

RAVINIA AWAITING SHOWBOAT FEATURE

Gen. Jackson Co. to Put on Big Show Mar. 28-29, Ravinia Auditorium

By F. V. Degenhardt

(Special to Highland Park Press by Assassinated Press)—on board S. S. "Gen. Jackson," Natchez, Miss.)
With flags a-fluttering and the old caliope tooting, we pulled into port at Natchez late this afternoon for coal and Peruna. "M-m-m, dat Ginhead Sadler is de medicine-talkingest-nigger whut is," chuckled Mister Barbecue Bede, as he dipped into the old snuff. And kin dat ol' Barbécue spit, —m-n, they say he kin put a tomcat's eye out through a knot-hole in a board fence twenty feet away. We all's going to have a big contest when we gets to the Arkansas hill-billy, swamp angel, and persimmon knock-er country fo' dey tells me date up that-away they is sho' nuff spitters. Well, well, folks, when we gets off the boat at Natchez we heads for Dogtown. Ah all sure nuff had to laff. Out in front of Aunt Jinny's restaurant was a sign readin' "Sow's meat today," but we wuz all set fer some home-made lemon pie. "How in de worl' did you all get such pretty scallops on de edge of dat ere pie?" asked Porkchop Fox. "Oh, dat am easy," replied Aunt Jinny, "Ah done gat wid mah false teef."

As I was saying, however, everything am magnolious on board the General Jackson. Big crowds is out to greet us at every town to wish us bon voyage as we head for Ravinia. Bullfrog Easton has been doin' lots of fishin' and yestidday pulled a nice channel-cat in fer lunch. "Boy, you all better do yo' fishing naow," drawled Mudhead Horn, "fo' when yo' hits de Drainage Canal yo' ain't goin' to do so much!" Rehearsals are being held every afternoon in de saloon (musical and liquid) fo' de big Ravinia Minstrels on March 28 and 29. While de ol' banjos is plankin' out syncopated harmonies, and the hoofers is practicing buck and wing, and soft shoe dances, all de other piffawmers is always a-singin'. Ef you all wuz sittin' on the banks of the Mississippi the following melody is about what would strike yo' ears as the General Jackson went chugging upstream, —funnels pouring out a powerful lot of black smoke,—and headin' for Ravinia:

Dumpty-dumpty Mammee,
Da-de Alabamee
Tra-le-la, le-la, le-la-le waits fo' me!
Dumpty Ah a-comin'
Doo-de-doo-de strummin'—
I-am-goin' o-be-ec.

(Refrain)

To-de-da-de-da-de by de sycamore
Rumpty-dumty-doodle by the ol' cabin door!
Da-de-da-de moonlight
Doo-de-doo-de moonlight
Da-da cryin'
Doo-doo sighin'—
Dump-dum tryin'—
Doodle-doodle roam—
Alabamee home!
Rumpty-tumty-tum—
My Mammeeeeee!

At Natchez we took on a pilot. "Is yo' a pilot?" asked the captain. "Well dey calls me one." "Does yo' all know whar de sandbanks is?" "No, sir." "Well, how does yo' expect to take we uns up to Ravinia ef you all doan't know whar dey is?" "I know where dey AIN'T," said the pilot. A

funny thing happened down at Ponch-ahola. We put on a show up in town. Poor ol' Ginhead Sadler got the raspberry right. They hissed him right off the stage. Then Barbécue Bede come cut. The audience quieted right down and listened with the greatest attention to his first number — then when he was giving them his patter, as Barbécue said, "I'll be doggone ef they didn't start hissing poor Ginhead again."

Now folks watch for news of the trip every week until March 28-29, when you will hear the um-pah pah of the big street parade as the Gen. Jackson Showboat Troupe marches down Central avenue to the east, turns right, and then parades down to the Ravinia auditorium. Man, oh man, we is sho' nuff fixin' fer big whoopee!

The Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor says that woman's lot is steadily growing harder. Well, it's true in the old days she didn't have to spend so much money for silk hose, rouge and cigarets and to take a bawling out from the traffic cop.

CIRCUIT THEATRE TO PRESENT "HAY FEVER"

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lowing, as it does, a serious drama in the year's schedule, it will be a distinct step toward giving Circuit audiences an example of the several types of drama throughout the season.

Story of Play

"Hay Fever" tells the story of a hectic week-end in the country home of the Bliss family. Father, mother, son and daughter, each lives his own life in his own way with his own friends. Unfortunately, however, each often makes plans without thinking to consult those of his conferees, and the result is apt to be more than embarrassing, especially since the Japanese room is the only guest-chamber of which the Bliss home can boast. And the great conflict does come about, and gives us the basis of the play. The household suddenly finds itself possessed of four week-end guests and their sundry bags and baggage, and the rain, and the common apathy for parlor games, and the little romances which spring up between the wrong people all tend

to complicate more than to clarify the situation. Noel Coward has filled his play with awkward situations and funny lines. The characters are very definitely drawn and by their oppositeness and the conflict of their ideas create a spirit of discord present throughout the entire play. Fortunately, the guests are all normal people, and they eventually take matters into their own hands. But their drastic step is not taken until after there have been three acts of muddle and misunderstanding that provide the audience with an evening at the theatre which is little short of hilarious.

Staff Members

J. Williams Macy is chairman of the production committee for the play. Assisting him as director of the cast is Hape Summers of Evanston. Miss Summers is a director and reader of note, and being a graduate of the Northwestern School of Speech, has long been affiliated with the Circuit Theatre both in her present capacity and also as a member of the acting company. The settings for the play are designed by Samuel S. Otis, and are executed in the Circuit Theatre studio under the supervision of T. J. Erbach.

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