

THE JUNIOR PLAY

The stage lights dimmed, Bobby Pilkington (Frank Gilbreth) silently slid in front of the curtains on the right of the stage. The lights lightened on the stage and the curtains opened, showing a living room dated back to the 1920's. Jack Taylor (Mr. Gilbreth) pushed open the door and blew his whistle. Children of all ages, sizes, and appearances, came from openings in the scenery. The Junior play was finally on the way. The first act gave Jack Taylor and Barbara Parrish (Mrs. Gilbreth) an opportunity to display their acting ability, and they did so well. Joe Scales (Edward Patterson) turned out an excellent performance as a cheerleader. Sally Ann Wood brilliantly portrayed the part of Anne Gilbreth. All the children turned out excellent performances, each seeming to steal the show from the main characters. Billy Ray Stallings as Bill Gilbreth was a typical younger brother. Harry Woodard was a natural Dan Gilbreth. Jimmy Lee (Fred Gilbreth) and Nancy Moore (Martha Gilbreth) gave the audience an insight into their knowledge of "Ich weiss bien durstig" and "Fere Jacque, Dormez-Vous." Pope Hardee (Lillian Gilbreth) needed no dye for her natural red hair but had to add extra long locks. Edwin Hargrove (Jackie Gilbreth) and "Cocky" (the five dollar dog) contributed much to the life of the play. Roy Hartley (Larry) was the heart throb of the older daughter, Anne. Doris Jones amply depicted Mrs. Fitzgerald, the grumpy housekeeper. Dessie Bell Holland added much to the play with her true to life performance of the typical old maid teacher, Miss Brill. Howard Mallard did a fine job as Dr. Burton.

All performers, though shaky at first soon were in the mood of the play and showed some real ability as actors.

We give thanks to the people behind the scenes. They did a great job.

Jo Ann Edwards - prompter

Norma Kistler - Student
director

Ed Tyner - stage

Virgil Early - sound effects
Norman Underwood and Wayne
Hildebrand - lights

"I Love A Parade"

Have you been seeing red lately? Monday, November 28, fifty-six pairs of red pants stepped smartly down our halls. At three-thirty the usual rush was intensified by a hurried scamper toward the band room and the two Trailway buses parked in front of the elementary school. Seats were scrambled for, instruments tucked away in the luggage compartment and the roll was called. Almost completely filled, the two buses rolled away on the long juant to Raleigh. At the Memorial Auditorium the band was most graciously fed fried chicken and trimmings (such as they were) with milk to drink. Then piling into the bus between backfires we were transported to Halifax and St. Mary's Street where the parade was to begin. It was 5:30 (note time) when we piled out of the bus and as usual the annual cold wave had hit (never fails to be freezing on the day Raleigh has its parade.) We stood there freezing waiting for the parade to begin. The various floats moved by but we stood still. When Santa came by some of the band members registered several requests, among them a chevrolet, a Jaguar, and a heater. Finally we were moving -- only a half a block at the time, mind you; but we were moving. 6:30: we were stiff; we were cold; we were tired; and the parade hadn't even begun for us. 7:00: We started in our honorary position in front of Santa Claus. To top it all our most avid critics and admirers were children. One small girl on her Father's shoulder put her hands over her ears and grimaced as if to say, "Is that music?" Most of the kids grinned only and looked past us at Santa. 7:30: It was done and we were on our way home. We stopped at Byrd's Drive Inn and literally surrounded the place, fifty-six is quite a few people. There we ate, drank and thawed out and from the looks on the proprietor's face,