Family to Arsenic and Old Lace and it was the first time the Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose had been permitted to attend a West End play at night. It was also the first play seen by General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery after his return from his African cross-country run. It probably has attracted more money to the theatre than any other production in history. The result has been the production of many a play which should never have seen the spotlight.

"We're Dead but We Won't Lie Down"

Perhaps one final statistic about Arsenic and Old Lace will bring this saga to an end. It is, I believe, the only play ever produced in which the actual cost of one single laugh can be figured to the penny. Usually a laugh is buried so deep in a manuscript that any attempt to evaluate it is futile.

At the conclusion of Arsenic and Old Lace, after the curtain has fallen on the final scene, it lifts again and from the cellar stride 13 gentlemen portraying the corpses of those hapless victims who have been lulled to sleep by the potion so gayly administered by the Brewster sisters. It provides an enormous laugh.

The stories concerning these ambulating cadavers are many. The original 13 formed themselves into a vaudeville act which played New York's night clubs singing We're Dead But We Won't Lie Down. Then there was the fellow employed as an extra, or utility, dead man when we opened in Chicago. He was told that he would not go on unless one of the other cadavers was absent. But opening night I counted 14 among them. The stage manager explained to him again. Just as the curtain-call march was to start the next night the stage manager caught the extra slipping into line again. It turned out that he was just stage-struck. He wanted to take that bow. So we had to lock him in a dressing room each night for the rest of the run.

To return to my final statistic: these gentlemen are paid for the 20 odd seconds they appear before an audience. And because they are paid for that one duty—and because it is always a laugh—we are able to figure the cost of that single laugh. The total as at the end of the third year of the play, in New York and on tour, was 46,175 dollars. The figure is large for one laugh. Too large, you say? Mr. Lindsay and I do not think so. There are probably many people who would gladly pay 46,175 dollars at this moment for a laugh. We have one in mind in particular. His name is Adolf Hitler.

"The White Cockade"

THE WHITE COCKADE is the new feature to replace This Man is Dangerous at 8.5 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays from the ZB stations. The White Cockade is described as "a romance of 18th century Europe revolving round the person of Princess Clementina Sobleski, of Poland, one of the wealthiest heiresses of her time, who was wooed and won by a Stuart." But too many political interests were involved to permit such a romance to proceed unhindered, and carefully planned opposition from many sources did everything possible to defeat the Royal schemes. This story is now on the air from 1ZB and 2ZB, and will start at 3ZB on Tuesday, June 27.



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