

7:15 And The Rush Is On

What Really Happens Behind Scenes

BY JANE TURPIN

For the first time in the annals of history, I am going to reveal to you, the readers, the truth about what really goes on behind the scenes during the taping on an "US" television show! (After all the cheering has abated, I shall proceed.)

It all began at 6:00 at the WFMY-TV station on Wednesday night, October 14, with the assemblage of the entire "US" committee. After zipping through scattered pell-mell, each with his own little duties to perform.

Noting a vague nauseous feeling in the pit of my stomach, I was pleased to discover that among most of my committee the feeling was mutual. Repressing my fears, however, I scurried toward Studio 2, slipped on the newly-waxed floors, barreled right through the door to the men's rest room, and found myself face to face with Dave Wright, who was struggling to get his contrasts placed just right. Needless to say, I bade adieu and made a hasty exit.

Sliding on into the Studio, I found the purest form of mass confusion I have ever seen before. All of the lights had come on at one time, and I felt as if I were getting the third degree as I surveyed the domain. A gigantic three-foot "US" was swinging haphazardly over one of the cameraman's head, news reporters and moderators were saying their lines to the concrete wall, bleachers were being slung up against one wall, people were running to and fro, and as an accompaniment to the general din, the Reno Hill Singers were practicing folk songs and the Interpreters were beating out the rhythm of the Beatles, all except for a few members who were hidden among the stoves and refrigerators in Cordellia Kellys kitchen. Somehow the

guests were herded into the studio, and the taping began after a short rehearsal. Yours truly was so afraid that something would go wrong, that she spent three-fourths of her time running helter-skelter, exclaiming that she was going to be sick and "somebody's going to have to carry me out of this place when it's all over!"

The rest of the taping session passed with little event. During the course of the program I noticed the HIGH LIFE photographer hanging by his toes in the rafters and sent one of my henchment to rescue him. And some good-looking, tall, blue-eyed (or were they green?) blonde, who professed to be a beatnik and sported a most impressive nickname, kept breathing down my neck and calling me "Chick". Some boy from Notre Dame was doing his homework at a desk in the corner, barely stifling his yawns. Within seconds after the end of the show, he was sound asleep.

After the taping, the band played a few farewell tunes between the times they were combing their Beatle-do's and shining their Beatle-boots. Within a few minutes the studio was cleared of all except a few half-empty coke-

bottles, formats, and unclaim belongings.

By the time I got out from under those lights, I felt like a baked sweet potato. But everything had gone all right, until next time that is, when this whole scene will be re-enacted. The next show, a debate between the Teen-age Republicans and Teen-age Democrats, should run very smoothly unless of course, a riot ensues. And the show after that, our Halloween party, has already been planned in detail, and, who knows, we might find it possible to import a real live witch, a black cat, and even one or two real dead spooks . . .



"Us" begins its second year on a new time, 1:00-1:30 every Saturday afternoon

Big Bearded Bugler Blows Into Town

BY JEFF TURNER

When the name, Al Hirt, is mentioned, most people think of a big, bearded, bugler and hear "Java" bubbling through their brains. Those who attended his concert Saturday night, October 10, now realize that his skill does not stop with rock 'n roll such as "Sugar Lips" and "Cotton Candy."

On stage with the big man were five other musicians who play their individual instruments al-

most as well as Hirt plays his. With Hirt were his brother, Gerry on the trombone; "Dee Wee" Spitelera, who played clarinet and tenor sax; Lowell Miller, on the base; Fred Crane, the pianist; and James Zitano, the drummer.

The concert began with several rousing Dixieland numbers in the Bourbon Street style. This type of music begins with a chorus of the main theme and then breaks up into individual solos and improvisations before it unites again

for the final chorus. After several group numbers, each member of the combo did a solo spot on his own instrument. During Zitano's drum solo and Crane's beautiful interpretation of "Love For Sale," the other members of the combo left the stage in order that they would not detract attention from the featured performer.

The second half of the program was devoted to Hirt's popular hits. Some of the numbers played were "Cotton Candy," "Java," "Sugar Lips," "Up Above My Head," and "The Girl From Ipanema."

Throughout the program, Hirt and his sidemen, especially "Pee Wee," would spice up the music with singing, dancing, and other humorous antics.

After thanking the audience for its wonderful response, Hirt and his group finished out the concert with a rollicking round of "The Saints."

Despite the fact that there are people who don't like Dixieland, or Al Hirt, or jazz, or noise, or beards, or bass, or didn't have a date, or didn't wear a tie, I feel safe in saying that there were very, very few people there who didn't enjoy themselves.

Play Presented

HEDDA GABLER, by Henrik Ibsen, was presented by the National Repertory Theater on the evening of October 15.

Signe Hasse was excellent in her portrayal of bored and rich Hedda Gabler, daughter of a famous general. She is the wife of George Tesman, an old scholar, well acted by Paul Bauersmith.

Hedda's boredom leads her to destroy her former lover, Eilert Loubourg, her husband's Aunt Julia, and her friend Mrs. Elustad.

Farley Granger was powerful as the wild but talented Lovbourg. Francis Bettencourt portrayed the cynical and practical Judge Brack. The part of Mrs. Elustad, played by Loloses Sulton, was somewhat weak, however.

The play was directed by Eva Le Gallienne, who also translated it.

Hedda G. created a sensation, when Ibsen wrote it in the 1890's. With its strong emphasis on individualism, particularly of women, versus regulation, it was graded with a great deal of protest. It now ranks as one of the best "modern" plays.

The NRT also produced SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER by Oliver Goldsmith, and LILION, during October 15-18.





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JCL Induction Held Thursday

The Junior Classical League Induction Service for new members was held last Thursday at 3:30 in the AV room in the traditional candlelit ceremony.

Cynthia Wharton, president of the club, assumed the duties of High Priest and was in charge of the induction program. Candy Sauer personified the Spirit of 1st-year Latin; Linda McCall, Spirit of 2nd-year Latin; Henry Perry, Spirit of 3rd-year Latin; and Francie Ferguson, Spirit of 4th-year Latin. All participants in the ceremony were dressed in Roman costumes, the traditional draped Roman toga.

Members of the orchestra, overseen by Gail Sadler, furnished the back-ground music for the service.

G. H. Sharp and Lyn Labell played the violins; Maion Scott, the viola; Cathy Liburn, cello; and Larl Powell, bass.

At the first JCL meeting of the year, an account of the summer JCL convention was related by several of the members. Being a somewhat organizational and informational meeting, the scope of JCL, what it means, how it functions, and its plans for the year was discussed with the prospective new members, who had been invited to watch the proceedings.

The new officers were also introduced at the first meeting; Cynthia Wharton, President; Candy Sauer, Vice-President; Linda McCall, Secretary; Henry Perry Treasurer.



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