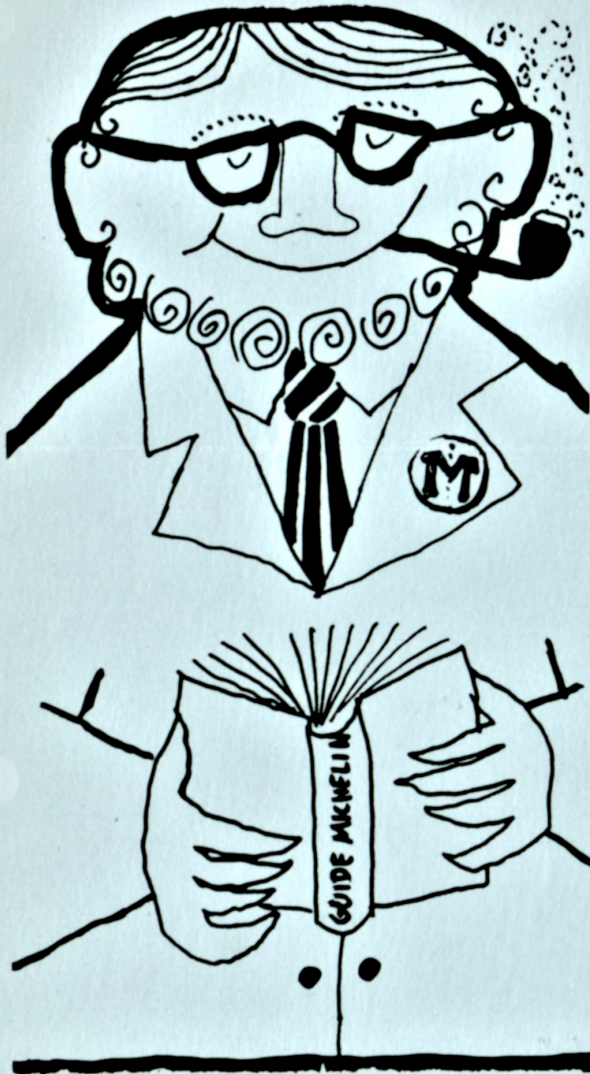


HAVE YOUR MAN BRING YOU TO. . .

-A NIGHT ON THE TOWN-



Faculty Women's Club FUN NIGHT  
Friday, February 8, 1963  
Michigan League

Buffet Served                      7:00 - 8:00\*  
Ballroom

Curtain Time                      8:30  
Lydia Mendelssohn Theatre  
An Original Comedy  
"The Saga of the Sabotaged Sabbatical"  
by Instant Playhouse Group

Dancing to the Joe Foder Quartet  
9:30 - 11:30    Vandenburg Room

Bridge                      -                      Kalamazoo Room  
Games                      -                      Hussey Room

Punch served in the Concourse

\*With curtain time at 8:30, no one can be served after 8:00.

Buffet per plate	\$2.25
Entertainment per ticket	.75
Only	<u>3.00</u> each

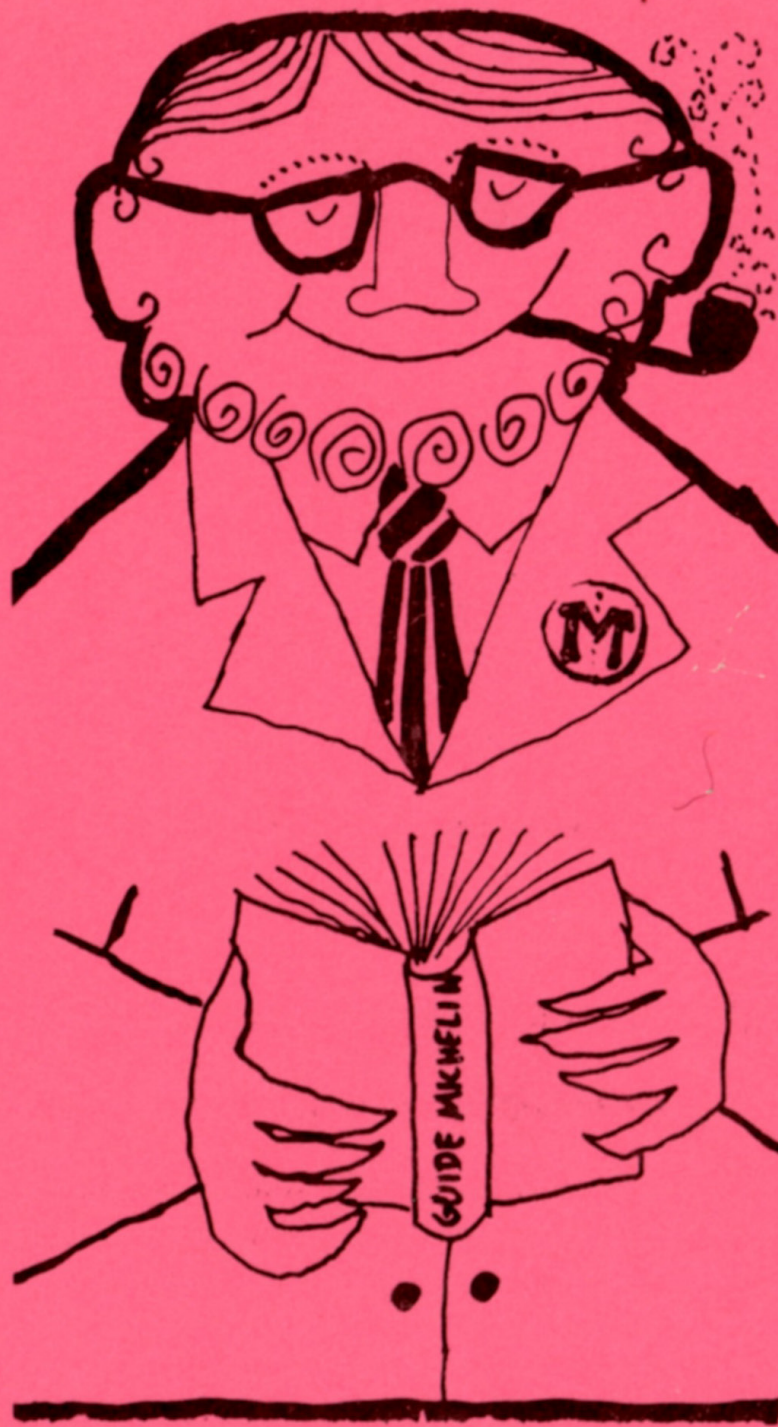
FOR A FULL EVENING OF FUN

If you cannot come for the entire evening, make reservation for either the buffet or the entertainment. Make checks payable to the Faculty Women's Club. We will hold your tickets at the door. Return the lower section by February 5, to:

Mrs. William J. Pierce  
1505 Roxbury Road

Faculty Fun Night Invitation & Program - Friday, February 8, 1986





"THE PERIPATETIC PROFESSORS"

Friday, February 8 1963

8:30 p. m.

Lydia Mendelssohn Theatre

**INSTANT PLAYHOUSE**  
**(formerly Sunday Theater II, F. W. C.)**  
**presents an original production**

**"THE PERIPATETIC PROFESSORS"**  
**or**  
**"THE SAGA OF THE SABOTAGED SABBATICAL"**

.....

**Director-producer - Millie Danielson**

**Co-writers - Ed Anthony and Millie Danielson**

**Stage Ass'ts - Jack and Bobbie McAllister**  
**Ed Armbruster**

.....



## CAST

Announcer - Ed Anthony

Peabody Family

Professor - Lee Danielson

Mrs. Peabody - Ann Anthony

Daughter - Fran Armbruster

Son - Bill Norris

Versatile Eight, in order of first appearance

Tom and Wilma Caless

Millie Danielson

Ruthmary Cohen

Bert Herzog

Del and Happy Wright

Mary Ellen Henkel

Accompanist - Jan Estep

.....

## THE PLAY

Curtain Introduction

Act I Scene 1 Professor's Intentions

Scene 2 Professor's Decision

Curtain Interlude 1 Plane for New York

Act II London

Curtain Interlude 2 Art of Communication

Act III India

Curtain Interlude 3 Mexican Mishap

Act IV Spain

Curtain Interlude 4 On the Riviera

Act V Russia

Curtain Interlude 5 Custom's Clearance

Act VI France

Final Curtain Now They Tell Us!

.....

①

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Director-producer - Millie Danielson  
Co-writers - Ed Anthony and Millie Danielson  
Stage Assistants - Ed Armbruster, Jack and Bobbie  
McAllister

.....

CAST

Announcer - Ed Anthony  
Teacktable Family -  
    Professor - Lee Danielson  
    Ann, his wife - Ann Anthony  
    Daughter Fran - Fran Armbruster  
    Son Bill - Norris Bill, that is  
Versatile Eight( V-8, for short)- in order of  
    first appearance  
    Tom and Wilma Caless  
    Millie Danielson  
    Ruthmary Cohen  
    Bert Herzog  
    Del and Happy Wright  
    Mary Ellen Henkel  
    Jan Estep, accompanist

.....

THE PLAY

Curtain Introduction  
Act I, Scene I Professor's Intentions  
    Scene II Professor's Decision  
Curtain Interlude 1 Plane for New York  
Act II London  
Curtain Interlude 2 Art of Conversation  
Act III India Communication  
Curtain Interlude 3 Mexican Mishap  
Act IV Spain  
Curtain Interlude 4 On the Riviera  
Act V Russia  
Curtain Interlude 5 Custom's Clearance  
Act VI France  
Final Curtain Now They Tell Us!!

THE PERIPATETIC PROFESSORS Cast and their appearances

Announcer - Ed Anthony

Curtain Interlude-Introduction

Prof. Teacktable - Lee Danielson

Ann Teacktable - Ann Anthony

Fran Teacktable - Fran Armbruster

Bill Teacktable - Bill Norris

Act I, Scene 1 Professor's Intentions

Same cast as Curtain Intro.

Act II, Scene 2 Professor's Decision

Same cast as above plus voice of messenger

Curtain Interlude 1 Plane to New York

He - Tom Caless

She - Wilma Caless

Announcer - Ed Anthony

Act II London

The Teacktables

Curtain Interlude 2 Art of Conversation

Mother - Ruthmary Cohen, *alt. W. Caless*

Daughter - Millie Danielson

Act III India

Ali - Bert Herzog

Mrs. Teacktable - Ann Anthony

Prof. Teacktable - Lee Danielson

Dearborn Center Man - Del Wright

Curtain Interlude 3 Mexican Mishap

First Girl - Wilma Caless

Second Girl - Millie Danielson

Accompanist - Jan Estep

Act IV Spain

Clerk - Bert Herzog

Lady from S. A. - Ruthmary Cohen, *alt. M. Danielson*

Student - Fran Armbruster

Prof. Teacktable - Lee Danielson

Ann Teacktable - Ann Anthony

Sick Man - Del Wright

Bill Teacktable - Bill Norris

Curtain Interlude 4 On the Riviera

He - Del Wright

She - Happy Wright

Act V Russia

Red Tape

Curtain Interlude 5 Customs Clearance

First Lady - Happy Wright

Second Lady - Ruthmary Cohen, *alt. M. Danielson*

Customs Inspector - Del Wright

Act VI France

Prof. Teacktable - Lee Danielson

Mrs. " " - Ann Anthony

Fran " " - Fran Armbruster

Bill " " - Bill Norris

Waiter - Bert Herzog

Entertainer - Mary Ellen Henkel

Accompanist - Jan Estep

Announcer - Ed Anthony

Final Curtain Now They Tell Us

Teacktable Family, as above

Messenger - Bert Herzog

HOUSE OUT

ELECTRICIANS INSTRUCTIONS

Stage Manager's Copy

On right side of stage, a podium, a stool and a light.

Curtain Introduction

Footlights only.

1, 3 FULL

LOCK IN CURT INTRODUCTION

Act I Scene 1

Stage all lit, with lamps also.

1, 2, 3, 4, QSM

After story about Asa Gray told by the wife as she pins on the dress form, stage lights dim way down, and a spot turns on the professor in the easy chair; he speaks and the spot goes to the wife on the floor; after she speaks, the spot goes to the girl on the sofa; after she speaks, the spot goes to the son on stool. When he is done and stands up, stage lights come up to normal again.

FULL

BLACK

STAGE FULL Scene 2

Full stage lit, as it was at the end of Act I, Scene 1  
No change during scene.

QSM

Curtain Interlude 1

Footlights only, until the countdown. Then a spot, footlights out, a boom sound, and all lights out.

1, 3 FULL

Act II London Full stage lights as in a living room above.  
No change during act.

✓ Curtain Interlude 2 Footlights only. 1, 3 FULL then Black

Act III India. Stage fully lit; no change during act.

✓ Curtain Interlude 3

Footlights only until gals sit down to paint; then spot.

1, 3 FULL

✓ Act IV Spain

Stage fully lit; no change during act.

Curtain Interlude 4

Footlights only.

1, 3 FULL

Act V Russia Footlights only; perhaps spot when curtain opens.

Curtain Interlude 5

Footlights only

1, 3 FULL

Act VI France - STAGE OUT - ONLY 1, 2, 3 ON CURT

Stage fully lit until singer comes to microphone; Then a spot on her. After first song, light up stage again as gal wanders around to sing her second number.

Final Curtain

Footlights only.



E  
STAGWE MANAGER'S DIRECTIONB

On right side of stage, facing stage, a podium, stool, and light, for announcer.

Curtain Interlude - footlights, only. No props.  
Be at center stage to open curtain for family as they come off stage. Take their coats.

Act I Scene 1 Stage is all set.

For Act I Scene 2, remove the dress form and add suitcases to the chair, card table and stool. Open suitcases.

For Curtain Interlude 1 Place two folding chairs thru the center opening of Curtain. Footlights only. Be ready to bring them back thru curtain when 'boom' is heard.

For Act II London Stage the same as Act I except move the sofa to the side and add a bed in it's former location. Hang the clothesline 'Gatty corner' so noone has his back to the audience to fan.

For Curtain Interlude II Footlights only.

For Act III India. Potted plants on one side, near curtain. Long table at left side of stage, filled with color-stacks of cloth, and other souvenirs. Stool or rug for Ali to sit on. Objects d'art around to look at.

For Curtain Interlude 3 Footlights only. Be ready to open curtain to let gals thru when they are done singing.

For Act IV Spain American Express desk, potted plants, and in the background, a cot for our clerk to 'siesta' on before action starts.

For Curtain Interlude 4 Footlights only. Also thru the center opening of curtain comes a chaise lounge. Be ready to help people and chaise back thru center opening at end of skit.

For Act V Russia. Place Framework with red tape at the very center of stage behind curtain. Footlights only. When curtain opens don't let it open beyond the framework itself.

For Curtain Interlude 5 Footlights only and at the center curtain opening place a low bench for customs luggage. Be ready to pull luggage and rack back thru.

For Act VI France On stage, a long table with a white cloth, a candle in the middle, two chairs on a side, and one at each end. Microphone(fake or dead) on one side of stage.

For Final Curtain Appearance Have the academic robe and the old coats ready to slip on the Teacktable family, who will step thru center curtain onto the stage, curtain closed, and with footlights.



RECORDED ACCOMPANIMENTS

*Insert*

Interval before curtain time

1. Meet Andre Kostelanetz Columbia  
Announcer and curtain introduction
2. Halls of Ivy, by Voices of Walter Schumann Capitol  
Scene 2 curtain \*Insert
- Far Far Away Places, By Ray Charles Chorus 'Rainy Night' Somerset  
Plane to New York Interlude
4. Fly Me to the Moon, by Peter Nero  
London
5. Foggy Day in London Town, by Ray Charles  
Conversation Interlude
6. My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, by Jose Melis?  
India
7. Munson's Record from India  
Mexican Interlude
8. Ole Ole, from Latin Favorites by Varsity Latin Orchestra  
Spain
9. from Havana 2 A.M. Carlos Montoya, first section of Record  
On The Riviera Interlude
10. Padam, Padam, by Les Baxter 'round the world  
Russia
11. Selection from Prokofiev's Peter and the Wolf  
Customs Interlude
12. Ennoll Gannen, "I Cover the Waterfront"  
France
13. Poor People of Paris, by Les Baxter  
Now They Tell Us Finale

\* Insert into the first scene\*\*

- a. Professor musing (in spotlight) Dream, by voices of W. Schumann
- b. Wife musing mountain high, valley low - Clebanoff strings
- c. Daughter musing 3 coins in the fountain - Peter Nero
- d. Son musing On the Trail - Ray Conniff 'Concert in Rhythm'

\*\*A bit of music as the lights dim and the spotlight finds each character daydreaming.

Can we use Exotic Percussion anywhere?  
by Milt Raskin

Announcement;

Insert between  
page 2 + 3

A word of explanation:

As the title would indicate, our faculty is 'on the move'. To add credibility to our skit, the following facts must be told. The Peabodys, originally scheduled to fill the leading roles <sup>in</sup> tonight's performance, have been suddenly called to Swift Current, Saskatchewan, so the roles will be filled by Professor Peabody's associate -that figures- Professor Lee Teackfable. Kindly make a note of this on your program.

Have Room  
Curtain Light



The Versatile Eight

Introduction for play:

Ladies and gentlemen:

Tonight you are to witness a spectacular presentation of the vicissitudes of those of our astute faculty who have, fortunately or unfortunately, survived that 'tour de force', or should I say 'tour de farce' to the far corners of the world that is known as a sabbatical, - or a sabbatical year. Sabbatical year, our friend Webster informs us, is (and I quote) "every seventh year, in which the Israelites were commanded to suffer their fields to lie without tillage." The meanings of some words change over the centuries but, remarkably enough, sabbatical year has resisted change; - for Israelites read professors, and we are brought up to date. Our production is in no way didactic - it preaches no moral, will not assist you in any way to prepare for trips abroad, is not guaranteed to cure heartburn, nor to instruct you in the acquisition of pay raises or exalted ranks. We hope it will entertain.

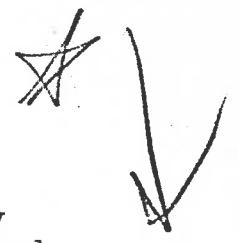
There once was a lady who told her friend, "My husband wants to take me around the world, but I'd rather go some place else." Well, willy-nilly, we are about to follow Professor of Furniture Development Lee Teacktable and his wife Ann (Antique Table, that is) as he leaves his particular field without tillage. We hope that you will stay with us as they travel about, undergo trials and tribulations, and finally return to plow again in Professor Teacktable's neglected field. As always, Lee and Ann are accompanied by their children - Fran and Bill. And here they come now. Why, Professor Teacktable, what are you doing in those abominable garments? We scarcely recognized you. Where have you been, and what has happened to you?

*Caroline Linton*

(Before Curtain #1.  
 Act I Scene I,  
 Act I Scene II.)

### Curtain Introduction

(Bedraggled foursome, the Teacktable Family, walk slowly and meekly from one side of the stage toward the center. The Professor is wearing a tattered academic robe with patches on it; his family is wearing old coats ( to cover up the costumes they wear for the first act). They carry hats, upturned, seeking contributions.



Announcer: .....Why Professof Teacktable!....We scarcely recognized you....Where have you been and what has happened to you?

*more than a year ago*

Professor: Ummmmmm?.....oh, hello there...well....it all ~~was~~ ~~pease~~ started when I discovered that I was eligible for a sabbatical. (he shakes his head like he wished he'd never been mixed up in the whole mess.) *Let me tell you about it?*

( Lights go down, permitting the foursome to step thru the center curtain ppening. There they will remove their coats an robes and assume the positions as described in Act I, Scene 1

Music and Curtain Opens

*people in seats -> Act I Go*

★ Cards, requesting audience in first row participation, were distributed prior to performance, containing following request and coins taped to card:

*"At first appearance of Teacktable family please toss coins to the stage"*

P.S. We put out about 8 cards (8 coins). At end of show we collected one thirty (30) coins from stage floor. *Make psychology!*

P.P.S. As souvenirs of this production, I imbedded said coins into plastic paperweights. Mementos of a fantastic evening!



ACT I SCENE I PROFESSOR'S INTENTIONS

Living room of the <sup>Teacktable</sup>Peabody home. Prof. <sup>Teacktable</sup>Peabody is in the easy chair, reading and searching the newspaper for something. Ann, his wife, kneels before a dress form, pinning a hem on a a skirt. The daughter, Fran, wearing slacks, and 17, and son, Bill, 15, and in a sweatshirt, are playing a game at the card table set by the sofa and a stool at it's side. Each pursues his activity as the curtain opens....and Lee speaks.)

Lee: Ah, here it is. Report of Regents' actions. They have granted my request for a sabbatical. Guess that makes it official. As you know, ann, I've asked for a sabbatical for next year. Got my request in just in time. It was the last meeting at which the Regents would be considering requests for next year. ...Do you realize that I've been teaching for twelve consecutive semesters without a break ?

Ann: (aside to audience) It still <sup>only</sup> adds up to six years!

Lee: I had hoped to hear from the Edsel Foundation first. I figure that a grant from them would go a long way toward pa ying my research expenses the second semester. But time was short . I couldn't wait for their reply. Let's hope it comes thru too.

( Phone rings... Lee rises to answer it )

Lee: Professor <sup>Teacktable</sup>Peabody speaking.....who %....Miss Burgess from the School of Nursing.....Yes, I'm driving to Lansing tomorrow morning. You'd like a ride ?.... Well, I'm leaving at 7:30 .....why not take a car from the Motor Pool ?.... oh, they are all out right now.....not a dar left in the lot!.....Why, of couse I'll be glad to pick you up. Goodbye. (hangs up and says to wife) It would appear that our faculty is on the move...Wonder who's keeping the store%

Ann: (Laughing) I recall the story of Asa Gray, who was the first professor to ever be appointed to the University, who only came to Ann Arbor once in his life. He spent the first year of his appointment traveling all over Europe buying botany books for the Library. The University was so poor, they couldn't offer him a salary, only the title. He retained this rank for years; finally accepted a position with Harvard... with pay ( she goes back to her pinning )

( Lights dim and a spot turns on the Prof, who muses.)

Lee: Ah, a sabbatical! What a pleasure <sup>it</sup> it will be to work as early or late as I please, in my good old study, undisturbed. By Gadfrey, this book of mine is about to materialize at last.

( Spotlight <sup>if</sup> moves over to the wife )

Ann: A Sabbatical! ....travel, that's what we must do. So broadening! So good for the children...they are just the right age ,too. We must get busy on reservations at once. The Harvard Guide to Europe says that it's possible to

travel for \$5 a day. We must "do" London. The Louvre in Paris. Rome. And the castles in Germany. Perhaps even sample some real, honest-to goodness Scandinavian Smorgasbord. Hmmm, wonder how far East we'll get... lovely Indian temples, and delicious Japanese foods. ( she pats the dummy's tummy) Well, old girl, I'd better be thinking of you as an International traveler, not just a rebuilt model for the next Faculty Dance.

( Spotlight switches to the daughter )

Fran: What's that Dad said? A leave ? Wow, it's Paris for me! All those wonderful designers and exciting Frenchmen..... Ooooo-la-la. London Bobbies and Italian Guides. Canals in Venice and the Pyramids of Egypt. Jeepers, wait til I tell the Girls. ( she lies back on the sofa and closes her eyes)

( Spotlight switches to the son, Bill )

Bill: ( ON STOOL ) Hey, skiing on the Alps; swimming in the Mediterranean; English Rugby- I've always wanted to watch that. Might even take in a gorey Spanish bullfight. O- lay! (and he "makes a pass" as with a cape and a charging bull. and maintains the pose of the Matador as the lights come up on the set.)

( wife gets up from her hemming position and goes to her husband. She sits in his lap and loudly exclaims, )  
Oh darling. The sabbatical sounds wonderful. I'm so glad FOR YOU!!

( Curtain closes. music for a brief moment )

Act 1 Cut -

Curtain light



Music:

ACT I, SCENE II PROFESSOR'S DECISION

(Several months later, immediately prior to departure time)  
Same living room; dress form has been removed and several open suitcases are about, being packed, but sofa is clear.  
Ann, the wife is in the room alone.

Ann: I do hope we'll be in Paris in November. The weather will be cool and damp but that will make those snug little bistros that much more appealing. And oh how I'll love that lovely dark sweet coffee! ( Bill enters with a stack of clothes)  
Did you get all your drip-dry's packed? I understand that laundering facilities are not always good--so we must be practical.

Bill: Here's my stuff. Boy, my arm is sore. Those shots hurt more than the diseases, I'll bet. I could only play four sets of tennis today...and had to quit.....where shall I pack my skis?  
(Mother looks desperate and Bill plops onto sofa to watch.  
Enter Fran carrying address book )

Fran: I've got the names and addresses of all my friends and what they want me to bring back. Also some of their Pen Pal's addresses in London and Moscow. Hope we get a chance to look them up.

Ann: Of course we'll try, dear. Now, check your list to see if everything is packed dear. Where are your traveling papers? We'll keep them all together with our tickets and reservations.

Bill: But where will we pack my skis?

Ann: We won't. We'll rent you some in Switzerland. Must keep our luggage small enough that we can handle it by ourselves, without a porter, if necessary.

Fran: I'm sure glad we talked Dad into giving papers and conferences around the world instead of holing up in his study for a year. It's so much more exciting this way.... Look, someone said we'd better take some of this along...so I'm packing a jar. ( she has Peanut Butter )

Ann: Don't be silly, dear- when we visit all those wonderful eating places, you won't even remember what Peanut Butter tastes like. But take it if you like.... Ouch. my arms hurt, too, but not from tennis!! It's from trying to close these over-stuffed suitcases.....now where did I put those clothes pins and line?

(She gazes up as Lee wanders in, holding strings of tickets aloft )

Lee: Well, here we are folks. Step right up and grab yourself a handful of World Tours. It was quite a blow to the savings account but Old Edsel will revive that. Didn't know it cost so much 'just to get there'.

( Doorbell rings. Lee answers.)

ACT I SCENE II, page 2

Voice off stage: Special Delivery, Sir. (Lee says this in disguised voice)

Lee: (off stage) Thank you. (Lee walks back into living room)

(on stage) Wonder what we have here. (opens wire and stares unbelieving) OH BOY .....

(numbles part til he comes to lines he reads aloud)...!..!it is the consensus of the staff that under the current program of the Edsel Foundation, the proposal would carry low priority in terms of the demands on available funds..!....Will contact later for more information to reconsider applicatmon..!....(shaken)....our plans are all made...I guess we can manage if we are careful....(he brightens up and tries to sound cheerful)...well, now, where were we?

(he turns to suitcases and puts in a couple of books and adds his brief case to the pile of luggage.)

'It will be good to get away for a change...helps to get a new perspective on this teaching business.'

Curtain closes.

Alas, with the Edsel Grant cancelled, can the Teacktables af-FORD a sabbatical - or must their plans to travel be made with no FOUNDATION whatsoever? But no - a man who has turned the furniture development world upside down - from the HeppelWhite Cliffs of Dover to Grand Rapids with his revolutionary paper on THE PHYSIOLOGY OF RICKETS AS A FACTOR IN THE RISE OF THE GATELEG TABLE IN 19TH CENTURY OUTER MONGOLIA (available on microfilm) - will not be stymied by the recalcitrance of a foundation too blind to see the uplifting value of his precious research project.

While the Teacktables count pennies and break open piggie-banks behind our velvet curtain, let's drop in on another covey of wandering souls about to file aboard a rather uncommon carrier.

(Before Curtain #2)



Record;

Curtain Interlude 1 Plane for New York

( Two folding chairs come thru the center curtain and are placed very close together. Spotlight on chairs. )

Professor and wife trudge on stage, breathless and carrying suitcases.

He ; That sure was some climb. I wonder why they didn't take our bags?

She: I don't know. These seats are so small and so close together!

( They struggle into seats and stuff luggage under and around)

( They sit quietly and wait. Nothing happens. Look around expectantly )

He :

Sure its crowded in here. Are you positive we're on the right plane? What flight number is this?

She: I don't know the number but the name of the ship is..... now let me see.....I think it said 'Sigma Seven'.

Announcer, in a monotonous voice, " 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,BLAST OFF"

A boom, lights flash, and go out

Well, they made it. The Teacktable family are now in the United Kingdom, in London, to be precise. Ah, London - the changing of the guard, the bad-word tower, afternoons in the B.M. (no, doctor, that's the British Museum,) feeding pigeons at Trafalgar Square, Mayfair, the marble arch, thank-you-darling at the tube station, natives who almost speak our language. We find the Teacktables - tired, but unhappy - in their hotel suite, replete with dimming light fixtures and inaccessible plumbing. They are talking quietly of the cultural heritage that is ours through the courtesy of the British Crown.

(Act II)

Music: A Foggy Day in London Town

Setting - Hotel room in London. Rearrange the furniture <sup>from</sup> ~~as it~~ ~~was in~~ the first act and add a cot with a spread to look like a bed from the audience side. A clothesline is stretched from one side of the stage to the other.

Ann, in a robe, is standing behind the clothes, almost unseen, fanning the clothes with a newspaper, when Fran and Bill come bursting in to the room.

Bill: Mater! Mater! (And they start looking around to see if  
Fran: anyone is there.)

Ann: (Thrusts her head thru the clothesline and says,) Mother will do, thanks. Grab a newspaper and fan while you talk. These drip-dry's are the greatest but never have they met such foes as no heat, rain, fog, and smog, all at once.....And keep your voices down. Your father is still in a snit about his shaving experiences.

Bill: Oh, you mean about forgetting to bring an adaptor for his electric shaver! Boy, he sure hacked off a "bunch" when he tried a straight razor. *(They fan)*

(Lee enters, in robe, and wearing a Bandaid on each side of his chin, and looking grimly at the scene.)

Fran: Hi, Pater. Need a transfusion?

Lee: Very funny! I'm shopping for an adaptor today.....Ann, will a shirt be ready for me by tea time? I've got to meet the committee to discuss the final details about the paper I'm giving tomorrow in Ireland.

(Lee sits down to check the airlines schedule and reads in the Travel Guide about Ireland. *shake out map*)

Lee: Say, listen to this. I've finally learned the Irish secret to health. The Guide book says, *Read* "The liquor laws are absolutely mad. Local residents are subject to all sorts of restrictions as to hours, and on Sundays ~~are~~ the pubs are open only from 1:30-3 and 5-7. Exception: if anyone can prove he's traveled more than three miles from where he slept the night before, the restriction isn't effective. So that's why the Irishmen are so healthy-look at all the walking they put in!"

Fran: *wait for laughs* Speaking of mad, we had a really great time with those British friends we looked up.

Bill: Yeah, we went out for a bite to eat and guess what we had!!.. Not hamburgers, but Fish and Chips!

Fran: And they're wonderful. They <sup>Kid's</sup> even speak a different language. Listen.....

Bill: "I say, old girl, my lori has run out of petrol. I looked under the bonnet and in the boot and find the pram has been left behind. Guess we'll have to cue up and take a tram tube to your flat."



LONDON (2)

Fran: "Righto. We'll take the lift up to my flat, and raid the refrig while we wathh the Tele."

Ann: Insult us all you like, but keep fanning. Imm starvèd.

Curtain down.

To know a people, know their language. Before our curtain, we will shortly find a mother and daughter - linguists both. Though not Teacktables, they belong to the same species. Before their departure from the U.S., they stocked up on various language texts with titles such as:

Mandarin Chinese without Tears

Colloquial Russian for Fellow Travelers

How to Speak German without getting a Sore Throat

How to say NO 300 Ways in French

The Helpful Handbook of Basque

Swahili without Sweat

Learning Spanish Profanity through Pictures

and Elementary Pigeon English for the Beginning Black Market Operator

We now see that this effort was worth-while. Take it away, ladies.

(Before Curtain #3)

Music:

CURTAIN INTERLUDE 2 ART OF CONVERSATION

No props- just a moving spot to follow girl, who strolls across stage, book in hand. She reads, pauses, mumbles to herself, as if trying to memorize, then walks to center of stage. Mother of girl walks on from the other side.

Mother: I'm glad to see that you are studying your foreign languages. It will be a great help to us all on this tour. What have you learned so far?

Daughter: Oh, quite a lot. Listen:

*Où est le cabinet? /uw ey lœ kabuné/*  
That's French.

Donde está las damas? That's Spanish

In Thai, it's *Hong nom yoní*

In Chinese, they say, Tchen mawn nāy noi sigh saw-oo  
gone joy nah tchu.

In Russian it's Gdyé oo-born-na-ya

Mother: That sounds fine, dear. But what does it mean?

Daughter: About the most important words in any language---

"Where is the ladies' room?"

*Où est le cabinet - French*

*Donde está - damas*

*Thai Hong nom yoní*

*Chinese Tchen mawn nāy noi  
sigh saw-oo  
gone joy nah tchu*



We seem to have misplaced the Teacktables. Where do you suppose they are now, behind that velvet curtain? Innajah! Amongst the Rajahs and gurus; humming 'Way Down upon the Swami River'; viewing elephants, the Taj Mahal, the cosy bonfires of Benares, the Red Fort of Delhi. While Professor Teacktable is out trying to buy rattan chairs for the departmental office without being bamboozled, Ann Teacktable diligent bargainer, is in the local market. She is about to have what we might call a bizarre experience.

(Act III)

## ACT III INDIA

The curtain rises, disclosing a bearded man, sitting cross-legged on a bench beside a long table. He is barefoot, wears loose, white trousers, a T-shirt, and a dark, unbuttoned vest. This is ALI. On the table are neatly arranged clothes of brilliant colors. As the scene opens, he is humming a minor tune cheerfully, casually arranging those pieces nearest him.

An American Lady tourist, Mrs. Teacktable to be sure, enters from the left, saunters toward the nearest corner of the long table, and feels two or three of the pieces of material between her thumb and fingers. Her expression shows that she is considering a possible purchase.

bo bs

Ali bows- a series of quick, short bows- and scurries rather than walks around to Mrs. T. He smiles, and without speaking, makes a gesture to Mrs. T. inviting her to inspect the rest of his merchandise. After an instinctive hesitation and a slight withdrawal, Mrs. Teacktable moves along the table, inspecting cloth as she goes. So far, no word has been spoken.

Ali: (a gaudy piece of cloth clutched to his bosom) Mem sahib like India cloth? (obvious trouble with English) India women like this ones. Very nice. Also cheap.

Mrs T.: Is that what a real Indian woman would wear? It's very bright.

Ali: Very nice. Also very cheap. (noting that she hesitates, he picks up another which, by chance, appeals to Mrs. T.)

Mrs. T. : That's very pretty. (she takes it )

Ali : Very cheap. Also nice. You try. (he whisks it out of her hand, drapes it over her, runs around her like a May Pole, in a crouched position. It's much too long- trails to the ground.)

Mrs. T.: It's very pretty, but it's just a little big. (she divests herself of the cloth by revolving as it falls to the ground)

Ali: Big? Big? Ah- I unnerstan. I have small one. (he grabs another and drapes it in the same manner as before, but runs out of material before reaching the waist.)

Mrs. T. : (giving a nervous laugh) No, I'm afraid not. I wear a Size 10 if that's any help.

Ali: Yess (he hisses slightly) I find number 10. All India women dress have number. Mem sahib see? (he shows her small tag at bottom of yet another piece of cloth)

Mrs. T. (with mild impatience) This says 15.

Ali: Here number 10. (he holds up another)

Mrs. T.: (more impatient) That says 23. (Ali obviously doesn't read numbers either.)

Ali: (picks up cloth, slaps it, top side down,, to remove dust- cloth has dusting powder on it) ~~Here best cloth. Just come~~

Ali: Here best cloth. Just come in (cloud of dust) Number 10.  
Very nice. Very cheap. (tugs at beard- anxious to make sale)

Mrs. T.: That says 1947. Really! I don't believe these are sizes at all.

Ali: You buy. I give good, good cheap price. (in despair, he grabs first cloth his hand touches) All India woman like this. You buy? This good Indian Dress. Size not important.

Mrs. T.: (Now, not really interested in buying; she had made up her mind. Nevertheless, she picks up the cloth, transparently humoring him, ostentatiously searches for tag, holds it up, reads it to herself, shakes her head, and says) SARI, WRONG NUMBER. (without backward glance, she stalks off, head in the air)

Ali sighs, devastated, stares for a long second at her back, walks dejectedly along the table, picking up the scattered cloths, folding them lovingly, brushing them, and putting them back in order.

While this occurs, two men enter the other side of the stage, one at a time. One is Prof. Teacktable; the other wears the dress of a native- black coat; tight white pants; and black hat and shoes. He stands around with his arms folded across his chest watching the Prof. Prof. T. wanders about the shop, looking, touching, examining items. Native stares openly. Prof. becomes aware of the man watching him and finally, gathering courage and curiosity about him, approaches the man.

Prof T.: (in pidgin English) Why you watch? I do wrong? I just look!  
(waves arms in sweeping innocent gesture) You Unnerstan?

Native: (belly laugh) Ho, ho. Yes, I 'unnerstan! You are Professor Teacktable from the University of Michigan, aren't you. Thought i recognized you.

Prof. T.: ~~See~~ Sorry...you have the advantage. ....that attire!

Native: Oh, this!...I've just come from an Indian Ceremonial....  
I'm Prof. George Elgass, from the Dearborn Center.

(men step forward and shake hands in greeting as the

Curtain closes. )

Leaving the Teacktables in Inja's sunny clime, we present, before our curtain, an interlude - down Mejico way. Exotic Mejico hosts many a Yanqui tourist, and many a student who flees the midwest campus to pick up a few easy credits during the summer. We now find two of the latter - art students from a well-known middle western state university. Are they from Ann Arbor? No. Our art students go to Italy, France, or Japan. Could they be from Indiana University? No, I caught a glimpse into their luggage. Their toothpaste is Ipena, not Crest. They must be - and are ... from ... well, let's see. And they seem to have a problem.

((Before Curtain # 4)



## CURTAIN INTERLUDE # 3 MEXICAN MISHAP

(Enter two gals, carrying stools, paints, canvasses, wearing smocks or  
or shirts (out). Set up painting equipment - without enthusiasm  
and no smiles.)

FIRST GIRL: Did you call back at Sanborn's Department Store to see if your  
travelers checks had been found?

SECOND GIRL: I tried to but the cashiers office is closed until Monday morning.  
We have the whole long weekend to worry about it.---- How much money  
do we have?

FIRST GIRL: About seven pesos, sixty centavos. Not much, is it? And it won't  
last long, with our board and room due ..... I'm hungry right now.

SECOND GIRL: Gosh, I'm such a boob!! We're really in a fix....I can't seem to do  
anything right -- here in Mexico.

FIRST GIRL: Oh, cheer up and think happy thoughts. Let's get on with our  
painting.

SECOND GIRL: All right, but my heart isn't in it!

(Both try to paint, smile; fail. Sigh. Rest heads together and sing-----

WHY O WHY

1

Why, O why, O why O  
 Why did we ever leave Ohio  
 When we said we'd go to paint Acapulco  
 Our pesos were not running low.  
 Wondering how our friends are  
 Why don't they write - when will they phone  
 O, Why, O why did we share that papay-o  
 Let's take our paints and go H-O-M-E  
 Let's pack our bags and go home.

2

Cuando, Cuando, Cuando  
 When did we flip in our sombreros?  
 Why did we squander resources  
 to wander o'er hills full of cactus and stones.  
 Ahora, no dinero  
 Donde esta? Where can it be?  
 O why, O why O, did we leave Ohio  
 Mañana we'd better to O-H-I-O  
 Maybe we'd better go home.

(Embrace in consoling gesture)

If you were singing for your supper, you merit a ten-course meal.

Viva España! Our furniture expert and his family are now in Madrid, where Professor Teacktable is to continue his research. He has been tracing the history of the finial - you know, those little wooden knobs that you sometimes find on top of lamps and bedposts. True scientist that he is, he has been struck with the idea that, since art imitates nature, the finial owes its appearance in furniture architecture to its resemblance to a vegetable. He has communicated this theory to Señor Profesor Francisco Boca Raton de Cabeza de Vaca y Pata de Burro, who holds the chair of furniture psychology and development at the Universidad Central de Sillas y Camas in Madrid. The distinguished Castillian professor has invited our Professor Teacktable to address his advanced seminar on the subject FINIALS AND THE SPANISH ONION - THE TEACKTABLE HYPOTHESIS. But, while he is in Madrid, he pays a call on that organization which, with patriotic fervor and 24-hour service watches over the interests of Americans abroad, - that group of dedicated citizens who gave up their homeland to represent the United States in other nations, to protect us when we travel from the insolence of office, the vagaries of strange laws - to encourage American businesses and to deal with foreign governments. You all know to which organization I refer, and you are quite right -the American Express. Our scene takes place in the American Express Office in Madrid. Curtain going up.

(Act IV)

Music:

Setting: American Express Desk. Behind the desk, partly visible to the audience, is a cot upon which lies in 'siesta position' the clerk. Tourists mill around anxiously waiting the arrival of the clerk.

Line up at the desk, in order of conversation, are as follows:

Clerk--Bert Herzog--behind desk, in white coat

Lady from South Africa-- Ruthmary Cohen, carrying idol

Sick man--Del Wright, in misery

Professor Peabody-Lee Danielson, in loud sport shirt

Ann Peabody - Ann Anthony, in warm weather clothes AND FAN

Student from England- Fran Armbruster, in beach hat, to distinguish her from the role of daughter, which she is not in this skit.

Bill Peabody- Bill Norris, who strides on stage later

Teacktable

THE TEMPERATURE IS HOT AND HUMID. STRESS DISCOMFORT

Attendant yawns and stretches as he awakens from his siesta and discovers the line-up at his desk. He methodically stands and smooths out his jacket, hair, etc., then walks to back of desk.

Clerk: Welcome to Madrid, Señora. Is it not the most beautiful city you have ever visited?

Lady: Well, it's about time...Madrid!! What am I doing here? I've been trying for ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> days to get from Johannesburg, South Africa, to London. First I was stranded in Egypt for ten hours and now they've dropped me off in this place. Will you kindly look at my papers and tell me where I'm going from here. (she fans herself and glances around impatiently)

Clerk: (looking over papers) Ah, si, señora, you are to pick up the reservations for the rest of your journey. Let me see if they are here. What is your name?

Lady: Featherspoon...Miss Angela Featherspoon.

Clerk: (checking thru the file) I'm sorry, Senprita, there is nothing here for that name... Ah wait, what is the name of your mother?

Lady: Smith, but what possible business is that of yours?

Clerk: In Spain, Senorita, it is the custom to add the mother's maiden name to the regular name...so, often your reservations are filed this way.....you see. here it is. (he produces tickets and hands them to her) Muchas Gracias, Senorita, y Adois.

(Lady leaves as in a huff)

(girl at end of the line speaks to the Peabody's)

Teacktables

faint

Student: Beastly hot, isn't! I'm sure I'll ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> faint if it doesn't cool off soon. I Say, Are You Americans?

Lee: Yes, we are. Why?

Student: Have you by any chance come thru London recently?

Lee: Yes, we were there two weeks ago (wiping brow)

Student: What was the weather like?

Ann: Oh, it was terrible.. it was cold, wet, raining and foggy the whole time we were there!

Student: (in ecstasy) 'ow lovely!!

(student walks off in a daze, without stopping at desk)

6666

Insert Dellh here

Del: (looking sick and weak) Me again. Any money order from home for me, yet? I've been waiting a week and cant take much more of this 'Spanish Tummy'

Clerk: No wire, Señor, but there is a letter. It seems to be some kind of advertising.

Del.: Read it to me...I cant read Spanish.

Clerk: (reads to himself, looks puzzled and says) I read but it does not make sense to me. It says, "Hey, Jeemmy. Are you steel using that greasy keed's stuff?" (shrugs shoulders)

( back to script above the line )

Peabody: (next in line at the desk) Package for Peabody?

*Teack table*

Clerk: (after looking) No, Señor

Lee: That's funny. I wrote home for those lecture notes, three weeks ago. They should be here by now.

Clerk: Perdone, Señor, but did you send it Airmail? Regular mail can sometimes take as long as six weeks.

Lee: Six weeks!! In six weeks I could rewrite the whole series.. .....and it looks like that's exactly what I'll have to do.

( Enter Bill and Lee turns from desk to talk to him)

Hi, Son, <sup>at least</sup> you're right on time...how was the bull fight?

Bill: Great! I even had a chance to meet the matador..he did a great job! Hey, Mom, he even gave me a present to give to you. It's considered quite an honor...(and he takes a thing from his pocket and gives it to her.)

Ann: Ooooo, it's so nice <sup>soft and furry</sup> and-seft..it feels almost like a puppy's ear. What is it?

Bill: The bull's ear, of course.

Ann: Ahhhhhh, (and she throws it into the air and dashes off stage.) *Caramba*  
Curtain



0.

We all know that research is a fatiguing affair. We realize that the relentless pursuit of knowledge on a sabbatical brings one perilously close to nervous breakdowns, infectious hepatitis, and delirium tremens. Forgetfulness of care through periodic rest and recreation is a practical necessity if one is to continue to burn with a hard and gemlike academic flame. Where better to relax than the French Riviera? (As a matter of fact, there are many better - or at least cheaper places to relax, but the fugitive academic couple that we are about to meet succumbed to a fraudulent travel poster, and we find them - on the Riviera.)

(Before Curtain # 5)

Music:

26

CURTAIN INTERLUDE § 4 ON THE RIVIERA

Man and wife enter in beach clothes, and carrying beach equipment, like a big towel to spread on stage, sun glasses, pillows, umbrella? These they spread out and lie down.

He: Ah....this feels so good.

She: I'm exhausted...a week in the land of the Midnight Sun has made a wreck of me. I haven't caught up on the sleep I missed yet. Now be quiet and let me concentrate .  
(she covers eyes with booklet)

He: Ummm....this is great....makes six solid years of teaching seem worth while. Here we are, on the Riviera, just the two of us.....

She: The two of us....and two children.

He: Whaaaa-Children! Whaaaa...,what children?

She: Why, ours, silly. Whose do you think?

He: OH MY GOD.....I'd forgotten all about them. I left them back in Switzerland on a ski lift!

And now for a rusty peek behind the Iron Curtain. Ay yach nyem! While a senior in College, Professor Teacktable, with the foresight that has made him a giant in his field, applied for a Russian Visa for four, guessing that he would some day be married and have two children. His timing was perfect - the visa came through on the day the Teacktables left on sabbatical. And now we find them in Moscow.

(Act V )

Whoops! Professor Teacktable was, apparently, not foresighted enough. Well, better luck next sabbatical.

Music:

ACT V RUSSIA

After proper introduction, music, and the curtain opens, part way.  
Stage is empty, except for a network of hopelessly entangled  
red ribbon (tape). That's it!

Wait for laughs and close curtain

O tempora, o mores, said the Romans, who knew something about the problems of tourism. Freely translated, this means, Professor Sweet tells me, 'It takes a long time to get through customs.' While our protagonists, the Teacktables detour around the USSR, let it not be said that we neglect a university's distaff staff. Ladies too go a-sabbaticalizing. The pair we are ~~xxxx~~ to see are returning early to the U.S. because their college is on the quarter system. They are about to cross a border. It doesn't matter which border, really, but this one happens to be the American.

(Before Curtain #6)



Music:

CURTAIN INTERLUDE NO. V CUSTOMS CLEARANCE

From one side of the stage enters a man in a uniform-type coat and cap, who is the Customs inspector. From the other side of the stage comes two women, one carrying a small bag and the other carrying a large one. One also has several sheets of paper, one declaring what they are carrying thru; the other, of stuff which will be sent thru at a later date. (many sheets),

Inspector- Del Wright  
First lady - Happy Wright  
Second lady - Ruthmary Cohen

Happy: This is the place. Our line forms right here. Do you have the declaration papers filled out, dear?

Ruthmary: I certainly do. It took me hours to get them all straight and in order, but they are done. (waves papers)

Inspector: All right, ladies, set your bags here. Now which are the papers for what you have with you.?

(Ruth gives him a single sheet which he looks at quickly)

Now the declaration of things ~~to be~~ sent-coming later?

(Ruth starts to hand him a whole raft of sheets when she drops them and they get all mixed up. She and friend get flustered and embarrassed as they attempt to pick up and sort them again.)

Happy: Were so sorry. There that looks right.

Inspector: (patiently) Ummmmm, well, let's have a look at the bags, shall we? No, let's look in the little one first. ' Good things come in small packages, don't they? (with a bit of a leer, he looks in the small one. Then he checks the large one, which produces a lot of Coke bottles. He grabs about three in each hand and holds them up so the audience can see them.)

What's this, pray tell?

Ruth: Oh, my friend here collects Coca Cola bottles. She has them from over thirty countries in the world now. Isn't that interesting, Ummm?  
exciting -  
(he holds up a vase and looks at the bottom)

Happy: That's a real treasure. I bought that in Bangkok, Thailand/

Inspector: Well, you wont have to pay duty on that one- it says on the bottom that it was made in Hoboken,..... I guess that's all ladies. Welcome Home. (and he pips his cap, turns, and walks off stage. Gal/s can grab bags and exit thru the center curtain opening.)

When good Americans die, they go to Paris, someone has said. Lee Teacktable, Ann Teacktable and their two little ones have entered the ultimate in civilized gastronomy - vive la cuisine francaise. We find them in a little left bank restaurant, where they serve the most divine pastrami soufflé.

(Part 1 of Act VI)

Record; French, of course

(32)

ACT VI FRANCE

Setting - one table set for four, with candle to be lit, waiter standing by. ~~Peacock~~ Family enters and pauses at entrance long enough to say their first speeches. Then the waiter approaches and takes over. Family is very dressed up.

Lee: Looks like a good place to eat.

Fran: Isn't it pretty!

Bill: Smells good, too.

Ann: Ooooo-ooooo

Waiter: (bows) May I?.....Madame.(seats her) Mademoiselle.....  
Messieurs...~~(he bows as he seats each one, then lights the candle. The Peabodys sit stiffly and uncomfortably.)~~

Ann: They say there are almost no poor restaurants in France. Frenchmen love their food so well that ~~a~~ sub-standard restaurants just don't survive.

( they start to glance at the menu when the music comes up- it is the type that would accompany a floor show. All heads turn, as if to watch. They seem a little surprised.)

Fran: Mother, those dancers aren't wearing very many clothes!

Ann: (clears throat) Ummmm, yes dear, read your menu.....  
(to Lee) that's one thing we forgot to check on.

(music stops and parents sigh with relief)

Ann: Let's order now, dear.

Lee: (studies menu) then beckons waiter) Would you help us, please.

Waiter: Monsieur would like to order now?

Lee: Yes Please. ~~What is this item in red?~~  
*We'd like a real French Meal*

Waiter: The specialty of the house, ~~Sir~~, Monsieur

Bill: Probably pushing yesterday's Roast Beef

Lee: Uh.....What's this, FILET DE BOEUF STRASBOURGEOISE ?

Waiter: Very good. A specialty of the house also. But Monsieur would surely prefer the ENRECOTE GRILLE.

*Lee what's this item? Cognaac Vin.*  
Lee: Why would I?

Waiter: It is a favorite with all Americans. And with it some ~~fried potatoes~~ and some PETIT POIS, ~~little green peas~~.

*pomme d'or*  
Lee: I suppose so. ~~but~~ *And do* we ~~do~~ want to have a special dessert.

Waiter: Ah yes, monsieur, we serve excellent desserts. ~~Special~~  
~~ice cream~~ PACHE MELBA. (bows out)

(Lights dim as announcer speaks)

ACT VI FRANCE (con.)

*Teack tables*

Announcer: When our Peabodys have consumed this 'typical French' meal ordered for them by the well-meaning waiter, they shall doubtless be dismayed to discover that they have been tricked. Unfortunately, the many of the French have come to believe that all Americans eat nothing but steak, fried potatoes, peas, and ice cream. Imagine what delicacies they have missed.... but now, dinner is over and it's back to the ~~Peabody's~~ *Teack tables* table.

(lights up, please)

Ann: Well, now, wasn't that good?

*Frans Peas*

*Ann: French Fried*

*Lee: Grilled Steak I think we could get just as good in Ann Arbor*

Lee: Frakkly, I dont think it was any better than we can get on Ann Arbor.

Bill: It was O.K., but I'd rather have a Peanut Butter sandwich any day.

Ann: Shhhhhhh, here comes the entertainer.

( lights down, spot on Mary Ellen Henkel, who strides up to fake mike and sings first number)

APPLAUSE

For her second number, light the stage so that the singer can walk around the tables and will embarrass Lee by showering him with attention. The rest of them love it.

Applause and Curtain

Before we bid goodbye to our paripatetic family, we must see them safely home. Broadened by travel, almost broke, wiser but poorer, they return to their homeland. They will soon find that the tenants in their home used the refrigerator to store shoes in, rented the back lawn to a semi-pro football team as a practice field, and made their grocery lists on the wall-paper. This has not happened quite yet as we make our final visit to the Teacktables.

~~fact~~

(Before Curtain #7)



FINAL CURTAIN APPEARANCE

(Family of four from preceding skit slip into the robe and coats they were wearing for the Curtain Introduction, and step thru the center curtain opening into the spot)

*Just arrive'd home again after our year abroad*

Lee: Well that's the story. <sup>^</sup> We've traveled alright! We've met a lot of fine people; swapped a lot of ideas; missed a lot of connections; and spent a whole lot of money, more than we had, I guess. We could hardly afford to pay the duty on the souvenirs we brought back. ....And I got material for my book, if I can only get home to write it.

Messenger: (calling as he comes on stage) Professor ~~Peabody~~ <sup>Teacktable</sup> Professor ~~Peabody~~ <sup>Teacktable</sup>? A Special Delivery letter for you, Sir.

(Family crowds around the professor as he fumbles to open the wire)

Lee: Well, what do you know...(reads).. "Edsel Foundation is happy to inform you that a substantial amount has been awarded to you for the <sup>the</sup> pursuit of your research, for the Spring semester of 1964" .....Now they tell us!

He throws up his hands in resignation.

THE END THANK YOU.

*By the way -  
This entire production, run  
entirely by amateurs, went off as smooth  
as satin - No hassles w/ taped music,  
lights, script a piece. Everyone was  
wonderful!!*