A PRESENTATION OF TECHNIQUES AND PROCEDURES IN PRODUCING A THEATER-IN-THE-ROUND PLAY ON THE JUNIOR COLLEGE LEVEL

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PROJECT

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CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM AND ORGANIZATION
OF THE PAPER

Rapidly growing enrolments in our junior colleges have increased the need for expanded curriculums in the creative arts, particularly drama. Auditorium facilities historically have not expanded at the same rate as the other college facilities. It is recommended by some specialists in drama that arena style theater be introduced as one means of alleviating an overcrowded auditorium schedule.

I. THE PROBLEM

Statement of the problem. It was the purpose of this project to present for the junior college level a plan of techniques and procedures in producing a three act play, i.e., "Papa Is All," in the arena style. The project included: (1) Criteria as to educational choice and suitability, (2) Casting, (3) Rehearsal schedule, (4) Directing and interpretation, (5) Characterization studies, (6) Intercast, backstage and director relationships, (7) Publicity, (8) Guidelines for the director, (9) Evaluation techniques, (10) Makeup and (11) Prompt book with lighting, set and costume plate designs.
Importance of the study. Junior college theater is often neglected as an educational medium; in many cases it is but an extension of the high school pattern, lacking the intensity of training needed by the more mature student. Industries that draw talent from the creative arts program are calling upon the junior colleges, more than ever before, to produce more skillfully trained people. It is the job of the junior colleges to meet this demand.

Arena staging is a challenging medium and offers some distinct advantages to the student: Namely, training in a type of theater enjoying ever-increasing popularity, with greater emphasis on story, characterization and dialogue, and the development of acting techniques thought by some to be the closest duplication of reality that exists in the dramatic repertoire.

II. ORGANIZATION OF THE PAPER

The writer, while a graduate student, had the opportunity of directing Patterson Greene's play, "Papa Is All," in-the-round at the Sacramento State College Drama Workshop. It was found that the play lent itself admirably to this special technique. The students, most of whom were of junior college age, enjoyed the study of the play as it was based upon fact, told in the comic medium and set against a not too frequently explored bit of our Americana,
the Mennonites of Pennsylvania.

While directing "Papa Is All," the writer found that educational literature on the use of simplified staging for the junior college level was almost non-existent. There was a need for specific material and examples pertaining to the fundamental requirements of arena production.

It was the purpose of this project to explore a number of problems basic to the presentation of an arena play on the junior college level, using the writer's production, "Papa Is All," as an example of the techniques and procedures which can be used.

In the following chapters there has been described the methodology employed to bring into focus the more salient steps leading to this arena production.
CHAPTER II

CRITERIA AS TO EDUCATIONAL CHOICE AND SUITABILITY

For purposes of this project, the writer compiled a list of criteria to determine whether "Papa Is All" is suitable as an educational production. These criteria are partly his own, and partly those of other writers who have described what comprises a "good play." These standards fall under the heading of practical and aesthetic values. They are listed below, followed by an evaluation and comparison of "Papa Is All" to them.

I. CRITERIA

1. Suitability to group. Here such factors must be considered as the acting problems in relation to the talent or acting level of the students, the number of male and female parts and the age of the characters.¹

2. Appropriate for arena theater. Can the production be adapted for arena use without undue complication or the sacrifice of essential scenes?

3. Production costs. It behooves the director to examine the cost of the production. An educational play

is necessarily limited in the amount of money it can spend for production rights.²

4. Challenge to the actor. It should challenge the highest creative and artistic abilities of all who are associated with the production, thereby affording rich opportunities for study, analysis, and experimentation.³

5. Dramatic Value. The play should have a worthwhile theme, be sincere and true in its interpretation of life and accurate in its reflection of customs and manners. It should be emotionally and intellectually stimulating.⁴

6. Morally acceptable. The greatest care must be taken that the morals or religious scruples of no person or group are offended.⁵

7. Appeal to the audience. Does the play have universal appeal? Has it had successful runs elsewhere?

8. Meets the personal taste of director. This is of first and final importance to the director as his enthusiasm for the play will often determine the success of the production.


⁴Ibid.

⁵Gassner, op. cit., p. 633.
II. COMPARISON OF "PAPA IS ALL"

Using the above standards as guidelines, "Papa Is All" is analyzed accordingly in the remaining pages of this chapter.

**Suitability to group.** "Papa Is All" is considered by the writer to be within the acting range of the junior college student. Also, the characterizations are of sufficient difficulty to challenge the students' ability. All the roles demand from the student a great deal of study and work to bring out fully the dramatic and comic qualities of this domestic comedy.

The State College cast found the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect of "Papa Is All," with its inverted sentence structure, to be a challenge not only in interpretation but also in pronunciation. The members of the cast even interviewed certain German speaking people in order to insure accuracy in their pronunciations.

The age bracket of the three male and three female characters in the play range from eighteen to fifty. The two older women's parts are handled easily by the student through changes of hair styling and clothing. Papa, the only male character in the cast older than the average college student, presents no problem. His club foot, with accompanying clumsiness, helps to give him the rigidity of age. In addition, Papa's beard adds the required years to his
Appropriate for arena theater. "Papa Is All" is a one-set show which makes it easily adaptable for arena production. In keeping with the austerity of the Mennonite life, the set has a minimum amount of furniture, which is a necessary requirement of arena work. The light changes are uncomplicated and there are no special effect prerequisites which hamper the changeover from proscenium to arena staging.

Production costs. Royalties for "Papa Is All" run $35 for the first performance; for succeeding performances discounts may be obtained from the publisher. Actually, the over-all cost of the play is held to a minimum by the very nature of arena theater. There are no flats to build or curtains to buy; properties are relatively few in number because of stage limitations.

As the Pennsylvania Dutch furniture is old and plain, it can be obtained from an attic or second-hand store for practically nothing. As an example, the writer procured a frontier wood stove for his production by visiting a junk yard. The proprietor released an old, rusty, dirt encrusted stove on the promise that it would be returned immaculately cleaned and freshly painted. The renovation of the wood burner was worth the effort put into it, as it added superbly to the set's authenticity.
There is very little costume construction involved in the show. Mama and Emma need Mennonite bonnets; Papa requires a Mennonite hat. Altered old clothing may be used for the remainder of the costumes.

**Challenge to the actors.** The play reveals a highly disturbing family relationship where lack of adjustment is the primary source of conflict. The explosiveness of this relationship provides an intriguing background with which the actor can work. In addition, there is sufficient depth in the characterizations to provide the actors with useful experiences in theater art. The father has to be revealed in all his viciousness and brutality. The mother must be gentle and courageous, yet sincere in her religious conviction. The daughter, longing for love and the movies; and the frightened son, with yearnings for education and machines, must be portrayed with naturalness and warmth.

**Dramatic value.** Joseph Wood Krutch, in reviewing "Papa Is All" for *The Nation*, refers to the plot as "... rather ingenious even though it has its relation to Synge's 'Playboy of the Western World' ..."6 The theme of "Papa" has also seen greatness in such plays as "Hamlet," the "Agamemnon Trilogy," and the modern work, "Desire Under the Elms."

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Greene's play moves quite steadily to a rather obvious need to remove Papa, and makes him a symbol of evil that is out-triumphed by good. Perhaps the author can be forgiven for making the plot somewhat contrived in order to accomplish this purpose.

As we have seen, the story of a family in conflict is not new; it has been written into drama since the Golden Age of Greece; but against this Pennsylvania Dutch background, the old plot is given a comic twist that appears to be laugh provoking as well as intellectually stimulating.

**Morally acceptable.** The very environment of the play should negate any possibility of the dialogue containing offensive language or subject matter. Then too, "Papa Is All" was never banned in Boston!

The play's review in *The Catholic World* implies tacit approval. In part Euphemia Van Renssalaer says:

> ... Of course Papa proclaims that he is the voice of God for his family but he manages to interpret his own fiat against mechanical abominations as sanctioning his sitting in his Ford as a passenger while his boy, Jake, drives it to possible damnation. We are delighted to say that the Ford takes Papa straight to his own retribution ... The Theater Guild has provided its subscribers and the public with very pleasant entertainment.7

Much of Greene's comedy rises out of the idiosyn-

cracies of the Mennonite beliefs; but it was the writer's feeling that since their religious center was so far removed geographically, it would not offend them.

**Appeal to the audience.** Having been produced on Broadway on January 6, 1942, "Papa Is All" had moderate success with a run of 63 performances.

Of five reviews written in periodicals, four were favorable. To quote again from Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Nation*, he says in part:

> Mr. Greene writes a dialogue easy to understand but full of quaintly amusing words and delightfully surprising syntax, and he has caught something else which supplies rich humor—namely, that practical realism in matters amorous as well as material which seems so often characteristic of those with a rigid code of conduct. The play is provided with a sufficient number of surprises at the proper points to keep the action in lively movement.

*Newsweek*'s praise lay subtly hidden in a two column headline:

Mennonites in Bright Lights; 'Papa Is All' Tops New Shows

Many playgoers seem to prefer the lure of these professionally produced plays and,

> it is only natural Broadway plays should be used, especially in the smaller cities and towns where there is no professional theater. They are the plays that have pleased large audiences in the big cities,

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8Krutch, *op. cit.*, p. 73.

and they have attracted attention in papers and magazines of the country at large.10

Meets personal taste of the director. This writer read "Papa Is All" and liked it because it stimulated his imagination and creativity, inspiring him to undertake the task of directing it.

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CHAPTER III

CASTING

There are a number of ways to cast "Papa Is All." Usually the individuality of the director determines the method by which parts are assigned. "Casting is ordinarily done with two aims: to insure as good a production as possible and to provide actors with needed experience."11

The writer found that reading tryouts were a satisfactory modus operandi in selecting a cast for "Papa Is All." The tryout dates were announced several weeks in advance. Posters, the school paper, daily bulletins and word of mouth were sufficient to spread the word. Students were advised that scripts would be available at the dramatics department office.

During the tryouts, the writer had the candidates read directly from the "Papa Is All" script. Passages to be read were marked in the play-books prior to the tryout. Parts were quickly assigned and the candidates were referred to the correct page number.

The writer required his candidates to stand while trying out, since it was his feeling that physical movement

is as important as vocal expression. In watching how the body reacts to the reading (although necessarily on a limited scale) the director was able to make a good guess regarding the subject's probable ability at pantomime.

The ability to respond to direction is, of course, important and the director felt free to test the candidate directly by asking him to alter the characterization, the motivation of a scene or some phase of the vocal expression.

Before the readings began, the director briefly reviewed the plot of "Papa Is All," gave a description of each character and placed the scene to be read in the proper sequence of story order.

Tryouts for "Papa Is All" invariably ran too long. A solution which permits volunteering but reduces the time consumed would be to give each candidate one free choice of role and episode to read at each tryout, and for the director to assign all the rest of the readings. Another device which permits a thorough tryout without undue time consumption is to hold one or two open sessions of tryouts, followed by a series of invitational sessions.\textsuperscript{12}

Aside from the consideration of general reading ability in casting for "Papa Is All," the director kept in

mind that most of the cast belongs to the Aukamp family and should have some similarities in coloring and size.

At the time of the tryout a casting card should be made out by each person who reads for a part. The card should contain the following information:

- name, address, telephone; height, weight, age, complexion, hair color, general physical appearance (thin, stout, etc.); personality (vivacious, stolid, etc.);
- theater type (ingenue, juvenile, character, old, child, comic, serious); volume, pitch and quality of the voice; characteristic diction; vocal expressiveness (reading) and bodily expressiveness; previous acting experience (types of parts played); ability in music, singing and dancing.

Some of this information is supplied by the candidate, some by the director during the tryout. The candidate can fill out his part of the card beforehand and give it to the director as he appears to try out. The director can fill out the rest, and the card can then be filed for consideration whenever needed.

In the writer's case this information was already on file in the dramatics office, and it was not necessary to have the candidates fill out new cards during tryouts.

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CHAPTER IV

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE
WITH PROGRESS PLANS

No two school productions of "Papa Is All" would have the same rehearsal schedule. However, rehearsals should be undertaken with certain principles in mind: Careful planning of the number of rehearsals so that there is opportunity to further the play's maximum growth; seeing that the duration of each rehearsal is sufficient to accomplish a maximum amount of work; and to see that the time is used for the teaching of certain educational goals in respect to the actors' training in cooperation and teamwork, individual adjustment, effective use of time and organization.¹⁴

Most non-professional comedy rehearsals run five to six weeks. The writer produced "Papa Is All" in four weeks, but three of the actors had had considerable dramatics experience and one was a "natural." The usual procedure is to have at least five weeks of rehearsal at the junior college level.¹⁵

A well-made plan of rehearsal provides time for business to be set, rehearsed once and then memorized.¹⁶

¹⁴Dietrich, op. cit., p. 245.
¹⁵Albright, op. cit., p. 468.
¹⁶Ibid., p. 467.
The following is an abbreviated schedule of twenty-five rehearsals, twenty of which were used by the writer for "Papa Is All." The second, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third rehearsals were included for purposes of this project.

1. Act I, II, III (first reading)
2. Act I, II, III (discussion, characterization studies)
3. Set Act I (first rehearsal)
4. Act I (2)
5. Read Acts II, III
6. Act I (3)
7. Set Act II (1)
8. Act II (2)
9. Act I (4)
10. Act II (3)
11. Act I (5); read Act III
12. Set Act III (1)
13. Act III (2)
14. Act I (6); Act II (4)
15. Act II (5)
16. Act III (3)
17. Act III (4); Act I (7)
18. Act III (5); Act II (6)
19. Acts I (8), II (7) and III (6)
20. Weak scenes
21. Running rehearsal
22. Polishing rehearsal
23. Technical rehearsal
24. Pre-dress rehearsal
25. Dress rehearsal (with invitation audience)

Junior college rehearsals generally run three hours per evening. The writer found that during his rehearsals of "Papa Is All" the running time of three hours was subject to variation, depending upon the actors' physical and emotional ability to concentrate.

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17 Albright, op. cit., p. 468.
The days of the week in which one may rehearse are optional. The writer rehearsed Monday through Friday, leaving the weekends free for rest and other homework commitments. The exception to this schedule was that on two Saturdays, due to a crew shortage, the actors were required to work on the technical aspects of the production.

Before actual rehearsal begins, even before the first reading of "Papa Is All," it is suggested that the director prepare the cast psychologically for the play. The writer failed to do this with his cast; as a result much valuable time was lost because the director had to stop rehearsals and explain certain points that might well have been covered earlier.

At the very first meeting the director should set the tone of all future rehearsals. He should express his principles of direction, interpret his philosophy of the play and explain his requirements for the practice routine. And throughout he should stimulate as much interest and enthusiasm for "Papa Is All" as possible. Only when this groundwork has been laid can the director expect to derive the maximum benefits from each practice period.

Also at this time the director should cover the ideologies of the Mennonite religion, its history and codes of conduct. He should provide the cast with reading material which discusses the customs of the Amish and
Mennonite peoples. The actor should be able to analyze the actions of his character on the basis of the Mennonite religious and sociological beliefs.

With these preliminaries out of the way the director is ready for the cast to begin the reading of "Papa Is All." The following is a detailed plan of each night's rehearsal as followed by the writer, with exceptions previously noted. These plans proved to be a satisfactory system for both director and cast.

First Day

The first order of business was the reading of the script. This was a moment for the director to listen and say nothing. Once the play was read, the director discussed it in general terms and even discussed reviews of previous performances. The actors were then asked to read the play again before the next rehearsal in order to be able to intelligently discuss it.

Second Day

The second rehearsal was devoted to preliminary study of theme, general objectives, main actions, relationships, form, style and structure of the play. The director explained arena staging and the physical plans of the production. The rehearsal concluded with a round table discussion of characterization. Each actor was asked to make a statement about his characterization and then fellow actors were asked to comment on the statement. By talking over the characterizations in this way, unity of thought was reached.

Third Day

The rehearsal proper began with a blocking out of the action of the first act. The plan of the setting was marked out plainly on the floor of the stage and dummy furniture was used for all pieces of furniture involved in the immediate action. The actors walked through general business set by the director without paying special attention to vocal expression. Positions and movements were penciled in the script by actors so they could be learned simultaneously with lines.

Fourth Day

Act I was rehearsed several times while the actors committed the previous days' business to memory.

Fifth Day

Acts II and III were read. Actors began to work for greater interpretation and characterization. It was necessary to set a deadline for the learning of lines. The ninth day of rehearsal was selected as the deadline for the memorization of Act I.

Sixth Day

This rehearsal of Act I was devoted to characterization work in order to help the actors perceive a fuller understanding of their roles and to crystallize in their minds the physical means by which roles were to be projected. From this time until the date of production, additional blocking and detailed bits of business were inserted to polish the production.

Seventh Day

Act II was set. The cast again concentrated on business, not worrying particularly about characterization. The deadline for the memorization of Act II was the fourteenth rehearsal.

Eighth Day

Act II was repeated several times and blocking was committed to memory.
Ninth Day

A prompter was assigned from the technical crew. Although this was the deadline for memorization of Act I, the cast stumbled in their attempts at remembering lines. Books were not permitted on the set. The director used this time to work with the technical crew.

Tenth Day

The director divided this rehearsal of Act II into several parts. First he concentrated on the reading of lines, turning his back on the stage to rule out the visual element. At the same time, he tested for intelligibility from several parts of the room. On the second rehearsal he concentrated on grouping, sightlines, and the balancing of the arena stage.

Eleventh Day

During the first rehearsal of Act I, actors were stimulated to pick up their cues. This session involved teaching actors to listen and react to one another's lines. On the second rehearsal, a livelier picking up of cues and generally improved expression were noted. The rehearsal concluded with the reading of Act III.

Twelfth Day

Act III was blocked in the same manner as Acts I and II.

Thirteenth Day

The actors worked on committing the blocking of Act III to memory.

Fourteenth Day

Act I was given an uninterrupted rehearsal so that the cast acquired a feeling for the unit as a whole. The director took detailed critical notes in the back of the room. The act was then repeated, with stops for practice on weak points. Act II was attempted without the book.

Fifteenth Day

A special rehearsal was held to prepare actors for audience response. Actors were instructed to "pause and
act" (hold the lines but act with the body until the
laughter dies down) and to come in strongly with the
next line. The telephone buzzer was used as a substitute
audience. The director buzzed at different times in
the course of the rehearsal to give actors training in
this technique. The second rehearsal was uninterrupted.

Sixteenth Day

All properties used for the production were on the
set for this and subsequent rehearsals. Principal
attention was given to motivation in order to locate
any incompletely or incorrectly motivated lines or
business. The director also concentrated on rhythm and
characterization at this time.

Seventeenth Day

Lines for Act II were memorized. Act I was given an
uninterrupted rehearsal with detailed notes taken by
the director.

Eighteenth Day

Acts II and III were rehearsed for the picking up of
cues. Most of the costumes were in use by this time.

Nineteenth Day

The three acts were rehearsed without interruption.
Scripts were dispensed with and not allowed on the set
under any circumstances. The prompter's services were
no longer required. Actors were encouraged to ad-lib
if they ran dry or dropped lines. The director went
over his detailed notes with the cast between acts.

Twentieth Day

A complete run-through of the play was held. Inter­
ruptions were kept to a minimum. The director then
appraised the comparative state of readiness of the var­
ious sections of the play, and concentrated, during
the succeeding rehearsals, on the weak spots he had ob­
served.

Twenty-first Day

Weak and climactic scenes were rehearsed. The dir­
ector added finishing details of business and needed
Twenty-second Day

The play was polished and perfected. Every reading, every piece of business, and the correlation between them was scrutinized to see that they conveyed exact meanings. Tempo and rhythm were perfected in both their subtle and obvious phases.

Twenty-third Day

An integrated or technical rehearsal was held and was devoted to the perfection of all the technical aspects of the production. The cast acted only those parts of the play which were necessary to test furniture, properties, lighting and costumes, and those which gave cues for light changes. Makeups were tested and alterations indicated by the director.

Twenty-fourth Day

Opening night conditions were simulated. Act I began promptly at 8:15 p.m. The cast and technical crew were asked to arrive early so that makeup, lighting, costumes, properties, etc., could be checked efficiently and thoroughly. Last minute adjustments by actors and technicians were made at this time. The run-through was uninterrupted. No major changes were made by actors or director. All criticisms were minor and short.

Twenty-fifth Day

The final dress rehearsal was an attempt to approximate opening night conditions as nearly as possible. The director made relatively few notes and was concerned in the main with the larger flow of action and the projection of the play as a whole. A small audience was invited to give the cast a feeling of opening night and to allow them to work out any nervousness engendered by the nearness of spectators surrounding the circle. The actors were again cautioned not to change any business whatsoever during the performance. The cast was sent home early for a good night's rest.
CHAPTER V

DIRECTING AND INTERPRETING THE PLAY

I. DIRECTING CENTRAL STAGING

The essential problems of directing "Papa Is All" in-the-round do not differ from those found on a proscenium stage. The director's job does not change any more than does an artist's when he shifts from oil to water color. The same things are seen, the same things are important, the same things will need emphasis.19

The principles of play direction will be modified to some extent by the removal of the picture frame and the projection of the stage into the audience. The staging, composition, movement, intimacy and tempo will all undergo changes. The following discussion considers these principles of direction.

Staging. There are a number of basic approaches now in use by arena theaters regarding the method of staging. The most popular appears to be a modification of the "Realistic formula," which is to present the play as if four walls were removed from a room with short hallways (aisles) leading to the doors. The director plans a normal sort of realistic action, and the actor

19Gassner, op. cit., p. 581.
behaves in an everyday manner. Imaginary walls are avoided without ostentation, to prevent their absence from becoming conspicuous, and all other imaginary details are avoided wherever possible.\textsuperscript{20}

Just three invisible walls were used by the writer, as there was not enough room in the Theater Workshop to seat an audience on the fourth side.\textsuperscript{21} The arena square was set up against the sliding doors of the workshop. An orange drape was hung over the sliding doors, providing a balancing effect.

This modified system of arena staging appeared to be effective enough. Even though the audience was restricted to three sides, the feeling of arena intimacy was retained.

Composition. Furniture placement is an important factor in the presentation of an arena play. Some directors prefer that the larger pieces of furniture be situated in the center of the room, thus projecting the actors nearer to the audience. Others wish to leave the center uncluttered for greater freedom of action.

The set of the "Papa Is All" arena production took the latter form. The furniture was placed on the outside of the square, leaving the center available for the focal point of the action. Here Papa's major scenes were played

\textsuperscript{20}Gassner, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 574.

\textsuperscript{21}The writer's set design, modified by a fourth wall, is shown on p.
and were thus made even more powerful because he could give full reign to impulsive fury. If the scenes had been played on the edge of the arena, Papa would have had to tone down his delivery or run the risk of frightening the audience.

The director must be careful to use small furniture, especially if the audience is not seated on raised platforms. Tall furniture acts as a screen and tends to prevent the audience from viewing all of the action.22

The more complex visual problem is with the stage setting. Each member of the audience surrounding the circle must have an adequate three-dimensional view of the acting area. This can be accomplished by rotating the pattern of furniture. In plotting his composition, the director should make certain that each section of the audience is able to see one-fourth of the set.23

The writer's set was designed so that the audience on two sides could see the entire grouping. The audience on the third side could see three-fourths of the composition.24

Movement. Arena directors appear to differ in their views on the employment of stage movement. Some hold out tenaciously for strict realism, decrying the constant em-

22 Albright, op. cit., p. 223
23 Dietrich, op. cit., p. 386.
24 See set floor plan, p.
ployment of movement for the sake of having the actors display their faces to the ring of spectators.

Audiences neither understand nor appreciate this buzzing around. They are accustomed to looking over shoulders and to a perception of incomplete action from their observation of life.\(^25\)

Although no two spectators see the play from exactly the same angle, their impressions are amazingly unanimous. This emphasizes the idea that drama lies in the human relationship and interplay, not in the perception of the individual actors while acting.\(^26\)

Other directors feel that the backs of the actors should not become obtrusive to the spectator. The play is rehearsed so that the action turns first in one direction, and then in another. Movement is worked out so that the backs of all the actors are never at any one time turned in the same direction.\(^27\)

The technical application of movement differs somewhat from the conventional stage. Actors should break up their movements and avoid direct crosses. Curved movement is often used. The movement, however, should always flow naturally, as this is arena's raison-de-etre.

\(^25\)Gassner, op. cit., p. 585.

\(^26\)Ibid.

The writer found that a successful approach in explaining arena movement was to liken the stage to a row boat—a direct cross would tip it because two or more actors on one side would leave the floor unbalanced. The purpose of avoiding the direct cross is to enable more of the audience to glimpse the actor's face. Under circumstances where a direct cross has to be made, it should be countered nearly always by the opposing actor.

When three or more characters are on the stage at the same time, they must be careful not to stand in straight lines. Groupings in the shapes of triangles, quadrilaterals, etc., are best. An actor who is on stage but does not speak for some time should either sit down or stand in an entry way in order to avoid obstructing the view of the audience.

**Intimacy.** The arena stage provides the actors with a maximum degree of audience contact. A raising of the eyebrow or shifting of the facial contour is immediately perceptible to the spectator. Because of this magnification the actors in "Papa Is All" were warned against being caught out of character; unless they employed the deepest of concentration, they would be totally unmasked.

Central staging is similar to the motion picture. As in a closeup, the most subtle nuances of emotion can be portrayed without the violent vocal or physical projection needed in proscenium staging.

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Tempo. In arena theater the emphasis falls upon the actor and:

Since central staging lacks the attention-getting technical devices of the conventional stage, the actors in the play must provide the excitement by themselves. Thus, tempo is frequently increased.

Acts II and III of "Papa Is All" contain some talky scenes. As an example of the necessity of increased tempo, the dialogue in Act II, Scene I needs to be speeded up. This is when Mama, Emma and Mrs. Yoder are setting the expository action while awaiting the return of Jake who was forced to drive the "Ford-car" for Papa who set out to kill the surveyor. Unless tempo is increased, this delay in the rising action of the play might make the audience restless.

II. INTERPRETATION

"Papa Is All" is classified as a light domestic comedy, but actually the play has a bit more seriousness than this designation implies. Since "Papa Is All" deals with the customs and conventions of a Pennsylvania Dutch family, the writer attempted to present the family as real people, making the action flow logically from them while exploiting the element of surprise to the full. The truly comic bits of dialogue and scenes were presented in the spirit of fun so that the audience would feel free to laugh.

29Dietrich, op. cit., p. 390.
The writer's cast adhered strictly to the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect by pronouncing accurately the foreign words and closely following the meter and inverted sentence structure found in Greene's play. The cast was especially adept at incorporating the thick gutteral sounds typical of the Germanic languages.

It is the writer's opinion that a German accent is not imperative for a good performance. The children might have less accent than their parents, especially Emma, who is more modern and has almost succeeded in breaking with the Mennonite tradition. The audience will even grow accustomed to and accept "Papa Is All" sans accent. The point is that nothing is worse than to have some of the cast speaking with accents and some not.

"Papa Is All" has its weaknesses. The major one lies in Act III. Upon Papa's return "from the dead," the play, unless carefully handled, may slip into farcical drama. Mr. Glackin points out this weakness in his critique of the State College production, which is quoted in Appendix A. The case in point is that Papa has been such a mean, cruel, tyrannical beast that the audience may become too inflamed against him to see anything funny in his downfall. In this respect, the director should see that the last act is played as straight drama. Any comic elements should be underplayed and passed over quickly. The sooner Papa is disposed of, the better.
In seeing Papa brought to justice, the audience will be able to look back upon his reign as a temporary siege, which, once lifted, makes it possible for the family to live a normal life. The only lasting injuries are to Papa, who deserved in full his final retribution.
CHAPTER VI

CHARACTERIZATION STUDIES

There are two specific needs for a descriptive characterization analysis. First, it is useful to the director because, as the official mentor, he must have the clearest conception of all the characters in the play so that he may serve as an enlightened guide. The director must also be prepared to have such a description at his finger tips at the tryouts, as it will be his duty to familiarize the candidate with the character that he is reading so that any misconceptions can be avoided from the start.

Second, as the actor digs deeper into the meat of his part, he will need to explore more fully the inner motivation of the character he is portraying. It is not enough to say, "Yes, I feel as the character would in this speech." The actor must also say, "I know the inner motivation of this character so thoroughly that I can predict how he would react under almost any circumstances."

The writer composed the following character descriptions prior to the first rehearsal as a starting point for a more comprehensive analysis later on.

I. THE CHARACTERS

Papa. Tyrannical, cruel, domineering, sadistic are some of the adjectives most commonly used to describe Papa.
The common saying---there is a little good in everyone---does not hold true in Papa's case. Even his pious enforcement of the Mennonite faith is hypocritical, for he misuses this tradition for purposes of his own, suppressing, in the name of religion, the simple pleasures and recreations of everyday life to which Mama, an authentic Mennonite, has no objection.

Papa Aukamp, in his fifties, is a burly man with a club foot. Although lumbering in movement and clumsy in mind, Papa possesses an animal-like cunning as he selfishly keeps his family in strict isolation, chiefly because Emma and Jake are good workers whom he would have to replace with hired help if they made their way into the broader activities of the world.

Papa is completely insensitive to the feelings of the people around him. He is quick to anger and takes out his wrath on the family, vituperating them for all the imagined sins of the "worldly."

The source of Papa's inner viciousness is difficult to fathom. Even Mama, the closest contact to Papa, says she "doesn't rightly know," in answer to Emma's question, "What is he, Mama, to hold us in his hands so? What is he, ever?"

Mama. She is about Papa's age, having married late in life. She is both gentle and sturdy, and her meekness is not from fear of Papa, but from religious conviction.
Though resigned to accepting Papa's word as divinely sanctioned law, Mama is wistful for the friendly association with neighbors that is a normal part of even the most orthodox Mennonite life. Mama tries to protect her children as much as possible and even covers up for Emma who has stolen away to attend a picture show in Lancaster in the company of her surveyor. In this instance Mama is torn between two poles---first, the best interests of Emma; and second, the sinfulness of going "agin'" Papa.

Mama, unlike Papa, is not narrow-minded. She has chosen to become "plain" but she is also tolerant toward those who desire a "worldly" life. In her household, Mama acts as a stabilizing influence, softening Papa's blows whenever possible and keeping her children from revolting completely from the severity of Papa's rule.

Emma. The daughter, Emma, is about twenty and has succeeded more than any of the others in retaining her individuality. She misses the social life that has been denied her and she wants desperately to go out on dates and have visitors like other girls her age. She is spirited and full of rebellion; therefore, she is the only one that has the courage to stand up to Papa. Only her feminine weakness prevents her from kicking Papa in the teeth. One has the feeling that it is only a matter of time before Emma will realize her desires.
Jake. The son, two years Emma's junior, has a knack for mechanics and wants to simplify farm life by the installation of machinery. He spends all his spare time making mechanical drawings. He wants to go away to study mechanics but doesn't know quite how to escape his environment.

Jake suffers from inferiority feelings because Papa has it out that because his son makes mechanical drawings he is queer in the head. The neighborhood girls believe this and laugh at him. It is this fact which makes Jake a more restrained person than his sister.

Being afraid of Papa paralyzes Jake. He tries to stand up to him but loses courage even to the point of cowardice as he tells Papa that Emma was the one who broke a crock in the barn.

Jake shows his real strength during the major crisis of the play. When Papa follows Emma's surveyor with a gun, Jake takes an active hand in preventing a fatal shooting. In his loyalty to Emma, Jake finally discards his adolescent cowardice and becomes a man.

Mrs. Yoder. A "worldly" neighbor, Mrs. Yoder is a shrill, rattle-brained woman past middle age, whose speech, like her dress, is a blend of provincial Pennsylvania Dutch and the lower quality of Lancaster importation. Having no mind of her own, she promptly takes up the trend of those about her, having no difficulty in agreeing with two sides
of a question at once. She leaks gossip, not from malice, of which she has no trace, but from sheer incontinence of soul.

State Trooper Brendle. A personable member of the Pennsylvania State Police, Brendle is in his later thirties. His approach to his work is serious but he goes about it in a friendly and sociable manner. He has a lively sense of humor and often mimics the speech of the Aukamp family, but always in a good natured way. Simply, Brendle represents the norm.

II. ACTORS' FULFILLMENT OF CHARACTERIZATION

All of the "Papa Is All" cast, with the exception of Mrs. Yoder, not only fulfilled the writer's preliminary concept of their roles, but also matured in depth as the rehearsals progressed.

Papa. The writer felt that Papa's role was well integrated. Papa found no difficulty in assuming a mean and tyrannical demeanor. This aspect of the role was played with genuine feeling for the sub-surface qualities inherent to the projection of bitter and spiteful wrath.

Papa's club foot was most effectively handled. Before his entrance, the audience could hear the thumping of the foot upon the floor, heightening the suspense and warning them of terrible things to come.

Papa looked well in the part and there was no doubt that he was a veritable old devil.
Mama. Because she had no previous acting experience Mama was cast in the part with some uncertainty by the writer, who feared she would not be able to sustain her characterization throughout. However, she turned out to be one of those few individuals who possess what is called "natural" acting talent. She more than held her own with Papa, a more experienced actor. She portrayed in her role the calm, resolved maturity that is essential to Mama's character.

Emma. Emma was probably the most dedicated member of the cast. Her alacrity in line delivery and her enthusiasm for the role more than met the expectations of the director. Her only fault lay in working up her emotional scenes with Papa. There was here merely a problem of technique, not insensitiveness for the part.

Jake. The actor did well in creating a rather complex role. He fused the qualities of trepidation, inferiority, cowardice and strength into a meaningful characterization. He successfully aroused the audience sympathy, giving depth to his part and to the play as a whole.

Mrs. Yoder. The actress lacked the spontaneity and enthusiasm to sustain her part for comic relief. Her chief difficulty was her speech delivery. Faulty timing and an unevenness in lines impaired her effectiveness.

Brendle. Brendle did a fine job in making the state trooper role believable. His part lacked the motivation of
the others; but the imperfection was in Greene's play and not in the actor's character interpretation.
A stimulating factor surrounding the production of a play is the emergence of a powerful group feeling. This kinship of spirit between members of the cast and production crew has been termed "the happy family." It behooves the director of "Papa Is All" to keep his family of players happy. Much trouble can be avoided at the start if the director sets up certain standards and consistently adheres to them.

The writer was fortunate in that his actors were serious and conscientious in the approach to their work. Consequently most rehearsals were conducted in a professional and business-like manner.

Tardiness is a problem that haunts every director. Late arrivals waste precious time for every member of the cast. Courtesy to fellow cast members in the form of promptness is a point which ought to be stressed firmly when the director first talks to his cast. By so doing, the writer noted very few late arrivals during rehearsals.

Often a rehearsal will break up when an actor becomes silly as a result of emotional fatigue, or when someone pulls
an unexpected trick on fellow cast members. The writer permitted a moderate amount of this horseplay as it provided a good release of nervous tension. The danger here however, is that this kind of break in the regular routine of rehearsal can get out of hand unless the director maneuvers the levity of the occasion into a constructive channel.

II. BACK STAGE RELATIONSHIPS

As in proscenium organization, the arena stage manager is the most powerful person, next to the director, connected with the production. During rehearsals he is first assistant to the director. The stage manager is in charge of the production crew throughout; and during the actual run of the play, he is in charge of the cast too.

Since the back stage crew are relatively few in number as compared with those in a proscenium production, the stage manager can assume additional duties. The writer had his stage manager coach actors offstage who needed additional help. This eliminated the necessity of the director's taking time out either before or after the rehearsal to coach actors with special problems.

The director should cultivate the same group spirit among the production crew as among the cast. The writer neglected his technical crew and almost treated them as a separate entity. As a result, a certain amount of unity in
the production was lost. This unintentional oversight was due to lack of time to get around to everybody connected with the production.

One means of making the production crew feel an integral part of the show would be to include them in acting critiques as well as those of a technical nature. The director should go out of his way to compliment the work of the production crew during the preparatory phases, dress rehearsal and performance of the play.30

III. DIRECTOR RELATIONSHIPS

The director who succeeds in commanding profound respect from his students will come the closest in molding the play into a dynamic production. Worthington Miner has some excellent, succinct advice about the manner of the director's relationship with his cast:

There is no absolute formula for a director's attitude before the cast. One thing is certain—his manner must spring from an inner integrity or it will be ineffectual. If he is true to the play, he can be all kinds of person, and it will not matter. If he be untrue, no external mannerism will conceal the fact from his cast. What he knows and the sensitivity of that knowledge—this is the true yardstick of his authority. He must be wise, and he must be flexible.31

30 Albright, op. cit., p. 449.
31 Gassner, op. cit., pp. 255-256.
CHAPTER VIII

PUBLICITY, PROGRAM AND TICKET SALES

I. PUBLICITY

It is unfortunate that the director must face the double task of directing a play and also procuring an audience to see it. But this fact must be faced: people have to know that a junior college is presenting "Papa Is All." To do this the director must obtain publicity.

Advertising usually takes one of three forms: paid advertising, newspaper publicity and special publicity stunts.

Paid advertising. Cardboard posters are a useful form of advertising. The writer procured for his production, at a nominal sum, several handmade posters from the college art department and posted them strategically around the campus. No other paid advertising was used.

The use of other types of publicity would have undoubtedly attracted more people to the play. The following advertising suggestions might have been employed.

Some schools have posters printed on cardboard, varying in size from twelve by fifteen inches to eighteen by twenty-four inches. These posters are known as tack-ups. They are not only displayed on bulletin boards in the school, but often on walls and fences and windows of shops throughout the community.
A contest for a "Papa Is All" play poster in the school may stimulate additional interest in the coming performance. The text for such a poster should be specified, so that a contestant will not omit some vital item. The text should include not only the name of the play and the dates of performances, but also the price of tickets, the time of the first act, the method of securing tickets and so on.

Another method of disseminating publicity throughout the school and community is what the professional theater calls heralds or throwaways. These are either small printed single sheets (about the size of a theater program) or folders containing matter that will interest a reader in the play. They may be left in piles in public places or they may be distributed by mail.

Special mailing lists can be built up by asking spectators to fill in forms giving the names of friends who might be interested in the productions of the group. Sometimes attractive advertising circulars can be printed on small cards, the size of postals, so that they can be mailed. Such cards, ready to be addressed and stamped, may be given to members of the audience, to the players, to students and members of the faculty. A clever advertising campaign will involve schemes which will enlist the aid of the entire student body.

Newspaper stories. In a school institution where one
is usually restricted to a low-budget operation, free publicity should comprise the major portion of the advertising campaign. This publicity takes the form of stories which are sent out as press releases. The writer sent out stories to two Sacramento newspapers announcing the forthcoming production, "Papa Is All." One story appeared in each paper two weeks in advance of the performance. Another small story appeared two days before the opening of the play.

It was felt by the writer that these four stories did not offer sufficient coverage of the play. Many more stories were needed, not only to arouse interest but to keep the play constantly before the public eye.

Ideally, initial publicity should begin with a decision to produce "Papa Is All" and continue with the appointment of a staff, the choosing of the cast, the beginning of rehearsals, changes in the cast, incidents happening to those prominent in the cast, the approach of the opening, a description of theater-in-the-round, and so on. Often these stories are accompanied with pictures of actors or other persons involved in the production. These stories can be broadcast over local radio stations on one of their public service spots. Also newspapers in other localities should not be forgotten, especially if some of the actors live in those districts.

\[32\text{For writer's publicity releases, see Appendix C.}\]
Special publicity. In addition to the above traditional methods of securing publicity, there are often other opportunities for the creation of special stunts. Set models or drawings of the theater-in-the-round can arouse much interest if displayed in a corridor of the school or a downtown shop window. Sometimes too, it is possible to have short special acts or stunts as part of some assembly program that will announce the forthcoming production. Special displays, collections of pictures, photographs of actors, etc., can often be displayed outside the door of the arena theater both before and during the performance. It is easy to see that special publicity opportunities are unlimited, awaiting only the imagination of the director.

II. PROGRAMS

An attractive program, whether it is mimeographed or printed, will do much to help prepare the audience for a pleasant evening. Items that it should contain are the name of the play and the author, the cast of characters and actors, the location and times of the scenes, the production staff, and all the special credits—such as lighting, designing and execution, credits for costumes or furniture borrowed, etc. An often omitted item that should be inserted

33 For writer's program, see Appendix B.
is the length of intermissions.\textsuperscript{34}

Even with a small cast and production crew, most of this above information was included in the writer's program with the exception of length of intermissions.\textsuperscript{35}

A better program might have resulted if the writer had included some of the following items. Sometimes a "Who's Who in the Cast" is valuable, especially if it lists previous appearances of actors appearing in the production. Another interesting feature might be a discussion of "Papa Is All" in terms of special local customs of the Mennonites. The history of theater-in-the-round and perhaps, future plans of the drama organization, might also be included.

Paid advertising in the programs, if readily secured, would more than cover the expense of an elaborate program. The writer feels, however, that aesthetic considerations are sacrificed by the use of paid advertising.

If, after the program is printed or mimeographed, final additions and changes have to be made, they can be multi-graphed on separate sheets and inserted by the ushers.

\textbf{III. TICKET SALES}

The writer sold his tickets at the drama department office and at the door of the theater prior to the perfor-

\textsuperscript{34}Smith, \textit{Equipment of the School Theater}, p. 462.

\textsuperscript{35}For writer's program, see Appendix B.
mance. Other dispensing sources for ticket sales might be the school information office, the student store, the office of the director, special booths located in prominent places on the campus, or cooperative downtown business stores where perhaps a poster is already displayed.

The writer did not reserve tickets. However, a small number of tickets should be reserved for each performance as a prominent guest or an unannounced friend of a cast member may require special consideration.

The writer sent two tickets each to the critics representing the Sacramento newspapers. Merchants who lent props and pieces of furniture were also given passes. No other passes were given out, as it was felt that the situation might have gotten out of hand with all the best customers occupying free seats.

Blocks of complimentary tickets were made available at reduced rates to other schools and colleges in the Sacramento area. The students usually made very good publicity for the production by spreading the word of the play to their parents and friends.
CHAPTER IX

GUIDELINES FOR THE DIRECTOR

I. HINTS FOR ARENA STAGING

Housing the arena. A question which almost always arises when a director contemplates doing an arena play is the availability of space in the school. In the first place, practically any room of moderate size can be adapted successfully for an arena theater. Lofts and store rooms lend themselves admirably to this purpose. A theater may even be housed in the college gymnasium. The writer's show occupied a floor space of about twenty feet square, excluding the area reserved for the audience. One of the beauties of the arena style is that it does not require ideal conditions; it can be just as effective when it is adapted to fit what is available to work with, as was proved by the numerous other arena plays produced by the Sacramento State College Drama Department in the small Theater Workshop before the new theater was built.

Challenge of arena. Arena staging places emphasis on the very heart of the theater---the play itself. The veneer and the trimmings which too often intrude are removed, allowing the actor and the script to claim the attention that too frequently has been denied them. And herein lies the great challenge of arena, for the script must be good and the directing and the acting must be well conceived and well executed.
Scene changes. The second and third acts of "Papa Is All" required some minor scene changes. These were made by stage hands who worked openly and frankly in full view of the audience. Scene changes can be made in the dark, but this is sometimes difficult to execute and almost always attracts more attention than if done in the open. Many members of the writer's audience enjoyed watching the open shifts as they added to the intimacy of the arena style.

II. HINTS FOR THE DIRECTOR

Prompting. It should be pointed out that prompting, except in the early rehearsal phase, is impossible with theater-in-the-round. Nothing could be more demoralizing to the spectators than to hear a prompter from their midst toss a line to a "stalled" actor. It is of vital importance during rehearsal for the actor to become accomplished at ad-lib and improvisation. Once the actor is in the circle no one can help him; if he forgets a line he must work his own way out of the predicament. The writer saw that his actors were proficient at ad-libbing as soon as they got out from under the apron strings of the prompter.

Curtain calls. The writer used curtain calls for his production of "Papa Is All." However, he has since become diametrically opposed to them; but he stands alone in this opinion. The writer believes curtain calls are a chronic...
vestige persisting and reminding us of a less enlightened age. For one thing, the audience is inclined to give the leads the greatest ovation when bit players may be equally deserving. Almost always the backstage crew is omitted from recognition and they are as important to the production as the actors. General applause, without curtain calls, would imply appreciation for the production as a whole as well as everyone connected with it.

Secondly, few actors know how to take curtain calls gracefully. The play is over and they are no longer in character. It is rather a let-down for the audience to see that Mama, Papa and the others were only students who for the past two hours were only dissembling in their assigned roles!

The plea here is to preserve the aesthetic illusion. The play suffers artistically with curtain calls. The actors have labored a good part of the evening to create an empathic response from the audience and to let the illusion collapse with a curtain call is pure artistic sabotage.
After "Papa Is All" has finished its run, the director should sit back and thoroughly review the entire production. He does this for several reasons. First, students may be enrolled in the production for school credit and they have to be graded. Second, the director would want to improve upon techniques and procedures used in order to achieve better productions in the future.

The latter point brings up a perplexing problem. How does one evaluate a play? In answering this question one always has his own experience to guide him, and the wider one's experience, the firmer his basis of comparison. Beyond this, one can always refer to the judgments of others of greater experience and keener discrimination. But with the latter we may be heading for trouble, because authorities seldom agree in matters of artistic taste.

I. EVALUATION CRITERIA

For a definitive evaluation the director might turn to the five tests of quality proposed by Albright, Holstead and Mitchell. The tests are subjective in nature and all they guarantee is that he who uses them will be helped in deciding how good the work is in comparison to other works seen.
First test: Intensity of pleasure at moment of perception: Pleasure as used here includes all vicarious sensations experienced while watching a performance: delight, anxiety, sympathy, and so on. One of the marks of good drama is that it causes one to perceive more clearly than in life and to feel more intensely. The more intensely one enjoys a work, the better it is, providing it holds up when checked against the other four criteria.

Second test: Duration of pleasure in retrospect: The better a drama is, the longer one continues to enjoy it after the performance is over.

Third test: The quality of the after-impression: This is a very important test because only the best dramas meet it entirely; all others fall short in varying degrees. A great play leaves one feeling definitely and unmistakably satisfied and it usually also leaves one seemingly wiser and with a more complete sense of well-being than before the performance.

Fourth test: Quality of pleasure upon witnessing a second performance: When one sees a play the second time the effects of surprise and suspense are much less pronounced, so that if the work in question lacks depth or subtlety, disappointment is inevitable.

Fifth test: Comparison of the pleasure with that caused by similar compositions: This test becomes increasingly reliable as one's experience with drama grows. One play seems good only until one has seen another similar but better one. Or if the play of the moment turns out to be similar to another which was better, one can easily rank it accordingly.

II. COMPARISON OF "PAPA IS ALL"

Below, "Papa is All" is evaluated under these criteria. Each test is described in turn.

First test. Under the first test, the writer would

36 Albright, op. cit., p. 74-76.
say Greene is clear enough in his presentation of one aspect of Mennonite life. One cannot mistake the crux of the conflict—Papa versus his family. And certainly there is a great intensity of feeling engendered by the spectator in seeing the fearful effects of Papa's maliciousness.

Second test. After re-reading "Papa Is All" many times, the writer finds constant amusement and pleasure in the Mennonite sentence structure, particularly in Mama's candid use of words.

Third test. The qualities of the after-impression of "Papa Is All" are not as grandiose as they might be in a more serious drama. But the reader of "Papa" cannot but help pick up some information on Lancaster County and its Mennonite inhabitants. If one can be satisfied with basic ideas told in a humorous style, then the play will be remembered for what it is.

Fourth test. Undoubtedly "Papa Is All" can be re-seen by the spectator more than other plays in its category. Many of the quaint, humorous lines are worthy of hearing again.

Fifth test. The writer pointed out earlier that there are other plays having the same theme. There is no argument that "Desire Under the Elms" or "Playboy of the Western World" are superior shows. But one must also take into consideration the level of acting talent with which a college director must work. It is the writer's opinion that "Papa Is All" contains
the degree of difficulty which would benefit the junior college drama student.

Weaknesses in the structure of "Papa Is All" have been pointed out earlier. Despite these faults, the play still seems to please audiences with its ingenuous speech patterns, its originality of setting and its appeal to the spectator's curiosity in regard to the ways of the Mennonite people.
CHAPTER XI

MAKEUP

It has been found that pancake makeup is usually the best for arena staging. Both Stein and Factor manufacture several shades of cake makeup. Grease may also be used, but it has to be handled with caution. Since the audience can see every movement of the actor's eyelash, grease must therefore be applied more subtly than is normally called for in proscenium productions.

The writer used pancake makeup throughout. Descriptions of the makeup procedures used are shown on the following reproduction of the makeup plot.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Theater Workshop</th>
<th>Makeup Plot</th>
<th>(Fill out completely for each actor.)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Name of Play</td>
<td>&quot;Papa Is All&quot;</td>
<td>Director: Weaver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Production dates</td>
<td>May 25, 27, 29, 1953</td>
<td>Actor(s): Walter, Pat, George</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character(s)</td>
<td>Jake, Emma, Brendle</td>
<td>Age(s): 18, 21, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Type (Describe):</td>
<td>Jake: has inferiority feelings, is overly dominated; average in height; blond hair.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emma: rebels against her environment; average in height; light brown hair.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Brendle: friendly and sociable, masculine prototype; tall; dark hair.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Describe makeup you think should be used:

Straight base is applied.

---

Actor: Pat  Character: Papa  Age: 53

Type (Describe):

Cruel, quick to anger, hypocritically religious; burly man, club foot, lumbering in movement; average in height, brown hair.

Describe makeup you think should be used:

Rounded beard constructed from crepe hair; sideburns; sallow base; hollow cheeks with dark rouge; outline lips in brown; brown shadows at root of nose in the corner between bridge and eye socket; slight pouches under the eyes.

Actor: Beverly  Character: Mama  Age: 51

Type (Describe):

Gentle and sturdy, meek through religious conviction, tolerant of others; average in height, light brown hair.

Describe makeup you think should be used:

Base is paler than for Papa. Whiten hair at temples, adding a few streaks of grey. Apply brown paint to sagging muscles under chin, under the eyes, on the cheeks.

Actor: Carol  Character: Mrs. Yoder  Age: 50

Type (Describe):

Shrill, rattle-brained, leaks gossip, is a comic character.

Describe makeup you think should be used:

Much the same as Mama except that her features are sharpened a bit, using base and brown paint for highlights.
CHAPTER XII

PROMPT BOOK

A copy of the prompt book which was used in the actual production of "Papa Is All" is presented in its entirety on the following pages.

Most blocking movements written by Patterson Greene were followed by the writer. Exceptions to Greene's blocking are noted in the prompt book margins.

A portable board diagram is listed in the margins wherever the script calls for a light change.

At the conclusion of the play will be found the "Papa Is All" property list, costume designs, set design, light plot and schematic wiring diagram.
ACT ONE

SCENE: The kitchen of the Aukamp farmhouse north of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Although the evening light that fills it belongs to May of 1941, the kitchen itself might well have existed intact in a period fifty years earlier; for Papa Aukamp is a staunch foe of change—particularly of such change as would lighten the labors of Mama Aukamp, of his twenty-year-old daughter Emma, or of his son Jake, two years Emma’s junior. Modern inventions, thinks Papa, are against the will of God; and besides, they cost money. As any of the neighbors will tell you, Papa is "wonderful near."

AT RISE: Jake Aukamp is seated Right of Right Center table, laboring at a drawing. Mama Aukamp, in the porch, pumps water into a pail. She is a short, sturdy woman in Mennonite garb. She wanders down to the door that leads from Left on the porch to the out-of-doors, and surveys the May evening—to which, under apparent stolidity, almost any Pennsylvania Dutch soul would be susceptible. Then she goes back to the pump, takes the pail of water, and returns it to the kitchen, pausing at the window, Left.

MAMA. (Thanks to Papa’s discipline, Mama has had far too little contact with the encroaching outside world to acquire the more urban ways of speech.) It’s such a funny evening out, Jake—a full moon it gives, and it’s daylight still. (1)

JAKE. (Absently.) Yes, Mama---

MAMA. (Recalling herself to practical matters, carrying the pail of water to the stove.) Emma’d ought to be back from the barn a’ready. (2)

JAKE. (Still absently; continuing to draw.) Not so soon, still.

MAMA. (Filling the water reservoir at the side of the stove.) Always it’s late when you leave Emma do your milkin’ all. The Jersey-cow don’t give down so good to Emma.

(Words like "Jersey-cow," "Ford-car" and "Windsor-chair" are pronounced by the Aukamps as if they were single words stressed on the first syllable.)
JAKE. (Impersonally.) Emma's some handy fur milkin'.

MAMA. But that Jersey, now, she's such a mean kind of cow.

JAKE. She ain't mean, Mama!

MAMA. Papa says she's mean. (This, of course, settles the matter with Mama.)

JAKE. But mean she ain't. She just don't like Papa only. (Mama looks apprehensively at Jake, who draws a few strokes before he adds.) I don't like him also.

MAMA. Jake, now!

("Jake, now," "Emma, now," and "Papa, now" are almost the limit of Mama's vocabulary of protest. As she utters them, they have the quality of exhalations rather than of words.)

JAKE. (Stubbornly.) I don't care who fetches him.

MAMA. You shouldn't talk so dappich. Don't the Bible say it always as you should honor your papa? (3)

JAKE. Yes, well. I was speakin' a little only.

MAMA. (Setting the pail on the dresser.) It gives me a worry always when you talk like that. Other boys got a father, and they don't talk so about them.

JAKE. (Impersonally.) Other boys ain't got Papa.

MAMA. (Firmly, though admitting Jake's contention.) All boys has got somewhat. (Coming to above the table.) Is your picture done, nearly? (4)

JAKE. It's done till I make the part about how the gears should go one into the other.

MAMA. Gears, still?

JAKE. Ya, wheels, Mama, with bumps on the
outside—that go like your fingers together—
(He holds up his hands, the fingers interlocking.) Like the egg-beater.

MAMA. (Imitating the gesture; studying her hands.) That a machine should fly so! (regretfully.) If it wasn't sinful only.

JAKE. (Deprecatingly.) Mama, now!

MAMA. Papa says it's sinful. (5)

JAKE. Then why ain't it sinful also to have a Ford-car?

MAMA. But a Ford-car don't fly, Jake, and anyway, Papa don't drive a Ford-car. He rides in it only.

JAKE. (Sourly.) Yah—it's like a bargain he makes. He'll get a ride and he'll leave somebody else go to hell for it.

MAMA. (Not ungently.) If you could feel once to be Mennonite, Jake, you'd know how it is about such things with me and Papa.

JAKE. (With a sudden grin, as Mama moves towards the dresser.) But if I felt to be Mennonite who'd drive for Papa his Ford-car?

MAMA. (Troubled.) Yah—it's wonderful mixed that way.

(There is a knock at the porch door. Jake and Mama look at one another, puzzled, but they make no move towards the door.)

MAMA. Who is it?

JAKE. I wasn't looking.

MAMA. Mrs. Yoder, maybe? (6)

JAKE. Mrs. Yoder don't knock. Anyways, she'd be talking sooner.

(The knock is repeated.)

MAMA. Come in!
(Brendle enters: a personable member of the Pennsylvania State Police, in his later thirties, he is wearing the regulation steel blue uniform, with black puttees and belt, and broad-brimmed peaked hat for summer duty. He removes the hat as he enters. In the presence of a stranger, the atmosphere of the room condenses into a blank impersonality. With neither hostility nor friendliness, Mama and Jake wait for the stranger to declare himself.)

BRENDLE. (Cheerfully.) Good evening. (7)

MAMA. (Impersonally.) Good evening.

BRENDLE. I'm looking for Conrad Moyer's place.

MAMA. Yah?

BRENDLE. "Yah." (His occasional mimicry of the provincial speech is good-natured; and since it goes unperceived by any save himself, it does no harm.) Is this it?

MAMA. (Weighing the matter.) If it is? (She glances at Jake, then at Brendle, then straight ahead of her; speaking cautiously.) No.

BRENDLE. Well—er---maybe you can tell me where it is. (He is obviously accustomed to such caution as Mama's and not impatient to it.)

MAMA. It's—(She weakens.) Jake could tell you better.

BRENDLE. Who's Jake?

MAMA. Why, Jake is my boy! (Seeing to her surprise that Brendle still does not understand, she indicates.) He is Jake.

BRENDLE. Oh! (Turns to Jake.) Well, Jake will you tell me where Moyer's place is? (8)

JAKE. (Also cautiously.) Yah. It's two miles over.

BRENDLE. (Patiently.) Over where?

JAKE. You go first north, and till you come to the new cut-off, you go east.
BRENDLE. Yeah?

JAKE. And half a mile east you turn again north, and you come till a little to a white house on a hill, and that ain't Moyer's.

BRENDLE. It "ain't?"

JAKE. It's the Fronheisers' only. But you go by a little road that leads behind the white house from the main road off, and you come then to a red house with a well by it.

BRENDLE. And that's Moyers'?

JAKE. (Resuming his drawing.) Yah. That's Moyer's.

BRENDLE. Thanks. (To Mama; careful to sound casual.) Do you know this man Moyer?

MAMA. (Ending the matter.) Papa knows him only.

BRENDLE. I see. Well, thanks for the directions. (He turns towards the door, reluctantly. Looks back, seeking an excuse for continuing the conversation without arousing suspicion.) I say--could I trouble you for a drink of water? (9)

MAMA. Eh? (Thawing a little; her hospitality touched.) For sure. It's some fresh in the pail. (She goes quickly to the dresser, picks up a glass, fills it with a dipper.) (10)

BRENDLE. A person gets sort of dried out, riding in the wind all day.

JAKE. (Impersonally, thinking out loud.) To Moyers' you could get water with ice at. They got a machine.

MAMA. (Shyly; handing the glass of water to Brendle.) You're a soldier, ain't? (11)

JAKE. Ach, Mama---he's a po-liceman.

MAMA. Think, now---and I took him for a soldier!

BRENDLE. I suppose you wouldn't think much of me if I were a soldier? (Explaining, since
Mama is unresponsive.) You're Amish, aren't you?

MAMA. Amish I ain't. Mennonite, still.

BRENDLE. Well, Mennonites don't like soldiers, either! (Places the glass on the dresser.)

MAMA. Like them maybe we could. We just don't uphold to be one, only,---We don't uphold to be a po-liceman, also.

BRENDLE. Somebody's got to enforce the law.

MAMA. Papa says---it shouldn't give no law but God's law.

BRENDLE. I know---but who'd make people mind it?

JAKE. (Cryptically; into his drawing.) Papa.

MAMA. (Automatically.) Jake, now! (To Brendle, who is drawing on his gloves.) Won't you sit, please, behind you go?

BRENDLE. Eh? Oh, I remember. It's bad luck if I don't!

MAMA. Yah. It takes surely the peace from the house if you go behind you sit oncet.

BRENDLE. All right. I'll sit "oncet." (Sits at Left of the table.) (12)

MAMA. That's full friendly of you---for all you're a soldier still.

JAKE. A po-liceman, Mama.

MAMA. (Diffidently.) My grampa went oncet for a soldier. (13)

BRENDLE. (Delighted that a conversation is opening up.) He did?

MAMA. It was a long time before, and he wasn't Mennonite yet. He was worldly still. And it wasn't anyways my grampa. It was his grampa before him, yet---It give somewheres a war. (14)
BRENDLE. (Counting generations.) Let's see: Spanish War, Civil War—why it must have been the Revolution!

MAMA. I don't know what they call it for right-ly. The King of England he made somewhat—and we got his blue coat in a chest, a'ready, and he confessed in meeting behind he got back, and he quit to be worldly after.

JAKE. Papa says—it's soldiers again now: in Lancaster and wherever.

BRENDLE. Why, sure—haven't you seen them?

JAKE. (Bitterly.) If I seen 'em!

MAMA. (Interposing.) Papa goes to Lancaster only. For the market that way. Did you see Papa?

BRENDLE. Maybe I did. What does he look like?

MAMA. He's a thick sort of man, with a club foot. You could tell him right aways if you seen him.

JAKE. (Mumbling into his drawing.) You could tell him right aways if you's hear him!

MAMA. Jake, now! (To Brendle.) Papa conceited he could buy him a new cow or what, so Zimmer took him in his truck over.

BRENDLE. David Zimmer?

MAMA. Yah. You know Zimmer?

BRENDLE. Sure. He's a relative of mine! Or at least his wife is. She's my mother's cousin.

MAMA. (Warming perceptibly; sits in a chair above the table.) For really? Think oncet, Jake, he's Zimmer's cousin! (15)

JAKE. (Not much impressed.) Yah.

BRENDLE. Does Zimmer empty as many bottles as he used to?

MAMA. (Regretfully. Yah. He's uncommon for drinking.)
BRENDLE. I remember, he and his wife came to visit us once when I was a kid---over in Kelberville.

MAMA. You was to Kelberville?

BRENDLE. I was born there!

MAMA. (Disarmed; the visit is at once on a new basis.) Ach, now, and I thought you was a foreigner, still!

BRENDLE. What gave you that idea?

MAMA. You talk like a foreigner---

BRENDLE. I guess it's because I've been around a lot. And then, I went to school up in Ohio.

MAMA. Yah. It's a different way to talk in the schools here, even. My girl, Emma, she feels to school teach, and she's uncommon for the school way of talking. Jake---(Rises, takes a glass pitcher from the dresser.) Go oncet to the cellar and get a glass of cider for Aimmer's cousin. (16)

(Jake rises obediently, takes the pitcher, goes to the door to porch.) (17)

BRENDLE. (To be polite.) I ought to be getting on to Moyer's before dark. (Rises.) (18) The roads around here aren't any too good.

JAKE. (At the door.) Till a little, we'll have here a highway. They're surveying now for a new cut-off. (Goes out.)

BRENDLE. Is he your only boy?

MAMA. (Getting doughnuts from the cupboard, putting them in a pottery bowl.) Yah. Him and Emma. (19)

BRENDLE. (Crosses below the table, looks at Jake's drawing,) What's he drawing? (20)

MAMA. Ach, Mister, machines he draws only. (In sudden alarm.) You wouldn't tell Papa any?
BRENDLE. (Startled, but quickly comprehending.)
Eh? No, I won't tell Papa! (Goes to Jake's drawing, looks at it.)

MAMA. It's some deceitful, maybe—but Jake don't go places ever, and some fun he should have, say not?

BRENDLE. Why—this is a good drawing?

MAMA. (Surprised.) For really? (Offers doughnuts to Brendle.) It shows how the gears should go like your hands together.

BRENDLE. (Sitting beside the table.) Where does he go to school? (21)

MAMA. (Takes a doughnut, ambles over Left Center to Windsor chair.) To a school in Pittsburgh. (Brendle looks up in surprise.) Only you don't go to it. They send you your lesson in a letter, and you send it them back, and then they send you it back again with the mistakes on it. So Jake, he makes his lessons when Papa's away, and Emma she does him a while his milkin'.

BRENDLE. I would think Papa'd be proud—to have a good airplane mechanic in the family.

MAMA. Papa don't uphold machines and devices.

BRENDLE. Do you?

MAMA. I ain't so sure, ever. If it's somewhat that ain't spoke of in the Bible, like buttons or what, I don't uphold to have it any. (22) But it's wonderful what they can find in the Bible if they look right. Telephones, still!

BRENDLE. In the Bible?

MAMA. Yah, our preacher, now, he sayed always it was sinful if you had a telephone at, but one day he looked some more, and he found somewhat in the Bible where it sounded like it meant a telephone, so now he says he had wrong, and it ain't sinful whatever. (23) (Jake enters with the pitcher of cider, and places it on the table. Mama brings three glasses from the dresser and fills them.) Think once, Jake, he looked at your picture, and he sayed was some
handy for drawing.

JAKE. (Gratefully.) Yah! (Sits Right of the table.)

MAMA. A churn he made me, I even tried to use it once with a machine on it like a Ford-car and some wheels turning; and with butter in, it comes all apart, with the wheels going every way the porch over. (Passes one of the full glasses to Brendle.)

JAKE. Now, Mama—with such right parts it's work fine! (Takes his glass of cider.) I had to make it with machine parts layin' in the barn or what.

BRENDLE. Keep on making things, Jake. You've got wheeles in your head. (Finishes his cider.) Now I've got to quit gabbing and get over to Moyer's.

JAKE. Did Moyer make somewhat?

BRENDLE. Oh, no—he just had some bad luck.

MAMA. Moyer did?

JAKE. His truck, Mama—that the train hit down by the bend, a'ready.

MAMA. Yah. A awful accident. (Sips her cider.)

BRENDLE. (With care not to seem inquisitive.) Good thing Moyer jumped out in time—Was it a new truck?

MAMA. Mrs. Yoder says it was a old truck. She says it was all bamblich that way, and it rattled like a dishpan always.

BRENDLE. Moyer claims the truck was worth a thousand dollars.

MAMA. (Withdrawing again, feeling that she has gone too far in the conversation; rises) So much?

BRENDLE. That's what he says the railroad company ought to pay him.

JAKE. For a car hit that same place, the Wendels
got oncet ten thousand dollars!

MAMA. But Jake: Grampa Wendel was in the car!

JAKE. (Deprecatingly.) He was a old man only.

BRENDLE. Maybe Moyer got the idea the railroad track was a good place to get rid of old machin­ery.

JAKE. Do you conceit they'll pay him any?

BRENDLE. That's their business. I happened to be up here, so I thought I'd find out how dangerous that crossing really is.

JAKE. It's a hill there so you can't see no train coming.

BRENDLE. There's a signal.

JAKE. It should give a signal for the train driver also.

BRENDLE. I'll have a look at it. Thanks for the doughnuts and everything, Mrs.--(Hesitates inquiringly.) (24)

MAMA. Aukamp.

BRENDLE. Thanks. (To Mama.) My name's Brendle.

MAMA. (Ceremoniously.) Pleased to meet you. Come again, if you're here some time.

BRENDLE. I will. Maybe next time I'll meet Mr. Aukamp.

MAMA. (Subsiding; her enthusiasm clouded.) Yah.

BRENDLE. (Ar the door.) So long, Jake. Good luck with your machinery. (He is gone.)

MAMA. (Thoughtfully picks up the bowl from the table and puts the remaining doughnuts back in the cupboard.) He's a wonderful friendly man, if he's a po-liceman still--- (25)

JAKE. (Drawing again.) Yah---You talked to him a good much, Mama.
MAMA. (Carries the pail of water to the window box and waters the geraniums with the dipper.) Yes, ain't I don't talk to people so often I don't have practice for not talking when I talk ever. (26)

JAKE. (Absently.) Yah.

MAMA. (Looking through the window, still watering plants.) Here comes Emma from the barn back ant that po-liceman, he's making to converse with her. (27)

JAKE. (Mildly interested.) For really?

MAMA. (A shade disappointed.) But she ain't spoke nothin' to him fur all. (Turning away from the window.) It wouldn't have done her nothin' to converse a little.

JAKE. I conceit Emma's had all the conversin' she wants. (Mama looks at him questioning.) By the fence that way.

MAMA. Ach, Jake, that surveyor fellow!

JAKE. Yah, that's what's kept her so late, maybe. And when she's spoke a little with her surveyor, she ain't mindful much of anybody else a while.

MAMA. (With foreboding; setting the dipper on the dresser.) Ach, if Papa don't find out about it only---(28) (Emma appears in the porch; a slender, attractive girl in a plain house dress and apron. She carries a sunbonnet, which she tosses aside on the porch before she enters. Mama greets her as she comes through the door.) Well, Emma!

EMMA. Well, Mama!

MAMA. I was afraid you wouldn't get back behind Papa got home.

EMMA. (Calmly.) I was watching for him from the spring house. (Tosses an envelope on the table before Jake.) Here's another lesson for you, Jake. He found it in the box this evening. (Crosses to the Left Center chair, drops into it.) (29)
MAMA. (Above the table.) The surveyor?

JAKE. (Pleased.) Yah, he brings now my lessons if they're in the box till he comes by. He says Papa might find where we hid the box did he see us go to it. (Opens the envelope, looks at its contents.)

MAMA. That's full friendly of him. (30)

EMMA. He won't bring them any more, though. (With ambitions towards school teaching, Emma has weeded out most of the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect from her speech, though the cadence of it remains—especially in moments of emotional excitement.)

JAKE. For why?

EMMA. He's got to go for the draft. His number just came up, and he's got nine days only before he has to go.

MAMA. (In sharp pity, crossing to her.) Ach, Emma—it was so nice when you had a young man to talk to—(31)

EMMA. It was nice when I had him to talk to.

MAMA. (Regretfully.) Yah, I suppose it ain't so easy to change now, if you get the chancet, even. (Stroking Emma's hair.) You look tired.

EMMA. I am—a little.

MAMA. I could have helped you put the milk in the crocks. The supper dishes was all, if you told me.

EMMA. I didn't mind. I broke one of the crocks, though. (32)

MAMA. The cracked one, Emma? Did the milk all spill?

EMMA. No. The milk wasn't in it yet. The crock came apart in my hands.

JAKE. Are you cut from it?

EMMA. No.
MAMA. Papa'll be wonderful spited. (33)
EMMA. I hid the pieces.
MAMA. He'll find 'em wherever.
EMMA. Not where I put 'em. They're in the Jersey's feed bin.
MAMA. (In alarm.) Emma, now! If she was to eat 'em, that way!
JAKE. She won't. She's smart, that cow.
MAMA. (Warningly.) Jake, now! (To Emma.) I'm going to get my quilt. Do you want I should also get the stockings for you? (34)
EMMA. They aren't sorted yet. If you'll pick out Papa's only—they're always the worst.
MAMA. Yes, ain't! Papa makes such a awful hole by his heals you'd think he was a worm, yet---(Disappears into Emma's room Right, closing the door behind her.) (35)

(Jake continues to inspect his new lesson, though he throws an occasional curious glance at Emma. Emma sits brooding for a moment, then speaks without looking at him.)

EMMA. How's the lesson? (36)
JAKE. (Eagerly) It'll be wonderful easy, if I can get how the gears goes together.
EMMA. (Absently.) Yah---if you only can.
JAKE. (Eyeing her speculatively, but with affection.) You're full much tired, ain't?
EMMA. What? No, not very.
JAKE. I hadn't ought to let you do me all the milkin' that way.
EMMA. (Confidentially; rising, crossing to the table.) Don't worry. I haven't been all this time over the milk. (37)
JAKE. Where was you?

EMMA. (Proudly.) I went walking down to the stile.

JAKE. (Eagerly.) With the surveyor fellow?

EMMA. Yah. He saw Papa go away this morning, so he came early.

JAKE. Such a eye he's got!

EMMA. Yah!—he's a surveyor! (They giggle a little at this, which, for the Aukamp house, is a joke.) He's got a Ford-car.

JAKE. (Interested.) With a radio at? (38)

EMMA. And such music it plays!—Think of it, Jake—all the places tonight where music is playing to dance to—And all the lights shooting up and down the roads—(Jumps up and walks to the Left window, in one of her sudden bursts of rebellion that come like the dust whirling and slashing across sultry afternoons.) (39) I can't stand this house! I can't stand it, Jake! It's like the whole night was packed full of things ready to happen—and I have to stay in and sit by the table and let them go by me.

JAKE. (Resignedly.) Yes, well.

EMMA. (Mocking.) "Yes, Well!" You sit there drawing and say, "Yes, Well!" Don't you ever want to go any place?

JAKE. Where would I go to?

EMMA. Anywhere! (Sits Left of table, leans towards him.) Don't you ever want to walk out with a girl when it's an evening coming on like this? And put your arm around her, and have her close next to you?

JAKE. Yah! And if I did, still? Where is a girl where I could walk out with? I greisel them always, and they laugh at me.

EMMA. Oh, Jake! (Melting suddenly to a tenderness almost as violent as her rebellion, she runs to Jake, throws her arms about him, puts her cheek against his.) (40) Never you mind about
them. You're the best boy in the country, and the smartest. You're smarter than anybody and there isn't a girl anywhere that's fit to walk out with you!

JAKE. (Ironically.) Nobody's noticed it else but you only.

EMMA. (Laughing good-naturedly.) Dutchman! "Nobody else but you only." Every day you talk worse. You sound like Mama and Papa. (41)

JAKE. (Rising; hard voiced.) Who hears me else? Papa's got it put out how I'm queer in the head, and it's like a sickness I had; when I drive to the market, or walk by the road even, the girls all giggle, and the little boys yell at me. (42)

EMMA. Jake! And I'd been thinking all this time about myself! I never thought---

JAKE. You never ast! (Subsiding into his chair again.) If I could get out of this place only. And if you could.

EMMA. (Suddenly listless again.) Yah. And I can't even go to Lancaster, to a picture show. He---He wants me to. (43)

JAKE. The surveyor?

EMMA. Yah. Tonight.

JAKE. Ach, if you had the darst to!

EMMA. Why haven't I? Other girls do.

JAKE. (In awe.) Papa'd hide you if you so much as ast him dare you!

MAMA. (Returns from Right, carrying the patchwork covering of a quilt, a basket of pieces, and a basket of stockings for darning.) Dare she what? (44)

EMMA. (Facing her.) Asked him dare I go to a picture show in Lancaster. (45)

MAMA. Emma, now! (In her consternation she drops the basket of stockings and settles to gather them up. Jake goes to help her.) Look now, what you made me do, such a scare you gave! (46)
JAKE. Worse as a awful scare she'd give Papa.

MAMA. You wouldn't ast him, would you?
(Anxiously; crossing to Emma.)

EMMA. (Stubbornly.) I might.

MAMA. Papa don't uphold to show going. And if he did, even, how could you otherwise get to Lancaster?

EMMA. (Firmly.) The surveyor fellow wants to take me.

MAMA. (Sympathetically, but as if there were no possible discussion of the matter.) Ach, if you could, only! (Sits in the Left Center chair.)

EMMA. I can't though. It seemed as if I might when I talked to him. But when I get back to the house I know I can't.

JAKE. (Placing the basket on the table.) Maybe you could. (47) If Papa would stay a while gone, or get late home---(The pieces are gathered up by now. Jake returns to the table, Mama settles herself in the chair and begins sewing.) ---or have car trouble, maybe. (Hopefully.) If they had a wreck! Old Man Zimmer's driving---

MAMA. (Unconsciously echoing Jake's hopeful tone.) And Zimmer, he's such a drinking kind of man! (48)

JAKE. When he's been to the market that way!

MAMA. (Eagerly.) Yah, he'll be wonderful drunk. (Suddenly realizing.) But Jake---to picture shows Emma couldn't be going with Papa layin' out all wrecked somewheres!

JAKE. She finally can't go if he ain't!
(Crosses to above the table, sits.) (49)

EMMA. Never mind. Let's just forget about it. (50)

MAMA. (Thoughtfully.) It ain't right you can't have a young man without you should wreck Papa---but what can I do?
EMMA. There's nothing anybody can do. I told him if I wasn't to the stile at seven, he shouldn't wait for me. (Bitterly.) And he'll come back with his city clothes on, and I won't be there, and then he'll never ask me any more.

MAMA. Is he such a pleasing man now, Emma?

EMMA. Awful pleasing. (Wistfully.) Every day he shaves.

MAMA. For really?

EMMA. And every night when he gets through working he takes a bath.

MAMA. (Alarmed.) All over?

EMMA. I suppose so.

JAKE. (Eagerly.) In town they got what they call shower bath. You turn a---a thing, and it comes water on you like it was raining!

MAMA. Such rheumatism it'll give. Papa gets always rheumatism if he takes a bath.

JAKE. (Mumbling.) Such rheumatism he won't die of.

MAMA. (Jake's interpolation has been lost on her.) Anyways, I don't know it's right a girl should talk so all alone to a young man the fence over.

EMMA. Of course it isn't. He must think it's funny I don't ask him into the parlor to sit up. I suppose he thinks we haven't got a parlor. (51)

MAMA. (Nodding towards the parlor down Left.) If that ain't a parlor, what is?

EMMA. A lot of good it does me.

MAMA. IT'd cost Papa a good much to furnish new for you---

EMMA. Who wants him to furnish new for me? If he'd only let me use the parlor like what it is! (52)
JAKE. (Jumping up suddenly.) If he'd use my machines oncet, he could furnish easy.

EMMA. (Startled.) What's machines got to do with it?

JAKE. What ain't it got? Papa keeps us here because if he'd leave us go he'd have to hire, say not?

EMMA. (Bitterly.) As if I didn't know that!

JAKE. Yes, well! And if my machines he'd use, they'd do the work without he'd hire any!
(Crossing to Mama.) Elsewhere they got such machines, you don't hardly have to lay hands on the farm whatever. They even got machines for milkin' cows with! (53)

MAMA. (Soothingly.) Jake, now! It's when you ain't right in the head you talk like that!

JAKE. (Touched on a sensitive subject.) I am so, right in the head! (Going to Left window.) (54)

MAMA. (Placidly.) Papa says you ain't.

EMMA. (Passionately.) He's got no right to say so! It's an awful thing to say about a boy. (Rises and goes to Jake, who is standing irresolutely by the window.) Don't mind her, Jake. Don't mind anybody. (Jake looks at her, sniffs, and goes abruptly back to Left of table to his drawing. Emma's wrath breaks.) Papa's an old devil!

MAMA. (Placidly, stitching patches.) Such a bolt of lightning it'll give when you talk like that.

EMMA. Leave it bolt! It wouldn't be any worse than him. (To Jake.) I hope you get a machine that will make you a lot of money, so we can get away and never come back. Papa's got us like in jail here. (55)

MAMA. Emma, now!

EMMA. (Defiantly; a long pent silence breaking.) That's why he's told people all these
years that Jake isn't right in his head; so nobody'll give him a job! (Sits, above the table.)

MAMA. Why---never in my life did I see you say such things like tonight, yet---(Suddenly curious.) What gives it so special tonight?

EMMA. (Subsiding to sullenness.) Nothing.

MAMA. It's the surveyor fellow!

EMMA. It isn't!

MAMA. (Sympathetically.) I don't say you don't have a right to feel bad---(Negotiates a difficult stitch.) But I have cold all over when you talk so awful about Papa---

JAKE. (Suddenly.) Listen! (Looks toward the front of the house.)

MAMA. (Listening.) What?

JAKE. I hear a car stopped.

(Emma goes to the porch and looks out.)

MAMA. (Jumping up.) It's Papa, maybe.

JAKE. No---Zimmer's truck's got a bearing broke---this car ain't---(Goes to Left window.)

EMMA. (Returning from the porch.) It's Mrs. Yoder. (Sits again above the table and resumes her mending.)

MAMA. Did she bring the patches with? (Places the quilt on the Left Center chair, the basket of pieces on the dresser.)

EMMA. She brought something.

JAKE. (From the window.) Yah, it's the patches.

MAMA. (Fluttered.) Now, I thought I'd be ready to put in tonight, and here I ain't nowadays done---(Mrs. Yoder passes the Left window. Mama goes out on porch to meet her.) Well, Mrs. Yoder!

MRS. YODER. (From outside.) Well, Mrs. Aukamp!
MAMA. (Going outdoors.) I see you got with you the frame (57) still. Let me help——

(Mrs. Yoder's reply is covered by the rapid exchange of words between Jake and Emma.)

JAKE. Don't you feel to dress up?

EMMA. What's the use?

JAKE. You got a good much time yet. It might happen something——

EMMA. What?

JAKE. (Vaguely.) I don't know. Something——

MAMA. (Appears in the doorway, struggling to pull the quilting frame through at an impractical angle.) Easy now, Mrs. Yoder. Jake, come help me oncet. (Jake runs to the door, straightens out the frame, carries it across the room, sets it above the stove. Mama, standing aside from the door, calls.) Come in, Mrs. Yoder.

YODER. Yah, I can come in a little. We're late a'ready, so it ain't no hurry. Well, Emma——(Waiting for no answer she crosses the room to the Windsor chair. As she rambles on, the Aukamps continue about their business. (58) Jake is stowing away the quilting frame; Emma resumes her darning. They hear what Mrs. Yoder is saying, but they do not pause to listen to her. (59) And think now, I says it to Mister, I says, don't leave me forget the quilting frame and here we was clear down by the bend behind I thought about it, and we had to carry it twelve miles back.

MAMA. That was full friendly of you——(Gestures her guest toward the Left Center chair.)

YODER. Ach, when you're riding that way it's as easy coming back as it is to go. An' when we was going past your field there——(Picks up the quilt.)——I says to Mister, if there ain't Emma Aukamp, she's got her a man as good as anybody, an' Mister, he says "Got him, maybe she has, but keep him she ain't without one of them jumps that there fence over"——are you puttin' in tonight, Mrs. Aukamp?
MAMA. Not tonight yet.

YODER. I could help you was it tonight only!

MAMA. (Disappointed.) Tomorrow night you can't come again?

YODER. Yah, tomorrow night I can help you also. An' I says to Mister, ain't it a shame, now, if Emma can get her a while a young man to talk to her with a fence only, just think what she'd do with him oncet did she have a parlor, or a barn even! Is he going soon for a soldier?

EMMA. (At the table, darning stockings.) Yah-- (Partly to herself.) In nine days he goes.

JAKE. (Crossing to the table, to the Right of Emma.) Come yesterday his number up.

YODER. (With genuine sympathy.) Ach, Emma, if you could get him in the house only, in nine days you could have him spoke for or what. Or if you could ride with him out. Ain't he inwited you to ride with him out ever?

EMMA. Of course he has!

MAMA. (Bridling.) It's lots of young men would like to have Emma ride with 'em out! Papa just don't uphold to ridin' out any. (60)

YODER. (Regretfully.) Yah, I says to Mister, ol' man Aukamp he's as near with his fam'ly as he is with his money. An' I says, ain't it a shame, with a young girl that way it's like a chicken in a egg--if she don't get out in time, look what you got! Such a star-and-crescent you always make, ain't?

(Mama, unnoticed by Mrs. Yoder, abruptly rolls up the stocking on which she is working, places it in the basket; goes abruptly to her room, Right.) (61)

MAMA. (Takes the chair from below the stove; sits beside Mrs. Yoder, holding the quilt pieces in her lap.) (62) Yah, my star-of-Bethlehem pattern Mrs. Leffert's got, and my log-cabin also, and Papa ain't fur sparin' nobody from work to go get 'em back.
YODER. Gertie Leffert could bring it over, if you'd telephone oncet. Ach, I forgot—a telephone you ain't got.

(Jake returns to his chair and resumes his drawing.)

MAMA. (Loyally.) Papa's got better things to do with his money than what he should get a lot of wires so you can talk too much.

YODER. Yah, it's a wonderful waste of money. (With a sudden inspiration of wit.) I tell you; why don't you get Jake to make you a telephone? (Breaks into shrieks of laughter; Mama joins mildly and dutifully, but abruptly she breaks off and looks with sudden distaste at Mrs. Yoder who presently subsides sufficiently to roll her jest anew on her tongue.) Yah, get Jake to make you one.

MAMA. (Sharply, for Mama.) Why not, ain't?

YODER. (Startled.) What say?

MAMA. (To her own amazement.) I bet Jake could make a telephone as good as anybody.

(JAKE stares at her; so does Mrs. Yoder, before concluding that Mama is contributing to the delicious joke.)

YODER. (Shaking anew with mirth.) Yah. Remember the churn he made you that way?

MAMA. He—he didn't have rightly no parts for it. With such right parts it would have worked fine.

YODER. Eh? Mrs. Aukamp; you mean to say Jake could make a telephone for really?

MAMA. (Committed.) I mean he could, you have right oncet. He's—-(Plunging.) He's got wheels in his head.

YODER. (Uncertainly.) Yah—-Jake's a smart boy if he wasn't just queer in the head still.

MAMA. He ain't queer in the head. Someday he'll make such dewices, they'll make him a good much money even.
YODER. (Hastily.) Yah, sure. Such money Martin Bryner made onct, and wasn't he also funnier as Jake? (Rising, as if continuing the same sentence.) (63) Ach, I forgot! I got Mister in the car waiting---

MAMA. (Hospitably, but not rising.) Don't hurry none.

YODER. I'll come tomorrow after, till you put in.

MAMA. Yah---come early and eat along. We eat till five, so Emma can help with the supper before and the milk after.

YODER. Such a good girl, Emma!

MAMA. Yes, ain't. A wonderful good girl.

YODER. I says to Mister, ain't it a shame, the young men they get married to everyone else always, and to Emma Aukamp they give the go-by. Oh, well, I suppose it ain't so bad to be a old maid if you don't find out what you've missed ever. Well, I'll give you good-night, Mrs. Aukamp. (Clatters out through the porch door wholly unaware of Jake's baleful glance.)

MAMA. (Calling politely after her.) Good-night Mrs. Yoder.

JAKE. The old babblemaul.

MAMA. (Taking her quilt to Left Center chair and sitting.) She's a good woman—I don't know what come at me, at all, to say to her like what I done. I hope she ain't spited any. (64)

JAKE. Not her. She's on her way to the Ditten-dorf's right now, with her tongue out.

MAMA. She is a awful talking kind of woman, but if she didn't come, I couldn't otherwise know what's going on much. (Sigh.) If I had a telephone only.

JAKE. (Sympathetically; following Mama's thought and not her syntax.) Do you, Mama?
MAMA. Yah, a telephone. I don't talk to nobody often, Jake.

JAKE. (Pacing the floor.) (65) It's like what Emma says, we're in jail. All the time we work, and we get for it nothing. All the money goes to Papa, and he buys with it a cow we don't need or a piece of land still. And us we can't move, for we don't have so much as a nickel ever.

MAMA. Jake, now---Papa has right to take the money. And you can't say he ain't a careful man with it.

JAKE. Yah, he's near enough!

MAMA. If he was a drinking man, now, like Zimmer---

JAKE. (66) (Violently.) If he was, only! He'd use for something his money, instead of to carry it in a bag around his neck! He wants to put also us in a bag, too, so nobody can use us but him. (Unobserved by Jake, Emma returns from her room, wearing her best dress; a flimsy summer affair, neatly sewn, clumsily cut from cheap material. She stands in the doorway listening as Jake proceeds more thoughtfully.) We'd have right to make what in the city they call a strike.

MAMA. (Gently reproachful.) Strike Papa, Jake?

JAKE. (67) No, Mama; it don't mean strike like in the face. You just don't work no more than what you get money for. (Sits in the chair beside Mama.) Take it now, we make tomorrow morning. (His imagination warms.) I don't go to the barn---Emma don't feed the chickens---you don't get breakfast.

MAMA. (Incredulously.) How would Papa other­wise get his pancakes?

JAKE. He ain't, Mama---don't you see? Some of the work he could do, but all of it he can't. So he'd got to pay us, ain't he don't? Us, all we got to do is to don't do nothin'!
(The room is gradually growing darker.)

MAMA. (Interested.) You mean I should sit all day in my Windsor-chair—like I had off?

JAKE. Yah. You could sit only.

MAMA. But I don't like it, to be all day off.

JAKE. I know, Mama. But when you make a strike, you got to have off when you don't want it, so after you can have it a little off always.

MAMA. Ach, it wouldn't be rightful, and anyways, I wouldn't darst. (68)

EMMA. (Abruptly, from the door.) I dare~

(Jake turns, sees her; she advances into the room.)

We're all scared to death of Papa, that's what's the matter. If we darst take a stand against him only, what could he do?

MAMA. Cross he could get. He's wonderful cross when he's spitedo

EMMAo (Crosses to the stove, lifts the lid, looks in.) Leave him be cross. (69)

JAKE. (Rising.) (70) Yah, he's cross anyways. And I could get me machine parts, and go after to be a airplane mechanic.

MAMAo I could get a telephone at.

JAKE. And the water in pipes from a faucet out. And electric lights.

MAMA. And Emma could go by Normal School over--

EMMA. I don't feel to go any more to Normal. (Goes to the dresser, prepares to light the lamp.)

(Jake looks at her quizzically.)

MAMA. But Emma—all your life since two years now you wanted to school-teach.

(Jake goes to help with the lamp.)
EMMA. I don't any more now.

MAMA. For why you don't?

EMMA. It---takes too long to get a certificate. (Crosses to the table.)

MAMA. (Mildly exasperated.) Such a girl, yet! A chance she gets at last, and she won't take it.

EMMA. (Laughing.) What chance, Mama?

MAMA. (Staring at her; realizing.) So it ain't.

(Emma lights the lamp on the cabinet at the Right.)

JAKE. (71) Maybe it will, though. If you ain't afraid of Papa. And if Emma ain't. And-- (Dubiously.)--if I ain't. Ach, if I could stand up to him once only! (Imagination firing again.) If I could say, Papa, we won't be done to more like what we are. Us, we don't work again till I get me machine parts enough, and Mama gets a telephone at, and Emma gets--- (Brought up short.) I don't rightly know what Emma gets.

EMMA. (Replaces the shade on the lamp.) What I get is going away from the house sometimes, and for people to come to it.

(The moonlight becomes apparent through the window.)

JAKE. (Looks through the window; whirls about, startled. To Mama.) Here's Papa---coming down from the barn! How'd he get here? (Imagination has deserted him in the face of reality. His panic spreads to Emma and Mama.)

(Emma is sidling Right towards her room.)

MAMA. Emma, where are you going to?

EMMA. I---I thought I should have at first my old dress on a while---(Her voice dries up.)
JAKE. (Desperately.) Wait onct a little, Emma.

(Emma halts. In frozen attitudes they wait Papa's arrival among them. If the spectator has entertained ideas that Papa might turn out to hide a kindly heart under a blustering exterior, these ideas are promptly put to rout when Papa appears at the rear door: a squat, sinister figure, pausing in dramatic consciousness of his effect. He is compact of cruelty, fanaticism, greed and spite. There is no longer quaintness or drollery in the room: only the unedifying spectacle of three persons craven with fear. He glares at them, hangs his hat on the door, enters the room.)

PAPA. (72) (Holds two pieces of crockery in his hands. He speaks, with venomous quiet, to Jake.) Such food it gives when I turn onct my back to the Jersey-cow still. (He hurls the pieces of crockery to the floor in the middle of the room. Mama rises hastily, moving as if to pick them up. Papa halts her.) Wait, Mama! (Mama returns to Left Center chair, where she resumes her sewing---stitching almost surreptitiously as she follows the ensuing scene. To Jake.) Jake, pick the pieces up! (Jake scurries to them, stoops over.) On your hands and knees, dappel! (Jake drops to his hands and knees.) I'll show you onct---(He clumps over to Jake, and with a sudden movement thrusts the boy's head down to the floor.)---how it feels when it gives in your face such a broken crock? (He stands, hands on hips, grinning mirthlessly down at Jake, who is afraid to rise from his hands and knees.) So wrong you are in the head, Jake, I go to show you plain, ain't? Get up. (Kicks at him. Jake scrambles to his feet.) Now you could tell me, maybe, how it gives crock pieces in the Jersey-cow bin?

JAKE. I---I don't know.

PAPA. (Mocking.) You don't know. (Wrathfully.) Who don't know if you don't? Who feeds the cow else? Was the pieces there tonight when you put the feed in?

JAKE. (Clinging to his courage.) I---I don't remember.
PAPA. Yah! It's something on the porch to make you remember. (Stumps towards the porch.) (73)

EMMA. Papa---

(He whirls, observes her dress for the first time.)

JAKE. (Warningly.) Shut up, Emma!

PAPA. (Suspicious.) So! Such a fine lady it is! She thinks herself much, (74) ain't she, with her Sunday dress Thursday night on. (Sharply, advancing towards her.) Was you lettin' the house without askin' me dare you?

EMMA. (Weakly.) No, Papa---

PAPA. (In a new spasm of wrath.) Something you make the minute I take my eyes from the place off. My crows breaking, and your Sunday dress in the house on, and the cow dead if I didn't come home and find out about it. (To Mama.) What for house do you keep me? A den of thieves, yet? (Sees Emma edging down Right towards the door of her room.) Wait onet a little. (Emma halts. He turns to Jake.) Now I'm going to find something out. I'll show if my own family can be like wipers at me. You'll tell me now, Jake, what was the crock pieces in the feed bin for.

JAKE. (Struggling against fear:) I don't know.

PAPA. (His voice rising:) Did you put 'em there?

JAKE. (Swallowing:) Yes, Papa.

Papa. For why?

JAKE. I---I don't know---

PAPA. Verrkter! (Seizes Jake by the collar.)

JAKE. Don't Papa! Oh, don't!

PAPA. Why should I don't?

JAKE. (Craven, all courage lost:) I didn't do it, Papa. I didn't put 'em there. It was Emma
done it. (Then, recoiling from his own cowardice to tears, stumbles to the dresser, lays the crock pieces on it.) (75)

PAPA. Yah? (Turns to Emma.)

EMMA. (Faintly but bravely.) Yes, Papa.

PAPA. (With malicious quiet.) Such a devil is in you, still—(More violently.) You want to kill me my best cow for butter fat?

EMMA. No, Papa. I---I broke the crock in the spring house. It was cracked already. I---I tried to hide it.

PAPA. A devil is in you for really, Emma Aukamp! (To Mama.) Devils you bear me for children. Devils, still! (To Emma again.) I'd have right to lay a whip on your back, like the lazy, lyin' schussle you are. A Jezebel, even, wearing grand on Thursday! (In fury.) I'll learn you such wanity! (Seizes Emma by the left arm, rips open the flimsy sleeve.) Wanity, wanity! (His damage accomplished; puffing with relief.) The hand of God'll be on you, Emma Aukamp! (Emma scurries to her room, choking back her sobs. Papa turns to the table and sees Jake's drawing. A pause.) So! (Jake, torn between fear for his drawing and fear for himself, edges forward.) With the work to do all, you loaf in the house and make pictures, dewices, still! (Snatches up the drawing, crumples it, and limps across the room towards the stove.)

JAKE. (Intercepts him. Desperately.) Please, Papa, don't!

PAPA. (Thrusts him aside, goes to stove, lifts the lid, thrusts the drawing into the stove, slams the lid back into place. He faces Jake.) And any more I find, they go in the same place after.---Now go to the barn and put some hay for the Jersey-cow in. A new cow from the fair I put in her stall, and Zimmer took her for me to the end stall over. Such a son I got, the neighbors must do me my work, still! And make fast, and if it gives somewhat wrong tomorrow, I'll hide you your skin off. Get out, now! (Jake slinks out through the porch door. Papa turns to Mama.) Go to bed, Mama. (Crosses to cupboards.)
the stairs, not "concei t ing" that any answer can follow when he has commanded.)

MAMA. Till a little while yet.

PAPA. (The lamp catches his eye.) Lamps you are burning when it's still daylight out!

MAMA. The lamp I need for my sewing that way.

PAPA. (Grumbling. Mama is not worthy of his real wrath.) For such foolishness you burn me my kerosene up. (Nods towards the lamp.) Outen it. (Mama rises dutifully, but instead of going to the lamp she stands thoughtfully before the chair, the quilt in her hands. Papa, turning on the lower step, sees her.) Mama! (Mama winces.) Ain't I told you to outen the lamp?

MAMA. Yes, Papa.

PAPA. Outen it now! (Mama sets down the quilt, moves dutifully to the cabinet, Right, (76) extinguishes the lamp, goes to the dresser, extinguishes the second lamp, while Papa watches. The lamp out, he turns again towards the stairway.) Come now to bed. (Stumps up the stairs. Mama remains motionless beside the dresser.)

MAMA. (After Papa has gone.) Yes, Papa.

(The room is not quite dark, because the late twilight is aided by the full moon---Mama waits till the door closes above, then goes to the stove: lifts out Jake's drawing, extinguishes a smouldering end, tears off the charred part and drops it back into the stove. The drawing she folds carefully; and Emma, carrying a lighted candle, sidles into the room.)

EMMA. I heard him go upstairs--- (77)

MAMA. (Contemplating her absentlness.) He's gone to bed a while.

EMMA. (Tremulously.) My dress---he tore it bad, but I mended it some---and then I han't no more---hadn't any more---thread. Have you got some to match?
MAMA. (Startled out of her revery.) (78) Such thread it is in the needle now. (Goes to Left Center chair, sits.) Come here once, (Emma goes to her.) On the footstool---

(Emma draws up the footstool (79); sits on it so that her left sleeve is accessible to Mama's needle. She holds the candle so as to light the sleeve, which Mama begins to mend deftly.)

EMMA. Mama---

MAMA. Yes, well---

EMMA. I'm going to him.

MAMA. (Her needle halts, but she makes no other gesture.) Yes, well---

EMMA. I---I can't help it.---

MAMA. Yah. Is he a good man?

EMMA. If he's a good man? I think so---I don't know. I don't care, even! What is it but such a little thing only---a ride to Lancaster and back in a Ford-car, and a picture to look at! Other girls do it, every night---The roads are full of cars with girls in them, and their young men driving---(Her voice has taken on an intensity which belies her words; and Mama has quietly resumed her stitches.) If I talk a little and ride a little only, is it any difference if he's a good man or a bad man? Is it, Mama?

MAMA. If you ain't too much for him, maybe---

EMMA. I'm not so much for him! It's just I---I---Oh, I am for him! It seems now I know him, I can't let him go ever. I don't care if he's bad or good---if I can be with him only!

MAMA. (Regretfully, but resigned.) Yah, you're set for a good much trouble, Emma. You're so warm in the head always.

EMMA. (Impulsively.) Mama---if you say so, I won't go---

MAMA. (Breaking off the thread.) I don't say you should go, and I don't say you should don't.
But--(Practically; taking the candle from Emma.)
If I leave you the door open, will you lock it
good after? (80)

EMMA. (Jumping up.) (81) Mama! (In an unac-
customed display of affection, she stoops and
kisses Mama. She darts to the rear door, hesi-
tates, and turns back.) Mama—are you afraid?

MAMA. I don't rightly know.

EMMA. You needn't be--

MAMA. Ach, Emma, I don't mean for you, any. It's
Papa, that way—if it's sinful, maybe, to go so
agin' him--

EMMA. (Earnestly.) (82) It don't feel anyways
sinful, Mama--

MAMA. Yah. (Wistfully.) If you had a nice new
cout, only!

EMMA. (A little tremulous again.) It—it isn't
needful any---(Turns, opens the door, looks out
into the night. Her head lifts and all worry
leaves her.) It's coming on summer already--
(Drifts hopefully through the door, and on to the
stile.)

(Mama, candle in hand, looks after Emma a moment,
then moves towards Emma's room. Jake appears at
the rear door.)

JAKE. Mama—Emma is going!

MAMA. (Pausing at Emma's door.) Yes, well.

JAKE. Did you give her the darst?

MAMA. Nobody give her.

JAKE. (Wonderingly.) And anyways she went—and
her a girl, only!

MAMA. Yah. When her back she gets up, she's won-
derful brave.

JAKE. (Abased.) Yah. I ain't brave ever, Mama.
MAMA. (Regretfully.) No. You're sometimes a good much timid.

JAKE. It's Papa makes me timid that way, Mama. I feel brave as brave, and then comes Papa along, an'—I get like what I was sick, mostly. (83)

MAMA. (Going to Emma's door, opens it.) Yes, ain't.

JAKE. (Sniffing.) An' my drawing, he burned it a'ready!

MAMA. (Arrested.) Burned, still? (Abruptly, she sets the candle upon a table in Emma's room, below the door. She takes the folded drawing from her pocket and goes with it to Jake.) Ach, Jake, it was black a little, and some mussed, but there's somewhat left if you could make it again.

JAKE. For really? (Seizes the drawing, tries to examine it in the dim light of the room.) If it's got how the gears was, I can do it, easy— (84)

MAMA. Listen, oncet! (Papa's step is heard on the stairs.) Go quick with it!

(Jake takes a step towards the stairs, but fearing to encounter Papa, he turns and scurries to Emma's room, closing the door. The room is now quite dark except for the moonlight through the window. It falls upon the Left Center chair and to this chair Mama now takes herself as to sanctuary—standing behind it as Papa clumps into the kitchen and takes his coat from the door.)

PAPA. Emma I seen by the big meadow crossing! (85)

MAMA. Emma, still?

PAPA. Emma, I sayed!

MAMA. She's—(Struggling not to lie.) Ain't she gone to her room, still?

PAPA. (Going Right towards Emma's room.) I'll see.
MAMA. (Distracted.) Papa--

PAPA. (Halts; challengingly.) Yah?

MAMA. If she's asleep, a'ready--

PAPA. I'll wake her up.

MAMA. She---she was some tired, still. It was a dog you seen, or whatever.

PAPA. If I don't know a dog when I see it! (Abruptly he lifts the latch of Emma's door, swings the door open, and takes a step into the room. He halts, as if taken aback. Then the candle, still burning, catches his eye. He calls accusingly into Emma's room.) To bed you go with candles burning! (Blows out the candle and turns back to the kitchen, slamming the door behind him.)

MAMA. (Almost voiceless.) Is it somebody there, Papa?

PAPA. (Absently.) Emma's in bed there. (Suddenly.) And why shouldn't it be somebody there? Ain't you told me she was there? (Mama collapses into the Left Center Chair.) What's the matter?

MAMA. Nothing. I---I just don't feel to stand up a while.

PAPA. From late sewing it is.---Where's Jake at?

MAMA. He---ain't you sent him to the barn before?

PAPA. He should be back sooner.

MAMA. He was for putting feed to the Jersey-cow in---

PAPA. He's had time to feed twicet the Jersey-cow. (Heading for the porch.) I'll learn him to loaf so in my barn--- (86)

MAMA. Papa---(Papa halts.) Don't you want I should look oncet for you, to see what he's making?
PAPA. (Again going towards the porch.) (87) I'll look oncet myself what's he making. (Once more he halts, and turns upon Mama.) Mama! What is it?

MAMA. Nothing, Papa.

PAPA. Something queer it gives, Mama. Tell me!

MAMA. How can I tell you what it is, Papa, if it ain't?

PAPA. I'll see oncet if it ain't! (Stamps out porch door; his voice is heard as he goes towards the barn.) Jake!

(There is a pause. Mama sits motionless. Then Jake comes out from Emma's room.)

JAKE. Mama---

MAMA. Yah---

JAKE. He thought I was Emma, there!

MAMA. (Dazed.) Yah.

JAKE. (Running to her; speaking in a delighted undertone.) I hid in her bed so he'd think it was Emma there!

MAMA. Yah---

(WARN CURTAIN)

JAKE. (Urgently.) That was good, Mama!

MAMA. (Slowly.) Yah---(Suddenly.) With dirty shoes on?

JAKE. (Somewhat abashed.) Ach, Mama, I couldn't otherwise get 'em off in time!

MAMA. (Rising.) Such sheets to wash!

JAKE. It'll be worse as washing---if Papa finds out ever!

MAMA. (In sharp foreboding.) Ach, if he does, still! (Stares apprehensively at Jake.)
37.

PAPA. (Outside.) Jake!

MAMA. Go quick to bed now—(She hurries Jake to the stairs, follows him up a step or two. He disappears. Mama turns, calmly faces Papa as he enters.) Ach, Papa—-Jake, he's upstairs a'ready.

PAPA. (Suspiciously.) Upstairs, still?

MAMA. Yah. He—he come in behind you left. I sent him right aways to bed.

PAPA. (Still suspicious.) Yah? I'll look oncet. (Mama helps him off with his coat. He stumps part way up the stairs.) Lock the door, Mama. (He goes on upstairs.)

MAMA. (Closes and bolts the rear door.) Yes, Papa. (She waits, at the door.)

PAPA. (From upstairs.) Come now to bed, Mama.

MAMA. Yes, Papa. (Softly she unbolts the door, waits a moment, turns and makes her way quietly up the stairs.)

THE CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY
ACT TWO
Scene I

SCENE: The kitchen; just after supper the next evening.

AT RISE: Emma, at the dresser, is finishing the supper dishes. She applies a final polish with the cloth to a pot that she is drying; and pauses suddenly as she catches the reflection of her face in its surface. She inspects herself for the moment, and then resumes polishing, with wholly impractical fervor; meanwhile spinning about the room in an improvised dance step while she hums a tune from the picture she attended last night.

At the same moment, Jake comes in from the porch, carrying an armful of kindling wood. He stands in the doorway, watching thoughtfully but without surprise. Emma, in turning, sees him; breaks out laughing.

EMMA. (Mischievously imitating the dialect that she has sought to eliminate.) Do you think I'm "verrikt a while?"

JAKE. (Cautiously.) You're wonderful spirited.

EMMA. "Ain't not?"

JAKE. (Good-naturedly.) Yah; ain't not.

EMMA. Jake; I think everything in the world is perfectly wonderful!

JAKE. (Cautious again; carrying the kindling to the box above the stove.) That's a good much wonderful.

EMMA. Just the same, it is. Mama's wonderful— and you're wonderful. You're wonderful, wonderful!

JAKE. And the surveyor—I suppose he's more wonderful as what you ain't got rightly no words for.

EMMA. (Contentedly.) Yah.---You should see, Jake, how he opens the car door, and stands
there only while I get first in. You should learn that--how you do to a girl when you take her out in a car---

JAKE. (Stonily.) For why?

EMMA. Oh, now, Jake! You'll be going out some time with a girl! Look at me; who'd have thought yesterday after that last night I'd--(At Jake's warning gesture she checks herself, and looks about to make sure Papa has not come in; and continues in a more cautious tone.)---that I'd be going with a young man in a Ford-car to Lancaster!

JAKE. (Coming down to her.) Yah. One night you go. If it's another night ever, who knows, still?

EMMA. (Quickly.) There's got to be another night! (1)

JAKE. (Dubiously.) Yes, well---

EMMA. (Returning to the dresser, her spirits suddenly gone.) (2) There doesn't though. One night I have in all my life for a little fun only. And now I'm right back where I was yesterday.

JAKE. (Gloomily.) Worse as yesterday, yet.

EMMA. How can it be worse?

JAKE. What you done a'ready is worse if Papa finds it out as what you felt to do only, ain't?

EMMA. (Not quite following.) If it is?

JAKE. (Insistently.) After you done a thing for really, you got somewhat to get found out---

EMMA. (Agreeing; desperately.) Jake! If he don't find out only!

JAKE. Yah. If he don't, only.---Where's Mama and Mrs. Yoder?

EMMA. (Listlessly.) Mama's upstairs---the blue thread's got lost that way. (She has hung up the last pots. She empties the dishwater into a pail, wipes out the dishpan, hangs it up.)
JAKE. Is Mrs. Yoder upstairs too?

EMMA. (Listless still.) No. She'll be back till a little.

JAKE. Oh. (Looking about for chores.) Is the lamp full for you?

EMMA. Yah---

JAKE. (Making conversation.) Papa's talking to Dittendorf the fence over, if he'll a cow trade.

EMMA. (Picking up the pail of water.) I'd better get to my milking. I'm late. (4)

JAKE. (Shyly.) It's all done. It's in the spring house for putting in the crocks only.

EMMA. You shouldn't have done my work for me!

JAKE. Ain't you done yesterday mine?

EMMA. (Laughing.) You're spoiling me. (Picks up the bucket of dishwater.)

JAKE. (Moving swiftly to take it from her.) I'll throw you it out---

EMMA. (Astonished.) Why---what's come at you ever?

JAKE. (Sheepishly, but not without humor.) Ain't you sayed I ought to have such tony manners that way?

EMMA. (Amused, gives him the pail.) All right.

JAKE. (Carrying the pail out through the porch.) Though I don't know where I could otherwise use 'em---(He is gone.)

(Emma moves thoughtfully down Right towards her room. As she is at her door, Mama's voice from the stairs halts her.)

MAMA. Emma!

EMMA. Yes, Mama---

MAMA. (Hurrying down the stairs and into the kitchen.) Think oncet, the blue thread I found in the basket but it's purple all!
EMMA. But where's the blue thread?

MAMA. Ach, the blue thread I can't find a while. (Bustles to the frame, sets enthusiastically to work.) (5)

EMMA. I'll look for it when I come back from the spring house. (Goes into her room, Right.)

MAMA. (Calling after her.) No, let it. The blue thread's better for all when it's purple a little.---You're late milkin'.

(Mrs. Yoder is seen, passing the Left window.)

EMMA. Jake has it all done.

MAMA. For really?

YODER. (6) (Interrupts anything further that Mama may have to say. She clatters in, reading a page that she has torn from a mail order circular. Ecstatically.) Such a dress picture I found, Mrs. Aukamp, I can make it my geranium print another time over behind next Saturday on Elmer Harnish's funeral, if you'll leave me take it home yet. (Emma returns, wearing a light shawl.) Look oncet, Emma, what a tidy pattern, not?

EMMA. (Looking dubiously.) Why, yes—if you think it's your style——

YODER. Ach, I can't puff it out maybe in fromt that way, or behind still, but I can leave it dangle some. (To Mama.) I conceited you didn't want the magazine no more, or you couldn't have otherwise put it where it was. (Contemplates her discovery anew.)

MAMA. No, I don't uphold to dressing worldly none.

(Emma goes to the dresser and picks up a pitcher.)

YODER. Yah, when you're a Mennonite and wear plain, you don't need to study none about how you'll dress that way, so if Emma doesn't want it---(7)
EMMA. No, take it.--I've got to go now to the
spring house--the cream'll be rising already--
(Goes out into the porch.) (8)

YODER. (Glancing at the treasured picture beside
her as she begins to stitch.) Yah. This dress
ain't no ways different from what Emma had on
last night by the city at.

MAMA. (Freezing; blankly.) What say?

YODER. (Obligingly raising her voice.) I say,
it's like what Emma wore by the city at--

MAMA. (Running to the door.) Emma! Emma! Come
right aways back here! (She returns, goes slowly
back to her place at the frame, opposite Mrs.
Yoder; who, scenting a scene, stitching blindly,
her eyes on Mama.) You—you seen Emma by
Lancaster at?

YODER. Yes, ain't!

MAMA. You ain't spoke nothin' about it!

YODER. (Appalled at this oversight.) If I
ain't! Now what could have come at me that way,
for I was so surprised you could of knocked me
with a shovel over. (Emma has returned, and
stands questioningly in the rear doorway.) I
says to Mister, if that ain't Emma Aukamp, what
is? And what's come at her Pa that he left her
come out so?

MAMA. (Staring at Mrs. Yoder.) Emma—she seen
you last night; by Lancaster at!

EMMA. She—(Checking herself.) What makes her
think I was in Lancaster last night?

MAMA. (Gently.) Emma, now—she seen you, ain't
she didn't?

EMMA. (Affecting courage; puts pitcher on table)
All right—what if she did?

MAMA. Mrs. Yoder—you wouldn't speak nothin'
about it to Papa?

MRS. YODER. (Delighted.) He don't know it?
MAMA. No.

YODER. Well, think of that, once! If I ain't glad you done it, and don't worry whatever about me. I ain't tellin' any!

EMMA. (Not too confidently.) Thank you---

YODER. (Finding, for once, an audience that hangs on her words.) Yes, sir, I'm glad as glad, that's what I am. I says to myself last night only, that surveyor he's a good enough man for anybody, and if he takes to Emma, I says, it ain't none of my business to ask him why, any.

MAMA. If you ain't talking only, now! If it got put out whatever, Papa'd hear it that way.

YODER. Mrs. Aukamp, I swear---

MAMA. (Mechanically.) I don't uphold to swear---ing. (9)

YODER. Ach, so it ain't. Well I affirm, then, I won't put it out so long as I live ever. (Savoring the drama, Yoder follows the cinema.) So help me, Emma Aukamp, your secret is shut up in me like it was dead a while!

MAMA. I feel some better. (Goes to Left window, peers out.)

EMMA. (Reasonably reassured.) It isn't as if I had done anything wrong---

YODER. Yes, ain't! Will you be out with him again ever?

EMMA. I'm afraid not. I can't chance it often.

YODER. (Insistently.) He's coming to sit up with you, maybe?

EMMA. If he's coming? I---(Startled.) Oh, no not here!

YODER. Ain't that what I thought, now, for all! Emma Aukamp, do you know what you can do? You can have my parlor to sit up in or what!

EMMA. (Gratefully.) Oh, Mrs. Yoder! (10)
MAMA. (Flatly.) To your house Emma couldn't get away also.

EMMA. I'd manage. Would you, for really, Mrs. Yoder?

YODER. (From mental peregrinations quite her own.) And a new piano we got with chimes at!

EMMA. (Hope renewed.) Oh, you're so wonderful good! (She snatches up the pitcher from the table and starts out.)

MAMA. If you could get there, only---

EMMA. I'll get there. (Exuberant.) I don't rightly know how, but I'll get there! (She dances out through the porch door, picking up her sunbonnet, and past Left window, again singing.)

YODER. (Looking after her.) What takes her out? The surveyor so soon?

MAMA. (Resignedly.) The milk only.

YODER. Yah. (Again from a recondite mental process.) And what's more a'ready, I'll say to everyone else where seen her not to speak nothing about it also.

MAMA. Who seen her else?

YODER. (Dismissing the matter lightly.) Ach, Mister a while; and the Schwenkfelders, maybe---and the Ditzlers. And Rebecca Dinkleberger was there, with a stranger where was her cousin from Kulpsville, out---(Her sewing absorbs her.)

MAMA. That's full many people.

YODER. Not such a many. And there ain't one of 'em where won't be glad to help Emma some.

MAMA. If it don't get put out too much---(Crosses, looks out again through Left window.)

YODER. (Pained that Mama should doubt.) It won't get put out any!

MAMA. (Returns to frame.) (11) Papa is coming, but he don't seem spited none.---You won't for- (11) Sits at sewing table
get to remember, now, about you don't tell any?

YODER. Not a word—-(Eagerly.) My, it's so exciting like a picture I seen oncet! I feel like I don't darst speak whatever.

MAMA. (Anxiously.) Yes, ain't. If you could just try to—-(Struggling for the tactful expression.)--to sort of don't, any!

(Papa enters porch, pumps water in the porch sink, washes his hands.)

YODER. (In an awed undertone.) I tell you; we'll sing somewhat!

MAMA. Papa ain't much for singin'---

YODER. Yah---but when you sing that way, you don't speak any.

MAMA. (Choosing the lesser evil.) Yah---let's sing oncet a little. I'll make a alto if I otherwise can.

YODER. Yah. (Clears her throat.)

MAMA. (Urgently.) And if I don't make any, you keep on singing or what---

YODER. (Nods; clears her throat again; begins in a shrill but not unpleasant voice.) "It came upon the midnight clear---"

(Papa, drying his hands, stares incredulously. Mama, after an anxious moment, seconds with an apprehensive alto. They stitch and sing as Papa clumps ungraciously into the room and looks first about the top of the table, then under it. The song continues.)

PAPA. (Suddenly.) Where's my almanac at? (The song goes on; Mama nervous, Mrs. Yoder thoroughly enjoying herself, though by now she has probably forgotten why she began to sing. They have not heard Papa's relatively mild voice. He waits an instant, then repeats himself forcefully.) Where's my almanac at?

(The song stops.)
MAMA. What say?

PAPA. My almanac!

MAMA. Ach, it's upstairs a while.

PAPA. For why?

MAMA. Jake took it with him up to read along---

PAPA. I'll learn him somewhat---to take what's mine, a'ready!

MAMA. Ach, Papa, Old Man Diebold give the almanac to Jake, ain't he didn't?

PAPA. (Roused.) What's in this house, is it mine, now, or ain't it?

MAMA. (This is no time for argument.) Sure, Papa---

PAPA. Fetch me it. (He sits Right of the table, hands on knees.) (12)

(Mama moves dutifully to the porch door, but pauses to look uneasily at Mrs. Yoder, who has become absorbed in her stitching.)

MAMA. Don't you---er---feel to sing any?

YODER. (Startled from her meditations.) If I do? (Comprehending,) Ach, for sure. (Clears her throat, as usual, sings.) "It came upon the midnight clear---" (Continues, while Mama, reassured, hurries upstairs. Presently Papa's baleful contemplation of her is too much, and she breaks off.) You---don't uphold to singin', ain't?

PAPA. Singin' is fur churches.

YODER. (Agreeably.) Yah. (A stitch or two.) Don't you feel though sometimes religious when it ain't church ever?

PAPA. Not singin' religious.

YODER. Yah. (Another pause. She eyes him warily, then makes another attempt.) Does it look like fallin' weather any?
PAPA. (Contemplating her.) If it does? (Turning firmly away.) Look yourself the window out. You can see if it's falling weather any.

YODER. (Starts to the window at the bidding, but with a feeling that something isn't necessary about the procedure, she halts, turns, looks blankly at Papa and uncertainly resumes her sewing.) Yes, ain't. A little rain we could use it though, think not?

PAPA. No.

YODER. (Promptly agreeing.) No. By the hill farms, though, where it drains off, they need it a little rain always. (Since Papa condescends neither to agree nor to disagree, she agrees with herself.) Yah. My, it's like a picture I seen oncet, where they didn't have no rain ever, and the only horses they had was a camel---(In mild self-reproach.) Ach, I forgot; you don't uphold to picture shows, ain't?

PAPA. Devices of the devil, they are.

YODER. (Regretfully.) Yah. (With a gleam of hope.) But don't you think you could save your soul maybe if you look at 'em kind of careful?

PAPA. (Firm.) The snares of Belzibopp is on all where looks on 'em.

YODER. Ach, Mr. Aukamp, but there's your own E---(Checks herself, stares at Papa in horror.)

PAPA. (Who has paid no attention to her words, is struck by the sudden cessation of them. He returns her stare.) Huh?

YODER. (For reasons not clear to Papa, still staring at him.) "It came upon the midnight clear---" (Quails before his glance, but takes refuge in her stitching, and continues doggedly with her song as Mama hurries down the stairs.)

MAMA. Think oncet, he had it put in his wooden box like it was a wobble! (This is Mama for "valuable." She goes with the almanac to Papa, who settles to look at it after a final disapproving glance at Mrs. Yoder, who is still sing-
ing.) Mrs. Yoder---(Mrs. Yoder breaks off.)
You could let singing now a little---

YODER. Ach, such a relief now!

MAMA. (Preparing to sew.) It was thoughtful of you. I hope you ain't tired any?

YODER. Yah, I'm tired some. But---(In righteous pride.)---I ain't spoke nothin' for all about what you told me not to!

PAPA. Huh?

MAMA. (Hastily.) Mrs. Yoder---if you---if you feel to go home any, I wouldn't otherwise keep you---

YODER. (Hurt.) If I feel to go home?

MAMA. (Desperate. Papa is watching, as his mind makes its slow journey to a suspicion.) I mean, if Millie she didn't make such a good supper, and you could come back till a little yet---

YODER. (Divining an emergency, and willing to help.) Ach, yah! That Millie, she ain't much for cookin' now. Such cookin' school wittles she sometimes makes or what---

MAMA. (Hoping Mrs. Yoder is not offended.) You'll come back till a little, ain't?

YODER. (Under Papa's menace.) Yah, till a little, maybe---when supper's all---(Ducks to the porch door and out, her voice dwindling in the distance.) Mister he gets sometimes that way he won't eat if it gives someone cookin' where he ain't used to---(She is gone.)

PAPA. (Faces Mama grim in the discovery of iniquity.) Yah. Secrets you make me behind my back.

MAMA. Ach, Papa.

PAPA. Somewhat you tell to Mrs. Yoder as you don't tell your own lawful wedded husband!

MAMA. No, Papa, I---it was a little thing only. I wanted only not to vex you that way---
PAPA. (Skeptically.) Yah? What for "little thing?" (13)

MAMA. I---if I could tell you tomorrow, Papa! Today I don't feel so good any---I don't feel for my wittles, even---(She sits in Left Center chair.)

PAPA. (Sternly.) Mama! (Mama trembles.) Somewhat it gives you ain't told. Somewhat it begin last night!

MAMA. Last night, Papa?

PAPA. Last night, I sayed.

MAMA. (Floundering.) Why, Papa!

PAPA. Listen Oncet; in your whole life a'ready you ain't lied to me never, ain't?

MAMA. No, Papa.

PAPA. I ask you now right out; what was it last night?

MAMA. Last night it was---(A pause; then with desperate resolution, she braves damnation; she lies.)---it was nothing, Papa.

PAPA. Your word you give me?

MAMA. (Faintly.) My word I give you.

YODER. (Clatters unceremoniously into room.) Such forgetfulness I got, the dress picture I left behind me on the window sill. I thought about it till I was down the road a piece---(Going to the quilting frame, picking up the picture.)---and I sayed to myself, I'll get it now or maybe I won't get it never. Seein' how it happened to it before, that way. (Heading for the door.) I'll bring it back till I finish with it.

MAMA. (Absently.) It ain't needful, I don't use it any.

YODER. Ach, now, you wear plain that way, but Emma, she dresses worldly---
PAPA. (Ungraciously.) Emma's got clothes enough.

YODER. (Deep in contemplation of her picture.) Yah, sure--such a pretty dress she had on in Lancaster last night. Well, I'll give you goodbye, still, if I don't come back till a little-- (Still studying her picture, she rattles out, quite unaware of the deadly pause she leaves behind her.)

PAPA. In Lancaster, still.

MAMA. (Tremulously.) Papa---she's a young girl only---(14)

PAPA. (In sardonic quiet.) Yes, ain't.

MAMA. (Gaining courage.) Should a young girl go nowheres but the edge of the fence only?

PAPA. You lied to me!

MAMA. Yes, well---

PAPA. Your mouth is raw in it with the lie you told me!

MAMA. Yes, well---

PAPA. (15) In my own house you turn agin' me, and uphold to lust and deceitfulness!

MAMA. It was only to a picture show she went that way---

PAPA. Is that a place of sin, now, or ain't it? Would you yourself go to a picture show place?

MAMA. Ach, but I'm plain, Papa, Emma, she's worldly a while---(Emma's voice is heard off Left as she approaches, singing.)

PAPA. Worldly a while, yah! I'll learn her what's worldly!

MAMA. Please, Papa.

PAPA. (Savagely.) Hold your mouth! (Under his breath.) With such lies in it!
(Arrived at the porch, breaks off her song and walks into the silence of the room. She looks from Mama to Papa, places her pitcher on the sink. Faltering.) Is is—something wrong? (16)

PAPA. You ask, Emma Aukamp?

EMMA. Mama—what is it?

PAPA. Emma: where was you last night?

EMMA. Where I was?

PAPA. Answer me once.

EMMA. (Hesitates.) Why, I was—

MAMA. (Sadly.) He know, Emma.

PAPA. Yah. There ain't no point to add lyin' to the sins a'ready this minute on your soul restin'. (Cuttingly.) You shame me. You shame my house! That my head I should hold ever up again, with you roamin' the streets at night like a—

EMMA. (17) Wait! (Stung to defiance.) That word you don't use at me!

PAPA. You sass me back? (18)

EMMA. You'll call me no more such names. What have I done, anyway, more than what I've a right to do?

PAPA. What you've done! What you've done, still! You leave my house without you ask me the darst. You traipse and trot in the night like a cat or whatever. And then you put your brazen face at me up and ast me what have you done! (Jake enters from the porch; stops short in the doorway as he takes in the situation.) Sneaking from the house out when I'm in bed. Sneaking back in at what hour ever—-(Whirling suddenly upon Mama.) Who left her the door open, what? (Seeing Jake.) And it was Emma I seen by the big meadow crossing! What for devils and snakes have I got in my house? (Advancing upon Mama.) I'll learn you once to leave my door open! (19)

EMMA. Stop it, Papa! (20)
PAPA. What!

EMMA. (In sudden fury that benumbs fear.) If you ever touch again Mama, I'll kill you with my own hands dead! (Papa is frozen still, not by Emma's threat, but by his unbelief that he is hearing what he hears.) What right have you got to treat us worse than the cattle in the barn and the pigs in the sty even? Why shouldn't I go with a young man out?

PAPA. With what?

EMMA. (Unconscious that she has betrayed herself farther.) I said it. Why shouldn't I?

PAPA. (His worst suspicions confirmed.) A young man, still! (Violently.) Who was he?

EMMA. (Wrath still sustaining her.) I'm not telling any!

PAPA. (Seizing her by the shoulders.) Who was he, I tell you?

EMMA. I'm not telling. Yell at me; yell at me till you break your neck, and I'm still not telling!

PAPA. (Hurls her aside and moves to the porch.) I'll learn you---

JAKE. (Intercepts him.) Papa---it was me went with her---

PAPA. (Flinging Jake impatiently aside, going to the porch, getting the whip.) (21) No lies more, dapple---your turn's coming till I get the truth of this. (Returning. To Emma.) Once more, you'll tell me!

EMMA. Once more I won't!

(Papa suddenly lashes her with the whip. Mama intervenes.)

MAMA. Don't, Papa! I'll tell you---

EMMA. No!
MAMA. It was the surveyor still, where works on
the new cut-off making.

PAPA. (Aghast.) So! A foreigner you take;
worse as a gypsy, even, from the ditches out—
(Flings the whip aside, whirls upon Jake.) Get
me the Ford-car out!

JAKE. Papa—

PAPA. Get me it out, I say!

JAKE. It ain't working good, Papa.

PAPA. Get me it out, or it gives the whip again
on Emma! (Jake scurries out; Papa throws the
whip upon the table.) I'll learn a wagabond to
bring me disgraces that way—(He goes up to the
door, and from the wooden pegs he takes down his
hat, his coat, and the revolver—removing the
last from its case, and inserting it into his
clothes rack.) (22)

(WARN CURTAIN)

MAMA. (Running up.) What are you making, Papa?

PAPA. Such guns it gives for wagabonds and warmints! (Heads out through the porch door.)

MAMA. Papa! It's murder if you kill someone!

PAPA. (Calling back.) Murder it ain't when a warmint you kill. (From farther away.) Come
back here, Jake!

JAKE. (From outside.) Till a minute only—
(Scurries in.) Emma—don't you worry none—

EMMA. (Weakly.) He'll kill him—-for really!

JAKE. I'll stop him sooner!

EMMA. Nobody can stop him!

JAKE. I can! What it'll be I ain't studied
yet—-

PAPA. (Outside.) Jake!
JAKE. (Scurrying out.) But I'll do whatever---
(He is out.)

(Emma, her courage broken, has begun to cry.)

MAMA. Come, now, Emma; don't you feel to sit in the Windsor-chair a little? (She leads her to chair Left Center.)

EMMA. He will kill him!

MAMA. Ach, now, Emma---ain't Jake said he'd stop him sooner?

EMMA. What can Jake do? What can anybody do?

MAMA. I don't know, for rightly---

EMMA. (Breaking down.) What is he, Mama, to hold us in his hands so? What is he, ever?

MAMA. (Troubled.) That I don't rightly know, also---

EMMA. (Hopelessly.) Mama---

CURTAIN
ACT TWO

Scene II

SCENE: The kitchen, about daybreak the next morning. It is not quite fully light out of doors, and there are still traces of night in the recesses of the room.

AT RISE: No one is in the kitchen. The clock strikes five. Almost immediately Mama appears, coming downstairs and tying her apron. She goes first to the door of Emma's room and listens, then crosses to the window and looks out. Seeing no one, she goes, with a weary gait, to the work table and begins slowly and quietly to assemble the ingredients for buckwheat cakes, putting the dry ones into a large bowl with a handle on one side and a spout on the other.

Presently Emma, fully dressed, emerges from her room Right. She closes the door, stands for a moment indifferently observing what Mama is doing. Presently she speaks.

EMMA. (Dully.) Should I light the fire for you?

MAMA. (Turning to look at her.) Ach, now, I hoped you'd be sleeping some!

EMMA. I couldn't sleep.

MAMA. Not whatever?

EMMA. I didn't even take my clothes off.

MAMA. There you had wrong, now. With such a nightgown on oncet, a person can always think some about sleeping---

EMMA. (Going to the stove.) I bet you haven't slept yourself.

MAMA. Ach, when you're older that way, you ain't so much for sleepin'. Papa says always---(Breaks off, looks guiltily at Emma.)

EMMA. (Stonily, match in hand.) Papa says what?
MAMA. It ain't needful you should hear any about him till a little yet.

EMMA. (Striking the match.) Hear about him! I've got to live with him, haven't I? (Lifting the lid of the stove.) All my life in this room, with his hate like a coffin lid over me. (Slams the stove lid into place.)

MAMA. (In an access of wrath at the ways of destiny.) Let that stove, Emma Aukamp! (Emma starts, stares at her dumfounded. Mama bursts into tears.) I'm so wonderful sorry for you—and it's all my fault, a'ready---

EMMA. (Going swiftly to her.) (23) Mama, now! I've told you and told you I don't blame you—(As an afterthought.) Not for last night, at least.

MAMA. (Anxiously.) Is it somewhat else you're spited at me for, Emma?

EMMA. Not spited, I guess. But I was thinking; if you hadn't married Papa ever---

MAMA. (Resignedly.) Yah. But I was such a old maid a while. And after, I got so I didn't feel to be no more a old maid. And when you're thirty-some, it ain't so many men poppin' you the question that way---

EMMA. He only wanted you for the work he could get out of you---

MAMA. Emma, now! He wouldn't have wanted me, ain't? Where was coming on old a'ready. (Returning with a deep sigh to her pancakes.) But it was some dumb of me, whatever.

EMMA. (Goes up to the cupboard, takes out four plates.) You couldn't know, of course; but—-he's old and ugly and dirty. (Bitterness dispelling lassitude, her voice trembling, she returns to the table and distributes the plates. Sighs.) And my young man was---was---

MAMA. Emma, now! You talk like he was dead for really!
EMMA. Why not? Do you think Papa wouldn't kill a person if he darst? (Returns to the cupboard for cups and saucers.)

MAMA. But Papa don't know him, fur all--maybe he won't find him ever!

EMMA. (Back at table setting down cups and saucers.) He'll find him.

MAMA. Yah. Papa's a mean man. (Hopefully.) But maybe he ain't a killin' man, Emma!

EMMA. (25) If they'd only come back, so we'd know!

MAMA. Yah. (Looking at her wretchedly.) Do you feel to go to the spring house and bring me some milk for my pancakes up?

EMMA. Yah--(About to go, taking a pitcher from the dresser.) Skim milk, or with the cream on?

MAMA. (Fondering.) Skim milk, maybe. Or I don't know. Wait oncyt! I'll go myself. I can remember better what I want if I see it, still. (Takes the pitcher from Emma and goes to the porch.) (26) You could grind some coffee a while, Emma--we could make first a little for us only. (Goes out.)

(Emma proceeds to the dresser (27), fills the grinder with coffeeberries, carries it to the Left Center chair, turns the handle, staring into space. Presently she begins to cry softly, still grinding the coffee.)

YODER. (Appears suddenly at the door, but a changed Mrs. Yoder since yesterday evening. She walks diffidently and her manner is crestfallen. She stands a moment in the doorway waiting to be noticed. Failing in this, she speaks, uncertainly.) Well, Emma.

EMMA. (Starts, sees her, jumps up, holding the coffee grinder.) What happened?

YODER. (Taken aback.) Happened, still?

EMMA. Have you seen Papa and Jake?
YODER. (A little scandalized.) Have I seen 'em when my bed I ain't left till half an hour ago even?

EMMA. I thought—someone sent you.

YODER. Sent I ain't. I come only. (28) Emma, all last night I ain't slept whatever.

EMMA. (Ironically.) Yah?

YODER. It come to me all of a sudden how I let fall to your Pa about what I seen you by Lancaster over, and it wondered me all night if he took notice to what I told him any—

EMMA. (29) If he took notice! (Rises, carries the grinder to the dresser.)

YODER. (Remorsefully.) Ach, Emma, such a thing I wouldn't have done if it killed me!

EMMA. Well, it can't be helped now!

YODER. (Resolutely.) Just don't you worry whatever. I'll red you right aways my parlor up, and when you're married once you needn't make no mind about your Pa or what. (Disturbed by Emma's unresponsiveness.) Was he spited much?

EMMA. Was he spited! (Facing her.) Listen; do you know where Papa's gone? He had Jake drive him to Lancaster. He's going to kill the surveyor!

YODER. Kill him once! (Horrified.) Why, Emma, what did he done to you?

EMMA. (Wrathfully.) Yah—that's what everybody'll ask! And what he did to me was to take me to a show and drive me home.

YODER. (Awed.) (30) And he'd be killed for that, then! Poor Emma. If he was to be killed still, he might as well have went ahead and whatever.

EMMA. What a horrid thing to say!

YODER. No, but for really! If only you was dishonored some, your Pa'd have right to kill him,
and they couldn't do him nothin'--

EMMA. Yah. (Slowly.) It seems a good much to happen for sitting a while in a theatre and another while in a car--

YODER. And it should be my fault, so!

EMMA. It isn't your fault---or Mama's; or Jake's or mine. It's Papa's! What's he on earth for but to plague us all? Without Papa, you could put out everything I do and say, and who'd care? It's all Papa, Papa---(Checks herself. Mrs. Yoder is listening too eagerly.)

YODER. Yah, he's full much mean. It'd be wonderful convenient died he, oncet.

EMMA. (Shocked to hear a wording of her own repressed thoughts.) Oh, Mrs. Yoder!

YODER. Speakin' it out ain't anyways worse as thinkin' it in, and it's what I think, fur all. I'm sorry for you as sorry can be, and if things ain't went too far, I'll make up to you for what I spoke too much, if I otherwise can.

EMMA. Thank you, Mrs. Yoder. (Nerves snapping again.) Oh, if they'd only come!

YODER. (Listening.) It comes now someone--

EMMA. (Looking through the window as she passes it.) (31) It's Mama only, from the spring house. (Measuring coffee into the pot, at the dresser.) We're making some coffee in a little while. Won't you stay?

YODER. No. I've got to be getting home. It was nobody else up, so I must go back on foot still.

EMMA. Why---how'd you come over?

YODER. (Resignedly.) Over I came on foot also.

MAMA. (Enters from porch, carrying a pitcher of milk. She halts on seeing Mrs. Yoder.) Well, Mrs. Yoder. (Proceeds to the table.)

YODER. (Diffidently.) Well, Mrs. Aukamp.
MAMA. (Mixing milk with the flour.) You're early out.

(Emma takes the coffee pot to the stove, puts in water from the kettle.)

YODER. Yes, ain't. Er---are you spited at me, then?

MAMA. If I'm spited at you?

YODER. Yah.

MAMA. (Carrying the bowl of batter to the Left Center chair.) (32) Spited I ain't, but just so Christian I can't otherwise feel.

EMMA. Mama---she says she is sorry.

MAMA. (Tersely.) Who ain't? (Sits, stirs batter.)

YODER. Last night I couldn't sleep for it, for really.

MAMA. Us, we ain't slept also.

YODER. (Disconcerted.) Well---(Edging out door.) I got to go now---

MAMA. (Formally.) What's your hurry?

YODER. It---it wasn't nobody up when I left yet. (Working her way out.) And if I don't get there before breakfast, it'll be over---(She is gone.)

(There is a pause. Mama stirs the batter.)

EMMA. (Taking the pitcher from the table to the dresser.) Poor Mrs. Yoder---she didn't mean any harm.

MAMA. Don't meaning it ain't kep' her from doin' it a good much.

EMMA. Just the same, I feel sorry for her. (Returns to the table with a rest for the coffee pot.)

MAMA. You're full much pitiful that way.
EMMA. (33) She still wants me to use her parlor if—-if—-(Breaks off.) Mama, I can't suffer it! A while I seem to forget like I was half asleep, and then it comes over me all again, and I can't suffer it—-(Crying.)

MAMA. (Looking at her with miserable eyes.) Ach, Emma—if you could take it some easier! Papa may not do anythin', fur all!

EMMA. He'll come back, won't he? Even if he don't do any worse—-that'll be the end of everything.

MAMA. (Wearily.) Yah, it's full hard to know.

YODER. (Is heard from without.) Mrs. Aukamp! He's coming all by himself back! (Darts into room from porch in high excitement.) He's comin' all alone by the gate in—-(34)

EMMA. Papa!

YODER. No. Jake, still! And on foot, yet!

MAMA. No Ford-car at?

EMMA. He said he'd do something!

YODER. What say?

(Emma checks herself. Jake enters from porch. They turn to stare at him. He is dusty, weary and sighing. He pauses in the doorway and there is in his manner a mingling of guilt and defiance.)

JAKE. (Breaking the silence.) Well—-

EMMA. Jake—-where is he?

JAKE. (Evasively.) Who?

EMMA. Where's Papa?

JAKE. He—-(Bracing himself; entering the room resolutely.) Papa is all anymore.

EMMA. What?
MAMA. (35) Jake—you done somewhat!

JAKE. No, Mama. It wasn't needful any. It---It was more like what Papa used to say always; the hand of God a'ready.

EMMA. Used to say, Jake?

JAKE. Yah. Papa---Papa's dead. A train killed him. (They listen speechless: Mama stupified, Emma suspicious; Mrs. Yoder tense with the sheer ecstasy of hearing news.) The old Ford-car---you know it was working bad a'ready---it stalled on the tracks---with a train coming at---

EMMA. It---stalled---Jake?

JAKE. Yah. (Defying the suspicion in her tone.) For really, Emma! I had time to jump only!

EMMA. What about Papa? Why didn't he jump?

JAKE. For why he didn't? For the reason he couldn't jump so fast with his club foot that way.

MAMA. (Finding a little voice.) Was he hit much, Jake?

JAKE. (Solemnly.) The gas tank blowed up, Ma­ma. The car, it's all burned a'ready. There was pieces of it layin' all the tracks along.

MAMA. And Papa, still---

JAKE. Papa they ain't found even a piece of. They was lookin' for him still till I left.

MAMA. Poor Papa. (Bewildered, she mechanically resumes stirring the batter. Mrs. Yoder goes to her, ready to be sustaining.) (36)

EMMA. (Guardedly.) You were a long time gone.

JAKE. (Looking at her steadily.) (37) I come back twelve miles a-foot.

EMMA. (Another fear emerging.) Did you---did you go to Lancaster?

(36) Turns to Stove

(37) x to sewing chair; sits
JAKE. Not so far, yet. It happened this side.

YODER. Ach, Emma—then your young man ain't hurt none! And your own parlor now you can use!

MAMA. (Still stirring.) The parlor we got to use to set up with Papa till a little.

YODER. But there ain't any of him, Mrs. Aukamp!

MAMA. So it ain't. Poor Papa!

EMMA. (38) (To Jake.) You look tired.

JAKE. Yah.

MAMA. (Absently.) He should eat somewhat.

EMMA. There's coffee in the pot. I've got to heat it up, only.

JAKE. (39) Yah—(Edging to the porch.) I'll wash up a little. (Goes to pump, pumps water, douses his hands and face.)

MAMA. (40) It's so suddent all, I can't hardly believe poor Papa's dead that way.

YODER. (Encouragingly.) He's dead, all right. You're a widow if there ever was one.

MAMA. A widow yet! (Holding the bowl of batter carefully aside, she wipes her eyes on her apron.)

YODER. (Running to her.) Yah, what a loss now, and such a good man he was, but you got to bear your cross brave, Mrs. Aukamp—

MAMA. I feel to see him.

YODER. Yah. Anyways, you could help look for him.

MAMA. (41) I can't feel rightly a widow if it ain't no corpse in the house. (To Jake, returning from the porch.) You mean, it don't give whatever of Papa?

JAKE. Maybe by now they found somewhat.
MAMA. But he can't be wanished——like he was smoke or what?

YODER. (Pondering.) And him such a hearty eater that way——

MAMA. (Rises, puts bowl on table.) Take me to him, Jake.

JAKE. Think now, Mama——the Ford-car!

MAMA. Ach, so it ain't. But if I could look oncet only!

YODER. In our car Jake could take you——if he'd walk over a little.

EMMA. (Firmly; she has something to say to Jake.) Jake's tired.

MAMA. Yah. I couldn't ask him to walk any. He should eat a'ready. (Settles Jake in chair Left of table, goes to the stove, picks up the pot of coffee, carries it to the cupboard.)

YODER. I got it. Come with me to my place over if you feel to walk that far, and Mister'll drive you in. He'll be goin' anyways.

MAMA. (Still dazed.) It's so much in the house to do. Look oncet, Emma, the lamp! It's all smudged from the way we left it last night burning! (Picks up a bowl of sugar from the cupboard, goes to the table, pours coffee for Jake.)

EMMA. (Gently.) I'll clean it, Mama——(Goes to the table, removes the smoked chimney from the lamp, proceeds absently to clean it.)

JAKE. (Sipping coffee.) It can give electric lights now, Mama——so it ain't no more lamps to clean over.

MAMA. Yah. (The idea penetrates, grows.)

YODER. An' conveniences and such! You should get 'em behind Emma's young man comes, so he'll conceive you got some style to you.

MAMA. But so soon, Mrs. Yoder! We got to mourn yet! (Places coffee pot on table.)
YODER. (Briskly.) Yah, sure you got to mourn somewhat, but nowadays it don't take so long.---Get your bonnet now.

MAMA. I'll fix Jake first some pancakes. (Picks up the bowl, stirs the batter.)

JAKE. But I don't like pancakes, Mama! They was for Papa only!

MAMA. (42) Yah---such a man for pancakes, Mrs. Yoder. If I'm sick or if I'm dead, even, every morning Papa's got to have his pancakes.

YODER. (Tactfully.) Not now he ain't!

MAMA. If it ain't! (Stares a moment at Mrs. Yoder, then looks into the bowl of batter as if seeing it for the first time. Like one in a trance, she goes to the stove, lifts the lid, scrapes the batter into the fire box.) Poor Papa. (Replaces the stove lid, sets down the bowl, and as if recalled to action, she bursts out crying, her apron over her face.) Poor Papa!

EMMA. (Cleaning the lamp chimney.) Don't cry, Mama. Go along with Mrs. Yoder. You'll feel better if you're doing something.

YODER. Yah, come along oncet. Emma can get Jake somewhat to eat.

JAKE. (Not too eager to be left alone with Emma.) Emma's got cows to milk and chickens to feed.

YODER. Ach, now, what's a half hour to a hen? Come on, Mrs. Aukamp, Mister'll take you right aways in the car out. (43)

MAMA. (With unconscious eagerness.) Yah. (Mrs. Yoder fetches Mama's bonnet from the hook on the door.) Could I sit maybe on the behind, where the little seat is?

YODER. It's uncommon for wind there, Mrs. Aukamp.

MAMA. But it's some handy for seein'!---Could we---(Ideas begin to unfold.) Could we go by Ditzlers', maybe? I feel to speak some with Mrs. Ditzler, about poor Papa, that way. (Removes apron.)
YODER. We could go also by the Lefferts’!

MAMA. I could get me back my log cabin pattern—

YODER. You can eat somewhat over to my place.  (Heads into the porch.)

MAMA. Ach, Papa don’t uphold to eating out.  (Suddenly realizing.) I mean—Papa didn’t!  (Looks doubtfully at Jake and Emma, then sniffs.)  Poor Papa!  (Tying her bonnet strings, she goes out porch after Mrs. Yoder.)

(When they are gone, Emma turns to Jake, who avoids her glance.)

EMMA. (Dreading to broach the subject on her mind.) I’ll fix you somewhat to eat.

JAKE. (At the table.) I don’t feel fur eatin’.

EMMA. You’re too tired, or what—

JAKE. Yah. I’m wonderful tired.

EMMA. Jake—(44)

JAKE. (Still not looking at her.) Yah?

EMMA. It wasn’t an accident.

JAKE. It was, though!

EMMA. Things don’t happen like that. You said you’d do something, and you did. This!

JAKE.—Well—(Sullenly.)—and if I did, still?

EMMA. To kill a man, Jake!

JAKE. What was he going to do else but kill a man?  (Rising, intense.) What’s he done all his life else but kill?  Ain’t he been killin’ us?  What am I but a half dead thing only, where can’t stand up to a man and speak straight to him out?  Ain’t you half dead, with a man wantin’ and nowhere to go but to a chicken house and a barn and a field with a rail fence at?  If I killed him, still—ain’t it better he’s dead than us three all?
EMMA. (45) I know, Jake. That's it. It was killing a man—and still I can't feel horror of you any!

JAKE. (Earnestly.) But I didn't, Emma.

EMMA. Don't lie to me. Not to me! It was for me you did it, and—Oh, Jake, can't it give anything happy in the house ever? We're free of him now, and you've got this awful thing on your soul to do it.

JAKE. Emma, I didn't kill him. It was a accident. Emma, I swear you I didn't kill him!

EMMA. (Stilled suddenly; looking him intently in the eye.) You swear, Jake?

JAKE. So help me.

EMMA. On the Bible?

JAKE. (Resolutely.) Yah. On the Bible.

EMMA. (Runs Right to cabinet, takes the Bible from it, returns.) If you'll do me that, I'll believe you. I want to believe you! I want it to be true—to be free of him, and no black thing hanging over, Jake. (Passionately, holding out the Bible to him.) Put your hands on the Bible. (Jake obeys.) Swear me: you didn't leave him a-purpose to be killed.

JAKE. I swear.

EMMA. Swear me he's dead by accident only!

JAKE. (Takes his hands quickly from the Bible.)

(46) EMMA. I—-(Falters, cries out.) Emma, don't be at me like that. I can't suffer it! I swore you I didn't kill him. On the Bible I swore it! Ain't it enough for you that way, that you've got to keep at me and at me? Oh, I'm tired so—I'm wonderful tired. (Subsides into the chair beside the table, sobbing.)

EMMA. (Sets down the Bible, runs to him.) Ah, Jake, I didn't mean to be at you! I was afraid only. I was afraid for you! Don't cry, Jake. Don't cry any more, ever! I know You didn't
kill him—that's all I care about. Just think—we're free of him, and there's no sin on your soul for it! We got all our lives to be happy in all our lives, Jake!

JAKE. (Sitting up abruptly.) Huh? (Dubiously.) Yah---

(WARN CURTAIN)

EMMA. What is it? Jake—is it something you haven't told me?

JAKE. (Evasively.) I was studyin' only. (Drowsily.) It's so much to do. The dawces and all.

EMMA. But you must rest now. Get a long, long rest. Why, you've got all the rest of your life to put in your "conveniences"!

JAKE. (Drowsily.) Yah---But I feel to hurry.

EMMA. (Kneeling beside him, her arms about him.) Jake—is it---(Hesitates whether or not to press her question against his fatigue.)

MAMA. (Just then Mama trips through the doorway, speaking as she comes with a new note of assurance, and with an undertone of pleasant excitement.) Emma, come quick oncet. The brindle cow, she's out on the road with the fence down, and I ain't got time to fetch her, for we met Amos Kessler, and he's coming for us in his Buick Ford-car with couchins at---(Is already on her way out.) And we'll go all by the bend to look for Papa---(She is out.)

EMMA. (Looks after her a moment, then turns in laughter to Jake.) (47) Jake---did you see her? It's like she was a new person. Already, Jake!

JAKE. (Listlessly.) Yah---The brindle cow, Emma!

EMMA. (48) I'll fetch the brindle cow---Oh, Jake, was ever such a wonderful accident! (She kisses him, runs out through the porch door.)

JAKE. (49) (After a moment, starts up, calls.) Emma---wait oncet, Emma---I got to tell you some...
what! (She is out of hearing. At the doorway into the porch, Jake's shoulders suddenly droop. He makes his way wearily to the Left Center chair, runs his hand tenderly over the back of it.) Ach, poor Mama!

CURTAIN

PORTABLE BOARD

#1-out
#2-ab-out
#3-out
#4-out
#5-out
#6-out
#7-out
#8-ab-out
#9-out
#10-out
#11-out
ACT THREE

SCENE: The kitchen, three days later, about two o'clock in the afternoon.

AT RISE: The room is changed in a few salient respects. New curtains are on the window and on the wall above the door to Emma's room is Mama's longed-for telephone—a neat black box that Jake has set low enough to be convenient for Mama. There is a tap or two of a hammer against an empty lead pipe outside the house. Then Mrs. Yoder's voice is heard as she rounds the house and makes for the porch door.

YODER. (Outside.) Well, Jake---(The hammering ceases.) I came to see your Mama a little. (The hammering is resumed; for a moment, in fact, with a certain violence. Presently it subsides.) Well, Mrs. Aukamp---(Looks about, sees that the room is empty.) (1) Ach, ain't you home, then? (Her swift eye lights upon the telephone.) If it ain't! (Scurries across to it, looks at it a moment, takes down the receiver. She speaks into the telephone.) Eh? Ach, no number I want—I was trying only if it was for really---(Emma enters briskly from her room, carrying a piece of print cloth that has partly assumed the appearance of a summer dress. She closes the door behind her. Mrs. Yoder, turning from the telephone, sees her.) Well, Emma, I see you got a telephone at.

EMMA. (Quietly.) Yah---(Sits Left of table.)

YODER. You're fast with it!

EMMA. The lines were across the road only. Jake knew how to get them quickly in. (2)

YODER. Jake's been wonderful helpful to you, ain't?

EMMA. Er---yah.

YODER. Sometimes I think a person's smarter for all if they're some queer in the head still. (3) I come to get Mrs. Aukamp for a party at the Ditzlers' a while.
EMMA. She's in the chicken house. We've got two hens with broods coming off today.

YODER. I'll wait oncet.

EMMA. (Not too eagerly, but aware that Mrs. Yoder will "sit anyways"; resuming her sewing.) Yah---sit a while---

YODER. (After a moment's hesitation.) Emma---

EMMA. Yah?

YODER. (With genuine solicitude.) Is---is everything all right?

EMMA. Of course it is. Why?

YODER. (Tactfully.) I was afraid your young man had let you down, maybe.

EMMA. (Amused.) He hasn't let me down. He's got off this afternoon and he's coming out to sit with me.

YODER. Emma, now, if I ain't glad for you, and a new frock on, too.

EMMA. Yah---if I get it done in time.

YODER. Well, Emma Aukamp---with your young man coming and your own parlor to use with a new frock at---it looks to me like you'll get your man as good as if you'd had practice that way.

MAMA. (Enters from porch. Her voice redolent of good cheer.) Well, Mrs. Yoder! I seen you from the chicken house coming.

YODER. (Beaming.) Yah. Emma tells me you're hatching a while.

MAMA. (Beaming in return.) Yah!

EMMA. Are they out yet, Mama?

MAMA. The Barred Rock, she's out, but the Dorking hen she'll set till a little yet.

EMMA. I'll go down for you after a while.
MAMA. But your new frock you should finish!

EMMA. There's time enough--

YODER. If it was the barn, still, you could sew along, but in a chicken house I ain't trustful--

(A bell rings.)

MAMA. Ach, now---(Points to the telephone.) Look what I got, oncet! (4)

YODER. I seen it a'ready.

MAMA. (Goes to telephone.) Hello---What? Number still?---No number I want. You rang me my telephone a little---But it rang, still---

(The bell rings again.)

EMMA. Mama---it wasn't the telephone!

MAMA. (Into the telephone.) Ach, I had wrong. I thought it was the telephone ringing, and it was Jake only. (Hangs up unceremoniously.) (5) A doorbell he's made with a battery from the barn out. He wants it should ring this after when first the surveyor comes. (Sits Right of table, picks up her knitting.)

YODER. Such a event, still!

MAMA. I conceited she should wait a while, with Papa dead three days only---

YODER. (Heartily.) Now, Mrs. Aukamp, he's as dead in three days as he'll ever be. (Emma rises and goes towards her room, carrying her sewing.) Do we greisel you, Emma?

EMMA. No---I want first to put my sewing away, is all---(Goes to her room.)

YODER. (Looking after her.) Emma's full hopeful, ain't?

MAMA. (Affectionately.) Yah. It's her young man coming.

YODER. (Rising.) (6) Well, I got to go now---
(Recalling, with a start, as usual.) Ach, ain't I almost forgot what I come for? It's a birthday party at the Ditzlers' for little Lizzie, with a six egg cake and candles at. And me and Mister, we conceived you might like to go along.

MAMA. (Doubtful.) It's my beds still to make. And the Dorking hen on her nest yet---

YODER. There's Emma to mind her.

MAMA. (Bridling.) Emma's got better to do as mind chickens.

YODER. Ach, so it is! My, can't I see Elsie Dittendorf's face till I phone her, Emma Aukamp's got a young man comin' to set up with her! We'll stop for you anyways, in case you hatch behind we go. (As she turns towards the door she sees Jake entering on porch. He carries a short piece of lead pipe and a yardstick.) Well, Jake, now you got your workshop I suppose you'll have machinery the whole place over.

JAKE. (Impersonally.) If I do?

MAMA. He says it gives a machine for hatching eggs out, even.

YODER. (Benignly.) Ach, with a machine like that you wouldn't need to keep hens whatever, ain't--Well, good-bye Mrs. Aukamp. (Bustles out past Jake and away.)

MAMA. (Calling.) Good-bye, Mrs. Yoder.

JAKE. (Sets the pipe against the wall, measures the distance of it from the floor as he talks with Mama.) (7) Did she want somewhat?

MAMA. A party it gives with a cake at the Ditzlers' and she wanted I should go along with.

JAKE. (Eagerly.) You're going, ain't?

MAMA. (Heading for the porch.) If that Dorking hen ain't too long on her nest. She's such a slow kind of hen!

JAKE. Mama, now---she won't hurry any if you
watch her! It's only some mash to mix, or whatever, till the brood's off—

MAMA. I could go, maybe—-(Returns from the porch with a dustcloth.) It give a new baby yesterday on the Schultzes'. (8)

JAKE. (At his plumbing.) Yah?

MAMA. (Dusting.) And Minne Stoudt's Benny, he's got mumps.

JAKE. For really? With a telephone at, you'll soon know more as Mrs. Yoder.

MAMA. (Pleased.) Yes, ain't! I don't rightly get no work done. It's such a wonderful many things happen if you know it only!—What for pipe is that, Jake?

JAKE. To take the water from the sink out.

MAMA. Such a little pipe, now! It won't hold more as a quart of water, even. (9)

JAKE. Ach, Mama, it ain't for holding water any! It's for taking it through the wall by a hole out.

MAMA. (In protest.) A hole you'd make in my wall, then?

JAKE. A thin hole only, Mama! (With a touch of his old enthusiasm.) After, we'll have such pipes up and down in the walls, or what—

MAMA. (Doubtfully.) It seems you're tearing the house apart some, but Emma says leave you. (10)

JAKE. Emma has right.

MAMA. Yes, well. It wonders me if she should wait a little for her young man to comin'—with Papa dead so soon—

JAKE. She's been waitin' full long a'ready!

MAMA. Three days only! That ain't so long to mourn for poor Papa, ain't? Sometimes it worries me because I forget to mourn any.
JAKE. (Trying unsuccessfully to sound casual.) Mama! Do you miss him, for all? (11)

MAMA. Do I miss him?

JAKE. If he was to come back, would you be glad for to see him?

MAMA. (Evading.) Come back he can't, Jake.

JAKE. (Insistently; with growing intensity.) But if he did! If he walked through that door this minute---alive and well---would you be glad?

MAMA. (Faltering.) I---I---Papa's dead, Jake. It ain't needful to say I'd be glad or what.

JAKE. (Triumphant.) You wouldn't be! I know it now. It was a good turn for you when---(12)

MAMA. (Sharply.) Jake! You talk dappich.

JAKE. (Checking himself.) Yes, well---I'll go back to my workshop now a while---(There is a knock at the door. Mama pauses in her work, Jake glances through the window. He turns, startled.) Mama, it's the po-liceman!

MAMA. (Pleased.) (13) Ach, Zimmer's kin, still! Come in oncet! (Brendle enters. Jake retreats to the corner above the dresser. Mama, standing motionless with her dustcloth in her hand, beams cordially upon the caller.) Well, Mr. Brendle!

BRENDLE. How do you do, Mrs. Aukamp? I wondered if you'd remember me!

MAMA. (Complacently.) Yah. You're the po-liceman.

BRENDLE. That's right. Is Jake at home?

MAMA. (Indicating.) Yah. There's Jake.

BRENDLE. (Turns, sees him.) Oh, hello, Jake!

JAKE. (Irrelevantly.) Yes, Well.

BRENDLE. Made any more churns?
MAMA. (With pride.) Such a sink now he's making, and a hole in the wall with a pipe at!

BRENDLE. Good work!

MAMA. And I got now a telephone!

BRENDLE. Well! It sounds as if you'd got rich all of a sudden!

MAMA. Ach, no. It's Papa gone only. (Automatically.) Poor Papa.

BRENDLE. Yeah, I was mighty sorry to hear about that. (To Jake.) How'd it happen?

JAKE. (Evasively.) Huh?

BRENDLE. The accident, I mean.

JAKE. (With a vague gesture towards the outside world.) I told 'em, a'ready.

BRENDLE. I know, but I wasn't there---

MAMA. Do you know if they found any of Papa yet?

BRENDLE. (Respectfully.) Not a thing, Mrs. Aukamp.

JAKE. (Defensively.) They found somewhat, Mister! They just ain't rightly sure it's Papa.

EMMA. (Enters from her room.) Mama, I---(Sees Brendle.) Oh!

MAMA. Emma, this here is the po-liceman.

EMMA. (Looking swiftly at Jake, as suspicion suddenly renews itself.) Yah?

MAMA. (Assuming from Emma's unresponsiveness that she needs a reminder.) Where made about Moyer's truck that way---

EMMA. (Impersonally, as she studies Brendle.) I'm pleased to meet you---

MAMA. (To Brendle.) Won't you sit, please?
BRENDLE. (Goes towards Left Center chair.) (14) I'm afraid it doesn't do any good, though. I sat down the last time I was here—and the next day you had bad luck anyway!

MAMA. Eh? Ach, Papa you mean. Yah. Awful bad luck. (Shakes her head solemnly.)

BRENDLE. (To Jake.) The car stalled on the track, you say?

JAKE. Yah. (Again defensively.) It wasn't working good anyways. It was all ausgelodert.

EMMA. (Abruptly.) Jake—will you go down to the chicken house, to see if the brood's off yet? (Settles into chair at Right side of table.)

JAKE. (In relief.) Yah—(Is about to go.)

BRENDLE. Wait a minute. Have you got to go right away? I wanted to know all about the accident.

MAMA. (Eagerly.) Ach, I can tell you, Mister!

BRENDLE. But I wanted to hear about it from Jake. It was his accident!

MAMA. (Seeing the justice of this.) Yah. I—I could go myself to the chicken house—

EMMA. (Eyes intently on Jake.) I think Jake ought to go.

MAMA. Emma, now, when you got a visitor, you got to leave 'em do what they feel to do, ain't not? (Cordially, to Brendle.) It needs a minute only to look oncet. Don't hurry none, we can have now a visitor as long as he feels to sit. (On her way out the porch door.) I'll be right aways back—

(She is gone. Brendle, soberly but amicably, speaks to Emma.) (15)

BRENDLE. You don't want me to talk to your brother, do you?

EMMA. (Impersonal.) Why not?
BRENDEL. You think I want to make trouble for him. Well I don't. I want to keep him out of it. Of course—-(Turning to Jake.)(16) I don't believe this yarn of yours about your father disappearing into thin air.

JAKE. The gas tank---

BRENDEL. I know. "The gas tank blewed up." I've heard it from all the neighbors. They seem sort of pleased—-(Abruptly.) You didn't like your father.

EMMA. (Rigidly.) That's no resson.

BRENDEL. Never mind. Nobody liked him! But just the same, when a man disappears, we've got to find out what became of him. Tell me what happened, and if there's any way to help you out, I'll do it.

JAKE. (Stubbornly.) I told 'em, a'ready.

BRENDEL. Don't be pig-headed, now. If you don't tell me, you'll have to tell somebody that'll be tough. Now I don't believe you killed your father.

JAKE. (Hastily.) I didn't, Mister!

BRENDEL. But it looks pretty bad for you, just the same. (Suddenly, to Emma.) Do you know the truth about this?

EMMA. Yes!

BRENDEL. What is it?

EMMA. What Jake told us is the truth!

BRENDEL. The same thing he's told everybody?

EMMA. Yes.

BRENDEL. And you believed it?

EMMA. I---of course I believe it!

BRENDEL. You don't! Nobody does. They just want to believe it. (To Jake.) Come on, kid; what happened? Did you kill your father or not?
JAKE. I didn't kill him.

BRENDEL. How can you prove it?

JAKE. I---

BRENDEL. Come on, now!

JAKE. I can prove it for the reason he---(Blurt­
ing.) He ain't dead!

BRENDEL. That's better!

EMMA. (Skeptically.) Where is he?

JAKE. I don't rightly know.

EMMA. This is the truth, now?

JAKE. Yah. It's the truth. (17)

EMMA. We must tell Mama---(Runs to the porch, calls from the outer door.) (18) Mama! Come right aways in! (Returns to the kitchen.)

JAKE. (19) Do we got to tell her? She'll be wonderful disheartened to hear he's alive!

EMMA. If he's alive, she's got to know it, silly!

JAKE. (Wistfully.) (20) She's been enjoying him dead so much; with a telephone and all!

MAMA. (Hurrying in.) Is it somewhat wrong, Emma?

EMMA. Jake's got---something to tell you.

MAMA. (21) (To Jake, alarmed.) Ach, you've tore the house some more up!

JAKE. No, Mama. It's worse yet.

(They have practically forgotten Brendle, who, finding his task of inquisition taken over efficiently by Mama and Emma, withdraws himself from their attention, listening alertly, and making an occasional unobtrusive memorandum in a notebook that he extracts from his pocket.)
MAMA. What is it?

JAKE. It's Papa, still---

MAMA. Papa?

JAKE. He---he ain't dead.

MAMA. Jake---not any?

JAKE. No, Mama.

MAMA. But you sayed he was dead!

JAKE. I know. But he ain't. I---I hit him some.

MAMA. (22) You lifted your hand agin' Papa?

JAKE. (Earnestly.) Not my hand, Mama! A monkey wrench only.---It was a freight train stopped on the tracks there, and we had to wait some, and Papa was yellin' all the time how he'd shoot his revolver at Emma's young man---and I couldn't suffer it no more, so I hit him with a wrench the head over.

EMMA. You might have killed him!

JAKE. Not Papa. He went loose some, and he was sort of snoring that way, but he wasn't noways dead. And it wasn't nobody lookin', so I put him on the train. In a coal car.

MAMA. (Awed.) With the coal at?

JAKE. Yes, Mama. And the train went away, and I conceited maybe he couldn't come back ever.---Them trains go wonderful far!

EMMA. Ach, Jake---they come back just as far!

JAKE. Yah, that's been troublin' me some---

BRENDLE. What about the Ford-car?

JAKE. (Recalled to Brendle's presence.) Huh? (Then, offhand.) Ach, the Ford-car I let on the bend for the Flyer to hit, so I could say Papa was in it.
MAMA. Jake, now, such a lie you told!

JAKE. (Regretfully.) Yah, it was full much sinful of me, for all. But it was handy to say, and I sayed it, and then Emma conceited I'd killed him, and that worried me some more.

EMMA. If you'd only told me!

JAKE. You'd have worried then he wasn't dead. You're worried now, ain't?

EMMA. (With a sigh.) Now he'll be coming back.

JAKE. (Wistfully.) Maybe he ain't, Emma!

EMMA. He will, though.

MAMA. (In sudden alarm.) If he was (Unconsciously she has turned to Brendle, as if for counsel.) to come back here and find the surveyor, still!

BRENDLE. What surveyor? (Mama, speechless from her thoughts, nods towards Emma.) Oh, the young man!

MAMA. Yah. Papa'll make him somewhat.

BRENDLE. Why?

JAKE. He took Emma Thursday to a picture show without Papa give the darst.

BRENDLE. You can't shoot a man for that!

JAKE. Papa can.

BRENDLE. Hm---so you laid him out.

JAKE. (Uneasily.) Yah---

MAMA. He'll be wonderful spited.

JAKE. Yah.

MAMA. With his head hit so.---And he'll be some smutty from the coal that way---

JAKE. Mama, do you conceit he'll take the telephone out?
MAMA. (Considering.) If he will?

JAKE. And my workshop he won't let. And Emma---

MAMA. Ach, Emma, if you could hurry your young man a little!

EMMA. How can I?

MAMA. (Regretfully.) If you could be spoke for only, behind Papa gets here!

JAKE. You got this afternoon, anyways---

EMMA. (Brooding.) Not for sure. He could come back any minute. (With resentment.) And then we'll be right back where we were!

BRENDLE. (Abruptly thrusting his notebook into his pocket.) Well, Jake---I'm afraid you're a lawbreaker.

JAKE. Huh?

BRENDLE. You committed assault, and you wrecked your father's car, and you told a yarn that had the railroad company and the police running around in circles.

JAKE. (Regretfully.) Yah---

BRENDLE. And by every law of Pennsylvania, I should send you to jail.

MAMA. (Blankly.) To jail, still?

EMMA. You'd send him to jail?

BRENDLE. No! I just said I ought to! (To Jake.) Can you keep your mouth shut? (24)

JAKE. Yah---

BRENDLE. Don't tell anybody anything. I think I can get you out of this---

JAKE. That's full kind of you, Mister---

BRENDLE. (24) If only the old---(Checks himself, mindful of Mama.)---if only your father turns up all right.
JAKE. (Glumly.) I'd go to jail sooner---

BRENDLE. Did he have any money with him?

MAMA. Yah. He carried it always inside his neck with a string at.

BRENDLE. He'll come back all right---

MAMA. Yah---(They all agree, in a cheerless silence from which Mama presently starts.) Emma, now---the Dorking hen!

EMMA. Yah---I was on my way down to see her. (Moves listlessly towards the porch door.)

JAKE. (Intercepting her.) I'll go once for you---

EMMA. (With the gentleness that a common grief diffuses.) You've got your sink to put in.

JAKE. And your dress is to make---(With his own humor.)---and you don't need the sink any for your surveyor---(With a sidelong glance at Brendle he edges out by the porch.)

EMMA. (Looks after him.) Poor Jake!

MAMA. (25) Yah. He hadn't ought to have done Papa that way. But it's been some peaceful without him! (To Brendle.) He's a awful good boy, Jake.

BRENDLE. Is he?

MAMA. (26) Yah. Always he's for making me somewhat. (Regretfully.) And always it don't work just so good.

BRENDLE. Yeah.---Well, I've got to get along.

EMMA. It's full kind of you to help Jake that way.

BRENDLE. Maybe I'm sticking my neck out. But---Anyway, good luck to you. If your father makes trouble about the surveyor, let me know.

EMMA. He'll make it. He'll never give up till he's made it!
BRENDLE. You can't always tell. (To Mama, thoughtfully.) My grandmother used to have a saying—
I've forgotten how it went in German, but it meant that if you laid a trap, you fell into it yourself. (Mama nods absently.) Well, I'll see you later. (To Emma, as he goes.) Good luck, if I don't see you behind your wedding day! (He is out the porch door.)

MAMA. Emma---

EMMA. Yes, Mama---

MAMA. Make fast now with your sewing—it's some late. (Emma goes listlessly and absorbed in her thoughts, to her room. Mama moves towards the porch, but turns suddenly back. She goes to the telephone, takes down the receiver.) Get me Mrs. Fronheiser's house, please. (Calls after Emma.) When you're up to the hem I could help some. (Into telephone.) Hello, Mrs. Fronheiser—How are you—Yah, I know I called you once a ready, but I—I may not keep me my telephone, and I felt to call some while I had it—Ach, it's such a waste of money that way—Are you going today to the Ditzlers'?—Me, I feel to go also—Yah. Good-bye, Mrs. Fronheiser. (Hangs up the receiver, looks regretfully for a moment at the telephone, then wistfully around the room, as if saying good-bye to it. With shoulders drooping, she plods out into the porch and then up the stairs to make her beds.) (27)

(The room is empty for a few moments. Presently Papa stumps in from porch, firmly, but without excitement. (28) There is about him an air of singular but ominous satisfaction. Deliberately he hangs his hat and jacket upon the door, draws the revolver from his pocket and restores it to its holster, still suspended from its peg. Then, as if heated from walking—wiping his forehead with his sleeve and loosening his shirt where it clings to him from moisture—he goes to Left Center chair and sits in it. He meditates for a concentrated moment and snyrds in satisfaction. Emma's door opens, and Emma enters, carrying her new dress and her sewing basket. Papa eyes her, not with hostility, but with contempt. Emma, after closing her door, turns; and startled, she meets his glance. She shrinks a little, but summing courage against the great revulsion that his
actual appearance, however much she anticipated it, brings over her. She faces him, braced against the torrent of abuse that she expects, or even the physical violence. Still Papa makes no move; still he eyes her with a malevolent contempt before which she weakens. She edges back towards her door.)

PAPA. (Calmly.) Come back here. (Emma halts.) Make here what you got to make. (Emma moves uncertainly towards Right of the table, sets down her sewing basket, sits.) Bedrooms is to sleep in. (Emma looks at him, in growing but undefined fear. Then, with a numb sort of determination, she prepares to sew. Again Papa snorts; the snort of an easy victor.) Such gritzel-fixel you make. (Indicating the new dress.)

EMMA. (Firmly.) Yah.

PAPA. (With malice, but quietly.) To wear of a night, maybe—when you're roamin' the roads like a drutsch. (Emma's silence stirs Papa to a slightly more peremptory tone.) Can't you speak up?

EMMA. (With an effort.) Yah. Can I—can I make you something? (29)

PAPA. (Subsiding again.) No, I don't need nothing. (After a second.) From you I don't.

EMMA. (Looks at him again; her nerves snap under his cryptic complacency. Rises.) Papa—what is it?

PAPA. Eh? (Pleased.) What's what?

EMMA. You've done something.

PAPA. (With satisfaction.) Yah.

EMMA. What?

PAPA. (Sternly.) What God give it in my hand to do!

(Emma, staring at him helplessly, sinks back into her chair. The sound of hammer on pipe is heard from outside. Papa's tone becomes more literal.) What for pounding is that?
EMMA. (Tonelessly.) It's Jake. He's---(Her voice trails away.)

PAPA. (Grimly, but still in contempt rather than in excitement.) Jake, still! (30) (Rises, goes unhurriedly to the porch.) With Jake also I got somewhat to settle. (He reaches to the nail where the whip has always hung. Emma, watching him, rises. Papa turns suddenly, jarred from his satisfaction.) Where's my whip at?

EMMA. (Determinedly.) Since three days it's in the stove.

PAPA. (Returning towards the kitchen, a new cycle of wrath beginning as he cogitates.) The stove, yet! (31)

(Emma sees Mama descending the stairs, and calls out in instinctive warning.)

EMMA. Mama!

(But Mama is already in the room, in time to be greeted by the first rumblings of Papa's new anger.)

PAPA. Yah---my whip burning!

MAMA. Ach, Papa!

PAPA. Three days I go, and you contrive agin' me!

MAMA. We---we conceived you was dead only---

PAPA. (Bitterly.) Yah---from Dittendorf I hear it---how you put it out I'm dead.

MAMA. (Aimlessly, as her hands fumble at her apron.) You seen Dittendorf?

PAPA. Yah, I seen him! (Then, almost reminisciently, he looks at Emma, with a recurrence of his disturbing satisfaction.) He rode me part way from the station out---to where the road's tore up from the new cut-off---From there I come on foot still---(Abruptly, to Mama.) Get me somewhat to eat.
MAMA. (Puzzled at the strange undercurrents in the air, but afraid to inquire.) Yes, Papa--
(Goes to the dresser, and mechanically, sets about the preparation of food.)

(Emma, standing beside the table, has unconsciously begun to stitch on her dress. Papa observes this.)

PAPA. (Returning to Left Center chair, but not seating himself.) You're fixin' to wear grand for your surveryor, maybe?

EMMA. (With a sullen defiance.) If I am?

PAPA. Yah. (With mock politeness.) Dittendorf was tellin' me how you make of my house a hur-nescht for tramps of the road to come at when you think oncer you're rid of me. (Fulminating.) But the hand of God'll find its way, Emma Aukamp.

(Emma drops her sewing abruptly.)

MAMA. (Timorously.) Papa--you ain't---(Hesitates.)

PAPA. (Menacingly.) Huh?

MAMA. (Intimidated.) Nothing, Papa. (She turns back to the dresser.)

(Papa sits again in Left Center chair. Jake enters from porch, carrying his yardstick, passing it through his fingers as he makes some calculations. Looking up, he sees Papa eyeing him from his chair. Jake halts.)

PAPA. (Not rising.) Yah, dappel! (Jake shrinks back, but since Papa makes no move towards him, remains in the doorway---prepared for flight. Papa flings his words contemptuously over his shoulder at Jake.) You conceited you killed me, maybe.

JAKE. (Advancing a cautious step into the room.) Ach, Papa---I wouldn't have killed you any!

PAPA. (Scathingly, but still with his alarming calm.) No. You strike me down behind my back, and you leave me in a coal car for foreigners to find me and take care of me. But you wouldn't of killed me any!
JAKE. I— I was vexed a little—

PAPA. Yah?

JAKE. For Emma that way—

PAPA. (Ironically.) For Emma, still.

JAKE. Yah. (With growing nervousness.) It— it shames me for what I done—

PAPA. It shames you, eh?

JAKE. Yah— (His nerves give way under the tension of Papa's quiet.) Papa— ain't you dcin' me nothin'?

PAPA. If I am? Not now I ain't. (Thoughtfully; almost luxuriously.) Maybe tomorrow I ain't also. It's all your life in this house to do you what I'll do.

JAKE. (Voiceless.) Ach, Papa—

MAMA. (In agitation.) Jake— go oncl to the spring house and fetch me some schmierkase for Papa.

JAKE. (Absently, his frightened eyes still on Papa.) Yah—

PAPA. (Roused a little.) Go yourself to the spring house! From now on, Jake'll come and go in this house if I tell him to only! (Again quietly.) When you got a mad dog, you got to keep it on a chain, still.

MAMA. (Miserably.) Papa, now— Jake was hasty only!

PAPA. You're upholdin' what he done?

MAMA. No, Papa. It was sinful. But don't the Bible say you shouldn't make a wengeance ever?

PAPA. (Darkly.) The Lord says "Wengeance is mine," and when his hand guides me, I'll make him his wengeance for him.

MAMA. (Subsiding.) Yes, Papa— (Turns to the dresser, takes a bowl from it, moves hesitantly towards the door to porch.)
EMMA. (Rising.) Mama—I'll get you the schmierkase.

PAPA. Sit down oncet! I got somewhat to speak to you. I'll save you some stitchin'! (Then, finding that he has brought his family to a gratifying degree of nervous apprehension.) Down by the cut-off, I met up with your surveyor.

MAMA. Ach, Papa!

(Emma, her fears confirmed, subsides into her chair beside the table.)

PAPA. (Proudly.) The Lord led me to him where he was alone by himself at!

MAMA. Did you—make somewhat?

PAPA. (Violently.) What should I make with a man where done like what he done to my own dotter?

MAMA. (Wailing.) But he felt to marry Emma! He'd of spoke for her till a little!

PAPA. (Scornfully.) Marry her, still! He was ashamed of her! (32)

EMMA. He wasn't!

PAPA. (Loosing upon her the full malice of his triumph.) Then for why did he say he don't know you for all?

EMMA. He was trying to save me from what you'd do to me!

PAPA. You lie! I was a stranger to him, and it shamed him to have a stranger know he had any truck with you! Yah, you deckin' yourself out like a glund, and thinkin' you was wearin' grand for him. (Gloating.) And him laughin' at you always! It shamed him to know you, even!

(Emma shrinks back; not in fear of Papa but in secret dread that what he says may be true.)

MAMA. (Distressed.) Papa, now—(There is a knock at the door. Mama, her eyes till on Papa, calls out mechanically.) Come in. (Brendle enters.
Emma, in the misery of her thoughts, is hardly aware of his presence; Papa for the moment ignores him.) Ach, Mr. Brendle!

(Brendle nods, looks about the room. His eyes light on Papa.)

JAKE. (To Brendle.) Papa. He—he's back a'ready.

BRENDLE. That's what I thought. (Papa turns, recognizes Brendle's uniform, stiffens defiantly, but without fear. Brendle turns to Mama.) I'm sorry about this—-(Goes towards Papa; speaks quietly.) (33) You've got to come with me, now.

PAPA. (With dignity.) For why?

BRENDLE. You know why.

EMMA. (Desperately.) Please---what's he done?

BRENDLE. (Eyeing Papa.) The surveying crew found their foreman in the hollow near the cut-off. He'd been shot with a revolver.

MAMA. (Drops the bowl from her hands and runs to Emma.) Ach, Emma!

(Emma, in her chair, makes no move; and Mama, helplessly, stands behind her.)

BRENDLE. (To Emma.) It was only a shoulder wound, but it knocked him out. (Towards Papa.) He'd have bled to death, if they hadn't found him in time.

EMMA. Where is he?

BRENDLE. They've taken him to a hospital. (To Papa, who stands unperturbed.) You shot him, didn't you?

PAPA. (Righteously.) Yah, I shot him. I had right to shoot him.

BRENDLE. Oh, no, you didn't. Maybe you're the law in your own house, but you aren't the law of the whole country.
PAPA. I followed the law of God, an' there ain't no law higher. He disgraced my dotter, and he brought schimpf and shame on my house!

BRENDLE. Tell that in court!

PAPA. (Triumphantly.) Yah, I'll tell it still!

BRENDLE. Who'll believe you?

EMMA. (Stormily.) Who won't believe him? If my own father puts it out I'm bad, won't everybody believe him? He'll say he was defending his family, and they won't so much as put him in jail, even. (Suddenly dull.) He won't have to lay the whip on me then to keep me home. I won't feel to lift my head anywheres!

PAPA. It'll learn you to go oncet agin' your own father!

JAKE. It won't be like that, will it Mister?

BRENDLE. (34) (Without conviction.) I hope not---Courts are funny sometimes---

JAKE. (Resentfully.) If I'd hit him some harder, only---

BRENDLE. (35) Don't take it that way---your young man's coming out of it all right!

EMMA. Yah. I was thinking of me, only. He---(Breaking.) After this, he won't come near me again, ever.

MAMA. Maybe he will, Emma!

BRENDLE. Of course he will. He---(Emma's eyes meet his, accusingly, and he ceases his pretense. He turns to Papa.) Come along, Aukamp.

PAPA. (Without hesitation.) Yah. I done the Lord's will and I got nothin' to gear. (The telephone rings, Papa starts.) A telephone at! For such idleness you waste me my money if I ain't here to mind you! (The ring is repeated. He turns upon Mama.) Well, woman, do you make somewhatabout it, or do you stand there like a cow chewin'?
MAMA. (Scurries to telephone, takes down the receiver.) Hello---Yah---Yah, this is me---What say? Who? (She lowers the receiver, stares at the listening group in the room; then, as a male voice continues from the receiver, she looks down at it as if she had not seen it before. She returns it to her ear.) What say?---You're---where? I---Yah, I---I'll tell her. (Staring over her shoulder at Papa, she slips the receiver into its hook and turns away. Then, as an afterthought she turns back to the telephone.) Goodbye. (Again she faces Papa.) It's him!

PAPA. (Impatiently.) Who?

MAMA. The surveyor. He's stopped for oil in his Ford-car and he'll---he'll be right away out.

PAPA. (Blankly.) But I shot him, still!

MAMA. (Dazed.) He don't seem noways shot whatever---

BRENDLE. Wait a minute! (To Emma.) Was your boy friend's name Renfield?

EMMA. (Almost voiceless, her eyes on Mama.) No---

BRENDLE. (Turning, with hardly concealed satisfaction.) (36) Well, Aukamp---this finishes you. You got all lathered up and shot the wrong man?

PAPA. Huh?

MAMA. Ach, Papa, you was so headlong, always!

BRENDLE. Yeah, you ought to find out who a man is, before you shoot him.

PAPA. (Benumbed.) I ast him, still!

BRENDLE. Asked him what?

PAPA. Ast him, was he head man for the crew on the cut-off---(Wrath dispelling numbness.) And with his lyin' mouth he told me he was!

JAKE. (Pleased.) That was today only, Papa! Today Emma's young man had off! (To Brendle, hopefully.) Will they hang him now, Mister?
BRENDLE. I'm afraid not, but we can get him a nice sentence in jail.

PAPA. (Roused from his bewilderment.) For why you can?

BRENDLE. You can't say you were defending your family from him!

EMMA. (Radiant.) And he didn't know me!

MAMA. If you'd listened to him only, Papa!

JAKE. (Reproachfully.) But think now, Mama—if he'd of listened, we couldn't send him now to jail.

MAMA. (Resigned.) Yah—

BRENDLE. Come along, Aukamp. (He goes towards porch, stands aside from doorway between porch and kitchen.) Walk ahead of me.

PAPA. (Automatically, his clumsy mind lumbering towards comprehension of his plight, Papa moves towards porch, instinctively taking hat and coat from the peg. Suddenly he rebels, and in an access of wrath he turns upon Brendle.) I won't go!

BRENDLE. Don't get tough, now!

PAPA. I'll show you oncet---(He turns, draws the gun from the holster hanging on the door, faces Brendle.) Git out o' here!

BRENDLE. Steady, Aukamp—you're resisting the law.

PAPA. (In fury.) What for law? Ain't it the law of God I should drive loafers and thieves from my own house out? Make fast, now---

MAMA. (Steps between the two men.) Wait oncet, Papa. The man has right.

PAPA. What?

MAMA. It's the law so. You got to go.

PAPA. You're puttin' the law of man above the law of God hi'self?
MAMA. No, Papa. I done always like you said, because I conceited it was God's law, but I had wrong. It was your law only, Papa, and you ain't noways God.

(Jake edges closer to Papa, who, in his amazement, has lowered the gun.)

PAPA. (Unbelieving.) You're settin' yourself agin' me!

MAMA. Yes, Papa.

(WARN CURTAIN)

JAKE. (Taking advantage of Papa's inattention, Jake snatchtes the gun from him, and darts across the room.) Shoot quick, Mister!

(Mama steps back, startled. Papa is now covered by Brendle's gun.)

BRENDLE. All right, move on!

PAPA. You darsn't shoot me!

BRENDLE. I darst if I have to, and if I shoot, I shoot straight.

PAPA. (Looking aghast, from one to the other.) My own flesh and blood like snakes agin' me!

(The doorbell rings.)

JAKE. It's him! (36)

(Papa whirls accusingly towards Emma.)

EMMA. (Triumphantly.) Yah!

MAMA. Go quick, Papa!

PAPA. From my own house out---(Wrath suddenly breaking,) May the lightning of God strike down your souls all! (Turns and stamps out through the porch door. Brendle follows.)

(The doorbell rings again.)

MAMA. (With dignity.) You should go now to your young man, Emma.
EMMA. (A new light in her face.) Yah!

JAKE. It ain't needful now you should hurry him any.

MAMA. No Emma. I'll sit with Jake in the chicken house till the Dorking's off.

EMMA. Yes, Mama--- (37)

(While Mama and Jake look proudly on, she advances, as if into an enchanted world, towards the parlor, Left.)

CURTAIN
PROPERTY LIST

Stage Properties

Wood stove
Combination dish cupboard-dresser
Work table
Dining room table
Sewing table
Two sewing chairs (interlaced rawhide seats)
Two dining table chairs
One arm chair
Hook rug (ten feet in circumference)
Kerosene lamp (shaded)
Telephone

Hand Properties

Revolver
Bull whip
Kerosene lamp
Darning socks
Quilting patches
Purple thread
Needles
Almanac
Sugar bowl
Coffee pot
Knitting paraphernalia
Dust cloth
Lesson envelope
Kitchen matches
Bible
Sewing dress
Sewing baskets
Catalogue picture
One dish pan
One mechanical drawing
Four pencils
One ruler
One compass
Set of dishes
Set of glasses
Pottery bowls
Two glass pitchers
One broken crock
Two water pails
Milk (substitute cornstarch)
Doughnuts
Apple cider
One red checkered table cloth
One plain white table cloth
One water dipper
Stove wood
One pipe
One fold-up ruler
Stove lid lifter
Pancake mix
Acts I, II, III

Special black shoes (for club foot)
Black wool work pants
Grey flannel work shirt
Black Mennonite hat
Black suspenders

Papa

Act II
Black shawl
White apron
Black Mennonite bonnet

Act III
Black apron
White Mennonite cap

Mama
Acts I, II
Pale blue and white work dress
Dark blue apron
Pale blue and white sunbonnet
Brown lisle stockings
Sneakers

Emma

Acts I, II, III
Blue denim work shirt
Blue denim levis
Low sneakers

Jake
Acts I, III

Pale green flounce dress
Taupe silk stockings
Black patent leather pumps
Dark green sunbonnet

Act I
Brown Mennonite dress
White Mennonite cap
Light brown apron
Long white petticoat
Black cotton stockings
Low-heeled shoes

Emma

Mama
**Acts I. II. III**

Pink and white house dress
Blue print gingham apron
Tan silk stockings
Black house shoes
Light blue hair-net cap

**Mrs. Yoder**

**Acts I. III**

Pennsylvania State Trooper outfit:

- Uniform coat  
- Uniform breeches  
- Uniform hat  
- Grey flannel shirt  
- Black tie

- Sam Browne belt  
- Holster  
- 38 calibre revolver  
- High-laced black boots  
- Black leather puttees

**Brendle**
"Papa Is All" Lighting Plot
BIBLIOGRAPHY

A. BOOKS


B. PERIODICALS


*Newsweek*, 19159, January 19, 1942.


C. PUBLICATIONS OF ORGANIZATIONS

APPENDIX A

CRITIQUE AND SPECIAL PROBLEMS

"Papa Is All" was produced at Sacramento State College and directed by the writer on May 25, 27, and 29, 1953. The play was staged in-the-round inside the outdoor Theater Workshop building.

William C. Glackin, drama critic for the Sacramento Bee, had this to say:

STATE COLLEGE PLAYERS

PRESENT ANOTHER SUCCESS

Continuing to be cheerfully undaunted by the lack of a proscenium stage, the Sacramento State College drama department has fashioned another superior show in "Papa Is All", which opened six nights of arena theater last night in the tiny drama workshop on the new campus.

The play had its flaw last night, but proved effective nonetheless.

Playwright, Patterson Greene has written about a family named Aukamp, Pennsylvanians of Dutch descent who practice the Mennonite religion. There is the gentle Mama, the son who yearns to tinker with tools, the pretty daughter who pines for a little life.

And there is Papa--a mean, stubborn, cruel, sadistically domineering man who makes the elder Barrett of Wimpole Street seem like Caspar Milquetoast in comparison. He browbeats his wife, whips his son and sees to it that nobody draws a happy breath. When daughter Emma sneaks out to an innocent movie with a nice young man, Papa takes after him with a gun. He talks righteously but it really is the rebellion which galls him.

Up to this point the playwright--with great help last night from the college players--fashioned a taunt, gripping story. It is too bad that in the third act he turns from straight drama to comedy. The ending may be happier this way but the effect is mixed. You have come to hate Papa too much to laugh very hard at anything which happens to him, including his downfall.
Pat Riley, in a part which easily could have been overplayed but is not, gives perhaps his best performance to date as Papa--forceful, mean and menacing, with the assurance of the triumphant bully.

Beverly Burger, a freshman, makes an impressive debut as Mama, managing to make her human as well as meekly long suffering; Walter Murphy and Pat Cole are properly downtrodden but likeably lifelike as the youngsters; George Costello is once more very convincing as the state trooper, and Carol Hart as a gabby neighbor is effective, if a little less experienced in her characterization.

"Papa Is All" was presented in conjunction with "Blithe Spirit", the latter playing on alternate nights to make a week of theater-in-the-round.

Some major feats of work were accomplished during this week. Pat Riley, who played the part of Papa also found time to direct "Blithe Spirit". Another actor who had double billing was Walter Murphy who played the part of Jake in "Papa" as well as Charles in "Blithe Spirit".

Getting these two, three act shows on the boards during the same week was a thoroughly trying and harrowing experience. The problems of coordinating the two shows were tremendous. The end result, however, was rewarding as both shows were favorably received.

As an added distinction, "Papa Is All" was the first three act arena style play directed by a graduate student on the Sacramento State College campus.

A list of the cast and production crew is included in part B of the appendix.
THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF SACRAMENTO STATE COLLEGE in cooperation with THE DIVISION OF HUMANITIES AND FINE ARTS presents A WEEK OF THEATER IN THE ROUND with PAPA IS ALL by Patterson Greene and BLITHE SPIRIT by Noel Coward — WORKSHOP THEATER — May 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1953
APPENDIX C

PRESS RELEASES

The following is a reproduction of the press release sent to the Sacramento newspapers prior to the opening of "Papa Is All."

To: Mr. Merrill Osenbaugh, Sacramento Union
To: Mr. William Glackin, Sacramento Bee

The associated students of Sacramento State College have scheduled a week of theater-in-the-round for the last week in May, 25-30. "Papa Is All" by Patterson Greene opens the week of theater Monday night, May 25, at 8:15 p.m. and runs Wednesday and Friday. "Blithe Spirit" opens Tuesday night, May 26, and alternates with "Papa Is All" Thursday and Saturday.

"Papa Is All" is the story of Pennsylvania Dutch mother, daughter and son who rebel against a tyrannical father. Mama and Papa Aukamp are of the Mennonite religion; the son and daughter, exercising the privilege that is part of the Mennonite faith, have not adopted it. They remain, in local parlance, "worldly" until they feel the call to become "plain" or Mennonite.
Papa misuses the Mennonite tradition for purposes of his own, suppressing, in the name of religion, the simple pleasures and recreations of every day life.

Trouble arises when Emma, the daughter, sneaks into town with a surveyor, who wants to marry her, to see a movie which Papa calls a "dewice of the devil." Mama tries to conceal this fact; but Mrs. Yoder, a gossipy neighbor, inadvertently reveals the secret in a talkative moment.

In a fury, the cruel, sadistic Papa sets out to avenge what he calls an outrage to his family honour; he forces his son Jake to drive him in to town to kill the surveyor. However, Papa makes a mistake, kills the wrong man, and is finally brought to justice with the law of the land, as represented by State Trooper Brendle.

The cast includes Pat Riley as Papa, Walter Murphy as Jake, Beverly Burger as Mama, Pat Cole as Emma, George Costello as Brendle and Carol Hart as Mrs. Yoder.

"Papa Is All" is directed by a graduate student, Duane Weaver, who was seen in the last State College production, "The Hasty Heart." He recently directed "Hello Out There" for "Stage II" at the Eaglet Theater.