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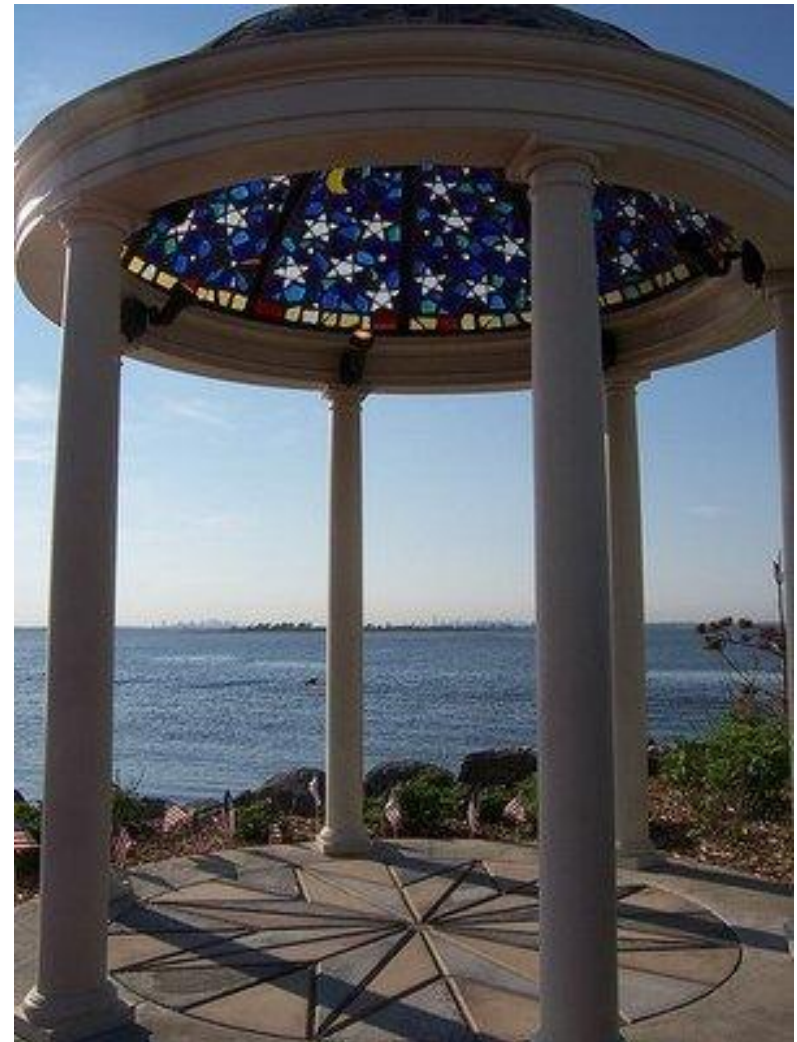
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The Lambs'  
*Script*



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*America's first professional theatrical club, established in 1874.*  
**Summer-Fall 2011**



**A Tribute to 9/11 Victims & Heroes:  
Ten Years Later Lambs Remember**

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### From the Editor's Desk

When Lewis Hardee and The Lambs' *Script* staff put together the memorable 2001 issue shortly after the terrifying events of 9/11, he opened his "Editor's Notes" with the words, "We are living through strange times, wading through troubled waters." While not in the same sense of immediate and tragic loss of that horrific day, it seems perhaps the same could be said now, in our own time, even as we dedicate this issue to the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of yet another "day that will live in infamy." This *Script* assembles the collected 9/11 memories of the many Lambs who so kindly responded to the request for their recollections found in our last issue. For other Lambs, and understandably so, it was too difficult to call up those oft-times devastating memories. But surely all agree, we must never forget the brave souls lost, the courageous first responders, and the brave souls who have carried on in this great city of New York!

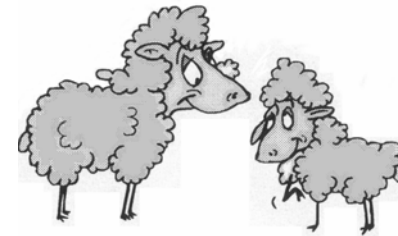
As part of our tribute, The Lambs has been honored with the special permission of the *Bridge & Tunnel Club of New York*, to display in these pages a selection of that organization's stunning photographs of one of the Big Apple's most beautiful 9/11 memorials: **Tribute Park** on the shore of Jamaica Bay in the Rockaways. If you have not experienced its solemn beauty as a place of peaceful contemplation, you should plan to do so. Located at the end of 116<sup>th</sup> Street, just off Beach Channel Drive in Rockaway Park, the site overlooks the expanse of the Manhattan skyline beyond the bay, where once proudly stood the "twin towers." It is a fitting location since Rockaway, more than any other New York neighborhood, suffered the greatest losses of 9/11 first responders.

as well, Chuck assures me that he would have an entire marketing blitz and network ready to go on a big, big scale. Creatively, this is a very cool way to give our little group a legacy. Whatever that means on an individual level is open to discussion a little bit down the road.

As a project in development, I'd hope my singers would each consider reviewing Chuck's material with me song-by-song, and occasionally trying them out (once they're stage-ready) on a Tuesday night! I believe our audiences will LOVE that we have our own composer-out-of-residence.

This Tuesday, 8/9/2011, we hope to have Michael & Katie perform 2 of Chuck Prentiss' parodies, as well as an original song of his. Please share an excitement with me about MSC performing these unknown gems! I think we have gratefully stumbled onto one more thing that sets our shows apart: MORE brilliant original parodies & entertaining cabaret songs that we are creating, not copying from other sources.

Cheers, Jivie.



### She Keeps on Going...and Going...and going

Last October, the New York Bar People named Joyce Randolph *Icon of the Year* at their annual gala. That same evening, Assemblyman Matthew J. Titone, of the New York State Assembly, presented Joyce with an achievement and citation from the State Assembly. Later that fall the Imperial Court of New York, a large theatrical organization, crowned her "Dame Joyce Randolph" at their annual ball at the Marriott Marquis.

### ***Lamb, Chuck Prentiss, in the Arizona Spotlight***

*[Ed. Note: It was just a few weeks back that Lamb Chuck Prentiss, while visiting the Big Apple from his home in Florida, joined in the Low Jinks fun at The Lambs on a summer Friday night. The recent letter of August 6th below was written by "Jivie," the manager and director of the Martini Social Club in Phoenix, Arizona. ]*

Our weekly cabaret shows are a smash hit by now. If you don't believe me, watch what happens to our shows in the next 6 weeks. We are a success because of the world-class variety of talents and comedic/artistic material that we deliver in an authentically joyous and impeccably detailed expressive manner. That's a big deal in the boonies of central Phoenix, Arizona, and it instantly puts our city on par with other similar offerings in major metropolitan areas.



To that end, Katie and I have talked up Martini Social Club on the East Coast and with many of our cabaret peers, and through a stroke of extreme comedic luck, have made a creative connection with the cabaret songwriter, lyricist, and Broadway historian extraordinaire, Chuck

Prentiss (pictured above). He is a charmingly and disarmingly perverse gentleman who lives in retirement in Florida and has written a significant number of ribald ditties ideally suited for cabaret. I am beginning the creative writing process of assembling a revue of some of his greatest work, which is largely unknown outside of NYC/Long Island cabaret circles.

With his assistance, and the contribution of much brand-new material he is writing specifically for us to perform, I hope to create a show that comically hits home as well as anything *Forbidden Broadway* has ever done. If we can succeed with it in a bar, and get reviews, perhaps we can get it booked as a late-night limited engagement with one of our superb local alternative theaters, and hopefully manage to get the composer out to Phoenix for a premiere. If that can get critical reviews

Entering the stunning iron gates (*photo below*) of artist, Geoff Rawling, visitors will see the massive granite sculpture by artist Izabella Slobodoff, topped with a stone-carved fireman's hat. The face of the huge stone is etched with the names of the 343 firefighters who lost their lives that tragic day. Surrounding a stone mariner's compass, there is a plaza of bricks inscribed with the names of 70 Rockaway residents that were lost; and nearby another memorial honors the 22 police officers that died when the towers fell. The centerpiece of the park is artist Patrick Clark's magnificent and towering stone gazebo with its multi-colored dome fashioned out of faceted glass, and its compass floor pointing to the spot where the towers once stood. (*see cover photo*).

### **Florent Agni, David Dow Bentley III**



### ***A Tribute to 9/11 Victims & Heroes: Ten Years Later The Lambs Remember***

*[Editor's note: It was much a simpler time that summer in New York, and fire trucks and emergency vehicles were surrounding the entrance to the World Trade Center. I was there with my mother and several of my "wacky friends," as mother affectionately recalls. My dad, who had worked for years in the World Trade Center, had passed away some time before, and our mission was to cheer mom a bit by taking her "on the town." Oh by the way, it was not September 11<sup>th</sup>. It was a lovely mid-*

summer night in the early 1980's, and the evening's adventures had begun with a wonderful meal at Bamonte's Italian Restaurant in Brooklyn. From there we decided to take mom for after dinner drinks at the fabulous Windows on the World atop the trade center. Arriving there at perhaps 10 pm, the whirling lights of the aforementioned emergency vehicles confronted us, but there appeared to be no restrictions to entry. Mother cautioned, "We better not go in," but someone else chimed, "Oh, let's go." And so we did, zooming heavenward in the elevators, and enjoying cocktails and the panoramic view without ever learning what the "emergency" might have been. I mention all this as a reminder of a time when a climate of fear and suspicion had not yet established itself in The Big Apple. The WTC garage bombing of 1993 was still years away, and the September 11<sup>th</sup> calamities to come were unimaginable. When that fateful day did arrive, I had just arrived from Texas two days before to join a friend for Sunday's U.S. Open tennis final in Flushing Meadow. I knew I was in trouble when Australian, Lleyton Hewitt, won that championship as he demolished American, Pete Sampras, in three straight sets. Little did I know that forty-eight hours later we would all learn what real trouble was all about as I began weeks of watching the drifting smoke of destruction as it floated out across the harbor in full view of my Rockaway home. Here then is our Lambs' salute to all the 9/11 heroes, living and dead, and the every day New Yorkers who have helped us get from that day to this. --- **DDB** ]

#### KEVIN McMULLEN

It was the week we had to do the show for The Lambs' picnic at the Lillian Booth Actors Home of The Actors Fund in Englewood, New Jersey. The basics of what happened were these:

It was a particularly large theme show with a script, which I directed with tremendous help from Sheila Smith. After the events of 9/11, no one wanted to continue with the rehearsals or even to do the show. For that matter, many were afraid to travel to New Jersey. I didn't even want to continue, and I was the director. On that day the phone calls were flying between A.J. Pocock, Joe Benicasa, the Actor's Home, and me in an effort to decide whether to cancel the show. I was calling members involved to see how they felt. For that matter, I couldn't make it into the city from my home in NJ to rehearse people because they had closed the bridges & tunnels. To make matters even dicier, it was a show

Westchester had miserable rain and an unbelievable 'golf ball-size' hailstorm! Yes, you heard me right! I said 'Hail!' So I couldn't go anywhere that night.)

We held our Lambs Council meeting and discussed many aspects affecting the Club. Discussions included the financial conditions, the need for more members, and what to do about The Lambs Club restaurant's use of our name. I had been so annoyed about the so-called Lambs Club Restaurant that I have written a poem I am planning to make into a song. More about that later. Thanks to Randy Phillips, our Shepherd, for providing the dinner treats at that meeting.

We want everyone to encourage new qualified people to join The Lambs. One member I would love to enroll is Kimberly Faye Greenberg. She came to a Low Jinx one night with Lamb, Herb Goldman. I saw her wonderful one-woman show, *One Night with Fanny Brice*. She is so talented and really made Fanny her own. (Watch out Barbra Streisand!) Linda Fields also interviewed Kimberly on her cable talk show, *Cabaret Today*. It was taped right at our own Lambs fifth floor space.

That's about all the news for this addition. Have a great rest of the summer, and I'll see you in the fall. Let us keep you *In The Fold*.

#### *Favorite Quotes From the Editor*

Meryl Streep: "The more you know about everything---a little of everything---the better person you can be."

Defense Secretary, Robert Gates (*60 Minutes* interview with Katy Couric 5-15-2011): "To avoid criticism, say nothing, do nothing, be nothing."

Susan Boyle: "When you sing a song, you're telling a story."

Arthur Laurents: "I learned how to write by writing."

"It is a hopeless endeavor to attract people to a theatre unless they can be first brought to believe that they will never get in." ---- Charles Dickens, Nicholas Nickleby

"I am dying, as I have lived, beyond my means." -----Oscar Wilde's last words whilst requesting Champagne

Abraham Lincoln: "The trouble with quotes on the Internet is you can never tell if they are genuine."

***In the Fold***  
by *David Rothberg*

Welcome to *In The Fold*. The spring and summer seemed to fly by, but that doesn't stop the various activities at The Lambs. Can you believe it? It has been 10 years since the devastation of 9/11. Be sure to follow this issue's stories of our fellow Lambs (including mine) on that fateful day.



On a happier note, here are all the special-themed Low Jinx events hosted by such collies as Rian Keating. He provided an interesting topic with story songs on a night when Paul Chamlin subbed for our own Woody Regan. By the way, Rian also did a great job on his recent cabaret show. Another great showman, Frank Torren, wowed his audience with an assortment of special songs.

Back now to our theme shows, on July 15th Eleanore Carney gave us Summer Hot Songs. Elaine Marlow provides us with a theme of 1960-1965 Songs. On September 16th Kevin McMullen and I will be showcasing guest voices introduced by Lambs members. Then, before you know it, Billie Stewart will be back for her famous Halloween Show on October 28, while our hard-working Treasurer, Eleanore Carney, is planning a Johnny Mercer Night on November 18th. I want to express special thanks to our other Low Jinx collies. They include; Annette Hunt, Peter Kingsley, Peter Dizozza, Helen Klass, Scott Glascock, Roseann Sheridan, Camille Savitz, Kathy Kelleher, Linda Fields, Joan Scafarello, and Gini Dustin. June 3rd was my last time at the Club for the summer season as I am away on weekends. So I am afraid I missed some special events and nights of fun activities.

Our thanks to Marc Baron, for holding his town meetings and guiding The Lambs to come up with creative ideas for different evenings. Camille Savitz made Mondays Gilbert and Sullivan Nights and gave their fans an opportunity to sing songs from favorite G&S musicals. Peter Dizozza brought his songwriting talents to the group and new songs were showcased and critiqued. (I love writing songs and hope to attend his sessions in the fall.)

We also had special screenings on the fifth floor and a rare 10-year-old screening of a Lambs' performance after 9/11. This was an event many attended and found so moving. (I would love to have attended, but

about world travel and flying. The Actors Fund insisted, however, that this would not be about our own fears and trepidations. We were expected to rise above our own personal/collective feelings and low morale. As director it seemed to fall upon me to continue with the show and to rally people, although I don't really recall doing the latter. We were reminded that people at the home needed to know that in the midst of this dark period there were people who cared and were thinking about them. So, whereas we may not have sent our members directly to Ground Zero to help, I still believe there is something heroic, noble and compassionate about what we did as a group that week.

**CAMILLE SAVITZ:**

September 11, 2001 is a day I couldn't forget if I tried. The buildings that were there in the morning were not there in the afternoon. Where are those buildings?

How could this happen? My city was in ashes and I was breathing those ashes. Was it vaporized bricks? or computers? or paper? or people? or glass? And all those signs on every bus shelter and wall. Photos of the missing that asked, "Have you seen?????" Missing? I didn't think so. Dead, for sure. Not missing. I could not stop crying. My brother-in-law called from Florida to suggest we go to New Jersey. What? And leave my city? And, anyway, I couldn't leave. There was a lockdown.

I couldn't look downtown. The tourists were in double-decker busses and they were taking pictures of the burning buildings! A photo op? I walked to the office and the phone was ringing all day. People from California, friends from France. What happened? Are you OK? Yes. (No.)

Will people remember or will this become a day of "Sales", like Memorial Day? Or will this turn out to be December 7th? Will my grandchildren know? Will I ever be able to look downtown? Is it really ten years?

**PETER DIZOZZA:**

As I was leaving the apartment to go to Brooklyn that morning, my roommate at the time said, "Look at the TV." I hadn't watched news broadcasts for 20 years, but after September 11th I was glued to the

television. I went upstairs with my video camera. A girl on the roof asked me what had happened? We had already passed the "that was no accident" realization. Planes went into those buildings. She said that must have been terrible. I said it *IS* terrible!

Vandalism in broad daylight displayed the impotent horror of the skyscrapers.

ALL THAT PRECAUTIONARY SECURITY SINCE 1993 was not able to prevent this opposite result of total destruction, and what followed was more "security."

One of my cryptic September 2001 posts follows: "They killed the Twin Towers. It was a slow execution. It was a display. We were the passive audience, unable to reverse this death as we watched. The act of observing changed nothing. There was nothing anybody could do but evacuate! They were down. I saw the destruction of the buildings. I can't even begin to apply imagination to the unspeakable horror of the unconscionable loss of lives. The containment of this disaster seems a miracle now as we move on to reclaiming our oneness with the universe.

#### **PETER KINGSLEY:**

I remember vividly that September morning of 2001. It had to be one of the most beautiful days the island of Manhattan had ever experienced: fresh winds out of the north, clear crystalline skies and humidity, and temperature levels perfect for humans – a clean, crisp, fall-like day. I arrived at my office as usual before seven a.m. In those days my office was in the basement of NYU's Bobst Library on Washington Square South. Around 9:30 a staff member approached me and said,

"Did you hear about the World Trade Center? A plane flew right into it!"

"Really?"

"Yeah, you can see where it hit!"

"Really??"

I went upstairs and out onto the street corner where La Guardia Place dead-ends into Washington Square. Looking south I had a clear unobstructed view of the stricken World Trade Center a mile or so away. Sure enough, with the north wind blowing the smoke of the plane crash clear of the tower I could plainly see the exact outline of where a plane at about a 30-degree angle had crashed through the façade. A woman next

### ***Welcome to the Fold***

*by Scott Glascock*

**Rosa Antonelli:** Elected a Theatrical Member on 22 July 2011. Sponsored by Kay Arnold Cooper and Herbert Goldman. She is a classical concert pianist and regarded as one of the leading exponents of Spanish and Latin American music to audiences around the world. Born in Italy, she was raised in Argentina, where she received her training. She earned a Masters Degree with Honors from the National Conservatory in Buenos Aires and became a Professor of Music. She has recorded and toured extensively and became a member of the Roster of Steinway Artists in 1998. She will be making her Carnegie Hall debut on Saturday 15 October 2011 at 7:30 pm. Rosa is also a member of the National Arts Club and the Dutch Treat Club.

**Gillian Riley:** Elected a Junior Theatrical Member on 22 July 2011. Sponsored by Jacqueline Kroschell and Marc Baron. Gillian is a stage director and voice teacher, a Member of AFTRA, and an SDC Associate Member. She earned a Bachelors of Music in Music Theater at the University of Colorado/Boulder, and attended a summer session at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. Gillian has extensive directing credits in Off-Off-Broadway theatre and won directing awards in 2010 for three different productions.

**Sarah-Ann Rodgers:** Elected a Theatrical Member of The Lambs on 13 May 2011. Sponsored by Scott Glascock and Leslie Shreve, who met and appeared with her several years ago in an Equity showcase production. Actress. Member of AEA, SAG and AFTRA. Also a Member of The Episcopal Actors' Guild of America. B.A., Music, The American University. Graduate Certificate in Management of the Arts, Adelphi University. Extensive New York and Regional Theatre experience. Recurring appearances on *Saturday Night Live* for more than a decade.

**Colin Speer Crowley:** Elected a Junior Theatrical member of The Lambs on 12 August 2011. Sponsored by Don Flynn and Paul R. Bartsch. He is a playwright, screenwriter and lyricist. He is a member of the Dramatists Guild, and theatres in Seattle, London and New Jersey have produced his work. Among other distinctions, he was a Semi-Finalist in the 2010 Stanley Drama Awards.

and commissioning new works which give Houston audiences the chance to re-experience the lyric theater." The formula must be working. Audience member, Mark Groseth, summed it up this way: "WOW! What a great show! Amazing performances all around. It's hard to believe that these wonderful little operas are being hosted in such an intimate venue." For more information visit [www.lonestarlyric.org](http://www.lonestarlyric.org)



### More CHEERS for The Script

**Kelli Estes:** *The Script* was better than ever! Wow, we conjure up lots of things this year. I must say to Marc Baron's credit, the place is

looking great. Fresh paint has done wonders in making the place look terrific and the new carpet is going in this week, so things are looking good. Thank you so much for your glowing article about my little *Dueling Divas* program. What a nice thing to read about lots of recent and upcoming events at our Club. I saw the first of the April reading series last Monday and we had a nice turnout with a nearly full house.

**Peter Kingsley:** Just got the mail. *The Script* looks great and can no longer be called the Church Bulletin. I'm grateful that I was published here first!

**Bruce Brown,** ex-Shepherd: Excellent copy of *The Script* arrived. I have a feeling that this kind of reporting will encourage new members. Keep up the good work.

**Don "Scribbler" Flynn:** Got *The Script*. It was terrific!

**Marti Stein:** Dow, thank you so much for taking on the job as editor. You write beautifully.

to me burst out laughing, and as I turned to look at her she turned to me and her mouth opened in horror.

After staring at this surreal sight for a few minutes I turned back into the library. As I descended the stairs the thought struck me: that was no accident. Just at that moment the voice of the library guard rang out, "They hit the second tower!"

For the next several days I couldn't get back to my apartment in Jersey City. I live on a street that dead-ends into the Hudson River, just across from where the Towers used to stand. I can remember the bizarre feeling of looking down my street upon my first return and not seeing them there anymore. Instead, all the streets where I lived were jammed with ambulances and fire fighting rigs from Jersey, New York and Connecticut. The day of my return they were still using all the ferries to transport body parts and building fragments over to my side of the Hudson. The streets were filled with firefighters in full rig and covered from head to toe in white ash. The only human aspect of these phantoms was the tracks on their faces where their tears had been coursing down. The Great American Empire now faced a new century and a whole new reality.

### HERB GOLDMAN:

September 11th has always been a little special for me. You see, --- it is my birthday. I was born at 9:50 p.m. on September 11th—the eve of the first day of Rosh Hashanah (Jewish New Year) in what was my natal year. Many years later, the date became one "that will live in infamy."

I was sleeping late that day when I received a call from my parents in Pompano Beach, Fla. They told me to put on the television and see what was going on. Several minutes later, I watched in horror and amazement as the second tower tumbled in onto itself.

I called the only person I knew who was living in Tribeca—the neighborhood right next to what was formerly the World Trade Center. Thankfully, she was unharmed.

Four days later, the soot from the explosions wafted up to New York's Upper East Side, where I was then (as now) living. It was, of course, like nothing in my memory.

Sociologists and popular magazine editors pretended it had altered our society forever. I did not—and still do not—believe that. Within a few short weeks, the nation's mind was buried back in the

idiocy of our “celebrity culture.” And that’s my Memory of September 11th.

### VIVIENNE GILBERT:

I had seen the white cloud of smoke billowing against the perfect blue sky all the way from midtown where I live and worked. It was obscenely beautiful and gave no hint of the horror it represented. When I got to my office the second plane had struck, and there was no longer any way to believe it had been an accident. My first thought was for my daughter, Elisa, who worked as an attorney in a law office a little further uptown than I did. Things happen to Elisa.

The phones were out and I could not reach her office. I excused myself and went to see for myself that she was okay. When I got there the deer-in-the-headlights look on her partner's face told me all I needed to know.

"She was going to Court- I walked her to the subway myself." he said, utterly miserable.

We both knew that the subway stop she was going to on Vesey Street was only a block from the Trade Center. We didn't know what had happened to the subways in the area.

There was nothing further to say except to promise each other that as soon as we heard anything we would try to call.

Elisa was next spotted, filthy from the debris of the Towers, about five hours later. The second Tower had collapsed in front of her just as she emerged from the subway. She had seen the jumpers. Police had detoured the area and knocked her down once thinking that an abandoned cab she was passing was a bomb about to blow. She had been heard vowing to join the military and extract personal revenge. Then she disappeared. We kept calling her cell phone because service was returning. There was no answer. Her doorman rang up her apartment. We rang her doorbell. Nothing.

Happily she had walked the many miles home, locked her door behind her, and collapsed into uninterrupted sleep until about midnight. She called as soon as she woke. For many, many others the story did not end that quickly, or that well. It was a very long day.

### Lone Star Lamb Dares To Be Different

This year’s edition of Lamb Kelli Estes’ annual Lone Star Lyric Theatre Festival in Houston took a bold new direction with this summer’s world premiers of five new productions based on the “Brothers Grimm Fairy Tales.” Titled, *Simply Grimm*, the festival included *The Man Who Studied Fear*, by Portland playwright, Mark LaPierre with New York composer Paul L. Johnson, *Simply Grimm* Prologue and *Hans In Luck* by Sacramento-based Omari Tau, *What Your Parents Don’t Want You to Know* by San Francisco Bay Area playwright, Aaron Loeb with composer Kurt Erickson, and *Clever Gretel* by Houston’s own Michael Remson.

Beginning with a “... brief prologue told by four befuddled know-it-alls,” audiences were invited to, “Open your imagination, step into our storybook, and learn the Grimm truth about Cinderella’s past, Roberto’s quest to experience fear, Gretel’s clever plan for a delicious meal, and dim-witted Hans’ unfortunate luck on his journey home.



(Above, Kelli Estes)

Lone Star Lyric sets itself apart by declaring, “...a unique repertoire, creative productions, surprising venues, and performances by the finest talent in Houston.” According to Artistic Director Estes, “We bring to life lesser known and rarely performed pieces, while premiering

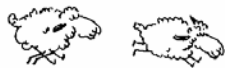


an uproarious segment portraying a prince of old Baghdad in a scene that seemed right out of the Arabian Nights with Marc and Peter Kingsley both hilarious as the royal servants. Tom was aptly described as "everybody's favorite leprechaun," as he delivered a charming, "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" Charlotte brought Mermanesque style to a solid, "Chicago," and a feisty and amusing, "Why Do the Wrong People Travel When the Right People Stay Back Home?" Billie served up a rousing, "Deep in the Heart of Texas," while the ensemble offered great renditions of, "Meet Me in St. Louis," and "Oklahoma!" Reprising the role she created on Broadway, Sheila delighted the audience with, "When You Meet a Man in Chicago," from Sugar.



(L.-r.: Joyce Randolph, Sheila Smith, Linda Fields, Rita Ellis Hammer.)

For poignant and climactic joy the full cast joined in "See the USA in Your Chevrolet," and "New York, New York." What those songs must have meant to the elderly audience at such a tragic time in America can only be imagined. Shepherd Pocock may have summed it up best when he remarked, "I couldn't be more proud of this cast that worked right through the tragedy. God Bless America!" Somebody say, "Amen!"



### **DON PIPPIN:**

I recall that morning like it was yesterday. I had just arrived in San Francisco on September 10th with a company of entertainers. We had a show to perform on the evening of the 11th. Having no rehearsals until late on Sept. 11th, I planned to sleep late that morning. For some reason I woke up around 7:00AM and turned on the T.V. to lull me back to sleep. I thought I was seeing some old disaster movie. I changed channels and the same film was playing. My sleepy brain started to bring the horrible sights into focus. I tried to call home, but all lines were busy. I tried my cell phone too, but it could not get through. By then others in my company were starting to ring each other. We met in the cafe for coffee to comfort and calm each other. San Francisco's business center was closing down. People were having great fear that the next plane could be here. By noon the city was silent with few people in sight. Our engagement and rehearsal were canceled. Though we had planned to leave on the 12th, we were stuck in San Francisco for several days. The hotel was able to find space for us if we doubled up in several rooms. Time seemed to move so slowly. Once calls could get through to the East we all began to relax a little knowing that our families were safe. Not until I returned to New York could I really feel the full impact of Sept. 11th. I remember Broadway opening night parties at the World Trade Center restaurant. What sadness and pity I felt for all that had been lost. I still do.

### **ROSEANN SHERIDAN:**

I live next to the West Side Highway, less than a mile from the 9/11 tragedy. I was watching Channel 1 that morning as I did every morning to make sure subways and buses were running on time. My daughter traveled to school each morning by subway and bus.

Suddenly, Channel 1 showed a plane running into one of the towers. I ran out to West Street to view the accident. Already, crowds of people were running toward the towers, curious over the accident. Shortly, the second plane flew into the other tower. Folks realized this was not an accident but an attack. The crowd turned around and began running uptown, away from the towers. Throughout the day, emergency vehicles raced down West Street, while people, some bleeding, others

sobbing, walked north. I stood among a crowd of strangers at the corner of 11th and West Streets, all of us stunned, crying, hugging.

My daughter fortunately had arrived at the girl's school she attended on the Upper East Side. Teachers had stepped away from their students to see what was happening on television newscasts. The students then watched as the teachers emerged, sobbing, but not letting students in on the tragedy. A number of the teachers and students had lost parents and friends.

#### ANNETTE HUNT:

September 11th was a day never to be forgotten. I was in Las Vegas performing in *The Beauty Queen of Leenane*. There were four actors in the cast: The mother (me), the daughter, the lover, and the boy. I loved Vegas. Our theatre and apartments were approximately 2 miles from the middle of The Strip, and we spent a lot of off time at Bellagio and Caesars as they were at the end of our street. Our beautiful modern theatre was located on the campus of the university. It was considered the Lincoln Center of Vegas and it looked that way with a huge sculpture of a flashlight standing on the plaza. I walked to the theatre almost everyday, and my-oh-my, it was hot--- between 100 and 110 degrees! So when I finished work during the day or the evening I headed straight for the swimming pool and then straight into my apartment as cool as a refrigerator.

It was in this highly refrigerated room that at around 8:00 a.m. my phone rang. Groggily I reached for it. "Hello", "Hello." The voice on the other end was a fellow New York Equity actor who was also in the show.

"Are you awake?" he asked.

"Partially," I replied. "What do you need? What time is it, anyway?"

When he said it was almost 8:30 I asked him why he was calling me so early. He told me the World Trade Center and the Pentagon had been destroyed. I asked why he was calling me up and making jokes so early in the morning, but he insisted it was the truth. I went to the TV and heard and saw that he was indeed telling the truth. I needed to find out about my family and I learned the actress who was playing my daughter could get thru to New York with her cell phone. When I got to her apartment I remember sitting down, watching the TV, and trying to

Billie Stewart as the Beauty Queen, Sheila Smith as the UPI Reporter, Kay Arnold as the CNN Correspondent, Peter Johl as the General, Helen Klass as the Chanteuse, Gene Rogers as the Mandarin, Eleanor Carney as the Diva, Tom Dillon as the Leprechaun, and Charlotte Fairchild as the Spy. The plot description: "The Plane Never Gets Off the Ground." But that did not prevent the spirited cast from singing its way through London, Paris, Singapore, Tokyo, Mexico, Nepal, Spain, Argentina, Chile, Australia, Venezuela, Istanbul, China, Tokyo, Baghdad, Ireland and several stops across the USA before finally landing in New York! Appreciative applause, cheers, and peals of laughter frequently interrupted the evening's screening.



(L.-r.: Eleanor Carney, Billie Stewart, Sheila Smith and Kathy Kelleher.)

Here is a sampling of the delights enjoyed:

Kathy sang a passionate, "I'm Flying," that was full of joy. Marc delivered a lispig, "Lady of Spain," full of both gusto and hilarity. Billie's "Chaquita Banana" resurrected the fun of Carmen Miranda, while Sheila and Kay glided from, "Waltzing Matilda," to the calypso rhythms of, "Matilda." Peter Johl and Helen Klass were off to France as he charmed with, "A Perfect Paris Night," and she delivered a haughty and delicious, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Kay provided a merry, "Istanbul (Not Constantinople)." Gene tipped his hat elegantly to the orient with, "Chinatown, My Chinatown," before Helen, Eleanor & Billie formed a sweet geisha trio for the Gilbert & Sullivan merriment of, "Three Little Maids From School." Kevin created

***“Tripping” With Heroic Lambs***  
by David Dow Bentley III

[ The story below was first published on the important theatre website, *BroadwayStars.com*, on August 3, 2011. It is also available at *www.ThePeoplesCritic.com* ]

While naïve diners were supping in a Manhattan restaurant audaciously calling itself “The Lambs Club,” just blocks away at their chic longtime 51st St. address across from Rockefeller Center, members were gathering at the real club, The Lambs. A treasured American institution, with its rich and continuing theatrical history dating back to England of the 19th century, the Club, formally known as The Lambs Inc., has been, and continues to be, the oldest theatrical club in the world. And oh, by the way, the club has its own fine restaurant, the Pub.

Have you heard the expression, “You had to be there?” There was eager anticipation in the crowd that gathered Monday evening August 1, 2011 on the fifth floor of The Lambs. Members had come together to view a never-before-seen treasure that had come to light through the efforts of Broadway veteran and Lambs First Lady, Sheila Smith, who graciously served as hostess for the screening, as her beloved Randy Phillips, another Broadway vet, looked on proudly in his role as current Shepherd of The Lambs. The film presented was a video tape recording of The Lambs’ “Wash” of 2001. Among the guests attending were many of the members of that original cast. They would be the last to ever call themselves heroes, but really they are. It was a valiant little group of Lambs in the fall of 2001 that courageously carried on with plans for the annual “Wash” entertainment for the elderly residents of the Actors Home in Englewood, New Jersey. Why courageously? Well, the event was scheduled to take place right after the tragedy of September 11th, 2001. The City of New York was effectively in “lockdown.” How could the Wash cast even assemble to rehearse, let alone travel to New Jersey? Never would “the show must go on” have greater meaning!

The show was titled, *Around the World in 45 Minutes*, and in an ironic twist at that tragic time, it revolved about an airplane trip around the globe. Shepherd, A.J. Pocock, delivered brief opening remarks and director, Kevin McMullen, was cast as the Pilot. Kathy Kelleher played the Stewardess, with Peter Kingsley as the Steward while Mark Janas played the Navigator. Passengers included Marc Baron as the Castilian,

figure out why so many airplanes were crashing around the same time in so many places. I guess I was in shock, so it was extremely difficult to make sense of it all. Eventually we were able to reach my daughter. She was safe and so was her husband.

Our show didn't play that night, so the three of us from New York went down to The Strip to see what was going on there on this awful day. It was dark and empty. It was strange to see Vegas dark. Up until then it had always been such a lively place. Indeed, until our show was over and I left to come home, Las Vegas was a very quiet place compared to what it had been. Even in the biggest casinos so many gambling rooms were closed, and so many people had been laid off. The streets, which had been packed with automobiles and people, were almost empty.

I had trepidations about flying home, but it had to be done. Fortunately for me, a Marine was seated next to me. We talked about what had just happened to our country and how I was now so frightened of flying. His reassurance and his confidence made me feel safe.

**PATRICIA DEY:**

If I think about it for more than a fleeting second, the 9/11 experience is still traumatic for me. I was in my first grade class at a school on Staten Island where I was just ready to launch a new reading series for my students. It was then that the first news came that a little plane had struck the Twin Towers. It was believed to be nothing serious, so I carried on with my work. Then the chaos ensued. People were running in and out of my room, children were crying and all I could think about was that my own children were in the city and in possible danger. No phones were working, so I begged my principal to give me a 15-minute break so I could try to contact my children. After an hour passed, the principal came into my room, took care of my crying children, and handed me a key to a landline that worked in a stray office in the building. I soon connected with my wonderful daughter who had already contacted my son. They planned to stick together throughout the ordeal, and she stressed that I didn't have to worry. She also informed me that the mayor had closed down Staten Island's access to the city until further notice. I was lost! The remainder of the day was filled with rumors, TV coverage with horrendous pictures, and waiting endlessly in my classroom for parents to pick up their children. All I wanted was to get home to watch

television and hear the reports of Mayor Giuliani who was keeping the public informed of what was happening.

Totally ignorant of who this enemy was, I kept trying to rationalize what was happening. E-mails came in from people I knew in other states who wanted information. I had none. I was in a numb state to begin with, but was so isolated on Staten Island. Since I lived near the beach, there were security forces checking out local streets and the water area all night long. They were on patrol outside my door for the entire night and for days afterward. It was so disconcerting!

Within three days I was able to ride a bus to the city to be united with my daughter and son. While a semblance of normalcy had returned within a short time, I can honestly say that after ten years, I feel life in America has been tainted forever.

#### DAVIDA ROTHBERG:

I can hardly believe that ten years have passed since 9-11 invaded the peaceful skyline of New York and left a devastating horror behind. I was watching TV that morning when the first plane hit. I thought it was very strange, but was horrified when I realized a second plane had hit the Trade Center. I screamed out, "Terrorists!" Then I got on the phone with my husband at work in the city. He could see the site from his view on the 48<sup>th</sup> floor and was horrified by the scene. I told him to come home as soon as he could and we agreed to stay in touch.

After I checked on my daughter in New York City, I realized one person I knew and loved was still in danger and unaccounted for. She was my young Swedish cousin who worked in the building at the top of the Trade Center. I couldn't reach her by cell so all I could do is worry and wait and hope she would call me. Meanwhile, she was so closely involved and in a very dangerous situation. When the plane hit, a loudspeaker had blared, "Everyone should stay put." My cousin told her fellow co-workers from England and Sweden to get out despite the loud warning being blasted. They all ran out of building #7 and headed to the side of the building near the river because the path of the smoke made it easier to breathe there. As they ran they looked back, and to their horror they saw people jumping to their death.

I got a welcome call from my cousin around 2 o'clock that afternoon. She and her friends were safe. Although I told her to come to my home in Scarsdale, she refused saying she wanted to remain with her

businesses affected by that...airfare lost...heightened security...nothing will ever be the same.

There's a tremendous sense of community. New Yorker's are reaching out to each other – reaching out to help, to connect, and to commiserate.

By 3:00 PM hundreds of donors are not only lined up to donate blood at the American Red Cross, but hundreds are turned away and asked to return another day.

I'm thankful I am fine, but I will never be the same, nor will New York, America and the world. Suddenly I value my family and friends more. The scar left behind will heal and we will all be stronger. And the world will work together to find those responsible and bring them to justice. And I'm hopeful that we and our children will never have to experience this terror again. May St. Florian watch over the

fallen uniformed heroes and their families.



(Pictured here, Josef Josephu, Viennese sculptor and Marc Baron's grandfather, with his bronze statue of St. Florian, Patron Saint of Firefighters, erected in Vienna in 1937 where it remains the national symbol of the Austrian Fire Brigade. The statue regained prominence after 9/11 and was featured in many articles around the world. Photo courtesy of M. Baron, from the biography in the works, The Brothers Josephu.)

**MARC BARON:**

*(Reprinted from The Lambs' SCRIPT Fall 2001 issue by permission of the author)*

As my usual morning routine warrants, I sat watching the news while receiving intravenous caffeine. I, along with millions, watched in horror as the tragedy of the World Trade Center unfolded before us. To think that the day before, just 24 hours earlier, I was in the World Trade Center. Hours after the tragedy I felt the need to get outside and be among other people. Here is what I saw at 3:00 PM:

It seemed unreal outside, almost unworldly. Some streets have unmoving traffic with buses packed beyond capacity, and other streets are totally devoid of any vehicles. There are more people on the streets and avenues than I've ever seen before, most in a state of shock or disbelief. Because the phone lines are down, some are trying to get a signal on their cell phones to reach a loved one.

There's an eerie silence about. Although there are huge crowds, there is mostly silence. The only sounds to crack are from military jets flying overhead or sirens in the distance, and the occasional but rare sound of a cell phone or human voice. There is no mail delivery and subways have stopped service. Businesses have closed early and sent their workers home, only to find the only way home was on foot. Those who commute from Manhattan are stranded with no exit. Phone lines and TV signals are cut, along with the antennas once atop the fallen buildings downtown. Construction equipment is frozen mid-air, even at Donald Trump's new project within my earshot. The workers have left to lend assistance downtown.

I take a walk out on the new Hudson River pier near my apartment. There, like me, about 200 people stood with eyes fixed on downtown. Where we would normally clearly see two majestic 110-story towers, there is now a plume of smoke. Reports of debris, such as office memos, have been reported floating as far away as Coney Island some 10 miles away from 'ground zero.' Estimates of casualties cannot be made yet, but certainly would reach into the thousands. This would make Pearl Harbor look like a traffic accident.

Reality hasn't set in yet, but will surely ripple throughout the world. The people who died, the people who survived, and the families...the insurance companies which insured them...the companies lost or closed in those buildings...tourism that will halt, and the

friends. When my husband finally got home I knew he was safe, but my thoughts were of all those who wouldn't be.

Two nights later, there was a bad thunderstorm and my cousin called in tears to ask if she could come to my home. When she arrived she was very shook up and sad. I took her to Temple that night where the Rabbi had seven or eight survivors of the attack tell their stories. He blessed them, and tried to comfort them and us as well. She left for Europe soon after, and I heard she and her friends needed months of therapy. They came back together three years later to see the site and try to get some closure. They will never forget that event. Even now, though married with two children in distant England, my cousin's horrific memories still won't go away.

Three days after 9/11 my husband and I went in to New York by train to see a Cabaret show that starred Linda Fields. She did the show and we attended because the mayor said we must go on with our lives. I saw the pictures of the missing, smelled the still pungent smoke, and hugged and thanked every firefighter and policeman! The show must go on!

**CHUCK PRENTISS**

Dow, your column on "Tripping With The Lambs" is wonderful. I Remember that Lambs' Wash at the Actors' Home. It *was* Heroic. I also remember that from 9/11/01 to the end of that year, I kept going around to my usual Manhattan piano bars and open mikes, trying to perform comedy songs, and it was like a Ghost Town. People were afraid to come into Manhattan for about 3 or 4 months.

At that time, Joe Franklin told me that the only music he could play on his Radio Show consisted of dirges or patriotic songs – nothing else. People didn't want to hear anything else.

Those were pretty tense days in New York.

Luckily, The Lambs and I --- We always Keep Our Cool.

*(continued on page 16)*



**Tribute Park, Rockaway, New York**

