

SEVENTY\*FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Monographi personnae: Observer  
Chorus  
Preacher  
Addison Clark  
Randolph Clark

Enter the Observer. He lights the lanterns and turns to the audience:

Observer: I am the Observer.  
I make the introductions and I prompt the readers.  
I tie the events and the elements of our celebration together:  
(He nails up the 75th placque.)  
There: Now we are ready to begin!  
(He walks down to his place, puts on his coat, bows, smiles, clears his throat:)

PRELUDE:

Seventy-five years!  
That's a long time:  
A lifetime and a little more.  
Seventy-five years  
Of parching winds and raw weathers,  
Blowing sand and prairie thistles,  
And sun, hot and brilliant!  
It is hard to make things grow in a place like the prairie.  
It means try again and again and fight and fight,  
And usually the result is stunted: a seared and dwarfish thing,  
And so one starts again and fights and struggles, refusing to give in!  
That has been the fibre of our years:  
Of every one of the seventy-five.  
But we have won!  
Because of the strength of our will!  
Because of our obduracy!  
Because we had to struggle with the prairie:

(Enter five men and one girl. Observer sits down in his chair at the foot of the stage.)

RHAPSODY: The Prairie:

Men: The prairie is a terrifying thing.  
3 Right: It is flat!  
2 Left: It is immense!  
Men: It stretches as far as the eyesight!  
3 Right: No mountains to look up to!

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2 Left: Only the wide blue sky  
So frightening in its profundity!

3 Right: Hot, scorching sun!

2 Left: Burning winds and blowing sand!

3 Right: Terrifying sunsets that blaze like the flames of hell!

2 Left: A playground for the elements  
With no place for men to take shelter!

Men: This is no land for us!  
This is not our legacy!

(Observer rises and says:)

Observer: But the women speak with different concepts:  
Their language is sweet but strong!  
They often say the word that bears the empire!  
(He sits down again.)

LYRIC:

Girl: When the sweet winds of spring  
Steal over this wilderness,  
It shall be changed  
To a place of loveliness.

Out of this earth  
Shall spring the bluebonnet, the winecup and the wild sage.  
And after the rains  
This seemingly barren place shall be a sea of waving grass  
For our herds to feed upon.

By gathering sweetness  
When it is here,  
With mindful providence  
We shall make it last the year!

I shall learn to love the liveoak and mesquite  
As much as I loved the poplar that used to shade my doorstep,  
Though their whisper is subtler.  
This seems to me our place, our land!

This place knows a native dignity:  
A majesty that is strange,  
Yet it shall be ours if we stop here!

Men: We see the hard part of it!  
We know there are no homes without materials!  
We think in terms of

2 Left: Blisters!

3 Right: Sweat!

2 Left: And aching muscles!

Men: We feel the disappointments and the hardships when our plans fail!  
 The prairie seems an awful beast to tame!  
 But most of all we fear the change that such a place shall force  
 upon us,  
 For the prairie is a kingdom to itself!

Girl: We see the worst of it,  
 Then see the best!  
 Nothing is all bad!  
 And we want a home,  
 A place to take root:

"Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule,  
 Which have no understanding, for  
 The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.  
 Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord:  
 His seed shall be mighty upon the earth:  
 Wealth and riches shall be in his house."

(Enter Preacher)

Men: What shall we do?

Girl: What does the spirit of our religion recommend?

Sermon:

Preacher: We have not come to shrink from obligations  
 Nor did we think to make a home without hardships!  
 Hardships help to make a strong morality  
 If they are referred to God,  
 "Glory to the victor, and victory to the brave!"  
 That is what Alexander Campbell said,  
 And I say:  
 Let us build here,  
 Mindful of the promise:  
 "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord:  
 His seed shall be mighty upon the earth:  
 Wealth and riches shall be in his house."

Chorus: Amen! So be it! Amen!

Right: We shall stay!

Left: We shall build!

Preacher: And ....  
 "An individual or two in a pagan land  
 May talk about the Christian religion,  
 And may exhibit its morality  
 As far as respects mankind in general:  
 But it is impossible to give a clear,  
 A satisfactory, a convincing exhibition of it,  
 In any other way than by exhibiting a church,  
 Not on paper,  
 But in actuality as divinely appointed!"

Chorus: Amen! So be it! Amen!

4

(Preacher sits on right of stage)

(Observer gets up.)

Observer: They stayed and built homes and churches,  
And after the rains,  
The grass appeared in long waving avenues of green,  
And the prairie was a peculiar paradise.  
Their herds prospered  
And their families increased.  
But all was not sweet:  
Forever present to their minds was  
The indictment of labor:

(Preacher rises)

P

Preacher: "In the sweat of thy face  
Shalt thou eat bread ....!"

Observer: And they learned to wear that dignity  
Native to the prairie:  
A rough-hewn dignity  
Clad in homespun and rawhide:  
Yet a nobility,  
For all that!  
It was inevitable  
That out of this people  
There should arise  
A school.  
The people had already voiced an appeal:

Man: There must be a school for my son!

Girl: There must be a school for my daughter!

Chorus: Our children must have wisdom.

(Preacher rises)

Preacher: After building a church  
The next thing in importance is  
To build a school!

Observer: The brothers Clark,  
Addison and Randolph,  
On their return to Ft. Worth after the war  
Conceived it:

(Enter Addison and Randolph)

Addison: The best thing any man  
Can do for the South  
Is to build it with citizens:  
This means building a proper school!

Randolph: We shall build it!  
That means awesome responsibilities  
And years of one's life.

Addison: It means moulding character  
And strengthening intelligence.

3.

It means teaching others  
To evaluate and use their freedom.  
It means battling prejudices  
And proving a Christian way of life  
In which men are brothers.

Randolph: We shall build a liberal and progressive school  
With equal privileges  
For boy and girl!

Observer: The school was conceived  
And born on the prairie.  
It was a prairie child.  
They christened it Add-Ran  
Inasmuch as it was dear  
To both of them.  
But the Clarks believed that  
Children should be nurtured in the country,  
Away from the distractions of the town:  
They took the young school  
To a pleasant place,  
To a verdant home-site  
Called Thorp Spring.  
It was a wonderful retreat.  
Our minds are full of  
Choice remembrances of it.

(Observer sits down)

Thorp Spring Hedley:

CHORALE:

Chorus: Through the cedars and the liveoaks,  
By that living spring of water,  
Ran the waters of a deeper source:  
Those of the well of knowledge.  
To that refuge from the prairie  
To the coolness of its shadow  
Came the children of the plainsmen:  
They who dwelt out on the prairie,  
Came to drink and to refresh themselves,  
To grow in truth and knowledge.  
That grove, sacred to Comanche,  
Claimed the homage of the plainsmen.

(Observer stands)

Observer: That was the childhood setting  
Of Add-Ran.  
But I speak of childhood  
Merely in reference to years,  
For Add-Ran began  
With a prodigious  
Course of study:  
Classical and practical,  
To produce a finished scholar.

6.

Those first teachers  
Were not cast-offs,  
Found unworthy in their scholarship  
To teach at other colleges  
That payed much better wages!  
No!  
They were scholars,  
Those professors:  
They possessed a solid learning,  
And they had a true vocation:  
One that called for  
Giving freely  
Of oneself and one's instructions  
Building, moulding  
Young ambition,  
Diagnosing native talents.  
In a word:  
    Spending a lifetime  
    In devotion to an ideal!  
    And that ideal was their pattern:

Chorus:     And Jesus advanced  
              In Wisdom  
              And Stature  
              And in Favor  
              With God  
              And Man.

Observer:   We cannot give great teachers their deserts.  
              The only thing that speaks their praise enough  
              Is their best students, whose success depends  
  so much upon them.  
              The professors of those early days were not all men,  
              There were some women among them  
              Who brought with them a fine culture  
              And they transplanted it in the soil of the prairie.  
              Those finer cultures such as literature  
              With fragile arts like poetry  
              Are hard to teach to minds that are not used to  
              Dainties.  
              Those women had to create an atmosphere for them,  
              And a strong apology for their existence.  
              It is a significant fact that some of those women  
              Sleep in the tiny cemetery at Thorp Spring.  
              Is it strange that we are sentimental about their Memory?

(Observer sits down)

ELEGY:

Girl:       There she sleeps, a maiden lady.  
              Do not bother with her name!  
              It's not who she was that matters.  
              What she was is her sole claim.

Chorus:     Was she blue-eyed, pink-cheeked, lovely?  
              Was she homely? Was she fair?  
              Was she slight, small-waisted, graceful?  
              Had she black or golden hair?

Girl: These are no consideration!  
To the children of the plain  
She was Juliet! She was Portia!  
She was sorrowing Elaine!

She turned ridicule to wonder;  
She unlocked for them a store  
Of precious, fragile beauties  
They had never known before.

There she sleeps, a maiden lady.  
No one now recalls her name!  
It's not who she was that matters.  
What she did brought others fame!

(Observer rises)

Observer: Something must be said for those early students, too.  
Born on the prairies, they were high-spirited and untamed.  
They clashed with the rigid discipline of Add-Ran,  
But that was good for them.  
Addison Clark was the champion of discipline.  
He even made it a part of the school motto:

Addison: Disciplina est facultas.  
Discipline is the faculty.

Observer: So the conflict raged between discipline, in the person of  
Mr. Addison,  
And those wild sons of the prairie.

BALLAD:

Left Men: We're sons of the prairie!  
We're wild as the breeze!  
We kick up our heels  
And we do what we please!  
We ride fiery broncos!  
We bulldog the steer!  
We're rough-ridin' hombres!  
We're men without fear!

Chorus: Hi Oh! Whoopee! We're men without fear!

Right men: We're rough and we're reckless!  
We don't wear a brand!  
It takes a tough foreman  
To keep us in hand!  
We can't stand corralin'!  
We won't stay in ranks!  
We like wild confusion  
And love playin' pranks!

Chorus: Hi Oh! Whoopee! We love playin' pranks!

Solo: One night after "light out"  
When all were in bed,  
We slipped out the windows  
And made for the shed.  
Mr. Addison's surrey  
Was somethin' unique,  
And we planned how we's pull it  
Out into the creek!

Chorus: Hi Oh! Whoopee! Out into Stone Creek!

Solo: Softly we pulled it  
Along the old path,  
Expectin' to give the new surrey  
A bath!  
When the wheels touched the water,  
We stopped as if dead.  
The curtains had parted  
And out popped a head!

Chorus: Hi Oh! Whoopee! Mr. Addison's head!

Addison: Young sirs!

Solo: He addressed us.

Addison: I've enjoyed the ride  
But it's long past 'lights out'  
And you should be inside.  
You gentlemen know  
That you should be in bed  
So please pull my surrey  
Back to the shed.

Chorus: Hi Oh! Whoopee! We went back to the shed!

Observer: Yes, they went back to the shed,  
But they could take a lot  
Like the horned-frog, another son of the prairie!  
That is why they chose the horned-frog  
For their symbol

Growth necessitates mutation:  
The growing child changes both visibly and spiritually.  
At last the day arrives when he leaves home  
To take up his existence somewhere else.  
All-Ran left its lovely Thorp Spring home  
And moved into the town of Waco.  
And shortly afterwards took a new name: Texas Christian University.  
The students missed the cool, green country-setting of  
Thorp Spring,  
But they knew the penalties of looking back!  
They looked ahead, appraising what they had:

Chorus: Their pristine spirit!  
Their love of earnestness!  
Their constant progress  
And their unity!

Observer: Their unity was really admirable,  
And there in Waco, it was emphasized:  
One building housed them:  
Huge and beautiful,  
It rose out of the barren countryside  
Like some great castle  
Or a breasted fort  
Erected to defend that unity.  
It was, indeed, a living monument:  
A noble soul was housed in dignity.  
Such dignity and unity, it seems,  
Embodied always in a vertical,  
Must stand the judgement of that primal force  
That levels all and challenges the man  
Who builds a tower and defies the plain!  
The awful challenge came in violence.  
It mocked the brightness of the prairie sun:

FANTASIA: The Fire:

Girl: Fire!

1st. Fire!

2nd. Fire!

3rd. Fire!

Left: Fire!

4th. Fire!

5th. Fire!

6th. Fire!

Right: Fire!

All: Where? Where?

Left: Look! Look! There's the proof:  
Two tiny flames along the roof!

Girl: Fire! Fire!

Right: Two tiny flames! See how they bite  
Into the darkness of the night!

Girl: Fire! Fire!

Left: Now there are three!

Right: Now there are four!

Left: They begin to crackle!

Right: They begin to roar!

Girl: Fire! Fire!

1st. Now they dance and weave and fight!

2nd. Now they dance and weave and fight!

1st. -In a terrifying flight!

2nd. In a terrifying flight!

Girl: Fire! Fire!

3rd. Rushing, roaring, hissing flame!

4th. Rushing, roaring, hissing flame!

5th. Rushing, roaring, hissing flame!

Girl: Fire! Fire!

1st. Shrieking, screaming, climbing high!

2nd. Shrieking, screaming, climbing high!

Girl: Fire! Fire!

Left: Shining, burning, blinding flash!

Right: Shining, burning, blinding flash!

Left: Ripping, falling, deafening roar!

Right: Ripping, falling, deafening roar!

Girl: Fire! Fire!

Right: Smoke and Flame!

Left: Smoke and Flame!

Right: Hiss and Roar!

Left: Hiss and Roar!

Girl: Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

Right: The flames decrease!

Left: The roarings cease!

Girl: Gone! Gone!

Right: The fire is past!

Left: Darkness at last!

Girl: Gone! Gone!

Right: All is blackness!

Left: All is darkness!

Men: All is gone!

Girl: Gone! Gone!

Preacher: No! No! God is not gone!  
Providence is with us still!  
Thank God! Not a life was lost!

Observer: It was a fact:  
That awful fire had reduced the school  
To an empty skeleton  
Yet not a life was lost.  
Not a person was harmed  
Except by the loss of material effects.  
That evidence of the presence of Divine Providence  
Was enough to encourage going on!  
Out of those ashes rose that immortal phoenix,  
The school spirit,  
More resplendant because of its trial by fire.  
It returned to Ft. Worth.  
It had proven its right to existence  
And its privilege of building  
Always vertical, always ascending, progressing!

Within six years  
The school claimed  
Its first million  
In buildings and equipment,  
The first great World War  
Did much to change the  
Complexion of those days.  
A memorial arch reminds us  
Of its impact;  
The school fest  
The loss of many of its youths  
And the effects of damaged finances.  
But there are always  
Pleasant things  
To compensate for disappointments:  
The fiftieth anniversary approached,  
And as an overture to this great fete  
Came the official recognition as a University  
By the Southern Association.  
Already the Frogs were known  
For their strength and endurance  
On the gridiron.

Chorus: Yea! Purple!  
Yea! White!  
Yea! Froggies  
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Observer: Texas Christian University!  
Born of the prairie!  
Proven on the prairie!  
Only one thing now was lacking:  
That the prairie should insure it  
And support it with its riches!  
Long ago, at the beginning  
The soft voice of a woman  
Helped determine the existence  
Of that empire of the prairie  
Out of which the school had risen.  
Now the voice of a woman  
Rose again in confirmation,  
So that nothing would be lacking!  
All those women in our history  
Have deserved a worthy tribute,  
This one falls within our province,  
Mary Burnett spoke out in our own quarter  
Since the fiftieth anniversary:

DEDICATION:

Girl: Convention designates a woman's place:  
To work and suffer much, but silently.  
She nurtures promises in infancy;  
Educating with maternal grace  
Each native talent. And she meditates  
The processes that give to every man  
Success' pride, or bitter failure's ban.  
She knows and silently appreciates.  
She seldom speaks, yet sometimes without fear  
She loudly voices judgement. All attend.  
Her sage advices often change the trend  
Of resolution caught in danger's sphere.  
In Canaan what a miracle was done  
When Mary told her wishes to her son!

Observer: It is the men who build,  
But it is the women who say the word.  
This time a woman spoke again,  
Channeling the riches of the prairie:  
The wealth accruing from great herds of cattle,  
The riches flowing forth in rich, black oil,  
Into the domain of the school.  
All her power in wealth  
And all her wealth in power,  
She gave to our university:

ANTHEM:

Chorus: A school is not one person or two.

Left: It is an entity, itself!

Right: It is the realization of a dream!

Chorus: We cannot say enough about a school.  
It is an idea to meditate upon!

- 1st,           We cannot name all those who make it.
- 2nd.:          They are known by one name:
- Chorus:       Magnanimity!
- 3rd.:          Whether they give in service or in money.
- 4th.:          Whether they are millionaires or men of humble means.
- 5th:           Whether their riches are of the pocket or of the heart.
- 6th:           Whether they give prayers or help prayers to be answered.
- Chorus:       Their name is magnanimity!

LITANY:

- Chorus:       Blessed forever is the Prairie, our Mother,
- 1st:           Its fruits, its grasslands and its cattle are exalted.
- 2nd:           Its black oil spewing forth to prove its richness.
- 3rd:           Its people who bore this school and suffered with it.
- 4th:           The names of those hitherto unsung,  
The names we do not know and never shall.
- 5th:           The school itself is blessed in fruitfulness.
- Preacher:     Blessed is the church that gave it strength.

EPILOGUE:

- Observer:     Seventy-five years!  
We may call them glorious and great,  
We see increment,  
The blessing of such age.  
We witness present guidance of sage minds  
Fortified with deep experience,  
And wisdom lives in actuality.....  
Standing on this prospect here and now  
We see clear presages of future wonderment  
Promising still greater things to come.  
We put our foot to the first step  
That leads up to that promontory:

All:           One Hundred Years!

Exit all but Observer who extinguishes the lanterns, bows and exits.