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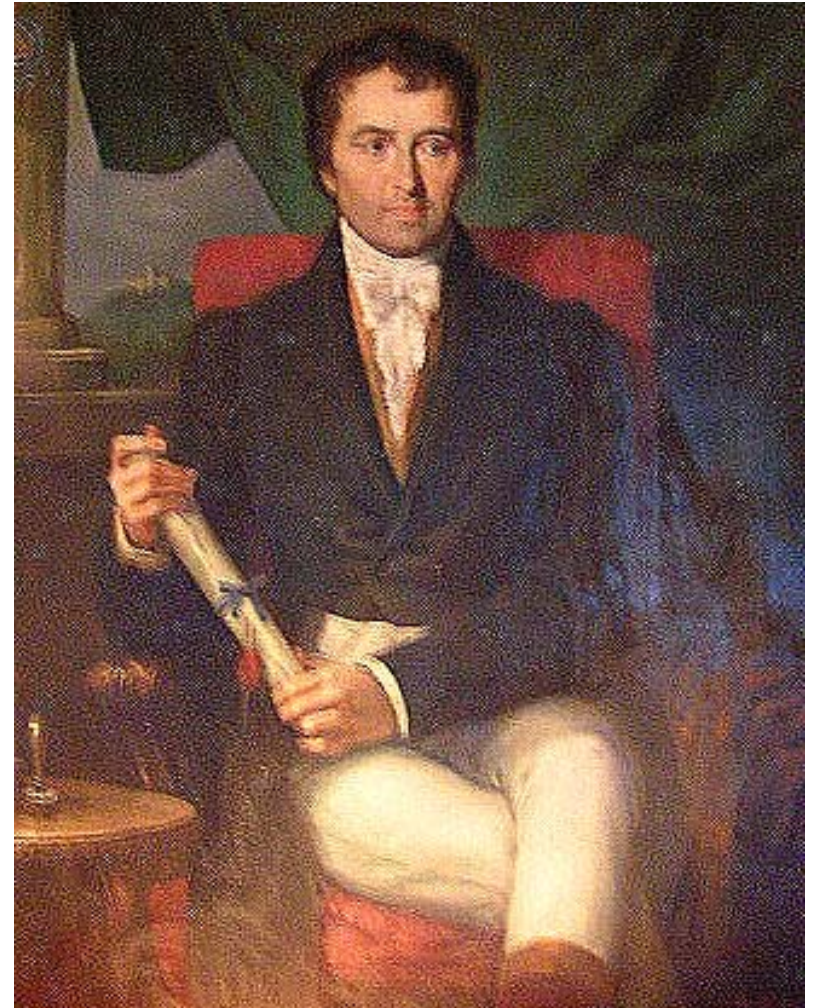
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Charles Lamb

Namesake of The Lambs.

Posthumous portrait by Sajos Markos, The Lambs' Fine Art Collection.

The Lambs' Script

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Joyce Audley, Valerie Austin, Peter Kingsley, Randy Phillips, Davida Rothberg, Gerry Ruth

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The Lambs, Inc.3 West 51st Street, New York, NY 10019-6981 (212) 586-0306www.the-lambs.orgE-Mail: info@the-lambs.org**Editor's Notes**

Our cover story for this issue is on Charles Lamb and his sister Mary, after whom The Lambs, London, was named in 1869, and The Lambs, New York in 1874. For many years, Lambs' lore went that the founders of the London club fondly recalled going 'round to the Lambs' famous literary and theatrical salon, and thus named the Club. Not so. Charles Lamb died in 1834; Mary in 1847. The founders of the London Lambs either had not been born or were young children when the last of their gatherings was held. But Lambs were held in high esteem, as they are today, so the London club was simply named to honor their memory. During recent years, we have collected a shelf of books and articles on the Lambs, including the six-volume *The Works of Charles Lamb*, lugged back from "Booksellers Row" in London to New York aboard British Airways. So there has been plenty of material to draw upon.

Also note in this issue the recent acquisitions and gifts that continue to pour in. Not many years ago there was but a scattered portrait here and there upon our walls, anonymous dirty old men; by that we mean they were lurking under a century of tobacco smoke and grime. Contrast this with the many lively and interesting paintings now displayed on our walls, restored and labeled, along with hundreds of fascinating playbills, caricatures, sculptures, and other memorabilia. Altogether we have what has been called "a diary of the New York stage, 1874 to the present." An hour or so spent visiting our collection will not be wasted. ♦

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 Tom Dillon (*Shepherd Emeritus*), A. J. Pocock (*Ex-Shepherd*)

"Whenever asked what kind of writing is most lucrative, I have to say, ransom notes."
 - N.H. Swanson, *literary agent*

Church's calendar ... Music, music everywhere there's music. **Lewis Hardee** told me of a wonderful musical event he attended at Alice Tully Hall, the piano debut of Cristina Altamura, daughter of Lamb **Carmela Altamura**. Cristina's mastery of the keyboard was evident in the Mozart and Beethoven selections she performed, accompanied by the Orchestra Da Camera Internationale, conducted by William Hicks. She has magic fingers, and a soul for the classics. We'll be hearing about her in the future ... Late last year, our Love Chef, **Francis Anthony**, accompanied several recipe contest winners and fans on an extraordinary Italian Gourmet Tour From Rome to Bari. The group sampled the best of Italy's famed wines, cheeses, pastas and oils. This year, his latest book *Low Carb Italian Cooking* was published. Following his own advice, he lost 30 pounds and 15 bad cholesterol points while traveling through Italy, Australia, New Zealand and, of course, 75 American cities .. **Nils Hanson, Sylvia Schwartz, Paula Lamont, Grace Griparich** and **Jim & Gerry Ruth** were recent dinner guests at the Ziegfeld Club charity dinner, held at The Players. Guest of Honor was Doris Travis Eaton, original Ziegfeld Follies principal who was being honored for her 100th birthday ... Kay Arnold Cooper held her annual Pool Party for Dutch Treaters, neighbors, friends and Lambs, at her home in Paramus. Always a good time ... and **Bruce Brown**'s baritone is heard for the History Channel's *World War II Memorial* ... **Marc Baron** and **Neva Small** were both mentioned in Cindy Adams' *NY Post* column on June 16. Neva, for her newly released CD, and Marc for his notorious tours of *The Sopranos*.♦

Mark That Date

The Lambs' Annual Wash will be held on Saturday, September 18th. Our usual barbecue, frolic and entertainment will be at The Actors' Fund of America Lillian Both Actors' Home in Englewood. Mark your calendar and leave room for dessert!



Watch for the flyer!

The Namesake of the Club

by Lewis Hardee

Charles Lamb was a twenty-year old clerk at East India House, 12-21 Leadenhall Street in London. He had been employed for four years, one of six who worked in a "compound," accounting for the tea, indigo, drugs, silks and other imports of the huge trading concern. The year was 1796. On the afternoon of Thursday, September 22, he put down his quill, closed the books for the day, and stepped down from the stool at his desk—a stool so high that a visitor described it as "Alpine." The company required its clerks to sit atop these stools to keep their feet off the cold floor, to discourage wasting time on breaks, and to save their ankles from scampering rats. During the previous year, Charles had had a nervous breakdown and spent six weeks in a madhouse at Hoxton. A tolerant East India Company welcomed him back.



The East India House in Lamb's day.

After a short stroll, he reached No. 7 Little Queen Street, Holborn, knowing well that a troubled household awaited him. His sister, Mary, a seamstress and older than he by eleven years, was unstable and under great strain from the burden of their invalid mother, senile father and their difficult Aunt Hattie.

The scene that greeted Charles was beyond his worst nightmares. Mary had snapped. As they were preparing dinner, she had begun menacing a young assistant working for her, chasing the girl around the room throwing knives and forks. The girl began shrieking for her life, attempting to flee. The mother, sitting helplessly in a chair,

screamed at her daughter trying to intervene, but instead became the target. "The child by her cries quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late," reported the newspapers, "—the dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the venerable old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room."

Charles wrote to a friend, "My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital." The following week the coroner and jury sat. The verdict—"lunacy."

The Lambs theatre club was named in honor of this Charles Lamb and his sister.

Charles Lamb was a failed playwright and a critic and essayist who never earned a living at writing. Mary spent her life in and out of asylums. So what is it about this strange, mad, half-mad pair that even today holds them in such high repute and with such affection?



(Left: Little Queen Street where, in September 1796, the Lamb tragedy occurred.)

Charles Lamb was born in London during the reign of "Mad" King George III, February 10, 1775, the youngest of the three surviving children of John and Elizabeth Lamb. John Lamb held respectable positions as a valet and assistant to the Barrister Samuel Salt and a Waiter (official assistant) to the Inner Temple courts of law.

Salt was also a Bencher (governing member of the court) and Sub-Treasurer of the Inner Temple (courts of law). Among his many posts, Salt was also a Governor of Christ's Hospital and was influential with other companies. He was a widower who never remarried. He had two servants and owned a carriage.



News of the Lambs

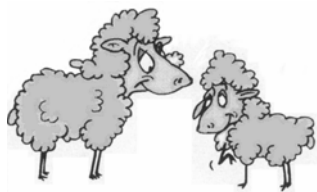
by Jim Ruth

Catching up with **Mabel Jorgensen**, widow of Lambs Roy Jorgensen who, with **Marc Baron** compiled lists of all Lambs members who were also members of ASCAP, and Lambs who had won music awards for their compositions, is not an easy task. Mabel has organized jazz concerts in Roy's name for the Bennett Cancer Center in Stanford Ct and raised funds for that institution. As a result of Mabel's efforts, the Center has created a music fund ... On June 29th we were fortunate to be able to attend a reprise of *Nize Baby*, a one (very talented) man performance by **Peter Kingsley** in material he had adapted from works of Milt Gross, a successful writer/humorist/cartoonist of the 1920's and '30's. The staging, costumes and props all are the inspired work of Sheila Smith ... On June 7th and June 8th, in the Fifth Floor Lambs' quarters at 3 West 51st Street, **Marc Baron** directed a reading of *The Gershwin Factor*, a new play by **Richard Wolf**. The piece starred **Scott Glascock**, **Neva Small** and **Joyce Randolph**, along with many talented guest actors. Count me among the enthusiastic fans of The Lambs audience at the production who were rewarded with an intriguing and thought provoking evening, topped off by stellar performances by the entire cast ... Was unable to make the June 7th Oak Room at the Algonquin Hotel appearance of **Wynne Miller** in *To Glenn Miller, with Love*, a salute to her uncle, Glenn Miller, who, in 2004, is being honored by a year long Centennial Celebration commemorating his 100th birthday! I was delighted to read in "The Knickerbocker" column in *The New York Sun* that Wynne was on hand when Glenn was posthumously inducted into The Friars ... **Carol Shedlin**'s performed June 7th and 14th at Danny's Skylight Room Cabaret, *Swingin' on the Moon*. A critic wrote of Carol "Impeccable musical taste is her hallmark!" ... Learned my lesson and made early reservations for a Sunday afternoon cabaret appearance at Regents by **Helen Klass**. Shared a table with **Hope Hardcastle** and **Kathy Kelleher**; waved to **David Rothberg** and **Linda Fields** and enjoyed the music ... Speaking of **Linda Fields**, I understand that her *Cabaret Comes to Park Avenue...Again* at the Central Presbyterian Church on Valentine's Day was a huge success. I hope that becomes a regular feature of the

Broadway and Off-Broadway productions of *Green Fields* and the revival of *Flower Drum Song*, and currently holds the option of Edward Albee's *The Lorca Play*, planned for 2005.

GERRY RUTH (*Non-Theatrical*) is a longtime friend and support of The Lambs. She is presently the Treasurer of the Ziegfeld Club, and a board member of the Twelfth Night Club along with husband, Jim. Gerry joined The Lambs after leaving the business world, and shares her joy of the Club with Jim, an Honorary Lifetime member of The Lambs' Council.

DAVID SOKOL (*Non-Theatrical*) is a native New Yorker with a connection to theater through his mother and grandmother, who were theatre party agents on close terms with producers and theater owners. A financial analyst and personal financial organizer, David admits his avocation is as a fan of the Great American Songbook. ♦



John Byron



The distinguished Lamb John Byron, pictured left, recently past away. John's career as an actor, singer and dancer spanned many years and included work on radio, stage, film and television. We're all going to miss his affable nature, and his support and gleaming smile at all our gatherings. His brother, Lamb Fred Nash, says donations to the Actors' Fund of America in John's name are welcome. ♦

At the time of Charles' birth, the family was residing in a flat on the ground floor at No. 2 Crown Office Row in Inner Temple directly below Esquire Salt. Charles was christened in Temple Church, in whose courtyard the great playwright Oliver Goldsmith had been buried only the year before. Situated between the Thames and the conjoining of the Strand and Fleet Street, Inner Temple is a complex of law buildings built around a small park, so named as it grew up within the original, ancient City of London. To reach Crown Office Row, you turn off Fleet Street into Inner Temple Lane, a covered passage that leads to Church Court. Here on your left is a careful reconstruction of Christopher Wren's handsome Master's House, destroyed by incendiary bombs during the Blitz. Continue straight south toward the Thames and you come to the red brick and white stone Georgian buildings that make up Crown Row, also destroyed during the War but rebuilt. A white stone plaque reads:

CHARLES LAMB
WAS BORN IN THE CHAMBERS
WHICH FORMERLY STOOD HERE
10 FEBRUARY 1775

A current guidebook states, "...the distasteful net curtains in the third storey window do not befit a Temple residence." (Where but in England would one find such a delightful complaint?) The buildings of Crown Row overlook the beautiful Inner Temple Gardens where Charles Lamb played as a child, like today, a place of fountains, sundials, statuary, roses and other flowers.

Charles was a "rickety" youth with a delicate frame unfit for rough sports. His eyes were not matched; one was hazel, the other had specks of gray in the iris. He had curly brown hair and had a "gypsy" look. He was an intense child with a strong sense of observation. "While others were all fire and play, 'he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk.'" At age five, he suffered small pox which nearly claimed his life and left him scarred. He remained small, fully grown no more than 5'6," with a strong stammer which he never overcame.

At age six, he was taken to see his first play and was immediately stage-struck.

“The afternoon had been wet,” he wrote. He would be taken to the play only if the rain ceased. “With a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.”

The 3,600 seat Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was an easy walk up the Strand from Inner Temple. Outside the theatre hawkers were calling out, selling oranges and playbills.

“But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! ... The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit....” The pilasters seemed to him spun of “sugar-candy.” He sat on his mother’s knee, the bell sounded, and the curtain rose on Thomas Arne’s Artaxerses. The painted scenery and costumes of the court of Persia bewitched him:

“Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time ... I was awestruck ... It was all enchantment and a dream.” He quickly realized that he had not visited the court of Persia, but painted scenery, a fantasy; not Darius, but an actor. Never again would he experience the excitement of seeing one’s first play.

He was educated under a schoolmistress and then at a private academy near the Temple. Mary’s formal schooling was brief; she became a seamstress, or “mantua-maker.” But Samuel Salt gave the children the run of his fine library, and here they began a journey into the world of literature.

In 1782, Salt arranged for the seven-year-old Charles to enter the Blue Coat School of Christ’s Hospital, a privileged boarding school for those without privilege, so named for its schoolboy uniforms—blue coats, red leather belts and yellow stockings. Charles passed through the Grammar School curriculum which prepared students for university.

In his autobiographical Essays of Elia, he paints a lonely life at Christ’s.

“I was a poor friendless boy,” he wrote. “My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away.... I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead!” The older boys hazed the younger ones cruelly. Charles was forced to walk barefoot in snow and denied a drink of

FRANK EVANS (*Theatrical*) wrote lyrics for the Off-B’way’s *Abie’s Island Rose*, which moved to Hollywood, FL, where it was ranked as one of the year 2000’s Ten Best by the *Palm Beach Post*. Regionally: lyrics for *War Brides* (NY Musical Festival September, 2004; Spirit of B’way Theatre, Norwich, CT: Best of the Year 2002, *Norwich Bulletin*), *No Speed Limit* (Pittsburgh’s Acting Company; Edward Albee Theatre Festival, Valdez, Alaska), and *Ravenswood* (Cincinnati Festival of New Works.) For TheatreWorks/USA he was a contributor to *When the Cookie Crumbles...* published by MTI. He is on the Steering Committee of the BMI-Lehman Engel Musical Theatre Workshop. Frank is a member of BMI, The Dramatist Guild and AEA.

JACK GAGLIARDO (*Theatrical*) is the owner of Creative Media Productions, a media communications company producing National sales meetings, videos and interactive training for corporate 500 companies. A graduate of Kent State University with a MA in Communications, Jack’s career includes writer/director for Warner Brothers’ Communications; and executive producer for Kraft Foods where he managed internal TV production center producing national TV commercials for Kraft.

ELAINE MARLOWE (*Theatrical*) Though she doesn’t sing, loves to act and direct, and her credits include the film *Gable & Lombard*, TV’s *Doctor’s Hospital*, and recent readings of *Othello*, and *Perfect Party* at the English Speaking Union, and at the Twelfth Night Club—where she is a member and Trustee. Elaine is also a member of The Episcopal Actors’ Guild and The Ziegfeld Club.

DAVID ROMEO (*Theatrical*) is an active songwriter, musician, producer and music publisher. Working both in New York and Nashville, he has had songs record by major artists including Pam Tillis, and Prairie Oyster. He has a platinum record for the Prairie Oyster album *Only the Moon*. ASCAP since 1990, member of AF of M, and his publishing company, David Romeo Music, is also a member of ASCAP, and the Harry Fox Agency, National Music Publishers Assoc. As a former Nashville studio guitarist he has played for a variety of recordings. He is presently developing his second stage musical, *A Night at the Plaza* (the book by Lamb Ward Moorehouse III, music & lyrics by David). As a producer he has been involved with

Meet the Cast

Welcome New Members

Compiled by Joyce Audley & Marc Baron

We happily announce the newest additions to our family. The following members have joined The Lambs during the recent past. Give them a warm Lambs' welcome!

SANDRA BENDELDT (*Non-Theatrical*) is a native New Yorker who always returns to the city of her birth to fulfill her dreams. As a young adult she danced in various productions and appeared as Anna in *The King and I*, and as Gladys in *The Pajama Game*. A graduate of Columbia University with a sociology degree, Sandra continued her studies at Pace Law School and was admitted into the bar in NY, NJ and CT in 1982. After moving to Greenwich, CT, she began singing with the group *The Decibelles*. When the group disbanded Sandra continued to study voice and drama, and has since performed in various NYC cabarets, at The Rich Forum in Stamford, CT, and in private clubs, homes and restaurants.

ELLEN M. BERRY (*Non-Theatrical*) is a native New Yorker, born in Brooklyn. She has worked for the NYC District Council of Carpenters' Benefit Funds and retired in 1998. Now living in Manhattan, Ellen enjoys everything New York has to offer, especially the Lambs' Friday Low Jinks.

PAUL MICHAEL CRAFFEY (*Non-Theatrical*) is a Graduate of Boston University who began with a model and acting career and owned a production company, then segued into the fashion industry...from there he went into retail, owning his business and now has a successful antique business. Paul jumps at every opportunity he can find to sing here in New York.

PATRICIA DELL (*Theatrical*) is a versatile talent in concerts, recitals, opera and musical theatre. Regional Theatre: *Milk and Honey* (Ruth), *A Little Night Music* (Desiree), *The King and I* (Anna), *My Fair Lady* (Mrs. Eynsford-Hill). Recent operatic roles: Mrs. Stevenson in Jack Beeson's *Sorry*, *Wrong Number*, Doll in Daron Hagen's *Vera of Las Vegas*. She currently serves on the voice faculty at NYU.

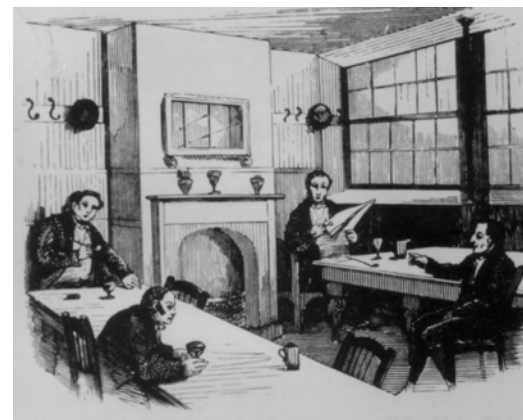
water on a hot summer night. Runaway boys were locked in "Bedlam cells," forced to sleep upon straw and a blanket. A young "Nero" branded one of his juniors with a red-hot iron. Charles described another as a "Caligula."

The Masters set the tone. One stroked a switch used for whipping, observing sardonically how neat and fresh the twigs looked. Another menaced a trembling child, "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?" It was a schooling right out of Dickens, but Christ's Hospital awoke his mind to language and literature, and Charles later looked back upon it with affection. A biographer wrote, "It was the microcosm of a world outside where punishment was cruel in similar proportion: petty larceny in England could mean death or deportation."

At Christ's he met the first of the many literati who would influence his life, the "slack-mouth and high browed" Samuel Taylor Coleridge, senior to Charles by three years. They became lifelong friends. Charles would write, "Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!" Indeed, Coleridge became a great poet, philosopher and critic.

London Taverns

London was, and remains, a city of many taverns, and Lamb knew his share of them—The Angel, The Bull and Mouth, The Crown and Horseshoe, The Horse and Groom, The Rose and Crown, The Swan and Two Necks, among others. But The Salutation and Cat in Newgate Street directly across opposite the doorway of Christ's Hospital is the



The above illustration apparently represents Charles Lamb in conversation with Coleridge at the Salutation and Cat pub.

one most often associated with Lamb. Here, from their teens, he, Coleridge and their companions spent many an evening discussing literature, the theatre, the French Revolution, whether or not God existed, and smoked, drank ale, gin, and rum.

Spirits and tobacco were an inescapable part of his life, a pleasure and an escape. He wrote, "May my last breath be drawn through a pipe and exhaled in a pun."

East India House

His stammer prevented the top scholastic honors that might have led to university, and at age fourteen he left Christ's to support himself. Samuel Salt arranged for an apprenticeship in a merchant's office, and in 1792 in the Accounting Office of the famous East India Company where he would remain for thirty-three years.

Salt died in the same year. Charles seems to have had mixed affection for his patron, and wrote that he had "but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him." With his death, the Lambs moved to respectable but cramped quarters in Little Queen Street, where the tragedy occurred. The burden of the dysfunctional family fell upon the seventeen-year old Charles, now its principal breadwinner.

Despite the mind-numbing repetitive tasks at East India House, he was reasonably satisfied. His colleagues were pleasant and bright. He had Sundays off, Easter and Christmas, and a full week in the summer. The Company withheld L10 of an employee's salary for his annual holiday. It held annual dinners at which turtle was served. It provided a steady income, which many of his more famous friends often lacked. Clerks arriving before 10:00 a.m. were given breakfast. During slack times, he could take care of his personal correspondence; many of his letters are on East India House letterhead. And there was the lure of a pension. The firm forgave occasional tardiness. A supervisor remarked,

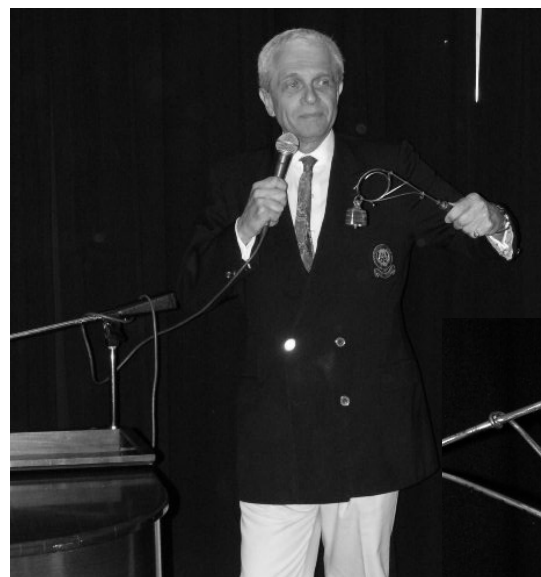
"I notice, Mr. Lamb, that you come late every morning."

"Yes," he answered, "but you see how early I go."

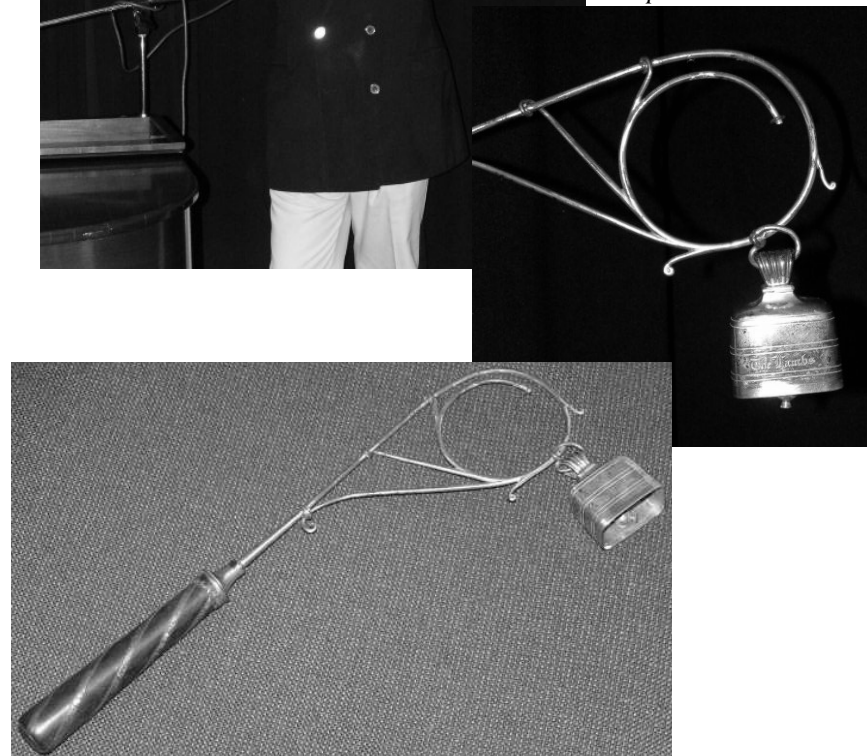
Some biographers interpret this as a witty impertinence; more likely, he was simply alluding to the many nights he worked overtime. By the end of his fifth year he was making only a meager wage, but by 1816 it increased to L480, and by 1821 to L730. His salary never allowed for much extravagance, but it was sufficient to support himself and his family, and to be generous with his friends. He indulged in

For Whom the Bell Tolls ...

Alice Dillon recently located and donated a wonderful piece of Lambs history, the Shepherd's Bell. The silver piece has the names of the original London Lambs engraved on the spiral-inlay of the handle. This is an important artifact that will be treasured. Bruce Brown puts the bell to use at our Peter Howard luncheon (pictured left), where Alice first presented the bell.



Close-up photos of the Shepherd's bell.



“When Irish Eyes are Smiling” –
lyric by **Chauncey Olcott**, music by **Ernest R. Ball**

“When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam” –
lyric and music by **Irving Berlin**.

In 1912 Wenrich joined with Homer Howard to form the Wenrich-Howard Music Publishing Company. The venture was not lasting and Wenrich opted to devote more time to composing and touring in Vaudeville with his wife, Dorothy Connolly for 15 years. In 1914, along with the Leo Feist office and lyricist Jack Mahony, Wenrich wrote the smash it “When you Wore a Tulip and I wore a Big Red Rose.” Other songs read composed by Percy Wenrich include:



Wenrich circa 1910

“Silver Bell” (1910)
“She Took Mother’s Advice” (1910)
“Red Rose Rag” (1911)
“Sweet Cider When You Were Mine” (1916)
“Where do We Go from Here, Boys?” (1917)
“A Rainbow from the USA” (1917)
“Land of Romance”
“Lantern of Love”
“Sail Along Silv’ry Moon” (1937)

Broadway Scores, music by Wenrich:

The Crinoline Girl, March 16, 1914
The Right Girl, March 15, 1921
Some Party, April 15, 1922
Castles in the Air, September 6,
1926
Who Cares, July 8, 1930



Percy Wenrich ca. 1950

books, haunting the book stalls, always on the lookout for a bargain, and over his lifetime acquired a substantial library.

Mary

Following the matricide, Charles’ older brother John, Jr., argued that Mary should remain at Hoxton asylum. Charles would not hear of it, and had her released and placed in his custody. Hattie died the following year and his father three years later; Charles and Mary were alone.¹ He would devote the rest of his life to her care.

Like Charles, Mary was small in stature. She had soft, penetrating brown eyes, a gentle but persuasive voice, and wore the plain black clothing of a penitent. She could read poetry with great expression and charm. She was compassionate and forgiving of human foibles. When someone criticized their friend, William Hazlitt, she replied,

“You are rich in friends. We cannot afford to cast off our friends because they are not all we wish.”

Mary shared her brother’s tastes completely. She took snuff as liberally as did he, read the same books, saw the same plays. She published stories, poetry and intelligent articles. They entertained together. The two grew together almost like man and wife, even adopting a little girl, Emma Isola.

It was not an easy life. They lived under the shadow of Mary’s condition, haunted with the terrible knowledge that at any time, from some dark place in her soul, insanity’s hand could rise up and snatch her. Neighbors looked on with suspicion. Charles wrote,

“Nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner marked.” Mary would appear perfectly normal, but then the illness would begin to manifest itself—irritability, changes in her looks and speech—and he would be forced to return her to the asylum.

“It was very affecting to meet them, walking together, weeping together,” a friend wrote, “carrying Mary’s straight jacket with them, on this painful mission.” After one of her incarcerations, Charles wrote

¹ John Lamb, Jr., like his younger brother, was educated at Christ’s Hospital and was employed at East India House. He lived apart from Charles and Mary and though known to their friends, was not very popular with them.

to Dorothy Wordsworth,²

“I have every reason to suppose that this illness, like all her former ones, will be but temporary; but I cannot always feel so. Meantime she is dead to me, and I miss a prop.... She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me. And I know I have been wasting and teasing her life for five years past incessantly with my cursed drinking and ways of going on.”



(The illustration to the left is of Mary and Charles in 1834, from a painting by F.S. Cary, National Portrait Gallery.)

In a letter to his wife, Coleridge described one of her descents into lunacy. Mary had smiled in an ominous way, then began agitating violently and talking wildly. “I told Charles there was not a moment to lose, and I did not lose a moment, but went for a hackney-coach and took her to the private mad-house at Hoxton. She was quite calm, and said it was the best to do so. But she wept bitterly two or three times, yet all in a calm way; Charles is cut to the heart.... She would fancy herself in the days of Queen Anne or George the First and describe the brocaded dames and courtly manners as though she had been bred among them, in the best style of the old comedy. It was all broken and disjointed so that the hearer could remember little of her discourse, but the fragments were like the jeweled speeches of Congreve, only shaken from their setting. There was sometimes even a vein of crazy logic running through them ... it was as if the finest element of the mind had been shaken into fantastic combinations like those of a kaleidoscope.”

Lamb Emerges

Coleridge encouraged Lamb to use writing as therapy, and in 1796 included four of Lambs’ poems in a collection of his own works. Then

² Sister to the poet William Wordsworth.



A Lamb in Tin Pan Alley

by Roy B. Jorgensen
and Marc Baron

Percy Wenrich – composer, pianist, music publisher and Lamb, was born in Joplin, Missouri, on January 23, 1887, and died in New York City on March 17, 1952. Charter Member of ASCAP 1914; Elected Professional Member of The Lambs in 1918.

A pianist best known for ‘ragtime’, his first hit composition was “Peaches and Cream” in 1905. Wenrich attended the Chicago Musical College, and came to New York in his young twenties to become a staff writer/composer for Jerome H. Remick & Company. In 1909, along with Lamb / lyricist Stanley Murphy, he wrote the two million-seller song, “Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet.” Three years later Wenrich teamed with Edward Madden and wrote “Moonlight Bay.” That song was given a new life thirty-nine years later in the 1951 Warner Brothers film *On Moonlight Bay* starring Doris Day, and two Lambs – **Gordon MacRae** and **Leon Ames**. Decca moved on the opportunity and recorded the song with Bing Crosby and his son, Gary (Decca 78RPM 27577), which still gets airplay today.

1912 was a hot bed for American popular music written by Lambs. Of the twelve songs compiled in *ASCAP Hit Songs of 1912*, seven are credited to Lambs (names in boldface). They were:

“Be My Little Bumble Bee” –
lyric by **Stanley Murphy**, music by Henry Marshall.

“Gianninia” –
lyric by **Otto Harbach**, music by Rudolph Frimil.

“It’s a Long, Long Way to Tipperary” –
lyric by **Harry Williams**

“Moonlight Bay” –
lyric by Edward Madden, music by **Percy Wenrich**

“Sympathy” –
lyric by **Otto Harbach**, music by Rudolph Frimil

Frank Nastasi

We sadly note the passing of Lamb Frank Nastasi, June 15, 2004. The following notice is from *The Detroit News* courtesy of Frank's friend, Madeline Barthelme:

*"Frank Nastasi, Sterling Heights: Actor lent voice to popular show
By Charles E. Ramirez"*

"Frank Nastasi was known to children in the 1950s and '60s as much for his voice as for his face. Mr. Nastasi was Gramps the animal expert on *Wixie's Wonderland* show for children on WXYZ-TV, and later voiced White Fang, Black Tooth, Pookie and other characters on the popular children's television show *Lunch with Soupy*, starring Soupy Sales. The skits were goofy, and kids — and their parents — loved them. As Soupy's unseen TV sidekick, Mr. Nastasi tried to lure Soupy to his make-believe restaurant. "Our food is untouched by human hands," he told Soupy. "How is that?" Soupy asked. "The chef is a gorilla," Mr. Nastasi replied. His stint with Soupy, and as Gramps, was only chapters in a show business career that spanned 50 years. An actor, standup comedian, and song and dance man, Mr. Nastasi died of a brain tumor Tuesday, June 15, 2004, at the Cabrini Medical Center in New York City. He was 81. He played vaudeville, the Borscht Belt, Broadway, Off-Broadway, television, movies and even operas. "He appeared with Sammy Davis Jr. in *Golden Boy*," said his niece, Barbara Yurgelevic of Rochester Hills. "My uncle started performing when he was a little boy," Yurgelevic said. "He always knew what he wanted to do and set out to do it." Born in Detroit in 1923, Nastasi was a World War II veteran. He earned a Bachelor's Degree from Wayne State University and a Master's Degree in dramatic arts from New York University. In addition to Yurgelevic, Mr. Nastasi's survivors include his fiancée, Mona Sands; sisters Anne Venezia, Margaret Braga, Yolanda Mancina and Dolores Pizzuti; and several nieces and nephews. ♦



came Blank Verse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb and A Tale of Rosamund Gray, a novel. In 1807 the charming children's book, Tales from Shakespear [sic.] appeared; fourteen of the twenty retellings of Shakespeare's plays were by Mary Lamb. Despite the claims of East India House on his time, he kept up a steady output for the rest of his life, letters, poetry, criticisms, essays, culminating in the original and captivating Elia essays. He championed not just Shakespeare, but the general body of Elizabethan drama neglected at the time.

He had a stone ear for music but a keen one for rhyme. He wrote,

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites; for my part
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them, or for Handel ...
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach (or Batch, which is it?)
No more I would for Bonocini.
As for Novello, or Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living; so I leave 'em.

Were it not for such precedents, we would have had neither the Gilbert of Gilbert and Sullivan nor Hart of Rodgers and Hart.

A Glittering Circle

About 1805, the Lambs, now returned to the Inner Temple, 16 Mitre Court. began to host a series of Wednesday soirees (later, Thursday) that became as famous as their writings. The first guests would knock about ten o'clock. They would enter rooms with low ceilings, old-fashioned and worn furniture, and bookshelves sagging with books. This was no aristocratic Paris salon with servants and footmen; it was Bohemian. But the guests would find awaiting a large mahogany table at the side of the room bearing a roast of mutton or veal pie, perhaps a goose, partridge, turkey, salmon, an occasional Stilton cheese, and a punch or brandy or jug of porter from the "best tap on Fleet Street."

Their ever-widening circle of friends included many of the most celebrated English writers and artists of all time and some of the

greatest actors ever to hold a stage: Samuel Taylor Coleridge (*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, Lyrical Ballads), his closest friend; William Wordsworth (“Tintern Abbey,” “I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud”), a Poet Laureate; Dorothy Wordsworth, journalist; Robert Southey (*Life of Nelson*), poet and historian, a Poet Laureate; William Hazlitt, painter, critic and essayist; William Godwin, philosopher and novelist; John Philip Kemble, arguably the greatest tragedian of his time; the great actress-singer Fanny Kelly; Mary Shelley (*Frankenstein*); Richard Brinsley Sheridan (*The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*); Vincent Novello, organist, composer and music publisher; and John Keats, the poet. When he was not in debtor’s prison, the American actor and dramatist John Howard Payne, author of “Home, Sweet Home,” and U.S. Consul to Tunis, was also included.

This was an age that took its literature seriously, out of which came some of the finest and most enduring works of poetry and philosophy England ever produced. And it has been said of the Lambs’ soirees that never was there a more brilliant gathering of wits and intelligently spoken folks anywhere in London.

Mere celebrity would not gain an invitation to the Lambs. When a stranger arrived, no one asked what he had written. “We were above that pedantry,” wrote Hazlitt. “If he could take a hand at picquet, he was welcome to sit down. If a person liked anything, if he took snuff heartily it was sufficient. We abhorred insipidity, affection and fine gentlemen.” Wit and good fellowship reigned. Lamb discouraged discussion of politics—it shut down intelligent thinking. The Lambs’ friends were “dreamers and thinkers rather than combatants in the world of affairs.”

When the egotistical and often pompous Wordsworth declared that others who had read History of Hamlet (Shakespeare’s source for Hamlet) could have written as good a play, Lamb took him down a peg or two:

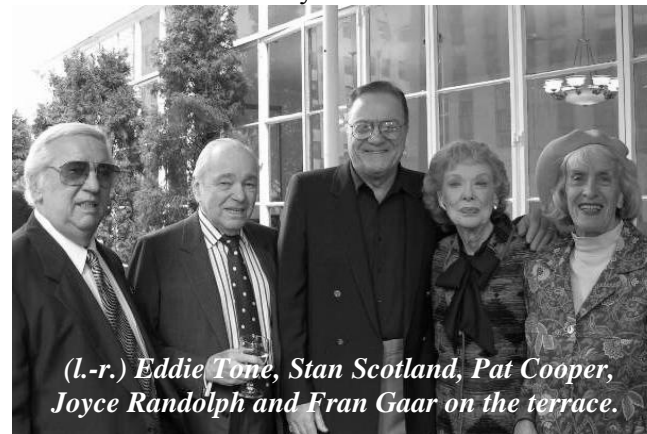
“Oh!” exclaimed Lamb. “Here’s Wordsworth says he could have written Hamlet, if he’d had the mind.”

Coleridge once rambled abstractly on some philosophical subject. Someone asked Wordsworth if he understood what he was saying.

“Not one syllable of it,” he replied. Coleridge asked Lamb, “Charles, I think you have heard me preach?” Lamb replied, “I n-n-never heard you do anything else.”

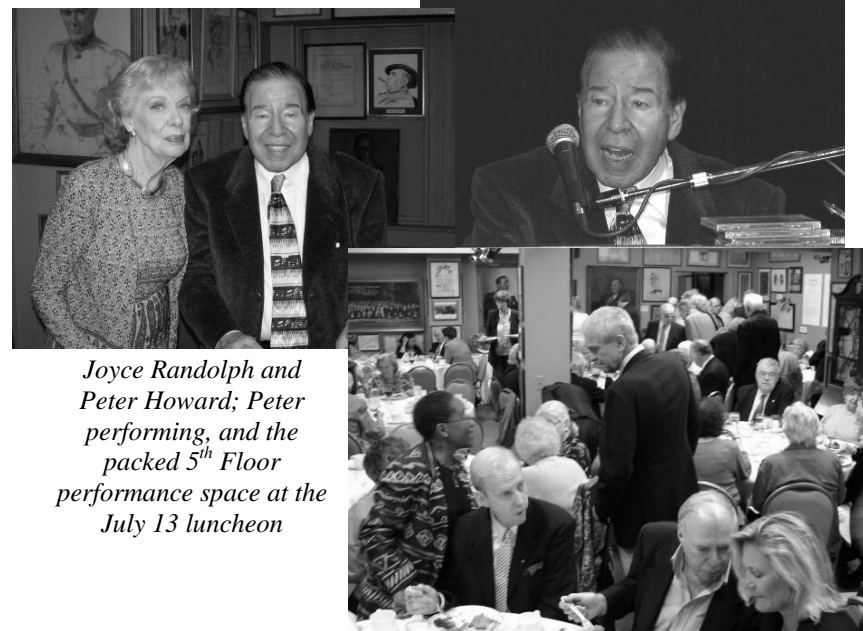
The Flock’s a’ Grazin’

The Shepherd’s Luncheons continue to be well received. The two most recent were filled to capacity. Comedian Pat Cooper gave us non-stop laughs in the solarium on April 27th, and Peter Howard packed eighty-four of us into the Fifth Floor on July 13th. Both events featured buffets, wine at the table, coffee and dessert – but the real treat has been our guests pictured here.



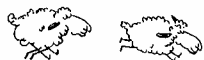
More photos may be seen on our web page.

(l.-r.) Eddie Tone, Stan Scotland, Pat Cooper, Joyce Randolph and Fran Gaar on the terrace.



Joyce Randolph and Peter Howard; Peter performing, and the packed 5th Floor performance space at the July 13 luncheon

Directors. For the next three years only four seats will be filled to create the reduction gradually. We have added two definitions to our membership classes; *Junior Membership* (theatrical/professionals under the age of 30), and *Associate Membership* (for college students studying a theatrical discipline). ♦



The Lambs' Web Site

Marc Baron deserves 1,000,000 thanks for his superb work on our new website. In 2003 the club launched www.the-lambs.org. Interest in The Lamb has surprised even the most optimistic; from January 1st to July 1st, 2004, the web site had 289,501 hits, 9576 visitors, with an average of 52 per day.

We are receiving inquiries from around the world, mostly from people who are searching for genealogical information on theatrical personalities, but also from those who are pleased to learn that we are still very much in business, and wish to donate Lambs memorabilia to us. Or, sometimes to sell us some Lambs items.

If you haven't seen it, by all means check it out. You'll be impressed. There's even a Members' Only area detailing news and upcoming events of the Club, including a Low Jinks schedule. If you wish to add your own personal link, contact Marc, and while you're at it be sure to give us your e-mail address so you'll receive notices on The Lambs... and, if you have your own web page why not create a link back to The Lambs? ♦

Bill of Fare

Bill Knowlton, a Lifetime Lamb, hosts "Bluegrass Ramble," WCNY-FM (91.3) Syracuse, WUNY (89.5) Utica; WJNY (90.9) Watertown NY. You can hear Bill on the web: www.wcny.org. Sundays: 9 pm to midnight EST. ♦

Lamb was merciless with puns. While he was riding in a coach that made a stop at a town in Kent, a woman asked the coachman, "Are you full inside?" Lamb put his head through the window and said, "Quite full inside. That last piece of pudding at Mr. Gillman's did the business for me."

He suggested that the name of the Man-t-chou Tartars must have come from their cannibal habits. And he said,

"The king never dies, which may be the reason that it always REIGNS here."

The Lambs' circle was liberal; some, like Coleridge, were overt revolutionaries. Leigh Hunt went to jail for writing that George III was "a corpulent man of fifty" and "a violator of his vows," which, of course, he was. Lamb himself wrote of the Monarch,

Not a mightier whale than this
In the vast Atlantic is
Not a fatter fish than he
Flounders round the Polar sea.

Lamb and the London Theatre

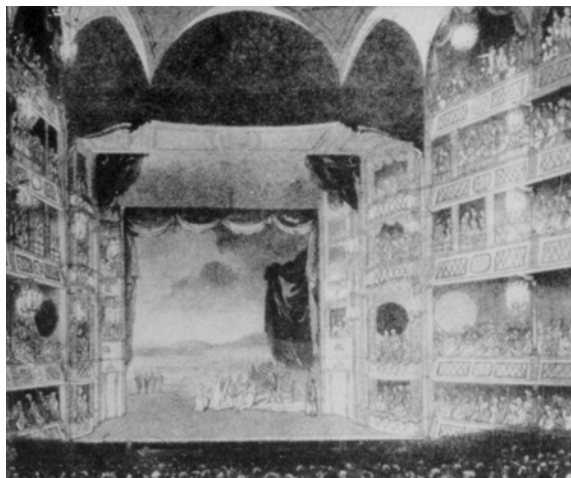
With about eight major theatres and others of lesser importance, London was in Lambs' day the theatre capital of the world, with the Strand its Broadway. Some of Lambs' friends were succeeding at plays, the most unforgiving of literature forms, and he longed to do so as well. After a still-born first attempt, he hired a room "to be in between 5 & 8 at night, to avoid my nocturnal alias knock-eternal visitors."

The result was a farce, *Mr. H.*, which opened amid great excitement. A large crowd filed into the Drury Lane; Lamb had at great personal expense papered the house with his friends.

The curtain rose. Robert Elliston, the acclaimed actor, strode to the candle-lit footlights and began the prologue.

"It was received with such shouts as I never witness'd to a Prologue," wrote Lamb. But from then on, it was downhill all the way. The wit began to seem "wire-drawn," the bursts of applause to dwindle, and Act II faced a restless audience. The only dramatic suspense

seemed to be discovering the real name of “Mr. H.” When it was learned that Mr. H’s name was “Hogsflesh,” with no further dramatic interest to follow, a chorus of hisses and hoots erupted, drowning out the actors. Resigned to the failure, Lamb himself stood and hissed, it was said, louder than any.



Above, the Drury Lane Theater at the time when Lamb’s play, Mr. H, had its disastrous production. (The Microcosm of London)

The Elia Essays

If a failed playwright, Lamb was an intelligent critic and a superb poet. But it was as an essayist that he excelled; the autobiographical “Elia” essays from the latter part of his life are as fresh and vivid today as the day they were written. The alias “Elia” (after an Italian acquaintance from his apprentice years) allowed him to write about himself and reminiscence at will behind this artistic shield, and to laugh at himself. Some have noted that “Elia” is an anagram for “liar.”

A Child of London

Lamb was a child of London. He had close friendships with the “Lake Poets,” that group of writers, notably Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, who lived much of their lives in the Lake District of Northwest England, but apart from a few visits there, he was himself

Hands Across the Pond



Our London friend, Savage Club member Stephen Henderson, has visited our club several times. The Lambs has a reciprocal agreement with The Savage, so if you are planning to be in London, you must pay a visit. It’s a great club. Stephen was Chairman for their annual Ladies’ Christmas Dinner and sent us this caricature, with best wishes to The Lambs. He added, “Thought this might give you a chuckle or two.” ♦

Altamura/Caruso International Vocal Competition Finals

March 26, 2004. The 8th Annual Altamura/Caruso International Voice Competition Finals were held in the Grand Ballroom at 3 West 51st Street. Founded by Lamb Carmela Altamura, the Competition is a stepping stone for talented young performers to a career in the concert and opera world. Among the judges have been stars of international renown, such as Madame Licia Albanese and Madame Giulietta Simionato. This year’s was a glittering event, with more than twenty finalists, one stunning and glorious voice after the other. ♦

No Chads Here

Our 2004 Election results: Wally Munro, Fran Gaar, Peter Kingsley, Don Pippin and Gene Rogers were voted to serve 3-year seats on our Council. Also, Eddie Tone has been appointed to fill the vacancy left by Peter Collins and will serve the balance of his term.

Also approved by the ballot are the following to changes to our Blue Book: The Council size will be reduced by three seats to 12

called *Nize Baby* based on a book by Milton Gross, and did a repeat performance on Tuesday....

On Monday and Tuesday, June 7 and 8, a sold-out staged reading of a new play, a light comedy called *The Gershwin Factor*, was presented. Written by Lamb Richard Wolf, and directed by Marc Baron, this play featured several Lambs including Scott Glascock, Neva Small, and a special appearance by our own Joyce Randolph. The night I saw the play, there were lots of laughs and good acting. Scott Glascock was really a good comedian and played his part to the hilt. The play worked very well under the direction of Marc Baron, and my only criticism is that I would have liked to see more of Joyce Randolph.

On June 9, Peter Johl and Noriko Suzuki performed an assortment of musical styles as a preview of a concert they will be giving in Massachusetts.

Linda Fields continues to tape her cable TV show called *Cabaret Today* in the facilities on the Fifth Floor, so the popular space is very much utilized.

One of our favorite Lambs and a special person to me, Frankie Nastasi, was hospitalized and has passed on. I have known Frankie since we worked together at Channel 5. I was only 19 and he was always a gentleman and a very talented comedian and serious actor. He will certainly be missed by everyone at Lo-Jinks, where he was a most welcome performer and a delight to the women of the Lambs.

I will miss you all during the summer but I will be back as Collie in the early Fall. Have a great summer and let us keep you *In The Fold*. ♦

Your Ad Here !

The Lambs' Script is accepting paid-for ad space from members. This is an excellent place to announce upcoming performances and events while helping to underwrite the costs of producing our newsletter.

not one of them. He relished the delights of London. His essays, letters and poetry burst with the joy of life in the most interesting and civilized of cities. "I have passed all my days in London," he wrote to Wordsworth, "until I have formed as many intense and local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and of Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the town; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old book stalls, persons cheapening books, coffee houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me."

He was a skeptic, referring to himself as a Christian, but followed no dogma. In his formative days he had looked into Unitarianism and flirted with Quakerism until he attended one of their meetings.

"This cured me of Quakerism," he wrote. This was his credo: "I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitude, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here."

He had his prejudices. He left England but once, on a visit with Mary in

1822 to Versailles. The best he could say of France was,

"I have been in France, and I have eaten frogs."

And he wrote,

"I have been trying all my life to like Scotsmen and obliged to desist from the experiment in despair."

The Superannuated Man

By 1825, Charles was spent, "a volcano burnt out," as he put it. The strain of his duties at East India House, of Mary's recurring fits of insanity, of pursuing a writing career on the side, keeping up a social life, and of heavy smoking and drinking were taking their toll. He was fearful of ruining his good reputation with the Company but chained to its salary. He wrote,

“Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered my soul.”

His employers were concerned about his condition, and in March he was called to the office.

“So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service.”

An anxious week passed. About eight o'clock one night as he was preparing to go home, he received “an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour.” He assumed he was about to be dismissed. One of the partners began a solemn tribute to his service, the others nodding in agreement. To Lambs’ utter astonishment, he was asked if he would accept a retirement pension of L450, three quarters of his present salary.

“I stammered out a bow,” he wrote, “and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—forever.”

He was stunned. “I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille, suddenly let loose after a forty years’ confinement. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity, for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself.”

In 1834, the Lambs were living in Bay Cottage, Church Street, Edmonton, The Waldens. Three days before Christmas, while strolling to a local tavern he stumbled and fell, crashing his face against a stone. The wound seemed superficial and he paid it no mind. But an acute bacterial infection set in. When two of his friends arrived on the 27th, he did not know them. He died that afternoon. When Mary was led in to see her dead brother, “she observed on his ‘beauty’ while asleep, and apprehended nothing further.” He was buried in Edmonton churchyard in a spot he had chosen earlier.

Lamb’s pension from the East India Company provided for Mary’s care for the rest of her life. She died at the house of her nurse’s sister in St. John’s Wood in 1847 at age eighty-two, having outlived her brother by thirteen years. In honor of her contributions to English literature, she was included in a series of Eminent Women, along with such as George Eliot, George Sand and Mary Wollstonecraft.

IN THE FOLD

by Davida Rothberg



Welcome to *In The Fold*. Low Jinks will remain on Fridays throughout the summer and fall. I think the last time we met we were talking about the Annual Christmas Party which was well attended by many Lambs, and then it seems before New Years I lost all track of time when I came down with pneumonia and was ill for two months. Let’s pick things up March 17 where the 10th Annual St. Patrick’s Day Celebration was held at 3 West 51st Street - an event that everyone enjoyed.

There were many interesting theme nights starting April 2 when Collie Billie Stewart hosted an evening of songs written by various Lamb members. On April 16 Collie Sylvia Schwartz hosted a night of songs of Arthur Schwartz (no relation). On April 30 Peter Johl did a theme show of more Walter Donaldson songs both well known and obscure.

On Friday May 7 Billie Stewart did her annual Mother’s Day theme to a very appreciative audience. From May 14 through June 25 the Collies have included Eleanor Carney, Davida Rothberg, Peter Dizozza, Helen Klaas, Gene Rogers, and Linda Fields.

The pub was closed for renovations from June 26 through July 12, with no Low Jinks on July 2 or July 9. Friday July 16, Kathy Kelleher took over the mike as Collie. Another theme show entitled “Friends” hosted by Billie Stewart on Friday July 23. Linda Fields rounds out the month as the Collie for July 30.

In August, Eleanor Carney starts off the month as Collie on August 6th. A theme night of Jerome Kern is Peter Johl’s choice for Friday August 13. On August 20 and 27, Kathy Kelleher and Peter Dizozza are the Collies for the respective evenings.

On Friday September 3, Peter Johl will host our Labor Day Low Jinks with no theme presentation. That finishes our summer months.

Our Fifth Floor space has been very busy with many performances. Member Aaron Frankel sponsored non-member Joe Sirola in a presentation of Shakespeare’s *Ages of Man*. On April 19, Lamb Peter Kingsley wrote and performed a 19 character one-man play

acquired it over the internet. It is the only copy of which we are aware; there is no copy at the Billy Rose Collection at Lincoln Center, nor in our archives. The original art work by James Montgomery Flagg hangs in our Fifth Floor Clubroom. The souvenir program is an interesting artifact. The event began with a dinner featuring turbot, saddle of lamb and breast of chicken. Since this was to celebrate the end of Prohibition, the opening sketch was “Ye Awakening of John Bacchus Barleycorn.” Excerpts from Lamb Irving Berlin’s current hit, *As Thousands Cheer*, enlivened the evening. Stars such as Molly Picon and vaudevillian Fred Stone entertained. The celebration went on until daylight, when breakfast with scrambled eggs, omelets potatoes in cream, bacon, country sausages and broiled ham were served. Schaefer Beer, whose distilleries had been closed for the misbegotten decade of Prohibition, took an ad in the souvenir journal that read, “Our Hand Has Never Lost Its Skill.”

The family of Peter Collins has donated a number of items valuable to our club, including Lambs’ china from the 44th Street clubhouse (pictured right).



Joyce Randolph has donated an audio cassette of a live performance by Lambs’ vaudevillians Smith and Dale, as well as colorful Lambs’ matchbooks bearing our blue and gold insignia. These take us back to the days when smoking was the in thing.

Alice Dillon located the Shepherd’s Bell (see the article later in this issue). Sandra Bendfeldt has donated a series of entertainment law books; and Frank Nastasi’s Estate has donated a series of theatre books. ♦

Scott Glascock Elected Treasurer of Episcopal Actors’ Guild

Scott Glascock has been elected Treasurer of The Episcopal Actors’ Guild of America, Inc., with which many Lambs have a long association. Scott continues as a member of the Guild’s Council. Founded in 1923, the Guild is a nonprofit, nonsectarian charity that provides scholarships to member of the theatrical profession. The Guild’s President is the noted actor Sam Waterston. ♦

A Lamb Among Lions

Lamb had his detractors, the principal of whom was the Scotsman Thomas Carlyle who thirty years after Lamb’s death attempted to savage his good name, although they had met but once years earlier. He found Lambs’ famous humor “only a thin streak of Cockney wit,” and wrote in his diary (which he expected to be made public, and was), “Charles Lamb, I sincerely believe to be in some considerable degree insane. A more pitiful, rickety, gasping, staggering stammering Tomfool I do not know.... Besides, he is now a confirmed, shameless drunkard; asks for gin and water in strangers’ houses, tipples till he is utterly mad, and is only not thrown out of doors because he is too much despised for taking such trouble with him.”

A scholar retorted, “the humourless are deaf and blind to the humour of other men,” and laid the diatribe to a sanctimonious and “sour-spirited Calvinist.”

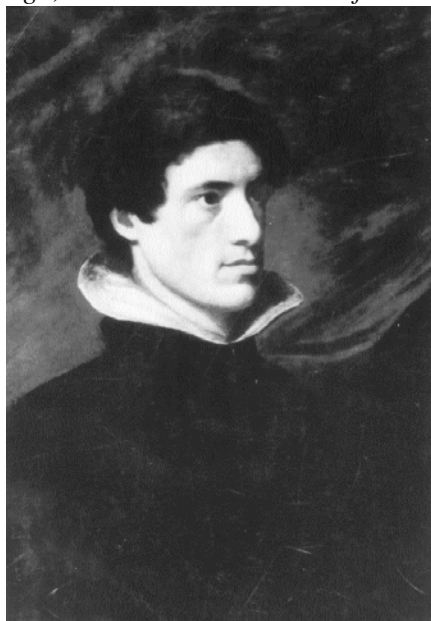
Coleridge paid tribute: “His genius is talent, and his talent is genius, and his heart is as whole and one as his head.” Wordsworth: ”Oh, he was good, if e’er a good man lived.” Hazlitt painted his head lovingly. It is the best portrait of Lamb.

A hundred years after his death, a Charles Lamb Society was founded in London with an international membership active today. *Life, Letters and Writings of Charles Lamb* in six volumes was published in 1875 and *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* of seven volumes in 1903-05. Scores of biographies and compendia continue to appear. At one time, a Charles Lamb Restaurant operated in New York on East 88th Street. Over a dozen plays have been written with the Lambs as their subjects. Charles’ portrait hangs in the Romantic Poets room in the National Portrait Gallery, London, in company with immortals Lord Byron, John Keats, William Blake, William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Mary Wollstonecraft, William Godwin, William Hazlitt, Sir Walter Scott, Mary Shelley, and others who formed the Golden Age of English literature. There is a Charles Lamb web-site. In 1869 a theatrical club was formed in London and named in honor of the Lambs. And in New York in 1874, The Lambs theatre club was founded, for much of the 20th Century the largest and most influential theatre club in America. Portraits of Charles and Mary are displayed on its walls today.

Lamb was never lionized like so many of his of his friends. He was never elected Poet Laureate like Southey and Wordsworth, never awarded a Consulate like Payne. Because his writings made so little money, he considered himself a failure. But the English scholar and politician Augustine Birrell grew tired of people saying, "Poor Charles Lamb," or "Gentle Charles Lamb," and wrote, "Charles Lamb earned his own living, paid his own way, was the helper, not the helped; a man who was beholden to no one, who always came with gifts in his hand, a shrewd man capable of advice, strong in council. Poor Lamb, indeed! Poor Coleridge, robbed of his will; poor Wordsworth, devoured by his own ego; poor Southey, writing his tomes and deeming himself a classic; poor Carlyle, with his nine volumes of memoirs ... —call these men poor, if you feel it decent to do so, but not Lamb, who was rich in all that makes life valuable or memory sweet."

Of all the personalities in this glittering age of English literature, he is the most lovable, a lamb among lions. ♦

Sources: *Coroner's Report, Morning Chronicle, London, 26 September 1796*; Winifred F. Courtney, *Young Charles Lamb 1775-1802*; Charles Lamb, "My First Play," "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago;" "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple;" Claude A. Prance, *Companion to Charles Lamb*; Will D. Howe, *Charles Lamb and His Friends*; *London Magazine, April 1821*; "Lamb of India House," *New York Times, 5 April 1925*; Katharine Susan Anthony, *The Lambs. A Story of Pre-Victorian England*.



Left: Charles Lambs at age 26.

Recent Acquisitions

Mary Lee Murphy of Little Silver, NJ, has donated a most interesting photo of a Lambs event, the Fort Monmouth Gambol, November 21, 1940. It was a scaled back Gambol for the morale of the troops, as so many Lambs entertainers were at war. This was under the direction of Lamb Lee Hollister and his wife, of New York. Ms. Murphy also loaned us copies of sheet music related to The Lambs.

Vaerie Yaros, Historian of S.A.G., Los Angeles, has donated a video cassette of *Trilby*. In this 1915 silent film, Wilton Lackaye recreates his famous signature role, Svengali, who mesmerizes innocent little Trilby; under his spell he turns her into a world famous opera singer. At the conclusion of the original stage play, the principals all meet their deaths and are scattered about the stage. The movie version has a happy ending. Lackaye served as Shepherd for during 1906-07. His withering wit apparently limited him to a single term. Valerie discovered the video as part of her research on Carlos Wuppermann, brother to Lamb Francisco Wuppermann, whose stage name was Frank Morgan. Many thanks, Valerie!

Lewis Hardee has donated a video cassette of *Way Down East*, a 1920 version of a hugely popular stage play made successful by Shepherd Joseph Grismer. The movie stars Lillian Gish and Lamb Richard Barthelmess are the leads, directed by D. W. Griffith. The interesting plot is concerned with an impoverished New England girl taken advantage of by a wealthy cousin, and features a flight by the heroine through a storm and across floating ice, much like Little Liza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"The Fred Waring's America Collection" of Penn State U. has loaned us a fine painting by Lamb James Montgomery Flagg of a nude used as artwork for a 1940 Gambol.

Ellen Berry has made us aware that in the 1930's, New York City undertook a project to photograph and document every building in the City; they are now available at the Municipal Archive down on Chambers Street. Ellen provided us with forms we will use to acquire photographs of some earlier Lambs clubhouses not yet in our collection.

Lewis Hardee has donated a souvenir program of the Lambs' Repeal Gambol of 1933. Valerie Yaros told us about this, and Lewis