

# Festival Director and Group Attend Plays At Famous Theater in London



Present for the opening night play of the 1960 season of the Oregon Shakespearean Festival association were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew C. Love, Los Angeles, (at right) shown here with Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur King, Spokane. Mr. Love is in Ashland to produce the Festival's nationwide broadcast for NBC, scheduled for early August. (Smith photo)

Editor's Note: Eight valley residents, Mr. and Mrs. Almus Pruitt, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Bowmer, and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allen, are touring Europe this summer. The Pruitts left Medford last month traveling by train and plane to New York. The Bowmers traveled via Canada stopping at the Stratford Shakespearean theater. The two couples met in New York and will travel together to England. The Allens and Millers left San Francisco by freighter, going through the Panama canal to Europe. The four couples will meet in the Hague and will tour the continent together. Mrs. Pruitt, named "journalist" for the group, is reporting on their journey. Her second letter is printed today.

Our six days on the French liner *Liberte* from New York City to Plymouth, England, proved delightful—the cuisine delectable. The Bowmers and Pruitts indulged far beyond intention. However, a piece of bad news reached us just before sailing from New York, necessitating replanning. Because of a delay due to a dock-workers strike in Los Angeles, the Allens and Millers, whom we were to meet at The Hague, would be a week late arriving in Europe. We hoped this would not affect our schedules and reservations seriously.

Landing at Plymouth the morning of July 6, we stepped ashore on "this blessed plot, this England." During our train-ride to London on one of the small British trains we had our first glimpse of the beautiful green hedgerows. Used in place of fences to separate small fields, they are by many considered impractical because of the amount of tillable land they preempt. Hedgerows also prevent efficient farming on large scale, as in U.S. Because every inch of land in England was needed in World War II, hedgerows were in many cases abolished. But British tradition is strong and hedgerows are now plentiful again. Aside from a sentimental attachment for them, the British insist that the hedgerows serve as a shelter for wild life—for foxes, rabbits, and birds. Certainly with their absence, the British landscape would lose much.

Next morning as we walked along Whitehall on the way to the American Express office, a big iron gate swung open before us and there appeared two lines of elegantly uniformed Guards in scarlet jackets and bear-hug busbies. Marching precisely by—so near we could see the "whites of their eyes"—they kept on going down a side street. Since their mission was unknown to us, we could only assume that "the king's men marched up the street and they marched back again." The pageantry of the English is sometimes tedious to watch, as we found later in watching the Changing of the Guard, but they themselves seem to adore it.

It rained hard on our first morning in London and pools of water reflected the green leaves of sidewalk sycamores, which line London streets almost everywhere. Red ganglums loomed in window boxes on the gray ledges of business buildings even to the highest story. Except for the white-washing by starlings and pigeons, most of London's buildings are dark and grimy with smoke. However, the days of coal-burning are fast becoming extinct, for several reasons. Young Britishers shun mining as too monotonous, drab and dangerous, and the older generation of miners refuses to adopt new working methods. Gas-fuel is rapidly replacing the coal fireplace and stove. Laws recently passed restrict the use of coal to factories and these must have devices which insure almost 100 per cent combustion.

Along Fleet Street we saw considerable evidence of World War II bombing, though most of the demolished areas have been rebuilt or concealed by large billboards. In many of the shattered walls left standing, flowers have sprung up.

After glancing into the London office of the Manchester Guardian, we located Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, quaint restaurant in an ancient alley just off Fleet Street near Dr. Johnson's House. In its dark-beamed bar, Guinness and ale were being served to jaunty Britishers. Up a twisting staircase, in a charming bar-room with old fireplace and blue plates, we inspected the First Edition English Dictionary by Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1755. We had lunch in the main dining room, called the Chop Room. With its original old sideboard hung with pewter mugs, rough hewn beams and scarred floor, the room looked authentic 18th century. As we were seated on straight hard benches, Almus indicated that I glance at a brass inscription on the wall above my seat which read: "The favorite seat of Dr. Samuel Johnson. . . Born 15th Sept. 1709—died 13 Dec. 1784." Later, as we left, our waiter told us that it was the most treasured seat in the house. We had been lucky by arriv-



Among the guests at the Feasting of the Tribe of Will Monday in Lithia park, Ashland, were Mr. and Mrs. James Hatfield, Salem, cousins of Governor Mark Hatfield. Several hundred Shakespearean fans from many West coast cities were on hand for the colorful Feast and the opening night play in the Ashland Elizabethan theater. (Smith photo)

ing at the least-rushed time of day. Above the seat next to it, on a smaller brass plate was another inscription: "This was the seat most frequently occupied by Charles Dickens." These were the only two inscribed seats in the inn. We ordered traditional roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, and steak and kidney pie, all proving excellent.

**Visit Cathedral**  
Farther along Fleet Street we entered St. Paul's cathedral which bore a few gashes from war bombing, but which otherwise appeared unscathed. Angus recalled the incident of a "dud" block-buster which landed nearby and which, had it exploded, would have destroyed St. Paul's completely. Heroic experts, working frantically against time, disarmed the bomb at the risk of their lives. Both exterior and interior of the cathedral are indescribably beautiful. We returned to Parliament Square by way of the Victoria Embankment. The Thames teemed with pleasure craft, some leaving Charing Cross for such holiday points as Windsor Castle and Brighton.

At St. Margaret's, near Westminster Abbey, we attended a splendid duo-organ and choral concert of Handel and Purcell music, which made us wish for our musical friends the Werners and Winds. Sunlight streamed through stained-glass Gothic windows onto the musicians' faces. Almus declared that the intonation and acoustics were as nearly perfect as he had ever heard. Afterward, we sat on benches in the Square, listened to Big Ben, and watched the "bobbies" direct traffic, and the big red two-deck trams, Deniers, and tiny cars whizzing past. A handsome cab drawn by a shiny, high-stepping bay, wheeled by. The Square swarmed with pigeons, starlings, and people. The Britisher paces purposefully along in bowler and dark suit, his furred umbrella, when it isn't raining, used as a kind of walking stick.

**Attend Plays**  
The real reason for our first visit to England was to attend two Shakespeare plays at the Old Vic, in connection with Angus' research program. These plays would not be showing upon our return to England in August. While the exterior of the Old Vic is unimpressive and might be simply any old theater, the interior has a warm, intimate atmosphere with deep-red seat and floor coverings and deep-red stage draperies. A cream decor with scalloped edging encloses the orchestra. Prior to performance, orders for coffee are taken by the usher and delivered on a tray with biscuit to the seated customers during the "intervals," or intermissions, for one shilling. A live musical background is used sparingly but effectively with the plays. During the first "interval," a heavy fireproof curtain label-

ed "Safety Curtain" is lowered briefly, in keeping with British law, to assure the audience of existing fire protection between stage and audience. Actors at the Old Vic regard its stage with affection and humility. They come not merely to display themselves as actors but with a real sense of devotion which shows in their work; at the same time they strive to keep production creatively fresh and not tradition-heavy. Much of Shakespeare plays better than it reads. This is especially true in the chronicle or history plays. Words in drama, as notes in music, are simply tools on which to hang the meaning; both performer and listener must work to ferret out the significance. The actor can do wonders with gesture, voice inflection, and actions known as "stage business." But even more important is timing. And seldom have we witnessed such subtlety of timing as in the two Old Vic productions seen.

**See Richard II**  
The first night we four attended a performance of King Richard II. The cast was both talented and perceptive—direction superb. The first quality that struck us was the polished naturalness: obviously the English feel entirely at home with Shakespeare. The sustained silences were deeply impressive, indicating both courage and confidence of actor-director know-how, to the extent of producing gooseflesh. In some scenes the actors moved almost as a ballet troupe to point up an impressive speech. A head might be turned or an arm lifted, on a critical word, the silent actors thus pointing up the words of the speaker in an almost stylized manner. Such a technique might easily have been carried to extreme, but reserved for a few big scenes, it was tremendously effective. If we should offer any criticism it might be of Richard himself, played by Alec McCowen, whose attacks of speech at times seemed a bit too explosive. But in the end, the entire production served to point and shape the cogent humor, wisdom and simplicity of the world's greatest dramatist.

The second night we saw King Henry V. Again, the cast was excellent, with many of the same actors again appearing, but with a different director. And again, the timing was superb, with actors working beautifully together—achieving that sharing of emotion known as "rapport." Actually, this production transcended that of the night before. The most moving scene occurred at the end of Act II when the conflict between England and France reached its climax. Perhaps a psychological sympathy was involved here, for the English well understand the difference between losing and winning a war, and thus were able to inject a special depth

of feeling beyond the part of greasepaint drama.

As we four moved from the theater, we all agreed that our two evenings at the Old Vic would be a highlight of our tour, and certainly worth our effort to include it. My comment to Angus was, "I feel this is a great experience. Do you agree?"

He did. And he added emphatically, "The best production of either play I have ever seen."

## Gold Hill Society Announces Meeting

Gold Hill - The Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Gold Hill Community Methodist church will meet Friday, August 12, at the home of Mrs. Roy Eskin at 1 p.m. Instead of the home of Mrs. Thomas Z. Smith as previously announced.



Chicago—Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower was honored at the Wednesday "Great Ladies of America" luncheon during the Republican National convention in Chicago. Mrs. Richard M. Nixon was also present for the event attended by more than 1,400 Republican women. Shown with Mrs. Eisenhower during the luncheon which included a fashion show of gowns worn by GOP First Ladies is Mrs. Leslie Erends, wife of Illinois Congressman. Among the 12 gowns modeled was one worn by Mrs. William G. Stratton, wife of the governor of Illinois, which Mrs. Eisenhower wore for the 1953 inauguration. It is of pink peau de soie embroidered with 2,000 rhinestones. The luncheon was the only social function the President's wife attended during the convention. (UPI Telaphoto)

## Nixon Family Now Part Of GOP Campaign Picture

By HELEN THOMAS  
United Press International

Chicago (UPI)—Vice President Richard M. Nixon's family has become a permanent part of his campaign picture.

His photogenic wife, Pat, is known to millions. She is a veteran campaigner and has been at her husband's side through political battles and international missions. But his mother and his two daughters, Tricia, 14, and Julie, 12, now are celebrities. Like movie stars, they will be recognized everywhere and their autographs will be sought.

This past week, climaxed by their presence on the convention rostrum when their father delivered his acceptance speech, has hoisted the Nixon daughters and their grandmother into the political limelight.

**Had Been Sheltered**  
Up to now, gay, bouncy Julie, and blond, shy Tricia, have been sheltered from their father's spotlight. Mrs. Hannah Nixon, his mother, lived a quiet, peaceful life at her home in Whittier, California from the public glare.

Today, the 75-year-old GOP presidential nominee's mother gives interviews to reporters, smiles for cameramen, and

stands up to be interviewer wherever she goes.

The girls are asked "how do you feel?" over and over again. Their comments are written down. They are stared at, applauded and handed gifts.

The Nixon family portrait was never more perfect than Thursday night.

Mrs. Nixon, in colorful turquoise satin, hardly ever took her gaze off her husband. Her mother looked proud and clapped vigorously when Nixon scored a point.

Tricia, in a deep pink frilly cotton, sat ladylike with her white gloved hands folded. But Julie fidgeted and occasionally she would yawn. She had a tough week and evenings that went on long past her bedtime.

When his speech was over, the vice president put his arms around his wife, he patted his mother on the shoulder, and winked and smiled at his daughters.

Mothers preventatives should be placed in cheesecloth bags or other containers and fastened at the top of the storage area. Fumes from moth crystals or balls are heavier than air and drift downward.

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### Olympic Stamps Topic for Club

The Southern Oregon Stamp club will meet Thursday, August 4, at 8 p.m. at the Girls Community club. Mrs. Russell Herbert will speak on the 1960 Olympic Games stamps. A "swap period" will follow. Refreshments will be served. Anyone interested in stamp collecting is invited to attend.

### Filler's Frolic Set August 10

The executive board of the Southern Oregon Dental auxiliary met Wednesday to make final plans for the Dental picnic Wednesday, August 10, to be called "Filler's Frolic." The event will be held in Lithia park, Ashland starting at 3 p.m. Dinner will be served at 6 p.m. All dentists and their families are invited to attend.

### State Supervisor To Visit Lodge

Mistletoe camp, Royal Neighbors of America, will meet Thursday, August 4, at 8 p.m. when Mrs. Earl Duval, Vancouver, Wash., state supervisor, will make her official visit. Visitors welcoming committee will include Mrs. W. H. Arnold, chairman; Mrs. Robert Gilman, Mrs. Frank Hussong, Mrs. Russel Zundel, and Miss Edonna Pace.

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