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SEMI-CENTENNIAL
HIGH JINKS
IN THE GROVE



HELD IN FIELD CIRCLE
ON THE NIGHT OF FRIDAY
JULY 28, 1922

HAIG PATIGIAN
SIRE

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*Manila
1922*

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RICARDO J. OROZCO, PRINTER, SAN FRANCISCO

The Cast

TRADITION:	Dion Holm
BOHEMIA:	William B. Hanley, Jr.
THOMAS NEWCOMB:	Austin W. Sperry, Jr.
COLONEL CREMONY:	J. Wilson Shields
DANIEL O'CONNELL:	Emmett Vogan
JAMES F. BOWMAN:	Richard M. Hotaling
F. G. KENNEY:	E. Malcolm Cameron
SANDS W. FORMAN:	J. Boyd Oliver
FREDERICK WHYMPER:	E. Leslie Taylor
J. N. H. IRWIN:	E. Courtney Ford
PARKER:	Harold Baxter

Voices Off Stage

RICHARD M. HOTALING *and* EDGAR PEIXOTTO

Band

PAUL STEINDORFF, *Conductor*

A. R. Alexander, Melville Baker, E. H. Baxter, W. S. Beach,
E. C. Bennett, A. W. Best, F. L. Button, C. P. Chamberlain, A. W. Christie,
W. G. Corlett, A. E. Cross, J. R. Davis, C. C. Diebold, L. J. Duprey,
C. A. Gwynn, J. H. Kitchen, F. Long, B. M. Melvin,
J. G. Melvin, R. C. Melvin, A. H. Parsons, W. T. Pidwell,
E. L. Pimentel, G. Pomeroy, H. G. Ridgway, L. Schivo,
H. V. Stockton, C. E. Wayland, George Wihr

Triple Quartette

C. F. Bulotti, Chester Herold, E. V. Holton, W. R. Kneiss, George Lane,
Richard Lundgren, Frank Mueller, Raymond O'Brien,
H. L. Perry, J. I. Thomas, C. F. Volker, M. H. White

Chorus

M. Angell, M. Anger, A. A. Arbogast, R. A. Brown, P. S. Carlton,
W. L. Cozzens, M. E. Creswell, T. G. Elliott, J. O. England, C. E. Engvick,
C. J. Evans, W. B. Fiedlitz, H. Freeman, E. Gerson, R. A. Glenn,
C. E. Greenfield, C. Harris, R. B. Heath, Chester Herold,
E. V. Holton, W. F. Hooke, O. Johnson, A. G. Kellogg, W. R. Kneiss,
R. H. Lachmund, George Lane, Charles M. Lee, R. Lundgren,
R. I. Lynas, F. A. Mack, H. Malde, E. H. McCandlish, J. McEwing,
F. Mueller, A. E. Meyers, R. M. Neilly, R. O'Brien, H. L. Perry,
G. B. Peterson, R. Probasco, G. Purlenky, E. W. Roland,
J. S. Selfridge, B. M. Stich, A. H. Still, J. F. Talbot, J. M. Teel,
J. A. Thomas, W. B. Thompson, C. F. Volker, P. H. Ward,
M. H. White, G. R. Williams, W. S. Wilson, A. Y. Wood
Austin W. Sperry

SEMI-CENTENNIAL HIGH JINKS

FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 28TH

NINETEEN
TWENTY-TWO



[The BAND plays one or two selections as the members enter and are seated in Field Circle. When the members are assembled, the SIRE appears on the stage.]

THE SIRE.

Gentlemen: On the night of May 17th of this year, we observed in our City home the fiftieth anniversary of the Club's incorporation, and most appropriately on that occasion we invited the Old Guard to be our special guests of honor.

The annual midsummer encampment, which originated forty-four years ago, has been a vitally important factor in the Club's life and, in view of the fact that at this period of the encampment we are represented by practically the entire membership of the Club, it is most fitting that we commemorate the Club's fiftieth birthday for a second time in these fields of our highest endeavor, and under these trees which are living emblems of immortality.

At its baptismal, half a century ago, our Bohemian ancestors dedicated this Club to the Gods of Art, Literature, Music, and the Drama, and in its infant hands they placed the gospel of fellowship. Over this foundation the structure of Bohemian principles has steadily risen for the past fifty years. And so, despite a humble beginning, the Bohemian

Club has grown and prospered, since the Arts and Fellowship have combined to hold high Bohemian standards.

From the lowly abode of 1872 in Montgomery Street, where a handful of members laid the foundations of this institution, to our present Club-house and this enchanted Forest, the Club has traveled a most eventful path. Alas, during that journey of fifty years, many of our predecessors were obliged to discontinue their progress and lie on the wayside to rest. But those who followed from year to year took up the enterprise and traditions of the former, and carried them forward.

In the early stages of this journey—on June 29, 1878—President Harry Edwards led us to the cooling and restful shades of the redwoods, so that we might assemble in a place of rest and recreation, and come into closer communion with each other. We have since found that the spell of these trees has stimulated our muses and developed our minds for higher thoughts and worthy achievements in the service of the objects to which the Club is consecrated.

And since we have come to this Grove to reap in fraternal coöperation the annual harvest of our labors in Art, Music, Literature, and the Drama, it is, as I have said, most appropriate that we again celebrate here the fiftieth birthday of our Club.

At my request, a special march has been composed and orchestrated for our Club Band by that splendid Bohemian genius, HENRY HADLEY, and dedicated to the Club. It is entitled *The Fiftieth Anniversary March of the Bohemian Club*, and will now be rendered by the Band, and under the leadership of Paul Steindorff

[BAND renders "*The Fiftieth Anniversary March of the Bohemian Club.*"]

THE SIRE.

Gentlemen: Every land boasts of its History and Traditions, and no one can feel true pride and interest in his own land or tribe who is not familiar with its history and its past. This fact applies also to us of the realm of Bohemia. It may be well here to remind some of the Bohemians of the present generation that, if they have not already done so, they should not neglect reading the Annals of the Bohemian Club. Three volumes, now in existence, cover the period from the Club's foundation to 1895. During the last year, Clay Greene, who has inhabited Bohemia for forty-six years, has been at work on the continuation of these Annals, which will eventually be brought up to the present day and carried on. For your information I will say that those who wish to acquire the existing volumes of the Annals for their own libraries may do so by applying at the office of the Club

And now, gentlemen, I beg your attention to what will follow, for the night will now be in the hands of TRADITION.

[A spotlight, gradually brought on, discloses the figure of TRADITION on the hillside. A moment later, another light discovers the BOHEMIAN YOUTH as he gropes his way and looks about in wonderment. As he nears TRADITION, he stops with awe and extends his hands.]

TRADITION.

Welcome into the past, child of Bohemia!

BOHEMIA.

Pray, tell me, venerable unknown, before whose august presence I stand.

TRADITION.

If I be unknown to you, Bohemian neophyte, it is well that you knew me and learned from me the story of Bohemia. I come from the recesses of Time; with me I carry the record of former years. The aged rejoice in my company, for I bring to them souvenirs of earlier days. I recall to mankind song, story, and laughter of the long ago. I am the Memory of the Past. I AM TRADITION!

BOHEMIA.

You are the one, then, whom I have sought since I came into Bohemia. And now that I stand in your presence, pray relate to me, FATHER TRADITION, the story of Bohemia. Tell me of its origin, and its romance.

TRADITION.

Sit before me, lad, and attend, for you typify the Bohemian of the present generation, who should learn more of the Club's origin and familiarize himself with the illustrious personages who laid the foundation of the Club, and who were later followed by other distinguished men who added to its fame and made Club history.

BOHEMIA.

Who were the men who originally met to organize the Club?

TRADITION.

On February 20, 1872, a notice was sent to a number of Journalists, which read:

The formation of an association composed of Journalists and other writers having been suggested, you are requested to meet your fellow Journalists at the Editorial Room of the *Examiner*, No. 533 Washington

Street, on the afternoon of Friday, 23rd inst., at half past three o'clock, at which time and place it is proposed to organize such Club.

The first notice was signed by

B. F. AVERY
J. F. BOWMAN
DANIEL O'CONNELL
DELOS J. HOWE
JOS. IRWIN

Committee.

BOHEMIA.

And what was the motive that inspired these men?

TRADITION.

That I will tell you. We are in the year 1872, at San Francisco. Here we have a group of men who are making their living by the practice of the Arts. Among them you see writers, painters, musicians, and actors. They are drawn together by similarity of tastes, and meet frequently in each other's rooms or studios, and at times in subterranean places where they can purchase beer at "a bit" the glass, and listen to an orchestra and singers. Behold, these subterranean places. They are much like Thackeray's *Cave of Harmony*, for the guests are sending the performers complimentary glasses, and at times assist in the performance with their own tuneful voices. And now it is midnight. The morning papers have gone to press and the newspaper men are out of bondage and arriving in groups. They are creating a stir. See the waiters hasten, bearing trays burdened with sausages, sandwiches, cheese, and huge schooners of beer to quench the thirst, and satisfy the hunger of these midnight toilers—each of whom has a good story or a song. But these happy and easy-going gentlemen have other di-

versions. They gather at times at various studios, or meet each other at some home. These bachelor Artists, clubbing together, give entertainments at times in some dingy studio, which is made wildly, barbarically splendid for the occasion. And see where these studios are located. They are on the top floor of some sinister-looking house in the Latin quarter, where the odor of sour wine and the babble of Latin tongues, the darkness of the streets, and the proximity of the Barbary Coast all tend to make the going and coming an adventure. Nor are the Journalists behindhand, as you can see. Nothing can be more delightful than this Sunday morning breakfast, to which James Bowman has invited a chosen few. The breakfast began at twelve, and it is now four in the afternoon as the guests adjourn to the Parlor to hear this pale, slender youth, Charles Warren Stoddard, play something on the piano suitable to tea and twilight. See the Artists who are drawing cartoons on the tablecloths as the entertainment progresses. Yonder Mrs. Bowman has made a picture gallery of these tablecloths, and probably has none left for domestic purposes. These men you now behold have come together from time to time in this manner prior to 1872; and now an idea has simultaneously originated in their minds of forming a Club. They are enthused over it, and they have called meetings, in social guise, to put the project in shape. And now the Art Association is founded, and the zeal of the Artists is somewhat diverted since they can gather in their own Institute and talk to each other of their craft. It seems as though the cause of the Club is languishing; but now the Journalists are coming to the rescue and reviving the project of the Club. They are determined to consummate their long cherished plan, and have issued a notice to a chosen few. Daniel O'Connell, Sands Forman, Joseph Irwin, Thomas Newcomb, James Bowman, and Col. John C. Cremony are ac-

tively engaged in the enterprise. And now we are in the editorial rooms of the San Francisco *Examiner*. It is the fifth day of February, 1872. Some of the gentlemen of whom you have heard are arriving to hold a meeting to form the Bohemian Club. They have now accomplished the task of founding the Club, and are joined by the Artists, Musicians, and Actors. These latter gentlemen unite with the Journalists and dedicate the organization to Art, Literature, Music, and the Drama, deciding also to admit those who, by their love and appreciation of these objects, may be deemed eligible.

BOHEMIA.

It is the recital of an enchanting romance. Pray tell me, SIR TRADITION, by what circumstance the Club was named Bohemian?

TRADITION.

It is a continuation of the same happy, impulsive romance. The name Bohemian was given the Club at its second meeting, held on February 17, 1872. I will let you have a glimpse into the past, so that you may see and hear what transpired in the editorial office of Thomas Newcomb on that day.

[A woodland curtain on the stage at this time has been drawn aside, and a gradual light discloses the scene of the second meeting of the Club.]

SCENE.

Editorial Rooms, desk covered with papers, several chairs.

[Mr. NEWCOMB is seated before desk, writing. Mr. NEWCOMB consults his watch; rings bell.]

[Enter PARKER, servant.]

PARKER.

Did you ring, MR. NEWCOMB?

NEWCOMB.

Yes, PARKER; some gentlemen will be here shortly, and we will hold a meeting for the purpose of naming the new Club. I want you to have a bottle of wine ready, so that at the end of the meeting we may drink a baptismal toast. I will ring when the time comes.

PARKER.

Yes, sir.

[Just as PARKER turns to exit, enter O'CONNELL and CREMONY, conversing and laughing. PARKER bows and exits.]

[Business of NEWCOMB and new comers greeting each other.]

O'CONNELL.

Are we the first to arrive, Tom?

NEWCOMB.

Yes, the others should be here any minute. In fact, I hear some of them coming now.

[Enter BOWMAN, followed by SANDS FORMAN and JOE IRWIN.]

IRWIN.

Hello, Colonel! How do you do, Dan? *[Hand shaking and words of greeting.]*

[Enter FREDERICK WHYMPER and F. A. KENNEY. Continued greetings.]

WHYMPER.

Are there to be any others at this meeting, except ourselves?

NEWCOMB.

I think not. Avery and Howe sent word that they would not be able to attend, but would be satisfied with whatever action we took in regard to any name we decide to give the Club.

O'CONNELL.

Well, thank heaven that we will at last get down to business and christen the new Club. Gentlemen, I make a motion that Tom Newcomb act as chairman of this meeting.

NEWCOMB

I would rather someone else have that honor.

CHORUS.

No! No!

O'CONNELL.

All those in favor signify by saying Aye.

CHORUS.

Aye! Aye!

NEWCOMB.

Very well, gentlemen, many thanks for this distinguished compliment. And now we might as well come to order and get down to work.

[Business of members taking their seats informally.]

The business of this meeting, gentlemen, as you know, is

the selection of a name for our new Club. So far, different names have been suggested, but we have come to no decision. Are there any new suggestions?

IRWIN.

MR. CHAIRMAN, I presume that, since the Artists, Actors, and Musicians have stepped out of the enterprise, this will be a Club of Writers.

BOWMAN.

Not by any means. I am certain, MR. CHAIRMAN, that the Artists, Actors, and Musicians have not dropped out altogether. They have merely lacked the initiative, and will join us as soon as things are put into shape.

CREMONY.

Yes, and then we will have an "honest to goodness" Bohemian group.

FORMAN.

How would the Pen and Ink Social Club do?

[Looks of disgust, particularly on faces of O'CONNELL, BOWMAN and CREMONY.]

WHYMPER.

I would suggest the Press Club.

CREMONY.

MR. CHAIRMAN, this will not be a Club composed exclusively of Journalists, but a Club that will include many Artists, Writers, Actors, and Musicians, who form our circle and are a part of our daily life. Besides this, we will undoubtedly admit to membership men in other walks of life who may not be writers, artists, musicians, or actors,

but who will be qualified by virtue of their good fellowship ; and, in my opinion, this is one of the principal elements that prompted us to organize the Club. In the group that will make up our membership I can visualize impecunious followers of the arts, fraternizing with members who are successful in business or endowed with fortune, but who will be on entirely equal footing with each other through the medium of mutual tastes and companionship. A few minutes ago I unwittingly mentioned the word Bohemian. This, in my way of looking at the situation, is a word which will typify the characteristics of the Club we are organizing, and so, MR. CHAIRMAN, I make a motion that this organization be named the Bohemian Club.

KENNEY.

MR. CHAIRMAN, I object to the name of Bohemian Club because it is not a respectable one. The popular notion of a Bohemian is a fellow who buttons his seedy coat to conceal his lack of clean linen ; a long-haired, impecunious person, of talents perhaps, but a painter of pictures shivering in frosty attics, or a writer of poetry starving in cheap restaurants, or else a predatory, disreputable character who devotes his cleverness to borrowing money from his friends, which he never repays. No, gentlemen, clearly the name of Bohemian is not respectable, and I, for one, object to it.

CREMONY [*fiercely*].

To hell with that sort of an argument ! My idea of this Club, MR. CHAIRMAN, is that it will have a sanded floor, a deal table, a keg of beer, plenty of chairs, and plenty of good fellows to sit in them. Let those who lack any new or expensive clothing be equal to their wealthy fellow members through the aristocracy of the arts and letters. In fact, in

my opinion, no wealthy snob who will look down on his less fortunate friend should ever find entrance in this company. Let the rich be generous with their money, while the writers, artists, musicians, and actors give generously of their talents. Such is life in Bohemia ; and I repeat my motion that the Club be known as the Bohemian Club.

O'CONNELL [*with enthusiasm*].

MR. CHAIRMAN, I am in full accord with Col. Cremony as regards the name Bohemian for the Club. I am astonished at Kenney's lack of appreciation of the word Bohemian, and that it is not a respectable name. What, has it come to this? Are we to truckle at the very outset of our career to the ogre of respectability? Are we to button our pockets against our friends, smooth our faces into a smug semblance of a well-to-do member, and keep our eyes cast upon the ground lest someone point his finger at us and say, "Lo! He is not respectable!" Now, heaven forbid! Why, the very choicest spirits of the whole world were Bohemians. The men who made *Punch* brilliant in its best days were men who gloried in the name of Bohemian. Were not Mark Lemon, Charles Lamb, Thackeray in his youth, De Quincey, and Ettrick Shepherd Bohemians? London at this very moment holds a most charming coterie of Bohemian writers, painters and musical people, all men of eminence and renown. Paris is now paying its respects to Murger, and respecting in great style the true Bohemian as a man of genius who refuses to cramp his life in the Chinese shoe of conventionality ; who loves art more than filthy lucre, whose purse is ever at the disposal of his friends, and who lives generously, gaily, free from care, and as far from the sordid, scheming world of respectability as the south pole is from the north.

BOWMAN.

MR. PRESIDENT, the arguments of COL. CREMONY and DAN O'CONNELL convince me in approving the name Bohemian. It is obvious that we, as well as several other gentlemen not present, who organized this Club, also those who will join us tomorrow, are endowed with true Bohemian characteristics, as pointed out by DAN O'CONNELL and COL. CREMONY. I second COL. CREMONY'S motion that the Club be named the Bohemian Club.

KENNEY.

MR. PRESIDENT,——

CHORUS.

Sit down! Sit down!

NEWCOMB.

Gentlemen, the matter is still open for discussion and MR. KENNEY has the floor.

[*The OTHERS reluctantly sink back in their chairs and stare at KENNEY.*]

KENNEY.

MR. CHAIRMAN, my opinion is in no way different from that of the gentlemen who have preceded me, so far as the spirit of comradeship of the new Club goes. It only occurred to me that we should think of some other name, in fact, any other name than Bohemian, which I consider a very cheap name to designate a reputable Club.

BOWMAN.

MR. PRESIDENT, I feel that this Club will not be an organization of a temporary nature. I believe that we are found-

ing an organization which will grow and prosper. Some of us will live many years to see its development and advancement. The scheme which we have formulated is an excellent one. It brings together gentlemen professionally engaged in the arts and letters, and men in other walks of life who possess good taste and the finer senses. All these elements will be united with bonds of fellowship. Let us begin this Club in the Bohemian spirit as expressed by COL. CREMONY and DAN O'CONNELL, and those who will follow us in years to come will be proud of their predecessors and will perpetuate the principles and ideals set forth by this small group. I can see Charles Warren Stoddard, Paul Frenzeny, Harry Edwards, Joe Strong, General Barnes, Virgil Williams and others of our coterie grow into the future life of the Club and carry the example of their spirit to those who will join it long after we have gone. It is the Bohemian spirit which unites all classes who possess refined tastes and the spark of comradeship. It is this spirit that, in the future, will make this organization we have just launched immortal as the true Bohemian Club.

[*Applause from everyone but KENNEY.*]

VOICES.

Question!

NEWCOMB.

Gentlemen, any further remarks?

VOICES.

Question! Question!

NEWCOMB.

It has been moved and seconded that the Club be named the Bohemian. Are you ready for the question? [*Calls of*

Question!] All those in favor signify by saying Aye. [*Chorus of Ayes!*] Contrary, No. [*No dissenting voice.*] The motion is unanimously carried, and the Club will henceforth be known as the Bohemian Club.

NEWCOMB.

And now, as the purpose of the meeting, the naming of the Club, has been accomplished, and since there is no further business, I will declare the meeting adjourned.

[*General conversation and laughter ad lib.*]

[NEWCOMB rings bell.]

[*Enter PARKER carrying a tray with glasses filled. Expressions of surprise and pleasure.*]

O'CONNELL.

What is this, Tom? Have you made a bar room of your office?

NEWCOMB.

Why not? I told Parker to have some drinks ready at the end of the meeting so that we could toast the new Club with its real name.

CHORUS.

Fine, good! [*Business of taking up glasses.*]

NEWCOMB.

COLONEL CREMONY, as you are the originator of the name "Bohemian Club," I will ask you to offer a toast.

CREMONY.

Willingly! Gentlemen, "Here's to the Bohemian Club; may it grow and prosper, and may its light never fail!"

"And here's to us, its original members ; may the Lord love us and not call for us too soon!"

ALL.

The "Bohemian Club"!

[As they stand with their glasses raised, the light dims out and the curtain is drawn.]

BOHEMIA.

What a fascinating glimpse into the past.

TRADITION.

You have just witnessed the spirit in which the Bohemian Club was launched. All the charter members were actuated by this sentiment. These were men like General Barnes, Colonel Hawes, Charles Warren Stoddard, Harry Edwards, Virgil Williams, Benoni Irwin, Sam Brooks, and some others, representing a sturdy group of journalists, soldiers, artists, poets, musicians, and men in other walks of life. It was such a group that, in 1872, founded the Club, chose the Owl for its emblem, and adopted the motto, "Weaving Spiders Come Not Here," borrowing it from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

BOHEMIA.

Indeed no other emblem could have been more appropriate than the bird of wisdom, nor any motto more fitting to express the Club's aversion to pettiness and laxity.

TRADITION.

But another term was originated in the very early days, that of "High Jinks."

BOHEMIA.

Pray tell me, SIR TRADITION, when and how was the title "High Jinks" adopted?

TRADITION.

The title of "High Jinks" dates practically from the first formal opening of the Club, and was given to all subsequent Club entertainments of high order since that time. That erudite and wealthy Bohemian manufacturer, Andrew McFarland Davis, wrote a rather uncomplimentary essay on the genesis of the term. The Club, however, borrowed the name directly from Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Guy Mannering," where the High Jinks, presided over by Counsellor Pleydell, is of a rather more elevated character than the drinking bouts referred to in McFarland's essay. And, indeed, the Bohemian Club High Jinks have in no sense been carousals, but intellectual, artistic and musical revels where drinking should be subsidiary and indulged in with that moderation which, in the Club's ritual, is declared the chief of all virtues. It was in the midst of one of the early High Jinks, the subject being "Oliver Wendell Holmes," held in January, 1874, when the Sire, Dr. C. J. Deane, in the early part of the evening, sent a complimentary telegram to Oliver Wendell Holmes himself, an honorary member of the Club, residing in Boston. Before the evening was over, the Sire received a wire in response, which read:

Message from San Francisco! Whisper low!
Asleep in bed an hour and more ago.
While on his peaceful pillow he reclines,
Say to the friends who sent these loving lines,
Silent, unanswering, still to friendship true,
He smiles in slumber, for he dreams of you!

(Signed) OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BOSTON, February 28, 1874, *Midnight*.

BOHEMIA.

Oliver Wendell Holmes! I have been told that he once dedicated a poem to the Club. What was the sentiment and the title of this poem, SIR TRADITION?

TRADITION.

I remember it well. "A Loving Cup" was its title. It was set to music for male quartet by August Mignon, and received with great enthusiasm at a High Jinks held on April 4, 1883. Its sentiment and melody you may still hear, as they echo forth from the trees.—Listen!

[*Off stage triple quartette sings:*]

A LOVING-CUP

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Come, heap the fagots! Ere we go
Again the cheerful hearth shall glow;
 We'll have another blaze, my boys!
When clouds are black and snows are white,
Then Christmas logs lend ruddy light
 They stole from Summer days, my boys;
 They stole from Summer days.

And let the Loving-cup go round,
The Cup with blessed memories crowned,
 That flows whene'er we meet, my boys;
No draught will hold a drop of sin
If love is only well stirred in
 To keep it sound and sweet, my boys,
 To keep it sound and sweet.

Give me, to pin upon my breast,
The blossoms twain I love the best,
 A rosebud and a pink, my boys ;
Their leaves shall nestle next my heart,
Their perfumed breath shall own its part
 In every health we drink, my boys,
 In every health we drink.

The breathing blossoms stir my blood,
Methinks I see the lilacs bud
 And hear the bluebirds sing, my boys ;
Why not? Yon lusty oak has seen
Full ten-score years, yet leaflets green
 Peep out with every Spring, my boys,
 Peep out with every Spring.

Old Time his rusty scythe may whet,
The unmowed grass is glowing yet
 Beneath the sheltering snow, my boys ;
And if the crazy dotard ask,
Is love worn out? Is life a task?
 We'll gaily answer No, my boys,
 We'll gayly answer No!

For life's bright taper is the same
Love-tipped of old with rosy flame
 That heaven's own altar lent, my boys ;
To glow in every cup we fill
Till lips are mute and hearts are still,
 Till Life and Love are spent, my boys,
 Till Life and Love are spent.

BOHEMIA.

How beautiful and enchanting! What a rapturous souvenir!

TRADITION.

This Grove is the heart of Bohemia. The protecting branches of these redwoods breathe inspiration, and ever keep green the memory of the past. These trees have embraced in perpetual recollection the words of wisdom and of wit, expressions of friendly sentiment and strains of enchanting music from gifted Bohemians since the time when Harry Edwards led the way into the forest. They echo the eloquence of Edwards, Barnes, Platt, O'Connell, Rogers, and many more, and they have swayed with sweet melody from the voices of Maguire, Campbell, Nesfield, Tipett, Gillig, Barton, Rickard and others. They shed sympathetic tears as Uncle George Bromley recited his last farewell to Bohemia's Grove in 1909, and they will always echo in sweet refrain his tuneful phrases of "When the Cows Come Home."

[*Off stage is heard "When the Cows Come Home."*]

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

By Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell.

When klinge, klinge, klinge,
Far down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;

Ko-ling, ko-ling, koringleingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home ;
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo"
And clang her silver bell ;
Go-ling, go-ling, goringleingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And mother-songs of life-long years,
And baby-joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home ;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown ;
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,

By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.

With the tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home ;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phillis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream ;
To-link, to-link, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the Silver Queen,
When the cows come home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home ;
And over there, on Merlin Hill,
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolanglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars ; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows come home.

[*BOHEMIA turns to TRADITION and gazes up at him in transport and expectation.*]

TRADITION.

And now a tuneful souvenir of that beloved Bohemian Billy Barton. Its melody has filled every corner of this Grove for many years, and now comes to us again.

[*Off stage triple quartette is heard singing:*

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

By Willard T. Barton.

When the Moon in crescent hung
Silver o'er the sea,
And the twilight bells have rung
Rung for you and me.

Love comes once to woman's eyes,
Once to heart of man,
Oh, my love, how fleet time flies ;
Shall we meet again ?

Roses blooming in the bowers,
I remember well,
How we loved within those hours
Words can never tell.

Love comes once and ne'er again,
As o'er the world we roam,
Dreaming of the hour when
You were mine—mine own.

BOHEMIA.

Barton! My earliest memory of Bohemia! A jovial companion, a true friend, a great Bohemian.

TRADITION.

Aye, and his contemporaries were men of the same spirit—Stoddard, Tavernier, Gillig, Unger, Robertson, Hopkins. They offered the best that nature had endowed them with, in the arts, letters, music, and the drama. A distinguished member of this group, Clay Greene, whom the gods still preserve in your midst, wrote the Grove Play of 1921 to acquaint you with the life of John of Nepomuk, the patron saint of Bohemia. The image of this saint was sent to the Club as a present from Count Von Thun, a Bohemian nobleman, forty years ago, and has been enshrined in the Club library since that time. Nor should you forget the words of Charles Warren Stoddard, spoken during the presentation ceremony of an Egyptian mummy to the Club by Jeremiah Lynch in 1890.—Hark.

[Off stage is heard

THE DAUGHTER OF PHARAOH TO BOHEMIA

By Charles Warren Stoddard.

Wherefore these revels that my dull eyes greet?
These dancers, dancing at my fleshless feet;
These harpers, harping vainly at my ears
Deaf to the world, lo! thrice a thousand years?

Time was when even I was blithe : I knew
The murmur of the flowing wave, where grew
The lean, lithe rushes ; I have heard the moan
Of Nilus in prophetic undertone.

My sire was monarch of a mighty race ;
Daughter of Pharaoh, I ; before my face
Myriads of groveling creatures crawled, to thrust
Their fearful foreheads in the desert dust.

Above me gleamed and glowed my palace walls ;
There bloomed my bowers ; and there, my waterfalls
Lulled me to languors ; slaves with feather flails
Fretted the tranquil air to gentle gales.

O, my proud palms ! my royal palms, that stood
In stately groups, a queenly sisterhood !
And O ! my sphinxes, gazing eye to eye,
Down the dim vistas of eternity.

Where be ye now ? And where am I at last ?
With gay Bohemia is my portion cast ;
Born of the oldest East, I seek my rest
In the fair city of the youngest West.

Farewell, O Egypt ! Naught can thee avail ;
What tarries now to tell thy sorry tale ?
A sunken temple that the sands have hid !
The tapering shadow of a pyramid !

And now, my children, harbor me not ill ;
I was a princess, am a woman still.
Gibe me no gibes, but greet me at your best,
As I was wont to greet the stranger guest.

Feast well, drink well, make merry while ye may,
For e'en the best of you must pass my way.
The elder as the youngster, fair to see,
Must gird his marble loins and follow me.

BOHEMIA [*with elation*].

This has been an hour of enchantment that I shall not forget. Proud am I to be of Bohemia with a knowledge of its past and its lasting souvenirs of Bohemian sons of genius who are no more.

TRADITION.

But remember, lad, that, while the past has charm irresistible, Bohemia of today can boast of worthy successors to those who enriched it with their wit, their music, their letters, and their works of Art. On this, its fiftieth Anniversary, the Club reflects tenfold the charms of its genesis. It has matured in the Arts, Letters, and Music, and the spirit of camaraderie was never warmer or more cordial in any stage of its history. The handful of Bohemians who met in Newcomb's editorial room to name the Club, today salute their Bohemian descendants for their achievements of today. One thing more, ere you go forth to Bohemia's care-free revels: Listen to the sentiment of Bohemia's present, as expressed in the words of Clay Greene and the music of Wallace Sabin, voiced by those faithful sons of melody—
The Bohemian Chorus

SONG.

“BOHEMIA.”

FINALE.

BOHEMIA

THE LAND OF HEART-IN-HAND

Clyde M. Greene

Wallace A. Sabin

Moderato con spirito

Musical notation for the first system, including piano accompaniment and vocal line. The tempo is *Moderato con spirito*. The piano part starts with a *mf* dynamic. The vocal line begins with a *2nd O* marking.

Moderato con spirito

Musical notation for the second system, including piano accompaniment and vocal line with lyrics. The tempo is *Moderato con spirito*. The piano part continues with a *mf* dynamic. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Where in the land of Heart-in-hand, That hath no clouded sky, Where wondrous land of Heart-in-hand, So - he - mis is her name. Her"

Musical notation for the third system, including piano accompaniment and vocal line with lyrics. The piano part continues with a *mf* dynamic. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "flash the beams of friend-ly gleams From stars that ne - ver die. The bro - thers fight with man-ly might To glo - ri - fy her fame. Wa"

Musical notation for the fourth system, including piano accompaniment and vocal line with lyrics. The piano part continues with a *mf* dynamic. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "star of youth the star of truth The stars of faith and love; With no va - riant or pledge her health and bound-less wealth, Her blood that's warm and red. Her heart's all thrill with"

2^d verse the chorus should
start here

thun-der loud To threaten from a - bove. The stars of faith and love. No
dreams ful-filled Her Weaving Spi-ders de-eds. Her Weaving Spi-ders de-eds. Her

dan-ger skies a - bove Where is the land of Hart-in-hand That hath no clouded
blood all warm and red We pledge her health and bound-less wealth, no-ver clouded
with

sky? Bo - he - mia Bo - he - mia Her stan-dard lift on high. Bo -
Bo - he - mia, Bo - he - mia, Her stan-dard lift on high. Bo -

Chorus

No. 2—Carl Fisher, New York.

sf

- he - mi - a Do - he - mi - a. Her glo - ry shall not die. Her

- he - mi - a. Do - he - mi - a. Her glo - ry shall not die. Her

mf

1st glo - - ry shall not die. *2nd* glo - - ry shall not die.

1st her glo - - ry shall not die *2nd* her glo - - ry shall not die.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of six systems of music. The first two systems are vocal parts (soprano and alto) with lyrics. The third system is a piano accompaniment. The fourth and fifth systems are vocal parts with lyrics and musical markings like '1st' and '2nd'. The sixth system is a piano accompaniment. The score includes dynamic markings like 'sf' and 'mf', and phrasing slurs.

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

Willard T. Barton

When the moon in cres-cent hung
Be-comes bloom-ing is the hour

Sil-ver on the sea and the twi-ght
I re-mem-ber well how we loved with-

bells had rung rung for you and no-
in that hour words can nev-er tell

Love comes once to us to heart of
Love comes once and near a-gain as o'er the world

we ream Oh my love now fleet time flies
we dream-ing of the hour when

Shall we meet a-gain.
you were mine mine own.

All eyes are fixed

A Living Ember
- Kate Brewster -

1. Come keep the Yag - otat Bro we go go
2. And let the lov - ing cup go round the

3. For life's bright ta - por is the same Love
gain the cheer - ful hearth shall glow 'e'll have - noth
Cup with bles - sed mem - ries crowned that flows when e'er we

tipped of old with ro - sy - flames that How's on ol - tar
blaze, my boys 'e'll have an - o'er or blaze Then
meet, my boys that flows when e'er we meet No

lent my boys That How's on a - tar lent to
clouds are black and snows are white when Christmas logs lend
draw it will hold a drop of sin if love is only
glow in ev - ry cup we fill till lips are ruse and

red - dy light stole from sun - set
well stirred in keep it sound and
hearts are still till life and love are

days sweet my boys They stole from sun - set days sweet
spent my boys till life and love see spent.

