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The PAGEANT



**INDIANAPOLIS
CENTENNIAL
1820-1920**



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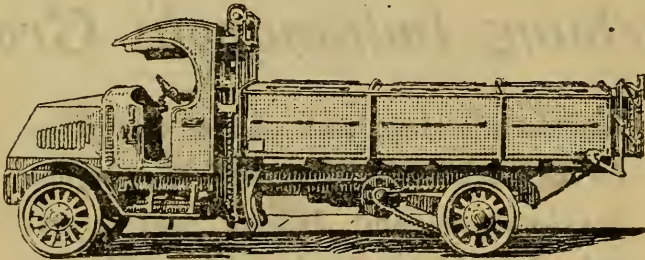


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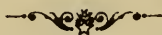
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YEARS**

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District Commercial Manager

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We Want All

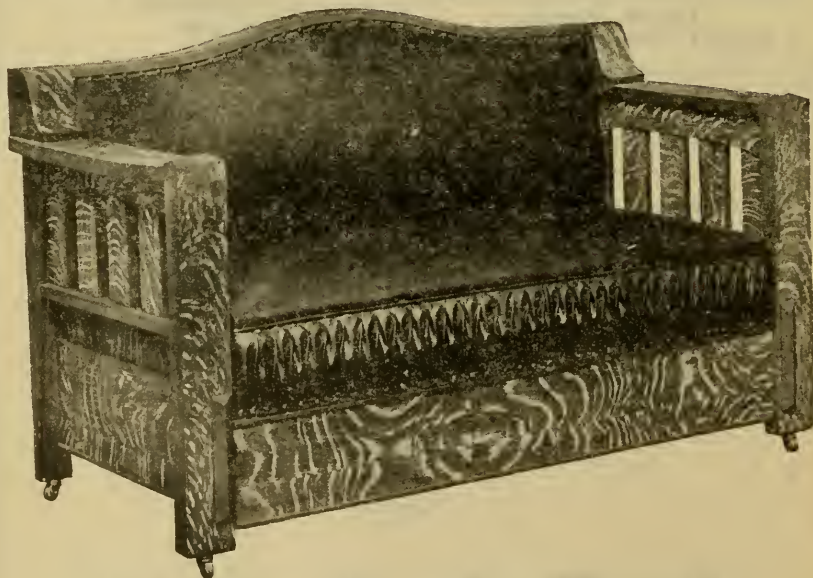
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Indianapolis, Ind.

T H E
Indianapolis Centennial Pageant

Coliseum, June 8th, 1920

The Book of Words by
WILLIAM O. BATES

The Production by the Little Theatre
GEORGE SOMNES
Director

HARRY D. TUTEWILER
Chairman Pageant Committee

H. B. WILLIAMS, Publisher
1920

(The Price of this Book is Twenty-five Cents.)

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By William O. Bates

OFFICERS GENERAL CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE

JOHN H. HOLLIDAY, Chairman.
A QUILLA Q. JONES, Vice-Chairman.
FRED HOKE, Treasurer.
MRS. JULIA BELLE TUTEWILER, Secretary.

*Cover design by Robert Konersman, Indianapolis Artist, student of the Art Students League
New York City and Harry Lachman, Paris, France.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The author of this pageant trusts no apology will be thought necessary for its omission of many important and interesting events in the history of the city and a host of distinguished names figuring in its records—particularly in the period of its enormous development since the Civil War. To try to present, with dramatic and pictorial effect, a few of the significant and stirring episodes of its first half century, with only the briefest allusion to matters and personages falling within the memory of those now living, has been all that the limitations of time and the Coliseum arena have permitted. In doing so only a general sequence of events has been attempted, and the calendar has been condensed with a freedom bordering upon disrespect.

Nor has it been felt necessary to adhere invariably to the matter-of-fact formula and stilted diction conventional in pageants. Quite a number of quaint and amusing things have happened in Indianapolis within the past hundred years, and if some of them have crept into this picture they may be welcomed by those who delight not in dry-as-dust annals.

For valuable assistance in connection with the material used particular thanks are due to Jacob Piatt Dunn, Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb, John H. Holliday, Mrs. Edward F. Hodges and Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke.

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JUN 17 1920

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Cast of Characters

INTERPRETERS:

INDIANA	MRS DEMARCHUS C. BROWN
INDIANAPOLIS	MRS. MYRA RICHARDS
PRELUDE: Auspices Drama League.	
Junior Drama League.....	Mrs. Leo K. Fesler, Chairman
MIAMI CHIEF	JOHN FERRIS
GOVERNOR JONATHAN JENNINGS	WILLIAM OTTO
LEWIS CASS	DR. C. W. DICKS
BENJAMIN PARKE	ISADOR ADLER

FIRST EPISODE

COMING OF THE PIONEERS.

JOHN McCORMICK	CLAYTON MARTZ
BETHIAH McCORMICK	MRS. ELIZABETH L. FRYE
LAVINA, CHILD OF FOUR YEARS.....	VERA COHN
TABITHA, CHILD OF FOUR YEARS.....	MARTHA J. HESS
JAMES McCORMICK	HOUSTON CAREY
SAMUEL McCORMICK	JOHN McCORMICK
GEORGE POGUE.....	C. J. BUCHANAN
MRS. POGUE.....	MRS. JENNIE THOMPSON
JOHN POGUE.....	JAMES CASKEY
JOSEPH POGUE.....	ELMER KRUSE
STENCY POGUE.....	ELIZABETH ROBERTS
JAMES POGUE.....	MARY ELIZABETH COLTER
BENNETT POGUE	BERNICE PUGH

NINE AXE-MEN:

.....	JAMES CASKEY
.....	GLENN BROWN
.....	L. N. TAYLOR
.....	STANLEY MORRIS
.....	N. B. CARDIFF
.....	R. W. TAYLOR
.....	CHARLES F. ROBERTS
.....	MAJOR McCORMICK

SECOND EPISODE.

SELECTING THE SITE.

Auspices: Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron Stephenson.

GOVERNOR JONATHAN JENNINGS	WILLIAM OTTO
GEORGE HUNT	A. LEROY PORTEUS

JOHN TIPTON	ALEX HOLLIDAY
JESSE B. DURHAM.....	J. L. BAKER
JOSEPH BARTHOLOMEW.....	GORDON LAMM
JOHN CONNOR.....	B. B. MESSER
STEPHEN LUDLOW.....	LLOYD JOHNSON
JOHN GILLILAND.....	ARCH WINTON
THOMAS EMERSON.....	O. D. PERKINS
FREDERICK RAPP.....	GEORGE JORDAN
BENJAMIN BLYTHÉ.....	MR. KIRK
JOHN McCORMICK.....	CLAYTON MARTZ
MRS. McCORMICK.....	ELIZABETH FRYE
MRS. POGUE.....	MRS. E. C. STEPHENSON
SMALL CHILD.....	MARY E. COULTER
SMALL CHILD.....	BERNICE PUGH
BIG BOTTLE, AN INDIAN.....	CARL GRAF
A SETTLER.....	C. A. PFAU
HIS WIFE.....	MARY ELLEN WILLIS
FIRST CHILD.....	BEULAH ZINKELER
SECOND CHILD.....	ERNA BINDER
THIRD CHILD.....	
FOURTH CHILD.....	
A SETTLER.....	J. W. CHRYST
HIS WIFE.....	MRS. O. D. PERKINS
FIRST CHILD.....	HELEN LOUISE PERKINS
SECOND CHILD.....	CLARENCE ROGERS

THIRD EPISODE.

THE LAYING OUT OF THE CITY.

Auspices: Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Schwartz.

LIEUT.-GOV. CHRISTOPHER HARRISON.....	A. P. STEPHENSON
ALEXANDER RALSTON	JOHN DYER
JAMES BLAKE	THOMAS FLAHERTY
CALVIN FLETCHER	DR. E. F. HODGES
DR. ISAAC COE	HENRY SICKLES
JAMES M. RAY	ALBERT McCOLLOUM
DANIEL YANDES	OMAR HOUGHAM
HERVEY BATES	KURT VONNEGUT
DR. S. G. MITCHELL.....	LLOYD WOODSON
ALEXANDER RUSSELL	OTIS IGLEMAN
CALEB SCUDDER	CALEB EAGLESFIELD
HENRY BRADLEY	J. L. BRADLEY
JOSEPH C. REED	FRANK SULLIVAN
THOMAS CARTER	RAYMOND DAVIS
LISMUND BASYE	VAUGHN CHITWOOD
GEORGE SMITH	C. F. MARTIN

HARVEY GREGG	HORACE MOORE
NATHANIEL C. BOLTON	ALBERT MARTIN
SAMUEL HENDERSON	LOUIS BROWN
MORRIS MORRIS	MORRIS HAYNES
DR. JANATHAN COOL	WILBIR IGLEMAN
JOHN WYANT	PAUL ISKE
MATTHIAS NOWLAND	
REV. JOHN McCLUNG	JOE CLARK
ISAAC WILSON	RALPH CARTER
GENERAL JOHN CARR	CLETUS KRUYER
MR. McKAYE, a Pioneer	WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP
A PIONEER	BERTRAND WARRENBURG
MRS. JOHN WYANT	KATE BYER
MUD	
MALARIA	
UNCLE JOHNNY HAGER	CHARLES GUY
JEREMIAH JOHNSON	ROBIN WOODRUFF
MISS JANE REAGAN	ADAH HILL
THE TOWN CRIER	ERNEST KITCH
POSTMASTER AARON DRAKE	CLAUD THORNBURG
LOST CHILD	SUSAN DELBOOK

FOURTH EPISODE.

IN THE FIRST THREE DECADES.

(a) The Primitive Life.

Auspices: The Knights of Columbus.

J. W. Driscoll, Chairman.

Frances Fox, Vice Chairman.

Co-operation: St. Agnes' Academy.

Mrs. J. E. Manly.

Catholic Young Ladies' Home.

Sts. Peter and Paul's Parish.

Miss Katherine Hallinan.

Our Lady of Lourdes, Parish.

Mrs. F. W. Ashbaugh.

CALVIN FLETCHER	DR. HODGE
SAMUEL MERRILL	ED. HARMON
THOMAS CARTER	RAYMOND DAVIS
MR. SMITH, the First Actor	J. W. STROUP
MRS. SMITH, His Wife	JENNIE AIKMAN
THEIR SATELLITE	
MISS PATSY CHINN	MISS ALBERTA YEAGERLINE

(b) Why is a River?

Auspices: Mr. and Mrs. "Tom" Snyder.

DILLINGHAM DORSEY, the Schoolmaster	"TOM" SNYDER
---	--------------

SUSANNAH, a Pupil	MARVEL SNYDER
WILLIAM, a Pupil	GALELORD SYNDER
GEORGE OWINGS, a Pupil	NATHANIEL OWINGS
NATHANIEL	DARRELL SNYDER
A BOY	ALBERT LEANE
MR. BLAKE	THOMAS FLAHERTY
GENERAL HANNA	J. W. DRISCOLL
GOVERNOR NOAH NOBLE	LEX DICKEY
CALVIN FLETCHER	DR. HODGES

FIFTH EPISODE.

ON MUSTER DAY.

Co-operation Military Department, Shortridge High School.

Command Lieut.

LIEUT. SAMUEL MERRILL	ED HARMON
NICK, a Militiaman	
KATE MERRILL	MARY MARGUERITE TUTEWILER
COL. ALEXANDER RUSSELL	WILLARD S. BOYLE
CAPT. THOMAS A. MORRIS	MICHEAL McCARTHY
CAPT. LEW WALLACE	COL. R. L. MOORHEAD
MR. BLAKE	THOMAS FLAHERTY
FIREWARDEN	H. D. TUTEWILER
DANNY RED	FRANK HADDON
DITCH FINDER	STEELE CHURCHMAN
INVINCIBLE FIRE DEPARTMENT	
RELIEF FIRE DEPARTMENT	

SIXTH EPISODE.

AN OUTLET AT LAST.

October 1, 1847.

Auspices: The Little Theatre Society of Indiana.

Chairman, Mrs. Margaret Beaseley.

NEWSBOY	BENNIE MARCOWITZ
CALVIN FLETCHER	ED. HARMON
HERVEY BATES	KURT VONNEGUT
GOVERNOR WHITCOMB	ALEXANDER CASANGES
RINGMASTER	JAMES G. MORGAN
EDWARD KENDALL	
SNAKE-CHARMER	LOUISE KIRPLEY
BARE BACK RIDER	MRS. MARIE KARRER
QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS	MARJORIES CHILES
TUMBLER	ROLAND BEASELEY
CLOWN	RALPH BALLOU

PERFORMERS -----	
HENRY WARD BEECHER -----	H. L. EARNEST
UNCLE TOM MAGRUDER -----	STEPHENSON
JOHNNY NEW -----	DON ALLEN
BERRY SULGROVE -----	ALFRED NOLL
SPECTATOR -----	WILLIAM HAYDEN
DAVE -----	ALBERT LEANE
HIS WIFE -----	FESSLER

SEVENTH EPISODE.

THE INEVITABLE CONFLICT.

Auspices: Community Service, Miss Etta Scherf, Chairman, with the co-operation of the following:

1. Dramatic Clubs of Community Service.
2. L. S. Ayres Community Group, Miss Leona Smith.
3. New York Store Community Group, Mrs. Mann.
4. Christian Men Builder's Class of the Third Christian Church.
5. Pottawattami Club, Erwin Snyder.
6. Y. M. C. A. Community Group, Raymond Cook.

JOHN FREEMAN -----	ARTHUR T. LONG
REV. S. T. GILLET -----	WILLIAM ENGLS
GEORGE W. JULIAN -----	WILLARD BOLTE
JOHN L. KETCHAM -----	HAROLD C. WATSON
HERVEY BATES -----	KURT VONNEGUT
CALVIN FLETCHER -----	DR. HODGES
JOHN COBURN -----	GLENN KINGHAM
ABRAHAM LINCOLN -----	ESTAL TAYLOR
GOVERNOR MORTON -----	JOHN L. ALBRIGHT
LEW WALLACE -----	R. L. MOORHEAD
NEWSBOY -----	WADE PRICE
COACHMAN -----	
MAJOR GORDAN -----	LLOYD CLAYCOMBE
COLONEL DUMONT -----	JOSEPH J. DANIELS
MRS. ABIGAIL A. CADY -----	DOROTHY HAINES
MRS. ALMUS E. VINTON -----	MRS. FREDERIC KRULL
MISS MARY H. VINTON -----	JUNE HUNT
FIRST VOICE -----	ARLEIGH WALTZ
SECOND VOICE -----	GLENN CAMPBELL
CAVALRY OFFICER -----	NELSON ADAMS
JOHN RAY -----	ALBERT McCOLLOUM
BUGLER -----	
JAMES BLAKE -----	THOMAS FLAHERTY
CATHERINE MERRILL -----	MRS. HENRY C. KETCHAM
LEADERS OF THE BOUNTY JUMPERS -----	CLARENCE HICKS
NEWSBOYS -----	

EIGHTH EPISODE.

THE BALLET OF THE GIFTS.

Auspices of Mr. George W. Lipps, Independent Athletic Club.

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Chicago Philadelphia Indianapolis



We employ Toolmakers, Machinists, Automatic Screw Machine Men, J. and L. Operators at our Dodge Plant, which is located on the corner of West Michigan St. and Holmes Ave.

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We also employ Female Help at all times. First class sanitary working conditions and good salaries to beginners with opportunity for advancement.



Link Belt Co.

LARGEST CHAIN MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

Indianapolis Centennial Pageant

The scenes take place on and around a stage in the center of the Coliseum arena. It has steps leading up to it on all four sides and is elsewhere masked by foliage. East and west of the stage are elevated rustic pedestals bearing rock seats, that on the west for the symbolic figure of INDIANAPOLIS, and on the east for a corresponding figure of INDIANA. Both entrances to the arena are screened, with wide passage ways right and left for marching troops, processions, etc. Suspended over center stage is a representation of the moon. Four tall standards on the stage bear pennons of Spain, France, England and the United States.

PRELUDE

The two symbolic figures take their places on the pedestals. Miami Indians enter from the west and dancing circle the figure of INDIANAPOLIS (in their language TCANKTUNUNGI, "Makes-a-noise-place") chanting:

Tcanktunungi, Tcanktunungi,
Pleasant are thy wooded spaces,
By Wapikamiki's waters.
Here the wild deer gather thickest,
Here the arrow finds the salmon,
Hither run our trails unnumbered
For the river-crossing sandbar.
Tcanktunungi, "water's music,"
Our Miami fathers named thee.

MIAMI CHIEF

Through the forest glades unto thee,
Tcanktunungi, I have led them,
These my people. Here their moon dance
Ever they have danced before thee.

TCANKTUNUNGI

Welcome, my Miamiaki,
To the spot your fathers' wigwams
And their camp-fires long have hallow'd.
Yours the land—and yet a shadow
On my spirit, a foreboding,
Warns me that our parting cometh.

INDIANA

Yea, my daughter, you have spoken
With prophetic words unto them,
For my white sons ever northward,
Ever westward pressing onward,
Claim these forests for their corn-lands,
Bid me send beyond the Wabash
All your tribes that here inhabit,
Delaware, Miamiaki.
Yet my solemn promise binds me
Payment shall be made them justly—
My Commissioners I send them.

TCANKTUNUNGI

Oh, my Mother Indiana,
Sad of heart I bow before thee.
Dear these children of the forest—
As they love me I have loved them.
Let them dance once more before me!

INDIANA

Be it as you will, my daughter!

TCANKTUNUNGI

Come, ye sad Miamiaki;
Shining yet the Moon above us
As it shines beyond the Wabash.
Surely she will light ye thither
If ye dance her dance before me.

The Miamis, joined by others who come from the west, mount the stage and begin a dance about the moon. Presently a shadow appears upon one side of the orb. The dance is stopped abruptly and the Miamis make appeal:

Tcanktunungi, help us, aid us,
For the Moon her light denieth—
Even she is turned against us!

TCANKTUNUNGI

Nay, my children, evil spirits
Seek to compass her destruction
That she may not shine upon ye.
She is sick, your help entreating
To drive off her demon foemen.
Rescue her and terrify them!

At once the Indians set up a terrific din, shouting, beating drums, discharging arrows and guns, etc., until the eclipse passes. Meanwhile the State Commissioners, GOV. JENNINGS, LEWIS CASS and BENJ. PARKE have come from the east entrance on horseback, bringing the treaty, strings of wampum, rolls of red cloth, beads, etc., and have paused beneath INDIANA.

INDIANA

Welcome now, Miami sachems,
Those who come to make the treaty,
Presents and peace tokens bringing.
Let them sit in council with you,
Let the tomahawk be buried,
Let the calumet be lighted—
Trust their promises—I make them!

The three white men mount the stage with uplifted right hands, and are gravely greeted by the Indians. All seat themselves in a circle about a camp-fire which is lighted in the middle and the peace pipe is passed, the presents distributed and the treaty signed. Then the white men bid farewell, resume their horses and ride back eastward, while the Indians circle the stage singing a mournful chant, descend and circle the pedestal of TCANKTUNUNGI in like manner, and go out at the west entrance, with backward glances of sorrow.

COMING OF THE FIRST SETTLERS

INDIANA

Pioneers who long have waited,
Eager for this vast "New Purchase,"
Come and make your homes upon it—
Come and people it with heroes!

From the eastern entrance (above which appears the illuminated word "Connersville") come—on horseback and in a rude pioneer wagon—JOHN McCORMICK and his brothers, JAMES and SAMUEL, accompanied by John's family and several men carrying axes.

TCANKTUNUNGI

Welcome to thee, John McCormick,
And unto thy brothers welcome!
Fruitful shall the generations be
Which name their children for ye.

The McCormicks come upon the stage and look about them.

JOHN McCORMICK

Well, Jim, what do you think of this?

JAMES McCORMICK

A right likely place. But we might go on down to Whetzell's on the White River Bluffs and have a look around there before we locate.

JOHN McCORMICK

No, there are too many fish here for me to go further. Good boat-landing, rich soil and this creek over here looks fine for a mill stream. What do you say, Bethiah?

MRS. JOHN McCORMICK

John, I'm plumb tired of that old wagon jostling over logs and down into marshes. Let's stop here—a pretty place here on the river bank.

JOHN McCORMICK

'Nough said! (*To the axemen, pointing*) Boys, you may build me a cabin right here. (*Which they proceed to do with a celerity only possible in pageants.*)

SAMUEL McCORMICK

(*Pointing westward whence GEORGE POGUE, his wife and five children, including two grown sons, are seen coming by wagon and on horseback.*) Well, look who's here!

JOHN McCORMICK

Why, I believe it's George Pogue. (*Calling.*) That you, George Pogue?

GEORGE POGUE

(*Calling.*) Who's here?

JOHN McCORMICK

The whole McCormick tribe is here—and here we're going to stay. Where you bound for?

GEORGE POGUE

Here for us too. Got here this morning and just been driving around looking things over.

TCANKTUNUNGI

Long shall rage the mighty conflict

As to which of ye came foremost.

Hear me now declare my verdict:

Each arrived before the other!

JOHN McCORMICK

Good! Come and share our cabin until we can help you build one!

GEORGE POGUE

No, I've got one already—over east of here a little ways on that hill above the creek. Ute Perkins built it last year, but got sick and moved back to Fayette.

MRS. POGUE

Not much encouragement that for the rest of us!

JOHN McCORMICK

Better camp here—good many Indians about yet.

GEORGE POGUE

Shucks, I'm not afeared of the biggest Indian that ever trod moccasins. They just naturally let me alone.

JOHN McCORMICK

Glad we're to be neighbors, anyway.

GEORGE POGUE

Fare ye well! Giddap there, you Sal and Pete! (*Goes out east singing, "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies" at the top of his voice.*)

JAMES McCORMICK

Well, John, now that you're settled here, I reckon Sam and I'd best go on back to Connersville and bring our families. I'll have Patsy and the children back here in a week.

JOHN McCORMICK

All right, boys. Tell the folks in Fayette we've located the exact center of the Universe, right here on White River. (*All leave the stage for the cabin below to which are transferred their belongings, after which JAMES and SAMUEL McCORMICK, after farewell greetings, take the wagon and go off eastward, accompanied by some of the axemen on horseback.*)

SELECTING THE SITE

INDIANA

Tcanktunungi, honor waits thee!
I am sending hither wise men
Who will make thee my home city
Where my lawgivers assemble,
Whence my mandates shall be spoken.
Lo, behold them coming yonder!

TCANKTUNUNGI

Many capitals the land had
Ere this diadem thou gavest
Me, all poor to match with lustre:
Paris, Versailles, Quebec, London,
Williamsburg and Richmond also;
Marietta for a season;
Vincennes then, Corydon lastly—
How shall I compare dominion?

Enter from the west on horseback Gov. Jennings and the nine Commissioners, George Hunt, John Tipton, Jesse B. Durham, Joseph Bartholomew, John Conner, Stephen Ludlow, John Gilliland, Thomas Emerson and Frederick Rapp, accompanied by Benjamin I. Blythe, Clerk. They are in earnest discussion as they dismount and come upon the stage.

JENNINGS

Well, gentlemen, we have now visited the three places among which we must choose to secure a central location, Conner's Station, the White River Bluffs and here at the mouth of Fall Creek. The time has come to decide where we shall locate the four sections voted us by Congress. What say you, Hunt—you are chairman?

HUNT

Why, Governor Jennings, each place has advantages of its own, but if a central location is the main point, this is much nearer the exact center of the State than either of the others.

JENNINGS

Have you changed your mind about the Bluffs, Gen. Tipton?

TIPTON

If it were not for that branch back of the Bluffs it would be the most beautiful site for a town I have ever seen. But the land here is level as well as rich.

JENNINGS

Mr. Conner, I think we know your choice.

CONNER

Yes, I prefer Conner's Station, of course. My brother William had the whole country to choose from when he settled there.

JENNINGS

Col. Durham?

DURHAM

It seems to me the fact that the river here has elevated banks on both sides is an important consideration—not only in time of high water but also as favoring a bridge for the National Road. This is not true of any place else in the region.

JENNINGS

What do you say to that, Gen. Bartholomew?

BARTHOLOMEW

Quite as important is the fact that there is a fine boat landing here. The town will always have to depend mainly upon White River for its transportation.

JENNINGS

Ludlow?

LUDLOW

This is the place for me—level as a barn floor!

GILLILAND

Yes, but how about drainage?

LUDLOW

That's so, Gilliland—I hadn't thought of that.

JENNINGS

Well, Emerson?

EMERSON

This suits me.

JENNINGS

How say you, Rapp?

RAPP

Me too.

TIPTON

Then I move we make the location here.

HUNT

Gentlemen, so many of you as are in favor of this place for the capital of Indiana, say "aye."

ALL

Aye.

HUNT

That makes it unanimous. You may make out our report, Mr. Blythe, and we'll sign it forthwith (*impressively*) on this seventh day of June, 1820.

BLYTHE

Yes, sir, at once. (*He hurries down and enters the McCormick cabin and is shortly followed by the Commissioners, in groups.*)

Meanwhile from the west have come two emigrant families on foot carrying bundles and various household goods.

JENNINGS

Our choice is bearing fruit already, gentlemen. (*Calling*) I say, friends, did you come up the River?

A SETTLER

Yes, we came up in a keel boat as fur as we could and then reloaded into a flat boat and our canoe.

JENNINGS

You are just in time to choose a home site in the new capital of Indiana. And you have the honor of opening the navigation of White River, too.

SETTLER

Well, ef we'd knowed about all them snags and sandbars I'm doggonned ef we'd have been so brash. Where can we camp?

JENNINGS

McCormick can tell you—I'll send him out. (*He follows the Commissioners into the cabin. McCormick comes out and confers with the newcomers. The Commissioners come out and, remounting their horses, ride off eastward. Lastly Jennings.*)

JENNINGS

Good bye, McCormick. Don't let the capital get lost in the woods!

McCORMICK

Good bye, Governor! I'll try to keep it here until you get back.

As the Commissioners go away, BIG BOTTLE, a Delaware Indian (a bottle at his belt giving color to the name), makes stealthy approach to the door of the McCormick cabin, upon which he knocks loudly. It is opened from within by Mrs. John McCormick.

MRS. JOHN McCORMICK

What does Indian want?

BIG BOTTLE

(Holding out his bottle.) Big Bottle want whisk'.

MRS. JOHN McCORMICK

(Slamming the door shut.) No! Go away! *(Big Bottle hammers the door with his tomahawk, shouting a war-cry)* Murder! Help, help, help! Murder! *(The men run and drag Big Bottle away.)*

JOHN McCORMICK

Here! What are you trying to do?

BIG BOTTLE

Big Bottle make noise to scare white squaw.

JOHN McCORMICK

(Pointing.) Big Bottle, there is more room for your brand of humor on the other side of the river. You go quick and make your noise over there! If you ever try to scare my squaw again I'll shoot you.

MRS. JAMES McCORMICK

(Coming out with gun.) Yes, John, and if you're not here I'll do it myself.

McCORMICK

Good for you, Patsy! *(Giving Big Bottle a shove.)* Off with you! *(Big Bottle sullenly swaggers off westward, pausing now and then to pantomime the taking of a scalp.)*

From the east comes running Mrs. Pogue, followed by two small children and a dog. She shows great distress. All the McCormicks have remounted the stage.

MRS. JOHN McCORMICK

Look, John! There comes Mrs. Pogue and she seems to be in trouble.

JOHN McCORMICK

(Calling.) Anything wrong, Mrs. Pogue?

MRS. POGUE

Oh, Mr. McCormick, I'm afraid the Indians have killed George!

JOHN McCORMICK

Why do you think so?

MRS. POGUE

His horses were stolen and Wyandotte John told him a camp of Delawares on Buck Creek had them. He took his gun and dog and started off after them alone

—he was always so venturesome that way. And, oh, Mr. McCormick, the dog has come back without him! He'd never have done that if George was alive.

MRS. JOHN McCORMICK

Get the men, John, quick, and go help hunt for him. (*Her arms about Mrs. Pogue.*) You poor thing!

JOHN McCORMICK

(*Calling.*) Get your guns, men! We must go look for George Pogue.

(*With other men he hurries off eastward, slowly followed by the women and children.*)

TCANKTUNUNGI

Blood upon my corner stone is
And a mystery unending.
None may comfort this bereaved one,
Yet her name shall be forever
Linked with mine in recollection,
And one day above the streamlet
Drifting by her cabin doorway
Shall the stately Parkway Pogue be.

PLATTING THE TOWN

INDIANA

Tcanktunungi, hence no longer
Shall men name thee "Makes-a-noise-place":
"Indianapolis" I christen
Thee, thus claim thee mine own city,
Promising that thy achievements
Shall out-thunder falling water,
And thy forest shades and marshes
Be to palace realms transmuted.

INDIANAPOLIS

Mother Indiana, help me
To be worthy this great honor!

INDIANA

My Lieutenant I am sending
Who shall plan your streets and name them.
See, he comes, and with him coming
Brings an engineer most gifted!
Harrison and Ralston: greet them!

Lieutenant-Governor Christopher Harrison and Alexander Ralston come upon the stage from the east.

INDIANAPOLIS

Gentlemen, with such scant comforts
As my forests hold, plus beauty
Unadorned, I give you welcome!

HARRISON

Truly, Ralston, this place wins upon my spirit. You know I have lived long a hermit, and here I might realize the poet's vision:

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness—
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

RALSTON

Ah, Judge Harrison, you were ever a dreamer! Our present business here is to prepare this "boundless contiguity of shade" for the busy marts of men and carve out a capital in the woods.

HARRISON

"Well said, old mole—a worthy pioneer!" "Come, give us a taste of your quality!" What's your plan?

RALSTON

What say you to a modification of Major L'Enfant's spider-web plat for Washington, which he based upon that of Versailles? As his assistant, I know it well. We might, too, follow the Washington plan of naming our streets for the States of the Union?

HARRISON

Capital, indeed! So shall the new head city of Indiana trace its ancestry back to that which Indiana's first ruler ordained for the capital of France! Necromancer, begin your incantation!

RALSTON

(Indicating position center stage.) This shall be the center: on this knoll shall the Governor's mansion be built. *(Waving a wand.)* Come, ye weavers of the spider loom, and spin me a web in which all Hoosiers shall be caught! *(To dance music, coryphees come from all sides bearing long and wide colored ribbons. Some of them put in the center a ring which they bring to symbolize the Circle. Then, dancing to the music, others put down and fasten upon the stage ribbons designating the north and south streets of the original mile-square plat; then the corresponding east and west streets; finally, the diagonals indicating the four avenues. As they vanish Ralston surveys the work and declares:)* It will be a beautiful city—if it is ever built!

INDIANAPOLIS

It shall be built. It shall rise in wood, brick, stone and iron—even as its plan now rises before you! *(She gives an imperious gesture and the plat lifts into the air, forming a canopy over the stage.)*

INDIANA

I am sending you my bravest and best for this work. Call the roll and they will answer!

THE MASTER BUILDERS

INDIANAPOLIS

All hail to the master-builders! As I name them, let them stand forth and declare their callings! (*During the dance pioneers in all sorts of primitive conveyances and on horseback have been gathering about the stage. As each name is called its owner mounts the stage and, announcing his occupation, is greeted by Indianapolis with a word or two of prediction as to the part he is to play in the town's history.*) James Blake.

BLAKE.

Oh, I can do 'most anything.

INDIANAPOLIS

And many tasks will be given you, James Blake. You shall be a leader in my community—its grand old man for fifty years! Calvin Fletcher.

FLETCHER

Farmer, lawyer and whatever else comes to hand.

INDIANAPOLIS

Active and eminent in all good works, Calvin Fletcher, you will be a tower of strength to your State and city in an hour of deadly peril. Isaac Coe.

DR. COE

Doctor.

INDIANAPOLIS

All too soon you will be needed here, Dr. Coe—a ministering angel to the afflicted, ever foremost in charity and benevolence. James M. Ray.

RAY

Lawyer.

INDIANAPOLIS

You shall be my first county clerk and hold other offices of honor and trust—a banker on whose integrity men rely, a church worker most faithful. You four shall be the corner-stones of my community as it stands four-square to the world. Daniel Yandes.

YANDES

Tanner.

INDIANAPOLIS

My first county treasurer, you shall prosper worthily, as shall your descendants. Hervey Bates.

BATES

I am ready for anything honest and helpful.

INDIANAPOLIS

You shall be the first sheriff, the first banker and build my most famous hotel. S. G. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Doctor.

INDIANAPOLIS

Your brethren shall honor you as founder of their first medical society. Alexander Russell.

RUSSELL

Merchant.

INDIANAPOLIS

I see you leading my soldiers on horseback. Caleb Scudder.

SCUDDER

Cabinet-maker.

INDIANAPOLIS

You shall make church converts as well as cabinets. Henry Bradley.

BRADLEY

Carpenter.

INDIANAPOLIS

Joseph C. Reed.

REED

School teacher.

INDIANAPOLIS

Thomas Carter.

CARTER

I plan to open a tavern.

INDIANAPOLIS

Lismund Basye.

BASYE

Nothing stumps me.

INDIANAPOLIS

This will be a town of stumps. George Smith.

SMITH

Printer.

INDIANAPOLIS

You shall found the first newspaper and be a circuit judge. Harvey Gregg.

GREGG

Lawyer.

INDIANAPOLIS

You will discover a journalistic asteroid which shall finally swell into a fixed star. Nathaniel C. Bolton.

BOLTON

Editor.

INDIANAPOLIS

Poetry will bring you fame—but it will be written by your wife. Samuel Henderson.

HENDERSON

Tavern-keeper.

INDIANAPOLIS

First official postmaster—then first mayor. Morris Morris.

MORRIS.

Lawyer and Kentuckian.

INDIANAPOLIS

Your son shall be illustrious in the military service of his country. Jonathan Cool.

COOL

Doctor.

INDIANAPOLIS

John Wyant.

WYANT

Tavern-keeper.

INDIANAPOLIS

Matthias R. Nowland.

NOWLAND

Brick-maker and mason.

INDIANAPOLIS

Nicholas McCarty.

McCARTY

Merchant.

INDIANAPOLIS

Eminent in business, skilled in Indian dialects and your party's nominee for Governor. John McClung.

McCLUNG

I am a New Light preacher.

INDIANAPOLIS

You shall make many converts and see your church grow to a power in the land. Isaac Wilson.

WILSON

Miller.

INDIANAPOLIS

You will build the first house on my new town plat. General John Carr here will sell you the lot for it, and you can all arrange your locations with him. *(Immediately there is a scramble among the pioneers who rush about under the plat,*

choosing sites, arguing in pantomime, gesticulating and crowding about Carr, who rapidly makes entries in his record book.) Are you ready to report, General Carr?

CARR

First sale to Jesse McKay, Lot 3, Square 70, on Washington street near Missouri, at \$152.75; northwest corner of Delaware and Washington brings the highest price, \$560; next highest, northwest corner of Senate and Washington, \$500; northeast corner of Capitol and Washington, \$450; northeast corner of Pennsylvania and Washington, \$300; northwest corner of Washington and Illinois, \$243.75.

A PIONEER

Yes, and I was a fool to pay such an extravagant price for that lot—cost nearly as much more to clear off the timber.

INDIANAPOLIS

Never mind the details—give us your totals.

CARR

Three hundred and fourteen lots bring \$35,596.25—with cash payments of \$7,119.25.

INDIANAPOLIS

Kneel, my sons and daughters, and hear my prophecy! (*All kneel facing her.*) Ye have chosen homes here in the wilderness, far from other settlements, a land tree-covered and made difficult to traverse by ravines, swamps and bayous. But be of brave hearts and good cheer, for this is to become an ever-during metropolis, the greatest inland city in America. Where ye now build your rude cabins towering palaces will rise, and one day your descendants will search out these sites ye have chosen and muse with reverence upon your heroic outsetting and with wonder upon the mighty changes a century has wrought. But ere that day comes ye will have hardships, privations, sickness, death even, to encounter. Behold, I show ye in vision two of the enemies who will assail ye, MUD and MALARIA! (*Calling westward*) Come, ye Spirit Pioneers!

(*From the west comes a group of grey-clad dancers to elfin music.*) Retire and give them room! (*The actual settlers leave the stage and their places are taken by the dancers who begin a stately minuet. Then from their hiding places come the sinister figures of MUD and MALARIA, the first a huge creature clad all in black, black-masked and carrying enormous pincers; the second, a gigantic mosquito carrying a lance. They attack the dancers, MUD seizing them with his pincers while MALARIA jabs them with the lance. The minuet is converted into a fantastic St. Vitus dance in which the participants shake with aque chills.*)

INDIANA

Enough, lest their hearts faint within them!

INDIANAPOLIS

Begone and give place to more joyous scenes! (*The dancers and their assailants go as they came. Then Dr. Coe and Dr. Cool take the stage.*)

DR. COOL

Oh, Doctor Coe, oh, Doctor Coe,
Why do you dose your patients so?

DR. COE

Oh, Doctor Cool, oh, Doctor Cool,
Why must a poet be a fool?

The doctors are followed upon the stage by other pioneers. Indians come from the west bringing venison, turkeys, corn, etc. Fletcher meets them and bargains for their produce, then calls:)

FLETCHER

Cheer up, everybody! Here is something better than pills—venison hams at twelve and a half cents apiece, turkeys at the same price and all the bear's meat you can eat. *(He distributes supplies.)*

INDIANA

(Pointing to an ox-cart coming from the east.) And here comes a messenger from Cincinnati bringing you fresh supplies and news from the world outside.

FLETCHER

Hurry up, Uncle Johnny Hager—we're out of groceries and haven't heard the news for weeks. What's been going on?

HAGER

I got President Monroe's message here—only ten weeks old.

FLETCHER

How long have you been on the road from Cincinnati?

HAGER

'Bout a month—mighty quick trip over them stumps.

DR. COE

Did you bring plenty of calomel and opium?

HAGER

Plenty of everything.

BLAKE

We ought to be truly grateful for all these good things. Let's celebrate 'em with a dance. Alec Russell, get your fiddle!

RUSSELL

Right you are, Mr. Blake! *(With a preliminary flourish.)* Choose your partners!

NOWLAND

Mrs. Wyant, may I have the honor?

MRS. WYANT

Certainly, Mr. Nowland. *(Russell strikes into a lively reel and everybody joins in the dance with joyous abandon. John Wyant comes up from below and, striding to Russell, shouts:)*

JOHN WYANT

Shut off that fiddle and stop the dance! *(The dance stops and the dancers look at him amazed.)* Look here, Mat Nowland, as far as I and my wife are concerned, we are able to do our own dancing. It would look better for every

man to dance with his own wife. Those of you who are so unfortunate as to have none can dance with the gals. (*Chorus of "ohs!" and laughter as he goes and takes Mrs. Wyant. There are other exchanges of partners.*)

WYANT

Now you can go ahead, Russell. (*The reel is continued to a swift finish.*)

JEREMIAH JOHNSON

I say, Mr. Wyant!

WYANT

What is it, Jerry Johnson?

JOHNSON

I haven't any wife of my own to dance with, so I'm minded to make mine the first wedding in the settlement—and Miss Jane Reagan here is willing. What shall I do about it?

WYANT

Go get a license and marry her, Jerry Johnson.

JOHNSON

Where'll I go get it?

WYANT

(*Pointing*) Connersville—county seat, you know.

JOHNSON

But its sixty miles through the woods and swamps and I haven't any horse.

WYANT

Walk it, Jerry—walk it! Faint heart never won fair lady. (*Pushing him off the stage.*) Don't be so squeamish about a little stroll! (*Johnson starts off eastward at a swinging gait—followed by "Mud." Lights dimmed.*)

BLAKE

Hear ye! Hear ye! Time for everybody to turn in and get some sleep. To-morrow is Sunday and Elder McClung will preach to us here in the Governor's Circle grove. We want this to be a religious and moral community above everything else. So, good night everybody! (*All leave the stage and start west in neighborly chat when they are met by the Town Crier who is ringing a bell and calling "Child lost! Child lost! Widow Smith's child lost! Child born! Child born! First white child born on the Donation. Son of Robert Harding—name Mordecai Harding!" The pioneers crowd about him with eager inquiries. At this moment the vociferous blowing of an old-fashioned dinner horn is heard from the east and a horseman with stuffed saddle bags canters across the arena from "Connersville."*)

BLAKE

Three cheers for Postmaster Drake! (*They are given as he distributes mail, and then all go out west.*)

THE PRIMITIVE LIFE

(Interlude music: A medley of old-fashioned airs.)

(The settlers come back from the west in larger numbers and much more pretentious dress. Some mount the stage while others busy themselves about the cabin in front of which a sign has been put up heralding: "The Rosebush Tavern, by THOMAS CARTER, Entertainment for Man and Beast.")

INDIANA

Greetings, my daughter! You have thriven mightily during these first years of trial, and the time has now come to make you my capital in fact as well as in name. My legislators shall forthwith transfer their sessions from Corydon to your borders and my treasurer, Samuel Merrill, comes yonder with my records and other property, bringing with him my printer, John Douglass, and their families.

INDIANAPOLIS

They shall be made welcome and have quarters in my new Court House until your State House can be built. (From the eastern entrance comes a cavalcade of four-horse wagons, with horseback riders alongside, all the horses wearing bells. The wheels and wagons are mudsmared and MUD frisks about them, doing his worst to impede their progress. Calvin Fletcher mounts the stage and calls:)

FLETCHER

Turn out, everybody! Here comes Sam Merrill with the State's pocketbook. (The stage is thronged and joyous greetings are shouted) Hello, Sam Merrill! Did you have much trouble getting up through the State?

MERRILL

Yes, I did. (Indicating MUD who is cavorting alongside.) Thanks to this fellow, I nearly got down through the State several times.

FLETCHER

How long have you been on the road?

MERRILL

Made the 160 miles in two weeks. Pity I couldn't have waited until Governor Ray gets his railroads running. You know he predicts that some day Indianapolis will be a great railroad center, with lines in every direction like the spokes of a wheel.

FLETCHER

Does he intend to move here soon?

MERRILL

I heard one of his friends in the Legislature say they plan to build him a \$4,000 mansion in the center of the Circle and enclose it with "an elegant and tasteful rail fence."

FLETCHER

What is he going to do with those white scoundrels we convicted for the murder of that camp of Indians up northeast of here?

MERRILL

Oh, he'll let Hudson, Bridge and Sawyer hang—but he may pardon young Bridge.

FLETCHER

Yes, the lad was misled, and Charley Test made a strong plea for mercy.

MERRILL

I can see Ray mount the scaffold and declare, in that pompous way of his: (*mimicking*) "No power on earth now remains but that of the Almighty and the Executive of Indiana to save your life. I pardon you."

FLETCHER

Well, it will be the first time in the history of America that a white man has ever been hanged for killing an Indian, but every white settlement in Indiana will be the safer for it.

MERRILL

Amen to that! But I must get on to the Court House and unload this State plunder.

FLETCHER

Look out for the stumps on Washington street, and come and stay with us until you can build. I'm living in Mr. Blake's house and he says he'll make room for you someway. (*The cavalcade, still escorted by MUD, moves on and exits by west entrance.*)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, both elderly and both pronounced in attire, accompanied by a colored satellite carrying their voluminous carpet bags and a violin case, dismount from an ancient vehicle driven in from the east and come upon the stage.

MR. SMITH

(*Addressing Fletcher*) Can you inform me, sir, where I shall find the manager of your Indianapolis theatre?

FLETCHER

I regret to say Indianapolis has no theatre—as yet.

MR. SMITH

But you must have some hall or public place where theatrical performances can be given? Mrs. Smith and I have come all the way from New York to favor your populace. We might even make use of the courtyard of an inn—Shakespeare did.

FLETCHER

The Rosebush Tavern here hasn't any courtyard, but meetings are sometimes held there. (*Calling*) Carter! Oh, Carter! (*Thomas Carter comes out of the Rosebush.*) Tom, here are some play actors who want to perform in your public room—Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

CARTER

(*Coming upon the stage and regarding the Smiths with suspicion.*) Play actors, hey? I don't know about that. We are a strictly moral community here. What kind of play-acting do you do?

SMITH

(*Glibly*) Our repertoire is very extensive—extending all the way from “Hamlet” to “Oh, What a Snowstorm in May and June.” We plan to give you our version of “The Jealous Lovers” and Mrs. Smith will perform the phenomenal feat of singing “The Star-spangled Banner” while she dances a hornpipe blindfolded amongst eggs. Everything strictly moral. (*Mrs. Smith dances a step or two in demonstration.*)

CARTER

You’d better leave out the eggs. They cost six cents a dozen and are hard to get—even at that price. Do you have any music?

SMITH

(*Indicating his satellite*) Yes, we bring our own orchestra.

CARTER

Is that a fiddle he’s got there? I don’t allow fiddle music—its a snare of the devil.

SMITH

Oh, dear no—that’s a violin.

CARTER

Can he play hymn tunes? That’s the only kind I allow in my tavern.

SMITH

Hymn tunes are his specialty. Darius, give Mr. Carter a sample of your hymn tunes! (*Darius takes out his violin and plays a lugubrious air, concluding with a sly bar or two of “The Fisher’s Hornpipe.”*)

CARTER

We-l-l, maybe that’ll pass as a hymn tune.

SMITH

You have a newspaper here? I shall want to do some advertising.

CARTER

Yes, two of ’em, Gazette and Western Censor.

SMITH

Which is the better?

CARTER

Both splendid newspapers, sir. The Gazette is the older—they had to print it with tar at first.

SMITH

Then I shall patronize the Gazette. I don’t mind tar so long as it isn’t mixed with feathers, and I don’t like the Censor’s name. Can you give us a room?

CARTER

I can give you a bed—that’s all anybody gets. Go right in and make yourself at home! (*Exeunt Smiths.*)

PATSY CHINN

Oh, Mr. Carter, may I see you a moment?

CARTER

Surely, Patsy Chinn—what is it?

PATSY

You know Uriah Gates and I are to be married next week and our cabin is so very small that I'd like to have the ceremony at the Rosebush, so all my friends can come to it.

CARTER

Fine, Patsy, fine! Come right along and we'll get you up a big dinner—venison and turkeys, pumpkin pies and maple sugar for the coffee.

PATSY

(*Bashfully.*) But you know, Mr. Carter, I have to dress for it. Have you any room where I can dress?

CARTER

(*Puzzled.*) Well, let me see—let me see! (*Remembering.*) Why, of course, Patsy! You can dress in the smoke-house—that's handy.

PATSY

(*Laughing.*) Splendid—if you'll let the smudge out so they won't think I've been crying.

CARTER

(*Gallantly.*) It'll be the boys who will do the crying, Patsy.

WHY IS A RIVER?

(*Interlude Music.*)

Dillingham Dorsey, an old-fashioned school teacher, comes upon the stage, a bell in one hand and a bundle of switches in the other, while rude benches and a high desk are passed up from below. He rings his bell first on one side, then on the other, calling, "Books, books, books!" School children of all ages bring their books and take their places on the benches, the girls on one side, the boys on the other, talking and laughing together.

DORSEY

(*Taking his place behind the desk and whacking it sternly with a huge ruler.*) Silence! (*Every voice is hushed. He lays the switches ostentatiously across the desk top.*) I trust I shall have no occasion to use these today nor (*taking out a large pocket knife, opening it and sticking the point into the desk*) do I wish to be obliged to throw my knife at any pupil. But I am here to enforce obedience—that is your first lesson in this school, and the one hardest for some of you to learn. (*A little girl in the front row begins to cry.*) Why, Susannah, what's the matter?

SUSANNAH

(*Sobbing.*) I don't want to be whipped.

DORSEY

(*Patting her head with reassuring kindness.*) No, sweetheart, I am not going to whip you.

SUSANNAH

Nor cut me with your knife?

DORSEY

Never in the world, darling—that's for the bad boys, the big, bad boys. (*Returning to his desk and silencing the hum of comment with another whack of the ruler.*) Say out your books! (*At once all the pupils begin to study their lessons at the tops of their voices, spelling words, repeating arithmetic tables, geography locations, etc. in a conglomerate din. Another crash of the ruler brings dead silence once more.*) The a-b-c class will recite. (*The little tots come forward and form a row before him.*) Now, all together! (*They sing in unison:*)

B-a ba, b-e be, b-i, bi, b-o bo, b-u bu;

D-a da, d-e de, d-i di, d-o do, d-u du;

F-a fa, f-e fe, f-i fi, f-o fo, f-u fu;

G-a ga, g-e ge, g-i gi, g-o go, g-u gu.

Very good indeed. First class in arithmetic! (*Older pupils take the places of the tots.*) Give me the multiplication table, beginning with five times five! (*The class sings to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":*)

Five times five is twenty-five
And five times six is thirty,
Five times seven is thirty-five,
And five times eight is for-ty.

Five times nine is forty-five,
And five times ten is fifty,
Five times 'leven is fifty-five,
And five times twelve is sixty.

DORSEY

William, say the days of the month!

WILLIAM

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except the second month alone,
To which we twenty-eight assign
Till leap year gives it (*hesitates*)—thirty-nine.

DORSEY

Thirty-nine, eh, William! What does the class say?

CLASS

(*In triumphant and derisive chorus.*) 'Till leap year gives it twenty-nine!

DORSEY

(*Going to his desk and taking out a dunce cap which he puts upon William's head.*) You may stand over there and wear this for twenty-nine minutes as a

little reminder of leap year. (*Another boy gives William a sly dig in the ribs.*)
Class in geography. (*Another class comes forward.*) Sing the capitals! (*The class chants:*)

State of Maine, Augusta, on the Kenebec River;
New Hampshire, Concord, on the Merrimac River;
Vermont, Montpelier, on the Onion River;
Massachusetts, Boston, on the Atlantic Ocean.

DORSEY

(*Crashing the ruler.*) Now give me your own State! (*Silence*)

NATHANIEL

We haven't had Indiana yet, teacher.

DORSEY

But you know the capital, don't you? (*No reply.*) What city is this?

CLASS

Indianapolis.

DORSEY

Now the river? (*No reply.*) Nathaniel, what stream do you live on?

NATHANIEL

(*Promptly.*) Pogue's Run. (*The school titters.*)

DORSEY

(*Carefully selecting a large switch from his bundle*) Nathaniel, you may stay in after school and I will endeavor to refresh your memory as to local topography.

NATHANIEL

(*Eagerly.*) Oh, teacher, I remember now! I heard my pappy say a big steamboat is coming up White River.

DORSEY

George Owings, is that right?

GEORGE

(*Promptly.*) No, sir, it's a d-d lie—no steamboat can come up White River.

DORSEY

(*Sternly.*) Come, here, George! (*George does so with extreme reluctance.*) Kneel down here before me! (*George kneels and Dorsey takes the pocket knife from his desk.*) George, I have warned you repeatedly against swearing, and whippings seem useless to break you of the habit. You know I told you the next time I would slit your tongue for it. Now, stick out your tongue! (*George does so in an agony of fear while Dorsey proceeds to whet the knife on his boot.*) I am sorry to have to do this, George, but it won't do to let you grow up this way—keep your tongue out!—it would be a disgrace to my school and to your parents—PUT OUT YOUR TONGUE! (*Testing the knife edge.*) But if I SHOULD try you once more, do you think you would ever swear again?

GEORGE

(*Sobbing.*) No, no, no—I'll be d-d if I would!

At this moment a boy comes running from the west screaming, "Steamboat's a-comin'! Steamboat's a-comin'! Steamboat's a-comin' up the river!" Cannon shots are heard, the hiss of escaping steam and the ringing of a boat's bell, with much shouting and general din. Then General Robert Hanna, and several of the boat's officers, enter from the west and are warmly greeted by citizens who go forward and escort the new-comers to the stage, now vacated by the children who scamper off westward to see the boat, spectators quickly gathering about below.

BLAKE

(*Rapping.*) The meeting will come to order. General Hanna, it affords me great satisfaction to welcome you back to Indianapolis with the steamboat bearing your honored name. I will call upon Governor Noble to express our sense of the obligation this city owes you.

NOBLE

Your arrival here from Cincinnati by steamboat, General Hanna, should be viewed by the citizens of the White River country and of the State as a proud triumph for you personally and a fair and unanswerable demonstration that our beautiful river is susceptible of safe navigation for steam vessels. You have fairly won the \$200 reward I offered for such an achievement. We are already deeply indebted to you for pushing forward the construction of the National Road to this point. I hold here a memorandum showing that our population already exceeds a thousand souls and that in one year we have imported TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of goods, including 76 kegs of tobacco, 200 barrels of flour, 100 kegs of powder, 4,500 pounds of spun yarn and 213 barrels of whiskey. In conclusion, General, I am authorized to invite you and your associates to be the guests of honor at our public dinner in celebration of the Fourth of July, and to witness the parade of the united Sunday schools of our three churches in honor of this event.

HANNA

I thank you, Governor Noble, and the citizens of Indianapolis for this appreciation. But I fear you exaggerate the importance of our trip, made merely to tow up a barge loaded with bridge materials for the National Road. I am less sanguine than you seem about the navigation of White River, perhaps because we ran into a tree on the bank just now and knocked down our pilot house and chimneys. I regret that we shall be unable to attend your Fourth of July dinner. The river is falling and we shall start back as soon as we can unload. But I congratulate you upon the combination of religion and patriotism indicated by your Sunday school parade.

From the west is heard martial music, and the Sunday school procession enters and marches around the arena, circling the stage, beside which it rests. Its formation is as follows: (1) A small cannon drawn by soldiers in uniform; (2) women teachers with flag; (3) girl scholars, smallest in front, and grading back, all in gala dress; (4) music; (5) men teachers with flag; (6) male scholars, graded back; (7) clergymen, reader and orator; (8) superintendents; (9) citizens, four abreast. They sing as they march, "Hail Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," etc. Arrived at the stage they call in unison:

"Blake, Blake, Superintendent Blake!

You shall be our marshal, you the lead shall take."

FLETCHER

That means you, Mr. Blake.

BLAKE

(*Calling down.*) I'm coming. But Mr. Fletcher here promised you a toast. Hold him to it!

SCHOLARS

Toast, toast, toast!

FLETCHER

All right, then here's your toast: "Indianapolis, may it not prove itself unworthy the honor the State has conferred upon it by making it her seat of government." (*Everybody applauds; Blake takes position at the head of the procession; the others fall in behind; the music starts again and the march is continued out through the eastern exit, Gen. Hanna and his party returning westward.*)

ON MUSTER DAY

(*Interlude music—military march.*)

INDIANA

Keeper of my chosen center,
Days of danger, lurking foemen,
Call your young men to be ready
For your settlement's protection.

INDIANAPOLIS

Isolated, standing lonely,
Far from help when help is needed,
All my citizens are soldiers:
Every plowboy knows his rifle.

Lieut. Samuel Merrill enters west leading in an awkward squad which he marches to the stage while a crowd gathers and watches the drill with friendly advice to the participants. Some of the militia-men have nondescript uniforms while others are in careless civilian dress. Some are armed with muskets and squirrel rifles; others carry hoe-handles, cornstalks, etc.

MERRILL

Attention, company! (*The squad forms in ragged double file.*) Gentlemen, your appearance is not soldierly. I see here veterans of the Black Hawk War, members of "the Bloody Three Hundred," who marched to Chicago and then marched back again, armed with hoe-handles and cornstalks and dressed for a 'coon hunt.

A MILITIAMAN

Say, Lieut. Merrill, dad took my gun this mornin' to get a b'ar. But you-all know I can split a bullet on my knife blade.

MERRILL

Quite right, Nick, I've seen you shoot, but you're not so strong on tactics, so I'll have to give you some guard duty with that cornstalk. (*Derisive laughter.*)

KATE MERRILL

(*A child of ten.*) Don't punish him, papa—please! He'll bring his gun next time.

MERRILL

Must have discipline, Kate. (*He whispers to her.*) Nick, you may guard the northeast corner of the drill field until relieved! (*Nick takes position crestfallen amid jeers.*) Now, all you in uniforms take the front rank! (*Men exchange places.*) Pass guns to the front rank, cornstalks to the rear! (*Exchange is made.*) This is an occasion dedicated to Mars, not to Ceres. Now, if you are ready, shoulder arms! (*He puts the squad through various drill evolutions which it executes with much blundering. At the first pause little Kate goes timidly to her father and points to Nick. He nods and she runs and whispers to Nick who resumes his place in the rear rank.*)

Col. Alexander Russell on horseback gallops in from the east. He wears a showy militia uniform with brilliant epaulets; in his hat a white plume tipped with red; he waves a big sword in giving orders. He is followed in from the east by the Marion Guards (known as "the Graybacks") a company commanded by Capt. Thomas A. Morris. The men are middle-aged, dressed in a handsome uniform of gray with black velvet facings, tall leather caps with brass trimmings and black pompons. They are armed with muskets having bayonets and march to the music of a brass band.

RUSSELL

(*Wheeling to face them.*) Halt your command here, Capt. Morris, and report to me at headquarters! (*Dashes on to the stage.*) Dismiss your drill squad, Capt. Merrill, and remain here as my aide-de-camp. (*Gallops on to the west entrance where the Marion Riflemen (known as "the Arabs") enter to the music of fife and drum, led by Capt. Lew Wallace. They are boyish in age, uniformed in yellow-fringed blue hunting shirts, with trousers similarly adorned, and are armed with carbines.*) Capt. Wallace, halt your command here and report to me at headquarters! (*He dashes back to the stage where he is promptly joined by Morris and Wallace.*) Capt. Morris, you will begin the sham battle by deploying your command from Delaware street into Washington and move to attack in column of sections, firing by volleys. Capt. Wallace, you will bring your troops into Washington from Meridian street and fight them lying down, backwoods fashion, firing at will. The Guards will continue to advance and when I raise my hat you will retreat in good order and cease firing as you turn back into Meridian. Fire low and do not let your men get out of hand. You both understand?

MORRIS

Yes, Colonel.

WALLACE

Certainly, Colonel Russell.

RUSSELL

I will review both companies after the battle. Begin when I raise my sword! *(Both captains salute and hurry back to their companies. Col. Russell gives the signal and the Grays advance and begin firing by volleys at the word, their band playing vociferously. There is much cheering and waving of handkerchiefs by the spectators on and around the stage. The Arabs rush forward, lie down and fire, then rush forward again. These tactics soon bring the two sides into clash, and Col. Russell waves both his hat and sword frantically and shouts "Cease firing! Retreat! Retreat! but to no purpose. Nor can Wallace restrain his men. They dash in among the Grays, breaking up their formation, taking prisoners and putting the others to flight, while Russell continues to shout unheeded orders and the spectators yell their laughter and applause. As the melce subsides Wallace approaches Russell and salutes.)*

WALLACE

Awfully sorry, Colonel, but I just couldn't hold 'em. You see the Grays have been poking a good deal of fun at 'em. Will you review us?

RUSSELL

No, you don't deserve it. Release your prisoners and dismiss your men. If we do have war with Mexico you young scamps may find real fighting not so funny.

WALLACE

Try us, Colonel! Try us!

BLAKE

Oyez, oyez, oyez! The next event in these tumultuous proceedings will be a quarter race between Danny Red and Ditch Finder. Clear the track! *(The spectators and the militiamen, once more in fraternal accord, withdraw to the center of the arena and the race is run with much encouragement from the spectators. This is followed by foot races, a tug of war, wrestling, a greased pig chase, horse-shoe throwing, etc., various events taking place at the same time in different parts of the arena.)*

BLAKE

The next event will be a competitive run by the volunteer fire companies, the Invincibles with their hand-brake engine "Victory," against the Reliefs with their end-brake engine "Good Intent." The race will start when the Chief Fireward drops his pole. Clear the track! *(The rival companies appear at the west end with their engines, fire buckets, etc., the captains with trumpets and helmets, the men in ordinary dress. The Chief Fireward takes his place on the stage with his badge of office, a red pole some five feet long. The Invincibles sing:)*

Throw, "Victory," throw!

Man Haugh is our president,

He makes us wax the "Good Intent;,"

Throw, "Victory," throw!

(To which the Reliefs yell reply:) "No Wooden Shoes ever get there ahead of the Shanghais."

THE FIREWARD

(Raising his pole.) Ready! *(Drops it.)* Go! *(The two companies race around*

the arena in opposite directions, returning to their starting point when the Fireward announces the victor.)

BLAKE

Friends and fellow citizens: Word has just reached me that Congress and President Polk have declared a state of war with Mexico. Governor Whitcomb has called for three regiments of infantry. What are we going to do about it?

WALLACE

I'll tell you what we are going to do about it. We're going to plant the Star-spangled Banner on the halls of the Montezumas. Come on, you Graybacks and Arabs! Here's our chance to have some real fun. For Mexico! Fall in! *(He rushes down from the stage, grabs a flag and with fife and drum accompaniment, starts a quick march eastward, the militiamen of both companies mixed together falling in behind him while the crowd cheers.)*

AN OUTLET AT LAST

(Brief Interlude Music.)

INDIANA

Bravely you have borne, my daughter,
Loneliness and exile weary;
Hope deferred and dreams which faded.
Now a line of gleaming iron
Links you henceforth to all peoples!

INDIANAPOLIS

So, indeed, oh, Indiana,
Shall you truly feel my heart throbs
Sending back to all your members
Life-blood quickened to your service!

A newsboy runs in crying: "Here's your Journal! Here's your Sentinel! All about opening of Madison Railroad! First train coming today! Journal, Sentinel!" He sells his papers among the crowd. Calvin Fletcher, Samuel Merrill and Hervey Bates come upon the stage.

FLETCHER

This is a great day for Indianapolis, Merrill, this first of October, 1847. Your Madison Railroad will be the salvation of the town and make all you people who have built it rich, besides.

MERRILL

I hope so. It has cost enough to put it through since the State turned the work over to us.

FLETCHER

But none of the other seven roads chartered by the Legislature fifteen years ago have come through. How about the Harrison line, Mr. Bates?

BATES

Oh, the panic of '37 laid us all out. You know even the State Bank had to

suspend specie payments for a while. As its first president I hope you and your successors in that office may never have the trouble we did to keep afloat. But your brother, Stoughton—great banker that he is—helped us weather the storm.

FLETCHER

But you did keep it going—God bless you, Bates!—and it proved a tower of refuge in those days of peril.

MERRILL

Will your new city government take part in today's celebration?

BATES

Yes, Mayor Henderson and Councilmen Rooker, Tutewiler, Gates and King have been preparing for it.

FLETCHER

Both Governor Whitcomb and the Rev. Henry Beecher will speak and I hear the people for miles around are coming in. Most of them never saw a locomotive. Besides, there is a circus in town.

MERRILL

Well, I have decided to grant the request for excursion rates for a week so everybody may see what a railroad is like.

BATES

Pity your station had to be located so far from the business district. South street is away out of town.

MERRILL

Oh, we'll have a town of our own down here before you know it. Look at the houses springing up around here!

FLETCHER

Will your excursion trains get in on time?

MERRILL

The last rail was laid at nine o'clock this morning so they ought to be here now pretty soon. *(The crowd around the stage has been growing rapidly, and various vehicles have come in as from the country and taken positions about the stage and along an open passage way suggesting the railway track extending from the eastern entrance to the stage. Now from the west comes the procession of celebrants, officials in carriages, mounted volunteers, artillerymen with gun, the two volunteer fire companies, and circus performers and band playing circus music.)*

RING MASTER

Ladies and gents: While we are waiting for the arrival of the train the immortal Edward Kendall, the Magic Bugler of Spaulding's North American Circus, will favor you with a brief solo upon the magic silver bugle with which he will entrance our audience tonight. *(Which the immortal Edward, in gorgeous uniform, proceeds to do. Then a cannon booms without; distant cheering is heard, spectators exclaim: "Here she comes! That's the bullgine! Did you ever see the like? TWENTY miles an hour." (One spectator darts away to the west followed by a call:) "Come back here, Dave! The bullgine won't hurt you," (to*

which "Dave" hurls back:) "No sir; I'm afeared the doggone thing may blow up." (Then crowds of the excursionists come pouring in at the east entrance, many carrying carpet-bags, parcels, wraps, etc., come through the passage way and surround the stage. They are eagerly questioned:) "Does it make you dizzy? How fast does she go? Was you scared?"

MERRILL

(Shouting.) Order! Order! Let us have order, friends! Governor Whitcomb will address you.

WHITCOMB

Ladies and gentlemen: This is a momentous occasion for the new city of Indianapolis, for the great State of Indiana. We meet here to celebrate—(a voice: "You're right, Governor, and we're going to celebrate")—to celebrate, I say, the opening of a highway whereby we may travel to the uttermost parts of the earth. (Interruption: "When do we start?") These iron rails form the tendrils whereby we shall be more closely bound to the body politic. (Interruption: "Never mind politics, Governor—what 're we going to get for our wheat?") I don't know, sir, just how much you will get for your wheat, but a farmer friend of mine who has been getting forty cents proposes to hold for ninety now that he can ship to the Ohio River. To the citizens of the State capital the new road offers incalculable possibilities. We now boast of a population of 6,000. (Interruption: "All here, Governor!") Shall we not double it in the next ten years? (Interruption: "How about that excursion to Greenwood?") My friends, we are all in too happy a mood for speech making, but I beg you to listen to a few words from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who is leaving us today for a larger sphere of action in the city of Brooklyn. (Applause.)

BEECHER

Friends and fellow citizens: My heart is very full today, too full for much speech. For these several years I have lived here among you, a sharer of your joys and sorrows. I have fought temporal fires with your volunteers (*cheers from the fire companies*) and fought for you against the fire eternal. I have been with you when times were hard and the train which comes to herald your prosperity will carry me away leaving a thousand good wishes for you who remain. God bless you all! (*Cheers.*)

MERRILL

Excursion trains for Greenwood and Franklin will leave the depot at once. (The crowd makes a tumultuous rush for the eastern exit, to the clang of locomotive bells. Uncle Tom Magruder, an aged negro, now comes to Mr. Beecher.)

UNCLE TOM

Massa Beecher, please, sir, I's mons'tous sorry to see you goin' away. You an' you-all's sister, Missis Stowe, has been mighty good to to we-uns an' I's gittin' so ole I's feared I'll never see you-all no mo'.

BEECHER

(His hands on Uncle Tom's shoulders.) Maybe not, Uncle Tom—maybe not—until we meet up yonder! But remember this: Uncle Tom Magruder will always hold a warm place in Mrs. Stowe's heart and in mine, and Uncle Tom's cabin will

be for us both a sacred spot—a spot where was kindled the torch that may light your race to liberty. (*Turning.*) Where are those two boys who are going with me on their way to Bethany College, Johnny New and Berry Sulgrove? I musn't lose those boys—they'll both be heard from one of these days. (*The boys come forward.*) Come on, boys, we musn't let the "bulgine" get away without us. (*Leads them off eastward, his arms about their shoulders.*)

THE INEVITABLE CONFLICT

(*Interlude Music.*)

INDIANA

Shadows gather. In my free land
No man holds a human chattel;
Yet my borders are invaded
By the hunters; sanctuary
I must deny to the fleeing—
Even my own blacks are taken!
On MY brow the brand of Cain is!

INDIANAPOLIS

In rebellion are my people
'Gainst this cruel law which binds them.
Not in name alone a "Freeman"
Is this man now as a slave claimed.
If it MUST be, let the clash come—
How shall Bondage mate with Freedom?

(*A crowd gathers about the stage which is taken by a group including John L. Ketcham, John Coburn, Calvin Fletcher, Geo. W. Julian, Rev. S. T. Gillet several Southern planters and John Freeman, a negro.*)

KETCHAM

Gentlemen, we meet here tonight to take action regarding the arrest and imprisonment of John Freeman, one of our colored citizens, under the Fugitive Slave Law. The fact that he has just been discharged does not free us from the duty of voicing the sentiments of this community. Shall we ask the Rev. Mr. Gillet to preside?

GILLET

My friends, two months ago a man named Pleasant Ellington, claiming to be a Missouri preacher, came here and had John Freeman, a highly respected colored citizen who has lived here for nine years and accumulated a handsome little property, arrested as a fugitive slave. (*A voice: "Freeman is all white but his skin."*) He refused ample bail offered by one hundred of our leading citizens and had Freeman stripped and searched for marks which he declared established his ownership. Meanwhile Freeman's counsel, John Coburn and John L. Ketcham, found in Canada the man who had actually been Ellington's slave and induced these gentlemen here who had known Freeman in Georgia and Kentucky to come and testify in his behalf. I hear that Ellington has sneaked out of town to escape

a suit for false imprisonment. (*A voice: "He ought to be tarred and feathered"—applause.*) Mr. Fletcher has a letter from Henry Ward Beecher on the subject. (*Voice: "Good for Beecher."*)

FLETCHER

Mr. Beecher writes: "It is said that to represent such scenes as Uncle Tom's separation from his family is a slander. Yet here is a preacher of the gospel making a pilgrimage of half-a-thousand miles to find and arrest a member of a Christian church in a free State and drag him into slavery. Nor is this man any worse than the laws allow. To violate every sentiment of humanity, outrage the feelings of a whole community, crush an innocent and helpless family, reduce a citizen of proved integrity to the level of a brute, carry him to the shambles—all this may be done by the laws and under the direction of a magistrate. It will not forever be thus. There is an unperverted heart. There is a Judge above corruption. There are laws neither framed in deceit nor red-mouthed with the blood of the innocent. Has not the shame of our nakedness appeared long enough?" (*A roar of applause and cries of "Julian," "Julian," "Julian!"*)

JULIAN

No man within sound of my voice but knows where I stand on this Fugitive Slave Law, the most atrocious of all the compromise measures intended to placate the upholders of human slavery. I join heartily in commending the humane and magnanimous spirit of these Southern gentlemen who have come to the rescue of a man unjustly accused. Their action stands in dramatic contrast with that of the Northern Doughfaces and Flunkeys who made haste to serve the perjured villains who undertook to kidnap a citizen of the State under the forms of an infamous law. (*Voices: "Right, Julian! Right!"*) The saddest pages of our history will be those relating the careful and studious tenderness of our Northern lawmakers towards American slavery, an institution embodying the transmitted vices and diabolisms of two hundred years. The South inherited slavery—the North is the real culprit in the guilt of slave aggrandizement! (*Fraantic applause.*)

COBURN

Mr. Chairman: I have here some resolutions expressing our joy over the release of Freeman and our commendation of the noble and generous action of these gentlemen from the South.

A man in the crowd shouts: "Ellington is still in town. I know where to get him." Another man: "I know where there is a fence rail." A third: "Let's give him a ride out of town!" With a roar of approval the crowd rushes off and out.

(Interlude music.)

From the east enters a torchlight procession of "Wide Awakes," men wearing black oil-cloth caps and capes, carrying swinging torches and marching to the tap of the drum. They carry banners inscribed "Honest Old Abe," "The Illinois Rail-splitter," "Free Soil Forever," and precede a "fandango" wagon drawn by many spans of decorated horses and full of girls who wave hand flags and sing campaign songs as the procession circles the arena.

As it disappears a carriage is driven in from the west containing Abraham

Lincoln and Governor Oliver P. Morton. Voices from the crowd gathered about the stage: "There comes Lincoln! Lincoln and Morton! Hurrah for Old Abe!" The crowd tries to mount the stage but is withheld by a squad of soldiers with fixed bayonets. Hervey Bates, John Coburn, Calvin Fletcher and Lew Wallace appear and Bates addresses the crowds

BATES

Let us have order, friends. Mr. Lincoln will speak from the balcony of the Bates House. You can all see and hear him from Washington street. (*The crowd reforms on the south side of the stage. Lincoln and Morton cross the appear and Bates addresses the crowd:*

MORTON

Mr. Lincoln, on behalf of the people of Indiana, I bid you welcome as the chief magistrate elect of the Republic. This Union has been the idol of our hopes, the parent of our prosperity, our shield and protection abroad and our title to the respect and consideration of the world. May it be preserved, is the prayer of every patriotic heart in Indiana, and that it SHALL BE, the determination! (*Applause.*)

LINCOLN

Governor Morton and fellow-citizens of Indiana: I will only say that to the salvation of this Union there needs but one single thing—the hearts of a people like yours. (*Applause.*) "The gates of hell can not prevail against them," (*Applause.*) I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business and not mine; that if the Union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States and to their posterity in all coming time. (*Great applause.*) I appeal to you again to bear in mind constantly that with YOU, and not with politicians, not with presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you is the question: Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations? (*Wild and prolonged cheering. Lincoln and Morton drive out and a group of colored jubilee singers take the stage and sing "Nelly Gray" and "Ole Shady."*)

THE CALL TO ARMS

INDIANA

From the Southland roars a cannon;
Helmeted Secession's crest is;
No more may we wait or palter—
God of Battles, we are ready!

INDIANAPOLIS

Ready, Indiana, ready—
Not in arms, but resolution!
Hither send your gallant farmers
And to soldiers I will mould them.

MRS. CADY

From the east sounds one long, dissonant trumpet blast, then the clang of a fire bell rung rapidly. Enter running a newsboy who screams: "Fort Sumter fired on! Fort Sumter fired on! Fort Sumter fired on!" A crowd gathers hurriedly, its menacing murmur growing to a roar as Gov. Morton takes the stage and lifts his hand for quiet.

MORTON

Men of Indiana, the flag has been fired upon. Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, is under bombardment and Major Anderson can not hold it long. War is upon us. I have sent President Lincoln a telegram offering him ten thousand men for the defense of the nation. Have I promised too much for Indiana? (*A mighty roar: "No!"*) We are no longer Republicans or Democrats, but Union men. I have made Capt. Lewis Wallace Adjutant-General of the State. Our chairman, Col. Ebenezer Dumont, will raise a regiment. Major Jonathan Gordon here will organize a flying artillery company.

GORDON

Volunteers will find me at my office early Monday morning! (*Col. Dumont brings Morton a telegram which he tears open and reads.*)

MORTON

Col. Dumont has just handed me a telegram announcing that Fort Sumter has fallen. (*The crowd: Ah-h-h!*) Tomorrow will be Sunday, a day for solemn reflection, but on Monday morning you will find the recruiting offices open and ready. Good night! (*The crowd disperses in silence and with bowed heads to dirge music which is continued for a time and then changes to the air of "The Battle Cry of Freedom" as a procession of men and boys in civilian dress sweeps through the arena singing this song and carrying flags and a banner inscribed: "We are coming Father Abraham, 500,000 Strong."*)

As this procession exits Col. Lew Wallace leads in the Eleventh Regiment to the music of fife and drum. They are in zouave uniforms and form a hollow square about the stage where a party of ladies with a stand of colors awaits Col. Wallace. Their leader, Mrs. Abigail A. Cady, addresses him:

Col. Wallace, on behalf of the women of Indiana, I am commissioned to present to the Eleventh Regiment this stand of colors which their own hands have fashioned. Our fondest good wishes for the triumph of your great cause go with these flags. May they never be lowered in the face of the foe!

WALLACE

(*Taking the flags.*) Ladies, in accepting this beautiful and inspiring gift, I wish to pledge you, for the men of the Eleventh Regiment, that it shall be cherished and defended to their latest breath. They could not do otherwise since they are your own husbands, brothers, sons. In the war with Mexico the man who now heads the conspiracy to dishonor and dismember this flag vilified and sought to disgrace Indiana soldiers. I promise you that the men who march under these colors will rejoice to help cram that foul slander down his arrogant throat. (*Wheeling suddenly.*) Men of the Eleventh Regiment, kneel and raise your right hands! (*They obey with military precision.*) Now, swear to remember Buena Vista and Jefferson Davis! (*The men with one voice: "We swear!"*) As you

were! (*They rise.*) Now your drill! (*They execute various souaze evolutions and are led off behind the colors by Col. Wallace.*)

INDIANA

(*Raising high her hand.*) Ho, Indianapolis! Are you not proud and grateful for the War Governor I have sent you?

INDIANAPOLIS

(*Fervently.*) Grateful, yes, but first to God who chose the hand to do His work, the fist to smite His enemies! Look, Mother Indiana, look! In one week he had 12,000 volunteers in camp and in nine months an army of fifty thousand in the field. At his trumpet call your legislators gave him \$2,000,000. Lacking guns, he brought them from Europe. Lacking ammunition, he made it. Lacking precedents, he established his own. When your soldiers were cold and hungry he sent them overcoats and food. When the enemy's bullets found them he was there to close their dying eyes and then rush back to comfort and care for their families. He has held up the hands of a sorely-tried President; he has given you title to a cloud-aspiring monument!

An expectant crowd gathers about the western entrance. Voices: "Prisoners from Ft. Donelson! Taking them out to Camp Morton! Wonder what they think of Grant now? Looks like we got 'em licked." Drum taps heard. A cavalry squad rides in and presses the spectators back to form a passage way by command of its officer.

OFFICER

Keep back, people! There must be no demonstration against these Ft. Donelson prisoners. Any one who insults them will be arrested. Stand back there! (*First, marching to the drums, enters a squad of Union soldiers with fixed bayonets. Then, between files of soldiers on either side, come the Confederate prisoners, marching four abreast. They present a miserable and unhappy appearance, unkempt and emaciated. Grey old men and slender boys wearing all sorts of nondescript attire, some in tattered Confederate grey, others dressed in quilts, strips of carpet, burlap sacking, etc. They carry bundles of shabby bedding, frying pans, tea-kettles, tin cups, and other utensils, and seem dejected and apprehensive. As their condition is seen there are exclamations of compassion: "Poor devils! Nearly starved to death! Half frozen, too—not used to this climate! By George, I can't stand this—I'm going to give that poor little cuss my overcoat!" Which he does—an example followed by others. Food also is passed to the prisoners.*

As the procession marches out James Blake and James M. Ray take the stage.

RAY

Friends, these prisoners are our enemies, but also many of them are sick and they all look hungry. Mr. Blake, of our Sanitary Commission, wishes to say a word to you about them.

BLAKE

As Mr. Ray tells you, these poor fellows appeal to our humanity. Governor Morton has arranged to open hospitals here in town for those too ill to be taken out to Camp Morton. We need nurses for this work. We are proud of our Sanitary Commission—the first of its kind in the whole United States. The women of Indianapolis have made noble response to its appeals for our own

soldiers. How many of you will take up this new burden? (*Immediately Miss Catharine Merrill and other women surround him.*) Ah, Miss Merrill, I might have known you would be among the first! (*The episode closes with the singing by a chorus of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."*)

Great cheering heard outside the eastern entrance and a disorderly mob rushes in, shouting: "Vicksburg is taken! General Lee defeated at Gettysburg! Vicksburg and Gettysburg! Hurrah for Grant and Meade!" The crowd surrounds red-fire flares in various parts of the arena, continuing to cheer for Vicksburg and Gettysburg victories.

In the midst of this jubilation alarm bells ring and a bugle sounds "Boots and Saddles." Governor Morton takes the stage.

MORTON

While we are celebrating the glorious victories of our armies in the field, our own State has been invaded! John Morgan is coming. He has crossed the Ohio. He is on Indiana soil. He has with him four or five thousand horsemen and artillery. He means to liberate the rebel prisoners here and expects help from treasonable societies in our midst. Organize without delay! Let every able-bodied person bring his arms! Go at once to your wards! (*Immediately there is running to and fro, the clatter of drums, the clang of fire-bells, the shouting of military commands. Companies of civilians and soldiers tear across and around the arena on the double quick. Groups of tents are rushed up here and there and the crowd of citizens armed with nondescript weapons, shot-guns, hay forks, scythes, big revolvers, etc., constantly augments from both entrances. Finally a bugler mounts the stage and sounds "Attention" and Gen. John Coburn announces:*

COBURN

Attention, everybody! The raid is over. John Morgan has been chased into Ohio and Union soldiers are hot on his heels. But even so he is more fortunate than if he had met up with the sixty thousand armed Hoosiers here in Indianapolis today. Better be shot than pitchforked. Now you can all go back to your homes—veterans of the great John Morgan Raid! (*The crowd rapidly melts away with hilarity and badinage.*)

A squad of soldiers crosses the arena guarding a group of bounty jumpers roped together and preceded by a large negro ringing a hand bell and carrying a placard on a pole inscribed "Bounty Jumpers." They are made to jump illustratively from time to time by proddings from the soldiers' bayonets and are jeered by the spectators.

Governor Morton and Calvin Fletcher take the stage.

MORTON

Fletcher. I must have money to pay the bounties to fill up these new regiments. Our Butternut Legislature will not vote me a cent. The South is on its last legs. This coming summer will see the end of the war if we keep on pounding. But we must avoid a draft if we can. Tell me, as a banker and friend, where I can get this money.

FLETCHER

How much do you want?

MORTON

Twenty thousand dollars.

FLETCHER

What did you bring to carry it in? (*Looking about him and picking up a basket.*) Will this market basket do?

MORTON

Fletcher, you deserve a monument! (*They go off arm in arm.*)

From one side of the arena comes a plaintive chorus singing in mournful cadence, "When this cruel war is over." In the middle of the second verse the song is drowned out and roared down by a group of soldiers who swing through the arena crashing out "John Brown's Body."

Enter running from both ends of the arena half-a-dozen newsboys who scream: "Lee has surrendered. The war is over. Journal extra—Lee surrenders to Grant." Exulting crowds pour in, waving flags, cheering and throwing confetti. Bells ring; whistles blow; a cannon roars without and every din-making device is worked to capacity, while red and green flares are set off here and there among the thronging celebrants. As the din quiets down a bit somebody starts the song, "When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah," and everybody joins in the singing.

A single wild, piercing bugle note sounds—then the slow and ominous clang of a deep-toned gong thrice repeated. Every sound is hushed as Morton takes the stage.

MORTON

People of Indianapolis: In our hour of exultation the heavy hand of affliction strikes us down. President Lincoln has been assassinated. (*A gasp of horror and amazement from the crowd.*) The best friend the South had on this earth is dead by the bullet of a Southern fanatic. He was too kind-hearted, too merciful, too lenient. Mr. Lincoln is gone but the government still lives. Senator Hendricks, Mr. McDonald and Ex-Governor Wright will speak at a meeting in the State House grounds tomorrow noon. April 20th, the day set for thanksgiving over the victory of our armies, shall be a day of mourning, humiliation and prayer instead. (*The crowd disperses with bowed heads and in silence while bugle sounds "Taps."*)

THE BALLET OF THE GIFTS

(*Interlude music.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

Half a century of promise,
Half a century's fulfilment,
Bid me thank, thee, Indiana,
For the gracious gifts thou gavest.

INDIANA

Gift for gift thou hast to offer,
As these figures symbolize them,
Swiftly summing up the years that
Men now living do remember.

A row of dancers with symbolic gifts and banners has appeared behind each pedestal, and now, to ballet music, the groups, as enumerated, come upon the stage from alternate sides and exchange their gifts in ballet movements, after which they retire and cluster about their respective pedestals.

INDIANAPOLIS

The quiet, backwoods town once known—
(*Milkmaids with pails.*)

INDIANA

Now to the bustling city grown.
(*Fashionable ladies with shopping bags.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

A hub with railroads radiate—
(*Spoked hub.*)

INDIANA

A land with no spot isolate.
(*Globe.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

A mart where myriad buyers meet—
(*Baskets.*)

INDIANA

Vast herds and fields of waving wheat.
(*Cornucopias.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

Twelve hundred factories I own—
(*Toothed wheels.*)

INDIANA

The coal they use is all home-grown.
(*Lumps of coal.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

My schools and colleges I boast—
(*Books.*)

INDIANA

Youth throngs—an ever-growing host.
(*Children with toys, racquets, balls, bats, etc.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

Here Art has built a studio—
(*Palettes.*)

INDIANA

Beauty and truth are mine to show.
(*Mirrors.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

A forum here for Wisdom's voice—
(*Trumpets.*)

INDIANA

Wise leaders of my people's choice.

(*Lamps.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

Fire down the street—ten authors gone!

(*Huge quill pens.*)

INDIANA

Their sellers best go climbing on!

(*Toy ladders.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

My foes of old no more prevail.

(*Policemen with handcuffs.*)

INDIANA

Good! Send these rascals off to jail!

(*Mud and Malaria are manacled.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

High hopes I had of Nature's gas—

(*Natural Gas, short, bladder-like person who collapses in dance with Consumption.*)

INDIANA

Consumption danced with him—alas!

(*Tall, cadaverous fellow.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

To warriors yon tall monument!

(*Wraths.*)

INDIANA

My soldiers circle it content.

(*Swords.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

These laurels crowns for those I call—

(*Five chaplets.*)

INDIANA

Yes, noble benefactors all!

(*Five dancers bearing banners inscribed with the names called, exchanged for the chaplets as the names are spoken.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

Ovid Butler

Dr. Robert W. Long

John Herron

John H. Holliday.

James Whitcomb Riley

INDIANAPOLIS

Upon the Nation's service bent—

(*Four gilded gavels.*)

INDIANA

From "no mean city" these four went!

(*Four banners bearing names, exchanged for the gavels as called.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

Harrison

Fairbanks

Hendricks

Marshall.

INDIANAPOLIS

When from the waves our ships were hurled.

(*Soldiers in khaki.*)

INDIANA

Hoosier avengers thrilled the world!
(*Victory distributes decorations.*)

INDIANAPOLIS

And now in phalanxed panoply,
I summon all to join with me
These hundred years thus to recall
With thanks to Him who giveth all!

To march music by the orchestra, from both entrances come, in procession and in the order of their first appearance, all who have taken part in the pageant and group themselves about the main pedestals and the stage where Victory is elevated upon a pedestal and surrounded by the dancers who took part in the Ballet of the Gifts. All face outward. Then is sung, by a massed chorus, the audience joining in the refrain, the Centennial Hymn:

IN-DI-AN-AP-O-LIS

(*Air: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"*)

We have builded us a City which foundations hath in God,
Out of wilderness upspringing at His consecrating nod—
Blessed every towering battlement, blest every foot of sod,
In-di-an-ap-o-lis!

CHORUS

Glory, glory, Hallelujah! Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah! In-di-an-ap-o-lis!

Our hundred years are but a breath in His vast Century,
And yet the wonder they have wrought enraptures us who see—
What tongue can tell or fancy paint thy splendors yet to be,
In-di-an-ap-o-lis!

CHORUS

His care unto Millennium in reverence we pray,
Our children's children's heritage upon His altars lay;
He who hath kept us to this hour shall He not guard for aye
In-di-an-ap-o-lis!

CHORUS

At the conclusion of the hymn, the air of which is continued by the orchestra, the celebrants march out in order as they came.

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Centennial Program

SATURDAY, JUNE FIFTH

8:00 P. M.—Centennial Mass Meeting, Tomlinson Hall; Address by Charles W. Jewett, Mayor of Indianapolis—Music.

SUNDAY, JUNE SIXTH

MORNING—Historical and Patriotic Services in Sunday Schools and Churches, appropriate to the Centennial.

AFTERNOON—Joint Concerts, Centennial Chorus of 500 voices, accompanied by 70 pieces from the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Edward Bailey Birge. Florence Hinkle, soprano; Merle Alcock, contralto; Arthur Kraft, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass, at the Fair Grounds Coliseum. A charge of 50c is made for reserved tickets.

EVENING—The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and Orville Harrold, famous operatic tenor, at the Fair Grounds Coliseum. A charge of 50c for tickets admits to reserved seats.

EVENING—Community Sing on the steps of the Monument at vesper time.

MONDAY, JUNE SEVENTH

HOLIDAY—Commemoration of Centennial.

MORNING—Centennial observance in all public schools.

3:00 P. M.—Laying of Corner Stone and Ceremonies at Arsenal Technical Schools.

8:00 P. M.—Centennial Parade over principal downtown streets, depicting development of Indianapolis. Magnificent floats representative of every factor in the development of the city will portray the spirit of 100 years of progress.

TUESDAY, JUNE EIGHTH

8:00 P. M.—Centennial Pageant in the Coliseum at Fair Grounds. Two thousand characters, in the quaint costumes of the past, will be presented in twelve epochs reflecting the history of the city. An admission of 50c covers reserved seats.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE NINTH

8:00 P. M.—Water Carnival at Riverside Park. May be viewed between Riverside and Emrichsville Bridges. Illuminated floats will display Centennial spirit in this great water parade. This will be the closing event of the official Centennial Celebration.

Displays of Art and Relics at State House and John Herron Art Institute—Open to the public from Saturday, June 5, to Wednesday, June 9. Golf, tennis and baseball tournaments in city parks Sunday and Monday, June 6 and 7.

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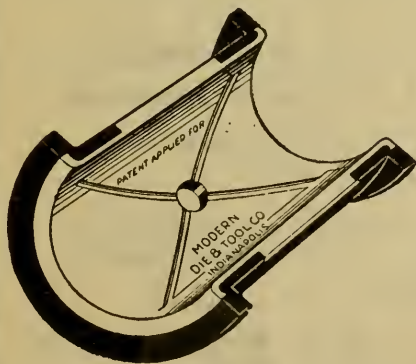
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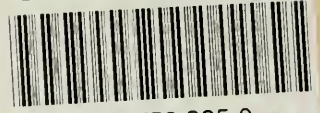
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