



1951

Centennial Play

University of the Pacific

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Who?
When? c 1951/2

IN DARKNESS, THE ORGAN CHIMES PLAY "PACIFIC HAIL". NEAR THE
END OF THE TUNE, A LIGHT POOL COMES UP RIGHT, INTO WHICH THE NARRATOR STEPS,
HOLDING A BOOK.

NARRATOR: This book is the HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC, the
history of the first college chartered by the state of California.
It was written by a fine old friend of many of you Southern
California folks, the former Dean of the Graduate School of the
University of Southern California, Dr. Rockwell Dennis Hunt.
This volume is our guide book this evening. Just ten days ago,
the centennial celebration of the College of the Pacific was
climaxed at commencement time. If you could have been there for
that great occasion, you would not only have seen the beauty of
the Pacific campus, but you would have felt the significance of
the event for many of the people who were there - the faculty
of the College, the special guests, those who received honorary
degrees, and the official delegates of () other American colleges
who participated in the ceremonies. But a college commencement,
even a centennial commencement has the greatest meaning for the
graduates - and their families.

THE NARRATOR'S LIGHT FADES, AS A LARGER, SOFT BLUE LIGHT POOL
COMES UP, CENTER, AGAINST A SMALL SET PIECE BEFORE WHICH IS THE "SENIOR BENCH".
THE FAMILY GROUP ENTERS AND BEGINS:

MOTHER: (SPYING THE BENCH) Oh -- let me sit down here for a minute.
It was such a beautiful commencement - thrilling and exciting.
Now I'm tired.

SUSAN: Me, too.

JOHN: You can't sit there, junior miss. That's the senior bench.

SUSAN: Can't I, Mother? Can't I if a senior gives me permission?

MARY: Certainly you may - with my permission. Here, this will make you a senior. (SHE PUTS HER MORTAR BOARD ON SUSAN) And a diploma too.

MOTHER: Well, I've been a senior for a long time - class of '24. You know my commencement was the 75th anniversary of the college. And now you two young things have graduated at the 100th anniversary.

JOHN: The past, present, and future of Pacific. (HE ACCENTS THE LAST BY THUMPING THE TOP OF SUSAN'S MORTAR BOARD)

SUSAN: Ouch!

MOTHER: Be careful John. When I graduated there wasn't a single tree or shrub here. This was a brand new campus.

FATHER: (ADJUSTING A CAMERA AND FLASH BULB) Mary, you and John stand behind your Mother and Susan. I'll get another picture of this historic moment.

JOHN: Yes, sir-ee, grandchildren, "I was there". Here, Mom, you wear my flat top.

MOTHER: (LAUGHING) No, no, John. I can't take my hat off now - we're going to the President's reception. (JOHN HOLDS HIS MORTAR BOARD ELABORATELY ON HIS ARM - SUSAN GRIMACES HER PRETTIEST AND HOLDS UP MARY'S DIPLOMA.)

JOHN: Action! Camera!

FATHER: Never mind the action. Hold it! (HE TOUCHES OFF THE FLASH)

JOHN: President Burns will want that picture.

MOTHER: Whatever for?

MARY: To seal up in the cornerstone of the new library.

FATHER: (FOLDING UP THE CAMERA) There's three hours driving ahead of us yet tonight. Let's go.

MOTHER: But we're going to the reception first.

FATHER: Yes, I know. I want to shake hands with Bishop Oxnam before we leave.

JOHN: Can't. The Bishop is already on his way to San Francisco to catch a plane.

FATHER: Oh? Too bad. You heard a great address from the Bishop tonight. The Collogo really got something when it got Oxnam for a commencement speaker.

MARY: You can say that again, whenever you like.

FATHER: Have you graduates got everything in the car?

JOHN: Everything from my laundry bag for Mom, to my collogo education in a notebook.

FATHER: I was hoping you carried a little of that in your head.

MARY: The education Johnnie.

SUSAN: (LOOKING AT DIPLOMA) Mary, what does bachelor of arts, mean?

MARY: That's a question a lot of young hopofuls are asking tonight, big girl - about 400 of them right here at the Collogo of the Pacific.

FATHER: Didn't you hear some pretty good answers to that tonight?

JOHN: It means about four thousand bucks of Pop's dough.

MARY: Make it two for seventy-five hundred.

SUSAN: Can I go to Pacific, too, Daddy?

MARY: Sure. It's cheaper by the dozen.

MOTHER: Well, whatever the cost, it is the best investment your Father ever made.

JOHN: How do you know?

FATHER: You kids will answer that for me in the next fifty years. Now

tell me, John, you're a journalism graduate. Suppose you were reporting Bishop Oxnam's address tonight -- what was his most significant statement?

JOHN:

If I were covering the speech, my lead would be, "

"

declared Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, speaking to John and Mary Morgan, their parents Mr. and Mrs. James Morgan of Western City, 400 other centennial graduates of the Collogo of the Pacific and 5000 guests. The exercises climaxed the first century of the first collogo chartered by the state of California.

MARY:

Give it to a re-write man. For my money, when the Bishop said,

"

"

he made his speech.

MOTHER:

You know, I think that Dr. Knoles' baccalaureate sermon this morning should be reported in the papers, too.

JOHN:

I guess so. They don't seem to do that.

MOTHER:

They ought to. If it were not for Tully Cloon Knoles, you probably wouldn't be graduating from Pacific today. He moved this collogo to Stockton.

SUSAN:

Moved all these big buildings.

MOTHER: No, dear. The buildings are new.

SUSAN: Then what did he move?

MARY: Now there is a question for you -- out of the mouths of babes.

SUSAN: I am not.

MARY: Just what is a collogo anyway?

FATHER: Maybe the answer ~~was~~ in the question -- Dr. Knoles. What do you say John?

JOHN: Sure -- I know how you mean that. Tully Knoles means Collogo of the Pacific to people everywhere. But for a definition of a collogo you'd have to include others -- let's say the collogo is people -- people with a certain common purpose.

MARY: Like what?

JOHN: Well --- the purpose of preparing themselves to make the most out of life.

MARY: Go to collogo and get rich quicker.

JOHN: The cynical touch is yours, Miss '51 ----- I might have added: to prepare themselves to make the most out of life --- in the service of all.

MOTHER: That makes you graduates the most important people in the collogo -- you are now prepared for life.

MARY: No. That makes you and Dad the most important.

MOTHER: Why, we've been out of collogo for 25 years.

MARY: That's it. The most important people to a collogo aren't the chancellors, or presidents, or trustees, or professors or even the students -- the alumni are the most important, alumni like you because you are doing just what the collogo was created for in the first place -- making the most out of your lives in service of all.

JOHN: Unquote.

MOTHER: Thank you, my dear.

MARY: In a hundred years, Pacific has given about 5,000 degrees. Now those graduates are teachers, and doctors, and lawyers, and musicians, and chemists, and ministers and actors - or they are running businesses and raising families, like you and Dad. You know I think it will be thrilling to be a teacher, and then, years later, find my students doing something wonderful, successful job.

JOHN: Yes. Bill Koppel came back to the alumni reunion today. He looked up Prof. Cobb and told him about his job with the oil research labs. Six thousand dollars a year!

MOTHER: When did Bill graduate?

JOHN: One year ago tonight. That must have been a great thrill for the professor. He doesn't make six thousand after teaching twenty years.

THE LIGHT POOLS ARE TRANSPOSED AGAIN TO BRING IN THE NARRATOR.

NARRATOR: That professor John is talking about could earn twice as much in a commercial position any time he wished. But he doesn't do it, because as he says himself, "I'd never be happy away from a college." It's a great thing for young people that there are teachers like that. This family has told you some things about the college today. There are many other things they might have said - but in ordinary conversation folks usually don't make documentary statements - such as the fact that Pacific is located on a 72-acre campus, very near the geographical center of California, and that it presents 35 modern, well-equipped buildings, the whole representing a value in

money of more than four and a half million dollars. They might have said, too, that Pacific enrolls over 1500 students annually, employs a faculty of 150 teachers, has a payroll of \$840,000, and an annual budget of \$1,820,000.

How much John, Mary and their proud parents and little sister know about what is in this history of the College, is uncertain. The book would make a fine graduation present for them. It would tell them, for instance, about the founding Fathers of Pacific this educational child of Methodism.

There are three of our founders in whom you may be interested. They came to California along with the gold seekers of 1849 and 1850-- one came in a covered wagon over the plains, another in a clipper ship around Cape Horn, and the third came across the Isthmus of Panama.

First there was Issac Owen. He arrived in Sacramento in October, 1849. In a few months, he became presiding elder. His district was just California -- all of it -- and he rode over hundreds of miles of it on horseback. The saddlebags in which he carried his books and personal effects became sort of a trade-mark. Founding schools and colleges was almost a passion with Owen. Everywhere he went, he kept telling people there must be college in California. For instance, in December 1850, Owen and those proverbial saddlebags, went to the town of Sonoma to conduct the first quarterly conference for the first Methodist Church north of San Francisco Bay.

THE LIGHTS ARE TRANSPOSED, BRINGING UP A SMALL POOL, LEFT. OWEN STANDS BEHIND A SMALL TABLE ON WHICH THERE IS A BIBLE, SOME PAPERS AND HIS SADDLE BAGS.

OWEN:

Brethren, we have adopted four important resolutions. Firstly, resolved that is expedient to include in the Sonoma Circuit, Bodega County, the Russian River neighborhood, Sonoma Valley and Napa Valleyabout 250 square miles. Secondly, resolved that we cooperate with the Bible cause, through the agent of the American Bible Society. Thirdly, resolved that we will proceed to raise money for the support of a minister, and fourthly, resolved that as a circuit we will cooperate with other circuits on this district in establishing a University of Learning in California under our care.

THE LIGHT COMES UP ON THE NARRATOR.

NARRATOR:

(AS OWEN PACKS THINGS IN HIS SADDLE BAGS) Wouldn't it be interesting to know more about what was in Owen's mind concerning that fourth resolution? A university in California! Remember - it's 100 years ago. In all the roaring gold camps of the Mother Lode, there probably weren't two dozen students qualified for college. If you could just go back to that quarterly conference and put a question or two to Issac Owen.

THE NARRATOR STUDIES OWEN AS HE SAYS THIS, AND THEN WALKS OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE LIGHT POOL WHERE OWEN STANDS.

NARRATOR:

Mr. Owen - pardon me, Elder Owen - tell me, do you really see any future for schools and education in this gold mad California?

OWEN:

People may be coming to California for gold, but the best people are going to find something better.

NARRATOR:

Someting better?

OWEN: Homes -- and homes mean schools.

NARRATOR: Yes, but are there enough Methodist people and Methodist churches to pay for a university?

OWEN: (TAKING A POKE FROM HIS SADDLEBAGS) Here is gold dust. Brought it down from the Mother Lode in my saddle bags -- that's for the university, and there's more where it came from. And some of that gold will get into the hands of devoted men who will use it to the glory of God.

NARRATOR: Education seems to be of tremendous importance to you, sir.

OWEN: When I was a boy, I had no chance for schooling. Now I'm as eager for books as these miners are for nuggets. I want to help youngsters have a better opportunity for learning. If I could have my way, there would be a high school at every crossroad and a college in every county of California.

NARRATOR: An amazing statement, Elder Owen!

OWEN: Amazing? Why?

NARRATOR: It's amazing, because it's true.

OWEN: How do you determine that, if I may ask?

NARRATOR: Mr. Owen -- this is 1951 -- not 1851! The College you helped to create is 100 years old -- and today, in California, every boy and girl of high school age lives in a high school district. There are fifty-eight counties in California -- and there's more than one college for each one, even though they aren't distributed in just that way. Counting our fifty-seven junior colleges, there are two colleges for every county. Does this surprise you, sir?

OWEN: It's difficult to grasp. The College is 100 years old? How many students has it graduated? Two thousand?

NARRATOR: Five thousand?

OWEN: How many people are there in California? Five million?

NARRATOR: Ten million!

OWEN: As you say -- it is amazing.

NARRATOR: Do you find it difficult to believe that all this has been possible in one hundred years?

OWEN: With God all things are possible. One hundred years? After all -- "a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past."

OWEN. THE NARRATOR HAS RETURNED TO HIS PLACE. THE LIGHT FADES OUT ON

NARRATOR: Yes, Methodists have always had a great urge to educate people. Isaac Owen was driven by it. On the same day that Owen first reached Sacramento, William Taylor sailed into San Francisco Bay on a clipper ship, 90 days out of Boston. Taylor, of course, is one of the great names in California Methodism. Later, he became a world famous Bishop. But in San Francisco he was a water-front preacher --- and a singer, too.

SPOTS TRANSPOSE TO CENTER, REVEALING, TAYLOR, STANDING ON A KEG OR BARREL. HE SINGS "HEAR THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION", BECKONING TO CROWD AROUND HIM AS HE SINGS. AT THE END OF THE SONG:

TAYLOR: Gentlemen, if our friends in the Atlantic States, with the views and feeling they entertained of California Society when I left there, had heard that there was to be preaching this afternoon on Portsmouth Square in San Francisco, they would have predicted disorder, confusion, and riot; but we who are here believe very differently.

One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see these stars and stripes floating on the breeze and who loves the institutions fostered under them; in a word, there is no true American but will observe order under the preaching of God's word anywhere, and maintain it if need be. We shall have order, gentlemen. Your favorite rule in arithmetic is the rule of loss and gain. In your tedious voyage around the Horn, or your wearisome journey over the plains, or your hurried passage across the Isthmus, and during the few months of your sojourn in California, you have been figuring under this rule; losses and gains have constituted the theme of your thoughts and calculations. Now I wish most respectfully to submit to you a question under your favorite rule. I want you to employ all the mathematical power and skill you can command, and patiently work out the mighty problem. The question may be found in the sixteenth chapter of our Lord's Gospel by St. Matthew. Shall I announce it? "What is a man profited if he shall gain the world, and lose his own soul?"

THE SPOTS TRANSPOSE TO THE NARRATOR

NARRATOR:

On October 18, 1850, everybody in San Francisco lined up along the water front to watch the steamship OREGON come into port. William Taylor must have been among them. The OREGON was only the second steamboat ever to drop anchor in the bay. There was a lot of excitement, both on shore --- and on shipboard.

SPOTS TRANSPOSE TO LEFT WHERE THERE IS A SIMILATION OF A SHIP'S RAIL. THE CAPTAIN ENTERS

CAPTAIN: (LOOKING AROUND) Break out the pennant. Fly it from the masthead.
(AS HE PANTOMINES WATCHING THE FLAG RAISED, EDWARD BANNISTER ENTERS, LOOKS UP AND READS ITS DEVICE)

BANNISTER: California is admitted!

CAPTAIN: Yes, Mr. Bannister, you've traveled 5,000 miles but you're still in the states. When you go ashore it will not be on foreign soil.
(THE CAPTAIN EXITS)

THE FAMILY GROUP ENTERS, AND GATHERS ABOUT, ALSO WATCHING THE FLAG.

SUSAN: Look, father -- the flag! (STUDYING IT, AND READING) California
-- is -- ad -- mitted.

FATHER: Yes. California is a stato.

JOHN: Quick Susan -- how many states in the Union?

SUSAN: Thirty-one! Smarty!

MOTHER: Mr. Bannister, do you suppose those people on shore can read the banner?

BANNISTER: I think so. Listen! They are beginning to cheer. I'm sure they see it. This must be the first news to reach San Francisco, that California has become a state.

MARY: Father! (In dismay and disappointment) Is that San Francisco?

JOHN: Man! It certainly isn't Boston -- that's for sure.

MARY: Where are we going to stay in a place like that? It's just shantys and tents --- and dried up mountains.

MOTHER: I'm sure we can't see everything yet. There must be a good hotel.
(ANXIOUSLY TO FATHER) Isn't there, Father?

SUSAN: Father, is there lots of gold in San Francisco?

JOHN: Sure -- and William, too.

SUSAN: Father, can we go digging for gold?

MOTHER: Your father isn't a miner, Susan.

FATHER: No. Miners bring picks and pans -- not wives and children (LAUGHING AND PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND MOTHER)

JOHN: Father! I want to have a try at it! Lots of fellows my age have come to California for gold. Some of them are rich now! Captain Gelston, -- how do you get to the mines from San Francisco?

CAPTAIN: Up the river to Sacramento or Stockton, and then you tramp 50 miles or more into the hills. My advice is stay right here in San Francisco. All the gold panned out of the hills, gets to San Francisco in the end. There's better ways to get it than diggin' it.

MOTHER: Mr. Bannister, where will you start your school?

BANNISTER: At San Jose. They tell me it is about fifty miles south of here on the Southern end of the bay.

FATHER: Remember, Mr. Bannister, you have promised to send us word when the school opens.

BANNISTER: Never fear. We'll be looking for students.

SUSAN: School!

MOTHER: I'm afraid school teaching in California will be very different from your Seminary classes in New York.

BANNISTER: That's what Bishop Waugh said to me at the Black River Annual Conference.

SUSAN: Is that all he said?

BANNISTER: He sat up very straight, and said in a very strong voice, "Young man, I want you to go to California and look the field over care-

fully, and then set about the task of establishing an institution
for the higher Christian learning."

FATHER: Higher learning? A college?

BANNISTER: Yes, indeed - all in good time.

FATHER: Certainly we wish you every success - but I don't envy you your
job.

BANNISTER: I expect to find help. First I want to find the presiding elder.
And our fellow travelers, Mr. Briggs, and Mrs. Simonds are Methodist
through and through - and Mrs. Bannister is a fine teacher.

MOTHER: I'm sure it will be a great adventure.

BANNISTER: A few months of a good preparatory study and you should be ready
for college, John.

JOHN: I don't see how there could ever be a college here. Who would
go to college in California?

SUSAN: Girls don't go to college.

BANNISTER: They are beginning to, young lady. Our school in San Jose will
be for girls as well as boys. But the first thing necessary for
a college is college students. I certainly hope both John and
Mary will be among the first to enroll. Education is a greater
opportunity than gold - even in California.

CAPTAIN: (REENTERING) All ashore that's going ashore. Landing boat is
ready for you folks now. Follow me aft, please. Watch your
step now, Mam. It's been a safe passage, so far.

BANNISTER: Yes, Captain Gelston. Thanks to you, and our heavenly Father.

CAPTAIN: Thank you, Sir.

BANNISTER: And praise the Lord!

THEY TURN TO FOLLOW THE CAPTAIN AS THE LIGHTS FADE AND MARY SAYS:

MARY:

Californians (SPARKING WITH TREPIDATION) Here we come!

LIGHTS TRANSPOSE TO NARRATOR.

NARRATOR:

During the early months of 1851, three educational conferences were held in California which determined upon the "founding of an institution of the grade of university". A site was selected in the town of Santa Clara. Cash subscriptions of \$27,500 were reported, and it was moved to apply for a charter. These conventions were held in the church at San Jose, the San Francisco home of William Taylor, and the San Jose home of Isaac Owen.

(AT THIS POINT THE NARRATOR BEGINS TO READ FROM THE BOOK)

"The charter was duly granted on July 10, 1851, thus giving the Methodist institution the distinction of being the first college to receive a charter in the State of California."

We have now taken some notice of the antecedents and founding of the University of the Pacific, and the names of some of those most active and influential in bringing this enterprise to fruition, an honorable roll, worthy of grateful remembrance. But it was the Methodist Episcopal Church itself that in reality founded the institution, an act illustrative of the true genius and spirit of Methodism. We would not detract in any degree from the credit due the individual founders -- let their names be held in grateful remembrance; yet they themselves would be among the first to ascribe chief honor to the mother Church, whose servants they were and to whose call they were obedient. No pathway was too rough, no sacrifice too great, no obstacle insurmountable.

The name "University of the Pacific", under conditions actually obtaining, and viewed in the light of the meager resources of the Methodist constituency, was more than ambitious - it must have appeared decidedly fantastic to many an observer. One of the founders, in a reminiscent mood, many years later, reflected "Why not plant the germ of a university and give it a big name to grow up to and into? Sure enough, why not? And give the name we did, half-laughing and half-prophesying as we did it." Who but the Methodists would have had the imagination, the audacity, the sky-limit faith to choose such a name under such circumstances? (NARRATOR CLOSES THE BOOK AND CONTINUES)

What Edward Bannister said about girls going to College, he meant. From the beginning, Pacific was open to "such females as may desire to pursue a college course" --an extremely advanced stand, 100 years ago, on the subject of co-education.

Mr. Bannister really did arrive on the steamship OREGON, along with the news of California's admission. The family group we invented, as illustration for our story. But some young people like them were among the ones who received their degrees at the first college commencement ceremonies in the state-- It's the 9th of June, 1858. There were five girls and five boys in that first class. All of the girls dressed alike. Here comes Mary now.

THE LIGHT POOL, CENTER, COMES UP INTO WHICH MARY STEPS, DRESSED IN THE WHITE TARLETON WITH "ROWS AND ROWS" OF BLUE RIBBON AROUND THE SKIRT. SHE HOLDS A TRADITIONAL ROLLED DIPLOMA, TIED WITH LONG BLUE RIBBONS.

MARY:

(DESCENDING HER SPEECH)

We of the first graduating class of the Female Institute of the University of the Pacific must now play our parts in the theatre of life. The curtain is about to rise before us, to suddenly confront us with the audience to whom we are responsible. We have been diligently rehearsed. Our parts have been the great thoughts of the great minds of all history. We dare not falter in our parts. Each has a role to play, and each must play it faithfully. Clothed in the costume of Christian character, we must ever strive to give our audience a performance noble, true and virtuous. And at last, when the curtain falls, we shall happily leave our places in the theatre of life to those who shall come after us, ready to give their performances - performances ever more perfect, ever more inspiring as mankind climbs to new heights in his mastering of the great drama - life!

OF HER ORATION.

THE NARRATOR SPEAKS TO MARY JUST AS SHE TURNS AT CONCLUSION

NARRATOR:

Congratulations Mary - on your graduation - and on your fine oration.

MARY:

Thank you, sir.

NARRATOR:

You must love the theatre very much.

MARY:

Well - I suppose it must be quite wonderful.

NARRATOR:

Do you go to the theatre often?

MARY:

Oh, no. No. We never go to the theatre.

NARRATOR:

How did you happen to speak, then, on "the theatre of life"?

MARY:

It seemed a very good simile. I'm not sure. Probably I got the idea from Shakespeare. You know - "all the world's a stage".

NARRATOR: You are really that interested?

MARY: Oh, yes.

NARRATOR: Like him?

MARY: Oh yes.

NARRATOR: Have you performed in any plays here at the College?

MARY: Oh, no. We don't do plays.

NARRATOR: Some day you will.

MARY: I will?

NARRATOR: Someday this college will discover drama again - and discover that drama lives in the theatre, not in the library. This college will have its own theatre.

MARY: Are you sure?

NARRATOR: Oh, I'm positive.

MARY: The theatre isn't considered to be entirely respectable, you know.

NARRATOR: That's right. It isn't entirely respectable. But theatre is the home of drama - and drama is one of the great arts of mankind.

MARY: Yes.

NARRATOR: Do you go to music halls?

MARY: No.

NARRATOR: Do you study and perform music here?

MARY: Certainly.

NARRATOR: Pacific is going to have a great department of music, too - a full fledged conservatory - the first one to be established at a college in California. Pacific is going to become a great center of the fine arts. And the theatre will be a part of it. Would you like to be an actress?

MARY: In a ~~university~~ at Pacific, yes!

NARRATOR: There is a famous Dean of the Church in England -- that is there is going to be a famous Dean -- who said that the next -- he is going to say that "the next great prophet will be a dramatist." What do you think of that?

MARY: Yes! Yes! I think I can understand that. Drama and religion are very much alike, really -- they are very close together-----

NARRATOR: That's it!

MARY: They are both about people -- about what people are -- what they really are in their minds -- and in their hearts. Why they are good -- and why they are bad -- and why they are brave and why they are afraid. (SHE STOPS, AS IF SHE HAD NO FURTHER WORDS FOR HER DEFINITION).

NARRATOR: Thank you, Mary. I hope you have a chance to perform on the stage. I'm sure you would do very well.

MARY: Thank you, sir.

(SHE TURNS AND WALKS OUT OF THE LIGHT)

NARRATOR: John didn't receive his degree until the next day. There was co-education at Pacific, alright, but with a very distinct hyphen in the word. The boys enrolled in the "male department" and the girls in "the female institute". Even the graduation exercises were separate. According to the newspaper report in the Alta California, the exercises for the boys were opened with a Latin salutatory by one of the graduates. (READING FROM BOOK) The address was an able production, and though understood by but few, such was the grace and elegance with which it was delivered that it was admired by all.

THE LIGHTS BRING US TO CENTER AGAIN WHERE JOHN IS DELIVERING THE LAST WORDS OF THE LATIN SATURNARY. HE HOLDS TRADITIONAL SLEEPER. AS JOHN FINISHED HIS SPEECH HE WALKS RIGHT, WHERE HE MEETS THE FAMILY GROUP. MARY WEARS A CAPE OVER HER GRADUATION DRESS. FATHER WEARS A P.A. AND CARRIES A SUIT BAG. MOTHER MAY BE WEARING A DRESS THAT COULD HAVE BEEN CONCEALED BY A COAT IN THE STILP-BOARD SCENE - SUSAN, DITTO.

FATHER: (SHAKING HANDS WITH JOHN) Congratulations, son.

JOHN: Thank you Father.

MOTHER: (As they exchange a decorous kiss) We are proud of you, John.

JOHN: How did you like my speech?

MOTHER: Wonderful, John, simply wonderful.

SUSAN: What language were you talking, John?

MARY: Pig Latin.

JOHN: Say! -- any old graduate can deliver an oration in English.

MARY: Is that so? Anyway, John Morgan, I graduated from college before you did.

JOHN: Well, you ought to -- you were born before I was -- twenty minutes.

MOTHER: (SHOCKED AND EMBARRASSED) John! Please!

FATHER: Son! Remember -- there are ladies with us.

JOHN: Yes, sir. Beg pardon, Mother.

MOTHER: And your sister.

JOHN: My big sister! Prettiest girl in the Female Institute. And you look sweeter than ever in yesterday's commencement gown.

MARY: Thank you, John.

(THEY EXCHANGE A KISS)

JOHN: What a wife you're going to make some fellow. Nothing like a college graduate in a kitchen.

SUSAN: Can I see your diploma, John?

JOHN: Sure, Susan. (HE HANDS HE THE SCROLL)

FATHER: Well, John, and Mary - you children are the first in our families even to have a college education - and you belong to the first graduating class in California. People will expect great things of you.

MOTHER: They will not be disappointed.

FATHER: What do you most want to do now, John.

MOTHER: To come home to San Francisco, of course.

JOHN: Yes. Yes, I do. And I want to go right on to college, too.

FATHER: More college?

JOHN: Yes. You see, Father, the University is going to open a medical school - right in San Francisco. I would like to become a doctor, sir.

FATHER: A medical school in San Francisco?

JOHN: Yes, sir. Here is the first announcement. Classes will begin during the year as soon as the school can be organized.

FATHER: I don't know, John. A medical course would be pretty expensive, I'm afraid. I was counting on you finding a situation soon.

MARY: How about that gold mining expedition?

JOHN: (READING FROM BULLETIN OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL HE HAS TAKEN FROM HIS POCKET) Announcement of the Medical Department of the University of the Pacific, San Francisco, California, session of 1859. The matriculation fee is five dollars - fee to each professor is thirty dollars - graduation fee is fifty dollars. If I could live at home ---

MOTHER: Of course you would live at home. James! For John to become a physician! What a wonderful career. What a great service.

FATHER: No doubt. No doubt.

JOHN:

It is going to be a wonderful school. Better than this.

The opportunities for prosecuting the study of practical anatomy in this city are superior to any known region of the globe. The faculty would invite special attention to the fact that in view of the many casualties, injuries and deaths from poisoning and violence occurring in this state, material for dissection is abundant and cheap, and our salubrious breezes not only preserve the cadaver for an indefinite length of time, but secure the health of the student from the danger of effluvia, so constant an attendant ———

MOTHER:

(ALARMED) John! Do doctors have to do that sort of thing!

JOHN:

As you say, Mother. It is a great service. Doctors are needed everywhere. Just think, if there should be a civil war.

FATHER:

There will be no civil war.

JOHN:

There's lots of talk. We have some tremendous debates about it in the meetings of Archania. A lot of the fellows are from the South — too, many, if you ask me. They keep talking about secession of the southern states.

FATHER:

In any case, there is plenty of time to decide about medical school. Right now, I would like to meet president Gibbons.

SUSAN:

John, even your diploma isn't written in American.

THE LIGHTS TRANSPOSE TO THE NARRATOR.

NARRATOR:

These were the first — the first of 5,000 graduates. They have gone out into every walk of life, not only in California, but all over the world.

Pacific was located in the town of Santa Clara until 1871. Then the college made its first move — just a couple of miles

to the College's first campus in San Jose. You might think it almost prophetic of its second move, which was to come 56 years later, that the new campus in San Jose was on a tract of land recorded as "The Stockton Rancho" and it was here that old "U.P." entered the best years of its earlier life - the golden era of its 19th century history.

President Stratton was inaugurated here in 1878. We have mentioned the first president, Mr. Bannister, and you will hear some more about the two latest presidents, but most of the rest of them you will have to read about in Dr. Hunt's book - there have been 18 of them. It's recognized as an important position in American life - the college presidency. All college presidents are listed in Who's Who. You could tell the story of a college in terms of its presidents.

Dr. Stratton was a good president and a fortunate one. His ten years were known for their relative prosperity and good feeling at Pacific. In his long and very carefully prepared Inaugural address, Dr. Stratton paid a glowing tribute to Christian teachers:

THE LIGHT COMES UP TO REVEAL STRATTON

STRATTON:

They are inspired by a noble enthusiasm. When they look to the earth, they behold the "footprints of the Creator." If they lift their eyes to the sky, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." And so, through the full round year, "one day uttereth speech unto another, and one night unto another showeth knowledge," until "their line is

gone out through all the earth and whose voice is the voice of the world"; and the students of nature learn in that heavenly "speech" to think God's thoughts after himself."

Whose soul does not kindle as he connects the beautiful forms of nature with the divine skill which fashioned them, or the order of nature with the matchless wisdom which arranged it?

DR. STRATTON CONCLUDES THE SPEECH AS IF IT WERE THE END OF HIS ADDRESS. BOWING SLIGHTLY AND DOFFING HIS MORTAR BOARD, HE TURNS AWAY. THE NARRATOR INTERCEPTS HIM.

NARRATOR: Oh, President Stratton. Could I ask you a question?

STRATTON: Are you a reporter, sir?

NARRATOR: A reporter? Why -- yes. Yes, that's just what I am.

STRATTON: What do you want to ask?

NARRATOR: You have said a great deal in your address about Christian education. Now just what is it that makes a college a Christian college?

STRATTON: Christian teachers. That's why I concluded with my tribute to them. I hope this institution always has them.

NARRATOR: I can assure you it always has.

STRATTON: Yes.

NARRATOR: The faculty of this college today includes the ministers of _____ churches, the directors of _____ church choirs, _____ superintendents of Sunday Schools, the director of a Chinese Christian Center, several church school teachers, a conference lay leader, _____ members of conference commissions, the president of Methodist Men for the conference -- and many other services.

STRATTON: I had no idea. Of course I've just come to the College.

NARRATOR: And the teachers of this college are active in many other services to the community. One has served as a district governor of

Rotary, and several of the prominent government of Hawaii.

STRATTON: Rotary? Kiwanis?

NARRATOR: Yes. Try to look ahead, Dr. Stratton. Pacific is 100 years old. It's beginning its second century.

STRATTON: One hundred years old? Are you a prophet.

NARRATOR: No, sir. Just a reporter.

STRATTON: Any other questions?

NARRATOR: Yes. -- one. Dr. Stratton, Pacific was one of the pioneers of co-education. What are your views on the question?

STRATTON: There is no question about it. After all, this is 1878. In these modern times it should hardly be necessary either to defend or advocate co-education of the sexes. The experiment has proved so uniformly satisfactory, it has ceased to be an experiment. The standings of the institutions which have opened their doors to both sexes are so high that the policy - - - -

THE LIGHT FADES ON STRATTON AND COMES UP ON THE NARRATOR, IN HIS REGULAR POSITION.

NARRATOR: 1878! Modern times. Times have always been modern, haven't they? Every human being that ever lived, lived at the very latest instant of eternity. So it was with Dr. Stratton in 1878. And yet the historians tell us that there have been more revolutionary changes in life since 1878 than there were in all the years of recorded history before that. The fastest changing period of all history -- that's what we are trying to keep up with. That's what the College of the Pacific has had to keep up with. Some of these changes have made a lot of trouble for Pacific. Sometimes it looked as if the College was going under.

Yes, there was a devotion on the part of teachers and students alike. All this was a part of the maturing of Pacific -- out of this emerged the Pacific spirit. Many Pacific traditions grew up during President Stratton's days -- literary societies, glee clubs and high wheel bicycle clubs, campus magazines and newspapers. The Pacific year book, the Naranjado, was begun then. And songs were written -- Pacific's own songs. Mostly they were full of life and the tremendous enthusiasm generated by the tremendous bond of friendship that makes college days so rich and unforgettable.

ON MARY AND JOHN SINGING PIANO INTRODUCTION TO PERIOD SONG BEGINS AND THE LIGHTS COME UP TOGETHER THEY ARE DRESSED
FOR THE PERIOD

Some of the presidents that came after Dr. Stratton had times that were as bad as his were good. But the fall never came when there were no professors willing to report back, and the spring never came, when there were no students to receive their degrees. Pacific has lived through four wars, and -- depressions, and seen other rich institutions grow up beside it -- but there has been a persistence and tenacity about Pacific that has never snapped.

And so the days of Pacific continued, decades rolled by, and the century turned. Now it is really modern times -- the twentieth century!!! Pacific had a big celebration in 1901 for its fiftieth anniversary, the golden jubilee of Pacific. A young professor of history and political science wrote the story of Pacific's first fifty years and it was published in the well-known magazine of the day THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. And this same

young professor of history at the University of the Pacific

LIGHTS TRANSPOSE TO LEFT WHERE THE FOLLOWING PORTION OF THE
SPEECH IS DELIVERED.

Now at length the world stands facing the mighty Pacific:
the United States has entered full-panoplied the arena of earth's
nations, a young giant out of the West — and California holds the
point of supreme strategic value. The Pacific has become the
"New Pacific"; just beyond is "New China", with her teeming
millions who are speedily to assume a place in the citizenship
of the world. So I repeat that this University of the Pacific
which has sent its roots deep down into the best institutions
and noblest sentiments of pioneer times, should feel, must feel,
the impulse of the age and face the century as the New
University of the Pacific.

THE LIGHTS ARE TRANSPOSED TO THE NARRATOR

NARRATOR:

There was real elegance and precision to good public speaking
fifty years ago. That young professor is the same young man
who has written this book — the history of the first 100 years
of Pacific — Rockwell Dennis Hunt. There are ten other
colleges in America celebrating centennials in 1951 — but none
of them has a great historian whose published writings extended
over more than a half century.

THE LIGHTS COME UP CENTER REVEALING MOTHER, FATHER, MARY AND
SUSAN DRESSED IN 1910 MODE, FOR OUT-OF-DOORS AT A FOOTBALL GAME. MARY IS WEARING
THE HIGH TURTLE NECK SWEATER OF THE "PACIFIC GIRL" IN "THE TIGER", 1908.

SUSAN: Here comes John now. What? He's coming to see?

(JOHN ENTERS, IN FOOTBALL CLOTHES)

FATHER: Good game, son, good game!

MOTHER: (ANXIOUSLY) John -- are you all right?

MARY: Sure he's all right. He made a touchdown, didn't he? The Walter Eckersall of C.O.P.

JOHN: It was those big beautiful Pacific dolls on the sidelines (Surveying Mary) Look at that, Mom! What an inspiration to an athlete. It's a wonder we ever lose a game.

SUSAN: John, what do all those big numbers mean?

JOHN: What big numbers?

SUSAN: In the football game. You holler 51-29-127-44- and then everybody falls down.

MARY: That's just so all the men will fall down at the right time.

JOHN: The numbers are the signals, Susie -- they confuse the visiting team.

MARY: To say nothing of the home team.

MOTHER: Well, I shall be glad when the games are over for the season. Are you sure you didn't hurt your knee again, John?

JOHN: It's all right, Mom. I'm in better condition now. You don't get hurt when you're right -- I hope. How do you like our forward pass, Dad?

FATHER: I don't know if I like anybody's forward pass -- just doesn't seem like football.

JOHN: Everybody's doing it.

SUSAN: Doing what?

MARY: The dummy pass.

JOHN: And the forward pass.

FATHER: Sure -- you have to use it.

JOHN: It's here to stay.

FATHER: Give me one good powerful fullback straight up the middle -- that's football.

JOHN: That's mayhem.

FATHER: Where did you get that touchdown play in the third quarter?

JOHN: I never saw that before. It's a daisy.

JOHN: That's one of old man Stagg's plays at Chicago. Boy! I'd like to see one of those Stagg teams in action. We're working on another of his pass formations. I'll show you (JOHN GETS DOWN AS IF TO RECEIVE A PASS FROM CENTER) I take the pass from center (HE PANTOMIMES AS HE DESCRIBES)

MARY: Come on, you, Tiger!

JOHN: Then I run to the right and spin --- (HE DOES SO, AND SUDDENLY PULLS UP SHORT, GRASPING HIS KNEE) Oh! There it goes again!

MOTHER: John! What happened? What's wrong!

JOHN: My knee! (HE LIMPS, ABOUT, GRIMACING WITH PAIN) What luck!

MARY: Hey! Stretcher! Time Out! Pacific man! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Pacific Man!

THE LIGHT FADES ON THE SCENE AND COMES UP ON THE NARRATOR

NARRATOR: Well, all in good time, Pacific was to see a great deal of the football wizardry of old man Stagg -- the grand old man of American football. Many years later he came to Pacific to coach for fourteen years. Through football, he made Pacific famous

throughout the nation.

But the San Jose days of Pacific were definitely numbered. The man who became president after World War I clearly understood that is California's first chartered college was to be of real service in the future it must do some twentieth century pioneering. And thus it was that Pacific was very much in the news in 1922. It was a year of decision for Pacific. Let's try to imagine how that significant moment looked to the people whose business is handling news. The scene is the city desk in the office of the San Jose Mercury-Herald.

SEATED BEHIND IT. THE LIGHTS COME UP LEFT, REVEALING A DESK, WITH CITY EDITOR ACROSS THE DESK FROM HIM, WITH A TYPEWRITER BEFORE HIM, IS A RE-WRITE MAN.

CITY EDITOR: George, anything come in yet on that C.O.P. story?

GEORGE: (ENTERING) I'm waiting for a call now.

EDITOR: I'd like to get that page plated. What have you got after the lead? If we ever get it.

GEORGE: (READING FROM COPY PAPER) Here it is... "Convoked in San Jose for the first time in 50 years the California Conference spent the entire day in debate over the proposed removal of the College of the Pacific to a new location". (TO THE EDITOR) What do you think they're going to do with the old school?

EDITOR: I figure they'll move, if Tully Knoles agrees to go along with them. Kinda hate to see the little old school go.

GEORGE: San Jose will make a big thing out of the State College. Pacific hasn't got much left to go on. With these old buildings they're 50 years behind the times. These little church colleges have had

their day, I guess. They say Stanford picks off all the
good students, and sends their flunks over to Pacific.

EDITOR: Not any more they don't! Not since Knoles took over. A kid
has to have all the entrance requirements to get in there now.
And if he's from Stanford he's got to be able to get back in
Stanford before Pacific will have him.

GEORGE: If they don't let em in easy, they can't get anybody in.
Besides, they'll have to close up their academy if that bill
passes the legislature. They'd better let things limp along
as is.

EDITOR: Maybe. But they can't get Knoles to limp along on that basis.
That's what's making it a real argument. Eight o'clock! Long-
winded bunch of ministers. Everyone of 'em must be delivering
a sermon on the subject.

GEORGE: I'll bet Knoles is on his way back to U.S.C.

EDITOR: I'll just bet you he, and his professors, and his students are
on their way to the San Joaquin Valley. Say, there's an idea!
How do you think the professors see this?

GEORGE: Let's ask some one.

EDITOR: (THUMBING PHONE BOOK) Here...call Ballard 6121...that's Harris;
Dr. J. William Harris, education professor.

GEORGE: Gimme 6121.

EDITOR: Did you see Joe's picture layout on the old building? All we
need is a caption.

GEORGE: If they move, make it "end of the trail". If they stay, "new
lease on life".

EDITOR: You got it backward, George.

GEORGE:

Hello? Dr. W. William Harris? This is the Mercury.

George Spolvin speaking. Tell me, Dr. Harris, if the Collogo of the Pacific should move, would you go along? (TO EDITOR)

He says he'd be happy to...What about the others? Most of them own homes here don't they? Do you think they'd all pull stakes?.....You think most of 'em would go if President Knoles stays with the Collogo? Well, thanks, Dr. Harris, we're waiting for the action of the conference now...Yes...Thanks a lot.

(TO EDITOR) This man Knoles must be a pied-piper. He says they'd all go if the proxy goes.

EDITOR:

That's good. Work in a quote from Harris. This lead is gonna get us more readers than the big red scare. If this goes through, we'll develop a good biography on Knoles for tomorrow. You want to do it?

GEORGE:

Yeh, I'm getting interested.

EDITOR:

Tell em how this scholarly professor of history was sent in here to painlessly fold up a little music collogo, but stayed to lead it into a promised land. With a comfortable berth waiting for him back at U.S.C., he takes the hard way.

GEORGE:

Can I tell about football, and throwing ropes...some human interest stuff.

EDITOR:

You can't make it more human than Knoles. (BELL RINGS) City Desk? Oh yes, fine! Yes, we were waiting (TO GEORGE) This is it...I'll take it, hold the other phone, George. Will Knoles be retained as President..Unhuh....Tell me, who was the big gun? Uh-huh...Anything further on where the new campus will be? ... Well, thanks very much for your trouble. No that's all

we need tonight. You'll have someone to help us on your
conference appointments Monday? All right. Thanks again.

'Bye. Did you get it, George.

GEORGE:

Sure!! How's this for a load?.....After 71 years, mostly at
San Jose, the Collogo of the Pacific will move to a new
location. A drive to finance a new campus was authorized late
last night by the California Annual Conference of the Methodist
Church in session here. Dr. Tully C. Knoles, former chairman
of the history department of the University of Southern
California, will remain in the presidency of the institution,
California's first chartered collogo. Bishop Adna W. Leonard,
a principal champion for the proposal to take the collogo to
a new area of service, predicted a great new era for the church-
related school with Knoles at the helm. If surveys support the
belief that there is unusual need for opportunity for higher
educational service in the San Joaquin Valley, the Collogo may
seek a home in one of the interior cities. Convened in San Jose
for the first time in 50 years, the California Conference.....

EDITOR:

That's where I came in. It's okay. Put it to bed.

GEORGE WHIPS PAPER INTO SPINDLE AND STARTS TYPING

NARRATOR:

By 1936, President Tully C. Knoles had conferred more degrees on
graduated of Pacific than all the presidents before him. It was
a new golden era for the collogo. He traveled farther than
- Isaac Owon would have dreamed possible, to carry the story of
Pacific into every community in California.

Pacific life really flowered on the new campus at Stockton.
Pacific spirit was real and strong. It was another period of

song. Out of this transition period came the beautiful song
Pacific Hail. And then, during the early years at Stockton, a
lot of ringing, swinging, campus tunes - like HUNGRY TIGERS! -
GET THE OLD CHEERS RINGING - and sentimental numbers like this
one were are going to hear now. It written in 1926: LOVE
SONG OF PACIFIC.

LIGHTS COME UP CENTER ON JOHN AND MARY WHO SING "LOVE SONG OF
PACIFIC. THEY ARE DRESSED IN CAMPUS CLOTHES OF THE '20's.

NARRATOR: You know, Pacific isn't a pioneer college just because it was
founded one hundred years ago. It is a pioneer college because
the people who began it - and the people who continue it to this
present moment - have had something of the pioneer spirit within
them. At every critical moment in the life of the college, Pacific
has had a pioneer leader.

Between 1851 and 1900, there were ten churches connected
colleges founded in Northern California. But only the first -
Pacific - has persisted to this day. What's the answer?
Pioneering. Let me tell you about the latest Pacific pioneer -
President Robert E. Burns.

When he delivered his inaugural address in 1947 his subject
was "Pioneer or Perish" - and he has proceeded to illustrate his
address in the years that have followed.

That's why Pacific now has its new program of Christian
Community Administration, training young people for various
Christian social service careers. That's why Pacific has its own
Marine Station for biological sciences over on the coast at
Dillon Beach; that's why Pacific has many new major academic

courses such as the major in International Relations; that's why Pacific has the first big summer music camp in the West - and its unique summer theatre at the historic Fallon House in the gold hills of the old Mother Lode - that's why Pacific's graduate work has been extended now to include the Doctor of Education degree - that's why Pacific is working so hard to finance a great new library - that's why Pacific has the educational leadership of interior California as it moves on into its second century - pioneering!

NEAR THE END OF THE NARRATOR'S SPEECH, THE LIGHTS HAVE COME UP CENTER AGAIN, REVEALING THE FAMILY GROUP, AS THEY WERE IN THE ORIGINAL SCENE.

FATHER: Well, John - and Mary - if you had it all to do over, would you want to come to Pacific again?

JOHN: Mary would, that's for sure. If she didn't, she wouldn't meet Mr. Charlie Johnson.

MARY: Speak for yourself, Johnny Morgan.

JOHN: That's what half the girls come to college for in the first place.

MARY: Charlie Johnson? Un-uh! Only me!

FATHER: After all, that's a perfectly logical and good reason for girls to go on to college. Best place in the world to find the right kind of husband.

MOTHER: Oh, I don't know about that, Mr. James Morgan.

MARY: Well, let's not write any more essays tonight. We've all got our degrees.

SUSAN: I haven't.

MARY: You willing, Susan, class of 1968. Ready to go Mother?

MOTHER: In a minute. First we have a couple of little things for you two ~~-----~~ just a little graduation token.

MARY: Oh, Mother.

MOTHER TAKES A LITTLE PACKAGE FROM HER BAG AND GIVES IT TO MARY. FATHER TAKES ONE FROM HIS POCKET AND HANDS IT TO JOHN.

JOHN: Thanks, Dad.

MARY: (UNWRAPPING THE GIFT) I wonder.....

JOHN: (HOLDING HIS TO HIS EAR) I don't. It's a watch. Thanks again, both of you -- all three of you.

MARY: (OPENING THE BOX) OH, John, look --

JOHN: That is a beauty!

MARY: A wrist watch! Wonderful! Oh mother -- just a little token!

JOHN: (DISPLAYING HIS) But how do you like this apple?

MARY: Oh, they're gorgeous, both of them. John, look, they have tiny little College of the Pacific emblems on them. How perfect. (She gives both Mother and Father a kiss).

JOHN: This is good for a lifetime. I'll carry it always.

FATHER: I hope you can, son.

JOHN: You hope I can? Why not -- you gave it to me, Pop.

FATHER: Yes. But you can see, John, it's a very civilian sort of watch.

JOHN: Oh. Sure, that. Well you can't tell -- who knows? Maybe they'll forget all about me.

FATHER: That's what we were hoping too. No such luck.

JOHN: Oh?

FATHER: (TAKING ENVELOPE FROM HIS POCKET) This was in the mail Friday.

JOHN: Already?

FATHER:

John, this may be the first big test of what a college education means - for you.

JOHN:

(OPENING THE LETTER AND SCANNING IT) Greeting! (HE READS SILENTLY) Well, I got a month's vacation, anyway. Report for physical examination - twelve, July 1951.

THEY ARE ALL SILENT. THE SOUND OF THE CHIMES PLAYING "PACIFIC HAIL" BEGINS AGAIN. THEY LISTEN FOR A MOMENT.

MARY:

Pacific! Pacific!
Alma mater, mother glorious
Through five score of years victorious.

MOTHER:

What are those words, Mary?

MARY:

They are from Dean Farley's centennial poem.

MOTHER:

We'd like to hear it.

MARY READS PACIFIC! PACIFIC! AS CHIMES CONTINUE IN BACKGROUND
TIMED SO THAT THE LAST PHRASES ARE HEARD AFTER THE POEM IS ENDED AND AS THE LIGHTS
FADE.

THE END