

HISTORICAL PAGEANT

Presented by

THE FACULTY WOMEN'S CLUB

Chairman of the Program Committee
Mrs. Everett S. Brown

Pageant Chairman
Mrs. O. Stanley Duffendack

February 29, 1932

Lydia Mendelsohn Theatre

8:15 P.M.

Prologue One

Written by Mrs. O. S. Duffendack

Written by Mrs. O. S. Duffendack

First Prologue

Time - Between 1870 and 1880, 5:30 A. M. on a spring day.

Scene - On the Campus. Chapel entrance, center stage.

Characters - Janitor, Professor Blackburn, two young ladies (students)

Doctor Cocker, Mrs. Watson (very dignified - past middle age), Mrs.

Morton and son.

Chapel bell is heard ringing. Janitor comes out of chapel, walks around the stage, calling loudly:

Janitor:

Did yez hear the bell?

Did yez hear the bell?

Did yez hear the bell?

Exit into chapel.

Enter Professor Blackburn from left, strolls leisurely into chapel.

Enter two girl students from right, one slightly in advance of other, putting on wraps as they go. They enter the chapel.

Singing starts in chapel.

Enter Professor Cocker from right hurriedly and enters the chapel.

Singing continues in chapel.

Enter Mrs. Watson from left, Mrs. Morton and son from right, meet in center stage.

Mrs. Watson:

Good morning, Mrs. Morton. You're out quite early this morning with your young son. (To the little boy) How are you, little man? (The little boy is shy, hangs his head and does not answer).

Mrs. Morton:

Why I like to stroll by here in the morning and hear the singing from the chapel. I think it sounds much sweeter with the girls' voices.

Mrs. Watson: (surprised and somewhat irritated)

Oh, you do! I can't reconcile myself to this coeducational idea. I don't like the idea of women deviating the slightest degree from the strictest propriety. (She shudders)

Mrs. Morton:

My dear Mrs. Watson, I don't think it is the least bit improper. I think the girls are conducting themselves in a very ladylike manner and really excelling in their studies.

First Prologue - continued.

Mrs. Watson:

But I should so dislike to be where I'm not wanted, and truly the professors do not want girls here on the campus.

Mrs. Morton:

Oh, I think you're quite mistaken. I asked Professor Freise just the other day how he liked girls in his classes, and you'll be amazed at his reply (in a slow drawling tone). He said: "Sometimes I wish they were all girls."

Mrs. Watson:

Dear! dear! (exasperated) I suppose one can get used to anything if one has to put up with it long enough.

The girl students walk across the back of stage with books under their arms.

Mrs. Morton:

I must be going. (She observes the girls on the campus) Don't you think the girls are ambitious, getting out so early and having a class before breakfast. I admire them very much.

Mrs. Watson (doesn't speak but shows by her actions that she doesn't agree with Mrs. Morton.)

Mrs. Morton:

I must hurry on. Good-by, Mrs. Watson. (She goes in through the campus gate, walks around on the campus and exit left.)

Mrs. Watson bids Mrs. Morton Good morning very stiffly, continues on her way and exit right.

Mrs. James and Mrs. Lindsay

Music: Yellow and Blue sung by the chorus.
Curtain at the close of the first verse.
We Women of the Nation sung by chorus.

Act One

Written by Mrs. O. S. Duffendack
and Mrs. H. Bouchard

Written by Mrs. Duffendack
and Mrs. Bouchard

Scene One

Time: At the close of spring vacation in 1877.

Scene: The student living room of Harriet Holman and Mary Marston, in the house of Professor Charles K. Adams on Washtenaw Avenue in the little country town of Ann Arbor. Furnishings: old fashioned stove, wood box, wardrobe case, haircloth sofa, table, chairs, whatnot, and coal oil lamps. Door on left leads to bedroom.

Characters: Mary Marston } wholesome college girls
Harriet Holman }
Mrs. Adams, a motherly woman in the fifties, self-appointed advisor to the girls.
Alice Freeman, semi-militant type.
Annie Ripley, an effeminate creature.
Olive Anderson, masculine type, nick-named "Joe" "Anderson my Joe"

Curtain rises on an unoccupied room. Door is kicked open; Mary enters with arms full of wood, drops wood in box, brushes her sleeves and says:

Well, I'm certainly glad this vacation is over. I am so tired of carrying all the wood upstairs. (Goes to table, sits and takes up a book, draws a long breath) This has been a long vacation. Harriet ought to be here any minute. My, I've missed her! (She pauses, looks over books, hums a little tune, looks around the room) I do hope she notices how hard I've worked on these rooms. It took all day yesterday to clean them.

Harriet enters with bag.

Mary:

(Letting book fall and rushing to Harriet) So here you are! I was just longing for you to come. Did you have a splendid time?

Harriet:

Oh, a glorious time! (Taking off her wraps and handing them to Mary) Have you been lonely? But you weren't alone all the time, though, were you?

Mary takes Harriet's wraps to the bedroom and returns. Harriet picks up the book Mary dropped.

Mary:

Well, Mother was here for a visit and of course others have come in. And I've found plenty to do too.

Harriet:

How inviting and immaculate the room looks! (She looks around) Oh! These lovely rosebuds. Where did you get them? (Picks up the vase and smells the flowers.)

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Mary:

Now I must tell you my plans. I have invited Alice Freeman and her friend, Annie Ripley, who is here visiting her, and "Joe" Anderson for the evening, so I bought the flowers for twelve cents, which I admit is rank extravagance. And I have another surprise for you. You should have been here the other night. Mamma heard a rap at the door and I opened it and there stood Mr. Bishop with his dandified little junior cane under one arm and this (produces the bag) salt bag under the other arm. When he saw Mamma he was slightly embarrassed but he presented the bag with the remark that there was the popcorn he had promised to bring from home. So I have popped some for this evening. (Shows pan of popped corn)

Harriet: (Taking Mary by both arms)

Oh, I think it is so lovely of you to do all this. (Holding her away from her at arm's length) So Mr. Bishop was dandified, hm.

Mary:

No, I said his cane was dandified. Nothing else is so about him.

(Harriet walks over to table, Mary gets a match and lights another lamp.)

Harriet:

Well, here's the Chronicle, late as usual I suppose.

Mary:

Yes, it came the day after school closed.

Harriet:

What is this about chapel? (Dashes over to the larger lamp) Just listen to this. (She reads from the Chronicle) "It is truly painful to all devout seniors to see the way in which freshmen and faculty neglect chapel. Morning after morning we meet and nothing confronts us from the rostrum but a row of empty chairs with perchance a solitary professor vainly endeavoring to sustain the dignity of his bolting compeers." (Exclaims aside to Mary) One professor out of fifty-three at chapel!

Mary: (seriously)

Now that isn't fair to Professor Adams at least, because we know he was absent from his classes all that last week when his mother-in-law was sick.

Harriet:

Yes, he had an excuse. (Continues reading) "And as we look at the freshman quarter, a vast array of vacant seats falls on our mournful gaze. Alas, 'tis true, we cry. The University is degenerating. Even sophs and juniors are not as prompt and regular as seniors could wish, but this is nothing compared with the shocking dereliction of the faculty. Is it possible that we are to have a repetition of the old scene which has been handed down to us from generations long gone hence? 'In the absence of the president, the Professor of French was

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the only faculty member present. What was the amazement of the boys to see him step forward and say that as his vocabulary was rather short and as he was an infidel, the exercises would be postponed.' Let us hope that such circumstances will never be repeated here, but that the faculty following the example of the seniors may be more regular." (Speaks again to Mary) Now don't you think that's a rather impertinent way to refer to the faculty?

Mary:
The Chronicle does that all the time.

Harriet: (continues reading)
"And that the force of example may once more lead the underclassmen to perform their duties. Otherwise, we fear, the regents will be compelled to adopt a rule making the attendance of freshmen and faculty compulsory."

Knock at door. Enter Mrs. Adams.

Mary and Harriet:
Good evening, Mrs. Adams.

Mary:
Please come in and sit down.

Harriet:
Please do, Mrs. Adams.

Mrs. Adams:
Thank you. I can only stop a few minutes. Mary, have you been lonely since your mother left?

Mary:
Oh no! I've had a great deal to do, and one day Mr. Comstock was most obliging. Two of the other girls and I went over to the Observatory and he brought out the finest transit instrument that the University owns and let us examine it. (Very pleased with herself) I can read a verneir now. I only knew the theory before.

Mrs. Adams: (questioning the propriety of this)
It sounds most instructive. And that reminds me of my errand. (Very precisely) that Professor Blackburn's sister is not to be at home tomorrow night, and I felt sure you would want to postpone your visit to see his pictures.

Mary:
Oh, I'm so sorry, because we wanted to see his pictures, but we are very grateful to you for coming to tell us this.

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Harriet:

Yes, indeed, Mrs. Adams. Under those circumstances it would be quite improper, I'm sure, and we can go some other time.

Mrs. Adams: (rising)

I felt sure you would understand my motive. There are no rules of conduct for young ladies in the University and I thought you would rather not do anything indiscreet. I'll let you know when Miss Blackburn returns.

Harriet and Mary:

Thank you very much. Good night.

Exit Mrs. Adams.

Mary:

Now, isn't that strange. I saw Professor Blackburn this afternoon but he didn't mention he was alone.

Harriet:

Oh well, bachelors don't usually think of such things.

There is a knock at the door. Enter Alice Freeman and Annie Ripley. Mary goes to the door.

Mary:

Come on in girls. Let me have your wraps. (Takes wraps into bedroom)

Alice (greet Harriet)

Hello, Harriet. I want you to meet Miss Annie Ripley who is thinking very seriously of coming to the University.

Harriet shakes hands with Annie.

Harriet:

I hope you'll like it here. Won't you girls please take the rocking chairs?

(The girls are seated. Mary comes in and fixes the fire. Harriet takes seat at table)

Annie: (glances around the room)

I think your rooms are very cozy. I really didn't expect to find rocking chairs.

Alice:

Oh, the girls brought their chairs from home. Most of us have to bring some things.

Harriet:

That's true, but Mary is quite responsible for the coziness of our rooms. She brought the rug, one rocking chair, and she even sent home for her hair mattress. And I brought the wardrobe case and the

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hatnot and the other rocking chair. So it is truly very homelike, and we think we are very fortunate living here at the Herr Professor's house. All the students call him the Herr Professor because their German maid calls him that.

Joe enters. (Mannish stride, takes off coat uncerimoniously and throws it on sofa. All the girls greet her Hello, Hello, Joe. Harriet and Alice rise as they greet her. Annie remains seated.)

Alice:
Joe, this Annie Ripley.

Joe greets her and shakes hands mannishly and speaks:
You're going to enter the University in the near future, I understand.

Annie:
I have thought of it but I'm not very sure. It has some appeal and Alice is trying to persuade me.

Harriet:
Let's sit down, girls.

Alice:
You'll have to assist me in persuading Annie, Joe. She shrinks from this masculine environment.

Joe: (self confident)
Don't let that worry you. We get on fine.

Annie:
Do you enter by certificate or examination?

Joe:
They enter either way, and I understand the Professors here have been giving attention to both classes of students to see which is the better, but they find no difference.

Annie: (very troubled)
But what if one is not well enough prepared. What would one do?

Alice:
They'll take care of that, don't you worry. You would only be asked to return home and you're recommended to other fields of usefulness.

Harriet:
But really, most girls work hard and make good. College is their business. Studies always come first.

Joe: (striding over to the Wardman case)
How's your flowers getting along? (turns around quickly) Say, that reminds me, did you notice how fast the grass was growing on the campus? The cows will soon have a feast.

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Serenade singing below the window. All the girls rush to the window excepting Annie.

Alice:
Come on, Annie. You must hear them.

Harriet:
Oh, yes. You mustn't miss it.

Joe: (sarcastically)
You must contribute your respect for the masculine activities.

(Girls listen to the singing)

Annie: (coming away from the window - emotionally overcome)
Wasn't it grand? Do they come often? Isn't it exciting? I think their voices sounded beautiful. You girls do have grand times, don't you?

Joe:
Yes, we have lots of excitement. Girls, have you heard of Harriet's latest escapade? (Mary, Alice and Annie crowd around Joe.)

Mary:
No, indeed. She didn't report.

Alice:
What was it? Do tell us.

Annie:
Oh, I'd love to hear it.

Joe: (walks over to the table, picks up the Chronicle and says teasingly)
Maybe I'll find it here in the Chronicle.

(They all listen earnestly and some of them find seats)

Joe:
It isn't here. But you just ask Harriet to tell you about that buggy ride she had.

Mary: (popcorn is passed)
Girls, I know you're hungry. Have some of Harriet's popcorn but don't ask her where it came from.

Harriet:
Joe, isn't there anything interesting in that Chronicle?

Joe:
Yes, here's something you ought to know about. (Reads aloud from the Chronicle) "And still the complaints come up about that cistern or well or whatever it is that affords drinking water for the students. It was placed in the first place within four rods of where it ought

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not to be and the water, never good, is becoming more unhealthy every day. Every swallow is a sip of malaria and disease."

Mary:
How dreadful!

Alice:
Do you really suppose it's true?

Harriet:
It's a wonder we aren't all sick.

Joe:
And this is a freshman for you. "There is a man in the freshman class who studies on Sunday."

Annie: (horrified)
Do they really study on Sunday here?

Alice, Harriet, Joe and Mary (emphatically) No!

Alice:
No, and it's just too bad that someone has to spoil the reputation of a good University.

Joe: (laughing)
Here's a good one. "The vile stinking fumes of tobacco ascended to the nostrils of the medical female students, and they are now endeavoring to have the use of the filthy weed so far forbidden as to prevent smoking and spitting in the lecture room."

Mary: (indignant)
That's just the reason why I wouldn't enter the medical school.

Joe:
Oh, I don't think that would bother me much.

Harriet:
Well, I hope they succeed in exterminating it. Don't read anything more like that, Joe.

Mary:
No, we've had enough of the Chronicle for this time. Here's some of our photographs that will be interesting to Annie. (They have a box of photographs and start passing them around.)

Alice:
Annie, tell us some of your impressions of the University.

Annie:
Well, as far as intellectual advantages are concerned, surely one couldn't wish for anything more. I think the Campus is nice, and the buildings are just wonderful. But really, girls, when I consider the opposition of some of the Professors and the landladies, I question

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whether women will ever have an equal standing with men in this University.

Mary:

Oh, I think you'll change your mind.

Harriet:

Oh, that doesn't bother me at all.

Joe:

Did you ever see a man who would admit that a woman was of equal importance?

Alice:

Yes, I have met such men. (Alice rises and takes center stage)
And I am convinced there will be more men like that. We girls must not lose sight of the fact that we are pioneers in this great educational movement. It is of utmost importance that we look upon our college work as a serious business and excel in all our studies. I like to sit and dream of all the possibilities that the future holds for women here. I can look far into the future and see hundreds of girls on this campus. I can see a large per cent of them winning scholastic honors. I can see classrooms where no prejudice is shown by professors but where women are as welcome as men. I can see organizations managed by the girls of the campus. I believe the future holds for the women of this campus a building where women may study, rest, eat, meet socially; in fact, where every need and every comfort will be supplied. This is my dream. May the future women students of Michigan realize it.

Prologue Two

Written by Mrs. William H. Sellew

Written by Mrs. Wm. H. Sellow

Ten Minute Prologue.

Street Scene bordering the campus. Background of trees.
Time, Spring afternoon.
Costumes, Exaggerated bustle period.

Discovered, at right side of stage, standing on the sidewalk conversing: Mrs. Professor. (old lady about 50) and Mrs. Instructor. (young about 24).

Mrs. Prof. -- (Holding basket of fruit covered with leaves) I am taking some fruit over to Mrs. Petty, poor little Sybel has the mumps.

Mrs. Ins. Oh, its a terrible epidemic, my Jimmy's got croup and if he gets mumps too, it'll be awful.

Mrs. Prof. Dear me, you must put lots of goose-grease and red flannel on him; and my advice is ---
(Noise of singing off stage -- three students enter right arm in arm. They wear base-ball costumes of the early 80s. One has a thick black beard, one carries a baseball bat. They occupy most of the sidewalk and do not notice the 2 ladies, but continue to sing lustily, "My Bonny lies over the Ocean, My Bonny lies over the Sea" etc. with exaggerated gusto and emphasis. The ladies draw aside distainfully and eye the students haughtily. Exit students left.)

Mrs. Prof. Such behavior is outrageous; they never took their caps off to us. The young people today are so wild, its a disgrace to the University.

(Enter, left two Professors energetically discussing vital topic of the day.)

Prof. Black I hear the town rang the fire bell, and got out the State Militia after the boys.

2n Prof. And jailed a dozen students!

Prof. Blk. Hell! They did;--What for?

2nd Prof. The boys rushed the post-office for letters.

Prof. Blk. That damn Mayor ought to give us carrier delivery for our letters. Damn me! I'll get the law on both him and the town. By heck, I will!

2nd Prof. (Endeavoring to quiet his companion) Sh; take it easy.-- Here are some ladies.

(Prof. Blk. quiets down and becomes suddenly gallant as he addresses Mrs. Professor.)

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- First Prof. (Greets ladies. etc.) This is a beautiful day, just right for the early fruit. (Mrs. Ins. bows and exits left.)
- Mrs. Prof. (In gushing manner) Oh, Professor Black; I am just on my way to buy your new book. All about bugs, isn't it? I'm sure it's delightful.
- 1st Prof. (Smiling as he gallantly offers his arm) Lizards; Lizards! Madame.
- Mrs. Prof. (Takes his arm, she is somewhat embarrassed) Oh yes, to be sure, now I remember it was something that went on its stomach. (They are just about to cross the street when a bell is heard off stage.)
- 2nd Prof. (In much alarm, speaks warningly.) Take care, take care. (In much excitement the two men push the lady quickly to one side just as a high-wheeled bicycle is ridden across the stage).
- Mrs. Prof. (In terrified agitation, having dropped her basket of fruit) Oh My! You are not safe on the streets any more. (Straightens her bonnet.) The rapid pace of the young men today will kill us all; and as for these Co-Eds, they are shameless; why, in the afternoons they even go buggy riding ALONE with a young man. IMAGINE!
- 2nd Prof. (Speaking as they go. They exit right) Certainly, CERTAINLY! These modern ideas are damning the young people to Hell Fire and Brimstone! (Exit).
- (Enter left, very young professor and pretty co-ed. They both wear sports costumes of early 80s, also carry tennis rackets.)
- Prof. Beaugh Oh, Ah, Miss Dolly--What a ripping game of tennis!
- Dolly Oh, Professor Beaugh, you play beautifully.
- Prof. Beaugh Ah, may I have another game soon?
- Dolly (Simpering) But I play so badly.
- Prof. Beaugh (With Victorian gallantry) Oh, Ah, Miss Dolly, I don't mind love sets, do you?
- Dolly (Giggles) Oh, my, Professor Beaugh, I don't know. (pause) I was just wondering if you are going to the ball tomorrow night?

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Prof. Beaugh Ah, yes. May I have one of the new round dances with you, Miss Dolly?

Dolly (In a coy manner) Oh, Professor, do you think it's quite proper to let a gentleman put his arm around a young lady's waist?

Prof. Beaugh (With wicked worldliness) But I'm sure you'll like it.

Dolly (Giggles) Oh, you wouldn't think I was a bold girl?

Prof. Beaugh (Reassuringly) How could I think that of you?

Dolly (Pushing the dust about with the toe of her shoe)
We might try it, but I'm afraid I'll feel ever so forward -- and I'm sure I mustn' stand here talking to you any longer; they watch our deportment every minute. (They do a chin-high hand shake and exit right and left, swinging their rackets rakishly. A student boy strolls past whistling loudly, "Jingle Bells", etc. or perhaps Annie Laurie, as curtain falls.)

Curtain

Act Two

Friendly Village

Written by Mrs. John R. Effinger and
Mrs. Shirley W. Smith

(As Written)

Written by Mrs. John R. Effinger and
Mrs. Shirley W. Smith

Friendly Village

Time - Late October afternoon in the mid gay nineties.

Scene - The back parlor of the president's house.

Characters in order of their appearance:

- Mrs. Michigan - She is middle aged, gray haired, dignified, wearing a rather elegant costume.
- Mrs. Eastern - Young, pretty, beautifully dressed.
- Mrs. Northern - The excitable type, always planning too much but some way accomplishing all she undertakes.
- Mrs. Southern - Explained by her name. She would speak with southern accent if possible.
- Mrs. Mid-Western - Breezy, unconventional, dressed in divided skirt, shirt waist with high collar - Fedora hat with small side feather and high shoes.
- Sam - Old colored man, portly, with white hair. Shuffles his feet as he walks.

(Sound of conversation outside as Mrs. Michigan and Mrs. Eastern enter).

Mrs. Mich. Sit here, Mrs. Eastern, Mrs. Angell asked me to bring you away for a quiet cup of tea. You must be tired.

Mrs. East. Not so very. Still this is restful after the effort of trying to associate names and faces. How thoughtful of Mrs. Angell to give this party for me to meet you nice faculty ladies - (looks about her). What a charming room! You don't mean to tell me they found these things out here in the West?

Mrs. Mich. (with a smile) No, they might have, but most of these pieces they brought with them from Vermont, where Dr. Angell had been president for five years.

Mrs. East. Oh yes - and Mrs. Angell was the daughter of President Caswell of Brown, wasn't she?

Mrs. Mich. Yes, so of course some of these things are Caswell heirlooms - and some of them were acquired in their travels. For instance, (moves over to Chinese screen) this they brought back recently from China. Lovely isn't it?

Mrs. East. Yes it is. I've forgotten why they went to China. Something diplomatic wasn't it?

- Mrs. Mich. (with pride) Dr. Angell was American Minister Plenipotentiary to China. (Excitedly) My husband and I were in Germany that year and I never was prouder in my life than I was to read the praise and wonder expressed by the German Press at the ease with which he concluded that difficult treaty.
- Mrs. East. I'm ashamed that I'm so stupid - but just what was this treaty?
- Mrs. Mich. Why! The one restricting the importation of cheap coolie labor. It took the Germans two years to conclude a similar treaty and - bless his heart - he finished it up in two months and then went to work on the opium treaty.
- Mrs. East. I don't wonder you are proud. I'm more impressed every moment (chuckles softly to herself)
- Mrs. Mich. What is funny my dear?
- Mrs. East. Oh, the contrast between the picture my friends at home had painted of this wild and wooley outpost of civilization - and the dignity and beauty of today. They are so simple too. I was amazed that Dr. Angell knew, not only the name of every lady who came in this afternoon but also the names of their children - and, more wonderful still the children's recent illnesses.
(As they talk Mrs. Northern enters, greets them both in friendly manner).
- Mrs. North. What luck to find you both here. I thought I'd have to send Katie over with notes to invite you and your husbands to supper at seven o'clock Sunday evening. I'm having about thirty (to Mrs. E.) I want them to meet you and Professor Eastern.
- Mrs. East. How delight ful, we'd love it.
- Mrs. Mich. Sure! Tom and I just adore your Sunday night suppers - (aside) Heavens! I wonder if I can get Mrs. Pieski to stay with the children?

(Mrs. Sothern appears at door, looks in, starts to retire)
- Mrs. North. (calls) Oh, come in (to others) Here comes another of my victims. (to Mrs. Southern) Can you and your husband come to my supper party next Sunday evening?

- Mrs. South. Indeed, we can! (seized with a doubt) Er-that-is-if we can get someone to stay with the children. (brightening) I'll try Mrs. Pieske.
- Mrs. Mich. (interrupts) No you can't have her. I thought of her first. (laughing) Well, we'll settle that later. (to Mrs. Northern) What can I loan you?
- Mrs. North. (draws out a long paper from hand bag) I knew I wouldn' have another opportunity to see so many of you again so I made a little list of what I need (Starts at top reading) Five pounds chicken - three pounds veal. Oh no that's for the butcher. (reads) Three dozen small frosted cakes.
- Mrs. South. (interrupts laughingly) One dozen pink, one dozen white, one dozen chocolate.
- Mrs. North. Oh dear, I've got the wrong list - that's for Miss East. (All laugh and chorus "We knew it"). Here it is, two dozen dinner plates - I think I'll have yours, Mary Michigan, they go better with mine - and who has a dozen and a half cups? I'd like Haviland with pink roses if I could - but it doesn't matter really - and of course teaspoons. I always have to have spoons.
- Mrs. East. (who has been watching with growing amusement and enthusiasm) Let me bring teaspoons please. I'd love to feel on the inside.
- Mrs. North. Of course you may - bring two dozen when you come over. Thank you so much. (They all start offering to loan forks, knives, napkins, etc. all of which Mrs. Northern accepts and notes on her list.
- Mrs. South. (turns to Mrs. Eastern as the happy noise dies down) Really, my dear, we are not as bad as we sound. I do hope you are going to like Ann Arbor as much as I have learned to in the two years I have been here.
- Mrs. East. Oh I'm sure I shall. I think it's wonderful already.
- Mrs. South. Of course it's rather queer in spots. For instance, you may have to put on rubber boots to get across the campus in the spring - lots of people do - and our buildings are far from being architecturally correct (laughing). Have you ever happened to notice the Museum? But wait until you hear Max Heinrich or the Boston Symphony in our grand University Hall, which holds, you will hardly believe it, 2,200 and is often full. If you aren't thrilled then!

- Mrs. North. (coming up to hear the last of Mrs. S's speech)
And maybe Susan B. Anthony will be here this Winter
and the Israel Halls will have a reception for her
in their lovely home -
- Mrs. East. Oh that would interest me. Of course I believe
in the principle of universal suffrage but I am
as dubious of our getting the vote as I am that
the country could ever fulfill the dream of the
W.C.T.U. for prohibition.
- Mrs. Mid-
West. (To Mrs. Michigan) My dear Mary, who is that?
Do you know her?
- Mrs. Mich. No I haven't met her but I think her husband is
the new instructor in Biology.
(Mrs. North has greeted Mrs. Mid-west. and now
presents her to each lady).
- Mrs. Mid-
West. Oh dear I'm so embarrassed. I was down at Macks
buying outing flannel to make the twins petticoats
and I remembered this reception and I came right
up on my bicycle just as I would have at home - and
then to come into that lovely room with everybody
all dressed up and I in this awful rig.
- Mrs. South. Well nobody made you feel unhappy I hope?
- Mrs. Mid-
West. Oh no - but I just got a feeling I'd never be so
careless about myself again.
- Mrs. North. Well I got a little ruffled myself when I went down
that line. Mrs. Angell said she was so glad to have
me come out. She had been afraid I stayed too
closely at home with my children and didn't go about
enough with my husband. I hadn't realized before that
I was being too domestic; but I guess I am.
- Mrs. South. That's funny - she told me not long ago that I was
losing so much by having too many engagements that
took me away from my home and my babies - and she is
right. What an extraordinarily wise woman!
- Sam (enters with tea tray. He approaches Mrs. Eastern)
Mrs. Angell told me to see that you got your tea
and when you have finished, mam, she would be glad to
have you back in the line. More ladies have arrived
mam.
(They all take tea and thin slices of cake, some of
them exchanging greetings with Sam)

As Sam goes out and they all drink tea.

- Mrs. Mid-West. Isn't he just precious? He looks like a picture out of "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Has he been here long?
- Mrs. Mich. I think he has been here forever. You should see him driving the presidential carriage!
- Mrs. South. He is just like our best down South darkies. - Have you all heard the wonderful story about who owns this house?
(Mrs. E. and Mrs. M.W. shake their heads no).
- Mrs. East. Do tell us.
- Mrs. South. Well, last June Pres. Van Heis of Wisconsin came to deliver our graduating address and because his telegram was not delivered no one was at the station to meet him. So he hailed a hack and asked to be driver to Dr. Angells. The hack driver said "Dr. Angell? Why they ain't no such doctor here no how". President Van Heis kept insisting that there was, he knew him and was expected for dinner there in half an hour. Finally the cabman appealed to some of his friends. "Why shore!" said a good looking young darkie. "You know he's the man who lives up at Sam's house" -
(They all laugh)
- Mrs. Mich. (leaning forward and addressing Mrs. Mid-Western)
You spoke of flannel petticoats for your twins - you must be too busy to make them now, with settling and canning and pickling. I'll speak to Mrs. Wenley, her twins must be just a size ahead of yours and I know she'll be delight to pass on Mima and Kitty's last year ones.
- Mrs. Mid-West. (hurt) Oh please don't Mrs. Michigan! I scarcely know Mrs. Wenley. Of course my husband is only an instructor but we are getting on quite well. I can manage --
- Mrs. Mich. (breaks in) Oh, my dear, you don't understand, we all hand things from one to another, cradles - high chairs, childrens dresses, rompers, books, shoes. We are quite shameless, everyone does it. Its part of the joy of living here. Mrs. Wenley has come to us from England, and she fell into the game from the start.

(They all excitedly tell of the wanderings of certain much loved possessions, laughing and making much chatter. Mrs. Mid-West. grows happy again. As the din dies down -

- Mrs. South. That reminds me Mrs. McLaughlin (aside to Mrs. East.) "She is Mrs. Angell's daughter" asked me today if I knew where that lovely little Russian hand sleigh is. You know - the one with the big white horse hair pom poms in front. She says if no one else is using it she'd like it this winter for her little Jamie.
- Mrs. Mich. We must find it for her. Every child in town ought to have that for a while. I can't say who it belonged to originally but I know Roger Morris, and the Knowltons and the Campbells and the Lloyds and my children have all regarded it as their chief joy.
- Mrs. East. (rising and putting her teacup on mantle) I wonder what is the secret of the feeling I'm rapidly acquiring here in this nice little Ann Arbor of being one of a big family. Is everyone friendly here?
- Mrs. North. Well, I know the street car drivers are. As I was being jerked down here today on the car (You know how they squeak going round the corners) Well, as usual the motorman asked me where I was going and I told him I was stopping at Miss East's and then coming here, and he said "I'll let you off at the E. University corner and you go order your rolls and cakes (fancy his knowing what I was ordering) and I'll wait for you here -- I'm five minutes ahead of schedule". --and would you believe it he did - the lamb - and I tore in and ordered and got back to him in three minutes flat.
(They all laugh).
- Mrs. South. (jumping up) I represent the case of our hack drivers. George Craig, our blackest and most popular coachman, offered to carry me out to his cab one rainy day when I had to confess, to his stern questioning that I had no rubbers - (more laughter).
- Mrs. Mich. (as they all rise) It's all a part of a tradition here from the days of Dr. Tappan down. I am reminded of a line from Mrs. Angell's favorite poet "There shall never be one lost good. What was shall be as before".
- Mrs. East. (moving toward door) That promises well for the future here, doesn't it?

Curtain

Act Two

Written by Mrs. John R. Effinger and
Mrs. Shirley W. Smith

(As Staged)

ACT TWO

Written by Mrs. John R. Effinger and

Mrs. Shirley W. Smith

Scene: A room in President Angell's home.
Time: Gay 90's. An afternoon entertainment is in progress; guests are seen passing a large door opening at back of stage. Also the noise of conversation drifts in to the stage.

As the curtain rises First Guest is standing at window, Second Guest enters.

2nd Gst. Hello, Ruth; I didn't see you in the dining room. There was such a crowd!

1st Gst. Yes, but it has been a beautiful party.

2nd Gst. I think the new Professor's wife is simply charming, don't you?

1st Gst. Yes, isn't she! And did you notice her dress?

2nd Gst. Beautiful, wasn't it? What on earth are you looking out the window for?

1st Gst. Just the street car. When I came this afternoon the motorman asked me where I was going and all about it, as usual, and remarked: "They sure have fine parties up to the Angell house. If it'll help you any, Mrs. Green, I'll wait for you on my back trip 'bout 5 o'clock. I'll ring the bell when I get to South U, and wait 10 minutes for you to get to the corner."

2nd Gst. That's fine, I'll ride home with you.

1st Gst. I told the motorman that I thought I'd hear the car squeak as it came around the corner. He laughed.

2nd Gst. I wish they'd put grease on those curves.

1st Gst. Didn't you like Hangsterfors's ice cream this afternoon?

2nd Gst. I liked the oysters in that big cake of ice on the table, and did you---

(Gong sounds from the street-car, they both rush out the side exit. Sam lights the center lamp. Mrs. Michigan and Mrs. Eastern, who have been standing with other ladies in the large doorway, enter; Sam exits small doorway after bowing to the ladies)

M. Mich. Mrs. Angell asked me to bring you here for a quiet cup of tea; and tell you about our life in Ann Arbor. (Mrs. Eastern takes off her gloves) We are so glad to have your husband come to our University from Cambridge. (She draws up a chair) Sit here Mrs. Eastern, you must be tired.

M. East. (Sinks into chair gratefully) Thank you Mrs. Michigan, Yes, it is restful to have tea alone in here, after meeting so many people this afternoon. (quickly) But it was charming of Mrs. Angell to give this party for me to meet your Faculty.

M. Mich. (eagerly) I am so glad that you already feel the charm of Mrs. Angell's personality, and soon you'll find how great is the spell of their friendliness. We all feel it, both students and faculty.

Enter and stroll through the room.

M. Mich. Some came from Grand Rapids factories and Mrs. Angell brought some from Vermont. Of course, you know Dr. Angell was President of the State University there for 5 years.

M. East. Yes, I know, and Mrs. Angell is the daughter of President Caswell of Brown. I see they have travelled in Europe. Now, this vase must be from China?

M. Mich. Yes, the United States sent Dr. Angell as Minister to China, where he concluded a treaty restricting the importation of cooley labor, and he did it in two months' time.

M. East. He must be a brilliant diplomat!

M. Mich. He is; why, German diplomacy worked two years for the same treaty. (Sam enters with the tea tray, places it on the table near M. Mich.)

M. East. I don't wonder you are proud; I'm quite impressed.

M. Mich. Thank you Sam; don't wait, we can pass the tea.

Sam Miss Michigan, I put another cup on de tray caus Mis Southrn axed me to say, she's goin' to hab tea with you all.

M. East. He is just too precious. He looks like a picture out of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Has he been here long?

M. Mich. I think he has been here forever. You should see him driving the presidential carriage!

M. East. Oh, it is so amusing.

M. Mich. What is amusing, my dear?

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- M. East. Oh, the contrast between the picture my friends in the east painted of this wild and wooly out-post of civilization,-- and now, the dignity and beauty of everything this afternoon. (Mrs. Southern enters)
- M. Mich. Julia, Sam brought a cup for you and I know just how you like your tea. We were speaking of Sam.
- M. Soth. Oh, Sam is just like our real "down-south" darkies. I hope you are going to like Ann Arbor as much as I have learned to in the time I have been here.
- M. East. Oh, I'm sure I shall, Mrs. Southern. (Sam enters)
- M. Soth. Of course, its rather queer in spots. For instance, you may have to put on rubber boots to get across the campus in the spring. Lots of people do.
- M. Mich. And our buildings are far from architectural beauties. Have you happened to notice the museum?
- M. Soth. But we have a grand University Hall, which holds about 2200 people and is often full.
- M. Mich. Let me give you another cup of tea.
- M. Soth. Speaking of mud, I must tell you a funny experience I had. George Crain, our faithful coloured hack driver offered to carry me out to his cab the other day--of course, I declined, but on the way out, he managed to give some sage advice. "Miss Southern, one thing sure, you just naturally ain't going to last 'no time' up here if you don't get yourself some rubbers."
- M. Mich. I assure you, Mrs. Eastern, we never could meet our social engagements without the aid of George Craig, he is an institution.
- M. Soth. You must have his telephone number, let me get it for you now. Oh, Mary, Mrs. Northern was asking where you were; if I see her I'll send her in here.
- M. Mich. Really, my dear, we are not as bad as we sound. And you'll find that it's all like a friendly village, with cab-drivers or motorman eager to be useful. (Mrs. Northern hurries in).
- M. Noth. What luck to find you both here.
- M. Mich. A cup of tea?

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- M. Noth. No thanks, I have eaten and eaten.
- M. Mich. Come, sit here, by Mrs. Eastern.
- M. Noth. I want to arrange a supper party for you and Professor Eastern, next Sunday evening.
- M. East. How delightful, Mrs. Northern; we'd love it.
- M. Noth. Mary, you can both come? I'm having about thirty. (Sam enters for tray.)
- M. Mich. Of course, Tom and I just adore your Sunday night suppers. Do you suppose I can get Mrs. Pieski to stay with the children? (M. Soth. enters with a card)
- M. Soth. There, my dear; I'm sure you'll be glad to have him.
- M. Noth. Julia, I want you and your husband to come to my supper party next Sunday night.
- M. Soth. Indeed we can! Er--that is, if we can get someone to stay with the children. I'll try Mrs. Pieski!
- M. Mich. No, you can't have her; I thought of her first. Well, we'll settle that later. What can I lend you for the party?
- M. Noth. I knew I might not have another chance to see so many of you again, so I made a little list of what I needed. Five pounds chicken, three pounds veal. Oh, no, that's for the butcher.
- M. Mich. One dozen pink, one dozen white, one chocolate.
- M. Soth. And each with a pecan in the center!
- M. Noth. Oh, dear, I've got the wrong list; that's for Miss East. "we knew it". Here it is. Two dozen dinner plates--I think I'll have yours Mary Michigan, they go better with mine---and who has a dozen cups? I'd like Haviland, with pink roses, if I could--but it really doesn't matter.
- M. Mich. I'll bring the plates.
- M. Soth. I'd love to bring the cups; mine have pink roses.
- M. Noth. Thanks so much.--Oh, teaspoons! Of course, I always have to borrow spoons!
- M. East. Do let me bring teaspoons, please. I'd love to feel on the inside.

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- M. Noth. Of course you may. Bring two dozen when you come over.
Thank you so much.
- M. Mich. But that isn't all; let me bring something else. (Mrs.
and Mid-western here rushes half-way into the room)
M. Soth.
- M. Noth. I know, you are always so generous. Wait just a minute,
I want you to meet my friends!
- M. Mich. Who is that? Do you know her, Julia?
- M. Soth. No, I haven't met her, I think her husband is the new
instructor in Biology.
- M. Noth. Do come in; let me introduce you. This is Mrs. Southern,
Mrs. Mid-western.
- M. Mdwst. Oh dear, I'm so embarrassed; I was down at Macks buying
outing flannel to make the twins petticoats, and I
remembered this reception;--so I came right up on my
bicycle just as I would out home in Kansas---
- M. Noth. And Mrs. Eastern, of course you remember.
- M. Mdwst. and then to come into that lovely room with everybody all
dressed up, and I in this awful rig.--
- M. Noth. And my friend, Mrs. Michigan.
- M. Soth. Well, nobody made you feel unhappy, I hope.
- M. Mdwst. Oh, no--but I had just a feeling that I'd been so careless
with myself again.
- M. Noth. Well, well, don't worry. I was a little ruffled myself,
this afternoon, when Mrs. Angell told me she was glad to
see me come out. She had been afraid I stayed too much
home with the children, and didn't go about enough with
my husband.
- M. Soth. That's funny--she scolded me not long ago, because I have
too many engagements--what an extraordinarily wise woman!
- M. Mich. You spoke of flannel petticoats for the twins.--You must
be too busy to make them now, with all the canning and
pickling going on.
- M. Mdwst. Oh sure, I'd never thought of that!

- M. Mich. Don't worry, my dear; I'll just speak to Mrs. Wenley. You know her twins are a year older than yours and I know she will be delighted to pass on Mima's and Kitty's petticoats.
- M. Mdwst. Oh, pleast don't, Mrs. Michigan. I hardly know Mrs. Wenley. Really, I can manage with an instructor's salary.
- M. Mich. But you don't understand. We all pass on things from one to another;--cradles, high-chairs, trousers, etc.
- M. Soth. It's all part of the joy of living in Ann Arbor.
- M. Noth. Nonsense, my dear, we are quite shameless. I'm sure that Mrs. Adams gave Carter's baby socks for to wear.
- M. Mich. Don't mind; even Mrs. Wenley, who came to us from Scotland, fell into the game from the start. I'll let you know tomorrow about the petticoats.
- M. Soth. Are you fond of music, Mrs. Eastern?
- M. East. Oh, yes, I'm afraid I shall miss our Boston Symphony this winter.
- M. Soth. Not at all. It's possible you may hear the Bost Orchestra right here in Ann Arbor.
- M. Mich. Oh, yes, we are very advanced. Why! even Susan B. Anthony may be here. If she comes, the Isrial Halls will surely give a reception for her.
- M. East. That would interest me. I feel that women have a great place in future events.
- M. Mich. And the Womans Christian Temperance Union; if they could fulfill their dream for prohibition--what a country we would have!!
- M. East. Very true. I also believe in Universal Suffrage; but I doubt if we ever get the vote. I am afraid the men would as soon think of letting us smoke.
- M. Mdwst. Well, and why shouldn't we smoke!
- Sam If yo please, deys just rung de doorbell to say that Miss Md West's twins bin wating on de corner mos an hour.

Act Two - Page 7.

M. Mdwst. Jerusalem! I forgot all about them. I was to meet them after school!

M. Mich. Poor little things; it's so chilly this time of the year.

M. Noth. Without any flannel petticoats.

M. Soth. It has been delightful having tea with you. I shall look forward to Sunday night.

M. Noth. Well, Mary, thank you for the dinner plates.

M. Soth. Oh, Mary, I just remember Lois McLaughlin asked me where the little Russian Sleigh was; do you know?

M. Mich. The one with the big white pompons in front? I can't seem to remember who had it last.

M. Noth. I know, the Lloyds have it. Who wants it now?

M. Soth. Lois McLaughlin wants it for little Roland.

M. Noth. Well, but Alice Lloyd isn't big enough to walk this winter.

M. Mich. Well, dear, we'll have to fix it some way.

M. Soth. Well, I must hurry along.

M. Noth. Julia, just a minute. Remember, at seven. I'll go with you and order the cakes at Miss East's.

M. Mich. Well, you see we have taken you quite into the family.

M. East. And I feel that it's a friendly family!

M. Mich. I am so glad you do; it's a tradition from the days of Dr. Tappan down. It reminds me of Mrs. Angell's quotation from Browning; "There never shall be one lost good. What was shall be as before."

Prologue Three

Written by Mrs. Hobart H. Willard

Written by Mrs. Hobart H. Willard

Prologue Three

The curtain rises on a scene on the Boulevard. There is an old rustic seat built between two trees. A huge moon is peeping through the foliage. Two lovers are present. He is carving something on the seat, while she is watching him, looking over his shoulder. Soft strains of "Strolling on the Boulevard" are heard.

She has on a very high-necked finely-tucked white shirtwaist. She wears a black bow at the neck. Her skirt is fitted at the waist and hips, and is the proverbial "hobble skirt". Her hair is combed pompadour and combed high. She wears a large hat, with a huge feather, perched right on the top of her head.

He; slowly: "Nineteen ten." (Looks at it approvingly). There it is; M-J. June 12, 1910. (Pause). I'm glad now that the stag party at Joe Parkers did fizzle out, and that you let me see you.

She: We really shouldn't have come here. I'm sure Dean Jordon wouldn't approve at all. (She takes her hat off).

He: But there's only one place to commemorate a night like this, Mary. Isn't it romantic to think that for years and years, lovers have come and carved their initials on this tree, and that for years to come they will continue to come here and plight their troth. You do love me, don't you, Mary?

She: Of course, John. But tell me just how much you love me. (He is kissing her behind her hat as the moon goes behind a cloud. It is dark. Soft strains of "Strolling on the Boulevard are audible". The moon slowly comes out again and two lovers of 1926 appear. She has on an extremely short dress, in the mode of that year. Walking in-----

Prologue - Page 2.

He: Got a new dress haven't you Babe? It's a pippin'!

She: I'm glad you like it. The sales lady told me that it had Masculine appeal. I do think it's a little long though, don't you? (Not waiting for an answer, and looking down at her hem) I think I'll have a few inches taken off.

He: (Studying it intently with an air of sophistication). I think that would make it very interesting. (laugh) (pause) Gee! It's a swell night--almost seems as if the moon is celebrating our last night at the grand old Alma Mater (with a sigh) no more classes, no more jaunts in Lizzie. By the way--did you notice the new sign I painted on her to-day? "Love 'em and leave 'em".

She: That certainly goes well with your Halitosis one on the other door. (They both laugh. There is a pause--and then more seriously--

He: Gee we've been looking foreward to graduation day for a long time, haven't we?

She: I wonder why--now that it means leaving this and you.

He: But we'll see each other some other place and perhaps some day we'll come back and take a peek at the future occupants of our trysting place and see if their technique is as good as ours. (They laugh).

She is looking up at him smilingly as the moon slowly goes behind the cloud. Music is heard, while there are no characters visible. When it comes out again it reveals a girl in a very modern backless formal dress; which just touches the ground. The man is in formal attire too. They both are smoking.

Prologue - Page 3.

She: We shouldn't have sneaked away from the dance like this. Darn the auto ban anyway! My dress will be a sight.

He: Look at that romantic little bench--compare it with the back seat of any car--and then resist it if you can--and want to. (She gingerly picks up her skirts and carefully picking out the best walking places, goes there.

She: I guess I don't want to. (seated)

He: The Boulevard's a great place, isn't it? Gee! Look here are some initials carved way back in 1910. M-J. Might have been mother and dad. I wonder what it was like to be in love away back in 1910.

They gaze dreamily into space. (Music Section sing) to the tune of "Strolling on the Boulevard"

Strolling on the Boulevard you believe you're strolling
heavenward,

Twas the same in 1910 as it is in '31;

Skirts may change in length a bit, Eugenie hats make a hit,

But love will always be the same

On the Boulevard.

Act Three

Written by Mrs. Hobart H. Willard and
Mrs. Arthur W. Bromage

Act Three

Written by Mrs. Hobart H. Willard and

Mrs. Arthur W. Bromage

FUTURISTIC SKETCH - UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Time: 2000 A. D.

Cast: Professor Historia
" Crania
" Celeste
" Anthropia
" Helium

B and G - a butler in Historia's service

(Co-ed, a girl student)
(Ed, a boy student)

(The curtain rises on Professor Historia as she is broadcasting from her desk.)

Hist: For the benefit of those students who have just tuned in, this is station U of M on the air with our daily lecture on the history of the twentieth century. I hope that a respectful silence will be maintained during my brief remarks on the Dark Ages from 1930 to 1940. As I was saying, this was known as the Prohibition Age, although just what this 18th amendment prohibited, it is hard to explain. --- (The butler ushers in Professor Anthropia. The tiptoe across stage, and she takes a chair to wait for the end of the lecture. She makes bored grimaces, and finally snoozes.)

Hist: (continuing) - To mention in closing a few of the more important details of this period of the Great Depression, those were the days when women still smoked, students were not permitted to ride in automobiles, and men still rant the university'. - I wish to remind the class that your biographical sketch of Rudy Vallee is due tomorrow. Station U of M signing off until this time tomorrow.

Act Three- Page 2.

(Hist. puts down notes on desk and comes forward to greet her guest who also rises.)

Anthr: (having waked with a start) A splendid lecture, my dear, simply splendid. I was just living over the good old days as you discussed them in your lecture.

Hist: (with modesty) Not at all, not at all. I am so glad that you found it possible to come to this little dinner party I am giving in your honor. Our colleagues are going to be thrilled with your latest discoveries. Aha - you have brought some of these objects with you, I see. (Anthr. has put a bulging brief case and package on the floor beside her chair).

(B and G ushers in Professors Helium, Celeste, and Crania, who have on wings. They hesitate just long enough in depositing them with B and G for the audience to see them.)

Hel: That was good time; three miles in two seconds.

Cel: Well, I didn't do so badly myself. I lectured in the heart of downtown Mars last night, and got back in time for the Faculty Dance.

Anthr: Well, I didn't have such good fortune tonight. My husband tweedled me out of the family wings, and I had to walk, and as would be the case, the B and G's have taken up the walks since I was on the campus this noon, and have moved them in a Greek Key design, due southeast and northwest.

Hel: Imagine what a pitifully hard life the B and G boys must

have led around the years 1930 before the advent of portable walks!
(sarcastically).

Hist: Excuse me just a moment, I'm very sorry to interrupt, Crania,
but B and G says there are two of your students outside.

B and G: They are demanding to see Professor Crania herself.
It's most important, they say.

Cra: What, have they followed me here? Just another couple in
love, I suppose. (Commotion outside, and Ed and Co-ed burst in,
breathless and embarrassed.)

Hel: (nudging Cra.) You might as well get out your heartoscope!

Hist: You wanted to see Professor Crania, I believe?

Ed: Yes - er - -

Cra: Now just what can I do for you?

Co-ed: Well - er -- we - that is, Ed and I, that is - I have
proposed to Ed, and Ed has given his consent.

Ed: Wait a minute, Co-ed. I give my consent only on condition
that Professor Crania's matrimonial test is satisfactory.

Cra: All right, all right, step forward, then. I've got my
apparatus in my pocket and can tell you immediately. We might as
well get it over with. (This last aside to colleagues.) (Cra.
attaches ear phones to Ed and Co-ed, and watches a clocklike in-
strument which is attached by a wire to both. There is silence
for a second while she studies it with the expression of a doctor
taking one's pulse.)

Act Three - Page 4.

Cel: Well, what are the results? (The couple looks anxious).

Cra: Fine, fine. You are very well suited. (Ed and Co-ed throw arms around each other in glee.) Not a family quarrel in sight.

Co-ed: O thank you, Professor Crania. Will you send the bill to mother? (Cra. nods and students exit arm in arm.)

Hist: And to think that I relied on instinct in picking out my husband! But come, I am all eagerness to see Anthropia's relics. (All draw chairs closer and Anthr. unbuckles brief case.)

Hel: We're all ready. Please don't keep us in suspense any longer. (Anthr. rises to show first object.)

Anthr: Well, one of the most peculiar things I found was this strange looking object which makes an even queerer noise. (She unwraps it slowly and carefully.) It belongs to what is known as the Automobile or Ford Age, which was flourishing around 1930. The portable gyroscope as we know it now did not exist at all. But, of course, you know all this. (She finally holds up an automobile horn.)

Hel: That certainly is curious. It looks almost like a petrified sea animal. (All the professors examine it, and make funny motions with it. Cel. toots it by mistake and all jump and scream.)

Cel: (out of breath) Well, I'm not surprised that people of that age had frazzled nerves and died at seventy.

Act Three - Page 5.

Anthr: After deep research I have come to the conclusion, Colleagues, that it is an automobile horn. (All open their eyes in amazement at first, then nod wisely. Anthr. has produced her second display which she now holds up.) This small, white object is nothing else than a row of artificial teeth, used for the mastication of carnivorous food.

Cra: Of course, that must have been before synthetic food was invented. To think that our ancestors were carnivores and herbivores! (They all examine the teeth gingerly and put them aside with a shudder.)

Anthr: And now for the greatest mystery of all. (She holds up a golf club, by the wrong end, and manipulates it awkwardly.) My investigations have not yet revealed the exact nature of this article.

Hist: Perhaps it was an implement of torture? (They all look blank.) These discoveries of yours will certainly revolutionize our course in history one.

Hel: We're all proud to be on the same faculty with such a renowned archeologist as you, Anthropia. Your husband should be very proud of you.

Anthr: (Shrugs in pseudo-modesty) Dear, dear, you flatter me. But as for my husband, he is so busy with the Faculty Men's Club that I scarcely see him.

Cel: (frowning) I know. It's one committee meeting after another, since they started to organize some kind of an historical Pageant to present for us wives.

Act Three - Page 5.

Hist: (whispering to her friends, as she is afraid of being overheard) They never seem to forget that they once had the upper hand.

Cra: Imagine! (with mirthless laughter)

(B and G hovers in the rear, trying to attract Hist's attention.)

Hist: I see B and G looking in here in a manner which tells me that he is anxious to serve dinner. Shall we-a-dine? (The guests draw back their chairs and look pleasantly surprised. B and G now enters with a tea-cart which he wheels to center of stage. It is covered with a white cloth, flowers, goblets, and a plate of capsules.)

Cel: Well, after delving into antiquity, this modern repast looks especially good. (B and G passes the plate and each takes a capsule and swallows it with relish.)

Cra: My, Historia, your capsules are delicious. I am going to get your formula from B and G.

Hel: In honor of our colleague Anthrophia's great discoveries, I propose that we sing our customary toast:

(All join to the tune of "I want to go back to Michigan")

I wouldn't go back to Michigan as it was in times of old.
I've wings to fly at the highest speeds,
My mate's picked out to suit my needs.
I wouldn't go back to Michigan,
Synthetic food unknown,

Act Three - Page 6.

I wouldn't go back, I couldn't go back to Michigan.

The B and G's have portable walks,

Our teeth are all our own

We've the glorious happiness of modern life. Hooray

And we'll have to figure an awful lot in the years that
are to come,

To improve upon this Michigan.