They Know Me So Well

Tonight, I HAD to attend the opening night performance of the WCCT's latest melodrama to show my support of one of my dearest friends who had a couple of roles in the show. When I arrived, I knew I was in for a treat. There was a duo of western lawmen who began to harrass me (?) with the rifles. They even went so far as to frisk me. They made sure that I made my donation of a canned item for the area food banks. The officers repeatedly told audience members to look out for me and threatened harm upon my person if I got out of line.

In the preshow address, the three stooges pointed out that the audience show boo, hiss, and cheer but in no way were we to throw anything. I thought that was totally unfair. Two summers ago, I was in *Love Rides the Rails* and was unmercifully pelted by popcorn, Skittles (you know who you are), and other things I am sure. I thought I was the hero of the piece but judging from the audiences' reaction, I was anything but.

[Wild Oats](#) has all the traditional elements of the best of cornball melodramas: heroes, villains, damsels in distress, mistaken identity, and plot twists galore. The strong-willed heroine (the aptly named Kate) and the hero Jack were both wonderful. The villainous Ike Gammon had a slimy appearance and a voice that just made you want to hiss and catcall. The duo of Croftus Thunder and his trusty Indian sidekick (astride his mount) Corporal Crow were a hoot. I must say that my favorite roles were a duo of hilarious stock characters named Mr. Kliegle and Mr. Leko who drew applause each time they made an appearance. And don't forget the all-important cameo of the Marshall who saves the day. There is also Ephraim Smooth a smooth preacher who steals several moments.

All in all a wonderful performance. I think the theatre should consider doing a summer melodrama every year. They are

very light-hearted and fun not only to watch but to be in.
Totally un-P.C. as a lot of issues get a fair amount of
ribbing. But why do they always pick on me? Seriously, am I
really that bad