Norton Speaks on Theatre History

by Nancy Kruse

Theater in Boston has been lighting up for survival since its birth," Norton elaborated. "The first professional theater, opening in 1792, also of tened the Puritan standards. The manager of the theater was arrested, largely because John Hancock, then the governor of Mass., hated theater. The manager was cleared later and allowed to continue his work at the Exhibition Theater on Haywood street for two years.

"Opposition to the theater led to curious, hypocritical actions," Norton explained. "Plays were called "moral collections" and playhouses disguised as museums. The Boston Museum, by 1845, had a permanent resident year-round acting company, performing in repertory."

During the nineteenth century, local companies, by then accepted in Boston, had to fight to exist, led by then Edward Booth, "the greatest American actor," performing in productions of Hamlet, Macbeth, and King Lear.

"By 1875, acting companies began to travel and became more popular than resident companies," Norton cited James O'Neill, "the prototype of the Boston legend," as "a romantic hero," toured with his 1878 production of The Count of Monte Cristo.

In 1915, when there were 13 playhouses flourishing in Boston, "something happened to break the back of live theater." A silent film, Birth of a Nation opened at the Tremont Theater, currently the Astor. The film depicting the Reconstruction period following the Civil War was considered so unfair to northerners and blacks that it brought people into the theater in droves.

In 1927, Al Jolson in The Jazz Singer launched the era of the "talkies." The popularity of films with sound "took actors, directors and the theaters from Broadway to Hollywood," Norton said. In 1948, television businessmen "took the national entertainment media" and the death knell for live theater was sounded over Norton's desk.

Norton explained that the current "try-out" system cheats Bostonians of seeing final, finished versions of plays destined for New York. "We should have our own acting company, Boston shouldn't be just a gingham on Broadway," Norton stated.

Of the three repertory theater groups now working in Boston, (The Boston Repertory Theater, The Hub Theater Center, and the Theater Company of Boston), Norton pinned his hopes for a solid company on the Theater Company of Boston. Norton wished that David Wheeler, director of the Theater Company would broaden his scope of productions to include old and new plays along with experimental drama, "just as the Times says it should be done in New York," he added.

(Continued on page 3)
Working with Nature
by Kaye King

A summer of shopping in souvenirs left unsated—tomatoes in purple, lettuce, carrots, radishes, and green beans. The first tomatoes were half green and small; the last were big and huge. The lettuce tasted like plastic and the radishes tasted like cardboard with taste. A summer of work religiously carried out: to add shells and dry turned the heap over to coffee grinds, tea leaves. Working cooperatively with the compost heap. After break—satisfaction we had is and tasted like leather; the tomatoes, radishes, does the impossible. He and carrots sweet and juicy. green plants broke through dens in the fall and added tomatoes ripened on the then-table scraps. He raked the year we could have soil will hold the water best of the roof. To this he added:

What could I do to make times a week. heap isn't large enough or it. A hot core developed.

Although we added new matter evenly.

worms and tumble bugs. A team at the start of the year's cross country team. At the Suffolk College Golf Tournament,竞争力已经初步形成。17 teams competed. This meet competed. This meet

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IRELAND

by Chris John Christofaro

(Editors Note: This is the second report of a five part series)

After five hours of rolling emptiness, the two lane highway type two lane highway, the Derry Express bumped into the Donegal Irish stop, Lettekerney. The bus driver, an elderly man of about 40, freed his charges, and stepped off the double huggers, and for a moment forgot something, he made an effort to half circle and shouted back into the bus...

An elderly woman, wearing a black slobber, sobbed slowly off the Express as did a boy about high school age who'd been saved on since Galway. Fewer of the middle of the bus you see the outlines of the remaining passengers. There were maybe a dozen children, none older than 12, and a red faced middle aged man named 'Mac.' All were in various stages of peeling and eating orange peels. When the Express started again the red face middle aged man handed cheek around. "How long does it take there?" a little puggy lady said as with tears welling in her eyes...

"45 minutes." Mac patiently answered.

About 20 minutes later the Express pulled along side a single story, monotonous looking house. It was the middle school. Irish Customs Post. A young man in a blue uniform opened the door and exchanged greetings with the two inside. The kids and got off the bus. The bus driver and a small green lorry coming from the opposite direction stopped. The kids waved and the driver turned on a smile that revealed a bad row of upper teeth. Mac put his thumb up... maybe 3 minutes passed before the door to the lorry opened.

A cracked shut. The driver adjusted his head in the view mirror and the Express trekked its way along the straight grey two lane. 50 meters to the front was Ulster Customs. Here, there was nothing, just the road, green walls check, and the memory of a thin root which ran alongside the sides of the cement foundation. The kids and the driver got out. Another man in a blue uniform got on. He also smiled at the kids and said hi.

On the side of the road were barrels in staggered patterns and steel spikes in a diagonal angle pointed towards the building, stripes. Mac explained that this was so gunfire couldn't ride by and shoot up the customs post at top speed. While the driver was filling out forms, two British soldiers were searching the baggage. One soldier smiled at the kids, some smiled back, others made menacing faces. One boy stuck his tongue out and the soldier went back to his work Mac smiled.

Minutes later the driver got on, turned then backed out and pulled back along the lane. During the ride, the British soldiers were ominously felt. Sand-bagged one position and barbed wire barricades offset the transit hills along the highway. Armored cars rumbled by and seemed to distort traffic patterns. Occasionally a radio station of a patrol could be seen through the heart. Above the head of the army camouflaged positions there was a patchwork patterns of the ever present pastures. Just before Derry, traffic backed up at an army checkpoint, but the kids grew restless and Mac broke out the window. The driver elbowed on the wheel looked back at Mac. "Probably 10 minutes." Mac answered. Finally, the Express pulled into the Ulster Bus Station. The striking words "Civil Rights or Civil War" were painted on a short brick building. A transient crowd filled the platform and a lone British soldier leaned against a glass doorway.

Mac set the children along the platform, and waved a cab across. The street was a betting parlor adjacent to a gutted brick building. The ifndef two armed British soldiers stood by a sign that said Central Control No Waiting. Next to that was a Chinese restaurant and a boarded up store front. Mac filed the children into the second black cab. Said "I'll be doing the baby work and I was gone. Around the corner was another British soldier the booth just over the receiver was name Mary and an obscure phone number over the words "No Pope Here."

A big nose and thick glasses limped by. In arms was a large gun and a board. The man went on the same yellow and the new bus Mac had just gotten off. Of the marquee now in the Express, as it would three weeks of right and left hand safety, and explosions later.

But now there was only a delayed rumble as the Express idled and the new driver glanced at the last few tickets. Then as usual, the bus driver closed and the Express chugged off. 15 minutes behind schedule.

FIREFIGHTER

Editorial

Last Wednesday's fire drill was a potential disaster. Students filing out of the Donahue and Archer buildings plugged Temple Street in such large numbers that students still in the building feared it was impossible to get out. Add to the possibility of students trapped in the building is the impossibility of a fire engine gaining access to Temple Street. Ridgeview Lane, of course, is blocked by the cars and trucks that park there every day so there's no alternative route there.

The fire department wants the school installed a minute and a half and their maximum standard is five minutes. It took twelve minutes for the school to empty so there is obviously something wrong somewhere.

The answer is the students themselves. It seems that we haven't got the brains to walk away from what is supposed to be a potential disaster. The JOURNAL suggests that we all need to be instructed to move students away from the building once the alarm sounds. The JOURNAL also suggests that we all need to be instructed to move away from a school as if there was something wrong everywhere else why not this.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I would like to thank all the students who gave their votes and support, made it possible for the Student Government Representative to be re-elected. I would like to thank all the members of the class who worked hard to make this happen.

Grazia Davi

Freshman Rep.

NORTON

(Continued from page 1)

On the second report of a five part series...
We invited a few friends for dinner and they helped clean up the Genesee River.

With the aid of a few thousand pounds of microorganisms, we’re helping to solve the water pollution problem in Rochester. Maybe the solution can help others.

What we did was to combine two processes in a way that gives us one of the most efficient water-purifying systems private industry has ever developed.

One process is called “activated sludge,” developed by man to accelerate nature’s microorganism adsorption. What this means is that for the majority of wastes man can produce, there is an organism waiting somewhere that will happily assimilate it. And thrive on it.

The breakthrough came when Kodak scientists found a way to combine the activated sludge process with a trickling filter process and optimized the combination.

We tested our system in a pilot plant for five years.

(At Kodak, we were working on environmental improvement long before it made headlines.) And the pilot project worked so well, we built a ten-million-dollar plant that can purify 36-million gallons of water a day.

Governor Rockefeller called this “the biggest voluntary project undertaken by private industry in support of New York State’s pure-water program.”

Why did we do it? Partly because we’re in business to make a profit—and clean water is vital to our business. But in furthering our own needs, we have helped further society’s. And our business depends on society.

We hope our efforts to cope with water pollution will inspire others to do the same. And, we’d be happy to share our water-purifying information with them. We all need clean water. So we all have to work together.

Kodak
More than a business.