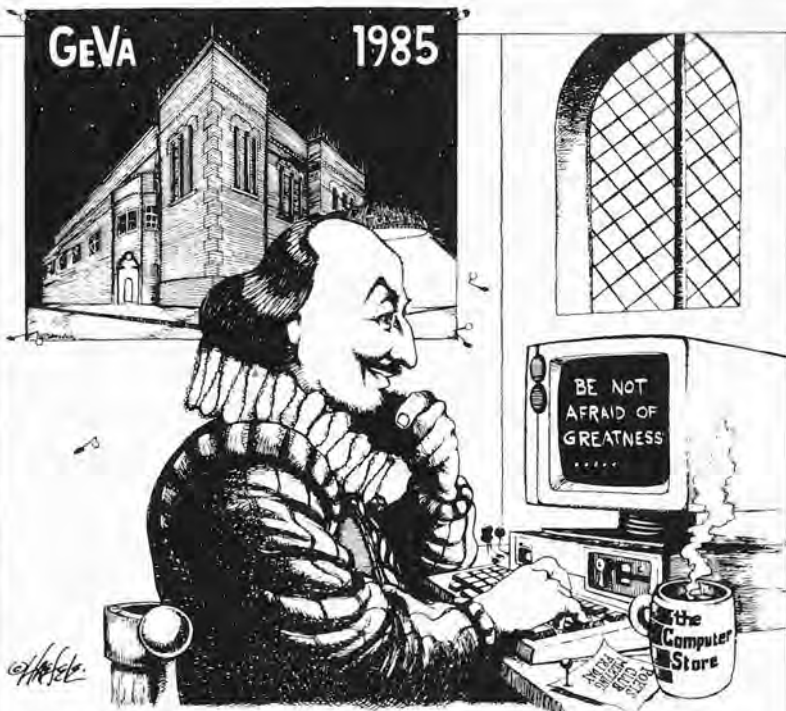


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Nightingale
Sang*

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HOWARD J. MILLMAN, *Producing Director*

presents

AND A NIGHTINGALE SANG...

by

C.P. TAYLOR

Co-Produced by

THE LAWYERS CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

and

PCI RECORDING STUDIO

Directed by

GIDEON Y. SCHEIN

with

**FRANKLIN BROWN
BRENDA FOLEY
BRAD SULLIVAN
ANGELA THORNTON
GEOFFREY WADE
AMELIA WHITE
RICHARD ZIMAN**

Set Designed by

RICHARD HOOVER

Costumes Designed by

PAMELA SCOFIELD

Dialect Coach

RICK ERICSON

Casting by

DAVID TOCHTERMAN

Lighting Designed by

VICTOR EN YU TAN

Sound Designed by

TOM GOULD

Stage Manager

JAMES STEPHEN SULANOWSKI

Hair Styles by

PAUL LYONS

MAY 25, 1985 through JUNE 15, 1985

This performance is made possible, in part, with funds from the New York State Council on the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency.

CAST

Helen Stott.....AMELIA WHITE
Joyce Stott, her sister.....BRENDA FOLEY
George Stott, her father.....FRANKLIN BROWN
Peggy Stott, her mother.....ANGELA THORNTON
Andie, her grandfather.....BRAD SULLIVAN
Eric.....RICHARD ZIMAN
Norman.....GEOFFREY WADE

The action takes place in Newcastle-on-Tyne during the years of World War II.

ACT I

- Scene 1: *"Oh, Johnnie, How You Can Love"*
Sunday, September 1939
- Scene 2: *"We'll Meet Again"*
June 1940
- Scene 3: *"Yours"*
August 1940

There will be a 15-minute intermission between Act I and Act II.

ACT II

- Scene 1: *"That Lovely Weekend"*
November 1942
- Scene 2: *"The White Cliffs of Dover"*
June 1944
- Scene 3: *"A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square"*
8 May 1945



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NORTHUMBERLAND

The following description of Newcastle-on-Tyne and other cities and regions of Northumberland is taken from a 1930's travel book entitled GREAT BRITAIN, edited by Dore Ogrizek. Its whimsical style, typical of travel literature of the period, suggests the variety among the people and locales of this very small, very colorful region.



THIS is a land of coal and ships, of castles and old romances, of rivers that come tumbling down from moorland and mountain solitude to the hum and rattle of world renowned shipping ports.

The voice of the Tynesider—Geordie to you—is recognisable all over the seven seas, mainly because so many fine ships have been built and sailors bred on the Tyne.

The curiously lilting lingo that you will hear in the streets of Newcastle has an odd way of going singing up the scale at the end of a phrase, and the natives seem to have some difficulty with the letter *r*. Like most other Northerners, they are sturdy, homely and friendly folk. You will see the figure of the typical Northumberland or Durham miner, stocky, broad-shouldered, white teeth gleaming from a face coal-blackened like a nigger-minstrel's, and cap-lamp carried aloft, or of a shipbuilding worker, deep-chested, muscular, plainly capable of swinging a mighty hammer. There are no pretensions. A Tynesider's highest compliment is to call a place or person "canny". It is an untranslatable word, but their Tyneside metropolis is "canny" Newcastle, and if they admit that you are a "canny soul", it means you are just right in their particular modest and cosy way, and you can do no wrong.

They show their friendliness to the stranger in a dozen different ways, and if they like you, they will call you "hinny," just as the conductress on the Yorkshire bus will call you "luv."

They have their own games—as at a Durham miners' Gala—and their own songs, such as "Blaydon Races" or "Cushy Butterfield" which Northerners will roar together, wherever they may meet.

One of the best known of all British songs, "Weel May the Keel Row" is a song of coaly Tyne.

*Oh, who is like my Johnnie,
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonnie.
He's foremost, 'mong the mony
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne...*

The ships and lads of the Tyne are famed all the world over.

Coal and ships. The wealth of this region is built on those two foundations. In England the Industrial Revolution sprang from the vigorous enterprise of the rising manufacturers, but they owed almost everything to the finding together of coal and iron, and to the nearness of great rivers like Tyne, Wear and Tees.

Alongside the shipyards are great engineering works and the coalfields are near to both. Travelling through, you constantly catch sight of the typical pithead, with its great flywheel from which the cage goes rattling down to the coal-face.

Nearby is an unbeautiful slagheap and not far away the typical pit-village.

A grim setting for a novel of the type of A.J. Cronin's "The Stars Look Down," but the courage and kindness of the mining community are beyond praise.

Engineers will be interested in such phenomena as the Tyne High Level railway bridge and the handsome single-span bridge below it, rather like the more famous Sydney Bridge.

They will also learn something of the father of English locomotive engineering, George Stephenson, whose queer-looking engine, which he himself drove from Darlington to Stockton in 1825, was the first to run on any English public railway, and now lives on Darlington station in sight of such mighty modern engines as the Coronation Scot, as they go thundering by between Kings Cross and Edinburgh.

Stephenson was typical of that English and American tradition of the poor boy of strong character, who makes good in spite of overwhelming difficulties. It took him till he was over forty before he could induce a business man to take up his engine, yet there is not a railway line in the world today that does not owe something to him.

The coal, iron and shipping industries of the North East flourished in the bustling expanding years of the Nineteenth Century, and took a harsh beating in the slump years between World War One and World War Two. Now they are engaged on a post-war drive to regain the eminence that their ships and engines brought them, and it is still as foolish as ever to carry coals to Newcastle.

The region is not by any means all pitheads and smoking chimneys. Away from the industrial belt, there are enchanting stretches of heathery moorland and high valleys where the rivers have not yet broadened out into streams of bustling traffic.

The local farmers have their special pride in their sheep and Durham shorthorn cattle, and these were the stock which all through their earlier history had to be guarded from the marauding Scots. From the earliest time the wild painted people from the north Border looked on raiding the English as their leading sport.

They bothered the Romans just as they bothered the English later. It was Hadrian who built the wall to keep them out.

You won't see anything like a complete stone wall because in later more peaceful times nearby farmers would use it as a quarry, taking the stones the Romans had hewn to mend their barns and byres.

But almost all the way across the country—it once stretched from Wallsend over to Bownes—there is a rough line of mounded earth. It was built in the Roman military fashion: a genuine stone wall, twelve feet high and closely cemented, with a ditch in front.

There was a rougher wall about seventy yards behind, made of piled turves and stones, as a second line of defence. At intervals of about a mile there were strong castellated forts and in between were watch-towers.

The Picts would have had to be smart fellows to get past a defence as strong and watchful as that.

In mediaeval times the Scots were still difficult neighbours and their raids were as regular as football fixtures and considered rougher.

There was a Scottish cheiftain whose wife placed a pair of spurs on the great meat-dish to indicate to him with ladylike delicacy that it was time he went off on his moonlit travels to bring back the English cattle for a really good meal.

The Northumbrian border was honeycombed with castles built with the object of keeping out the Scots.

Sometimes the fights between the English and Scots were family as well as national affairs.

Nowhere is this better shown than in such a family as that of Percy in their mighty castle of Alnwick.

The story goes that once when the Scots were beseiging the castle, the English were on the point of yielding; one of the beleaguered knights rode out, unarmed, save for his spear on the point of which he had placed the keys of the castle.

Thinking he had come to surrender, the Scottish guards brought him to their King. Whereupon he lowered his spear, as though about to present the keys, and with a vicious forward thrust, pierced the King in the left eye.

Then, like a flash he set spurs to his horse and escaped back to Alnwick in the general confusion. The Scottish King was dead, and his killer, or so they say, was called Pierce-eye after. He was thus the founder of the great Percy family.

The castle is certainly real, if the legend is not.

There it stands, a vast pile, both old and new, rising above town and river and looking out defiantly towards the Cheviot.

On the walls are stone figures of soldiers, commemorating those placed on a certain occasion to persuade the Scots that the garrison was stronger in numbers than it really was.

Durham looks like the original city of Scripture: a city set on a hill cannot be hid.

On a high, wooded cliff above the river Wear rises the bulk, towered and gabled, of the cathedral: a church perched like a fortress, with its great Norman nave, its rich altar screen, its library of rare manuscripts, and, on the north doorway, its grotesque knocker which gave sanctuary to the hunted felon...

The coastline of the region runs along the grey North Sea. It is a coast guarded by ancient castles; as Warkworth, which, although it suffered from attacks in the Civil Wars and from decay later, still stands as a tremendous landmark visible far out at sea.

It was the home of that swashbuckling Percy, Shakespeare's Hotspur, of whom it was said that he killed some six or seven dozen of Scots as breakfast, washed his hands, and said to his wife: "Fie upon this quiet life. I want work..."

It was at its gates that the Old Pretender was proclaimed in 1715.

Below the castle in the town of Warkworth is the Hermitage where Sir Bertram of Bothal lived as an anchorite for many years. It was one of those true stories of rather ridiculous misunderstanding.

His lady love, Isabel, sent him a helmet which she suggested he should wear and prove in battle. He accordingly arranged a fight with the Scots in which he was badly wounded.

On her way to nurse him, Isabel was captured by the Scots and when Sir Bertram recovered from his wounds, he set out along with his brother to rescue her.

Unfortunately, the brother rescued Isabel first and Sir Bertram, taking him for enemy, killed him and poor Isabel trying to explain matters was bumped off, too.

It was when he was feeling a little repentant for his hastiness that he set himself up as a hermit, and lived for years in a cellar which he is said to have originally scooped out with his own hands.

The Hermitage today looks a rather elaborate affair with a sort of outer hall and an inner chapel.

Outside is a sort of cloister, looking down on the river and above it a path reaching to the garden.

A pleasant place to do penance in.

You can take your choice of castles along this breezy Northumbrian coast: Donstanburgh, where the ghost of the good Sir Guy haunts the battlements, looking for a magic sword to rescue a fair lady imprisoned in a crystal casket guarded by two skeletons, and Bamborough, steepest-perched of English sea-castles, looking out on the Farne Islands, on one of which lived that modest and charming English heroine Grace Darling.

She went out in a small boat with her father, keeper of the Longstone lighthouse, to rescue the survivors of a terrible shipwreck. The director of a London theatre then offered her as much as £120 a week to play in a shipwreck scene and she refused.

She went to her grave in Bamborough Churchyard without believing that she had done anything but her plain duty, and what modern publicity would have made of such a story goodness knows.

You should not leave the region without visiting Holy Island, the Lindisfarne of the saints, where St. Aiden preached Christianity and where St. Cuthbert laboured and was buried. It has the ruins of a castle, and a cathedral, and if you commit a crime you have to go and ask the kindly local policeman to arrest you.

It is not always an island.

At low tide you may travel there across four miles of sand in the local old-fashioned Ford cars or high-wheeled dog-carts. In bad weather you might be caught there for a day or two, but you could hardly choose a pleasanter island to be marooned on.

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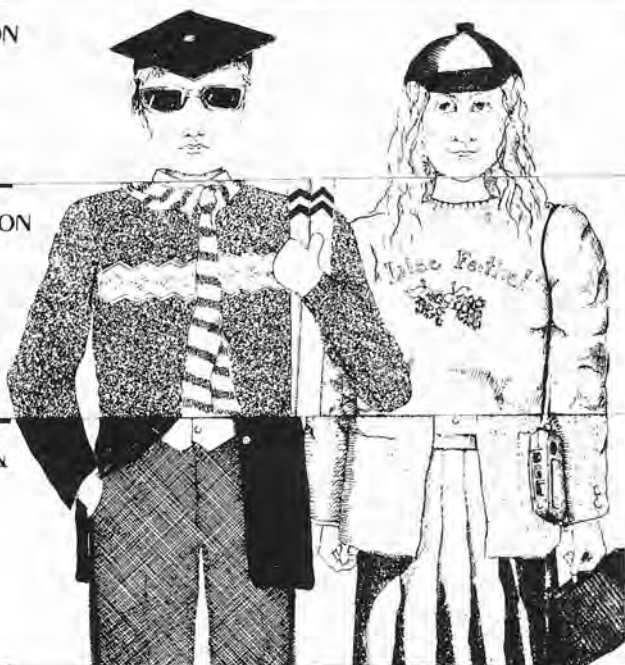
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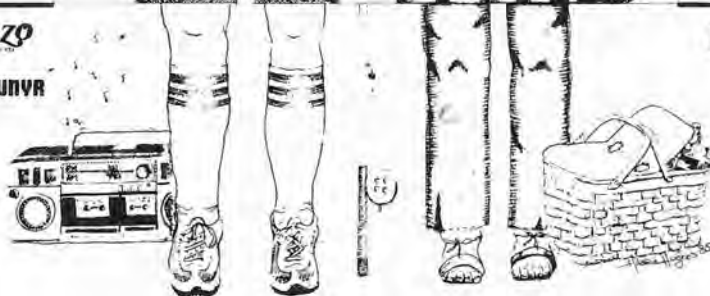
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