outside.

Dick: Come on, Joan. Girls are such fraid-cats.

(Joan enters on puppeteer's right hand).

Joan: I'm coming, but I don't like this old barn—much. Old MacAndrews might come back.

Dick: If we're going to be detectives and find the hidden treasure you can't be scared all the time. Anyway, he went off to town.

Joan: Do you really think he has hidden money in here? (Look around).

Dick: Sure, I do. He never works and he has money to get drunk all the time.

Joan: You promised to tell me, when we got here, what makes you think money is hidden in this old barn. (Sits down on floor).

Dick: Well, you know Nellie Graves, the wash woman who lives across the tracks. She and her husband used to live on this farm before he died and this was their barn.

Joan: I know that.

Dick: Well, he had saved a lot of money to buy a home in town for them to go to when they were old. He never told Nellie where he kept it.

Joan: Why not?

Dick: I don't know but she says he didn't. Nellie said he was afraid to put his money in a bank. MacAndrews was their hired man. One day Mr. Graves and MacAndrews had taken a

load of hogs to town on the truck and coming home it ran into a bridge and Mr. Graves was killed but MacAndrews wasn't hurt a bit.

Joan: How terrible for Nellie.

Dick: That's not all. Nellie thinks MacAndrews made them have the accident on purpose but she couldn't prove anything. The night after the funeral the house caught on fire when she and MacAndrews were here alone.

Joan: Maybe the money was burned up in the fire!

Dick: It couldn't have been for Nellie had searched the house from top to bottom. She said that MacAndrews acted awful funny and didn't even help to put the fire out. She thinks he started the fire to make her move.

Joan: She does?

Dick: She lived on the insurance for two years 'cause she kept thinking they'd find the money. They just about tore this old barn down looking for it but couldn't find it.

Joan: What makes you think it's here now then?

Dick: (Very mysteriously). After Nellie told me all about it, I told her I'd be a detective and watch MacAndrews. Nellie says he's never worked since Mr. Graves died but he always has money to spend and she thinks he's spending their money.

Joan: Did you watch him?

Dick: Sure I did, and every few days he sneaks off to this old barn when he thinks no one sees him. I think he stole the money and buried it. After the old barn was searched and every one was sure the money wasn't here, he hid it under the floor.

Joan: Oh Dick, aren't you smart?

Dick: Aw shucks. The last time I followed

Old MacAndrews he went over in that corner (points). Now you watch and be sure no one sees me while I 'vestigate and look for clues.

(A noise is heard outside.)

Joan: (Startled). What's that?

Dick: What?

Joan: (Rises and goes to window). I think I hear some one. (Frightened). Dick, it's MacAndrews, he's coming in. What'll we do?

Dick: Hide! (They hide at left side of stage).

(MacAndrews enters right. He looks around suspiciously, goes to window and looks out, then to back of stage and appears to open trap door and descends).

(Dick creeps out, motions to Joan to stay where she is. He peers down after MacAndrews).

(MacAndrews' head suddenly appears and he grabs Dick).

Dick: (Shrieks). Let go of me!

MacAndrews: What do you mean spying on me? I seen you hangin' around doggin' my steps. (Comes up out of the trap door).

Dick: (Defiant). I saw you open that money chest. It belongs to Nellie! You stole it. You're a thief.

MacAndrews: I am, am I? That money belongs to me now and no one knows I have it or is going to get it away from me! (Cuffs Dick on head and throws him down trap door).

Dick: (From below). Help! Help!

MacAndrews: (Leans down and talks thru door). Yell as much as you like. No one will hear you there. When I come back, I'll make up my mind what to do with you—if you're still alive.

(Slouches out right).

Dick: (Calls). Help!

(Silence, then Joan creeps out left. Peers thru window. Struggles with trap door).

Joan: Dick! Dick! I'll get you out. Oh! this door is so heavy! I can't open it. Oh, Dick, what shall I do?

(Nellie enters from right, on right hand).

Nellie: Joan, what ever is the matter? Where is Dick?

Dick: (Faintly). Help! Help!

Joan: He is down under the trap door. It's so heavy I can't lift it. (Tugs at door again).

Nellie: How did he get down there? I'll help you. There it comes. We'll get you out, Dick. (Helps Dick out). Are you all right? (Dick appears).

Dick: Sure, and Nellie, we found your money. It's down there in a chest.

Nellie: Not really?

Joan: (Excitedly). Yes it is. Old MacAndrews came back and got money out of it and caught Dick spying on him and put him down that hole.

Nellie: How brave you are!

Dick: What would have happened if you and Joan hadn't of been here! Gee, I want to get that MacAndrews arrested.

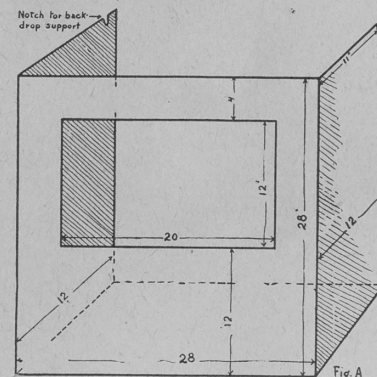
Joan: Do you really think he would have left you there to die?

Dick: Sure he would. He's mean. But we found Nellie's money anyway. There's a million dollars, just about.

Nellie: How can I ever thank you!

CURTAIN

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A THEATER



From a grocery or drug store get an empty carton (one that paper towels are packed in is best) having one surface at least 28 x 28 inches. In this flat surface cut a stage opening 20 inches wide and 12 inches high. Cut this so that the bottom line of the opening is 12 inches above the bottom line of the carton. Cut off the entire top of the carton 4 inches above the top line of the stage opening. Cut off the entire back of the carton on a line 12 inches back of the front of the theater containing the stage opening. On the top of each side and 11 inches back from the front of the theater cut a notch as shown in figure A. This notch is to hold the support for the backdrop scene. Fold down the hem at the top of the backdrop and sew. Get a stick, a narrow strip of wood, a curtain rod or a stiff wire at least 29 inches long and run through the hem of the backdrop. Lay the support in the two notches of the theater and you are ready to start the show. If you want to make a fine looking theater you can paint the outside a gay color. Of course, if you have a home work shop the older boys will use presdwood, plywood, or fibre board, following the above measurements and make a really fine theater.

TO GIVE A PLAY

If you have made a theater, as described above, place it on a table with the theater facing the light of the room. This allows the light to shine on the puppets and against the front of the backdrop so that you, standing behind the backdrop with your face directly opposite the theater opening, can see the puppets through the semi-transparent backdrop. This makes it easy to see just what the puppets are doing.

If you have not made a theater you can have lots of fun with the puppets by hanging an old sheet in a doorway. To do this it is necessary to have the sheet stretched tightly over the doorway. Cut the opening in the sheet 20x12 inches with its center at the height of your face. On the side of the doorway where you will be to give the show, you can hang the backdrop for scenery. This will make a place between the backdrop and the sheet for you to operate the puppets and give the play. See figure B.



Still another way is to hide behind a big chair and hold the puppets up over the back, making the top of the back of the chair serve as the stage floor. With this method you will not be able to use the backdrop effectively but you can get lots of practice with the puppets and be ready for the theater when you get it. See figure C.

MR. LAURANCE SAYS "THANK YOU"

Characters: Meg, Jo, Amy, Beth -

Stage Setting: The action of this play takes place in the comfort-old parlor of the March home. The furnishings are very plain and simple but in good taste. The carpet is worn and faded, the furniture is old but the pictures on the wall, the many books to be seen in various places about the room, the vase of bright flowers and the cheerful fire blazing in the fireplace all contribute to the pleasant atmosphere of home peace that pervades the place. The scene opens one afternoon in early fall after the girls have made the acquaintance of Laurie and his grandfather, Old Mr. Laurance; and the doors of the beautiful home had been opened to them. Beth you remember though yearning to play on the grand piano, had had a long struggle with bashfulness and timidity before finding her way to the "Mansion of Blixs" as Meg called it. Once conquered, however, she had spent many happy hours in the big house next door.

Meg: And where is my girl in the little brown hood, going now?

Beth: Just on an errand, Meg.

Meg: What are you taking with you, little sister?

Beth: It's Joanna, she needs her daily exercise you know.

Jo: Why, of course, Meg, Joanna is the invalid doll. Beth is very tender with her.

Beth: (quickly) Are you laughing at me, Jo?

Jo: (tenderly) Laughing at you, dear? Why should I laugh at you?

Beth: (shyly) Perhaps I am growing too big to play with dolls.

Jo: Nonsense! We all play with something. Don't I have my tin kitchen in the attic with all my stories in it, and spend hours playing at being an authoress?

Amy: (teasingly) And Meg loves to act in plays, don't you, Meg?

Meg: Yes--but--I don't mean to act any more; I really am too old for such things.

Jo: You won't stop, I know, as long as you can trail around in a white gown with your hair down and wear gold paper jewelry. You're the best actress we've got and there'll be an end of everything if you quit the boards. But what about you, Miss Amy? What about your playthings?

Amy: (airily) Oh dear--I suppose you call my clay models playthings but I mean to be a great artist some day.

Jo: (tormenting) Yes--blue thunder, orange lightning, brown rain and purple clouds--

Amy: (fiercely) Jo--you would--

Beth: (tunefully) "Birds in their little nests agree".

Jo: That's right--my Beth is always a peace maker.

Meg: By the way, Beth, what did old Mr. Laurance say about the slippers you worked for him? Did he like them?

Beth: I--I--I-- haven't heard--

Jo: (surprised) You haven't heard - Why, Bethy--Hasn't he thanked you for them yet?

Beth: (in a very low voice) I--I haven't seen him.

Meg: And they were such lovely slippers. Pretty pansies on purple ground.

Amy: And you put so much work on them too.

Beth: I am quite troubled about it--I fear I may have offended him. Do you think so, Jo?

Jo: (slowly) No, I don't really--Perhaps he has had something else on his mind.

Beth: Laurie helped me and we smuggled them on to the study table yesterday morning before the old gentleman was up.

Jo: You'll hear from him--soon I'm sure--Take your walk and do not be troubled, dear--

Beth: Good bye--

All: Goodbye--Beth, dear. (Door shuts--Exit right Beth) (A loud noise is heard off stage left followed by a knock)

Meg: (running to door at L) Something is being delivered--why, girls--come--quick. (Girls crowding at door--what is it?) (voice outside "for Miss Elizabeth March")

Jo: (steps outside receives letter and returns) Girls, it's a piano and it's from Mr. Laurance--It's for our Beth--And here's his letter--

Amy: I'm going to call her--She hasn't gone far-- (Door opens and closes) Exit Amy R.

Jo: Oh, won't she be happy--

Meg: Let's go out and pull the cover off so she will see it at once--She is coming, hurry! (exit Meg and Jo R) (Door opens and closes--enter Amy and Beth at R).

Amy: Oh, Beth, he's sent you--

Jo: (clapping her hand over Amy's mouth) She--Amy, don't tell her; come out here, Beth, and see--

Beth: Oh--What is it?

Jo: Here's a letter from the old gentleman--hurry and read it.

Amy: Let's show her first--

Meg: (leading Beth to porch) All right, come on, Beth. Look there, dear.

Girls: Look there, Beth-- (Door is wide open)

Beth For me? (weakly)

Jo: Yes; all for you, my precious! Isn't it splendid of him? Don't you think he's the dearest old man in the world? Here's the key in the letter. We didn't open it, but we are dying to know what he says-- (hugging Beth)

Beth: You read it, I can't, I feel so queer! Oh it is too lovely. (Beth hides her head on Jo's shoulder)

Jo: (tearing open letter then laughing as she reads the opening lines) "Miss March! Dear Madam, -

Amy: How nice it sounds--I wish some one would write to me so.

Jo: "I have had many pairs of slippers in my life, but I never had any that suited me so well as yours. Heart's ease is my favorite flower, and these will always remind me of the gentle giver. I like to pay my debts, so I know you will allow the "old gentleman" to send something which once belonged to the little graddaughter he lost. With hearty thanks and best wishes.

Your grateful friend and humble servant,
James Laurance.

Jo: There, Beth, that's an honor to be proud of, I'm sure. Laurie told me how fond Mr. Laurance used to be of the child who died, and how he kept all her little things carefully. Just think! He has given you her piano. That comes of having big blue eyes and loving music.

Meg: Did you notice the cunning brackets to hold candles and the nice green silk puckered up, with a gold rose in the middle; and the pretty rack and stool, all complete?

Amy: Your humble servant, James Laurance; only think of his writing that to you. I'll tell the girls -- they'll think it's splendid--

Jo: You'll have to go and thank him for it--

Amy: Try it, Beth--

Beth: Yes, I'm going to try it and then thank him for it--(plays piano) I guess I'll go right now before I get frightened thinking about it. (She runs off at R. door opens)

END

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

Adapted from "A Little Lamby", by - Helen and Alf Evers, Farri & Rinehart Inc., New York, by the Children for shadow puppets as a part of the Works Progress Administration Recreation Project carried on in cooperation with the Mankato Y.W.C.A. and Public Library.

The screen will be moved by means of rollers. Unwinding on one side and winding on the other, so the scene will be changing and the lamb will be merely jumping about.

Mary had a little Lamb
It's fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The Lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day.
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see the Lamb at school.

* * * * *
And so the teacher turned him out --
But the lamb didn't go home.

His father and Mother, his uncles, and his aunts were all such solemn sheep. They never played, they never jumped. They just looked sad all the time.

The little lamb wanted to go where everyone was happy. He trotted down the road to the store and walked in. There were three old men sitting inside. One of them was telling a long story of how he had plowed twelve acres in one day. All the men looked just as solemn as the lamb's father and mother and uncles and aunts. So the lamb said "Baa-a-a!" as loud as he could and ran out.

Then he saw a family of hounds playing across the road. But when he went close to them, they looked even sadder than his father and mother and uncles and aunts. They had the saddest faces in the world. So the lamb said "Baa-a-a-a" and ran away. As he ran down the road, the lamb saw a flock of ducks jumping, running and quacking. They looked happy to him. But they weren't! They were being chased out of a garden and were only trying to get away as fast as they could. So the little lamb went on. He came to a pool. There was a frog sitting on a lily pad. He looked solemnly at the little lamb. Then he said, "Gl-u-mp" and dove under the water. He looked and sounded so sad, that the lamb almost cried as he went away.

And then he came to a farm house. He heard voices inside, so he pushed open the door and walked in. The ladies of the village were having a quilting bee. They were very busy, but they looked just as sad as the lamb's father and mother and uncles and aunts. The lamb wanted to make them play and look happy. So he jumped upon the quilting frame. His feet went right through it. He was caught! So he wriggled and kicked and tore the quilt to pieces, trying to get out. First the ladies screamed and jumped! Then they took out their handkerchiefs and cried. And the poor lamb was so sorry that

he cried too.

He walked home and cried all the way. But when his father and mother and uncles and aunts saw him coming home crying--They jumped and played to make him happy again. And when the lamb stopped crying, and jumped happily around the field -- they were all so glad that they never, never looked sad again, as long as they lived. But sometimes the lamb was just a little sad -- when he thought of the ladies quilt, which he had spoiled!

***** CURTAIN*****

NATIVITY PUPPET PLAY

with choral reading

Scene I

(Midnight scene of shepherds)

Reading - chanted

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of palm trees and vines,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where corn fields stand sunny and bright,
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight,
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight.

- Phillips Brooks.

Shepherd Music

(Scene does not change except,
enter the star)

OPEN x The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid - the night is still.
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist. (tinkling bells)

- Tennyson.

(Dawn appears and with it the angel)

Out of the midnight sky a great dawn broke,
And a voice singing flooded them with song,
In David's city was He born, it sang,
A savior, Christ the Lord. Glory to God and peace,
Peace on the earth.

Then ~~rising~~ ^{rising} to their feet, without a word
They started thru the fields to find the child.

(Shepherds go - short musical interlude)
(Wisemen enter)

(The shadow puppets continue the march across the
desert all during this next reading.)

X Long was the way to Bethlehem
To those who sought of old,
By burning sands and bitter springs
And nights of haunting cold,
Bearing their nard and frankincense,
Their precious gems and gold.

Hard was the way to Bethlehem
So far it seemed - so far,
With ne'er an omen for a guide
Until they saw the star -
And then the way to Bethlehem
It was no longer lone
At last they found for king - a child -
A manger for his throne.

CLOSED X

OPEN

CLOSED X

(Music - manger scene)

(Hold tableau during the last reading)

OPEN

X Shall ever a star shine out to men
As the Bethlehem star of old?
Shall ever the wise men turn again
With their frankincense and gold
And follow the star to the radiant king
That had come to be stable born?
And oh, shall ever the angels sing
As they did on that happy morn?

Now He that once in a manger lay
Still lives in the hearts of men,
The world is keeping His Christmas day
As the wise men kept it then,
Forever the heavens shall ring with song
And ever the bells shall chime,
And this glorious day that has lived so long
Shall live to the end of time.

- Edgar Guest.

(Music - tableau still held)

CLOSED
SLOWLY

Our lives shall touch a dozen lives before this day is done
Leave countless marks for good or ill ere sets this evening sun.
Our lives shall touch a million lives in some way ere we go
From this old world of struggle to the land we do not know.
So this is the wish we always wish, the prayer we ever pray:
Let our lives help other lives it passes by our way.

- Strickland Gillilan.

Nativity

SCENE I

Fields - Shepherds asleep - light appears in sky.

1st S - (Looks at light) Awake brethren - awake and see.
(They rise sleepily). What is that light in the sky?

(Angel voices)

2nd S - Hark - I hear voices, angel voices.

3rd S - Heard you ever the like?

(Angel appears)

Angel - Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. (Pause.)

(Pause. Shepherds raise heads)

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ, the Lord.

(Shepherds raise hands in amazement)

And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

(Angel retires)

Angel voices - Glory to God in the Highest and on earth, peace, good will toward men,

1st S - Twas Gabriel, the messenger of the Lord.

2nd S - Christ the Savior is born.

3rd S - Said he not, we would find him in Bethlehem, lying in a manger?

1st S - Let us go now, even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which the Lord hath made known to us.

2nd S - Yea, let us go and worship him. But what of the flock?

3rd S - The Lord will take care of the sheep. Let us make haste.

SCENE II

(Camel and Caspar enter. Follows star. Turns and looks back. Pause. Enter 2nd Camel and Melchior)

Melchior - Peace be with you, Oh servant of the true God.

Caspar - And to thee, brother, peace and welcome.

Melchior - God only is great.

Caspar - Blessed are them that serve him. See, another comes.

(Enter Balthazar)

Caspar - Peace to you.

Balthazar- God's will be done.

Caspar - Whence come ye?

Balthazar- I am Balthazar an Egyptian. I was born in Alexandria.

Caspar - And thou? (To Melchior)

Melchior - My name is Melchior. I am an Hindoo by birth. I came from India. And thou?

Caspar - I am Caspar, an Athenian. I come from the land of Greece. I have devoted my life to the study of the stars.

Melchior - I too.

Balthazar- And I.

Caspar - Suddenly a strange star appeared in the east and I knew a Savior had been born.

Melchior - Yea. Our prophet Balaam said it was a star and a king.

Balthazar- I saw it also and hastened to follow it.

Caspar - Come, let us journey together to Judea for it is prophesied that the Savior is born King of the Jews.

Curtain.

Curtain Rises.

(Camels in line go slowly past)

SCENE II (Cont.)

CASPAR I bring the new king a gift of gold.

MELCHIOR I will worship him with my gift of frankincense.

BALTHAZAR And I with myrrh.

(Curtain)

SCENE III.

Herod's Palace.

(Herod and Councillor)

COUNCILLOR The three men from a far country which you sent
for are without.

HEROD Is it they who ask for a babe who is born king
of the Jews?

COUNCILLOR Yea, it is they.

HEROD Know they not I am the king of the Jews? What
babe is this?

COUNCILLOR I know not.

HEROD I would question them. Bid them enter.

(Exit Councillor)

HEROD King of the Jews.

(Enter three wise men and Councillor)

I greet thee. Who are ye?

CASPAR This is Melchior, a Hindoo from the land of India.
(Melchior bows). This is Balthazar, an Egyptian,
and I am Caspar, a Greek. Our study of the
prophecies led us to watch the stars for the
coming of a new Savior. Suddenly his star appeared,
for we have seen his star in the east and are come
to worship him. We have traveled far.

HEROD I, too, have heard his birth foretold. (To Council-
lor) Where is it that the Christ should be born?

COUNCILLOR In Bethlehem of Judea. For thus it is written by
the prophets. And thou Bethlehem in the land of
Judea are not the least among the princes of Juda -
for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule
my people Israel.

HEROD (To wise men) So it is written. Go and search
diligently for the young child and when ye have
found him, bring me word again that I may come
and worship him also.

(Wise men bow. Exit.)

SCENE IV.

(Manger - Mary, Joseph, and Babe)

Enter the Shepherds. Bow before Manger, then
silently rise and exit.

(Voice outside)

Voice

'Tis here the star led.

(Enter Wise Men)

They lay gifts one by one near manger.
Bow before it.

(Curtain)

NANABOZO AND THE BABY.

An Ojibway legend as related by Jeanne L'strange Cappel, "Wa-be-no O-pee-chee," in her book "Chippewa Tales," published in 1928 by Wetzel Publishing Co., Los Angeles, California.

Submitted by: L. Sidney Staples.

Once in the long ago there was here on earth a great chief and Magic Maker, called Nanabozo. He said he could do anything that any animal or man on earth could do. He could make any noise that any animal or bird could make. He could command any one on earth and make them do whatever he wanted them to do. So he was very boastful and proud. Some of the men of his tribe tried to catch him. They told him to give the wolf call, and he did it so well that the wolves came because they thought one of their pack had found food. There was really nothing, it seemed, but what he could do.

In the village was a wise old grandmother and she said to one of the women one day, "I know some one who can do things Nanabozo cannot, and some one who could neither be beaten nor scared into doing what the Magic Maker wanted him to."

This women told it to her husband and so at last some one told it to Nanabozo. Immeadiately he went to the grandmother's home. "So you know some one I cannot imitate, do you?" he asked, and he did not look very pleasant.

"Yes," said the grandmother, "I think I do."

So she led him into the teepee where a baby was sitting on a nice soft buffalo robe. The baby was lying on his back and suddenly put his toe in his mouth, and Nanabozo tried it but he could not do it. Then the baby was given a piece of maple sugar, and he said "Goo, goo, goo" in such a funny way.

Nanabozo tried to say "Goo, goo, goo" just like the baby did, but

he could not do it. "But," said Nanaboz, "he is so small at least I can make him do what I want him to." So he screamed, "Baby come here!"

The baby laughed and said "Goo, goo."

Then Nanabozo jumped toward the baby and said in an awful voice, "Baby, come here!"

The baby was scared and began to cry.

"Stop crying," screamed Nanabozo, and he danced around the baby and yelled and made awful faces all the time, and swinging his tomahawk as though he were going to hit the baby. The baby only screamed the louder. Then Nanabozo did a regular war dance and howled and yelled, then the baby screamed louder than the magician. At last when he was all worn out, Nanabozo left the teepee and said, "Yes, here is one little animal whom I cannot imitate and who will not mind one word I say to him."

So the baby went on sucking his maple sugar and saying, "Goo, goo."

NOODLE

Introduction

Boys and Girls : This is the story of Noodle who was a very long dog from front to back and a very short dog from top to bottom. Noodle often dug in the garden. Sometimes he found bones, but more often he only found stones. Noodle found the digging very hard work, because when he dug very deep he was so long back and forth and so short up and down that the dirt he kicked up with his front feet would hit him in the tummy! Today Noodle is digging in the garden because he is sure he smells a bone.

Scene I

Noodle(deep in a hole) I do wish I could be some other size and shape.
I could dig this bone out without so much work.

Fairy(enters with a buzz and whirr of wings)

Noodle.~(backing slowly out of hole then observing fairy) Who in Goodness
name are you?

FairyI am the Dog Fairy.

NoodleDo you want part of this nice bone I just dug?

Fairy.....(Politely) No thank you. I just came to give you your wish.

NoodleWhat wish?

FairyThe one you made when you touched your nose to the wish bone.

Noodle.....Why so it is a wish bone. I forgot...what did I wish?

Fairy.....You wished you could be some other size and shape. Now here I am
to give you your wish. What size and shape do you want to be?

Noodle.....(Scratching his ear) I dont right now.....may I have a
little time to decide?

FairyYes, but only until this afternoon. Then you must chose. (flys away
with a whirr and buzz taking the wish bone with her)

Noodle(Sits down) Wont it be nice to be just the size and shape I want
to be? But what size do I want to be? and what shape? Thats the
question.....I know what I will do!! I'll go ask the animals
at the Zoo!!

Scene II

Noodle.....(At gate at Zoo as Zebra approaches) Hello, Mr. Zebra.

ZebraHello, Noodle, what brings you to the zoo this fine day?

NoodleI have a question.

Zebra.....Ask me. I know a lot of answers.

Noodle..... Fine! What is the best size and shape to be?

Zebra..... Oh, That is an easy one. Just exactly my size and shape is the best one.

Noodle Oh? Why?

Zebra I dont know why, it just is.

Noodle Is it a good size for digging?

Zebra I really dont know - I dont dig. But it is a fine shape and size for pulling wagons.

Noodle Oh-do you pull wagons?

Zebra (Sadly) No, but would like to.

Noodle Why dont you?

Zebra..... Well, you see, I have these stripes on me, and people like to look at them. You can see the black ones in the daytime, and the white ones in the night time. And it keeps me pretty busy having people look at me. I dont have time to pull wagons the way i'd like to.

Noodle..... That's too bad. I dont have to pull a wagon anyway, but thanks for telling me.

Zebra Here comes Mrs. Hippopotamus, maybe she can help you. Now I must run along and let people look at my stripes. Good Bye Noodle.

Noodle..... Goodbye, I hope you find a wagon to pull sometime soon
Hello, Mrs. Hippopotamus.

Hippo..... Hello Noodle, What brings you to the Zoo this fine day?

Noodle I have a very important question.

Hippo Ask me. But you had better hurry, I'm going to the bottom of the pond.

Noodle What is the best size and shape to be?

Hippo..... I'll tell you when I come up. (Dives to bottom of pool) (comes up)
Pfffffffffffft Just my size and shape is the best one to be.

Noodle..... Oh? Why?

Hippo..... I dont know. It just is.

Noodle Is it a good size for digging?

Hippo I dont think so, but it is a good size and shape for going to the bottom of the pond.

Noodle I dont think I would like that.

Hippo It's time to go to the bottom again. Goodbye Noodle.

Ostrich.....(enters and burries head in sand)

Noodle.....(Oh, Miss Ostrich... GOOD MORNING

Ostrich..... (popping head out of sand) Good Morninghow did you know I was here? I was hiding.

Noodle..... I saw all of you except your head.

Ostrich..... I didnt see you, I must have been hid. I dont understand.

Noodle..... It wouldn't do to be your size and shape if you dont even know when your're hid.

Ostrich..... Well if I can't help you I'll look for another place to hide
Goodbye, Noodle.

Giraffe (enters and starts to nibble from the tops of the tree)

Noodle Good Morning, Mr. Giraffe.

Giraffe..... Oh, Good morning, Noodle, what brings you to the Zoo so near to dinnertime?

Noodle..... I want to ask you just one question. Could you answer it quickly?

Giraffe..... (leaning down) Certainly.

Noodle What is the best size and shape to be?

Giraffe Why just the size and shape I am of course.

Noodle Is it good for digging?

Giraffe I do, for good bones to eat.

Giraffe That's just silly. Nice tender leaves from the tops of trees are good to eat, and my size and shape are just right for finding them.

Noodle I dont like to eat leaves and I'm HUNGRY. Thank you just the same.

Giraffe..... Goodbye, I'm sorry I can't help you.

Noodle Goodbye, I think I'll go home and have some dinner.

Curtain

Scene II
Same as Scene I

Noodle (Walks into yard. Eats from bowl then lays down under tree to sleep)

Fairy (Fairy enters with a whirr and buzz of wings.) I came back just as I promised.

NoodleSo I see.

FairyHave you decided what size and shape you want to be?

NoodleYes

Fairy.....What size and shape do you want to be?

Noodle.....(Very sleepy voice) Just exactly the size and shape I am right now.

FairyThat is a very wise wish indeed. (exit)

Curtain

OLGA OLSEN

—a-do. I vant to haf ma pitture tooken. Vat size? I dunno. Cabinet? No—I don't vant a cabinet—I vant a pitture. Oh, yaas, a cabinet pitture. How mooch? Dollar fifty a dozen—vell, I don't vant a dozen. Aye can't get yust von—vell, I take two, den. Gotta take six? How mooch? Seventy-five cents? Vell, yust wrap dem oop, I take dem right along. Oh, you ain't got dem yet—you gotta take dem? Ooh, yaas. Is dese ver I am to stood? I get to look at dat ting? Vell, it von't hurt me ven you do it, vill it? I am smiling. Did you get him? I ain't heard you do ut. I get annuder proof? Ooh, yaas. Poot my feets together? Ooh, yaas, I am smiling. You got annuder. You awful queeck, ain't you? I yust take dem along now. You got to devel—devel—I dunnot dat vord. No, I can't coom ontill Tarsday. Pay you now? Vell, how I know you're an honest man? Oh, I get an tickut? Vell, vat does de tickut let me in to? Oh, I get de pittures vid de tickut? My name? Olga Olsen—333 Hegewich Street. Now is dis de proof? No? Ut is de tickut? Yaas, coom on Tarsday fur pittures? Bring dis proof? Oh, dis ain't de proof—dis is de tickut to get de proof—s, vell, I dunno, I dunno.

THE ORIGIN OF WAY NAH BO ZHO

Characters: The Song Bird
The Daughter of Nokomis
The Squirrel
Nokomis
Way Nah Bo Zho

Scene I - A clearing in the forest.

Scene II - Before the lodge of Nokomis.

Scene III - In a Pine tree.

SCENE ONE. This scene is to be played for pictorial effect. As the curtains open the stage is dimly lighted. The dawn begins to break. The Song Bird begins to sing. He is answered by others. Incidental music. The sun shines through the branches of the trees. The daughter of Nokomis enters. She is carrying a basket and a rude hoeing implement. As she enters she is singing. She describes herself as the daughter of Nokomis whom she dearly loves. She speaks of her home in the lodge by the shores of the lake. The song is addressed to the Song Bird. She tells him that she must dig potatoes for food for herself and the mother. She discovers the piece of metal. She wonders about it and asks the Song Bird what it is. She tells the Bird that she must hurry home to her mother and show her the metal which she puts in her bosom. She gathers up her basket and exits.

As the lights begin to fade out again the Song Bird foretells that the daughter of Nokomis, in her delight over finding the potatoes, will forget to tell Nokomis about the metal.

SCENE TWO. The scene is before the lodge of Nokomis on the shore of the lake. The Song Bird and the Squirrel enter. In conversation between the two the Squirrel asks the Song Bird why Nokomis is so sad. The Song Bird relates how the daughter bore two children as the result

of carrying the metal in her bosom. He tells how Nokomis counselled her, how she heard voices, and of the struggle between the two sons to be first born, and the final death of the daughter.

Nokomis comes out of the lodge. She tells the Song Bird and the Squirrel of finding the drop of blood. She shows them the basket before the lodge that covers the drop of blood. The two other characters show great curiosity.

The basket begins to move. They think it is a rabbit. There is great excitement and suspense. Nokomis covers the basket. Suddenly the basket moves violently and WAY NAH BO ZHO leaps out. The Song Bird and the squirrel scamper away. Nokomis relates how she will guard and care for WAY NAH BO ZHO. The lights begin to fade.

SCENE THREE. A limb of a tall pine tree silhouetted against the full moon. The Song Bird and the Squirrel are in conversation. The Song Bird tells the Squirrel that Way Nah Bo Zho will bring great grief to the Indian peoples.

The curtains open to the accompaniment of a simple Sioux melody. There are effects of birds twittering and calling after their awakening. The stage is dimly lighted. As the light grows stronger the Song Bird, perched on a limb, awakens, pulls his head from under his wing, preens his feathers, and begins his call. He is answered by other birds. He flies down from the limb and begins to hop around.

Song Bird. (singing)

The northern star has faded from the trail of light.

Folding his teepee, Night

Rides fast before the morning clouds

Into the farthest west.

The south wind whispers in the forest deep,

'Pleasant days too soon are gone

Summer is not ours to keep'

O-She-Gwun.

(Enters. She carries a basket and a rude hoe. She is singing.)

Tra-la-la. Tra-la-la. At last the clearing! My, how the plants have grown in the summer rain. They are all so green, and the dew on them is like little beads. It is good to be alive this morning!

Song Bird

O-She-Gwun! O-She-Gwun!

O-She-Gwun.

Who is that, ^{who} that calls my name?

Song Bird.

(Laughing). It is I, little maiden, the song Bird. What are you about in the forest so early in the day?

O-She-Gwun.

Many things. First because it is good to be here. I would like to stay the whole day long and do nothing but gather berries and make talk with the squirrel and the chipmunk.

Song Bird.

The squirrel and the Chipmunk. They are both idle gossips.

O-She-Gwun

But the squirrel knows where to find the sweetest nuts, and---

Song Bird.

The summer days are short and there is much food to be gathered.

O-She-Gwun.

Alas, I know. That is why I have come here to the clearing. I must dig potatoes for my mother, Nokomis. (She puts down her basket and sits on a log.)

Song Bird.

(Hopping about) You'll not soon fill your basket that way, O-She-Gwun.

O-She-Gwun.

Never fear, little Bird. I'll sit here only till the great Sun drops his first fiery arrow in the clearing.

Song Bird.

And I'll sing for you while you work. That will make your labor easy.

O-She-Gwun.

Thank you, little Bird. When the basket is full it will be heavy and the trail to my mother's lodge beside the lake is long.

Song Bird.

I know the lodge of Nokomis. I have been there many times. I will go there again soon in the heat of the day and sing her one of my very best songs.

O-She-Gwun.

Will you really, little Bird?

Song Bird.

That I will. (hopping about again). But see, little maiden. There is the arrow. It has fallen at your feet. Come now, be about your work.

(The sun shines brightly into the clearing.)

O-She-Gwun.

(Gathering up her basket and hoe.) Tell me the forest news, little Bird.

Song Bird

There is a tale to be told, O-She-Gwun. I have had it from the chipmunk himself.

O-She-Gwun.

A tale?

Song Bird.

It is a tale, but its an unhappy one. But then I have already said the chipmunk is but an idler and a gossip.

O-She-Gwun.

You must tell it to me. (She uncovers a large potato) Look, look, little Bird. See how large and firm the potatoes are. My mother will be delighted.

Song Bird.

Dig deeper, O-She-Gwun. Mayhap the chipmunk's tale is true.

O-She-Gwun.

The tale must wait, I fear. Such potatoes never were seen before. I must work fast and gather them all. (Her hoe strikes something. There is a ring as if the object were metal) What is that. Look, look here quickly, little Bird. See how bright it is.

Song Bird.

It is a piece of metal, surely enough---

O-She-Gwun.

A piece of metal. But what is it? what is it for?

Song Bird.

That I do not know. The chipmunk says---

O-She-Gwun.

You must tell me the tale another day. Now I must hurry to my mother's

lodge. Here, help me with my basket.

Song Bird.

That I cannot. (O-She-Gwun starts to leave.) Farewell little maiden.

Guard the metal very very carefully. Do not ~~lost~~ it.

O-She-Gwun.

Never fear little Bird. (she puts the metal in the bosom of her dress).

Come soon to my mother's lodge. Then you may tell me the chipmunk's
tale. Farewell, farewell-----

Song Bird.

Farewell, O-She-Gwun. Farewell.

scene II.

Sounds of grief come from the lodge of Nokomis as the Squirrel and Song Bird enter.

Squirrel

Oh Song Bird, who is that weeping?

Song Bird

It is Nokomis, in her grief.

Squirrel

But why is she sad? She has always been so wise that nothing should make her unhappy.

Song Bird

She is sad about O She Gwun.

Squirrel

But O She Gwun is a happy maiden.

Song bird

No, little Squirrel, O She Gwun is dead. The Chipmunk knew the tale many moons ago.

I myself have warned O She Gwun that great sorrow would befall her.

Squirrel

But hurry-- tell me of this unhappy tale.

Song Bird

I was there when O She Gwun found the magic metal--

Squirrel

What magic metal?

Song Bird

That she found in the earth when she was digging potatoes for her mother.

Squirrel

But why has the metal brought sorrow to the lodge of Nokomis?

Song Bird

The Chipmunk knew and he told me. I tried to tell O She Gwun, but she would not heed my words.

Squirrel

Yes, yes, Song Bird, tell me more.

Song Bird

O She Gwun carried the magic metal in her bosom for many moons and then one day she knew she was to bear a child.

Squirrel

A child---a child you say.

Song Bird

Yes, then she confided in Nokomis who counceled her day after day.

Squirrel

But was not Nokomis glad thatthat she might have a man child for her lodge?

Song Bird

No, because one day O Shr Gwun heard voices within her, arguing.

Squirrel

What were they voices arguing about?

Song Bird

The first voice said "I want to be born first. I am the biggest and I want to be the oldest"

Squirrel

What did the second voice say?

Song Bird

It said "No, I want to be born first, because if you go first, you will surely bring hardships and grief to the Indian people.

Squirrel

Then what happened?

Song Bird

They and struggled, each wanting to be born first. In their struggle they rubbed against each other and then before Nokomis' eyes there was a great blaze and a loud noice.

Squirrel

Oh, what had happened?

Song Bird

Everything was destroyed, little Squirrel and poor O She Gwun died.

Squirrel

But was no child born?

Nokomis emerges from the lodge--her face grief stricken--she greets the two sadly.)

Nokomis

Oh woe to me, Song Bird. My daughter is dead.

Song Bird

Yes, we know and are unhappy too.

Squirrel

And nothing is left?

Nokomis

Only a drop of blood, the blood of O She Gwun. See, I tried to bury it as our Great Spirit tells us. (She points to the basket covering the drop of blood. Squirrel and Song Bird inspect the basket intently. As they do so, it begins to move-- they jump back)

Song Bird and Squirrel

What is that? What do you think Nokomis?

Nokomis

I guess it is a rabbit. I will cover the basket. (She does so, but the basket moves violently and Way Nah Bo Zho jumps out. There is much consternation among the three)

Squirrel

Oh, Oh, oh--

Song Bird

Let us be off---(and they rush off)

Nokomis

My little rabbit, who are you?

Way Nah Bo Zho

I am Way Nah Bo Zho. I am the oldest and the strongest.

Nokomis

My Way Nah Bo Zho, I will guard you. I will care for you always. I will you for you are my daughter's son.

Scene III

The murmur of the woods is heard as Song Bird in the tree is talking to the Squirrel.

Squirrel

What did happen, Song Bird?

Song Bird.

It was Way Nah Bo Zho, the oldest and strongest who was born.

Squirrel

Do you think Nokomis is happy now?

Song Bird.

Well--she does not know that O She Gwun's son will bring her more sorrow.

Squirrel

How do you know that?

Song Bird

The Chipmunk knew and he foretold the tale.

Squirrel

But you always said that the Chipmunk is a gossip

Song Bird

But he knew the secret of the magic metal.

Squirrel

Poor Nokomis.

Song Bird

Poor Way Nah Bo Zho, he will bring great sorrow to his people.

OLD-FASHIONED MELODRAMA

(As the scene opens, an old man bent almost double, paces up and down with a can, while a storm rages outside.)

OLD MAN: Listen to that thunder, wind and rain. Seems the whole house will tumble in. If only I wasn't lame and blind, but here I am, all alone---all, all alone.

(Sounds of storm grow louder; then a galloping horse can be heard.)

Hark, someone's coming--oh if only it could be my dear daughter who went away years ago. My Laura Mae. Your old father needs you now!

(There is a loud knock on the door.)

OLD MAN (staggering, sits on chair): Come in, Laura Mae, come in!

CITY SLICKER (opening door): Laura Mae's out in the carriage, Sir. It's raining too hard for her to come in now.

OLD MAN: Oh Joy! She's come home at last. Oh, if only I wasn't blind so I could see her pretty face. And who are you, may I ask?

CITY SLICKER: I'm your daughter's husband, your new son. We heard there's a band of outlaws nearby; Laura Mae's worried about you and afraid someone may rob you of that strong box where you hide all your money. That's why we drove out in all this storm--so we can take the money to the bank and keep it safe.

OLD MAN: Outlaws you say, why nobody's bothered me all these years. But if Laura Mae is worried, tell her not to fret--get the box from under that loose board near the table.

CITY SLICKER: The rain's letting up a bit so I'll bring Laura Mae in to keep you company while I drive back to the bank. (Takes box and exits. Then pushes door open in a moment and shoves in a girl with wrists tied.)

LAURA MAE (crying): Oh, Father, d Father. You've been robbed by that scoundrel. Untie my hands so I can help you.

OLD MAN: What's that you say? Robbed? Oh no! Isn't he your husband?

Laura Mae: He's a crook, a cheat, and he's tricked us both!

OLD MAN (Fumblingly loosening rope): Go, Daughter, ring the big dinner bell in the yard that we used long ago. It may arouse your old playmate, Bartholomew Clyde.

(Laura Mae dashed out the door and bell rings again and again.)

LAURA MAE (returning): Oh Father, forgive me for going away, I'll make it all up to you if you'll give me a chance.

OLD MAN: The years have been long, Daughter, but you're always welcome.

(Train whistle is heard.)

Hark, I hear the evening train whistle--no doubt that scoundrel is on it with my life's savings in his possession.

(There's a loud knock on the door and Bartholomew Clyde enters.)

BARTHOLOMEW: Laura Mae, my childhood sweetheart, welcome home! But why are you crying? Why was the bell ringing?

LAURA MAE: Oh my poor father has been robbed of all his life's savings by a crooked city slicker.

BARTHOLOMEW: Fear not, my darling. And you, Sir, don't worry. A long time ago when you could no longer see to protect your savings, I stuffed paper in that box and took the money to the bank where it is safe!

LAURA AND FATHER: Oh thank you, thank you! How can we repay you?

BARTHOLOMEW: Let me marry your daughter, Sir, I've waited all these years for her.

OLD MAN: Blessings on you both.

LAURA MAE: My HERO!

THE STATE SONG (Our Boys will shine tonight)

Oh, what did Tenna-see, boys, oh, what did Tenna-see? (Tennassee)
(Sing three times)
I ask you man, as a personal friend,
What did Tenna-see?

She saw what Arkan-saw, boys, She saw what Arkan-saw. (Arkansas)
(Sing three times)
I'll tell then as a personal friend,
She saw what Arkan-saw.

(Similarly)

Where has Ora-gone, boys? (Oregon)
She's taking Okla-home. (Oklahoma)

How did Wiscon-sin, boys? (Wisconsin)
She stole a New-brass-key. (Nebraska)

What did Dela-ware, boys? (Delaware)
She wore a New Jersey. (New Jersey)

What did Io-weigh, boys? (Iowa)
She weighed a Washing-ton. (Washington)

Where did Ida-hoe, boys? (Idaho)
She hoed in Maryland. (Maryland)

What did Missi-sip, boys? (Mississippi)
She sipped her Minne-soda. (Minnesota)

What did Connie-cut, boys? (Connecticut)
She cut her shaggy Maine. (Maine)

What did Ohi-owe boys? (Ohio)
She owed her Taxes. (Texas)

How did Flori-die, boys? (Florida)
She died of Misery. (Missouri)

ON THE BACK FENCE
A Dialogue for Hand Puppets - (2 Characters)

By Celena Rowe

Tom and Maria, the cat puppets are simply made. Two pieces of black paper muslin, cut cat shape, are sewed together, the bottom left open so that the hand of the operator may be inserted. Paint the features of the cats with show card colors. Cut Tom a trifle larger. Paint him so that one ear is half off, one eye is closed. Place a red scar over his heart, and add a few scratches here and there. The fence may be painted on wrapping paper or cardboard. Place the fence, propped up by many books, on a table. The operators stand behind the table, hidden by the fence, and make Tom and Maria perform on top of the fence.

Maria: What a beautiful moon! Meow, me-ow-ow, I wish Tom were here to share it with me. (Tom hops up on the fence beside her)

Tom: Here I am, Maria.

Maria: Welcome, Tom. (looks closely at him) Tom, is that a fresh bandage on your ear? Don't tell me you have had another accident?

Tom: Maria, I have lost my eighth life!

Maria: Oh, Tom-- a cat has only nine lives. Now you have but one life left.

Tom: Am I worried. (drops head)

Maria: What happened to you this time?

Tom: I was sunning myself in Clifford's back yard.

Maria: Clifford's? I thought you were living with Tony Pelligrino.

Tom: I was -- until I lost my seventh life. Then I determined that I would seek a quiet home with a big garden where I could sun myself and be perfectly safe. So I moved to Clifford's.

Maria: Surely nothing could happen to you at Clifford's. I've often thought that if I ever changed masters, I would love to live with Clifford. He is such a thoughtful, kindly child.

Tom: The best in the world, Cliff is, but, Maria, no place is safe nowadays.

Maria: What happened?

Tom: Clifford was in the garden lying in a deck chair, sunning himself, and I was curled up on his lap. We heard rifle shots in the next yard. We sprang up to see what was happening.

Maria: Rifle shots?

Tom: The boy next door was shooting at a target on the fence between the two yards.

Maria: Oh, Tom!

Tom: You can guess the rest, Maria. Poor Clifford! Poor me!

- Maria: Did that boy shoot Clifford and you?
- Tom: He did. Of course he didn't mean to, but that does not help any. He aimed at the target, shot twice, and shot us.
- Maria: Is Clifford-----? Boys have only one life!
- Tom: He was taken to the hospital. I heard the doctor say that he has a chance. Well, goodbye to my eighth life.
- Maria: Why does anyone play with a gun?
- Tom: Don't ask me! I would not touch a gun to save my nine lives, but look what happened to me anyway. Only one life left!
- Maria: What happened when you lived with Tony in that big tenement house with all the clothes lines?
- Tom: Tony has reason to bless those clothes lines. One day, we were sitting on a window sill, up on the fourth floor, and Tony was pulling on the clothes line just outside the window. He thought it fun to hear the rope squeak.
- Maria: Poor Tony, he had no yard to play in.
- Tom: Poor me, you mean. Said Tony, I gotta clothesa pin. I pinna you omma de line." And the little imp grabbed me with one hand, and the clothes pin with the other. He lost his balance--fell!
- Maria: And you, Tom?
- Tom: Crash--right down to earth. A cat is supposed to land on his feet, but I didn't, Maria. I did a nose dive into a pile of rocks. That was the end of my seventh life.
- Maria: Poor Tony, poor little chap.
- Tom: Lucky Tony -- he caught on the clothes lines all the way down--and he landed in Mrs. Fillippini's clothes basket filled with clean clothes. Isn't that luck?
- Maria: Where will you live now, Tom?
- Tom: Oh, for a safe place! Where is there such a place?
- Maria: My home is safe, Tom. I still have all my lives. Now, if you would stay in the house, you might--
- Tom: (bends fiercely towards Maria) Stay in the house? Houses are not safe, you smug, longtailed Maltese!
- Maria: (draws herself up, and prepares to leave the fence) You insulting alley cat!

Tom: Forgive me, Maria, forgive me. Do not go! I forgot myself because I am so nervous. Only one life left. But houses are not safe, Maria. I've lost lives right at home!

Maria: I'll forgive you this time, Tom. How did you lose your first life?

Tom: When I was a kitten I lived with Carl: his mother kept her floors highly polished with wax. I could see myself in those floors.

Maria: Such floors are often dangerous.

Tom: Don't I know it? Carl was chasing me, one day, and he made a swift turn into the hall. The rug slipped, and Carl crashed against the hall door, hitting his head.

Maria: Where were you, Tom?

Tom: Right under him--and that boy weighed one hundred fifty pounds. I lost my first life, and Carl gained a beautiful long scar, the result of nine stitches.

Maria: When you looked for a new home you avoided those with highly waxed floors, didn't you?

Tom: That I did, but even so, I stayed just one day with the Murpheys. I lay under the table, dozing. The baby pulled at the table cloth. Next the contents of a bowl of mad hot soup covered us. The baby went to the hospital, and I said goodbye to life the second.

Maria: Scalds are very painful.

Tom: Have you ever been in an explosion? That is painful, I assure you.

Maria: An explosion?

Tom: When I was living with the MacTavishes, Jean, such a pretty girl, was invited to a big party. She wanted to look her best, so she decided to clean her best dress. Into a basin in the kitchen she poured gasoline. Bang!! Jean had forgotten the lighted pilot on the gas stove.

Maria: Poor, pretty Jean.

Tom: So I lost my third life, and all my beauty. My fur has never been the same since. I can't see with my left eye--and my tail, (holds it up) well, once it was a real tail.

Maria: Poor Tommy. What happened to life number four?

Tom: I fell into a bathtub.

Maria: Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha! Just imagine you taking a bath. Ha ha!

Tom: (stiffly) Indeed.

Maria: You never have liked water, Tom. That bath must have been a sad experience.

Tom: It was a sadder one for Bennie. (wipes away a tear) What a hot day that was.

Bennie lay in the tub covered with cold water. He had put the electric fan on the rim of the tub so that the cold air blew right on him. I sat on the rim of the tub, too, trying to cool off. Bennie lifted his hand to pet me. The fan fell into the water. The current shorted, and Bennie was shocked into unconsciousness. I fell into the tub. Maria, Bennie drowned in that tub, and so did I.

Maria: I'm sorry I laughed. (wipes both eyes) That was a tragedy.

Tom: Don't cry, Maria.

Maria: Meow, meow.

Tom: (airily) Then I lost my fifth when Billy Downs stabbed me.

Maria: The murderous child!

Tom: Oh, no, merely careless. Billy was playing "Three Blind Mice." He ran after me with a carving knife, tripped, fell, and thrust the knife through my heart. (shows scar over heart)

Maria: (shudders) Ugh!

Tom: Do you like chocolate candy, Maria?

Maria: (smoothing her whiskers) I love it.

Tom: I can laugh now at how foolishly I lost my sixth life, but it might have been a tragedy for Edith. Fortunately a doctor lived next door.

Maria: What happened?

Tom: Edith was only four, but she was tall enough to reach the drawer of her mother's dressing table, and take out a little box. "Oo, chocolate drops," she cried. "Look, Tommy, are they not nice! Want one?" Of course I did. "One for you, one for me," Edith cried, "Swallow one!" and thrusting another into my open mouth. I gulped it down, purred loudly, asking for more. "One for you, one for me," she said again and again - and soon the box was empty.

Maria: How many chocolate drops did you eat?

Tom: Twelve apiece - and they weren't chocolate drops, either. Very shortly after, Edith and I were rolling on the floor in convulsions. Those drops were medicine, powerful medicine.

Maria: Oh Tom!

Tom: Edith's mother heard the noise and rushed in. A minute later she rushed out to the doctor's, carrying Edith. Well, Edith was saved, but I lost another life. Ha, ha, to think I couldn't tell medicine from candy. Ha, ha.

Maria: That is not funny, Tom.

Tom: Meow, meow, eight lives lost, one life left. Where will I be safe?

Maria: I think, Tom, you had better come home with me. You have lost eight lives living with careless people. Homes can be safe, Tommy. Try mine. You shall find that you will live to a ripe old age, even if you have but one life left.

Tom: Will your master want me? I'm a scarred, ragged looking cat. I am not sleek and fine looking like you.

Maria: Come along, You'll be welcome if you will catch mice. I am too well fed to care about chasing them any more, so the master ought to be glad to have you if you are a good mouser.

Tom: I'll earn my keep. Why, the moon is disappearing!

Maria: Hurry, we must be home in time to meet the milkman. Come, Tom! (both run away)

* * * * *

PETER RABBIT CHANGES HIS NAME

A Puppet Play in Three Scenes.

Scene I

Interior of Peter Rabbit's house. Peter discovered, right at table, head in hands.

Peter: Peter Rabbit, Peter Rabbit. I don't see what Mother Nature ever gave me such a common sounding name for. People laugh at me, but if I had a fine sounding name they wouldn't laugh.

(Mother Rabbit enters left, unnoticed by Peter)
Some folks say that a name doesn't amount to anything, but it does. If I should do something wonderful nobody would think any thing of it because -- why just because it was done by Peter Rabbit.

M. Rabbit: (Peter jumps at sound of her voice) Well, what are you going to do about it? You've got something to learn.

Peter: What is it?

M. Rabbit: It's just this - There's nothing in a name except
Just what we choose to make it.
It lies with us and no one else
How other folks shall take it.
It's what we do and what we say
And how we live each passing day
That makes it big or makes it small
Or even worse than none at all.
A name just stands for what we are;
It's what we choose to make it.
And that's the way and only way
That other folks will take it.

Peter: I don't like being preached to.

M. Rabbit: I'm not preaching; I'm just telling you what you ought to know without being told. If you don't like your name why don't you change it.

Peter: What's that?

M. Rabbit: If you don't like yourname why don't you change it?

Peter: I--I--hadn't thot of that. Do you suppose I could, Mother Rabbit?

M. Rabbit: Easiest thing in the world. Just decide what name you like and then ask all your friends to call you by it.

Peter Rabbit changes his name. - 2 -

Peter: I believe I will.

M. Rabbit: Well, let me know what it is when you have decided.

Peter: But, Mother Rabbit, I don't know what name to change to. Can't you help me?

M. Rabbit: Yes, I believe I could help you. Let's see. How would Peter Snicklefritz be?

Peter: Oh, not that. That sounds like a sneeze.

M. Rabbit: Well then, be Wizzer Wiggleump.

Peter: That's worse. It sounds like a crazy bug.

M. Rabbit: I've got it. The great-great Uncle of your fourth cousin, on your Father's side, was called Peter Cottontail and was very proud of the name.

Peter: (Thinking) Cottontail -- Cottontail -- Peter Cottontail. That sounds big and means something -- I don't know what, but -- YES, SIR, that will be my name from this very minute. Oh, goody. Thanks, Mother Rabbit. Now I must send word to all my friends, that hereafter I am no longer Peter Rabbit but Peter Cottontail,
(Starts out door, right as Mr. Frog comes in)

Frog: Good morning, Peter Rabbit. Where to in such a hurry?

Peter: I'm not Peter Rabbit. I'm Peter Cottontail.

(Exit Peter, right, in a hurry)

Frog: (Calling to Peter) What's that? Peter, what did you say?
(Turns to M. Rabbit) That young scamp seemed all excited. What's the matter?

M. Rabbit: He is a very foolish little rabbit and has decided to change his name to Peter Cottontail. He has gone off to tell all his friends.

Frog: Dear me, dear me. What is this world coming to? Jimmy Chipmunk is going to have a big party and I have come to invite Peter Rabbit but I can't invite Peter Cottontail. I guess that youngster won't be at the party.

M. Rabbit: That will serve him right and might teach him a lesson.

Frog: What a joke, what a joke. If Peter Rabbit comes back you tell him he is invited but Peter Cottontail is not. Dood-day.
(Exits saying in a croaking voice--What a joke, what a joke)

CURTAIN

Peter Rabbit changes his name - 3 -

Scene II

In the woods, Mr. Frog and Brother Bear discovered right.

Frog: Have you heard the news?
 Peter Rabbit's changed his name
 In the future, without fail
 You must call him, if you please,
 Mr. Peter Cottontail.

B. Bear: That is news. Ha-Ha-Ho-Ho. Who told you?

Frog: I was just over to his house to invite him to Jimmy Chipmunk's party and his mother told me all about it.

B. Bear: We ought to play a joke on him for that. (Thinks) Let me see. I know what we'll do. I'll go find Br'er Wolf and tell him to wait right over behind those bramble bushes, and when Peter comes along to jump out at him.

Frog: That's good, that's good. I'll look out for Peter Rabbit and keep him here until you get back. Oh, hurry, here he comes now.

 (Exit B. Bear, left, in a hurry)

Frog starts singing)

 I have a joke, as sure as I croak--

 (Enter Peter, right)

Frog: Ha-Ho. Peter Rabbit, I was just looking for you.

Peter: I am Peter Cottontail, if you please, and not Peter Rabbit.

Frog: Now that's too bad--too bad. I wanted to invite Peter Rabbit to a great big party. Going to have cabbage leaves, carrots and lettuce and nice french beans. Everybody that we know is going. Did you say you were Peter Cottontail? Don't know you, don't know you.

 (Enter B. Bear, left)

B. Bear: Good morning, Mr. Frog. Hello, Peter Rabbit, you're just the fellow I'm looking for; I've a very important message for you.

Peter: (Ignores B. Bear) Did you say a party, Mr. Frog?

B. Bear: I say, Peter Rabbit, are you deaf?

Frog: Oh, Brother Bear, Peter Rabbit isn't here. This is Peter Cottontail.

B. Bear: So? Well I'm sorry. Had a very important message for Peter Rabbit.

Peter: (Eagerly) What was it?

- B. Bear: Can't tell you. It's for Peter Rabbit.
(Mr. Frog and B. Bear start off right)
If you happen to see Peter Rabbit, you might just tell him that Br'er Wolf is laying for him right over beyond those bramble bushes.
(Mr. Frog and B. Bear exit right)
- Peter: Now I am in for it. That must have been the message that Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow had for me too. If I had only listened to them I would have been safe. Oh, here comes Br'er Wolf. What shall I do?
(Enter Br'er Wolf, left)
- Wolf: Well, well, well. Here is the new Cottontail. I must get better acquainted with you.
- Peter: (Trembling) Who were you looking for, Mr. Wolf?
- Wolf: I understand that a rabbit by the name of Peter Cottontail is here. I love Cottontails. They are my favorite branch of the family.
- Peter: You are mistaken, Mr. Wolf. I think Peter Cottontail went that way. (Points behind him) I'm Peter Rabbit. There he goes now.
(Br'er Wolf turns to look. Peter turns and scampers off right)
- Wolf: (Without turning) I don't see him. Which way did he go?
(Turns) Why, you young scamp, you fooled me you did.

CURTAIN

Scene III

Same as scene I. Mother Rabbit discovered dusting with a feather duster, right. Peter rushes in, left, panting.

- Peter: Oh Mammy, Mammy . (Throws himself in her arms)
- M. Rabbit: There, there, my dear. What is the trouble? (Pats him)
- Peter: Oh Mammy, Mr. Wolf nearly caught me.
- M. Rabbit: How did that happen? Your bird friends usually warn you.
- Peter: Yes, I know, but I wouldn't pay any attention to them because they wouldn't call me Peter Cottontail.
- M. Rabbit: Oh, my foolish little rabbit.
- Peter: Yes. I know I was foolish, but I won't be any more.
- M. Rabbit: Yes, yes. A name just stands for what we are
It's what we choose to make it.

Peter: I see that now.

M. Rabbit: As long as my little Peter Rabbit has come home, he is invited to Jimmy Chipmunk's party.

Peter: Oh, goody. That's what Mr. Frog said. I guess Peter Rabbit is a good enough name after all.

FINAL CURTAIN

Minnie Culworth
PAUL AND SILAS IN MACEDONIA

Scene I - Stall for selling of purple cloth.
Lydia seated. Paul and Silas behind her.

new copy

LYDIA - ~~Paul~~ Now that I am baptised and you are sure that I am a true believer in the Lord, come thou Paul and ~~thou Silas~~ ^{and} to stay with me.

PAUL - We will do so, Lydia.

Girl enters.

GIRL - (cries) These men are servants of the Most High God. They proclaim to thee the way of salvation.

PAUL - Who is this girl?

LYDIA - She is a slave girl who brings great gain to her owner by the telling of fortunes.

GIRL - These men are servants of the Most High God. They proclaim to thee the way to salvation.

PAUL - She is possessed by an evil spirit. (advances) In the name Of Jesus Christ I command thee to come out of her.

Girl cries, and falls to ground. Enter Owner.

OWNER - What is this? What hast ^{thou} ~~thou~~ done? (To Paul) Thou hast ruined me. I will have you men seized.

Raises girl and carries her out.

LYDIA - Alas! He means what he says. Flee, I beg of you!

PAUL - Nay, here ~~we~~ ^I will remain.

Enter Soldier.

SOLDIER - Are you the ~~man~~ ^{man} known as Paul ~~and Silas?~~

PAUL - ~~We are.~~ I am

SOLDIER - You are under arrest.

PAUL - Remember, ~~we are~~ ^{I am} Roman citizens.

SCENE II - Paul and Silas in stocks
in prison.

Paul and Silas sing hymns. Jailer is sleeping.
Thunder and lightening are heard.

PAUL AND SILAS IN MACEDONIA

Scene I - Stall for selling of
purple cloth. Lydia seated.
Paul and Silas behind her.

LYDIA - *Paul* Now that I am baptised and you are sure that I am a true
believer in the Lord, come thou Paul ~~and Silas~~ to stay
with me.

PAUL - We will do so, Lydia.

Girl enters.

GIRL - (cries) These men are servants of the Most High God. They
proclaim to thee the way to salvation.

PAUL - Who is this girl?

LYDIA - She is a slave girl who brings great gain to her owner by
the telling of fortunes.

GIRL - These men are servants of the Most High God. They proclaim
to thee the way to salvation.

PAUL - She is possessed by an evil spirit. (advances) In the
name of Jesus Christ I command thee to come out of her.

(Girl cries, and falls to ground)

OWNER - What is this? What hast thou done? (To Paul) Thou hast
ruined me. I will have you men seized.

Raises girl and carries her out.

LYDIA - Alas! He means what he says. Plee, I beg of you.

PAUL - Nay, here we will remain.

Enter Soldier.

SOLDIER - Are you the man known as Paul ~~the~~?

PAUL - ~~I am~~.

SOLDIER - *I am* You are under arrest.

PAUL - Remember, ~~I am~~ Roman citizen.



PAUL AND SILAS IN MACEDONIA

Scene I--Stall for selling of
purple cloth. Lydia seated.
Paul and Silas behind her.

LYDIA: Now that I am baptised and you are sure that I am a true believer in the Lord, come thou Paul and thou Silas to stay with me.

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Raises girl and carries her out.

LYDIA: Alas! He means what he says. Flee, I beg of you.

PAUL: Nay, here we will remain.

Enter Soldier.

SOLDIER: Are you the men known as Paul and Silas?

PAUL: We are.

SOLDIER: You are under arrest.

PAUL: Remember we are Roman citizens.

Scene II--Paul and Silas in
stocks in prison.

Paul and Silas sing hymns.
Jailer is sleeping. Thunder
and lightning are heard.

JAILER: (in darkness) What has happened? An earthquake--My
prisoners have escaped! My sword! I must kill myself!

PAUL: Do no harm to yourself--we are here.

JAILER: (falls on knees before Paul) Sirs, What must I do to be
saved?

PAUL: Believe in Christ, the son of God.

Enter Soldier.

SOLDIER: Release these men.

PAUL: They have beaten us publicly without trial, although we
are Roman citizens and then put us in prison. Now they
are going to send us out secretly. No, indeed, let them
come here themselves and take us out.

SOLDIER: I will report to the military rulers.

Exit Soldier.

JAILER: They are afraid, now they find you are Roman citizens. I
will bring you food and dress your wounds.

Exit Jailer.

Enter Lydia.

SILAS: They will wish us to leave the city--

PAUL: Yes, but we must first encourage our brothers of the faith
here in Macedonia.

Enter Military ruler.

RULER: Paul and Silas, I bring you word that you are released. We did you wrong. Hold it not against us, but we beg you to leave the city.

PAUL: We will leave in the morning.

RULER: So be it. Jailer, release these men!

CURTAIN

Paul Before Agrippa

SCENE I

Place--The Judgment Hall at Caesarea

Cast--Festus, Agrippa, Paul

*Kenneth Buz-
David*

- Morris - Randall Addison

- Festus King Agrippa, this man whom you see here as a prisoner, Paul of Tarsus, has been declared by the Jews, both in Jerusalem and here, to be worthy of death, because he proclaims Jesus of Nazareth to be the Messiah. I myself could not find that he had done anything worthy of death, but I am not learned in the matters of the Jewish law.
- Agrippa Could he not be sent to be tried in Jerusalem?
- Festus He has appealed to Caesar, and therefore must be sent to Rome. But wouldst thou not like to hear what he has to say?
- Agrippa (to Paul) Thou art permitted to speak for thyself.
- Paul I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews.
- From my youth, after the strictest sect of our religions, I lived a Pharisee.
- I thought I ought to persecute the followers of Jesus, and many of them did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests. And when they were put to death I gave my voice against them.
- Agrippa And thou art right, O Paul.
- Paul Then I began to persecute them in other cities. But as I was journeying to Damascus, at midday, I saw a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, and heard a voice speaking unto me, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And I said, "Who art thou?" And he said, "I am Jesus. Rise and stand upon thy feet. I would send to open the eyes of the nations and to turn them from darkness to light."
- Agrippa And what did'st thou then?
- Paul O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.
- Festus Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad.
- Paul I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth.

SCENE I

Festus Paul, thou art bedide thyself, much learning doth make thee mad.

Paul I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth.

Agrippa Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

Festus Truly this man is not worthy of death.

Agrippa Could he not be set at liberty?

Festus If he had not appealed unto Caesar. Julius! This prisoner I commit unto thy keeping, to be taken by ship to Rome. Thou belongest to the bodyguard of the Emperor Augustus. See to it that he be well treated and safely delivered into the Emperor's hands.

Julius Most noble Festus, it shall be done.

SCENE 2

Place--Harbor at Fair Haseus--(Boat at Anchor)
Sailor is loading the ship--Captain directs.
Paul looks on.

Captain Put that one here.

Paul Dost thou truly intend to set sail?

Captain Within the hour.

Paul It is a dangerous time of year. Thou knowest "The Fast" is over.

Captain We must lose no more time. Lack of wind has delayed us.

Enter Julius

Captain and Paul bow.

Julius Good day.

Paul & Capt Good day, Sir.

Julius How soon do we sail, Captain?

Captain Immediately, Sir.

Julius That is well. We are too much delayed. (to Paul)
Did'st thou find thy friends at Sidon?

Paul I did, Sir. It was kind of thee to allow me to refresh myself there.

Julius Thou wouldst have been set free had'st thou not appealed to Caesar.

Captain The wind is freshening. We must set sail.

Paul I know something of the sea and I perceive that this voyage will be with injury and much loss--not only to the lading of the ship but also to our lives.

Julius What thinkest thou, Captain? (Turns to Captain)

Captain Do not heed him. This Haven is not commodious to winter in. We must reach Phoenix by any means we can command and winter there.

SCENE II

Julius Where is Phoenix?

Captain It is a haven of Crete. See. The wind blows softly
from the south which is favorable and suits our purpose.

Julius So it does. The captain is probably right, Paul. We
will go with thee.

Captain Loose the ship.

Paul Thou has heard my warning. (Ship sails)

Curtain

SCENE III

Place--Cabin of Ship. Paul and Julius discovered.

Julius ~~How the storm rages.~~ We have seen neither sun nor stars for many days.

Paul Has the rigging been cut away?

Julius Yes and the freight has been thrown overboard.

Paul How the tempest tosses us! Undergirding the ship has helped little.

Julius I must go up on deck. Good night.

Paul Good night.

Exit Julius.

Paul (Lies in hammock)

Angel Appears--Paul, Paul.

Paul (Sits up) Who art thou?

Angel Fear not, Paul. I am the angel of the Lord. Thou must be brought before Caesar, and lo, God has given into the hands all those that sail with thee.

Paul God be praised.

Curtain

place on deck of ship

Page 6

SCENE IIII

Capt. Jul. Paul

Storm. Ship tossed back and forth.

Captain { With our sails gone we can do nothing but be driven before the storm.

~~Sailor~~ { ~~There is no more hope for our lives. I hunger.~~

Julius { Truly, our abstinence has been long.

Paul { Sirs, you should have hearkened unto me and not have left Fair Haseus.

Captain { True. I fear we all shall perish.

~~Sailor~~ { ~~Let us kill the prisoner and lower the life boat.~~

Julius { ~~No, that we will not do.~~

Captain { If we stay on the ship, nothing can save us.

Paul { I exhort you to be of good cheer for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you--only the ship shall be lost.

Julius { How speakest thou with such authority?

Paul { There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve. He said, "Fear not, Paul. Thou must be brought before Caesar and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.

Julius { Can this be true!

Paul { Verily, it is so. Wherefore, sir, be of good cheer, for I believe God that it must be even as it was told me.

Julius { How shall we be saved?

Paul { We shall be cast upon a certain island.

Julius { We will trust in your God.

Captain- The ship is sinking -
Julius- Jump aboard + clear the ship -

Ship sinks -
Paul - Cling to the wreckage - See Julius - the coast & there are people on the shore to help us land.

PAUL BUNYAN PAGEANT

Sky Bomb

Overture - "Poet and Peasant" - Leisure Time ERA Orchestra directed by
Bernhard Anderson.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the citizens of Brainerd, The Brainerd Chamber of
Commerce, and the Recreation and Leisure Time Department of the Emergency
Relief Administration give you (Fanfare) Paul Bunyan, his birth develop-
ments, and accomplishments.

Hall of Mountain King (Interlude)

Tableau of Lumberjacks.

INTRODUCTION TO PROLOGUE

Let us imagine ourselves in the lumber woods when a winter night has settled down over the snowy forest land. The trees crackle with the cold, the ice on the lakes booms and creaks with the rending grip of the frost and the Northern Lights climb the sky in flickering waves of green and purple and crimson.

(TABLEAU OF LUMBER CAMP)

Only in the big lumber camp is there sign of warmth and comfort. There, in the bunkhouse and shanty, the men have gathered together after their hard day's labor, enjoying each other's companionship. This is the time to sit back and listen to the old timers on the "deacon-seat" tell over again, the wonderful tales of Paul Bunyan and his marvelous deeds. Paul Bunyan, the mightiest man that ever came into the woods. Never do woodsmen tire of hearing of him, nor do the stories of his tremendous labors grow old, for not only was he the first one of all their kind, but the greatest lumberjack that ever lived - the hero of them all.

A section or a canto was delivered each night by an old lumberman, so that the stories exist as a group of anecdotes, set in the Onion River County, the Bullfrog Lake Country, or the Leaning Pine Country. These tales are native of the woods and embody the souls of millions of American Camp men who have done hard and perilous pioneer labor in this country.

Paul Bunyan visualizes perfectly the American love of tall talk and tall doings with the true American exuberance and extravagance. It is true American legend, perhaps, the great American epic. At any rate, Paul Bunyan, as he stands today is absolutely American from head to foot.

PROLOGUE

(LIGHTS ON TABLEAU)

The first scene will show that even prior to his birth, Paul Bunyan was unusual. Father Time and his trusty stocks realized from the time they received the order containing the specifications that the selection of a child for the Bunyan family was an extraordinary event. As many of you know, Babyland has two principal departments,

one- headed by Father Time and the other by the Chief Stork. The former selects the hour upon which the individual is to be born and the other chooses the fit infant. This selection, of course, is usually a routine affair. The Chief Stork concerns himself with the shipments to Asia and delegates those to the other continents to his four assistants. The magnitude, however, of the Bunyan request from America so overwhelmed the North American Stork that he rushed to his chief who in turn called a caucus of all the assistants and Father Time.

EPISODE I

Our first scene takes place before the modest Bunyan cabin where Mr. and Mrs. Bunyan are anticipating the arrival of their first born child. They were ambitious though humble folks, but even they had not the slightest idea how great their son was to become. Mrs. Bunyan was a sturdy French Canadian lass and her husband a fine upstanding man of great strength. The Bunyan family were pioneers and built their home far from the outposts of civilization. The strain and suspense of waiting for the stork to arrive was too much even for the father. In his anxiety, he can called in all the doctors, north of the Equator and South of Missou. To see him greatly perturbed, pacing up and down in front of his dwelling, trying vainly to calm his nerves by pulls at his venerable pipe.

EPISODE II

From necessity the infant, Paul, was bedded down outdoors until an attack of colic, occasioned by his consumption of the winter's supply of ham and bacon, caused him to destroy four square miles of standing timber. This he did by his nightmarish kicking and rolling.

His father's tools were his playthings. He put his teeth on his father's breadax, gnawing it so badly out of shape that it could never be used again. When seven months old, his parents were amazed one morning to find the bed much lower than normal. Paul had, in his baby way, cut off the legs of the bedstead. As the years of his boyhood passed, he continued to grow bigger and stronger, becoming better versed in everything that pertained to the woods. He learned that seldom did he dare to exert his full strength, so powerful was he. He was only fourteen when he found he could kill a whole pond full of bull frogs with just one yell. His immense size did not interfere with his spryness, however, as he had trained himself since childhood until he was able to blow out the lamp and be in bed and asleep before the room grew dark.

So here is Paul, no longer a husky youngster, but a man full grown. He is ready to embark on his life's work. Rumors had reached his ears of a tremendous country to the north infested with fierce Agripelters, Gumberoes, Hugags, Ring Tailed Bavalorous, Whintessers, Sweligesters, and other dangerous critters, which prevented the country being settled.

The Agripelter was very strong with a slender, wiry body and a villianous ape-like face. He liked to tuck himself away in hollow trees and lie in wait for his enemy, man, to come by. The Gumberoe was almost round in shape, and was the largest animal of the woods. His skin was so thick, nothing could pierce it. Even when a rifle was fired at him, so tough was his hide and so plastic his body, that the bullet was sure to bounce back at exactly the same speed, and strike the hunter between the eyes. Besides these, he would encounter the North Country mosquitoes, the giant ancestors of the present degenerate remnant of the species. These vicious insects had a wing spread

of twelve of twelve to fifteen feet, and weighed in the neighborhood of a quarter of a ton. Prospect of danger and excitement made him eager to be off. Therefore, he started immediately, armed with his trusty double-bitted ax, accompanied only by a local lad, who later became known as Paul Bunyan's Little Chere Boy. Believing in an "ounce of prevention", he took with him a yoke of bumblebees. These bees were the mightiest of their species with huge bodies and white hot stingers. He relied upon them to conquer the giant mosquitoes. He strapped their wings down with surcingles, and they willingly checked their stingers with him - so docile were they, during their long journey overland. So, on their arrival in the north country, he released their wings and returned their stingers to them for their first fight.

EPISODE III

Paul's feelings were badly hurt by the bee's lack of loyalty. He had never dreamed that they would make friends, even intermarry with the dreaded mosquitoes. The union had dire results as it produced offsprings with stingers fore and aft, which could get you coming or going. This was his only disappointment, however, for he was able to quickly clear the forest of the strange and vicious animal that infested it. As you saw, he encountered for the first time, known to history, the Wild Wince, that dangerous, but toothsome creature from which Paul originated the Famous Wince Pie.

Paul next set about building up his famous logging organization. The nucleus of this group were the mighty seven ax men, never equalled before or since excepting by Paul himself. Their axes were so big, it took a week to grind them. They each had three axes and two helpers to carry the spare axes to the river when they got red hot from chopping. Even in those days, they had to watch out for forest fires. The axes were hung on long ropes handles. Each axman would march thru the timber whirling his ax around him 'til the hum of it sounded like one of Paul's fore and aft mosquitoes. At every step a quarter section was cut. Authorities differ as to their size, but it is known that they kept a cord of four feet wood on the table for toothpicks. Because of their voracious appetites, it required a large cooking organization. Paul secured Pea Soup Short for his first cook. He was a plump, lazy, complacent rascal who made no attempt to feed the loggers anything but hardtack and pea soup. He even made lunches for the loggers by freezing pea soup around a rope and sending it to the woods in sticks like big candles. Some workmen who liked their soup hot, hollowed out their peavy handles and filled them with soup, keeping it hot by the action of their hands on the handles. Not until the winter of the Bull Frog Lake County, did the loggers complain of their food. However, that winter Shagline Bill's freight sleds broke thru the ice on the lake and the season's supply of split peas was lost in the water. Pea Soup Shorty did not try to originate any new food for the loggers but simply had the lake pried up enough to build a fire under it. The peas were thus made into soup and pumped into the cook shanty through a big fire hose. As a result, the men complained and Pea Soup Shorty was replaced by Sourdough Sam. Sam could make everything but coffee

out of Sourdough. Besides using it for food, Sam declared it could be used for shaving soap, poultices, eye wash, boot grease, hair tonic, skin plasters, ear muffs, chest protectors, corn pads, arch supporters, vest lining, pillow stuffing, lamp fuel, kindling, and saw polish. Sam ~~never~~ conceived the idea that small quantities of sourdough added to bookkeeper Johnny Inslinger's ink barrels would triple the supply. Whereupon he dumped five gallons of sourdough into each of twelve barrels. The treated barrels of ink exploded like a salvo of artillery fire. When Sam had been dragged from the flaming black torrent of ink, it was found that his right arm and left leg had been lost in the explosion. He was picked up by Johnny Inslinger, who was not only the greatest figurer, but the greatest doctor of his time. ~~Sam~~ Sam sent at once for his son, Hot Biscuit Slim, who developed into the greatest of all logging camp cooks. He built up a great organization for the feeding of Paul and his mighty men. When they sat down to breakfast, it took ten cooks, ten waiters, ten flunkies, six bees, and the Little Chere Boy, all under the direction of Hot Biscuit Slim to satisfy their huge appetites. For breakfast, Paul and his men especially doted on prunes. It required the full time of the Little Chere Boy to cart the pits away. Following the prunes, they ate huge stacks of flapjacks made with Buffalo milk and flooded with honey, made and poured by the bees. Paul always finished his breakfast with a gigantic wedge of mince pie.

EPISODE IV

Babe, the Blue Ox, was raised by Paul from a calf. He was so called because of his glittering blue silken hair. When he was full grown, he attained a prodigious size. Some say he was seven ax handles between the eyes and others equally dependable say forty-two ax-handles and a plug of tobacco. Babe was a great pet and very intelligent and quickly learned the tricks that Paul taught him. Besides he seemed to have a sense of humor. He loved to playfully lick Paul's neck where he was so ticklish that the caress impelled him to roll with laughter. With Babe to help him, Paul invented logging. At first he pulled trees up by the roots, tying them in bundles on one side of Babe, with rocks on the other side for a ballast. Then he made his first improvement, using a second bundle of logs instead of rocks. As Paul built up his organization, Babe was put in charge of the Big Swede whose gentleness and patience with the Blue Ox could not be surpassed. Fall and spring he cleaned him with a fire hose, a ton of soap and a tank of hair tonic. Each time he was shed, it was necessary to open up a new iron mine. Babe could pull anything with two ends to it, and so Paul found it easier to hitch him to a quarter section and snake it to the landing where the logs were sheared off like wool off a sheep's back, with the cross cut saw Paul invented. The denuded sections were hauled back to their original location. Six trips a day, six days a week, just cleaned up a township, for section 37 was never hauled back to the wood Saturday night, but was left out on the landing to wash away in the early spring when the drive went out. The cross cut saw could reach across a quarter section for Paul could never think in smaller units. It took a good man to pull it in heavy timber when Paul was working on the other end. He used to say to his fellow sawers that he didn't mind if they rode the saw, but for them please not to drag their feet.

Paul was the greatest inventor of all times. Besides his saw and his wonderful logging equipment, he invented the grindstone. His men had always sharpened their axes by rolling rock downhill and running alongside. They would hold their ax blades on the stones as they rolled. Paul always had the good of his men at heart. He invented picture cards, poker, rummy and cribbage to amuse the men in the bunk house.

It was a long time before they solved the problem of turning logging sleds around in the road. They had to wait for Paul to come along to pick up the horses and lead and head them the other way. At last Paul invented the "round turn". All of his inventions were successful excepting when he tried to run 3 ten hour shifts by installing the Aurora Borealis. The plan was abandoned because the lights were not dependable. As his organization grew, the bunkhouses finally were built up a hundred and thirty-seven tiers. To save time, Paul suggested the men go to bed with balloons and come down in the morning with parachutes. It was a pretty sight to see them floating down in great clouds in the early morning. Paul could always excel his men in all their logging activities. In their favorite sport of log rolling, he could roll a log so fast, it made foam on the water solid enough for him to walk ashore. He is known to have crossed wide rivers this way.

- INTERMISSION -

EPISODE V

ENTR'ACT - ORCHESTRA

Paul Bunyan had never had an association application, or cooperation from any but the male sex. Although he had heard rumors that his mother was a woman, no logger in the camp reminded him of it. From the time he was 10 feet tall, until he reached his full growth, he had never set eyes on anything but men, and such men - real rough, red-blooded, burly, bully, savage, dirt-stamping, ear-chewing, tobacco-loving, whisker growing, hell-roaring Ho-Men. In his camp, no one complained of the smeared sticky feeling that follow great sweats or spoke delicately of bathing. Occasionally some of the loggers would stumble into the hoof tracks of Babe and become soused but for these rare occasions, baths were practically unknown. Most of the loggers were content to let Big Ole, the Blacksmith, chisel off the grime when they changed from winter to summer habiliments.

Centeel manners were completely unknown. Meal time was accompanied by stamping and banging, clatter and crash, smoking, sucking and grinding. Breakfast done, the loggers came forth wiping their mouths with flourishing swipes of their fists, and with much snorting, thumb blowing of noses.

And their language was so profane that the year of the Blue Snow, it was so cold on New Year's Day every spoken word froze solidly in the air as soon as it was uttered. Many a logger bumped his mouth on hell's and damn's which were solid in the air. Their motto seemed to be:

It's all very well to be profane
When life is as dark as night
But the man worth a fuss is the man who can cuss
When everything round him is bright

Paul's loggers had reached the point where they were almost too hellishly - even for Paul. So at the appearance of the Reformer, he did not seriously object to his proposal to introduce in the camp, the softening influence of femininity.

INTRODUCTION TO SCENE VI

The year of the two winters, Paul felt his luck had deserted him. It was so called because it was as cold as two winters put together. At Christmas time, there was 50 feet of ice on Lake Superior and by the last of February, it was frozen to the bottom.

It was so cold that the men's words froze and dropped to the ground as they were spoken. There is always a few fault finders in every camp, so Paul made them meet in a fault-finding conference and relieve themselves of their unpleasant criticisms at that time. Paul intended to have all these frozen words hauled away to be buried, but Johnny Inkslinger thought of boxing them up and selling them for blasting powder. They were very powerful too, when a charge of them were set off all at once. One good thing which the cold spell did and the women's influence was to cure all the men of swearing. Whenever a man dropped a cuss word, Paul had it picked up by a special crew, labeled with the man's name and stored away. When spring came and the weather began to get warm each man had a bale of cuss words that he had to listen to as they thawed out. Brinestone Bill was the worst offender in camp and he was deaf for three weeks afterwards. He never did recover from the dreadful things he heard and his experience completely cured him of swearing.

The year of the two winters, it was cold enough to continue logging operations right up until the 4th of July. Paul was so patriotic, however, that he wanted to give his boys an especially good celebration. He planned a big dance and had invited all the prettiest girls for miles around. There were to be fireworks and all manners of entertainment. Camp was to be broken up following day, and it was a busy place. There was the tireless sounds of Johnny Inkslinger's pen as he made out thousands of pay checks, the rattle of the pots and pans in the cook shanty where Hot Biscuit Slim was making ready for the Big dinner that was to mark the close of the season and the sound of much grunting and a continual prodigious scraping as the big Swede was grooming Babe for his part in the festivities, for the climax of the whole affair was to be the race between Babe and an ostrich that Shot Gunderson had raised from a baby. When out hunting, Shot's attention was attracted to a queer looking tuft in a snow drift

which he thought at first was a new kind of shrub. It moved and he decided to investigate. Here was this baby ostrich, hiding its head in a snow drift vainly trying to escape his notice. The poor little thing was blue with cold, but seemed at once to realize it was in friendly hands and nestled down contentedly under his coat. It was a cunning little thing and became a great pet and it was the only creature to rival Babe in the affections of Paul's mighty men. They named it Oscar and Shot maintained it was the only ostrich ever to be captured alive in Minnesota. The event this 4th of July was indeed to be more than a race. Before the day ended, it would be decided which was most popular, Babe or Oscar. Three weeks in advance the camp began to take sides with the majority of the supporters, however, remaining loyal to the cherished Blue Ox. At noon, the day preceeding the great event, the odds stood at 12 to 1. Excitement was at fever pitch. 43 millions changed hands. As to the outcome that you shall see for yourselves. Suffice it to say that it took a month to find the breath that Oscar lost.

INTRODUCTION FOR SCENE VII I

PAUL, as you no doubt observed, was greatly attracted to the tall handsome girl, whom he met for the first time at the fourth of July celebration. The next day, he was rambling in the woods and heard a woman's scream for help. Looking around, he saw the same damsel, very much excited, rushing toward him. She called to him that her sister had fallen into the river, and must be rescued before she drowned. Paul directed her to lead the way and he would follow. He was amazed to find he had to bester himself to keep up with her. This interested him so much he forgot to be bashful.

When they arrived at the river bank, he looked far down to where the swollen waters of the big stream were rolling fast and deep, but not a sign of the sister could be seen. The girl despairingly told him that her sister had fallen in ten miles up-stream while she had run along the banks, hoping to be able to get down to the river and catch her when the current brought her by. The banks had been so high all the way she had been unable to get down to the water.

Paul did not reply, but began working his fastest, picking up great stones and logs and anything he could lay his hands on to throw down into the river bed. In a second or two, the girl caught onto his idea and began doing the same thing. He was surprised to see that she heaved over almost as much rubble as he himself did. Between the two of them, it was only five or ten minutes before they had the river dammed up tight. The rapid current raised the water until they were able to reach right out and grab the sister when she floated into sight.

Of course, the girl was grateful to Paul for saving her sister's life and thought all the more of her after seeing how quickly she caught on to this ideas, and how fast and well she could work. She was a match for him from the start. He at least last got up the courage to pop the question and she blushingly answered, "Yes". She was known to be lovable and affectionate, so everyone said that Paul was mighty lucky to get such a wife.

PAUL BUNYAN PUPPET PLAY

SCENE: Paul Bunyan's quarters.

CHARACTERS: Paul Bunyan
Wife
Big Swede

Johnny Inkslinger
Babe, the Blue Bull

TIME: During the Blue Snow.

Johnny Inkslinger and Paul discovered, Paul snoring, resting head on table. Johnny busily writing at desk.ⁿ Big Swede and Babe appear at window, Big Swede knocks on window.

Big Swede Paul, Paul, You come to de window, and open it, quick. (Paul sits up and looks dazedly at window. Johnny still writes.) Paul, Paul, come here quick. (Paul ~~sits~~ goes to window and opens it.)

Paul What say there. What's the trouble?

Big Swede I want you should yust look at Babe--

Paul, Yay Babe. (Babe puts his head in window) What's the matter, Babe? (Babe gives forlorn moo.)

Big Swede He bane seek. Oh, my! He no eat nottings tall.

Paul (Rubs Babe's nose) Now, now, that's too bad. But he's not sick. He's just hungry. He can't find no grass with all this Blue Snow.

Big Swede Vell, I don't know, but did you get the green glasses!

Paul Sure, Here they are. If he'll just think the snow is grass now, he'll be all right. Won't you, Babe? (Fits glasses on Babe)

Babe (mournfully moos.)

Big Swede I hope so by guminy, but I don't know. Helook seek to me? (Shakes head doubtfully)

Paul Give him a chance to try it anyway.

Big Swede All right. Yay Babe. (Babe takes head from window. Paul shuts window. Rubs hands together. Hits Johnny Inkslinger on shoulder)

Paul It's cold sure enough, Johnny.

Johnny Don't bother me. I'm busy. Got to finish these checks before my barrel of ink runs dry

Paul Go ahead. I'll not bother you. I'm hungry anyway. (Bellows) Hey, Pauline, Bring me some grub.

Pauline (Enters)with beans) Hold yer horses. I'm coming, here's a nice pot of beans I baked for you.

Paul (Roars) Beans, beans, I can't bear beans. Not since the time Sourdough Sam filled the kettle with so many that when they swelled, they lifted the roof and bulged out the walls of the cook house. It took a week for the w ole crew to eat up those half cooked beans and rescue Sam. I haven't cared much for beans since then.

Pauline Now, now Paul. Don't get so riled! Look at your hair. I bet ye hain't combed it today. I'll go get the saw and fix ye up. Ye cain't eat your vittles looken so untidey. (Exits with beans)

Paul (To Johnny) Ain't that woman the beatenist. (Enter Pauline with saw.)

Pauline Now you hold still Paul Bunyan, till I get a good part. There, you need your face washed, too, it's dirty.

Paul Aw now, Pauline, I don't either.

Pauline You do ~~in~~ so and I'm goin' to wash it. (Exits with saw. Paul looks uneasily at Johnny who sniggers)

Paul- (Fiercely to Johnny) You tend to your checks--(Johnny writes busily. Enter Pauline with bowl and wash cloth.)

Pauline Now set still till I get you clean. (Washes him vigorously. Paul wriggles around) You hold still or I'll box your ears.

Paul Oh, now, Paulie, You're getting soap in my eye. (Sets up and rubs eye)

Pauline Now, never you mind a little soap. A great big man like you. Here Paulie'll wipe it all out for you. (Tenderly wipes face.) There now, you're all fixed. I've got a nice plate of fried onions for you in the cook shanty--

Paul)Sits up and roars) Onions. Don't bring me any onions. Ever since we were logging in the Big O ion, and my eyes were so full of tears I nearly cut ~~off~~ the Big Swede's leg off, thinking it was alog. I can't look an onion in the face.

Pauline Land sakes, Paul, I never seed you so pernickity--

Johnny He ought to eat more fish. It's good brain food) (Sarcastically.)

Pauline It wouldn't do you no good, you ain't got a germ of a brain to start. with. (Paul laughs. Johnny ducks head and writes busily.) Well, Paul Bunyan, what do you want?

Paul Some of your nice soft nosed flap jacks, made with buffalo milk would be mighty tasty all swimming in honey.

Pauline All fight, all right, I'll have ~~some~~ ready in a jiffy. (Exits)

Paul Flapjacks! Nothing like flapjacks, honey and coffee. (Big Swede appears at window with Babe. Knocks.)

Big Swede Yay - Paul -

Paul (O_pens window) What is it now?

Big Swede It's babe. He is worser. Look at him. He bane bad seek. I tank he gonna die pretty quick.

Paul Ay - Babe. (Pets him) You sick? (Babe nods head and moos) and Paul pets him.)

Big Swede I know oxen. I've worked 'em and fed 'em and doctored 'em ever since the ox was invented, and Babe, I know the same like as if I'd a been through him with a lantern. He bane seek.

Paul (Goes to Jonny) Hi there, Johnny. The checks will have to wait. Babe's sick.

Johnny I told you what he needs. He needs Milk of the Western whale.

Paul Are you sure that's what he needs, Johnny. Will that cure him?

Johnny Yes sir/. It is a nature cure. It cures slowly, a marvelous idea, an original idea, my own idea, and it will save us all.

Paul: Can you milk a whale, Ollie?

Big Swede: Sure, I bane raised on dairy farm in the ol countree. I can milk anything.

Paul: Le's go - we'll catch a whale on the west coast. You can milk her while I hold up her tail. Where's a bucket? Come on!

(Takes bucket - rushes out)

Paul and Babe exit from windows. Johnny closes window - resumes writing.

- Enter Pauline with flapjacks

Pauline: Where's Paul?

Johnny: He and the Big Swede have gone to get milk of a western whale for Babe.

(Pauline sets flapjacks on table and puts hands on hips)

Pauline: Milk of a Western Whale, fiddle-sticks of all the durn fool notions, that is the foolishhest, and it was your idea, wasn't it, Johnny Inkslinger?

Johnny: It was my idea (Proudly) - it is a marvelous idea. It is a nature cure.

Pauline (Exasperated) Nature cure! You'r no more a doctor than a rabbit is. What have you got all this alcohol and epsom salts here for anyway? Why don't you use that?

Johnny: Hush woman, you do not understand. This complaint of Babes takes greater understanding than you will ever have.

Pauline: You'll be the death of Babe - that's what you will. (Picks up coffee pot) Not Paul's coffee is all cold, Owl (Drops coffee pot) It's still hot - (Picks it up and looks inside) It is frozen but it froze so fast the ice is hot. You drink it. (Throws coffee pot at Johnny) Johnny dodges) Exit Pauline)

(Johnny goes to window, calls-

Johnny: Here Babe - (Babe appears - listen now babe - you listen to me - "you are well - you are well - you are well - you are well".

(Enter Paul with bucket and johnny jumps back to desk and pretends to write)

(Big Swede appears outside)

Paul (triumphantly) Here it is - milk of the Western Whale! What a time we had getting it. The whale calf kicked over the first bucket. I had to let him suck my finger to keep him quiet. (Turns to Babe) Now Babe, get a nice drink of this (pours milk down Babe's throat. (Babe gulps and drops in faint)

Paul: What has happened, Babe, Babe. (Johnny hides behind desk)

Big Swede: He bane dying!!!! Cries

Paul: I don't blame you, Johnny. The best of men may be led away by their imaginings and fall into evil way. Have you anything more to suggest?

Johnny: (Timidly) nothing (Peeks out)

Paul: Then leave me. Send Pauline in to comfort me. (Sinks down with head in hands)

(Johnny slinks out)

Paul: (Poor Babe, poor Babe, he is dying Ollie. (Sobs)

Big Swede (Sobs) Yah, he babe dying.

(Enter Pauline)

Pauline: Now this is just enough of this nonsense. You listen to me, Paul Bunyan and do as I say. Get me them Epsom Salts. (Paul moves to obey) Here you Ollie, hold Babe's head up here. Open his mouth. That Johnny Inkslinger hasn't got the sense he was born with.

Pau: Now, now Pauline - he has been a great doctor and is a noble scribe still.

Pauline: Well Babe, don't need no scribe. He needsepsom salts and alcohol. (Pours epsom salts down Babe's throat) Get me that alcohol (Paul obeys weakly)

Paul: Yes, Paulia

(Pauline pours it down Babe's throat)

(Babe revives - moos, tosses head)

Paul: He's cured, he's cured (Embraces Pauline) You cured him.

Swede: (Embraces Babe) He bane well. He bane well, yay Babe!

Pauline: Of course he's well - drat that Johnny Inkslinger!

Curtain

PETER COFFIN

A short Pirate Play for Boys

CHARACTERS

Peter Coffin, a Pirate Captain
Six Pirates
Gollo, an Island Chieftain
As many savages as there is room for

SCENE -- An island in the middle of a large ocean. All the necessary scenery is trees or rocks for hiding-places.

(Enter Peter Coffin, the Pirate Chief and his six men. They are all pirates. Clothes according to the discretion of the producer.)

Peter C. I am a pirate grim and bold
 I'm out for a fight and I'm out for gold,
 Oh, I am a terror by land or sea,
 A murder or two is nothing for me.
 Peter Coffin it is my name,
 You'd best not meddle with my little game.

Pir. I. I am a pirate bold and grim,
 I'm proud to serve with the likes of him
 Brandy Billy it is my name,
 And you'd best not meddle with my little game.

Pir. II I am a pirate fierce and strong,
 I like a fight and I like it long.
 Peter Coffin it is my name,
 And you'd best not meddle with my little game.

Pir. III I am a pirate stern and wild,
 A holy terror when I was a child.
 Brandy Billy it is my name,
 And you'd best not meddle with my little game.

PIRATE SONG

Pir. I Where have you been all the day,
 Billy boy, Billy boy?
 Where you been all the day, my Billy?

Pir. II I've been fighting all the day
 And we sunk 'em in the bay.

Chorus:

Both to starboard and to the larboard, oh, my Billy.

Pir. I Did you hit 'em with a gun, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
 Did you hit 'em with a gun, my Billy?

Pir. II Ay, we hit 'em with a gun
 And we laughed to see 'em run.

Chorus:

Both to starboard and to larboard, oh, my Billy.

Pir. I Did the fight go merrily, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did the fight go merrily, my Billy?

Pir. II Ay, the fight went merrily,
And we flung 'em into the sea,

Chorus:

Both to starboard and to larboard, oh, my Billy.

Pir. I Did you trounce 'em hard and good, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did you trounce 'em hard and good, my Billy Boy?

Pir. II Oh, we trounced 'em hard and good
Till the sea was red with blood,

Chorus:

Both to starboard and to larboard, oh, my charming Billy Boy.

Peter (Looking off right). Here comes Gollo, the Island Chief;
He's lots of treasure, it's my belief.
Now off, my hearties, and hide away,
There's glorious deeds to be done this day,
But don't you stir till I tips the wink;
Gollo the chief is ours, I think.
Gollo the chief will soon be dead,
Or Peter Coffin will eat his head.

Gollo I am the chief of this beautiful isle,
They chose me out on account of my smile;
Search you may over land and sea,
You'll find no man who can smile like me.
I smile by night and I smile by day,
I smile at work and I smile at play;
At times my wives are a little bit riling,
But a dozen of wives won't stop my smiling;
I fasten them up in a quiet place
And I say "Ta-ta" with a smiling face.
And if I should ever be feeling blue
I cut a nice little caper or two.

(Dances)

Oh, bananas, the weather is hot;
I'll sit me down in this charming spot;
And forty winks, you will presently see,
Will make a different man of me.

(He lies down, goes to sleep, and snores loudly. Pirates re-enter.)

Pirates Sleep, sleep, Gollo dear,
Dream of little fairies near;
Sleep, sleep, sweetly smile,
Wake not for a little while;
Sleep, sleep, darling pet,
You shall sleep more soundly yet.
Dream, dream, pretty one;
Dream until the job is done.

Snore, snore, soundly snore,
Loud and louder, more and more.
Round and round and round we tread,
When you wake you will be dead.

(Both pirates jump on Gollo--he yells and turns over)

Peter Here is treasure and plenty, too,
A lot for me and a little for you;
And here is a bottle of rare good drink;
Peter Coffin's in luck I think.

Pir. I Here is treasure as fine as can be,
A little for you and a lot for me;
And here is a bottle of rare good drink;
Brandy Billy's in luck I think.

(Pirates shake bag of gold and drink from bottle.
They drink, laugh, poke each other, and lie down drunk to
fall asleep.)

Savages (In a sort of whisper)---
Wicked pirates, bad and bold,
Trièd to steal our precious gold,
Num, Num, Noo.
Wicked pirates took our drink;
That's a bit too bad, we think;
Num, Num, Noo.
But our clever, clever king
Took them in like anything,
Yum, Yum, Yoo.
Foolish, very foolish men,
Thought he'd never smile again
Rum, Rum, Roo.
At our mercy here they lie,
Wicked pirates you shall die.
Dum, Dum, Doo.

(They can jump on the Pirates presumably killing them. The
savages can now do a dance waving their clubs and singing the
following tune of, "For he's a jolly good fellow.")

We weren't afraid of the pirates,
We weren't afraid of the pirates and
The wicked lives they'd led;
The wicked lives they'd led;
We weren't afraid of the pirates,
We weren't afraid of the pirates,
We weren't afraid of the pirates, and
They all of them are dead.

(The savages march off, leaving the pirates on the ground,
Close curtain--Open again. Pirates get up and say.

Pirates We thought perhaps you'd like to see
We're not as dead as we seemed to be.
(Savages enter)

Piratos &
Savages

This is the end of our pirato play,
We havon't got anything more to say.
We did our best and we hope it was right
And we wish you all a very good night.

(All bow)

PETROUSHKA

CHARACTERS:

Petroushka
Matryona, his wife
Policeman
A Peasant
A Military Officer
His horse
A Bear

SCENE: A STREET IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE

PETROUSHKA: Greetings, everybody, and a merry holiday to you! The Lord be thanked, I've managed to get my house built at last. It's a fine little building, as solid as you could hope for with three posts under its four corners. It hasn't any roof yet, but it's as dry as can be when it doesn't rain. I dug seven holes around it for fence posts, to keep the neighbor's orchard where it belongs and our pig at home. Every time it starts to wander off, it falls into a post-hole and gets stuck until I pull it out. What's the use of having a whole fence when a hole fence will do?

And now I'll tell you about my Matryona. You should see her; she beggars description! What a complexion -- all in stripes! What a mouth -- you could sew a bow on each end and it would dangle behind her ears. What eyes -- one is like a diamond! Her nostrils don't match and her upper lip is stubbly as a potato patch. Match -- patch -- scratch!

Did she fetch me a dowry when I married her? Didn't she! Seven sacks from the grain merchant, seven flour sacks from under the full bag stacks. No tax to your backs, those sacks! And her bracelets! You can't buy that sort; good and heavy; I haven't seen such a set since I was in Siberia. Then the gifts we got: a brand new teapot, nothing wrong with it except it hasn't any handle, and a coffee pot, nothing missing except the spout. But coffee will come out without, no doubt.

And what a wedding feast! Never before did the guests eat so. Barley soup made with the best of barley, two kernels to a plate. Noodles to put you in a spasm. Fried chitterlings, and the remarkable thing is, they were all gobbled up. As much salad as you could down without choking. Macaroni, the sort crows build nests with. And when dessert was passed around, it was all they could do to keep from groaning.

The like of Matryona as a housekeeper I have never seen. When she sews a hem the stitches are so small a cow couldn't crawl between 'em. Her bread takes the prize! You need horses to pull it out of the oven, and an extra strong table to put it on. But the porridge she cooks is the marvel of the whole village; it gets into a lump you can't break with a hammer.

Matryone! Matryona! If you come out and show yourself to all these nice people I'll give you something.

MATRYONA (appears). Oh, you good-for-nothing loafer, you never had a thing to your name to give.

PETROUSHKA: I didn't, eh? Well, here's something now. (Beats her.) One, two, three --

MATRYONA: Ai, ai, stop it, in God's name! Ai, have mercy on me! You've broken every bone in my body!

PETROUSHKA: I'll give it to you for moaning and groaning and complaining to the neighbors and slandering me before everybody! Seven, eight, nine--

MATRYONA: Ai, ai, ai, save me from this drunken devil, kind people! Don't believe what he tells you, my doves. He squandered all my dowry. May the devil take your lazy bones! Don't believe a word he says, my dear ones. I've never opened my mouth against him, the vodka-soaked villain! All night long he drinks so hard and then snores so loud that the village can't sleep. All day long he beats me. And on Sunday, on God's day, instead of going to church to pray, he goes to the next village to play around with the girls. I can't complain to the neighbors; I'm so sore all over I can't even move my mouth.

PETROUSHKA: You can't, eh? Then don't complain, you'll only aggravate the pain. (Beats her.)

MATRYONA: Ai, ai, ai!

ENTER POLICEMAN BEHIND PETROUSHKA, BRANDISHING CLUB.

POLICEMAN: Ha, you Petroushka, you disturber of the peace! (Clubs him, and he stops beating Matryona.) What do you mean by shrieking and squeaking and troubling the peace of respectable people? Fool that you are, beat your wife at home if you must, but not out in the public street. You're under arrest. Come along to prison.

MATRYONA: Oh, dear policeman, don't take away my Petroushka. Forgive him and let him go.

POLICEMAN: Come along, come along, come along! (Drags Petroushka out, wailing.)

MATRYONA: Boo hoo, they've taken Petroushka to prison. Boo hoo, my poor darling Petroushka, boo hoo! What will I do now, miserable woman that I am! God has punished me, wicked sinner, for my slanderous tongue. What will become of your, Petroushka? And what of me in my lonely old age? I have no one at all to comfort me in the bleak world.

POLICEMAN: (comes back.) What's wrong now? What are you crying and sighing about?

MATRYONA: Oh, your honour, oh, little dove, take me to Petroushka! He drank, he beat me and he squandered away my dowry, but it's lonesome without Petroushka, your honour. Take me to prison too! I'll go only too gladly!

POLICEMAN: Woman, I can't take you. I can't arrest you. You haven't stolen anything or abused anyone. Nobody complains about you.

MATRYONA: (shouts) You won't arrest me? You won't take me to prison, you brat of the devil, you blockhead you? (Strikes him.)

POLICEMAN: Cursed one, may you drop dead. I won't take you to prison! I wouldn't want to touch such a witch. But I'll bring Petroushka back so he can start beating you again.

MATRYONA: I'll run after you and I'll pray for you. I'll burn a candle for you to St. Nicholas and St. Isaac and(The names trail away as she follows him out.)

PETROUSHKA: (enters) It's been seven years since I was home. I went to St. Petersburg on a hay barge, sold the hay and drank the money away. Matryonushka got lonesome for me. She wrote me a sad, sad letter. There were two strokes joined with another line; but I can read her sort of writing. It meant, "I and the pig and the piglets send you greetings. Agafonovna, Spiridonovna, Ermolayovna, Nickolayovna and the old general's wife, Akulina, who lives at the edge of the village, send their best regards." Now what was the news? Had robbers got in and stolen the window out of the house? No, this is what I made out of her scrawl: "A son was born to you in your absence, with a handsome mug just like yours."

Well, that being the case, be sure I lost no time jumping on shipboard, taking a seat in the twentieth-class coach, and hiking back over the ties. This transportation was so rapid that I stopped at several villages along the way, and got to know their plump girls with cheeks like red apples and lips like ripe strawberries. Then too, I made money. Don't ask how. You shouldn't question the wealthy about how they came by their fortunes.

A PEASANT: (pops his head from behind the back drop.) You owe me twenty kopeks. (Disappears.)

PETROUSHKA: As I was saying, I saved a lot and don't owe a kopek to anyone.

PEASANT: (reappears.) You owe me twenty kopeks.

PETROUSHKA: (sees him.) Oh, the devil! Entirely slipped my mind. I played cards, and won a hundred roubles and lost only twenty kopeks.

PEASANT: Give me my twenty kopeks.

PETROUSHKA: God be with you, darling. Let me search my pockets. I'll give it to you right away. What a nuisance, good people, to have to carry around such a heavy purse! There isn't room for your hand in your pocket. And how can a person get his purse out if he can't get his hand into his pocket?

PEASANT: Give me my twenty kopeks.

PETROUSHKA: O Lord, O Lord, I've lost all my money! There's a hole in my pocket (Weeps.) Oh, Oh, that's what you get for carrying so much money around. The stitching couldn't hold it. The whole pocket's ripped apart and my money dropped out. Oh, oh! Why am I punished like this, me an honest, upright man? I never harmed a fly, nor so much as killed an ant or flea. Let them live, I think. Let them crawl over me. They're all God's creatures.

PEASANT: (yells) I want my twenty kopeks!

PETROUSHKA: Wait, I'll bring them. (Disappears and comes up behind peasant with a club.) Here! (Beats him.) One kopek, two kopeks, three kopeks --- (Peasant falls and Petroushka throws him out of the puppet booth, then resumes cheerfully.) Well, I had a merry time. I danced and I sang, and now I'm all cleaned out. I started out with seventy kopeks, and I'm coming back with a rouble.

MATRYONA: (enters) So you're back, scoundrel! Back and can't so much as stand on your feet!

PETROUSHKA: But this I can do. (Beats her.) One, two, three --

MATRYONA: Ai, ai, ai!

SOUND OF GALLOPING HOOFBEATS. ENTER A MILITARY OFFICER ON A HORSE

MILITARY OFFICER: (in a rumbling voice.) Prr--pr--prrr, halt! Stop! Why are you beating your wife?

PETROUSHKA: (stops beating.) Because she's my wife.

MATRYONA: Many thanks to you, your excellency! God sent you to save me, else I'd have been beaten to death.

MILITARY OFFICER: Scoundrel, you shall be sent into military service for that! Go along, go along! (The horse pushes Petroushka off the stage.)

MATRYONA: Ah, good Lord, they're taking Petroushka away from me again! Oh, good neighbors, he squandered all my dowry, he drank all night long and he beat me all day. He went to the next village and carried on with the girls. Oh, dear souls -- dear little father -- dear little mother! Well, let him go. Maybe they'll fix him in military service. Petroushka will be a brave soldier and wear a uniform. (Exit.)

PETROUSHKA: (enters.) Now I'm a soldier. Rum tum tum, rum tum tum, rum tum tum in my tummy! Vodka too that burns you through and gets you feeling chummy. When I'd be gay like that they'd put me in a cell. I'd sit and sit for days, thinking, "Won't I guzzle when I get out!" And when I did get out, guzzle I would, and they'd make me sit in the cell some more. And so on and so on. It's all on account of that cruel wife of mine. There's no living with a woman! (Enter Matryona.) You're going to complain about me to the neighbors and slander me again, eh? (Beats her.)

MATRYONA: Ai, ai, ai!

PETROUSHKA: You're going to send me to prison? Seven, eight, nine---

MATRYONA: Oh, good Lord, he's beating me to death! God have mercy on my soul. I'm dying, I'm dead!

ENTER A BEAR GROWLING. IT SEIZES PETROUSHKA AND CARRIES HIM OFF AS HE SCREAMS

MATRYONA: Mercy on me, a bear has eaten him up! (Enter Policeman) Petroushka is lost! A bear ate him up!

POLICEMAN: Congratulations! Now everyone will be happy. (They embrace kiss each other on both cheeks and dance about.)

ENTER MILITARY OFFICER WITHOUT HORSE.

Matryona: I've lost my Petroushka. A bear ate him up.

OFFICER: Congratulations! Now we can all be happy! (They embrace, kiss, and dance.)
Tra la la, la la! We'll dance and celebrate! Hop! Hop! Hop!

(They frisk off dancing and singing.)

CURTAIN

PICTURE PESTS

Willie Brown asked Sally Brady,
A most up-to-date young lady,
Out to have what he supposed a lovely time.
She preferred cafes and dancing
So her language was entrancing
When he tried to entertain her for a dime.

"Well, Willie, I hope you're satisfied now you've got me here. Oh, how it smells. Just like the lion house in Lincoln Park. Here are two seats. Well, why did you park your baby there if you don't want it sat on? I couldn't see it in the dark. So that's Charlie Chaplin -- well, I don't see anything funny about him. Such clumsy feet! No wonder Bebe Daniels wouldn't marry him. Isn't that organ terrible? Oh, Willie, there's the man with the onions again. He's moved right behind us. I can smell him. He just breathes and breathes. Tell him to stop! You won't? Well, I can't stand it. I'm going out in the lobby where I can get some air. You can stay here and sniff all you want to."

In the dark, dim picture palace
Jim gets mushy -- so does Alice,
For they haven't any place at home to spoon.
So they take some awful chances
While they're watching screen romances,
And now wish they were on their honeymoon.

"Oh! Oh! Jimmy, isn't it dark in here? Honestly, I can't see a thing. Is that your hand, Jimmy? Now stop that or I'll go straight home. Say, do you think I look like Greta Garbo? Well, perhaps I have more expression. I wish I had a ring like hers. Why, I wasn't hinting, Jimmy. Now you behave. I just know that woman saw you then. Oh, Jimmy, you're killing. If you don't stop that I'll -- Say, those people are getting up. Let's go over there where it's darker."

Mr. Jasper Crumpit
Will not purchase an ear trumpet
And his wife will not wear glasses
(She's too proud)
Though he's deaf and she's near-sighted
With the movies they're delighted
For their daughter reads all the titles aloud.

"Ma, do you suppose this is near enough for Pa to hear the music? Pa, can you hear the music? All right — are you comfortable? Are you — never mind. What, Ma? Ma wants to know if you left the key out for the roomer. No, not rheumatism! Roomer. Never mind. Ma, Pa said his rheumatism is better. I'll find out about the key later. Oh, one of those western pictures again. No, Pa, that ain't Gloria Swanson. I say that isn't Gloria Swanson. Oh, well, what's the difference. Let him think so. What, Ma? Oh, Pa, Ma wants her cough drops. Her Trokeys. They're in your pants pocket. In your pants — p-a-n-t-s. Not Turkish Trophies — cough trokeys. Cough, cough drops. No, here they are, Ma. I'll take one, too. I'll need it if I've got to keep on yelling like this. Ready to go, Pa? Pa, hunt for your rubbers. It's time to go home. Oh, never mind!"

PLAYING HOOKY.

I don't see why I have to sit in this chair all the time. Just 'cause I was sick and couldn't go to school this morning they won't let me play now. They don't seem to understand that you can be sick one time and feel pretty good after that.

Mother said that I would have to take some castor oil. Very poor thing to give a little child, when they are feeling all better again. Here she comes now. Mother, did you know that Mary Brown's mother gave her some castor oil when she was feeling pretty good and she almost DIED from it? I have to take it just the same? I suppose you don't care whether I die or not. All right I'll take it if you will go out of the room. ~~I don't like to take it when~~ ^{1/2/35} anyone is looking on. Say, mother, will you go down and get me some jam to take after it? Honestly, I won't throw it out of the window. I just want something to take the taste away. Oh gee. Well, here it goes then. (MAKES FACE) ~~Brrrrrrrrrrrr!~~ That's awful stuff to make anybody take. I'll bet when you were little your mother didn't make you take it.

Do I have to get back into bed? Please let me get dressed and sit by the window. Thank you, mother. (Looking out of the window.)

Hey, Mary! Why aren't you in school? NO SCHOOL? Going to the movies? Well, if that isn't just my luck. And I feel just as good as she does. Never again!

revised

Prodigal Son

SCENE I.

Hall in Father's House

Father is seated on couch.
Son enters - falls on knees.

SON: Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me!

FATHER: But, my son, why dost thou ask this?

Elder brother enters.

SON: I am weary of country life. It suits me not. I would travel, and see the wonderful sights in the great city.

ELDER BROTHER: Yea, he is weary of work. He does nothing to help, and the harvest is now ripe.

YOUNGER SON: Labor is for the servants. Our father is exceeding rich, and am I not his son? Why should I labor? I am of age. Give me my inheritance, I beseech thee!

FATHER: Yea, thou art of age, my son, but my heart longs to keep thee here at home with me.

ELDER BROTHER: Do not heed him, father. Thou knowest him as well as I do. He will waste and squander his inheritance.

YOUNGER BROTHER: (angrily) What is that to thee? What is mine is mine. Stay thou here with the farm thou lovest. Hinder me not. I want to live.

FATHER: Is there not enough joy here that ye must needs leave us and depart?

YOUNGER SON: (sullenly) Nay, my father.

FATHER: (to elder son) He is determined. So be it, my son. Thou shalt have thine inheritance. (Father claps hands)
Servant enters.
Bring me my chest.
Servant exits.

ELDER SON: I must to the fields. There is work to do.
Elder brother exits.
Servant enters with chest.

Father opens chest and takes out
bags which he hands to younger son.

FATHER: I hereby give thee thine inheritance. Use it prudently
and well - that thy days may be long in the land which
the lord thy God giveth thee.

SON: Thank thee, my father. Wilt thou give me thy blessing?
(kneels)

FATHER: The Lord bless thee and keep thee, my son, both now and
forever.

Curtain.

SCENE II.

Merchant at Stall

Enter Younger Son and Friend

Julius
~~FRIEND:~~

Make me a loan, I pray thee.

YOUNGER SON: I cannot. Mine inheritance is gone. Thou knowest I have been generous. I spent it for horses and chariots, servants, feasts, and the entertainments, Julius, which thou too enjoyed. Now all I had is gone, all but what I wear and these few pence with which I must buy food.

JULIUS: Bah! I believe thee not. Now that the famine approaches thou dost hide thy wealth and forget thy friends, saving all for thyself.

YOUNGER SON: Nay, 'tis not so.

JULIUS: I'm done with thee. (Exits.)

MERCHANT: 'Tis so, fair weather friends leave when trouble approaches.

YOUNGER SON: True, I have done much for him in my prosperity. Is there to be a famine?

MERCHANT: Verily, 'tis so.

YOUNGER SON: Give me food. (Hands merchant money.) (Eats.)
What shall I do now? I am unskilled in all labor but I must find some work to do.

MERCHANT: Work is hard to find. Ask repayment of thy loans. Hadst thou security?

YOUNGER SON: Nay, I thought all to whom I loaned money were honorable friends. Ah, here comes one now.

Rueben enters.

YOUNGER SON: (Approaching Rueben) Canst thou repay me my loan? I am in need of it.

REUBEN: (Draws back) When did I borrow of thee?

YOUNGER SON: Why, dost thou not remember? Just a short time since, at my feast.

REUBEN: What knowest thou of what happened? Thou didst drink too much wine.

YOUNGER SON: If thou denyest thy debt, make me a loan.

SCENE II (continued)

REUBEN: (Brushing by) I have need of what I have. (Exits)

YOUNGER SON: So, no hope from such as he, as thou didst say.

MERCHANT: Nay.

Enter Countryman.

COUNTRYMAN: (To Merchant) How goeth thy trade?

MERCHANT: Not well. Food stuffs go higher and are more scarce.

COUNTRYMAN: True, the famine is upon us. I need a swineherd. Knowest thou of such a one?

MERCHANT: This one needs work.

COUNTRYMAN: (In surprise) One in such fine raiment willing to herd swine?

YOUNGER SON: Yea, I must eat. My money is gone and I must do ought that I can.

COUNTRYMAN:- Herding swine takes no skill. I will try thee if thou wishest it.

YOUNGER SON: I'll go with thee.

COUNTRYMAN: Come, then.

YOUNGER SON: (To Merchant) Farewell.

Curtain.

SCENE III.

Enters with farmer.

FARMER: Here are the swine that thou mayest keep. Because of the famine their husks are all I have to offer thee for food.

YOUNGER SON: So be it.

Farmer exits.

So I must fill my empty belly with the husks that these swine do eat.

(Picks up husks and fills trough. Swine grunt and eat noisily. Son watches them.)

I must eat, be it husks or no..

(Takes up handful and eats. Then throws it from him.)

How many hired servants of my father's have bread and to spare while I perish with hunger!

(Sinks down and buries head in hands.)

I will arise and go to my father. (Rises). I will say to him, (Goes a little way and kneels humbly) Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants. (rises) This will I say when I come to my father's house. (Goes slowly off.)

Curtain

SCENE IV.

Father and Elder Son discovered in
Courtyard of home.

FATHER: Ah, my son, it is long since thy brother hath gone from us, and we have no word. I fear some evil hath befallen him.

SON: Watch no longer. He hath altogether forgotten us and will not return again, or else he is dead.

FATHER: God forbid that ~~my son~~ - ~~my beloved son~~ - be dead.

SON: Do not grieve, father, he would not listen to our entreaties for him to stay. But I must return to the fields for the harvest is not yet gathered in.

FATHER: Thou art diligent, ~~my son~~.

Son exits.

Father stands gazing off.

Enter a Servant.

FATHER: (to servant) Who is that who cometh yonder across the fields?

SERVANT: (Shades eyes with hand) It looks like a beggar, my lord.

FATHER: Nay, methinks he is not a stranger to me. Why, it is my son, my younger son, returned again. Look, is it not?

SERVANT: It does look like him. But what raiment he wears! (He falls back.)

Father goes forward and meets son as he enters slowly. He falls to his knees but the Father raises him and kisses him.)

FATHER: (Crying joyfully) It is he, it is my son, ~~my son!~~

SON: (Draws back and kneels again) My father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. I am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me, I pray thee, as one of thy hired servants.

FATHER: Thou art my son, my dear son, returned. (To servant) Go, bring forth the best robe and put it on him and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet. Send my husbandman to me. (Servant bows)

Exit Servant

SCENE IV. (Continued)

Enter the husbandman.

FATHER: Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it. Let us eat and drink and be merry, for this my son was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found. Come, we will prepare for the feast.

Exits with Younger Son

(Servant looks after them.)

Enter Elder Son

ELDERSON: What has happened? Who came?

SERVANT: Thy brother is come. Thy father hath ordered me to kill the fatted calf for him. There is to be feasting and dancing. Wilt thou not go in?

ELDER SON: Go in? Nay, I will not. So he will kill the fatted calf, and have feasting and music. (music offstage)

Enter Father

FATHER: Son, thy brother hath come again.

ELDERSON: (sullenly) Lo, these many years do I serve thee; neither transgressed I at any time thy commandments and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, who hath wasted his inheritance with riotous living, thou hast killed for him, the fatted calf.

FATHER: (puts hand on shoulder and speaks with tones of gentle rebuke) ~~Son~~, thou art ever with me and all that I have is thine. It were meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead and is alive again! He was lost and is found.

Curtain.

THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS

(A Greek Myth arranged to be played by colored shadows.)

CHARACTERS

Perserpine
Ceres
Pluto
Arethusa

PROPERTIES

Tree
Water Fall
Flowers
Chariot and horses for Pluto

A woodland scene with a waterfall at the left. Tree on right. Flowers growing beneath. Perserpine and Ceres discovered.

Ceres I will be very busy today, my dear. The season has been uncommonly backward so that I must make the harvest ripen more speedily than usual.

Proserpine Dear Mother, I shall be very lonely while you are away. May I not stay here and gather flowers. Perhaps I may even coax the gentle nymph, Arethusa, to come and talk to me.

Ceres 4 Very well, my dear, but do not stray away and wander about the fields. Young girls, without their mothers to take care of them, are apt to get into mischief.

Proserpine I will be careful. Goodbye, mother dear.

Ceres Take care, my child. (Exit Ceres)

Proserpine Arethusa, Arethusa --(Goes to waterfall) Come and talk to me, Arethusa. (There is no answer). I'll pick enough flowers to make a wreath for her. (rumbling is heard) What a strange shrub. Its' roots must extend down to an enchanted cavern. (Rumbling is louder.) Can it be going to storm. (Pluto and his black horses rise from the ground. OH! (in fright)

Pluto Do not be afraid, my child. Come, will you not like to ride a little way in my beautiful chariot?

Proserpine No, I will not. Mother, Mother, Ceres, Come quickly and save me. (Pluto catches her in his arms)

Pluto Why should you be so frightened, my pretty child. I promise not to do you any harm. You have been gathering flowers? I will give you flowers made of pearls, diamonds, and rubies. My name is Pluto and I am the ruler of the kingdom below the earth.

Proserpine Let me go! Let me go!

Pluto My home is better than your mother's. You never saw anything as magnificent as my palace and my throne. You may sit on it like a queen.

Proserpine I don't care for palaces and thrones. I want my mother.

Pluto Pray don't be foolish, Proserpine, you must cheer King Pluto with your smile. (They sink down in the earth)

Proserpine Never---Mother--- (Enter Ceres)

Ceres Proserpine---Proserpine---Where are you? (She goes to the fountain)
Arethusa! Arethusa! (Nymph rises from the waterfall)

Arethusa What is it Ceres? What has happened?

Ceres Where is Proserpine? I left her here picking flowers. Where is my dear child?

Arethusa I did not see her here, but I thought I saw her in King Pluto's chariot as I hastened to come from underground in answer to your call.

Ceres4 It was Pluto, was it? How wicked of him to carry off my daughter.

Arethusa Be not so angry with him, Mother Ceres. He will try to make her happy.

Ceres She will never be happy in that gloomy kingdom. Haste you, Arethusa, to Pluto and tell him Ceres bids him release Perserpine, or else the earth will never be green again.

Arethusa I will do as you bid me. (Exit)

Ceres If only the dear child has not eaten a morsel of food in Pluto's dominions! Only then will she be at liberty to leave him. But never shall the earth be green until I have my daughter in my arms again. (Enter Perserpine from below)

Ceres My darling child. My darling little daughter. But did you taste any food while you were in Pluto's palace?

Perserpine Dearest mother, not a morsel of food passed my lips excepting that being faint with hunger, I was tempted to bite into a pomegranate. I not swallow it, but six seeds remained in my mouth.

Ceres Oh! unfortunate child! and miserable me! For each of the six pomegranate seeds you must remain one month of every year in King Pluto's palace. You are but half restored to your mother.

Perserpine I really think I can bear to spend six months in his palace if he only lets me spend the other six with you.

Ceres When you are with me, then will I bid the earth rejoice; but while you're gone, the earth must wait with me for you to bring back the warmth and brightness of the spring.

CURTAIN

POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE

Marionettes

Robinson Crusoe
Man Friday
The Cannibal King

Poll, A Parrot
Billy the Kid, a young Goat
A mob of Hungry Cannibals

ACT I.

Robinson Crusoe's Camp. The scene is the mouth of Crusoe's cave, and the time, mid-afternoon. Amber sunlight falls on a peaceful scene. The fire smolders under the pot where Crusoe's dinner is cooking. Friday and Poll hold the stage. Friday is sweeping up and Poll is bossing the work.

Friday (Sweeping energetically. Looks at the Parrot and observing she is dozing, he relaxes - leans on broom and sings.) Oh, dem golden slippers, Oh, dem golden slippers, Dem golden slippers Ah's a-gwine to wear bekase dey look so neat! Oh, dem golden slippers, oh, dem golden slippers--

Poll (Wakes with start, see Friday idle, leans forward on perch, wings flapping angrily) Here you lazy bag of bones! If the master catches you he'll take one of dem golden slippers to you so you won't sit down for a week!

Friday (Beginning to sweep with renewed vigor.) Yassah! Excuse me, Miss Poll. Ah was jes' cogitating a minute.

Poll Cogitating! Do you think the skipper saved you from being eaten by cannibals so you could sit around and cogitate? Let's see some action from that broom. Where's your gratitude?

Friday Yas ma'am! Ah'm grateful. Ah sho' am grateful to de captain. Yassuh! (Leaning on broom. (Confidentially.) Miss Poll, speakin' ob dem cannibals, the skipper'd ought to be more careful. Yassuh! Dem cannibals will come back one ob dese days, and if Skipper ain't lookin' mighty sharp dey'll git even-up wid him fo' interruptin' day dinner.

Poll Righto, Friday! Don't we all feel that way! But what's the use? Seems like he's discouraged. Careless. Doesn't care what happens to him.

Friday Well now, dat's the fack, Miss Poll. Ah done notice dat. Nevah seed a man so downcast. What-all yo' expec is eatin' ob him, makes him like dat?

Poll He's discouraged, Friday. He's down in the mouth. Sunk. He wants to go home to England, you see, but no ship ever comes. He's got the idea he'll never get rescued. His friends ought to cheer him up, old man. You and I.

Friday And Billy, huh?

Poll (Miffed and jealous of her ancient enemy.) Oh, Billy! What good is he? A thieving miserable goat!

Friday Now Miss Poll, Ah guess yo' done got jealous of Billy. Yo-all got no right casting asparagus on dat li'l goat. Po' li'l goat----

Poll Poor little fiddlesticks! He's a devil, so he is! What did he do Monday? Stole the Captain's dinner. Tuesday? Stole your dinner. Wednesday? Stole my dinner, by thunderation----

Friday Ho, ho, ho, Hyah! S'cyse me, Miss Poll, but I jes' have to laugh when I think how that li'l goat got yo' crackers----

Poll (Furious) Yes, and today's Thursday. What will he do today? I tell you no good will come of-----

Billy (Offstage) Baaa!

Poll (Bristling at once) Bah yourself!

Billy Baa!

Poll Bah! Bah, bah,---see how you like it!

Billy (Enters from up L. and dances toward Poll, teasing her, his head down as if to butt) Baaaa!

Poll (Furious) Awrk, awrk, awrk! Awrk, awrk----

Billy Baaa!

Friday (Laughing) Ho, ho, ho! Dere now, shame on yo', Billy! Look how you done make Miss Poll so mad she clean fo'got how to talk words! Yo-all got no business doing dat.

Billy (Turns on him as if to butt) Baa!

Friday (Jumps aside) Git away fum me, goat! Doan yo' go butting me, yo' fresh young goat! Ah'll teach yo-all manners with a broom. Git back now! (To Poll and Billy) Yo' two done got to watch de camp. Ah'm going to ketch de captain a nice mess of fish fo' his dinner. Cain't have him feelin' so low in his mind. Guess some good fried fish will perk him up.

Billy (As Friday exits R., he rushes as if to butt him) Baaa!

Friday Ow! Git away fum me! Yo' quit dat, Ah tell yo! (Friday rushes off)

Billy (Capers about derisively at Poll) Baa-baa-baa.

Poll (Unable to argue pretends to sleep.)

Billy Baabaa, (getting no response, he looks in pot, sneezes from steam. Sees wash out on the line. Studies Crusoe's red shirt. Rises on hind legs and starts to swallow shirt.)

Poll (Waking) Help! Thieves! Turn out the watch! All hands on deck! Murder, thieves, murder, thieves, murder! He's got it! Ahoy, Skipper, Billy's got your shirt!

Billy (Turning on tattler, his voice muffled by shirt.) Baa!

Poll Stop thief! Stop thief!

Crusoe (Voice distant and offstage. Belay! Belay that racket! Pipe down before I scuttle the lot of you. (Enters from R.) What's going on here? (Billy starts to exit R. Seeing Crusoe barring the way he turns hastily L. Crusoe getting in Billy's way.) No you don't, you thieving goat! What are you stealing now? Lay to you limb of evil. Layto till I see what new devilment you've hatched. Howling tornadoes, he's took my shirt! My Sunday shirt! He's half eaten it! The only good shirt an honest seafaring man had to put on his back! (Billy darts past him to escape L.) Ah, you will! (Aims a kick which catches the goat astern.) Take that. And this one, too!

Crusoe (Billy gives a feeble bleat and scuttles away. Exit L.)
(Contin.)

Poll (Delighted at her enemy's humiliation) Ha, ha, ha! He! He! He! (Imitates the goat's final bleat) That's rich! Ha, ha, ha.

Crusoe new. (Wipes his brow and shakes his head) From bad to worse. Everyday it's something new. Something badder. By rights I'd ought to kill that goat, I'd ought, for a fact. (Pets parrot) Good Poll! Pretty Poll! You're my friend, ain't you, Poll? You'd stand by a poor, honest seafaring man that's shipwrecked and ain't got hardly a friend in the world, wouldn't you, old pal?

Poll (Sentimentally) Awrk, awrk---

Crusoe Aye, so blow me down, that you would! A regular pal, that's what you are. (Wipes his brow again) I'm all done in with felling trees to make my boat. An now my only good shirt gone. The goat's done that to me. Ah, well, I'll rest up a bit, I could do with a snooze. (He settles with sighs and groans. He continues to soliloquize) Thousands of miles from home and friends! Stormy seas betwixt us. It's hard, mates, that it is. Cruel hard. Hey, you Poll, come Poll, pretty Poll. Say what I teach you, dearie! Say it Poll. "Poor Old Robinson Crusoe." Say it, Poll.

Poll (Flaps wings) Awrk!

Crusoe Say it - "Poor Old Robinson Crusoe."

Poll Awrk! awrk, (Flapping wings)

Crusoe Go on, Poll. (Enter Friday carrying remnant of shirt.) Ah done got it away fum him, Captain. Heah yo' are, Cap'n, suh.

Crusoe (Looking at remnant) That! What's the good of that, you poor heathen? There ain't enough left to make a good handkerchief. There's not enough left to put on.

Friday Yo-all doan want dis shirt, Cap'n, suh?

Crusoe No. Take it away. The sight of it makes me sick.

Friday Kin Ah keep it, Cap'n, suh?

Crusoe (Amused) Yes, keep it. Wear it in your hair. Poor wretch. You don't know no better!

Friday Thank yo' kindly, suh. Ah sho' do appreciate dis. Yassuh. And no, Cap'n.-- excuse me, suh--but me and Miss Poll was talking about how yo'all kind of let down yo' watchout about dem cannibals. Dey is mos' likely to come back any day, cap'n suh! Dey is show to come make trouble fo' yo. Better not wander off fum camp like yo been doing. Better yo done took strick notice and set a guard.

Crusoe (Weary and scornful) Oh, cannibals! Seems like I've heard nothing but talk about cannibals since the day I took you away from them. Cannibals! Thunderation, I'm so lonely for sight of a new face, I'd welcome the lot of them, blow me if I wouldn't.

Friday (Overcome with terror) Now yo' done it. Now yo' go git fresh and boast. Dey come, ah' as yo' a foot high. Dey come git us! Ah kin feel it in mah bones!

Crusoe Avast, you jellyfish! If you can't act like an Englishman, go do your sniveling somewhere out of my sight. Get!

Friday (Exits slowly, shaking his head) Da's all right, yo-all won't act so brash if dem cannibals come back. And dey coming back! Ah got a feeling in mah bones---
(Exit)

Crusoe Thunder, he is scared! I shouldn't have come down on him so hard. Poor Friday, he won't forget how they were going to eat him up. (Begins to nod. Sleeps. Snores steadily. Poll sleeps. Head of cannibal chief appears at L. outside cave. Cautiously enters and peeks in.)

King (See Crusoe) Bogly, oogly, oof ha, ho--Juicy big, white man! Taste good. We ketchum and cookum. Oogly, oogly, oof.

Poll (Wakes, sees King). Awrk, awrk, awrk. Help, thieves, murder. (Cannibal retreats and exits L.)

Crusoe (Wakes. Rubs eyes) What's this? What's this? Belay! Steady as she goes lads! (Sits up, groans and shakes head, looks about.) Thunderation. I dreamed we was boarded by pirates. I dreamed I had to walk the plank. Oh, well. It were a dream. All's well here. (Settles down.)

Poll Awrk, awrk, awrk. (Flaps wings)

Crusoe Shut up, Poll. Quit that noise!

Poll Awrk, awrk. (Pleadingly)

Crusoe Shut up! (Settles to sleep. Snores.)

Poll (Sadly) Poor Old Robinson Crusoe.

Act II. (Lonely Beach)

(Cannibal King discovered. Looks off L. Heads of two cannibals appear behind rocks at L.)

King Ooof, oogly. Ooof oogly doogle, oof. Me swell white man. (Motions men to concealment. Longers looking L. and listening.)

Crusoe (Offstage, angry.) I say you'll go home. I'll have no goat following me. You ate my Sunday shirt. There's a limit to everything, and that's my limit. Go on, now.

King (Listens, then hides behind tree, R. to men) Oof-oof.

Crusoe (Enters L. Gun at back. Powderhorn at belt.) A swift kick, that's all some can understand. He'll get one yet--(Billy enters timidly.)

Billy (Feebly) Baa-Baa--(Hides behind rock.)

Crusoe (Sadly) Empty sky, empty sea, empty land. No one blooming human soul in sight. (Savages pop up and disappear.) What a life! What wouldn't I give for a sight of a face. Anyone's face! (Cannibals peep out and vanish.) Will I ever see a face again besides Friday. (To Billy) Didn't I tell you to get home, and guard the cave. I'll break every bone in your body. (Threatens him.)

Billy (Retreats) Baaaabaaa.

Crusoe (Spies footprints in sand) Aha, what's this? A human footprint so help me! Well, I'll be keelhauled! It ain't my footprint! (Measures foot against it.) No, sir. Twice as big. It ain't my Friday's. Why? Because Friday is home. Somebody made that footprint. If somebody made it then, somebody was here. Am I right? I am. Aha, who is that somebody? There's a mystery on this here blooming island. (Billy enters cautiously. Crusoe is bent over examining footprints. Cannibals head come up from rocks.) The question is, has heaven sent me company at last. Some poor shipwrecked man like me that I'd welcome like a brother.

Billy (Lowers head and charges) Baaa. (Crusoe is knocked flat.)

Crusoe Goof--

Billy (Triumphantly) Baaa---(Runs off L. King enters hastily. Jumps on Crusoe.)

King (Waves spear) We ketchum! We ketchum! Now we cookum.

CURTAIN

ACT III

(Same as Act II. Beating of tomtoms offstage. Savage chorus chanting.)
Chorus Oogie, oogie, oogie-doogie--HAH-
Oogie, oogie, oogie-doogie, HAH-
Oogie, oogie, oogie, doogie, Pow-(Flicker of bonfire offstage) (Crusoe is bound to post. Sags against ropes.) (King dances before him, waving spear. Chants:)
Oogie, doogie, oogie HAH-
Oogie, doogie, oogie HAH--
Oogie, doogie, oogie POW (Shouts)
Hah - Long pig! Hah- White man! We ketchum and cookum. hah, hah, hah.

Crusoe (His head stirring weakly) Suffering maskeral, if he would only get on with it! If only he'd end it all! It ain't the getting cooked--so help me, Hannah, it ain't. It's the speechmaking gets a poor sailor's goat!

King I thinkum fire nice and hot, how King go look. (Shakes a mocking hand at the captive) Long Pig stay there, please. Long Pig be good boy. We cookum soon. (He laughs loudly at his joke as he exits.)

Crusoe It's the end of Poor Robinson Crusoe! Why did I ever leave my happy home in dear old England? What a fool I was! Think if me, Robinson Crusoe, ending up like this. What a fate! (The chorus from offstage swells up and dies away. Crusoe lifts his head weakly and looks offstage.) Now what? Ah, they're laying the table! They're setting the dishes out and spreading their napkins! They're putting out the bread and butter, and all the blooming trimmings and me! I'm their Christmas Turkey. (Wildly, imploring heaven) Ain't there no hope for a poor sailor? Ain't there no hope, nowhere? (Uttering a soft screeches, Poll flies on the scene upstage, and circles Crusoe's head.) Poll! Sohelp me, it's my old shipmate Poll. Poll, you old sailor, you followed your master!

Poll (Flying about him slowly) Awrk! Awrk!

Crusoe Look what them savages done to me Polly! I'm all trussed up and ready to fry! Have a hear, Polly! Help me! Help me, old shipmate! (Poll settles in front of him and considers, head on one side and squawking thoughtgully.) Get me help, pretty Polly! Do something, for the love of Mike! (Watching the Parrot disappear in distance) Can it be? Now I'd bet my shirt that parrot has a plan! She's as good as human, that bird of mine. And real fond of me. If only she could get to man Friday.

Crusoe(Contin.)

If she could tell him! (Despairs again) But how could she tell him! (Despairs again) But how could she? What can she do? What can one little parrot do against a mob of heathen? The parrot can't help me if she would. Poor old Robinson Crusoe, he's as good as cooked right now! (The cannibals' chorus of O gi-doogi-oogi-HAH! swells up triumphantly from offstage as the curtain falls.)

SCENE III.

Enter King.

King Not long, now! Table all set. Fire burns hot. I think we ready soon. (Approaches nearer and examines Crusoe.) Huh, good fat Long Pig! I thinkum much tender meat on you. I thinkum you look pretty if we roast you and put you on platter with parsley trimmings. Hoh, hoh, hoh. You excuse please. I go fetchum salt and pepper. Come back soon. (Exit King toward huts.)

Crusoe Come back, you! Come back and fight like a man! By thynder, what I wouldn't give for just one go at you with my bare fists. Or if I could swing this gun of mine into action! But I can't. They tied me up too tight. (He struggles, but to no effect) Well, so this is the end! It's the end and you can lay to that, Robinson Crusoe! There's no mercy in that heathen heart and there's no hope. Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

Poll (As Crusoe finishes the last speech the Parrot flies in and begins to circle above him. Awrk, awrk, Billy! Friday! Hurry, Billy! Quick Friday! Drat that goat, he's slower than molasses! Billy! Billy!

Crusoe Why it's Polly! It's Polly come back again. Polly come to see the finish of her poor old master. Help me, Polly. Help--ah, what's the use of asking help! Poor loyal soul, she can't do anything for me. ~~(Singing)~~

Poll (Circling anxiously) Billy! Friday!. Hurry!

Billy (From offstage and faintly, growing louder as he comes nearer.) Baa! Baa! Baa! (He gallops on from up L.)

Crusoe What, and Billy too? Ah Billy, old shipmate, I forgive you for anything you ever did, old pal. Come, say a last goodbye to your master, Billy.

Billy Baa! (Approaches Crusoe, rises on hind legs and puts his forelegs on the captive's shoulders as if to kiss him.)

Poll (The parrot perches on the grass ~~hut~~ upstage and continues calling) Friday! Hurry, Friday.

Friday (Rushes on from L.) Skipper! Skipper, dey done got you?

Crusoe Friday, you black angel!

Friday (Approaches captive). Git back, Billy. Git away! Got to bus' dem old ropes and git him free! (Billy moves upstage out of way. Friday struggles with Crusoe's bonds) Doggone! Toughest ropes Ah evah see! Cain't budge 'em seems like!

Crusoe Hurry, hurry, you! Ah, you can't break 'em. It's no use! They'll catch us and eat us all!

- Friday (Despairing) Ah could jes' bus' out crying! Ah can't break them ropes. Dey sho' gwine ketch us all!
- Poll Baa! (Friday steps back and the Goat rushes up, arises as he did to eat Crusoe's shirt and seizes rope. He backs off swallowing rope rapidly.)
- Crusoe Blow me down if the sailor ain't eating my ropes. Chew 'em up, Billy. Chew 'em down, boy! Saved! Saved, by the powers. Get the one onlmy arm, Billy. If I can just get at my rifle--
- King (He has entered from behind the huts and discovers all. They do not see their danger. The king indicates surprise) Ooff! Oof-oogly-oof. I get my warriors!
- Poll (Who sees danger.) Billy! Billy, Friday, behind you. Look out!
- Billy (Whirls about just as King runs for exit. He rushes at him, head down, butts him over. The king falls flat and Billy stands on the prostrate form in triumph.) Baa! (Crusoe is free now. He rushes offstage. From offstage come sounds of gun shots, and frightened howling of cannibals which dies off in the distance. Poll, Friday, and Billy watch the dispersal of the savages.)
- Poll Awrk! Look at 'em run!
- Friday (Dancing with delight.) Hyah! Yah, yah, yah! Dey light out lickety-split! Dat ol' gun scare Eem good! We doan see dem no mo' round here.
- Crusoe (Returns gun in hand, triumphant.) Gone, gone, every mother's sone of 'em! It's all over now.
- Friday Yassuh, Captain. Yassuh! And mighty soon I reckon ol' ship come and take us all back to dat England yo' done talk about so much. Yassuh! Good times am sho' coming now!
- Crusoe (Sentimentally) Aye, good times with my good old pals. Blow me down if I ever complain again. A man what's got three friends like you is richer than any king on earth!

PUNCH AND JUDY

- adapted by D. Meader
Hand Puppets

A Puppet Play in Two Scenes

Scene 1 -- A Street Scene

Before the curtain is opened for the start of the play, Punch
peeks out two or three times and says "Peek-a-boo" to the audience.
He then appears before the curtain and with a deep bow says:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, how do you do,

If you are happy, I am happy too.

Now we'll have our merry little play-

And if we make you laugh - we will not make you pay.

With a second deep bow he retires.

The Play

Enter Punch

Punch Have you seen my wife? She's such a beauty; she's got
such a pretty nose. But not so beautiful as mine., tho.
(Points to his nose) Shall I call my wife? (Leans over
when he calls) Judy - come up here and see all the fine
ladies and gentlemen. Judy, my darling, come up here!

Judy (Offstage) I can't, Punch. I'm too busy.

Punch What are you doing, Judy?

Judy Oh, this thing, that thing, and tother thing.

Punch (To the audience) I know what will fetch her. (To Judy)
That's too bad; I was going to take you to town to get
a nice new silk dress.

Judy (Entering) Coming, coming, Punchy, dear old Punchy.

Punch Here she is now. What a handsome nose and chin.

Judy Hold your tongue.

Punch Bless your sweet lips! Give us a kiss. (Loud smack)
Let's have a dance.

Judy Agreed. (They dance. Judy sings to the tune of Reuben and
Rachel).

Punchy, Punchy, I've been thinking
What a fine thing it would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Southern Sea.

Punch (Sings to the same tune)
"Judy, Judy, I've been thinking
That we'd have a merry time,
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Southern brine."

Punch Dance on your own feet awhile. (Pokes Judy with his stick) Bring me the baby, Judy. (Judy exits) (To audience) Have you seen my darling little baby? He is a handsome child and just like me. He is so good and never cries, and is so very fond of me.

(Judy enters with baby)

Oh! there he is now. Come to Papa. Come to papa. (Takes baby)

Judy Now, Mr. Punch, you hold him right wide up with care and don't you drop him.

Punch Oh, I know how to take care of a baby. You go on down and get your dumplings cooked. (Exit Judy) Baby begins to cry. Punch bounces it up and down) There, there now. I'll sing you a little song.

I can't give you anything but love, baby,
That is all that I have plenty of, Baby.

(Baby cries louder than ever) What a cross child. (Lays baby on stage and pokes it with his stick) KOO-chee, koo-chee, koo-chee. (Baby continues to cry. Punch picks it up.) What a cross child! He has his mother's disposition. (Baby cries, "Mama") (Punch throws baby out of stage toward the audience). audience) Go to mama. Go to mama. (Baby is quiet. Punch leans out of stage to look at the baby.) I didn't really mean to hurt you. I guess he won't cry any more.

(Enter Judy)

Judy Where is the baby?

Punch The baby?

Judy Where is my child?

Punch Your child?

Judy Yes, what have you done with it?

Punch: Done with him? Why didn't you catch him? I accidentally had an accident, and threw him out the window. I thought you might be passing.

Judy (Looks over the stage) (Covers her face with her hands.) Oh, my poor child! (To Punch) Oh, you cruel monster. (Hits Punch) I'll teach you to throw my child out the window.

Punch Come, come, Judy. Owl Owl! Your lessons are too hard. I'll teach you one. (Begins hitting Judy.) Learn that, and that, and that!

Judy Oh, no more, Mr. Punch!

Punch Just a little more, you must learn this lesson well. (Judy falls limply to the stage.) That's all now. Get up, Judy, get up. (Pokes her with his stick. Judy doesn't move.) (To audience) She's only fooling! (Lifts her up and drops her down to the stage.)

Punch(Con.) Oh, well, her dumplings were always soggy, anyway. (Ghost rises up from below and says "Boo" in Punch's face. Punch screams to the audience) Did you see what I saw? (Ghost picks up Judy and pokes her in Punch's face, saying "Boo" again, and sinks out of sight with Judy in his arms. Punch screams and tries to climb up the side of the theatre, then falls limply to the stage). Oh, oh, what a fright! I'm a sick man, I am. (Raises head, looks at audience.) Is there a doctor in the audience? I must have a doctor. Doctor! Doctor! (Enter the Doctor.)

Doctor Bless my heart, bless my soul, I came running as fast as I could walk. Why it is my particular friend, Mr. Punch. How pale he looks! I'll feel his pulse. 6 - 3 - 7 - 21 - 14. Punch, Punch, are you dead.

Punch (Hits doctor with his stick.) Yes.

Doctor How long have you been dead?

Punch (Hits doctor again.) About six weeks.

Doctor Now, Punch, you are not dead. Your're only poorly. I've some medicine that will help you. Her's pills, balsam, physies, and stick licorice. (Hits Punch.)

Punch I don't like your medicine, doctor. Try some of it your own self. (Hits doctor.)

Doctor Punch, Punch, pay me my bill and let me go!

Punch What is your bill, Doctor?

Doctor Six pounds.

Punch Well, here they are. One, two, three, four, five, six, (Hits doctor with each count.)

Doctor (Falls down on knees, then jumps up and runs off screaming.)

Punch Root-te-toot-te-too-it. That's the way you do it. Doctors never like to take their own medicine, do they? I'll have to have a little music to cheer me up. I will be back in just a minute. (Goes off stage and gets bell. Comes back ringing it loudly and singing.) Tra-lala-la, tra-lala-la (Enter Policeman)

Policeman Here, here, you o-o-o-can't do that! Your're d-d-disturbing the p-p-p-peace. Who are you?

Punch- I am Mr. Punch. (Both bow low.) I am Mr. I. (Both bow low.)
I am Mr. Nell. (Both bow low.) I am Mr. Low. (Both bow low.)
I am Mr. Punchinellow. (Both bow low.) Who are you?

Policeman I am the stipendiary, M-m-m-m-magistrate. (Both bow low.)
The v-v-v-village beedle. (Both bow low.)

Policeman The t-t-t-t-town c-c-c-constable of the city of (give name of (Contin.) town in which the play is being given) and I have a warrant in my pocket to take you up.

Punch I have a warrant in my pocket to knock you down. (Knocks policeman down) Root-te-toot-te-too-it. That's the way you do it.

Policeman (Gets up slowly) Here, here, you can't do that. I'm an officer of the law, and I've come to arrest you for m-m-m-matricide, p-p-p-patricide, infanticide, and maybe suicide.

Punch Oh, arrest, did you say? I am so fatigued, arrest will do me good.

Policeman No, no, you don't understand. I'm going to take you to prison, where you will be punished for your crimes.

Punch (Trembling) Prison? Oh, Mr. Policeman, what will they do with me? What will they do with me? (Both exit)

CURTAIN

Scene 2-- The Prison Yard.

Enter Policeman and Punch. Policeman puts Punch behind the bars.

Policeman In here, Mr. Punch. (Exit Policeman)

Punch I don't like this place (Pokes hands and nose between bars. Sings)

I wish I had someone to love me,
someone I could call my own.

(Enter the Hangman)

Hangman (Opens door of prison) Come out Mr. Punch.

Punch (Trembling) Who are you?

Hangman I am the hangman, and you are to be hung by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead.

Punch Oh, Mr. Hangman, you couldn't be so cruel as to hang me three times!

Hangman Justice must be done.

Punch (Sits down and weeps. Rocking back and forth) Oh, dear, Oh dear. My sixteen small children. The eldest is only two and a half. You couldn't make them all orphans, could you?

Hangman Come, Mr. Punch. We have no more time to lose. Put your head in this noose.

Punch In here?

Hangman No, no, a little higher up.

Punch Oh, in here?

Hangman No, no farther over this way.

Punch (Bowing low) Pray excuse, Mr. Hangman, but I have never been hung before, so how could I know how it is done. Won't you show me?

Hangman I suppose that is only fair. Now if I were you, and you were I, then I, that is you, would put my head in this noose. (Puts head in noose.)

Punch Oh, I see.

Hangman Then you, that is I, would pull that rope. Now we will change places.

Punch Just a minute, Mr. Hangman, how hard would I, that is you, pull this rope? (Pulls rope and hangs Hangman, who screams.) Root-te-toot-te-toe-it. That's the way you do it. Doesn't he look a sight? Did you fall in the ditch and hang your self up to dry? (Enter the Devil.)

Devil Mr. Punch, you're come for.

Punch (Trembling) Who are you?

Devil I am the Devil.

Punch The devil you are...

Devil The devil I am.

Punch Oh, what the devil do you want?

Devil The man that was to be hung.

Punch (Pointing to the Hangman) There's the gentleman that you want, hanging right over there.

Devil Help me get him down.

Punch (Helping Devil) Where are you going to take him?

Devil Down below, where he will be punished for his crimes.

Punch Pleasant journey to you, pleasant journey to you. (The devil sinks out of sight with the hangman.) Root-te-toot-te-toe-it. That's the way you do it.

Devil (Re-enters with a pitch-fork.) You have deceived me. You are the man I want. Come with me.

Punch

We'll see about that. (They fight. Punch pulls off the devil's head. Devil screams and flutters around without a head, then sinks below.) The devil's dead. The devil's dead. I've got his head. I've got his head. (Throws head down inside of stage.) Root-te-toot-te-toc-it. That's the way you you do it.

Enter Crocodile, rising up from below with a roar, opening and shutting its mouth toward the audience. Punch doesn't see it until it gives a big roar at him. Punch then tries to climb the side of the theatre, and the crocodile catches him and pulls him down, while he fights and screams. They disappear down below.

FAST CURTAIN

FINAL

PUNCH and JUDY.

Instructions:

Punch should speak in a squeaky, nasal voice - as gay as possible.

His opening speech is:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, how do ye do,
If you are happy, I am happy too,
Now we'll have our merry little play -
And if we make you laugh - we will not make you pay.
(Begin and end with a deep bow)."

I have him retire and then peek from behind the curtains and say "peek & boo" and jump back two or three times.

Song for Dance (time - Reuben & Rachel)

Judy sings:

"Punchy, Punchy, I've been thinking
What a fine thing it would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the southern sea."

Punch Sings:

"Judy, Judy, I've been thinking,
That we'd have a merry time
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the salty brine."

Cover the Hangman, who does not appear til second scene, with a handkerchief and cut two holes for eyes - Use this for Ghost.

Put a large rubber band around handle of a tea bell - hang this around Punch's head quickly. He can ring this as he pleases but it will not come off when he uses his club.

Be sure that the gallows are well wedged in or they will tip when the Hangman is hung. One person can hold the string that holds the Hangman tightly in the noose. When the Devil takes him out - the black thread helps to pull the noose down to releast the Hangman's head. If there is difficulty, Punch can assist with his stick - saying "I'll help you, where are you going to take him" to cover an awkwardness or delay.

The heads are breakable if cracked together. Remember this in Punch's attacks on the other numbers of the case because his peaked cap will break if it comes down at the right angle on another head. If one should break, it can be glued together so that it can be used. I have had no accidents because I handle them carefully. Make Punch use his stick on the other's heads.

THE PLAY

PUNCH: Have you seen my wife? She's such a beauty; she's got such a pretty nose. But not so beautiful as mine, (Points to nose) tho. Shall I call my wife? (leans over when he calls) Judy, Judy, my darling, come upstairs. (Judy appears) What a sweet creature. What a handsome nose and chin. (pats her nose and chin).

JUDY: Hold your tongue.

PUNCH: Don't be so cross, my dear, but give me a kiss. (loud smacks)

JUDY: Oh, to be sure, my love.

PUNCH: Bless your sweet lips. I am very fond of my wife. We must have a dance. (He grabs her and they dance, keeping time to singing by the rythm obtained by movement of arms of puppeteer from elbow. See 1st page for song.)

JUDY: Agreed.

PUNCH: Dance on your own feet awhile. (He hits her on the nose) Go and get the baby, and be careful of it, Judy. (turns to audience) Have you seen my darling liddle baby? There is not another baby in this world like it. It is a handsome child, and just like me. (points to self) It is so good and never cries, and is so very fond of me. Here's the brat now. Ain't he sweet? Come to Papa. (takes baby)

JUDY: Now Mr. Punch, hold him right side up with care and do not crush him.

PUNCH: Now, Judy, (pushes her twice in back with his stick) go off downstairs and get the dumplings cooked. (Goes to corner of stage and sits down holding baby on knees, rocks back and forth, Baby begins to cry immediately and continues) I can't give you anything but love, baby.

BABY: (Cries) Ma-ma-a-a.

PUNCH: What a cross child -- you've got your mother's disposition - (Baby continues to cry. Punch lays Baby on stage - it still cries. Pokes baby, saying "koochee, koochee", runs toward it and backs away -- it still cries).

PUNCH: Whoops, my dear, did I put your eye out? Never mind, you have another. (Baby continues to cry) I can't bear cross children. There -- go to mama - (throws Baby out to audience, leans over and looks down) Have I killed you? Well, I couldn't help it. (pause) It was not my fault -- (pause) it was all over in a minute - Oh! I can't be bothered. WHOOP!! (Sings) Yes we have no bananas, we have no bananas today. (enter Judy).

JUDY: Where's the baby?

PUNCH: The baby? (Gullessly).

JUDY: Yes. Where's my child?

PUNCH: Your child?

JUDY: What have you done with it?

PUNCH: Done with it - Why! Didn't you catch him?

JUDY: Catch him?

PUNCH: Yes, I accidentally had an accident and threw him out of the window. I thought you might be passing.

JUDY: Oh! my poor child (covers face with hands) Oh! you cruel monster! (Hits Punch)

PUNCH: Whoopee! (to audience) How she goes on. What a fuss she makes about a trifle. (To Judy, pats her) There, there, Judy. I'll never do it again.

JUDY: I'll teach you to throw my child out of the window. (Hits Punch).

PUNCH: Your lessons are too hard. I'll teach you one. (Hits Judy till she says -)

JUDY: No more, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH: Oh, yes, you must learn your les on now. (continues to pound Judy, Judy falls down) Get up now, Judy. It's all right, she's only fooling -- Get up Judy -- WELL, well -- her dumplings were always soggy anyway.

PUNCH: (to audience) I want you to see my dog Toby. He is such a pretty little fellow -- very remarkable too. He understands everything I say to him, and is as smart as can be. He can count and add and answer questions. Toby! Toby! Come up here --

TOBY: (enters) Bow wow.

PUNCH: Fine. Now bark five times.

TOBY: Bow-wow-wow. (Punch seems surprised as he counts with stick, but carries mistake off well).

PUNCH: There -- isn't he clever? Now, Toby, how much is two and two?

TOBY: Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow. (Punch counts again)

PUNCH: Five? That's right, isn't it (to audience) You are such a smart dog. (Taps with stick).

TOBY: Gr-r-r.

PUNCH: What! You cross this morning? You got out of bed wrong side upwards? (Toby growls and snaps at Punch) Oh my beautiful nose! Ouch - ouch - I'll fix you. (Drives Toby off)

Enter Ghost.

GHOST: Boo! (Punch faints. Ghost raises Judy and as Punch raises head says "Boo" again. Ghost carries Judy below.

PUNCH: Oh! Oh! Oh! (Whispers) Oh dear, I am a dead man -- I am, really. What a dreadful sight! All those boos -- oh dear such a fright -- I must have a doctor -- Doctor ---- Doctor- (enter doctor).

DOCTOR: Dear me - bless my heart - bless my soul. Here I am - I came running as fast as I could walk. It's my particular friend Mr. Punch. How pale he looks, I'll feel his pulse -- 5, 7, 4, 29, 13. Punch! Punch! Are you dead -- are you dead?

PUNCH: (whispers) Yes (Hits doctor).

DOCTOR: Well, I never heard a dead man speak before. Punch, you're not dead --

PUNCH: Yes I am. (Hits doctor again.)

DOCTOR: How long have you been dead?

PUNCH: About six weeks.

DOCTOR: You're not dead, you're only poorly. I've some medicine that will help you -- some stick licorice. (Hits Punch) Here's pills, balsam physic and stick licorice. (Punch tries to get up. Cries "Ouch").

PUNCH: Enough Doctor (finally gets up. Whacks doctor). Take some of your own medicine--you need stick licorice too. How do you like it?

DOCTOR: Ouch! Ouch! (runs off) (Punch pursues him off stage, then laughs exultingly) Neither does he. Doctors' never do like their own medicine.

PUNCH: I don't like his medicine. I'll have to have some music to cheer me up. Wait a minute and I'll show you something. (Re-enters with a bell which he rings -- dances about) Tra La-La-La-tra La-La-La, isn't that pretty? (see 1st page)

Enter Jim Crow.

JIM: He marster sa he don' lak dat noise. He don't like that bell.

PUNCH: What bell?

JIM: Dat bell (Hits bell)

PUNCH: (Hits Jim) That's not a bell, that's an organ. Now what is it?

JIM: It's an organ, Mr. Punch (stutters in fear)

PUNCH: An organ! I say it's a fiddle. Can't you see?

JIM: It's a fiddle, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH: I say it's a drum.

JIM: It's a drum Mr. Punch.

PUNCH: It's a trumpet.

JIM: So it is, but me marster don' lak it.

PUNCH: Well, tell him you do. (Hits Jim till he runs off) Oh, I'm a very remarkable fellow. (Struts up and down) (sings)
"When I went down to Georgia town, I did not go to stay;
I fell in love with a pretty yeller girl
And I could not get away, and I could not get away."

(Enter Policeman)

POLICE: Now, I've a warrant for your arrest.

PUNCH: How kind. I am very fatigued--a rest will do me good.

POLICE: No, no--you are going to prison. I've an order to take you up.

PUNCH: I've an order to knock you down.

POLICE: (policeman gets up). I'm an officer of the law -- come with me.

PUNCH: (in terror) Oh, please Mr. Policeman, what will they do with me?

(Exit, curtains drawn.)

(Enter Policeman and Punch -- prison is placed and gallows. Punch is put behind bars.)

POLICE: There now we have you. (Exit policeman) (Punch sings Prisoner's Song.)

PUNCH AND JUDY

A Puppet play in two scenes.

Scene 1 -- A street scene

Before the curtain is opened for the start of the play, Punch peeks out two or three times and says "Peek-a-boo" to the audience. He then appears before the curtain and with a deep bow says:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, how do you do,

If you are happy, I am happy too.

Now we'll have our merry little play -

And if we make you laugh - we will not make you pay."

With a second deep bow he retires.

THE PLAY

Enter Punch.

Punch-----Have you seen my wife? She's such a beauty; she's got such a pretty nose. But not so beautiful as mine, tho. (Points to his nose) Shall I call my wife? (Leans over when he calls) Judy -- come up here and see all the fine ladies and gentlemen. Judy, my darling, come up here!

Judy----- (Offstage) I can't, Punch, I'm too busy.

Punch-----What are you doing, Judy?

Judy-----Oh, this thing, that thing and tother thing.

Punch----- (To the audience) I know what will fetch her. (To Judy) That's too bad, I was going to take you to town to get a nice new silk dress.

Judy----- (Entering) Coming, Coming, Punchy, dear old Punchy.

Punch-----Here she is now. What a handsome nose and chin.

Judy-----Hold your tongue.

Punch-----Bless your sweet lips! Give us a kiss. (Loud smack) Let's have a dance.

Judy-----Agreed. (They dance. Judy sings to the tune of Reuben and Rachel)
"Puncy, Punchy, I've been thinking
What a fine thing it would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Southern Sea."

Punch----- (Sings to the same tune)
"Judy, Judy, I've been thinking
That we'd have a merry time,
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Southern brine."

Punch-----Dance on your own feet awhile. (Pokes Judy with his stick)
Bring me the baby, Judy. (Judy exits) (To audience) Have you
seen my darling little baby? He is a handsome child and just
like me. He is so good and never cries, and is so very fond
of me.

(Judy enters with baby)

Oh! there he is now. Come to Papa. Come to Papa. (Takes baby)

Judy-----Now, Mr. Punch, you hold him right side up with care and don't
you drop him.

Punch-----Oh, I know how to take care of a baby. You go on down and get
your dumplings cooked. (Exit Judy) (Baby begins to cry. Punch
bounces it up and down) There, there now. I'll sing you a
little song.

I can't give you anything, but love, baby,

That is all that I have plenty of, Baby.

(Baby cries louder than ever) What a cross child. (Lays baby
on stage and pokes it with his stick) Koo-chee, koo-chee,
koo-chee. (Baby continues to cry. Punch picks it up) What a
cross child! He has his mother's disposition. (Baby cries,
"Mama") Punch throws baby out of stage toward the audience)
Go to mama. Go to mama. (Baby is quiet. Punch leans out of
stage to look at the baby) I didn't really mean to hurt you.
I guess he won't cry any more.

(Enter Judy)

Judy-----Where is the baby?

Punch-----T he baby?

Judy-----Where is my child?

Punch-----Your child?

Judy-----Yes, what have you done with it?

Punch-----Done with him? Why didn't you catch him? I accidentally had
an accident, and threw him out the window. I thought you might
be passing.

Judy----- (Looks over the stage) (Covers her face with her hands)
Oh, my poor child! (To Punch) Oh, you cruel monster. (Hits
Punch) I'll teach you to throw my child out the window.

Punch-----Come, come, Judy. Ow! Ow! Your lessons are too hard. I'll
teach you one. (Begins hitting Judy) Learn that, and that,
and that!

Judy-----Oh, no more, Mr. Punch!

Punch-----Just a little more, you must learn this lesson well. (Judy falls
limply to the stage) That's all now. Get up, Judy, get up.
(Pokes her with his stick. Judy doesn't move) (To audience)
She's only foolin'. (Lifts her up and drops her down to the stage.)

Oh, well, her dumplings were always soggy, anyway. (Ghost rises up from below and says "Boo" in Punch's face. Punch screams to the Audience) Did you see what I saw? (Ghost picks up Judy and pokes her in Punch's face, saying "Boo" again, and sinks out of sight with Judy in his arms. Punch screams and tries to climb up the side of the theater, then falls limply to the stage) Oh, oh, what a fright! I'm a sich man, I am. (Raises head, looks at audience) Is there a doctor in the audience? I must have a doctor. Doctor! Doctor! (Enter the Doctor)

Doctor-----Bless my heart, bless my soul, I came running as fast as I could walk. Why it is my particular friend, Mr. Punch. How pale he looks! I'll feel his pulse. 6 - 3 - 7 - 21 - 14. Punch, Punch, are you dead?

Punch----- (Hits doctor with his stick) Yes.

Doctor-----How long have you been dead?

Punch----- (Hits doctor again) About six weeks.

Doctor-----Now, Punch, you are not dead. You're only poorly. I've some medicine that will help you. Here's pills, balsam, physice, and stick licorice. (Hits Punch)

Punch-----I don't like your medicine, doctor. Try some of it your own self. (Hits doctor)

Doctor-----Punch, Punch, pay me my bill and let me go!

Punch-----What is your bill, Doctor?

Doctor-----Six pounds.

Punch-----Well, here they are. One, two, three, four, five, six. (Hits doctor with each count)

Doctor----- (Falls down on knees, then jumps up and runs off screaming)

Punch-----Root-te-toot-te-too-it. That's the way you do it. Doctors never like to take their own medicine, do they? I'll have to have a little music to cheer me up. I will be back in just a minute. (Goes off stage and gets bell. Comes back ringing it loudly and singing) Tra-lala-la, tra-lala-la. (Enter Policeman)

Policeman--Here, here, you c-c-c-can't do that! You're d-d-disturbing the p-p-p-peace. Who are you?

Punch-----I am Mr. Punch. (Both bow low) I am Mr. I. (Both bow low)
I am Mr. Nell. (Both bow low) I am Mr. Low. (Both bow low)
I am Mr. Punchinellow. (Both bow low) Who are you?

Policeman--I am the st-st-st-stipendiary, M-m-m-m-magistrate. B oth bow low)
The v-v-v-village beedle. (B oth bow low)

The t-t-t-t-town c-c-c-constable of the city of (give name of town in which the play is being given), and I have a warrant in my pocket to take you up.

Punch-----I have a warrant in my pocket to knock you down. (Knocks policeman down) Root-te-toot-te-too-ot. That's the way you do it.

Policeman--(Gets up slowly) Here, here, you can't do that. I'm an officer of the law, and I've come to arrest you for m-m-m-matricide, p-p-p-patricide, infanticide, and maybe suicide.

Punch-----Oh, arrest, did you say? I am so fatigued, arrest will do me good.

Policeman--No, no, you don't understand. I'm going to take you to prison, where you will be punished for your crimes.

Punch----- (Trembling) Prison? Oh, Mr. Policeman, what will they do with me? What will they do with me? (Both exit)

CURTAIN

Scene 2 -- The Prison Yard.

Enter policeman and Punch. Policeman puts Punch behind the bars.

Policeman--In here, Mr. Punch. (Exit Policeman)

Punch-----I don't like this place. (Pokes hands and nose between bars. Sings)

I wish I had someone to love me,
Someone I could call my own.

(Enter the Hangman)

Hangman----(Opens door of prison) Come out Mr. Punch.

Punch----- (Trembling) Who are you?

Hangman----I am the hangman, and you are to be hung by the neck, until you are dead, dead, dead.

Punch-----Oh, Mr. Hangman, you couldn't be so cruel as to hang me three times!

Hangman----Justice must be done.

Punch----- (Sits down and weeps. Rocking back and forth) Oh, dear, oh dear. My sixteen small children. The eldest is only two and a half. You couldn't make them all orphans, could you?

Hangman--Come, Mr. Punch, we have no more time to lose. Put your head in this noose.

Punch-----In here?

Hangman----No, no, a little higher up.

Punch-----Oh, in here?

Hangman----No, no, farther over this way.

Punch-----*(Bowing low)* Pray excuse, Mr. Hangman, but I have never been hung before, so how could I know how it is done. Won't you show me?

Hangman----I suppose that is only fair. Now, if I were you, and you were I, then I, that is you, would put my head in this noose.
(Puts head in noose)

Punch-----Oh, I see.

Hangman----Then you, that is I, would pull that rope. Now we will change places.

Punch-----Just a minute, Mr. Hangman, how hard would I, that is you, pull this rope? *(Pulls rope and hangs Hangman, who screams)* Root-te-toot-te-too-it. That's the way you do it. Doesn't he look a sight? Did you fall in the ditch and hang yourself up to dry? *(Enter the Devil)*

Devil-----Mr. Punch, you're come for.

Punch-----*(Trembling)* Who are you?

Devil-----I am the Devil.

Punch-----T he devil you are.

Devil-----The devil I am.

Punch-----Oh, what the devil, do you want?

Devil-----T he man that was to be hung.

Punch-----*(Pointing to the Hangman)* There's the gentleman that you want, hanging right over there.

Devil-----Help me get him down.

Punch-----*(Helping Devil)* Where are you going to take him?

Devil-----Down below, where he will be punished for his crimes.

Punch-----Pleasant journey to you, pleasant journey to you. *(The devil sinks out of sight with the hangman)* Root-te-toot-te-too-it. That's the way you do it.

Devil-----*(Re-enters with a pitch-fork)* You have deceived me. You are the man I want. Come with me.

Punch-----We'll see about that. (They fight. Punch pulls off the devils head. Devil screams and flutters around without a head, then sinks below) T he devil's head. The devil's head. I've got his head. I've got his head. (Throws head down inside of stage) Root-te-toot-te-too-it. That's the way you do it.

Enter Crocodile, rising up from below with a roar, opening and shutting its mouth toward the audience. Punch doesn't see it until it gives a big roar at him. Punch then tries to climb the side of the theater, and crocodile catches him and pulls him down, while he fights and screams. They disappear down below.

FAST CURTAIN

FINAL