

Brunswick: An Historical Play

Period I.

Prehistoric History, 1000 AD to 1600 AD

SCENE I. LEIF ERICSON FAILS TO DISCOVER BRUNSWICK

[A spot in the whispering pines on the outskirts of Brunswick near the college campus.]

*The name BRUNSWICK plainly written on a board nailed to a tree in the background.*

*Enter Leif Ericson, looking around him and singing:*

Has anybody here seen Brunswick?  
B-R-U-N-S-W-I-C-K  
Has anybody here seen Brunswick,  
The fairest land where the sun shines?  
I want to paint the town red;  
If I don't find it, I'll be blue.  
I will hunt the whole state through.  
Has anybody here seen Brunswick,  
Brunswick and its whispering pines?

*As Leif finished singing, the SKELETON enters. Leif does not see the Skeleton at first, but soon comes face to face with him and shows much alarm, but partially regains his composure, and says:*

Speak! Speak! Thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?

SKELETON:

I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told.  
No Saga taught thee!

In the forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear.  
Oh, death was grateful!

LEIF:

This is certainly an unexpected pleasure. I had no idea that I should meet any old Viking here in this wilderness.

*They shake hands, Leif shuddering slightly, as his hand touches that of the Skeleton.*

SKELETON:

The pleasure is mine. I judge by your appearance that you are something of a Viking yourself. Please excuse my inquisitiveness, but I notice that you appear to be searching for something. May I ask if you have lost anything?

LEIF:

Well, no! The fact is that I am looking for a place called Brunswick. I am stopping at Vineland, about one hundred leagues to the southward. We have an abundance of grapes there from which we make very fine wine. (*Producing a bottle.*) Allow me to offer you a bottle.

*Skeleton reaches out eagerly, then changes mind.*

SKELETON:

Thanks, no! I am a teetotaler.

LEIF:

All right. But, as I was going to say, we have heard a great deal about the blueberries that grow on the Brunswick plains, so I thought that, if I could get hold of some of these blueberries, I might find a material for wine that would have the skins removed from the Vineland grapes.

SKELETON:

Sorry, old man, but it's no use. I happen to be interested in this place Brunswick myself, and have looked it up in the encyclopedia. I find that it is going to be a prohibition town, so you would not be allowed to start in on any wine business there, and it is no use w(h)ining about it.

LEIF:

Good night. (*starts to go but turns back*) But hold on! May I ask why YOU are interested in Brunswick?

SKELETON:

Sure thing! I understand that a newspaper man named H W Longfellow is coming to live in Brunswick, and that he is going to give me a write-up. I want to look over his story before he sends it in to his paper, to make sure he doesn't get things twisted.

LEIF:

It's too bad but there is nothing doing for you, at least, not yet awhile. The art of printing isn't invented yet.

SKELETON:

How stupid I am! I remember now that printing isn't going to be invented until 1456.

LEIF:

We are stung, sure enough. There is no use hunting for Brunswick. We shouldn't know what to do with it, if we found it. Let's for Vineland! The vintage of 990 is good enough for me. (*Waves bottle.*)

SKELETON:

Agreed! It IS rather chilly up north here.

*Leif leads way off stage; Skeleton follows.*

PERIOD II: DISCOVERY, FOUNDING, AND DESTRUCTION OF BRUNSWICK, 1600-1700  
SCENE I. The Discovery of Brunswick, 1607.

*Captain Raleigh Gilbert enters from the left, and soliloquizes:*

I am almost tired of looking for this place called Brunswick. I left Small Point with my party on Sept. 13, 1607, and here it is already Sept 23. (He starts suddenly and appears disturbed, but soon brightens up, and says) : Some people might be superstitious about these dates, the 13<sup>th</sup> and the 23<sup>rd</sup>, but I am not at all superstitious, so these old-witch ideas don't affect me. I had just as soon start out on the 13<sup>th</sup> and finish on the 23<sup>rd</sup> as not. I would even start on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> or on Friday the 23<sup>rd</sup> for that matter. Of course I would not start on the 13<sup>th</sup> with the idea of finishing on Friday the 23<sup>rd</sup>. I think any one would draw the line at that. But this is Wednesday, and not Friday. Besides, I saw the last new moon first over my right shoulder, so I am sure there is no danger. I am glad Squantum is along. He doesn't believe in these superstitions any more than I do. ... He was kidnapped and carried to England back in 1605 by Captain Weymouth. Squantum was pleased with England. He was taken about, and exhibited a good deal, and saw much of the country. When he returned to America and his tribe, like many returning tourists, he began to tell of what he had seen. He talked England day in and day out. His talk about 'Dear old Lunnon,' the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Buildings, Shakespeare's England and the Lake Country ran on and on like a brook. Several of the tribe became blind. Finally they fired him out. But here he comes now.

Enters Squantum from right. He is attired in Indian costume, and carries some brass tubes and an artificial horizon.

Squantum: How are they coming, Captain? Do you like the country?

Gilbert: Oh, fair!

Squantum: I know we lack much of what I saw in England—the gorse, the heather, the hawthorn, the yew tree and the wee crimson-tipped daisies ...

Gilbert, interrupting hastily: O yes, England has all these, yet it is possible that your country here may have some fine natural features that England does not possess.

Squantum: Yes, Captain; I think I know of one. (Points to autumn leaves.) I think yonder autumn leaves are finer than any English leaves I ever saw.

Gilbert: Aw! Indeed! I cawn't agree with you, doncherknow. I think these American autumn leaves are much too gaudy. I greatly prefer the fumed oak finish of the autumn leaves of old England.

Squantum: Have you discovered Anastigunticook, Captain?

Gilbert: What's that?

Squantum: Anastigunticook is our Indian name for Brunswick. At our Indian village near here we have a snowshoe club called the Anastigunticook Snowshoe Club. This club has given its name to the town. We must be hard by the spot. (looks around, and sees the sign) Here it is! Look there, Captain!

Gilbert: By George! I've got it! Give me the artificial horizon, Squantum. (Gilbert seizes the artificial horizon, and setting it up underneath the sign takes an observation). Bring on the brass tubes, Squantum. (Gilbert takes a roll of parchment from a brass tube, writes upon the roll, replaces it, and buries the tube; then says) There, Squantum, I am glad it's over. Here is my carbon copy for the newspapers. (Reads.) 'Brunswick, Sept. 23, 1607. This town discovered on even date by Captain Raleigh Gilbert. Lat. 44 degrees 36 minutes North; Long. 69 degrees 15 minutes West. Artificial horizon used, and brass tube buried. Gilbert.' (Squantum takes parchment, and puts it in his hip pocket. Gilbert hears sound of falls, and asks) What is that sound, Squantum?

Squantum: That is Pejepsot Falls. They are only three-quarters of a mile from here.

Gilbert: What is THAT sound, Squantum?

Squantum: That is the surf at Maquoit Bay. It is only three miles down to Maquoit.

Gilbert: What? Only three miles?

Squantum: That's right. It's only three miles down there, but it's four miles back.

Gilbert: What is that sound from yonder, Squantum?

Squantum: That comes from the whispering of the pine trees.

Gilbert: I am greatly pleased with this town. I will take possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth by singing a stanza of "God Save the Queen." (Sings.)

Squantum: I have composed a stanza about Brunswick, Captain; may I sing it?

Gilbert looks alarmed, but nods assent. Squantum sings:

O Brunswick! Tis of thee,  
Land of the piney tree,  
Of thee I sing;  
From thy loud roaring falls  
To the surf that answering calls  
'Cross plains where grove enthralls,  
Let echoes ring.

Gilbert: Now we must be faring on. Look out for the artificial horizon, Squantum. I enjoy this discovering business, and shall keep on as long as my brass tubes hold out. I may be able to discover Topsham this PM. I hope to find Pejepscot and Lisbon Falls tomorrow.

NEED TO FIGURE OUT 13-15

Scene VI. Captain Kidd Buries His Treasure, 1699.

Father Time (reading from ticker): Nov. 13, 1699. A long, low, rakish, black schooner passed Highland Light today, apparently heading for the Maine coast. Is supposed to be the Jolly Polly, Captain William Kidd. What next! Hark! Excuse me, I've got a pressing engagement in Topsham. (Runs out.)

Captain Kidd swaggers in. Behind him come two pirates.

Captain Kidd: Shiver my main truck! But I've had a hard walk up from Maquoit! I've heard the soil of Brunswick is easy digging, so I've come all the way from Barbados to bury this chest of doubloons. Put it down, lads! Here's a good spot. (Pirates drop chest heavily.) I made believe bury my treasure on Cow Island. Nobody'll ever find it here. Get busy with this pick, Mike! You, Denny, make the sand fly! It's back to the New York police force for you, if you don't work lively. ... Wonder what time it is! (pulls out watch and consults it) This watch was presented to me by Don Louis Gondoza of Havana just before he walked the plank. All right! Deep enough, boys! Stay here and guard that chest. (Kidd chases pirates off.)

PERIOD III.

Scene I. Brunswick Burned the Third Time, 1722.

Scene II. Brunswick Repeopled, 1727.

Three or four families troop across the stage, carrying household utensils, etc. A jumbled conversation ensues.

Person 1: Well, Pollard, where are you going? Grousetown's good enough for me. Where are you bound, John? I can't see anything to it but Pennellville. Me for Bunganuck! What's the matter with New Meadows? (People go off stage; Father Time enters.)

Scene III. Brunswick Incorporated, 1739.

Three early settlers, Thomas Skolfield, John Curtis, and William Pennell, meet in the pines, first two coming from right and second from left.

Skolfield: Well, neighbors, we've got to get into the swim. Here's all these other burghs, Wells, Saco, Falmouth, and even North Yarmouth becoming towns. Brunswick mustn't lag behind the procession. It's almost time that messenger got here from the Massachusetts General Court with our charter. Here he comes now.

Messenger enters.

Curtis and Pennell (eagerly): Have you got it?

Messenger: Sure! (He unrolls a long paper, and starts to read.) Whereas ...

Skolfield (interrupting harshly): Never mind about that. We'll take it for granted. Now, neighbors, we must organize and elect officers. I'll act as chairman of the meeting. We'll dispense with the useless formality of balloting. I declare myself duly elected first selectman; you, John, are to be second; and William will be third. I also declare myself elected town treasurer without a dissenting voice. You two may draw lots, if you so desire, for the responsible offices of hog-reeve and fence-viewer. This is a good occasion too for me to announce my candidacy for the position of postmaster, and to say that the entrance into the field of any rival candidate will be regarded by me as a personal insult. I declare this meeting adjourned, until I deem it necessary to call another.

All go out, Skolfield and messenger leading. Curtis and Pennell shake their fists behind Skolfield's back.

Father Time (enters): Seems to me I smell tea. (looks at ticker) Why to be sure! Dec. 16, 1773. Boston Tea Party. Harbor filled with grounds. Things'll happen pretty fast now. (sound of horse's hoofs heard.) Paul Rever, or I'm another! (looks at ticker) Yes, that's right! April 19, 1775. Battle of Lexington. Great reduction in red coats. Now we're getting to them! June 17, 1775. Battle of Bunker Hill. Lucky for King George the Yankee powder horns gave out, or he'd have needed a new army. Goodbye! I'm going to Boston to watch the siege.

Scene V. Arnold and Troops March by on Way to Quebec, 1775.

Adam Hunter and James Woodside, citizens of Brunswick, enter.

Hunter: It's about time for B. Arnold and his party to pass this way. I understand they came ashore at Maquoit this morning.

Woodside: I hear the clink of steel. I think he's coming now.

Enter Benedict Arnold [followed by his troops].

Arnold: I am B. Arnold, gentlemen. Can you give me the direct route to Quebec?

Hunter: With pleasure, Colonel. Take the first turn to the right, second to the left, and third straight ahead, till you come to Squantum Four Corners; then go as the crow flies, till you reach old Bay Bridge; then—

Arnold: Thanks. Your directions are as plain as a very dark night. (with some indignation) If I had you for a guide, I'd die of old age before I got to Bowdoinham. (to his men) Close up there. Double quick. Mar-rch!

Passes off stage in one direction; Hunter and Woodside go off the other)

Father Time (returns; consults ticker): I thought so. Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. Declaration of Independence. That bell sounds a little cracked; must be in sympathy with the split in the British empire. Look what's coming now! (ticker again) Dec. 26, 1776. Battle of Trenton. Very inconsiderate of George to cross the Delaware and break up Christmas for the Hessians. But business is business. (looks again at ticker) Well, well! October 17, 1777. Burgoyne surrenders at Saratoga. Now we've got 'em on the run.

Scene IV: The Dark Day, May 19, 1780.

Father Time (reading from ticker): Oct. 19, 1781. Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown. Solar plexus blow. Great Britain takes the count. (reads again) Sept. 17, 1787. Constitution adopted. Now we're off. Watch us grow. (reads again) April 30, 1789. Washington inaugurated first president of the United States. (reads ticker) July 14, 1789, Fall of Bastille. French Revolution begins. The revolutionary fever seems to be catching. Am afraid this is going to be an acute case. (Ticker) Jan. 21, 1793. Louis XVI guillotined. Heads come off pretty easy in Paris these days.

SCENE VII: Bowdoin College Founded (and foundered), 1794.

Six gentlemen ... walk upon the stage. One is Mr. Horace Ingalls.

Ingalls: Well, gentlemen, this is as good a place for our meeting as we are likely to find. As chairman of our last regular meeting in Portland, I call you to order. The matter before us is to found Bowdoin College. Now I have no time to waste. The stage starts in a half hour, and I must be home tonight. We must first elect a President of the college. Do I hear Mr. Smith move that Rev. Joseph McKeen be elected President? It is so moved and seconded. All in favor say Aye. It is a vote. It is moved by Mr. Jones and duly seconded that John Abbot be elected Professor of Ancient Languages and Classical Literature. I declare Professor Abbot duly elected. That completes the college faculty. Mr. Smith moves that a committee of three be appointed to solicit funds for building Massachusetts, Maine, and Winthrop Halls, and to attend to all other matters pertaining to the college. I appoint myself chairman of this committee with Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones as the other members. Bowdoin College is now founded. A motion to adjourn is—

Mr. Read: I rise to a point of order.

Mr. Ingalls: State it.

Mr. Read: We have had no report from the treasurer.

Mr. Ingalls: A mere formality! Still, if you insist, I will ask Hon. David Mitchell to read his report.

Mr. Mitchell: I have the honor—

Mr. Ingalls: Boil it down! Give us the real thing.

Mr. Mitchell: Assets: Cash in hand, none; securities of any sort, none; total assets, nothing.  
Liabilities: Stage fares and refreshments by the way, fifty dollars; tavern bills in Brunswick, to date, one hundred dollars. Excess of liabilities over assets: one hundred and fifty dollars.

Mr. Ingalls: Ahem! Ahem! This is very embarrassing. Gentlemen, I inadvertently stated to you a moment ago that Bowdoin College was founded. It now becomes my painful duty to inform you that Bowdoin College is *founded*. The meeting stands adjourned sine die. (The men leave.)

#### Period IV: DEVELOPMENT OF BRUNSWICK, 1800-1900

Scene I: First Class Enters Bowdoin, 1802.

Seven young fellows stroll on stage.

O'Brien: Isn't this place the limit? I'm homesick to death. Whatever's a live man to do here? No golf, no tennis, no football, no field sports, no basketball, no debating, no picture-shows. We might organize a baseball team, but there's only seven of us, and nobody to play against. Not even any Sophomores to haze us. Nothing to do but to buckle down to Latin and Greek and Calculus. What a way to hold chapel—President raps on the floor with his cane! Only two teachers anyway. They've got us here under false pretenses. I'd go to Colby, but that isn't founded yet; neither are Bates and U of M. Me for Newburyport!

Thorndike: Don't knock the place so hard, Jack! We are only young once. For one I'm glad our future lies before us and not behind us. See here! I've got an acorn, and I'm going out to plant it. Come on, you fellows! ... (hears rapping) There goes the President's cane! All in for Greek!

(Boys go out; Father Time enters.)

Father Time: June 18, 1812. War of 1812 begins. What's that? Brunswick Gun Club after a fox? (reads ticker) Sept 5, 1812. Conflict between Enterprise and Boxer off Seguin. H.W. Longfellow is listening to these very guns. He'll write a poem later on. (Reads.) Sept 10, 1813. Battle of Lake Erie. We have met the enemy and they are ours. Bully for Perry! He has certainly delivered the goods. (Reads.) Baltimore, Sept. 13, 1814. Bombardment of Fort McHenry. Francis S. Key, a prisoner on a British warship, writes Star-Spangled Banner. I couldn't have done it better myself. (reads) Jan. 8, 1815. Battle of Waterloo fought today. Wellington and Blucher administer crushing defeat to the French. Napoleon gets his. Guess there'll be some changes again in the map of Europe! (Looks again at ticker.) Now we're getting near home again. March 16, 1819. Maine becomes an independent state. About time she was getting free from Massachusetts' apron strings. Now let the eagle scream! (Leaves stage.)

Scene II: Governor William King, First Governor of Maine, at Plough; and Founding of Maine Medical School, 1820.

Enter William King.

King: Maine has at last become a state, and as sure as my name is William King, I'm going to be the first governor. I have read of Cincinnatus being called from the plough. It is a good thing for history to repeat itself; so I have had this plough brought up here. I expect the committee shortly to give me formal notice of my election, so I must run over my speech of acceptance. Hark! Wasn't that a footstep? Here they come now.

Enter three gentlemen.

First Man: Honored sire, it gives us great pleasure to inform you that you have been elected first governor of the State of Maine.

King: Elected Governor of Maine! Gentlemen, this is as unexpected as a bolt from the blue. Gentlemen, you have called me from the plough, as Cincinnatus was called of old. I er—er—er (tries to look at his notes) It is hard to tear myself from these ancestral handles (gesturing toward plough); but my state calls, and I must go.

Gentlemen leave; President Allen enters.

King: Well, President Allen, I have decided to found a medical school here in Brunswick in connection with the college; and I have engaged Dr. Nathan Smith, who has been so successful in starting medical schools at Yale, Dartmouth, and Vermont. Let me impress one thing on you, however; it is very important that this school be founded, not FOUNDERED. Here comes Dr. Smith now!

Dr. Smith enters.

President Allen: Doctor, you may have the two upper floors of Massachusetts Hall for your school, and the cupola to hang the skeleton in.

Dr. Smith: Thanks, President Allen. We must waste no time. The class in Physiology will meet tomorrow. For the first lesson I have assigned Gerrish's Anatomy and Kirk's Physiology. If there isn't some midnight oil burned tonight, I'll miss my guess. I must hurry off to post my notices. (Leaves)

King: That sounds like business. I'm glad we've got a man who's on to his job.

(They go out.)

Scene III. Class of 1825 Enters Bowdoin, 1821.

Enter Longfellow, Hawthorne, Abbott, and four others.

Hawthorne: What have you there, Henry?

Longfellow: A copy of Who's Who in America. I understand some of our class are booked for honorable mentions, so I've had my name entered as a subscriber. ... Where do you room, Nathaniel? I'm hanging out at 27 Winthrop.

Hawthorne: You'll find me in 19 Maine—when I'm not somewhere else. Well, so long. I've got to run off a novel or two before dinner.

Longfellow: I must be going too. If our class is to make Bowdoin famous, we must certainly get busy the next four years.

All go out. Enter Father Time, looking at ticker.

Father Time: I've merely dropped in to announce that it's December 2, 1823, and that the Monroe Doctrine has just been declared. America for Americans. All others warned to keep off the grass.

(Exits.)

Scene IV. Gov. Dunlap called from the plough, 1834.

Dunlap walks in, has stick in hand.

Dunlap: On this spot William King, first Governor of Maine, was called from the plough. William has nothing on me. I'll be called too. Here's his very plough, left in the furrow. What luck! They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but I'll give it a try. The gubernatorial bee has been buzzing in my bonnet for the last two years; and I've had my office window down at the top all the time, so as not to miss the people's call, when it came. I'm expecting to hear it this afternoon. Where are those confounded oxen? I've practiced driving them for a month in preparation for this happy occasion. Gee, Buck! Whoa hish, Star!

Messenger enters.

Messenger: A message for Mr. Robert P. Dunlap.

Dunlap: Dear Governor ... (pushes letter into envelope) No need reading any further. Now I can stop practicing with those oxen. (To messenger) Come down to my office, and I'll dictate a reply to my stenographer.

(Dunlap and Messenger leave; Father Time enters reading ticker)

Father Time: January 1, 1835. Morse invents the telegraph. Now we're getting somewhere. June 20, 1837. Queen Victoria crowned. May she live long and have a successful reign! I can't stop any longer this time (leaves).

Scene V. Campaign of Governor Kent, 1840.

Enter Governor Kent.

Kent: This retired spot is a good place to rehearse the speech I am to make in the square tonight. Here goes: Whigs, Democrats, intelligent citizens of Brunswick, and all others; Lend me your ears. I come to—Hold on! Do you suppose any of these people ever read Shakespeare? If they have, they might accuse me of cribbing. No; that won't do. I'll try again. My policies—No; that won't do either. It might remind them of somebody else. What's this? (boy enters and posts sign) Monster Rally in Square tonight! William Kent, candidate for governor, will address the citizens of Brunswick on the issues of the campaign. Everybody come. Look out for pickpockets. Hm! The man who wrote that meant well, but he was a poor judge of a climax. I must preserve that for my book of memorabilia. Well, it's time I was getting to my audience. (Exits.)

Enter Father Time, reading from ticker.

Father Time: April 24, 1846. Mexican War begun. Remember the Alamo? (Exits.)

Scene VII. Harriet Beecher Stowe Arrives in Brunswick, 1850.

President Woods and Professor Smyth enter.

Woods: How do you do, Professor Smyth?

Smyth: Good afternoon, President Woods.

Woods: Professor, I wish you would go down to the afternoon train to meet Mrs. Stowe, the wife of our new professor of Natural and Revealed Religion. Professor Stowe has been detained by business, and his family is preceding him. Will you go?

Smyth: Gladly, President Woods. (Exits.)

Woods: Very expensive, hiring these new professors. I've had to engage to pay Stowe \$1000 a year. Awful pity to pay so much. I've sometimes thought of firing the whole faculty and filling their places with PhD's at \$200 a head. Only I'm afraid I couldn't get rid of them, after I'd got them. Too bad! Too bad! I understand the Stowes are going to live in the house on Federal Street next below the railroad. Sorry they're not going to be on the hill. That's the place. Still, if Mrs. Stowe's a bright woman, she may manage to get along.

Smyth returns.

Smyth: Sorry, President Woods; but Mrs. Stowe didn't come this afternoon. The only people who got off the train were an old woman and her five children.

Woods: That's strange. I understood she was surely coming.

Enter Stowe.

Stowe: Can you direct me, gentlemen, to the house of President Woods of Bowdoin College? I am Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Surely some one should have been courteous enough to meet me at the train. This is a cold welcome for a woman who is going to make Brunswick famous by writing Uncle Tom's Cabin in one of its houses.

Woods: My DEAR Mrs. Stowe!

Father Time enters, reading from ticker.

Father Time: November 5, 1852. President Pierce elected. Bowdoin gets over the presidential line for touch-down. When will it happen again? October 25, 1854. Charge of Light Brigade at Balaklava. Half a league, half a league—(to audience) Don't look so frightened. I'm not going to repeat any more of it. (Exits)

Scene VIII. Going to the Launching, 1855.

Enter Patten family and Clement Martin.

John Patten: Come on, Martin. We've got to hurry if we want to see the Golconda slide off the ways. It's getting pretty near high water, and we've got some distance to go. I've taken a sixty-fourth in her. Hope she has good luck.

Martin: Where does she make her first trip?

Patten: She's going to New York to load a general cargo for Shanghai. She's a beauty. Hope she won't stick on the ways. My Ruth here is going to christen her.

Ruth: O father, I forgot that bottle of wine. What shall I do? (Begins to cry.)

Patten: Here you, George! Run back to the house after that bottle of wine. See you don't stop on the way; and don't you open the bottle. And look out you don't get caught the other side of that Maine Central freight. Hustle!

(All exit; Father Time enters.)

Father Time: That's a mighty bright-looking boy. I've taken quite a shine to him. Pity if that freight held him up so that he missed the launching! Time and tide wait for no man, you know. (Reads ticker) December 2, 1859. John Brown hung. Plenty of excitement in the US for the next few years. (listens) Seems to me I hear somebody splitting rails. Yes; that's Abe Lincoln's ax fast enough. Novfember 5, 1860. Lincoln elected president. That'll set the ball rolling. April 12, 1861. Fort Sumter bombarded. Now stand from under! July 21, 1861. Battle of Bull Run. Marathon race from the battlefield to the long bridge, Washington. They say some of them are running yet. (Leaves.)

Scene IX. Opening of the Civil War, 1861.

Democrat: Well, you dirty Republican, got what was coming to you at Bull Run, didn't you?

Republican: Shut up, you Copperhead. We haven't got started yet. Wait till we get the right man to lead the army, and we'll push Jeff Davis and his gang into the Gulf of Mexico.

Democrat: Perhaps you'd like to begin now.

Republican: I don't object. (Exit. Father Time enters, looks at ticker)

Father Time: March 9, 1862. Fight between Monitor and Merrimac. Cheese-box on raft revolutionizes naval warfare. They're coming fast now. (reads again) January 1, 1863. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation deals Confederacy a blow in the cotton belt. Now for Barbara Fritche. (Reads again) July 1-3, 1863. Battle of Gettysburg. Chamberlain at Little Round Top. Here's where Brunswick scores! (Reads) November 15, 1864. Sherman leaves Atlanta on his March to the Sea. April 3, 1865. Fall of Richmond. Well, the agony's almost over now. April 9, 1865. Lee surrenders at Appomattox. Chamberlain in evidence. Brunswick scores again. (Leaves)

Scene X. Gen. Chamberlain at Plough, 1866, Waiting call.

Chamberlain: Good! Here it is! I was afraid some junk-man might have got hold of that plough that King and Dunlap used. I have reason to think the people of Maine want e for their next governor. Two of my Brunswick predecessors have been called from the plough, and I like to keep up the custom. It seemed to work well in their case. Wonder if it will in mine. Only I can't drive oxen. What had I better do? Hark! Wasn't that thunder? It's about time the lightning struck here again. This seems to be a favorite spot for lightning. There must be some live wires round here. Here comes the delegation—at last. I was beginning to be afraid they had forgotten me. Never mind any formal announcement, gentlemen; I know your errand. The pleasure is mine. Lead on; I'll follow. On second thought you'd better follow, and let me lead. After Gettysburg and Appomattox I don't like to be in the rear rank. On to Richmond—I mean Augusta. (Exits.)

Father Time enters; reading ticker.

Father Time: July 19, 1870. Franco-Prussian War begins. That scrap won't be very long, thank goodness! June 1, 1871. Governor Chamberlain becomes President of Bowdoin College. Well, it'll take a good military man to manage those boys. (Sound.) Seems to me that sounded like a cow kicking over a milk stool. (reads) Sure enough. October 8, 1871, Great Chicago Fire begins. Quite a blaze, that! (Explosion sounds) Sounds to me as if that must have been somewhere in Massachusetts. (Reads from ticker.) Correct. November 9, 1872. Great Boston Fire. Well, that probably means another rise in the insurance rates. The companies'll pass the loss on to the consumer (hears telephone sound). That's the first time I ever heard that sound. What can it be? (Reads) July 4, 1876. Telephone invented. Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia on even date. Well, things are beginning to run off pretty fast now. I'll give you only the more important ones. (Runs ticker through hands) Here's one, fresh from the office in town. Sept. 25, 1885. President Hyde attends his first Sophomore horn concert at Bowdoin College. Say, I remember that night well. The musical standard of the students has risen since that time. Here's another town event. 1889. Brunswick celebrates its 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary. Growing old gracefully. Now we'll skip a few years. (Muffled explosion) Feb. 15, 1898. Battleship Maine blown up in Havana Harbor. Well, I can't stop any longer now. (Exits.)

Period V.: Better, Bigger, Busier Brunswick, 1900-1917.

Scene I. Parade of Brunswick Golf Club and Anastigunticook Snow-Shoe Club, 1910.

Rev Robert A Boomp: Good parade, wasn't it? I'm especially proud of the Snow-Shoe Club, and of the name Anastigunticook. Professor Little and I took our spades one afternoon and went out into

the pines back of his house and dug that name up. It made a big hole; I'll bet it's there yet. I let George do most of the digging. He seemed to enjoy it; and so did I. I believe in clubs, whether they accomplish anything or not. The main thing is to get busy and keep so. From the time in my childhood when I soaked the family dog in kerosene, and applied a match to him, my motto has been: Start something. Then start something else. Keep on starting things. When I came to Brunswick, I found it a clubless wilderness. The only sign of civilization was the Saturday Club, through whose courtesy I have been permitted, as it were, to reincarnate here tonight. But even this club was nowhere near its present magnificent standard. I got busy. I began to start things. Now if I were to call out: Mr. President or Madam President, I have no doubt that fully one half of this intelligent audience would respond. Every night the post office fills with Presidents, Vice Presidents, Treasurers, and Corresponding and Recording Secretaries. Kentucky colonels are not in it. My course from the Atlantic to the Pacific can be traced by the clubs I have founded. To be sure, I struck a snag down in Connecticut. But that didn't jar me any. You may bet your bottom dollar that those people will remember Robert A. Boomp. Well, I must be going. I was just on my way to found the Babisses Club in my church when I got a mental message that I was needed here. My last words to you are these: Now you're going some. Keep at it. But you haven't quite enough clubs yet. Start one more. And after that is fully under way—start another. Good night. (Exits.)

Enter Father Time, addressing audience.

Father Time: So many interesting and important events took place during the first ten years of the twentieth century that I couldn't mention them all; so I simply passed them over. They're so fresh in your minds that I don't need to speak of them. (Exits)

Scene II. Election Day, 1916.

Miss Mankhurst: I have just finished serving a term in jail in England, but the Brunswick Record, to which I have been a regular subscriber since my visit to the town, has kept me in touch with affairs in the United States. So Wilson has failed to make good! I knew he would fail. All because of his unprogressive views on woman suffrage. Wages are on the toboggan. Prices are aeroplaning. Beef is out of sight. Most people have stopped eating that or anything else. The country is going to the demnition bow-wows. And Teddy Roosevelt and the women, or rather the women and Roosevelt, are the only ones that can save it. So vote for Teddy! He will bring in the millennium. Vote as many times as you can! If they try to stop you, break glass! Smash things! That's the way I do. I'm quite an important personage in England now. I rather guess the MPs all remember little Flavia. When I walk down the Strand, it stops the clock on the Houses of Parliament. As soon as I get back home, I expect to go to jail for another term. I just dote on being in jail. Well goodbye—until after election day. (Exits)

Scene III. Theodore Roosevelt Inaugurated, 1917.

Father Time (reading from ticker): Theodore Roosevelt inaugurated today for his third Presidential term.

First Messenger (runs in): Great improvements scheduled for Brunswick. Androscoggin to be dredged so as to admit the largest war-ships.

Second Messenger (runs in): One hundred thousand dollars appropriated for the Brunswick roads; speed limit of automobiles set at three miles an hour.

Third Messenger (runs in): Special wire from the Brunswick Record's Washington correspondent reports that Roosevelt will establish two government playhouses in Brunswick, and put them under the control of the Saturday Club.

(Everybody back on stage.)

Flavia Mankhurst: What is that I hear over at the left?

Father Time: That is the murmur of Pejepscot Falls.

Characters in chorus: That is Pejepscot Falls.

Flavia Mankhurst: What is that sound at the right?

Father Time: That is the roar of the surf at Maquoit Bay.

Chorus: That is the surf at Maquoit.

Mankhurst: What is that sound?

Father Time: It is the whispering of the pine trees.

Chorus: It is the whispering pines.

Mankhurst: What is that whistling sound?

Father Time: That is the call of the bull moose.

Chorus: That is the bull moose call.

Father Time: Well! Brunswick has improved since the Progressives came in. It is going to be a second Eden again, as it was in the days of George Washington.

Chorus: Rah, rah, rah!