

*The fortunate few of us who were privileged to grow up with Shakespeare as part of our daily lives in Arden, have memories too priceless to value.*

*It was in the Field Theatre, where the children and older Arden folk played their many parts—and where those patient, but ever-entertained audiences, were introduced to, and became fast friends of, Shakespeare.*

*These audiences seemingly could not have enough of the plays. They even insisted on attending the rehearsals and were known to prompt on occasions when lines were haltingly given. The hundreds of plays we have produced since Frank Stephens started the Players' Guild some thirty or more years ago have had in their casts many of those who have achieved great prominence within their chosen callings.*

*Of course, many of us assert no claims to fame. However, through the vision, energy, and artistic sensibility of Frank Stephens, we have had the opportunity that all too few elsewhere have experienced—the opportunity to conspire in Rome against Cæsar—tread Verona's lanes and gardens—scoff at Shylock in Venice—sleep in the forest, "a mile without the town" of Athens—laugh with Sir Tobey at Malvolio—and on, and on to the Forest of Arden with weary Touchstone.*

*As we look back over those interesting evenings, we recall the friendships made, the coöperation, the fun, and the anxiety;—and, woven through every recollection like a theme, is the image of Frank Stephens.*

*His boundless energy, knowledge of the plays, ready wit, resourcefulness, and acting ability, were a constant source of amazement to those of us who had the great good fortune to play with him.*

*How fitting now that his ashes rest in the place that he made so vital in Arden—the place for which Arden is best and most widely known—the place to which Arden's most illustrious sons and daughters hark back to in their memories—the Field Theatre!*

"BUZZ" AND "JIMMIE" WARE.