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TABS

ISSUED BY THE STRAND ELECTRIC COMPANY
IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMATEUR THEATRE

Editorial

Well here's another Christmas rapidly running up to us, probably a little quicker than most of us would like, and so to start we will wish all Societies and their members a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year, with big successes to all productions.

For this issue, in an endeavour to keep in step with the spirit of the season, we are taking an excursion into the realms of flippancy, although at the same time we do not want to forget our work for you.

There are just two comments we would make regarding our October issue. The article "Hints to Stage Managers and their Satellites" was contributed by "Busker," who has been responsible for several similar articles in previous issues. We should also have mentioned that our Manchester Branch is equipped and staffed to meet the demands of Societies in the north, and your inquiries will receive the prompt and personal attention of Mr. Corry.

And now it is hoped for a more settled and prosperous life in 1939, so that we can forget things like trenches and gas masks, and think along more pleasant lines.

So here's to 1939, the flowing bowl and all that sort of thing.



B.D.L. School Course

In connection with the Three Day Course on Drama in the School, which is being held by the British Drama League at King's College of Household and Social Service, Kennington, W.8., from January 4th to 6th inclusive, one of the items on the time table is a Demonstration of School Theatre Lighting and general stage appliances, in the theatre of the Strand Electric Co., Ltd., 24, Floral Street, W.C.2.

Practical demonstrations of the installation of a lighting scheme especially planned for school stages, the principle of colour mixing for desired effects, use of Spots and Floods, working of Dimmers, etc., will be carried out.

Mr. Howard Hayden, M.A., the eminent producer and lecturer on Drama, will enter into discussion with Mr. Norman Casty, of our A.D.S. Department, regarding the merits of one form of lighting against another, and some most interesting and entertaining repartee should be the outcome. We sincerely hope that Mr. Casty, with his many years of practical experience back stage and in demonstrating, will be able to hold his own against Mr. Hayden, and he will be in the position to prove his points by effective use of the apparatus he will have at his disposal.

In our demonstration theatre, where the effects of different full sized equipment can be seen, additional lighting equipment, reduced in size to the scale of the standard school stage which is being generally adopted will be erected, so that visitors will be able to see a full lighting scheme adapted for schools in operation.

The course will be attended by teachers and producers of school plays, and although it is designed principally for teachers, it will be found of practical help to all concerned with Children's Dramatic Art, and in such organisations as Scouts', Guides', Boys' and Girls' Clubs.

It is with great pleasure that we are able to co-operate with the British Drama League in this way, because we are convinced that any demonstration of this nature can do its part in fostering interest in amateur dramatics, and also help to add to the fascination of amateur stage work.

Let us add that any Society that would like a demonstration at any time will be welcome, and we place ourselves entirely at their service.

We are out to help all amateur shows.

Hats Off

The Manager of our Theatre Lighting Department, Mr. L. G. Applebee, has been accorded two honours, which are well worth recording.

Firstly, he has been appointed Lecturer on Stage Lighting for the Theatre Technique Section of the School of Drama attached to Toynbee Hall. The whole course of this Section deals with design of the Stage, Costumes and Scenery; Stage Management and Production, in addition to Stage Lighting.

Mr. Applebee is delivering six lectures.

Secondly, he is representing the Strand Electric Co. Ltd., on the International Illumination Committee on Stage Lighting. The work of this Committee is to prepare a report on the present position and technique of Stage Lighting, both here and abroad, and is to take the form of a paper which is to be read at the International Commission on Illumination, to be held in Holland in January, 1939.

Gold..... and Glitter by Busker

Another Christmas Eve ! Another first night was over.

Billy Chesterton sat alone, not heeding scarcely hearing the chatter and laughter that cut off sharply as the stage door banged behind the departing company. Tim, the night watchman, clattered down the stone steps and pushed open the door of the Stage Manager's Office. "That's the lot, except Buddy Stanton. Allus the last, he is. I've been all round. Everything's all right lights out n'everything."

"All right Tim, you can go."

"Won't be more'n a few minutes." Footsteps echoed down the passage. "Here's Buddy now. Step on it Buddy." he shouted, "haven't you got no home to go to ?"

"Very anxious to get rid of us to-night, aren't you ?" Buddy said as he stopped at the office door. "Coming my way, Billy ?"

"Not yet ; Tim wants to go home for a few minutes. He's just become a father for the fifth time, and he wants to fill the kid's stocking."

Buddy laughed ; "Not bad going, Tim for a night watchman. You'd better come along with me. We'll see if we can find something for that stocking."

"Well, you might be a bad comedian, Buddy, but I allus said you were a good sort. Shan't be long, Billy, I'll take him off before he changes his mind."

Billy smiled tolerantly. "I'll fasten the door. Knock hard when you get back, I might be asleep."

He locked the door as they left. He was very tired. He'd be glad to sleep and forget. The theatre was very dark and quiet."

"Old Billy looks down in the mouth to-night," Buddy said as they walked away.

"Allus like that, he is, every Christmas Eve, after the show. Ever since old Hedley Dixon died, seven years ago. Dropped dead, he did, an hour after the curtain fell."

"Yes, I remember"

"Terrible cut up, Billy was. He was Dixon's head carpenter y'know. Been with him ever since he started in panto. Must have been forty years or more."

"Yes and how they scrapped," said Buddy with a laugh. "I was playing one of the pages in 'Cinders' ten years ago at the Lyric. Old Hedley raised Cain about a trick panel Billy had made. Held up the rehearsal for half an hour while they rowed about it."

"Yes, they always had a rough and tumble, every show but Bill cried like a kid for days when the old boy passed out and he's never called anybody Guv'nor since. Wouldn't stay on with Parsons when he took over the Hedley Dixon shows. Came to the Grand here as S.M. at a lot less than Parsons offered him. Lost heart, he did."

"It was here that the old man died, wasn't it ?"

"Yes. New production of "Babes." Went enormous on the first night. Hedley was as pleased as Punch. He'd just given Billy his usual quid. Allus used to get a gold sovereign for him, every Christmas Eve. He'd done it ever since they started together. A note wouldn't do must be gold."

"Just like old Hedley. Lovely idea."

"Yes — but it caused us some trouble, I tell you. Billy saved that last quid. A nineteen-hundred it was. Four months ago it disappeared. Old Billy played hell had everywhere turned upside down. Swore someone must



have pinched it. I pity any bloke who did pinch it if he got caught. Bill would have strangled him, and the boys would have helped. Terrible cut up the old chap was. Looked on that quid as a sort of mascot, he did."

"Poor old Billy. Damn bad luck but what about the kid's stocking ?" They stopped at a shop in which exhausted assistants were still serving the last few stragglers with bright baubles. Buddy and Tim joined them

Bill walked slowly down the passage to the office. As he passed the stage entrance he paused . . . an frowned. There was a faint glow on the stage.

"Someone left the pilot on" he grumbled, as he crossed to the signal board. He stopped suddenly and gazed across the stage. Through the muffled gloom the faint glow grew nearer and clearer. It was a pool of golden light that seemed to Billy to be a shimmering reflection from the figure of a man that moved effortlessly and silently towards him. Billy averted his eyes; it was a subconscious effort to deny the truth. He had no need to look again. He knew whom he would see. All power to think or move seemed to leave him. He waited numbly for something to happen.

"Having a final look round, Billy ?" The same soft musical tones of the voice he had not heard for seven years. He realized suddenly how poorer the world had seemed without it. With an effort he raised his eyes. His mouth was dry. His lips were parched and hard.

"I I didn't know it was How did you" No that wouldn't do! Billy was suffering an agony of awkwardness. But the Guv'nor had an understanding smile.

"I couldn't resist coming to-night, Billy. It was a good show. Yes a good show."

"Why ? have you ?"

"Yes, Billy, I saw it all. Not perhaps just what we should have done but a good show."

The feeling of unreality . . . the bewilderment . . . slowly faded. He was awake not dreaming. It was the Guv'nor his voice and his smile. Billy gained assurance and realised that his legs were trembling.

"You'd better sit down, Billy. A bit of a shock for you, wasn't it ?"

Billy nodded and slowly seated himself. "I didn't know," he murmured.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth eh, Billy ?"

"Yes, Guv'nor." There was awe, as well as conviction in his voice. Questions rose in his mind but he dared not utter them.

"Don't worry. Everything's all right." It was as though the Guv'nor had read those thoughts. "Like old times again, isn't it ?"

"Yes, Guv'nor but things are very different really."

"What do you think is different ?"

"Oh, I dunno. The show. The people everything."

"No, Billy, not everything. The show it's still pantomime, isn't it ?"

"Yes, Guv'nor, but it's different. Lots of go and bang about it plenty of glitter and light but it doesn't seem to mean as much somehow."

"Times 'change, Billy." There was a sadness in his voice. "The people out there are different . . . seem to want the glitter and the hard brightness. Their generation has swept away many hypocrisies and conventions and pretences has swept away many beliefs and illusions as well. And some of them it can't afford to lose doesn't



really want to lose." There was a pause. The Guv'nor seemed lost in thought. Billy did not move. He remembered many such occasions in the past. Sometimes the Guv'nor went above his head, but He turned to Billy with a new grave earnestness. "They must stick to pantomime, Billy. In spite of everything, pantomime helps to keep illusion alive at least. For two hundred years it has been a part of the English theatre. And, thank God, it still keeps its hold on the theatre. Pantomime still draws to the theatre thousands who cannot be drawn by anything else. The theatre of realism fails but illusion prevails. The theatre is a world of illusion and by illusion it will live. When it touches reality it loses touch with the people. Some day, perhaps, the theatre will regain its lost illusions and find itself again. While it still clings to pantomime there is hope. Pantomime may have some of the hard glitter of realism, but the pure gold of illusion is still there."

The Guv'nor smiled reassuringly. "And talking of gold, Billy here's your sovereign, and with it, my very good wishes and affection."

Billy rose. His hand mechanically took the coin seemed to take it from space. He could not speak. He gazed at the Guv'nor in an anguish too deep for words

There was a loud bang-bang on the outer door.

"Tim. That'll be Tim back again. Went to fill the kid's stocking. Must let him in. Excuse me, Guv'nor."

Billy moved very slowly towards the passage. Again the Guv'nor spoke.

"A Merry Christmas, Billy, and au revoir !"

Again there was a banging on the door. With a full throat, Billy gulped out an incoherent reply and turned to the door.

Tim came in with a rush of cold air and exuberance.

"Sorry I been so long. Buddy bought the baby a gold brooch, with her initial on it. Dandy of him, wasn't it ?

Then we went” His voice trailed off as he noticed the look on Billy’s face. “What’s the matter, Bill? Feeling queer, are you?”

“No, I’m all right. Had a bit of a shock.” His voice dropped to a whisper. “The Guv’nor’s here on the stage.”

“Here, steady on, Bill you’ve been dreaming.”

“I haven’t. He’s there, I tell you.”

Tim looked rather scared. He moved reluctantly to the stage. But everything was dark and silent. He turned to Billy with a puzzled look.

“He’s gone,” said Billy sadly, then slowly opened his hand. The sovereign was there.

“What? Found your quid, have you?” said Tim. “Let’s have a look. Well so it is—nineten-hundred! Fancy that now. Where did you find it?”

“The Guv’nor gave it me,” Billy said quietly

“Yes, I know he did. But never mind, you’ve had a nap, been dreaming you have.” He went into the office for Billy’s hat and coat. “Now you get off home and have a good stiff tot and a night’s rest. You’ll be as right as rain in the morning. Charlie’s outside with his taxi. I’ll get him to run you home. Wait here”

A few minutes later, Billy was in the taxi . . . oblivious of the blazing lights or the noise of impatient traffic around him.

“Dear old Guv’nor,” he murmured, “And it was ‘au revoir’ he said” Billy sighed contentedly—and smiled. “A world of illusion”

And his grip tightened on the sovereign that still lay in his palm.



Sound Advice

You know we are really very good people to Amateur Dramatic Societies. Everyone knows, or should know, the service we give in the matter of Stage Lighting, both as regards advice generally and in hiring equipment, and now we want to introduce to you another feature, which, we hope and believe, will be welcomed equally enthusiastically.

It is a piece of apparatus that will help you to entertain your audience before the show and during the intervals between the acts. It can also be used to supply supplementary music when and where required in any play. It can be used to produce any sound effect demanded by the action of the play. It can be used for making announcements to your audience. It can be used to amplify the voices of actors in halls where the acoustics are not too good, or in cases where the voices are not strong enough to carry to the back of the hall. Indeed, it is a piece of equipment that will be found invaluable in any circumstances, and it is all contained in a compact case that can be dumped in any convenient spot for operation. It can be hired in exactly the same way as lighting equipment.

It is not intended to go into the technicalities of this at the moment, but in another issue of 'Tabs' we will tell you more about it. Sufficient to say that it is very easily manipulated and there is no need to be an engineer to obtain the effects you want.

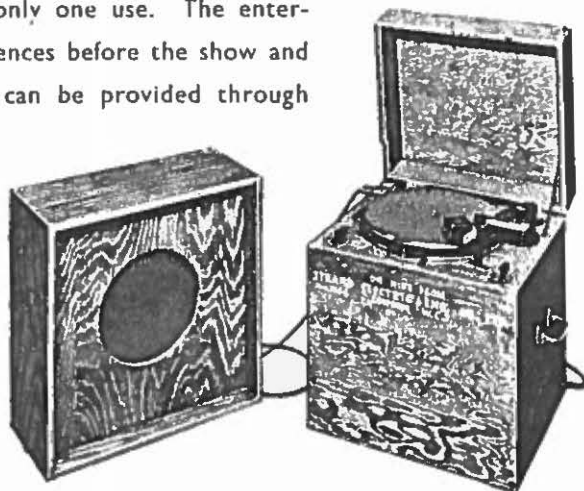
Briefly, it consists of an electrically operated single or twin gramophone turntable, and/or microphone

amplifier and one or more loud speakers, with control gear to enable any sound effect to be produced at the precise moment it is required, and to obtain variations of volume at will. There is no limit to the variety of sounds that can be obtained, and they can be mixed as easily as the colours of your lights.

Storm effects, cheering crowds, motor horn, sea waves, soaring aeroplanes, exploding fireworks, wind, screeching owls, roar of traffic, in fact any noise can be obtained with remarkable ease.

If you are doing a play which demands a series of off-stage noises, complete records of the sounds for the complete production can be supplied, and by means of a chart and gradations on the control gear, each effect can be produced at the appropriate moment. The great advantage of this will be readily appreciated as it eliminates the necessity of having on the stage a number of pieces of cumbersome apparatus which probably need three or four people to operate. The whole thing can be done by one man.

But this is only one use. The entertainment of audiences before the show and during intervals can be provided through the medium of records. Sometimes an effort is made by using a portable gramophone but mostly the music does not



travel beyond the first two rows of the audience and those farther back sit through a rather tedious period. In the case of a rather lengthy recording, by using the dual turntables it is possible to fade out one record and fade in another, and so maintain continuity.

Then again, by plugging in a microphone, announcements can be made and if desired the fitting of a microphone in the footlights enables the actors' voices to be amplified to any degree

So here is something you will most certainly be needing and the hire cost is very small. If you happen to be in London or Manchester at any time, call on us for demonstrations. You will see how easily the whole thing is handled and what effects it is possible to obtain.

In any case, we shall be pleased to send you a descriptive leaflet if you will write, either to 24, Floral Street, London, W.C.2., or 399-405, Oldham Road, Manchester.



The Critic

by Spotlight

It was a rotten morning, damp, misty, you know one of those mornings when five minutes walk to the station leaves you with lots of little blobs of water on your eyelashes and cobwebs appear from nowhere and festoon themselves across your face. Real November. I was standing on the platform, waiting for the 8-43 to roll up, when I felt a hearty whack on the back. Turning, I saw Jim Perry.

"Morning, Bill" he said, "How goes it?"

"Jim" I said, "if it wasn't for the fact that I feel like passing on to the Great Beyond at any moment, I'd land you one in the ear for that biff you gave me. You've rather disturbed what breakfast I was able to manage this morning, and I fear for its security."

"Oh! I suppose its the hang-over from the binge following the show last night" he remarked. "I've heard about these last night parties."

I had to confess that the cause of my slump in stock was due to a certain celebration, following the drop of the last curtain, but then there was a certain amount of justification. We had run our show for three nights and the reception had been better than any we had experienced before. The general opinion was that we had put on a top hole show and comment round about was very complimentary.

"Did you come and have a look at us?" I asked.

"Rather," replied Jim. "I always get a kick out of you blokes kidding yourselves you're the cat's whiskers at this acting game."

I was about to administer a suitable rebuke when the train came in and there was the usual scrap to get in and collar a seat. Luckily we got a couple together, but before I could tell Jim just what I thought of him, his family and ancestors, he was off again."



"You know," he said, "it beats me why you people spend so much time messing about rehearsing and what-not. Called on Harry Garrett the other night and found him going through the most extraordinary gyrations on the floor, and letting out the most horrible groans I have ever heard."

Now Harry is one of our stars and as good as you'll find anywhere, so I said to Jim "Don't you think he was pretty good last night?"

He said—"Yes, he was, but it was dammed funny to see him in his shirt sleeves and carpet slippers—of course he also had other conventional dress on—on the floor of his lounge, having an up-and-downer with the leg of the piano. Do you mind if we have that window up a bit. I'm getting a devil of a draught round the back of my neck."

I hauled the window up.

"Who was the fellow who had the scrap with Harry?" he asked.

"That was young Peter Montgomerie," I explained.

"Hefty kid," said Jim. "Looked as though he could have killed Harry."

"He very nearly did the first time they did that part," I said. "He plays three quarter for the Old Boys' Rugger side, and we had to curb his enthusiasm when he started on Harry. You see, Harry had to win the fight."

"Well, wouldn't it have been better for them to have swapped parts?" said Jim.

"Don't be a fool" I replied.

"I just can't remember," he said, "but wasn't it Ethel Jordan who played the wife's part?"

"That's right," I said. "She's a very natural actress and seems to make a do of any part she takes on."

"Yes," he said—rubbing his chin. "Too natural. You know, when she was leading off at the old man for coming



home late, it was so effective that I started to undo my shoe lace to take off my shoes before going upstairs. By the way, she is married, isn't she ?"

I said she was.

"I thought so. That accounts for it then," said Jim. "You've got to have experience to shove that sort of stuff over the way she did."

But Jim was wrong, because old Joe Jordan is a teapot, straight home from the office, wash-up-the-tea-things sort of cove. Never been known to go off the rails at all.

He had something to say about everyone and everything, even to the way the curtain was handled. He ran through the cast with a fine tooth comb, had most uncomplimentary things to say about our programme ladies, and his remarks concerning the gentlemen who undertook stewarding could not be reproduced in print—at least not here.

Of course, I came in for it hot and strong. I was taking a small part, and I admit I'm not too hot. My wife—Herpatia is her name, by the way, has decided views on my acting ability and airs them in no uncertain manner. Says she can read me like a book, no matter what efforts I make to conceal actual fact, and believe me, I am afraid she can. But be that as it may, I was not aware I was such an onion until Jim got going. Anyway, I didn't think I was as bad as he said, and told him so, which had the effect of sending him off into detail.

"I'd give it up, old man, if I were you," he told me. "Judging by the way you extract loans from me, your place is at the door taking the dibs."

I passed over the slander, and asked him to explain what he thought was wrong with me.

"All of you," he promptly replied. "Hands, feet, head, whether walking, standing or sitting, silent or speaking, a ventriloquist's doll is a Martin Harvey to you. You carry your hands as though they were made for someone about three times your size, and you find it a bother to cart them around with you. No one would think you had a neck the way your head remains stuck, and you are so conscious of your feet you walk like a brand new father going upstairs to bed. When you're standing still, or supposed to be,

your trousers are flapping like a pair of what-do-you-call-ems on the line on a windy day, revealing the fact that there is a tremendous agitation going on around the regions of the knees. When you sit down it is in the manner of a small boy in his best suit, after presentation by his mother to the Vicar. No, old boy, I'd chuck it. You're just not made for it."

Well, you couldn't expect a fellow to sit back and take that lot without some sort of retaliation, and I'm telling you I wasn't a bit disappointed with my effort. Never mind what I said. You can guess.

Finally, I said, "As you are so darned critical, why don't you have a go at it yourself. I'll tell you what you are like afterwards."

"Not me," replied Jim, "I get more fun watching."

"Cut the ragging," I said, "and come clean. Honestly, did you enjoy it ?"

He said he did and that really everyone had done remarkably well.

"Tell me, where did you get the scenery ? he asked.

"That was all made by ourselves," I answered proudly.

"Good Lord," he said, "pretty nifty crowd you are."

"Not bad," I said modestly—"Eileen Hacker made the curtains for the Drawing Room scene. George Green made the frames for the settings, three or four of us bunged on the paint, and several ladies contributed to the odds and ends of flap-doodles we used. When we had finished it, we thought it looked a bit rough, but it looked all right from the front, didn't it ?"

"Fine," he said, "I expect the lighting helped. It was jolly good, Better than you've ever had before."

"Bound to be," I said, "we hired some extra stuff from Strand. Bloke of theirs named Casty, suggested what we should have. It made all the difference."

"It certainly did," said he, as the train stopped and he rose to get out. "Cheerio! Hope your head will be better. Try the old Worcester sauce remedy, I can recommend it."



The Pictures that Walked by J. H. H.

The streets around the Strand Electric Co. Ltd., in Covent Garden are rich in theatrical associations.

In King Street (at No. 35, and but a few doors away from the present "Strand" Showroom) was the original premises of the Garrick Club. Here was housed the famous collection of theatrical portraits, until the Club moved to its present building in Garrick Street.

"I see, sir, that 'Strand' 'as bin movin'.
Extension of business?—that's fine—
Well I 'ope that yer wont see no ghosts, sir,
Same as I did—in old twenty-nine.

Yer'd like me to tell yer the story?
Mine's Scotch—(it warms up me old veins)
Well, I'll tell yer about that there Xmas.
When the pictures walked out of their frames.

I was working that year as night watchman
Down in King Street—the old Garrick Club,
And its lonely on jobs of that sort, sir,
On yer own all the night—that's the rub.

'Twas Xmas eve night—cold and dreary,
I was 'fed to the teeth'—that I'll own
For I tells yer things aint always 'oney
A'walkin' round buildin's alone.

So at last I sits down and 'as supper,
Cheese, bread and a bottle of ale;
And I fancies a read o' me paper
Whilst outside it's blowin' a gale.

I'd read all the sportin' and news bits,
That's the bits that appeals to me most:
When I sees that they'd put in a story
Sort of Christmassy like—of a ghost.

So I read it—it was a fair 'corker'
The tale that that author bloke told—
And me legs sort 'o went of a wobble,
Whilst me spine seemed to run 'ot and cold.

Well, I always did carry a flask, sir,
For emergency like—in me 'ip.
And—the emergency now 'aven 'risen,
I treated meself to a nip.

After that—well I felt a lot better,
But I s'pose that I 'nipped' rather deep.
For the next thing—I starts all a noddin'
And blow me—I falls off to sleep.

I woke with the sound of strange voices,
I tells yer—it gave me a shock,
And startled—I looks at me watch, sir,
And the time—it was just twelve o'clock.

I shouted 'who's there'—sort o'bold like,
And quickly I rushed to the 'all
And I see a bloke dressed up all queer like,
A'walkin,' sir—clean through the wall.

Well I tells yer—I felt a bit funny,
And scratches me head-like perplexed;
When I sees some more—come through one wall,
And go and walk out—through the next.

There were ladies and gents all a'laughin',
Dressed in clothes that you'd never believe,
So I says "this 'ere property's private,
If yer don't mind—I'll ask yer to leave!"

'Tell him, David'—then murmured one lady,
And a bloke says—all nice and polite,
'I trust you'll excuse our intrusion,
But we're all sort of out for the night.'

'If we've disturbed you—we're all very sorry,
Your pardon, we trust you will give—
But we had to pass through on a visit
To the house where we all used to live' !

Said a lady they all called Nell Gwynne,
In manner not quite so sedate,
'Come hurry back to our frames,
Charles never did like me out late.'

Well—they all of 'em started a movin'
Through the wall—to 'urry back 'ome :
In a moment I'm standin' a shiverin'
In 'Thirty-five'—all on my own.

As you say—it was a queer do, sir,
But me 'missus, sir—what do you think ?
When I told 'er, she said I'd been dreamin',
Else—'ad a drop too much drink.

But I swears as yer stands 'ere afore me,
A'treating me 'ere in this 'Pub'
That the pictures *did* walk from their frames, sir,
'Wot's the pride of the old Garrick Club.

Yes—I think, sir, I'll just try another,
Merry Xmas, sir—thanks and so-long ;
Well—'eres to the pictures that walk, sir,
And the days when this stuff was strong.

Queries

In our last issue of "Tabs," we mentioned that we were introducing a feature under the heading of "Queries," where we would deal with a specific problem each month.

This is the first of our replies to Queries, and as it deals with a subject on which we have had numerous enquiries, we feel that our suggestions may be beneficial to a number of Societies.

Here is an extract from the letter which sets out the problem :—

"Ours is a fairly modern (1931) Amateur Theatre. The stage fitted throughout with Strand Electric Equipment—three battens and float—Red, Blue, White, with dimming control (fast and slow motion—manual) approx. 1.8 K.W. each (i.e., each colour). The lighting from this, however, is inadequate and I hope to improve it gradually. The biggest problem however, is the fact that we have an apron stage (approx. 4 ft. deep). The actors in consequence are frequently forward of Batten 1 and the float does not light their faces.

Whilst hiring long throw spots (F.O.H. from our projection room) will help for some shows, the problem of general front lighting remains for straight shows. We have two 1,000 watt focus lanterns, but these are perch mounted inside the pros. arch. Have you any ideas on the subject ?

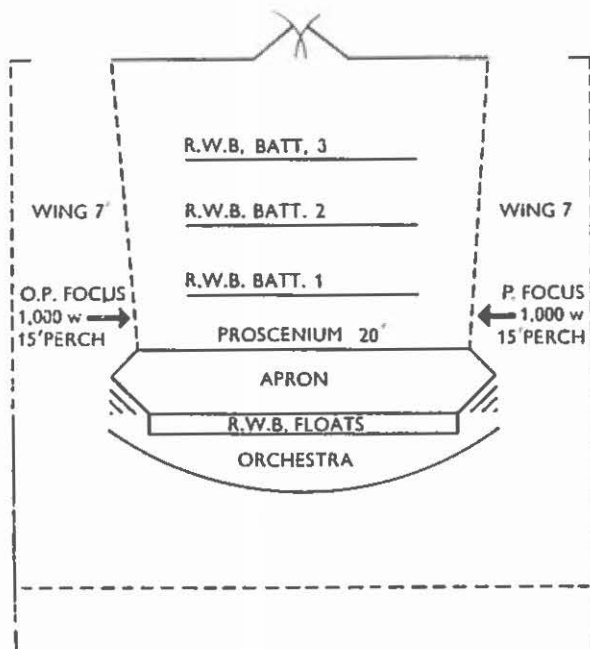
Herewith, please find rough plan." (see page 22)

This is a problem that is continually cropping up—the question of a good general lighting scheme, but with an "apron."

Correct lighting of an "apron" cannot be effectively accomplished without supporting light from the front, and even then great care has to be exercised regarding the situation of the lamps in order to prevent this front light from penetrating up-stage beyond Batten No. 1 and so cause shadows on objects further from the front and on the back cloth.

Usually, the inability to light faces from the Footlights is because the angle at which they are set is too low and these should be tilted to obtain the correct angle. This is a matter for experimenting to ascertain a satisfactory position and when this has been found, the Footlights should be securely fixed.

But this is not the end of the trouble. A means of flooding the Acting Area has to be sought and this can only be properly done by Focus Lanterns, fixed high up at convenient distances from the Stage. Obviously, the position will have to be governed by the characteristics of each particular hall, but always keep in mind that the angle of



throw should be as acute as possible commensurate with the area to be covered and the proscenium opening.

To get an even coverage, we suggest five lanterns at least, but if economy has to be studied, three could be employed. In each case use No. 3. Amber and No. 36 Pink mediums alternately, as these colours may be employed with practically any lighting. A further point is that the beams from each lamp should intersect each other to ensure even distribution of light, and the elimination of shadow. Of course these lanterns should be dimmer controlled. The sketch below shows how we would deal with this problem from the front, after the adjustment of the Footlights.

If there is a suitable fixing, such as a beam or girder right up to the ceiling at an appropriate distance from the proscenium opening, the use of lanterns as outlined above, together with the rectification of the Footlight angle should overcome any trouble of apron lighting.

