

## Coming Up at the Puppet Co

Through August 5

in Glen Echo Park

7300 MacArthur Blvd, Glen Echo, MD

For Reservations (301)634-5380



# Snow White and the 7 Dwarves

When Snow White meets seven vertically challenged bachelors, she discovers that everyone has their own strengths and weaknesses, and that friendship and teamwork make any challenge smaller. Based on the Grimm fairytale, this production takes the Puppet Co.'s usual sideways view of the popular story, giving it timeliness and humor for adults as well as kids.

**Recommended Ages: 4 years old - Adult • Show Length: 40 Minutes**

**August 9 through September 30**

Shows are Thursday and Fridays at 11:00am  
Saturday and Sunday at 11:30am & 1:00pm

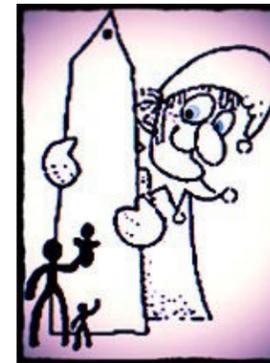


# PETER AND THE WOLF

Staged with half life-size marionettes, Peter and the Wolf is one of the Puppet Co.'s best-loved stories. Over a million children and adults have seen this one-man show, based on Prokofiev's popular tale of good versus evil, performed by Puppet Master Christopher Piper. An introduction to the instruments in the orchestra precedes this story of Peter and his animal friends, and their attempts to capture wily "Old Lupus."

**Recommended Ages: 4 years old - Adult • Show Length: 40 Minutes**

The next meeting of the National Capital Puppetry Guild will be at the Puppet Co on August 19th after the 1pm performance of Peter and the Wolf. We will enjoy a live Karagoz puppet show and workshop with Ayhan Hurlagu. Remember to reserve your ticket for the show by calling the Puppet Co box office. Details are on the next page. Please contact Jeff at 703-406-3323 for potluck details.



## National Capital Puppetry Guild

## 2019 Membership Renewal Form - Mail In

[www.nationalcapitalpuppetry.org/](http://www.nationalcapitalpuppetry.org/)  
The NCPG is a chartered Guild of the Puppeteers of America

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Zip Code:

E-mail:

Company Name:

Company Web Site:

Please send my newsletter as a PDF to my e-mail address!

Annual Dues: Associate ( ) \$10 Junior/Senior ( ) \$15

Regular ( ) \$20 Adult Couple ( ) \$30 Company ( ) \$35

\_\_\_\_ My check also includes a charitable contribution of \_\_\_\_\_ to the Guild.

Amount enclosed:

Today's Date:

Check #

Please make your check payable to N.C.P.G and send to:  
P. McNaughton, NCPG Treasurer, 489 Cameron Station Blvd.,  
Alexandria, VA 22304

Phone (check box prior to the number if you don't want it listed in the Directory)

( ) - Home:

( ) - Work:

( ) - Mobile:

If you want a print copy of our newsletter, please add \$20 to your membership fee and check here: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Associate Members not eligible)

Need details? See our website: [www.nationalcapitalpuppetry.org](http://www.nationalcapitalpuppetry.org)

-----CUT HERE AND SAVE BOTTOM SECTION FOR YOUR RECORDS-----

I sent check # \_\_\_\_\_ for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to join The National Capital Puppetry Guild as a \_\_\_\_\_ member, on (date) \_\_\_\_\_

Membership benefits include:

6 informative newsletters a year, in a PDF version. Print edition available.

6 meetings a year, festivals, educational events, pot-luck's, lectures, demonstrations, workshops, show and tell sessions, works-in-progress previews, and meet and greets with guest artists. Free admittance to most shows at our host facility – the Puppet Co. Playhouse in Glen Echo Park.

Access to "Members Only" areas of the Guild Website:  
[nationalcapitalpuppetry.org/](http://nationalcapitalpuppetry.org/)

Public listings of, and a link to, your puppet business from the Guild website, if applicable.

Summer Picnic, Winter Party, and National Day of Puppetry Celebration.

Meetings on selected dates typically follow the 1:00 show at the Puppet Co. Playhouse.

Meeting dates are published in the NCPG Puppetimes newsletter and on the Guild website.

Reservations for the show are recommended.

Membership questions may be directed to: Pam McNaughton • NCPG Treasurer

489 Cameron Station Blvd., Alexandria, VA 22304

# Puppetimes

Vol. 54 #4

July - August 2018

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**Puppetimes** is the official newsletter of the National Capital Puppetry Guild. Puppetimes is published bimonthly and is available to all members. Puppetimes is always soliciting your articles, opinions, advice, letters to the editor and other missives for publication. Please note that article submission deadline is roughly two weeks before publication date.

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Website [www.puppetimes.info](http://www.puppetimes.info)

Send all submissions to: [puppetimes@gmail.com](mailto:puppetimes@gmail.com)

## The National Capital Puppetry Guild, Inc.

is a 501(c)3 non-profit charity dedicated to the education and practice of the puppetry arts. We were chartered in 1964 by the Puppeteers of America. Membership is open to anyone with an interest in puppetry.

President: Jeff Bragg - Vice President: Sam Rugg  
Secretary: Heidi Rugg - Treasurer: Cori Leyden-Sussler  
Members at Large - Sandy Feulner, Tom Noll, Honey Goodenough, Pam McNaughton

NCPG home page: [www.nationalcapitalpuppetry.org](http://www.nationalcapitalpuppetry.org)

Join the NCPG Facebook Group at: [www.facebook.com/nationalcapitalpuppetry](http://www.facebook.com/nationalcapitalpuppetry)

For membership information contact:

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64 Southall Court  
Sterling, VA 20165  
or email [puppetimes@gmail.com](mailto:puppetimes@gmail.com)

For information regarding membership in

The Puppeteers of America, contact:

Puppeteers of America, Inc.

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310 East 38th St., Suite 127

Minneapolis, MN 55409

Ph: (612) 821-2382 email: [execdir@puppeteers.org](mailto:execdir@puppeteers.org)

or visit the P of A web site: [www.puppeteers.org](http://www.puppeteers.org)

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Sterling, VA 20165

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email to: [jeffbragg1@verizon.net](mailto:jeffbragg1@verizon.net)

**The next meeting of the National Capital Puppetry Guild is August 19th at the Puppet Co following the 1pm performance of Peter and the Wolf. To make your complimentary reservation call (301)364-5380 and press 9 to go directly to voicemail or email: [boxoffice@thepuppetco.org](mailto:boxoffice@thepuppetco.org) Please remind Betsy, in the Box Office, that you are a NCPG member. Your tickets will be under your name at the Box Office window outside. Remember: seating starts at 12:45pm (You should arrive prior to 12:45pm).**

**For our program, we will be entertained by Ayhan Hulago with a Karagoz puppet show and workshop. This is an event that will also be broadcast to any who would like to attend online. Information on logging into the stream will be given to all who request it. We will also be having our regular pot luck. Please contact Jeff at 703-406-3323 for potluck details. .**

## President's Note by Jeff Bragg

Loss is something we all experience, even in the puppet world. This May, we lost one of our most beloved members, Jean Reges Burn.

Jean had been a mover and a shaker in our guild since the very beginning of its incorporation. Her influence cannot be overstated. Whether as president, publisher of Puppetimes, secretary, or any of the other myriad of jobs and titles, Jean Reges Burn brought integrity, ingenuity, good humor, and just plain-out elbow grease to the job of maintaining and fostering the work of the National Capital Puppetry Guild. Which is also why she was a Member Emeritus

I remember well the first time that I met her in-the-flesh. She was here visiting her daughter Joy and had decided to attend one of our parties/board meetings. Another beloved member, Judy Barry Brown, had just passed. I had just been added to the board as an at large member. We were discussing what to do with a windfall and we were contemplating the possibility of some sort of scholarship in her name.

Jean had some strong opinions and I was left liking and admiring her for speaking so eloquently and strongly on the subject.

Two years later, Pam McNaughton and I had the privilege of interviewing her over two lovely, long afternoons. I will always cherish that time and the invaluable insights I gained into her, her puppetry, the world she had lived in and the remarkable people she had known and worked with, and her insights into life.

This issue is dedicated to her memory and her own remarkable. My earlier interview with her is available at: <http://ncpgpuppetimes.blogspot.com/2016/09/blog-post.html>

I would also like to thank new members Chris Heady and Jessica Binder for recently coming aboard. Let's all welcome them!

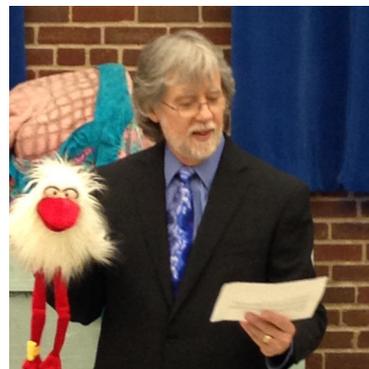
I also want to let the membership know that our Mistress of Revels, Sandy Feulner will be healing up after breaking some ribs. She says she'll be out for about 2-3 months, if things go well.

Let's not forget our upcoming festival in Vermont this September. The Northeast and Mid-Atlantic regions come together with Sandglass Theater's Puppets in the Green Mountains September 21st-24th. So many amazing performances and workshops over a three day period in the beautiful Green Mountains of Vermont just as the leaves are beginning to turn.



Yeah, like that. Register now, I hope to see you there.

**PS** Those of you who get the print edition may have noticed the color back cover. We were paying for a full 11x17 color page, but only printing on the front cover. The entire back cover was wasted! So now there is a real advantage to getting a print copy: one extra, jumbo, full color photo of puppetry goodness. Let me know how you like the one chosen for this issue.



# THE JUDY BARRY BROWN FUND

Providing Scholarships and Grants to Study the Fine Art of Puppetry

## *Once upon a time...*

There was an amazing and inspiring woman who made puppets and directed theater and made costumes and created art and raised children. She helped us in any way she could and we loved her and she meant the world to us.

She was indefatigable. She was infinitely creative. She took young puppeteers under her wing and often knocked the feathers off of them, figuratively speaking.

And the stories are endless, too!

And then one day, she was gone.

In honor of this remarkable woman's life and work, the National Capital Puppetry Guild has established the Judy Barry Brown Fund to assist deserving students in furthering their puppetry educations.

Under the auspices of The Judy Fund , we are now offering a college scholarship, a scholarship to help a young puppeteer attend their first festival, and a grant for a young puppeteer to attend the O'Neill conference.

Help us do this. You can make a tax exempt contribution or use Amazon Smile to make our scholarship programs successful.

Or help us do this by nominating a qualifying student. We are always seeking qualified applicants .

Go to page 16 to see full information on the grants and scholarship programs.

Do you want more great puppetry? Then help us make more great puppeteers.



## THE JUDY FUND

Yes! I would love to help The Judy Barry Brown Fund propel the education of young puppeteers in our guild region!

Please take my money!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

My gift:

\$25 \_\_\_\_\_ \$50 \_\_\_\_\_ \$75 \_\_\_\_\_ \$100 \_\_\_\_\_

Other: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is my check: \_\_\_\_\_

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All gifts to the National Capital Puppetry Guild are fully tax deductible as allowable by law.

## **Jean Reges Burn: Puppeteer Extraordinaire**

(November 22, 1926 – April 22, 2018)

Jean was born on November 22, 1926 at home, Bayview Avenue, Douglaston, Queens, New York, to parents Amy Morier Matters and Thomas Matters (pronounced May-ters). She spent her early years in Douglaston, then Great Neck, Long Island. She was the youngest of four living children: Amy Lou, who was twelve years her senior; Tom; a stillborn child; Bob; and then Jean. Jean's father was a lawyer on Wall Street in Manhattan. Her mother had once been a concert pianist. Her parents converted to Christian Science when Jean was four.

Many sad events shaped Jean's childhood. Her mother committed suicide when Jean was six. Later, at age fifteen, her brother Tom contracted polio and his legs became paralyzed. He was bedridden for three years. Throughout these challenging times, Jean enjoyed an imaginative play life. She created make-believe games on the back stairway of the family's Great Neck home, which had once belonged to Oscar Hammerstein, and with her brother Tom, who was confined to a reclining chair on the porch, made paper puppets. For several years, Jean had an imaginary playmate named Millie Ince.

Jean's father assumed an important position in the Christian Science Church as "First Reader." One early memory Jean had of her father involved the tallest man in the world, Robert Wadlow, who, with his father, entered historic Fraunces Tavern near Wall Street while Jean's father, Tom Matters, was eating. "Everyone else gawked at Robert Wadlow, who was nearly nine-feet tall, and my father didn't bat an eye. Robert Wadlow's father came up to my father and said, 'Why didn't you stare at my son?' My father and the tall man formed an instant understanding with each other as a result. That was the Christian Scientist in my father," Jean remembered. "He saw everyone as God's children."



Six years after Jean's mother died, her father married an extraordinary woman named Margaret Murney Glenn, known as "Murney." Like Jean's father, Murney was a Christian Scientist. In 1940, Murney gained international fame as president of the Mother Church. Daughter of Major Edwin Glenn of the United States Army, who was the first to explore and chart wilderness areas in Alaska, Murney had led an adventuresome childhood. Jean recalled one incident when Murney was a young girl and rode a horse that sank into quicksand; both Murney and the horse were rescued by Major Glenn. "Murney was like an angel who came into my family," Jean said. "She encouraged my brother Tom to wear a brace; subsequently, he learned to walk again. She was kind to me. She was kind to everyone. She was a noble person in every way."

Jean performed a puppet show every Saturday night at her family's home with the stage and puppets Murney bought her. Jean partly attributed her interest in stage performance to a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*, which her father and stepmother took her to in Manhattan as a child. "I can still see in my mind the fairy's wings spring out," she said. "It was simply magical."

Jean graduated from Barnard College in 1948 and soon after married Tom Reges. They lived in Forest Hills, Queens, for a year, then moved to Boston, where Tom went to Harvard Business School on the G.I. Bill. Tom's work in real estate would eventually take him and Jean and their growing family to Hadenfield, New Jersey, when Tom worked in Philadelphia, then to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he was employed by a Dutch company, Daeberman's.

Jean and Tom Reges had six children together: Bruce (1949); Wendy (1952-1980); Joy (1956); Rex (1957); Stuart (1958); and Glenn (1961). Bruce and Wendy were born in Massachusetts; Joy was born in New Jersey; and Rex, Stuart, and Glenn were born in Michigan.

Jean started making puppets in New Jersey "so that my children would not watch so much television," she said. Though she never succeeded in keeping the children

away from the TV, she built herself a three-sided theatre and, during the eleven years she lived in Grand Rapids, she launched her puppeteering career. Through a friend, George Creegan, she got a job performing *Pip the Mouse*, a syndicated show, in the once-popular department store Herpolsheimer's. (In the book *Polar Express* by Chris Van Allsburg, the train flies over a Herpolsheimer's.) "Pip catapulted me into the world of professional puppetry, performing six shows a day, in store windows—often freezing-cold store windows," Jean said. At Steketee's Department Store, Jean performed *Punch and Judy*.

As Jean looked back on her experiences of working in stores, she regretted that the shows took her away from her children at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Because of financial struggles, she needed to take any work she could get: performing at stores and in her basement at home, serving as a nursery school director at a synagogue, driving a school bus. By the early 1960s, Jean's marriage to Tom Reges was disintegrating. "He was a cruel and manipulative man," she said. She now had six children to raise on her own with little child support.

In the mid-1960s, Jean experienced a great deal of hardship and disappointment, with numerous events occurring in quick succession: John F. Kennedy's assassination



Punch ensemble made for son Bruce Reges .2001

took place in 1963; her father died in 1964; Murney died in 1965; and around that same time, Jean's brother Tom died. Then her divorce to Tom Reges was finalized in 1965. Also in 1965, Jean married Robert Horton, a marriage that lasted only one year.

On the upside, Jean enjoyed the creative work of puppetry and the wonderful people she met through that venue. She joined the Puppeteers of America, graduating to handling marionettes, and took a correspondence course with puppeteer Martin (Steve) Stevens. She traveled to Indiana to meet Martin and his wife, Margi, and they became close friends and associates. When Jean received a Master's Degree in fine arts early education at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, "It was not a move away from puppet-



ry," she said. Rather she became inspired to use puppets in educational settings for special needs children.

In 1968, due to some unfortunate circumstances relating to her first husband, Jean left Michigan. Without a plan as to where to go, she said, "I took my children, my puppet show, my sewing machine, and typewriter." Jean and the children first settled in Albuquerque, where they lived in a

ten-person-size tent for the entire summer. When it was time to enroll her children in school, she moved the family to Colorado Springs. Jean interviewed for a job at a private school called the Junior Academy as a bus driver and was instead, serendipitously through a meeting with someone who had been raised as a Christian Scientist, hired there as a teacher. The same day Jean received the job, she also rented an eight-bedroom house, 504 North Nevada Street. Within hours, four Vietnam veterans, who were working for the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD), arrived at the front door and arranged to move in.

The following summer, while still working at the school, Jean performed puppet shows at Santa's Workshop at the North Pole, halfway up Pike's Peak. The late 1960s and 1970s were "lean years, when we lived hand-to-mouth," Jean related. "We had the clothes on our backs. We bought clothes from the Salvation Army."

Jean had a German Shepherd dog named King. Once, a young pregnant woman came to the door and Jean entertained her on the porch. Some months later, to Jean's great surprise, a lawyer notified her that a woman who had died in childbirth along with her baby had made a dying wish that all her earthly possessions go to "the woman in the neighborhood with a big dog and many children." The deceased woman left Jean her clothes, which turned out to perfectly fit Jean's daughter Wendy.

In 1970, Jean moved her family to Boulder. Briefly, with no money and no job, she went on welfare. Jean found employment at George Beck's factory assembling games. Her various odd jobs during that time also included being a bus driver for a Methodist church choir. She got the necessary chauffeur's license when she found out a position was being advertised. "How hard could it be?" Jean said. "I had learned to drive a jeep back in Massachusetts. The bus had similar gears. Things just happened. There was no advanced planning."

On an estate in Manitou Springs, she performed puppet shows. Jean had a falcon named Moses who went everywhere with her on her shoulder. On her puppet theatre's spotlight posts, a feral cat sat on one side and Moses the falcon perched on the other side.

In 1971, Jean began a Ph.D. program in early childhood education at the University of Colorado at Boulder, but quit after about a year. By then she was dating Jim Burn, someone she had known from the Christian Scientist community in New York City. Jim lived in the Washington, D.C. area, was divorced, and had five children about the ages of Jean's children. Through his work in electronic warfare, he traveled through Colorado with some frequency, each time visiting Jean. Jim and Jean decided to marry. "Jim and my family and I left Colorado in a white Volkswagen bus and drove east." They rented a house in Vienna, Virginia on Druid Hill Road. Eventually they moved to Reston, a planned community in Virginia. "Jim and I had twenty-three years together before he died," Jean said. "He was a wonderful man."

The day after she received a job offer from Madison High School, she had another offer to do puppet shows in Heck's Department store in Tyson's Corner. She declined the department store offer. "If it had been the other way around and I received the offer from the department store first, I think I would have done that. Once again I had no plan."

In 2011, Jean moved to Seattle. After a brief illness, she died at home on Sunday, April 22, 2018. She leaves behind five living children and related spouses, fifteen grandchildren, and numerous friends. She was a talented, creative, gregarious, fun-loving individual. In addition to her many creative pursuits, including puppetry, singing, playing the piano, sculpting, painting, knitting, sewing, dressmaking, and costume-making, Jean had a special affinity and love for animals. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

by Katherine Kirkpatrick, Jean's friend and neighbor



The following comes to us from Jean's daughter Joy Reges. It was originally published in an earlier issue of Puppetimes.

## Florissant

By Joy Reges



It was a few weeks before Christmas in 1972. I was cold, I was wet, I was tired. It was a Saturday night and we'd already worked a full day. I was Bo-Peep, taking care of 35 goats and Mom did her puppet show every hour at Santa's Workshop, North Pole, Colorado, located at the foot of Pikes Peak.

I banged the puppet stage down the cobblestone steps of Santa's Village. They were closing up for the day. This had been one of the busiest days with tons of tourists. It was starting to snow, and I was sure that every other sixteen-year-old that I knew was not having to spend their Saturday night driving up into the mountains to entertain the local farmers.

"You know, we're just going to have to set this all up again tomorrow," I reminded my mom, as she lugged the trunks with all the puppets down to the car.

She sighed. "I know, Joy," she said, pushing the trunks into the back of the car. "But they couldn't find anyone else that would drive up for their Christmas party."

I was used to doing Christmas shows with my mother. I'd been her helper, doing puppet shows with her for years, but after a day of having goats wandering around me while kids tried to feed them the special milk I'd prepared, the only thing I wanted to do was to go home and go to bed. Besides, the next day was going to be busier. I pushed the puppet stage into the back of the car, banging the trunks that my mom had placed in the back. She didn't say anything as we started driving up the mountain pass.

My feet were freezing. I'd stepped into a sloshy puddle as we loaded up the car. My boots were wet as well as my socks. The heater wasn't working properly in the car, so I couldn't get warm. My mom concentrated on driving, as I sulked, looking out the window.

"Is this it?" I asked, after an hour of driving. We'd arrived at a small building, after having passed a sign that said Florissant.

Mom knocked on the door. "Anybody home," she called out, as she opened the door and looked in. "No one's here."

"Great," I grumbled, as I walked into the dark, damp building. "No heat either. This is just great." I started to lug in the trunks and the puppet stage.

"I didn't see any fast food since we left Green Mountain Falls," I said to my mom. "Aren't we going to eat dinner?"

She sighed again. "Let's set up the stage and then see if we can find a restaurant."

"What is this place?" I asked, as I shoved the puppet trunks into the corner of the building.

"It's a grange," my mom said, as she started to set up the stage. "It's where the local farmers meet. They're supposed to be having their annual Christmas party here."

"The farmers?" I asked.

My mom nodded. "And a 4-H group." She shoved the last curtain into place. "I hope we're in the right spot," she said, as she looked around the dingy hall.

I stomped my feet.

"I'm coming," she said, and she closed the door.

We found a restaurant nearby, but it cost more than we expected. My mom told me to order anything I wanted, and I got a hamburger and fries. I was starting to warm up, when it was time to leave. I sighed and wished I was home with my younger brothers watching t.v.

The hall was blazing with lights when we got back. Trucks were parked around the grange and people were coming in to the hall. My mom looked dazed as she walked in.

"I hope they're not expecting a lot," she whispered to me. "It's only a twenty-minute show."

"I think you're it," I muttered, looking around to see if they'd brought any refreshments. "I don't think they have a lot to do up here for entertainment."

I started to unpack the puppets. This was my job, to take them out of their bags and unwind them. Mom would check the strings to make sure they weren't tangled. I placed the puppets in the order that they would come out. This was Mom's marionette variety act which started with marching soldiers and ended with a rabbit that blew up a balloon. I'd start the music and hand Mom the puppets that she needed during the show.

Men in cowboy hats were looking at puppet stage and Mom talked to a few people. She looked odd in her all black outfit and long black cape next to the farmers. The women had faces like soft tan leather. The children were excited, and I was having trouble keeping them from playing with the puppets.

My usual spot during the show was to hide as much as I could behind the stage so that no one would see me. Mom started out the show by

improvising a dialogue with her hand puppet, Hector, the dog. I peeked out on the crowd and was surprised to see that the hall was filled.

Mom did her Hector improv for about ten minutes and then jumped up onto the marionette stage and someone dimmed the lights. I started up the music and watched the audience as Mom brought out the soldiers.

There's a moment during a puppet show that becomes magic. It's that moment when reality fades and the reality of puppetry takes over. From where I was sitting behind the stage, I could see the faces of the children as they watched the soldiers salute them. Their mouths were open as they watched the clown puppet juggle balls and balance them on his nose. They laughed at the break away skeleton that lit up under black light and when the rabbit blew up the balloon at the end, I could tell that most of the children weren't aware that my mom was blowing it up. They couldn't see the tube that she was using to inflate it.

When it was over, Mom brought out her Santa marionette and he waved at the crowd. They surged the stage as Mom jumped off and they lined up to shake hands with Santa. While my mom patiently explained to a large group of children how they could make puppets, I started to pack the show away. The men loaded up the trunks in the back of our car and we headed out into the cold winter night. People were waving goodbye to us as we started down the mountain pass. I settled in for the rest of the trip. We were seventy miles from home, up in the Colorado Rockies. The stars were coming out and the snow had stopped falling.

"How much money did you make?" I asked my mom, as I started stomping my feet. They hadn't warmed up yet.

"Well, we spent fifteen dollars on dinner and then we'll have to fill up the gas tank when we get to Green Mountain Falls." She thought for a moment. "Not much, I guess. I think we'll end up even."

We didn't talk much on the way back. The mountain pass was still slick from the snow. I knew we were going to have get up early in the morning and head back up to Santa's Workshop to set it all up again, but somehow, I didn't seem tired. Except for my feet, I didn't really feel cold. All I could think of was the way everyone lined up to shake hands with Santa and somehow it all seemed worth it.

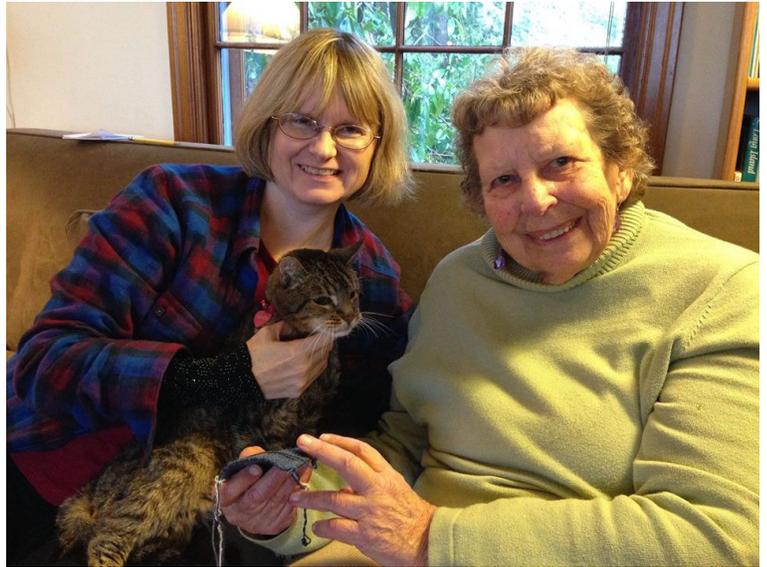
## My Beloved Friend and Neighbor, Jean Reges Burn

by Katherine Kirkpatrick

The tiny, curving path through the ivy, which connects a front corner of my house to the back of the house next door, will forever, in my mind, lead me to my friend Jean. Jean is gone now. An aggressive abdominal cancer took her at age 91. Still, I imagine her there, waiting for me in her basement apartment, her large yellow Labrador, Sadie, barking at my approach. Jean was one of the dearest friends I've ever had. Despite an almost forty-year difference in our ages, we shared a deep understanding of each other and could talk about anything. Hers was one of the rare safe spaces in which I could be myself, totally loved and appreciated for who I am. For the past two years or so of our six-year friendship, I visited her about four times a week, usually in the late afternoon.

My house and the house owned by Jean's son Stuart are only fifty yards apart, with his picnic shelter, square and gazebo-like with a pointed roof, even closer. From the well-trodden path through ivy and most recently, in this season of late April, clusters of purple bluebells, I'd walk through the shelter to a patio, and from the patio descend two flights to Jean's apartment. If Sadie was in the yard outside the apartment, she'd hear me as I was about half way down the steps and would start her rounds of excitable barking. Otherwise, Sadie met me when I knocked and opened Jean's door. Jean would greet me from her brown leather easy chair at the corner of the large room, which faced her wide-screen monitor and her tiny artificial Christmas tree, left up all year. On days when she said she needed a lift, she'd turn on the tree's multi-colored lights and the lights framing her picture window facing the yard. She'd put down her crossword puzzle. "Oh, Katherine! Thank God you're here. I was listening to the news and what's going on in Washington, D.C. is so unspeakable. Sit down, let's cheer ourselves up." She'd add, and of course this was sheer hyperbole, "You're saving my life by coming over."

"I'm so glad to see you, too!" I'd say. In fact, my feeling of relief had started during my walk through the ivy as I've crossed from my property to hers. Her mouth was broad,



her smile gigantic. Her hair, once brown, was gray, short, and wavy. Her blue eyes, beneath large glasses, shone of kindness and compassion. Hers was the face of a woman who had lived many long years of joys and heartache, and knew what it was like to be fully alive. I'd hug her, kiss her on the cheek. Sadie, too, welcomed me in her own way. She'd retrieve one of her leather chews or shabby stuffed animal toys and bring it to me, then jump back on her sofa, and roll on her back for her stomach to be stroked.

For me, whatever large tasks that had not been accomplished in the past eight hours were set aside. I gave my busy life and mind a rest. For Jean, my visit usually broke her all-day solitude, which after I left around six, gave way to time with her son in the evening.

We'd formed a routine. We'd talk, always. We'd drink tea, or sweet red wine. Often, I served her a soup I've made, such as a curried lentil. "What did you make this time? It smells delicious. You're keeping me alive," she'd say, a completely unfounded remark as she had plenty of food in her refrigerator. Jean would show me the progress she'd made on her latest creative project: a watercolor painting of Sadie in the backyard, a papier-mâché puppet head of a friend's dog, a doll's dress at her sewing machine, or long gloves adorned with glass beads. Sometimes, we'd share writing; I was coaxing her to write her memoirs. We watched historical dramas like *Poldark* and *Outlander*, or episodes of *Monk* or *Father*

Brown. I'd ride Jean's stationary bicycle. I'd sprawl on the carpet and do yoga exercises. I'd give Sadie an all-body embrace and coat my clothes with blond dog fur.

My friendship with Jean was like a cup that kept replenishing. I'm having a great deal of trouble living without her.

I met Jean around 2012, when I was in my late forties and she in her late eighties, and she and her son Stuart moved next door. Jean, a widower, had recently left the majority of friends and relatives on the East Coast. Those were the days before my children went away to school, when my family was doing a lot of baking, and my favorite treat of the time was pumpkin bread with chocolate chips. Those were the days, too, when ring-neck pheasants, released by a neighbor, roamed our properties. A particularly handsome, long-tailed cock my children named Fred, frequented my bird feeders, and announced himself by arching his head back and emitting a loud, low, two-syllable crowing. I recall baking a pumpkin loaf for the new neighbors, Jean and Stuart, and leaving it with a note on which I had sketched an image of Fred.

This was the kind of homey and creative welcome Jean appreciated, and indeed she had already noticed Fred and delighted in him. By and by I told her I was an author of young adult books. She ordered them all from Amazon, read them right away, and told everyone in her life about them. Her whole-hearted, effusive praise for my writing came at a time when my career was beginning to lag, and I soaked in her encouragement.

Jean and I marveled at our commonalities (and what greater proof could there be of the interconnectedness of the universe, of invisible and mysterious divine forces bringing us together?). Both of us were born and grew up on Long Island, New York, and Jean, my parents, and I lived in Manhattan. Jean spent much of her adult life in Reston, Virginia, just a few miles away from my sister's house in Vienna, Virginia. Most interesting, Jean used to be a professional puppeteer and my parents had been amateur puppeteers.

Jean displayed some of her favorite marionettes: hand-carved wooden Buckingham Palace soldiers with red-clad "bearskin" tall hats, near her desk in her living



Sister Amy Lou, brother Tom, Mother Amy. Front brother Bob and Jeanie .

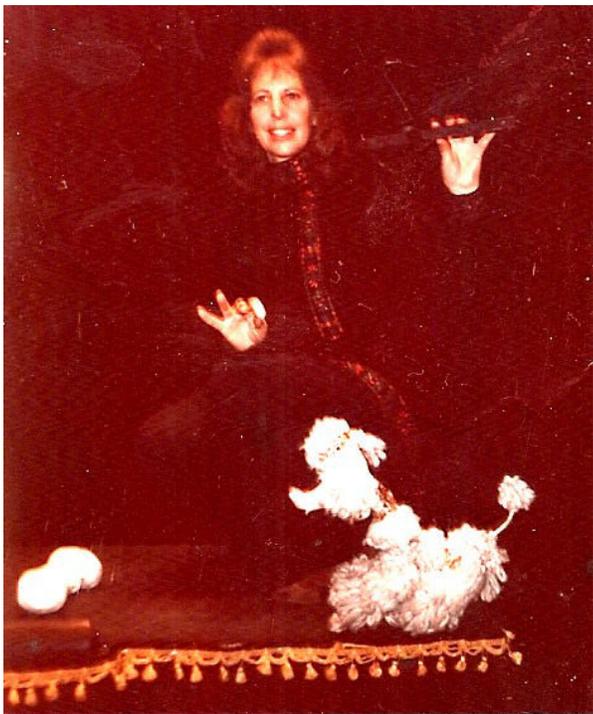
room area; a white-bearded Uncle Sam in his stars and stripes, hung from strings in a storage room. Once, when Jean was visiting her family in Reston, I arranged for her to visit my sister to see my parents' collection of marionettes. Jean took a liking to Clippo, a clown in a red-and-white polka dot outfit, which my mother had owned since she was a child. Jean ordered an identical Clippo on eBay, and hung him from her living room bookshelf, kitty-corner to her favorite easy chair. The sight of Clippo further strengthened the transcendental link I felt between Jean and my parents, my childhood and adult years, my East Coast and West Coast selves, my past and my present. Many other items in Jean's huge, built-in bookshelves, struck me with their familiarity. Not only did Jean own many of the same books my parents did, books on puppetry for example, but had them in the same editions and vintage. Indeed, my parents could have purchased them at the same Scribner's Bookstore in Manhattan. They and Jean could have walked near each other on Fifth Avenue, brushed by each other at the famed toy store FAO Schwartz, or sat in the same audience to see the Nutcracker ballet.

My father was born in the same year as Jean, and my mother was three years younger. Jean and I both graduated from Seven Sisters schools (she from Barnard, myself

from Smith). Jean collected illustrated children's books, and so do I. In college, I took an education course on the history of children's literature. This course prepared me well in identifying the vintage volumes I later saw on Jean's shelves. Some, I owned in the same editions, such as *The Trumpeter of Krakow*, the Scribner's Classics illustrated by N.C. Wyeth, and fairy tales illustrated by Arthur Rackam. Unlike most people my age, I knew Carolyn Haywood's books, such as "B" Is For Betsy, which were published in the 1930s and 1940s. Jean's stepmother was a close friend of Carolyn Haywood. Carolyn Haywood painted a lovely portrait of Jean as a child; it hangs in Stuart's house. In this and so many other instances, my background allowed me to recognize and appreciate Jean's treasures and stories, and the history and personal forces that shaped her.

Every photo, book, puppet or other keepsake Jean showed me came with a story. Jean loved and trusted me enough to lay her life open like a giant crystal snow globe, its flakes occasionally drifting about in snowstorm fashion as her memories and feelings were rekindled. I was privileged to have these intimate glimpses into her soul. ■

## REMEMBRANCES OF JEAN REGES BURN



### Phillip Huber

From the moment I first met Jean Reges Burn at a regional puppet festival in Indiana, I knew that we were kindred spirits. I imagine that most people felt the same way when meeting Jean for the first time. Here was a joyous, loving soul who always had a welcoming smile and generous spirit, exuding warmth and friendliness. She was a puppeteer who obviously loved and respected the art and felt the same way about all who worked in it. Jean was the "poster child" for the reasons puppet festivals are so important – that great feeling you have in being welcomed and encouraged by a family of like-minded artists!

I never had the opportunity to see Jean perform. She had already retired before we met, but I knew she had a long history in puppetry, having fallen into it accidentally when she was still a young mother. She obviously worked hard and moved into a professional puppetry career. She often surprised me with the Facebook photos of her early work. Her son, 1st Sgt. Bruce Reges gave her a special reason for pride when he was given a Puppeteers of America award for his humanitarian work while serving in Iraq. Jean was instrumental in helping him create the "Peace Through Puppets" program, giving Iraqi children hand puppets to help them deal with the trauma of war. Acts of compassion and empathy were and are the hallmark of Jean's character and it is no surprise she instilled those in her family.

I will miss her, but I know her loveliest qualities are eternal and will always be present to cheer those in need.

### Nancy Staub

I remember Jean's warm smile and kindness to all. We drove to a regional conference once and shared a room. I discovered that she was one of the most kind, patient and giving people I have ever known. It was touching to see her beaming pride in helping her son give children pleasure through puppets in the war-torn Middle East.

## Elise Handelman - PUPPETS TO GO

My husband, Bob Nathanson, and I met Jean many years ago...most probably at a puppet festival, but truthfully, I don't remember where or when it was. But we remained friends since, always enjoying each other's company.

Years later, Bob and I became members of the National Capital Puppetry Guild, which Jean was a founding member. We enjoyed seeing Jean at puppet festivals, and even when she moved to Seattle, we remained in touch through email and Facebook (that is, in more recent years, as it's hard to believe those things didn't always exist).

Jean's son, Bruce Reges, was stationed in Iraq, and he told his mom that standing at 6'5", in full body armor, the kids were scared of him. So he asked her if she could send two puppets so that he could keep them in his pockets to greet the children with. Then he wrote and asked for as many puppets be sent to him as soon as possible. Jean, 80 at that time, sent lots more.

I remember how proud I was to have known her when they founded the "Peace Through Puppets" non-profit organization.

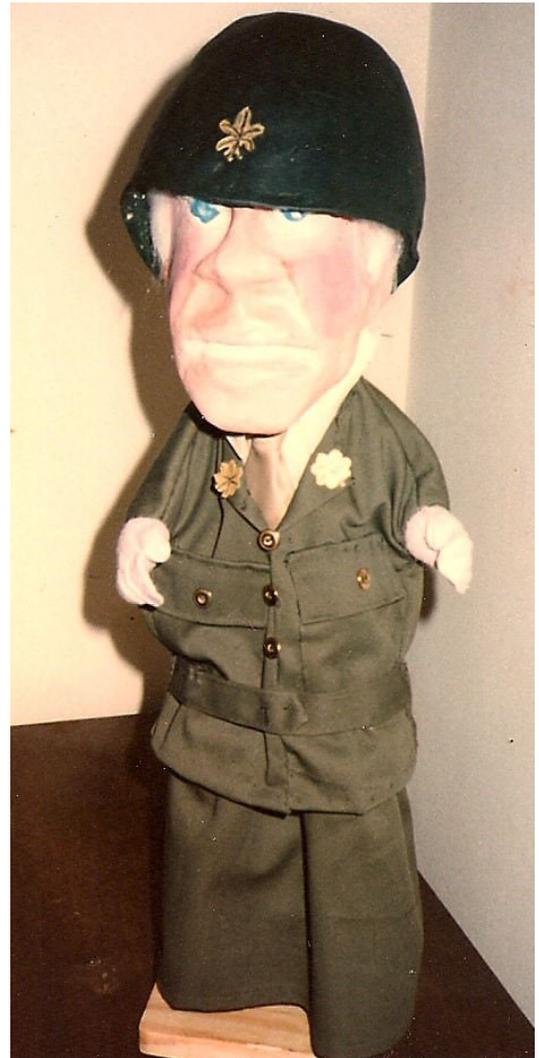
I have photos of both Jean and Judy Brown, each in their own scooters, donning 2-sided "Peace with Puppets" t-shirts and tote bags at the 2007 National Puppet Festival in St. Paul, MN. I remember both of them had me doubled over from laughter throughout the festival.

The Puppeteers of America recognizes contributions to puppetry by persons or groups not immediately involved in the field. Bruce Reges was so honored by the PofA in 2009. Bob and I were thrilled to be in attendance to see him receive that award.

As a NCPG member, I was fortunate to recently read about Jean's life as a puppeteer, how and why she got involved with puppetry, and remained such an enthusiast, long after she no longer performed.

I always found Jean to be kind, selfless, encouraging to others, creative, filled with a generous spirit as well as a terrific sense of humor, to name a few qualities of hers.

Jean may be gone, but she'll never be forgotten!!



**Doris Baldwin, Member Emeritus**

In the last letter I had from Jean Burn in Seattle, she told me a lot about crankies, a new fascination for her. Jean included a sketch of one enormous roll of white paper standing on end awaiting ongoing illustration depicting moving backgrounds for puppet action. So much work! Jean went on to say one such roll of paper awaited her personal artwork.

That was our girl Jean Burn, She DID stuff. She got things done.

There was a time around 1990 that Jean rescued our guild from the cyclical ennui known to snuff out the life of a guild.

Wonder woman indeed!

Throughout long years of membership, Jean played many roles, including a memorably stint as co-editor of Puppetimes.

Puppetmaker, puppeteer, photographer, artist, and so much more.

Jean Burn is gone now, leaving a wealth of skills defying our forgetting.



This concludes our appreciation of this wonderful woman and her life and work. It was a privilege to know her and call her my friend. She was loved by those who knew her and will be deeply missed by everyone whose lives she touched.

The photos included are of Jean’s puppets, her work space and other handiwork. - editor



# WILD AND WOOLLY IN DEUTSCHLAND

by Heidi Rugg

**M**y suitcase was bursting with wool and all sorts of oddities for the workshops I was to take in Germany. The packing list was pretty wild (bring a hat stand, olive oil soap, duck tape, and several kilos of wool). I wasn't sure what TSA would make of it all.

It had been a while since I last flew – 2005 to be precise. My last trip to Germany had been back in 1993, a time that was pre-mobile phones, pre-Google, pre-websites...a lifetime ago.

My reason for traveling thousands of miles from home? It was simply to study the art of wet-felting with Gladys Paulus, textile artist extraordinaire. In a world gone totally high-tech, I was flying to another country to intensely study a material that is truly ancient. A material that is likely the first ever textile used by people. Ancient. Pre-pyramids, at least.

If you are not familiar with felt-making (specifically wet-felting, which is nothing like needle felting), it is working with wool fibers using agitation, water, and soap to



Satre's head by Gladys Paulus



entangle the fibers in a controlled way. You can work with the material 2-dimensionally or 3-dimensionally and various types of fibers (from different breeds of sheep) have diverse applications such as clothing, rug-making, industrial use, accessories, shoes, etc...

Gladys specialized in making masks. Her work has been featured in galleries, special exhibits, magazine spreads, high-end displays, music videos – you name it. Her use of color is superb. She utilizes layering of wool fibers to shade her pieces so naturalistically that you expect the masks to breathe at any minute. And she felts tightly, too – the fibers compacting together to create sturdy forms that can support themselves without the use of any armature. You can see more of her work a:

[www.gladyspaulus.co.uk](http://www.gladyspaulus.co.uk)

I had been following Gladys Paulus, textile artist, for years. Cyber-stalking her international workshop schedule. When it finally came out last September, I could hardly believe my eyes: two workshops back-to-back in Southern Germany at Wollknoll, a veritable fiber paradise! I had to go.

The packing list for this expedition included a Ziploc bag of Prismacolor pencils, two sketch pads, several kilos of wool, pliers, sewing supplies, a hat stand (made by my fabulous husband, Sam), bubble wrap, a pool noodle (yes, for real), and more. Oh, and clothes. To wear. (But definitely more art supplies than clothing. Priorities!)

So me, my 21 kg suitcase, and tightly packed carry-on bag boarded a flight in DC and headed off in mid-April. I kissed my husband and children farewell for what would be a 17-day adventure. The flight was uneventful – the best kind of flight. The Frankfurt airport was shiny, clean,

and had fabulous multi-lingual signage; it felt very welcoming. I made my way through customs without a hitch, thankful that I did not need to explain the contents of my suitcase!

My first jet-lagged tasks involved getting a SIM card for my phone, making my way to Stuttgart, meeting up with the other American (oh, yes, I was not alone!), foraging for gluten-free food, and finding the AirBnB.

The “other American” was Kami Watson, a second-generation feltmaker and textile artist who currently resides in Alabama. Her mom taught her to make felt on their farm in Crozet, Virginia. Kami was also a big fan of Gladys Paulus and had signed up for both workshops, too. She ended up being the best navigator, more on that later.

Kami and I finally found each other at the Stuttgart main train station. Both of our phones were dead or not working at this point, so that was no small feat. After playing a full day of planes and trains, we crashed at the AirBnB.

We picked up a rental car the next morning and carefully made our way out of the spiraling, concrete, subterranean parking lot. We were finally underway! Sunday is a big day for German families to go out and do stuff. Most stores (and ALL the grocery stores) are closed. There were motorcycles everywhere on that beautiful day, and they were not thrilled to be sharing the road with a timid American driver.

After a few wrong turns, we wended our way through southern Germany and made it to Oberrot. Whew. Oberrot is a small village on top of a mountain with

beautiful vistas — no matter which way you looked, it was like “The Sound of Music.” Beautiful. Oh — and there were dandelions! So many dandelions! In Europe, dandelions are not offensive; they are considered the first food of bees after a long winter. Very enlightened.

Kami and I stayed in a small home down in Fichtenberg, a town at the bottom of the mountain. It was cozy and could’ve been photographed for an IKEA catalog. Unpacking was like Christmas as we checked out all the wool and settled in, ready for the adventure to truly begin.

Over the next week, we headed up the mountain each day — a drive full of many switch-backs and few guard rails. The adrenaline rush was great for helping us get over our jet-lag! There were twelve women in the class, all eager to work with Gladys. One Dutch woman, two Americans, and nine Germans.

Gladys Paulus, it turned out, was not just a highly skilled textile artist, but also a great teacher and a genuinely nice human being. Someone you’d love to have a cuppa with. We “oohed and aahed” over Gladys’ work. She had packed several of her masks as well as a bunch of texture sample pieces.

We spent the next five days in a mass of wool and soapy water. Learning how to lay out the fibers around a flat form in such a way that they would eventually open up and allow us create a 3-dimensional form. It was great that Wollknoll provided food each day, because I don’t think we would’ve remembered to eat otherwise! We were up at the top of the mountain by 8am most days



and didn't head down until 7pm...or 8pm...or 10pm.

For my mask, I decided to create a mythical beast that was my interpretation of Buckbeak from Harry Potter. . In German, Buckbeak is called Seidenschnabel, which means Silksnout. My reasons for choosing this character stemmed mostly from a desire to make something with a beak, ears, and horns.



After five long days, though, I wasn't quite done and ended up taking my work back to the apartment to spend more quality time with it. I was thankful for the spacious bathroom with a hand-held shower "wand."



Week 2 was another workshop on creating seedpod forms, so I had to do double-duty finishing up my piece while starting new pieces, too. After working for about seven days, I was finally done with Seidenschnabel.



I learned so much during my time in Germany – not just from Gladys, but also from watching all the other women working. (And, yes, it was just women.) They were talented, skilled, highly trained feltmakers who had a lot of experience working with the material. I felt like a rank amateur next to most of them, but I am proud of the work that I accomplished. I learned how to push the fibers more and more; I learned how to integrate silks into my work; I learned how to work better around a resist with twelve layers of fibers; I learned how to coax more and more movement out of the fibers; and I learned that autopsy tables make the best work surfaces for wet-felting.

It was an exhausting, exhilarating trip. I am so thankful I was able to go and hope to be able to create better puppets using wool, my new favorite material. I also hope to share what I have learned in ways that helps people make better puppets. Tschüss!

*When not globetrotting and involving herself in amazing puppet projects, Heidi Rugg is filling the role of mom, wife, and also secretary for the NCPG.*

*She can be found at: [barefootpuppets.com](http://barefootpuppets.com)*

**Applications for The Judy Barry Brown First Time Festival Grant, are still open. Please make a copy of the pages you need, fill them out and send to:  
NCPG 64 Southall Court, Sterling, VA 20165 or scan and email to puppetimes@gmail.com.**

## **Application for First Time Festival Attendance Grant 2018**

Every year the National Capital Puppetry Guild makes available a need based grant for any member (associate members excluded) over 17, but not over 35, who is attending their first regional or national festival.

This grant application form must be submitted to the National Capital Puppetry Guild. See the General Instructions below for additional information about completing this application.

General Instructions to Applicant:

1. Make a copy of the blank application form and complete a draft copy first.
2. Which Festival do you want to attend. Please give festival name and dates.

---

### 3. Personal Information

Full name of applicant \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

Home telephone number \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Present home address

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Number of years as an NCPG member \_\_\_\_\_ Citizenship \_\_\_\_\_

4. Education - please use extra sheets to elaborate, if needed.
  - a. Name all secondary and/or technical schools you have attended. List the school you are presently attending first.

5. Puppetry Education and Experience - please use extra sheets to elaborate, if needed.

- a. Please discuss your puppetry education. Include any classes, workshops you've taken.

- b. Please discuss any performances you have participated in.

6. Please write a short essay on why we should send you to your first puppetry festival.

**Please complete and send to:**

**NCPG Scholarship  
64 Southall Court  
Sterling, VA 20165,**

**no later than one month before the proposed festival.** You will be notified within 10 days whether or not you have been selected.



Smile! You're on Amazon!

Well, we're on Amazon, too. On Amazon Smile, that is.

Got some shopping to do? If you use Amazon Smile you can help support the NCPG at the same time.

Every time you make a purchase at Amazon Smile, a donation is made to the National Capital Puppetry Guild for its work bringing educational opportunities to the public in the fine art of puppetry.

If all our membership did this when making Amazon purchases, it would be possible for us to raise some significant funds.

Here's how you can make an easy donation:

Go to <https://smile.amazon.com>

Go to "Pick your own charitable organization" and click the "Search" button. Find "National Capital Puppetry Guild" and click "Select."

Then go ahead and make your purchases. The guild, which is a registered 501(c)(3) nonprofit, will automatically receive a donation of 0.5% of your normal purchase price on the tens of millions of eligible items and you won't pay anything extra for that.

Bookmark <https://smile.amazon.com>, or click on <https://smile.amazon.com/ch/81-3977781> and remember: whenever you shop there your donations will fund our festivals, puppet slams, newsletters and scholarships.

Now that's something to smile about!

# Your NCPG Guide to Regional Festivals 2018



## GREAT PLAINS PUPPET TRAIN

**Great Plains Puppet Train** Sept. 13-16, 2018 West Liberty, Iowa

The Regional Festival will take place in various buildings downtown, all within a distance of about four to six blocks, including Owl Glass Puppetry Center, the New Strand Theatre (a 1910 opera house), the historic depot, a regional learning center, a Mexican restaurant, and the Methodist Church. The Festival will start Thursday evening with registration, finger foods, a show, and a party featuring Quintron and Miss Pussycat. Friday will include workshops, performances in our opera house, and a Puppet Slam. Saturday will feature the West Liberty Children's Festival, complete with five puppet performances and lots of street food and activities. A street dance with a Mariachi Band, and finally a delicious catered dinner and another performance. Sunday: breakfast, one last show, and farewells to friends, old and new!

For more information, visit: [greatplainspuppettrain.com](http://greatplainspuppettrain.com)



**Puppet Homecoming** Sept. 20-23, 2018 Brattleboro, VT

The Puppeteers of America Northeast and Mid-Atlantic Regions are joining with the Puppets in the Green Mountains Festival produced by Sandglass Theater for Puppet Homecoming 2018. Open to professionals, students, and puppetry enthusiasts, PH 2018 will be a 3-day weekend of workshops, shows, camaraderie, special events, and more. This is the tenth edition of Sandglass Theater's international festival in Brattleboro, Vermont. This year's Festival, titled Opening Our Doors, September 18 – 23, 2018, is 6 days of performances that foster a spirit of inclusivity and are designed for both children and adults.

For more information go to: <http://puppethomecoming.org> and [puppetsinthegreenmountains.com](http://puppetsinthegreenmountains.com).

JOIN US JULY 25-28 | MARYLAND

FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTIAN PUPPETEERS  
**NATIONAL**  
*conference*

**REGISTER EARLY TO SAVE!**

**JUMPSTART YOUR MINISTRY**  
AT NATIONAL! ADULTS, TEENS & CHILDREN ALIKE CAN EXPLORE CREATIVE WAYS TO MINISTER WHILE BEING ENCOURAGED THROUGH DEVOTIONALS & FELLOWSHIP.



\*I ALWAYS LEAVE THE FCP CONFERENCE INSPIRED BY THE PERFORMERS, NEW TECHNIQUES FROM THE WORKSHOPS & REFRESHED BY THE FELLOWSHIP. \*JOE D. (PA)

**WHAT TO EXPECT**

**GROWTH: 40+ WORKSHOPS IN PUPPETRY / CREATIVE ARTS / LEADERSHIP / & MORE FOR BEGINNERS THROUGH EXPERTS!**

**INSPIRATION: 3 HOURS OF PRESENTATIONS**

**ENCOURAGEMENT: 1 UNFORGETTABLE WEEK**

**ATTENDANCE OPTIONS**

**NATIONAL: WEDNESDAY JULY 25 - SATURDAY 28**  
**EXPRESS: THURSDAY EVENING 26 - SATURDAY 28**  
DAILY RATES AND ON-CAMPUS MEAL PLANS ALSO AVAILABLE  
RANGE OF VALUE LODGING & RESTAURANTS NEARBY

**REGISTER EARLY TO SAVE!**

LEARN MORE BY VISITING  
[www.christianpuppeteers.org](http://www.christianpuppeteers.org)

**NCPG SCOOP! What's Up With Our Guild.**

With this issue we welcome new members Jessica Binder and Chris Heady! Thanks for joining and welcome!

Chris and Jessica and Christopher Piper were on hand in person for our June 10th meeting at the Puppet Co. There were many other who joined in on-line for our live streaming tour of the Puppet Showplace Theater in Brookline Village, MA. Puppet Showplace Theater is one of the jewels in the crown of puppet theaters in the US. It was enormous fun to tour their front-of-house, backstage, tech, admin, workshop, and creation spaces and on top of it all, there was a street festival going which we also got to sample. We sampled the festival fair and were also entertained by puppeteer Brad Shur.

Also let it be known that we officially have a new treasurer. Cori Leyden-Sussler has accepted the position and the board seat that goes with it. I know that all of us want to welcome her. And wish her well as she tackles this role for us.

All of us on the board want to thank out-going treasurer Pam McNaughton for her hard work and dedication to keeping our guild on a sound financial footing over the last few years. We are grateful for all she has done for us.

That's about it. Check out the meeting notice below.

Signed,  
The Mangement

Our next meeting will be August 19th at the Puppet Co following the 1pm performance of Peter and the Wolf. We will be enjoying a performance and workshop on Karagoz puppetry with master puppeteer Ayhan Hulagu. Make your complimentary reservation (301) 364-5380 and press 9 to go directly to voicemail or email: [boxoffice@thepuppetco.org](mailto:boxoffice@thepuppetco.org). Please remind Betsy, in the Box Office, that you are a NCPG member. Your tickets will be under your name at the Box Office window outside. Remember seating starts at 12:45pm (You should arrive prior to 12:45pm).

**And that  
brings an-  
other issue  
of**

# Puppetimes

## Back Issues

Interviews with puppeteers! Informative articles on every aspect of the art and craft! Enjoy the issues you've missed!

We are now offering printed copies of back issues for the last two years. Each copy is \$10 with shipping included. Full color copies are also available for \$20 with shipping included.

For issues not shown on this pages., please email: [puppetimes@gmail.com](mailto:puppetimes@gmail.com)



Volume 52 No. 4 July - August 2016

Feature: A Remembrance of the Life and Work of Founding Member Ida Jervis



Volume 52 No. 6 Nov. - Dec 2016

Feature: Paul Vincent Davis Interview



Volume 53 No. 6 Nov. - Dec. 2017

Feature: The Beauty of Difficult Shows



Volume 53 No. 2 March - April 2017

Feature: Heidi Spieth Rugg Interview



Volume 54 No. 1 Jan. - Feb. 2018

Feature: Bob Brown Part Two



Volume 53 No. 3 May - June 2017

Feature: DJ Kid Koala Interview, Nufonia Must Fall



Volume 54 No. 2 March - April 2018

Feature: Ingrid Crepeau and Michele Valeri of Dinorock



Volume 53 No. 5 Sept. - Oct. 2017

Feature: The Judy Fund, National Festival Puppetry Exhibit



Volume 54 No. 3 May - June 2018

Feature: Sesame Street Puppetry Workshop

# THE SEE AND BE SEEN SCENE



**The Puppet Co. Playhouse** at Glen Echo, MD  
Reservations: (301) 634-5380    [thepuppetco.org](http://thepuppetco.org)

Through August 5th

## **Snow White and the 7 Dwarves**

August 9th through September 30th

## **Peter and the Wolf**

Thursdays & Fridays 11:00 AM

Saturdays & Sundays 11:30 AM & 1:00 PM

## **Tiny Tot Time with Bob Brown**

7/1/18 - Baby Bear's Birthday

Sun - 10:00 AM

7/7, 11, 15/18 - Old MacDonald's Farm

Sat, Wed, Sun - 10:00 AM

7/18, 21/18 - Winter Wonderland

Wed, Sat - 10:00 AM

7/25, 29/18 - Clowning Around

Wed, Sun - 10:00 AM

8/1, 4/18 - Snow Show

Wed, Sat - 10:00 AM

8/8, 12, 18/18 - Jellybean Circus

Wed, Sun, Sat - 10:00 AM

8/22, 26/18 - Mother Goose Caboose

Wed, Sun - 10:00 AM

**YOUR SHOW HERE!** That's right. Tell us what you're up to and we will share with the world! At least the world of our membership. Get your notice in within five weeks after your current issue and we will (most likely) post it here.

## **Wonderment Puppet Theater**

412 W King St, Martinsburg, WV 25401

Martinsburg, WV (304) 258-4074

[wondermentpuppets.com](http://wondermentpuppets.com)

[wondermentpuppets@yahoo.com](mailto:wondermentpuppets@yahoo.com)

Through Aug 26 **The 3 Pig Circus**

## **Puppets at the Durant Center**

Barefoot Puppets

July 21, 10:00am & 11:30am

Blue Sky Puppets

August 8, 10:00am & 11:30am

## **The Basement**

### **HAND TO GOD**

July 13 - July 28

300 East Broad Street, Richmond, VA 23219

Tickets at: (804) 506-3533

(puppets by Heidi Rugg!)