

I  
Dear Tish

Southern Home  
March 4, 1853

Sarah, the Mammy, is just finishing up her cleaning. Mother, Mrs. Louise Hopkins, who has been rocking baby calls.

Mrs. Hopkins: Sarah, (Sarah comes and takes the baby and smilingly answers.)

Sarah: Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Hopkins stands, smooths her dress and exits to

Meanwhile, Sarah has placed the baby in its bed and rocks it. She sings with group singing off stage. ("Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child")

Near the end of the song, Chet enters with a book and stretches out on the sofa. Eventually he seems to drop off to sleep. Mammy leaves.

Enter Rosalie and Elizabeth. They set a cloth down that they have carried in between them, sit on the floor and continue to cut paper dolls.

Enter James with Christy and Willie and Zachariah.

Zach: I don't wanna be no Indian, Masa James. Last time I's an Indian my Mammy done near scalped me 'cause she says Indians don't burn her mammy's house.

James: We have to get an Indian or what good is a fort?

Eliz: I'll be an Indian! (said scrambling to her feet)

James: Aw, Eliz., you're a girl and girls are too scared to be Indians. (Mother re-enters)

Eliz: I am not scared!

Mrs. Hopkins: (as she picks up the baby) Children, your voices. (she leaves)

Eliz: (in hushed voice) I am not scared.

Willie: If we tie her hair.

James: She can't run.

Eliz: I can so run. I can run faster than you can, James Hopkins.

Willie: We can let her try.

Christy: (she has been tugging at Willie's coat) Willie, I do not want to be red goat.

Rosalie: Why do you have to be a red goat?

Willie: Not a red goat. A red coat.

Christy: I don't want to be coat neither.

Willie: A red coat is not a coat, it's a soldier.

Christy: It is?

Willie: They just wore red coats.

James: (annoyed) Girls just don't know anything about history. Let's play something else.

Rosalie: Let's play house.

James: That's what she always wants to play.

Eliz: And I have to be the baby.

James: I would rather play soldier.

Will: I would too and we can free the slaves.

James: No. I can't do that. Aunt Sarah would have to leave and she is too good a cook. Right Zach?

Zach: (beaming with pride) Ye' sir! And I don wanna go no place. I's hears they eats little boys lak me in de norf.

Willie: Oh, beans! They do not. That is just teasing.

James: Maybe they do not, but maybe he would have to work in a factory for 34 hours every day.

Rosalie: James! Girls do not know history but 34 hours is too long. And if it is all that bad why do they not come back?

James: (with an air of great wisdom) Because they tie them to the machines.

Zach: I's not going NO place!

Eliz: What is the matter? Are you yellow?

Zach: No ma'am, I's black.

Chet: (Getting annoyed) You waste more time arguing. (resumes reading)

Willie: Let us rescue the girls from some wicked dragon.

Eliz: Oh, let me be the wicked dragon. (they start to leave)

Rosalie: Help me put this away, Elizabeth.

Eliz: Let's hurry! (they pick up cloth and hurry out with it to the

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Enter Mr. Hopkins and Matthew Preston, his brother-in-law.

Mr. Hopkins: Hello, Chet. Where is Mother?

Chet: Hello Dad, Uncle Matthew. I think she is in the nursery.

Mrs. Hopkins: (re-enters) Oh, hello, dear. Hello Matthew. How was the inauguration?

Mr. Hopkins: Splendid. Must have been at least 15,000 people there.

Matthew: Pierce delivered his address with confidence and by memory. Handsome looking man. (Mrs. H. rings for Sarah)

Mr. Hopkins: Old "Fuss and Feathers" Scott could not have done that. With his weight you can hardly say he even ran for the presidency. (laughter)

Mrs. Hopkins: You men got your candidate elected. Let us hope he can rise above all the foolishness that went on during the campaign. (enters Sarah) Tea for the men, Sarah.

Mr. Hopkins: Louise did not approve of some of our campaign slogans, Matthew.

Matthew: Like "We Polked them in '44; we'll Pierce them in '52",

Mrs. Hopkins: Please.

Chet: Uncle Matthew, I have that one and the one the Whigs used against President Pierce. (gets them and displays them)

Here is the one you just mentioned.

This is the one making fun of President Pierce for what they thought was his habit of drinking. (displays the one "The hero of many a well-fought bottle" - (Much laughter)

Mrs. Hopkins: Wait till women run for president.

Matthew: You will have to vote first. (enters Sarah with tea)

Mr. Hopkins: They will elect Amelia Bloomers for President. (laughter)

Mrs. Hopkins: The country might be in better condition.

Matthew: Pierce will take care of that. He is strong for the Fugitive Slave Act.

Mr. Hopkins: You get the President backing the Compromise of 1850---

Mrs. Hopkins: President Fillmore backed it. He even signed it and it did not do any good.

Matthew: Fillmore just was not the type of man that appealed to the people. He was too suffocatingly respectable. The man did not drink, smoke, gamble.

Mrs. Hopkins: He was a good man.

Mr. Hopkins: Of course, dear, but he just was too colorless to have any influence on the public.

Mrs. Hopkins: The Fugitive Slave Act will not be any more acceptable to the North no matter who presents it. It goes against the conscience of the people.

Mr. Hopkins: And not abiding by it goes against the purse of others. Do you realize that a first class slave can cost as much as \$1500, and that there are close to 4,000,000 slaves in the southern and central states? The cotton gin makes it necessary to put more slaves in the cotton fields.

Matthew: The Fugitive Slave Act is the only real concession made to the South in the Compromise of 1850, and if that is not met there will be no Union.

Mr. Hopkins: Every state is in the Union of its own choice. If this Union ceases to be profitable to some of the states, why should they continue to support it? (Bell rings)

Mrs. Hopkins: But how could any of the southern states exist outside the Union?  
(Benjamin enters)

Mrs. Hopkins: It is too bad we can not just be at peace and enjoy our prosperity.

Mr. Hopkins: Just what kind of prosperity do you think we would have if the slaves stopped working in the fields?

Matthew: That is just what abolitionists like Theodore Weld and James Birney want to see. Already we are losing as many as 1000 negroes a year by means of the Underground Railroad.

Mr. Hopkins: Our old leaders who respected the Constitution and sought to compromise as much as possible are passing from the scene. Their places are being taken by people like Seward of New York, Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, William L. Yancey of Alabama and Gov. Quitman of Mississippi. These men are not the compromising kind.

Matthew: Talk about women doing a better job of settling our troubles. Not if they are anything like this Harriet Beecher Stowe gal and her Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Mr. Hopkins: If that is not the most exaggerated, most disgusting inflammatory piece of literary trash. . . I--I have ever seen! I don't know my head from my feet.

Mrs. Hopkins: Surely people don't believe that slaves are treated that cruelly?

Mr. Hopkins: They had better see what they can do about freeing their own women and children from their factories up North before they tell us how we can treat our slaves.

Mrs. Hopkins: Of course their treatment of women and children does not give us license to mistreat others here.

Matthew: Louise, the negro is different. He is property and no one has a right to interfere with a person's use of his property.

Mr. Hopkins: We just have Benjamin, Sarah, and their boy Zachariah, and we got them as a payment for an old debt, so we do not feel the economic importance. But there are others to whom the keeping of their slaves is vital to their continued prosperity. They are not going to yield to some religious mania a few crack-pots have.

Matthew: They don't plan to yield to them.

Mrs. Hopkins: You sound so sure.

Matthew: You would understand if you were to hear some of the men in high places talk about this situation.

Mr. Hopkins: You know, Louise, I need to see one of my patients before supper. Matthew, do you want to come along? I want to show you the new road that is being built. We will return in time to eat. (leave)

① Chester: Mama, may I go over to the Morrises? I will not take long.

Mrs. Hopkins: Yes, dear. And would you take Mrs. Morris something for me. She wanted to try some of my tea for her cold. Let me get it for you. (Leaves and re-enters soon. Hands Chet a cloth bag.) And please see that the rest of the children return with you.

(Chester leaves - exit. Mother slowly goes out exit)  
CURTAINS CLOSE

Northern Sympathy  
The Morrises Home

Mr. Morris: I know Pierce was born in New Hampshire, but still his sympathies are with the South.

Mrs. Morris: What do you mean?

Mr. Morris: He is too strong a supporter of the Fugitive Slave Act.

Mrs. Morris: What else could he do to keep peace between us? Is not this a law, a part of the Compromise?

Mr. Morris: But when the law of the land requires us to violate our conscience, we do not need to abide by it.

Mrs. Morris: Robert!

Mr. Morris: The slave is not the property of any man. God is his rightful master, and man has no right to take God's workmanship into his hands and claim him as his own.

Mrs. Morris: You just can not do that. Do you know what your kind of thinking would lead to?

Mr. Morris: Probably secession by the South. That would not be so bad. I think that if they do secede that they would soon return to the Union.

Mrs. Morris: I surely hope you are right. I would hate to see a war where we fought our own people. I know that some of our very neighbors have strong sympathies for the South.

Mr. Morris: The South would not attack us. Why, they know they do not have a chance in the world to win. We would end the war a few hours after it started. We have the man power, the money, and the factories to produce arms and munition.

Mrs. Morris: I surely hope you are right.

Mr. Morris: We certainly would never attack them. If they secede we will just give them time to get over their pouting and come back.

Christy: Chet is coming. Chet is coming. Where is Becky, Mother?

Mrs. Morris: She was in her bedroom writing last time I saw her.

Christy: Becky Becky (as she leaves out the )

Mr. Morris: I must return to the store. I will come in time for dinner. Any thing you want me to bring back?

Mrs. Morris: I don't think so. Here is Chet now. I will see you later.

Mr. Morris: Hello, Chet.

/ Chet: Good even, sir. Good evening, Mrs. Morris. My mother sends you this tea. Good evening, Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. Morris: Thank you, Chester. How kind of Mrs. Hopkins. Please thank your mother for me.

/ Chet: Good evening, Rebecca.

Mrs. Morris: Christy! Just look at you. Come with me.

Becky: Won't you sit down, Chester?

/ Chet: I really cannot stay. I just thought I would return your book. (hands it to her)

Becky: Did you like it?

/ Chet: Well --- I did not read all of it.

Becky: You can keep it longer.

/ Chet: Well -- I think not.

Becky: Is something wrong, Chester?

/ Chet: Not really. <sup>1</sup> my folks don't like the book. Thank you, anyway. Good bye. Goodbye.

Becky: Goodbye.

Grandmother Johnson: Child! What book is that?

Becky: Uncle Tom's Cabin.

CURTAIN CLOSES

## II

December 2, 1859

Priscilla: You stay out of the kitchen. Granny, Stephen keeps eating our cookies before they even get a chance to cool off.

Stephen: But I like them warm, Grandma.

Grandmother: Stephen, do not vex your sisters.

Stephen: Chet will get terrible indigestion if he eats them all. I am trying to help him.

Priscilla: You will have them all eaten before he get here.

Grandmother: Stephen.

Stephen: All right. May I have some later?

Priscilla: You know you always get some. Oh, come on.

Grandmother: Such simple troubles.

(Becky and Priscilla enter)

Becky: Wasn't it nice of the boys to offer to clean up?

Priscilla: They probably are up to some scheme.

Becky: Granny, would you like to hear about Tish's high school graduation dress?

Becky: (looks for the place in the letter which tells this) All of the young ladies were dressed in white. I will describe my own apparel which will give you a representation of the appearance of the others, only some wore colored flowers while I preferred all white. Ten yards of tarleton two yards wide were consumed in making my dress which had a very long trail and the skirt was tucked. The waist was cut low-neck and short sleeves tucked and puffed, with little under-sleeves which were puffed also. My collar was pointed before and behind and trimmed with a ruche and pleated satin ribbon. In front and on each shoulder was a bunch of white flowers and beautiful green leaves on a trailing vine. On my head I wore a green wreath to correspond with four white roses and buds on my braid behind. We wore white kid slippers and gloves with lace puffed on the top and long sashes. In our hands we carried muslin handkerchiefs. The exercises passed off very pleasantly and at the close we received our diplomas. I am sorry to finish my schoolday career so soon but I am expecting to teach when a vacancy occurs.



Mrs. Morris: (she enters with Mr. Morris) I am sorry to interrupt but we need to leave for the meeting. Goodnight, Mother, I suppose you will be in bed before we get back. Have a nice visit with Chet, Becky. We will probably be back before he leaves.

Grandmother: Do they mention coming this way for the Christmas holidays?

Becky: No. It would be splendid if they could come.

Grandmother: It surely would. Thank you, Becky girl. Now this old soul thinks she will get to bed.

Priscilla: Granny, can I get you something before you retire.?

Grandmother: Thank you child, but I believe not. (Exit)

(Becky sits down to read) (Bell rings)

Willie: (running in) Wait! Let me answer it.  
(lets in Chet with a flourish) A Mr. Chester Hopkins to see Miss Rebecca Morris. (Helps take his coat off, hangs it up and leaves)

Chet: Good evening, Becky.

Becky: Good evening, Chet. Won't you sit down?

Chet: (as he hands her a box and a book) What is our Master William up to tonight?

Becky: Thank you. (opens box - each take a piece) Your guess is as good as mine. Did you enjoy Hawthorne?

Chet: Muchly. But I brought over one of my books tonight.

Becky: And what book is that?

(sound of trumpet) (enters Willie bearing dish of cookies)

Willie: Nothing but the finest for our guest. (They take a cookie. He places dish on table and notices candy) Oh ho, Matey, come see the treasure I have found.

Stephen: Well bully good Willie boy. You get better daily. Shall we raid the cache?

Becky: Help yourselves but please don't use the word raid.

Stephen: How about that, Chet. John Brown is no more.

Chet: Yes, six of his men were also hanged today.

Stephen: How many were there all together?

Chet: Twenty-two that they know of. Ten were killed and five escaped. However, I imagine this is part of a larger plot to incite negro insurrection.

Willie: Maybe it was just something small the old man worked up.

Chet: Did you know he had written a constitution for the political community he expected to form? It sounds like more than something little. Anyway it isn't a little thing to capture a United States arsenal.

Stephen: I understand that there had been plans to attack the jail and free the madman.

Chester: Hanging him may have been a mistake.

Stephen: How's that?

Chester: It made a martyr of him instead of an example.

Willie: If there were no slavery there would be no John Brown.

Chester: Look Willie, I'm not for slavery. What I am opposed to is the North dictating to the South about how they should live. Especially when they bleed them with their tariffs. When the states formed this government they had to ratify the constitution. If they had chosen to they could have refused to ratify it or to belong to the union at all. They have a perfect right to withdraw from that union now if they find that they receive no benefit from it.

Stephen: It seems as if there were some irresistible force splitting our nation apart and then attempting to crush us against each other.

Chet: Reminds me of Lincoln's "house divided against itself" speech.

Willie: He gave that before the Illinois convention.

Chet: It is one of the biggest contradictions.

Willie: Why?

Chet: He first stated that the government could not long endure half slave and half free. Then he says he does not expect the Union to be dissolved. Now I ask you, who is going to give in?

Stephen: You know who he thinks will give in, don't you?

Chester: He is mistaken.

Willie: I am not so sure.

Priscilla: Would anyone want some tea?

Stephen: I do but I will get it myself. How about you, Willie?

Willie: Guess I will too.

Chester: I don't really care for any, thank you.

Becky: I don't believe I do either. Thank you, Priscilla. Will there ever be a time when our visits will not be clouded by our national strife?

Chet: I'm sorry.

Becky: It isn't your fault. I really do not expect you to be able to come up with an answer. You said you had a book?

Chet: Yes, Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman. Thought you might enjoy hearing a few lines. May I read to you?

Becky: Please do.

"A child said What is grass? fetching it to me with full hands,  
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is anymore then he,

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff  
woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,  
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,  
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and  
remark, and say Whose?

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,  
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,  
Growing among black folks as among white,  
Kanuck, tuckahow, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive  
the same."

CURTAINS CLOSE & OPEN

Becky: Dear Cousin Tish,

Everyone has retired and everything is so peaceful belieing the turmoil of the country, the home, and even one's very soul. Tish, I feel a dread within me that I can hardly explain. I should feel happy, for my special friend Chester came to visit tonight. It pains me to hear him speak of siding with the southern view. I know he is not a pro-slavery man but he consents to the southern thought of secession. He is so deceived. The south is not just seeking to have the right to choose their own way of life

but to make that way of life the possession of slavery. They would tear down the boundaries and bring their slaves to any spot they please, and curse the soil with slave labor. What is more, our own home is divided, for I know that Stephen sides with Chester.

I do not mean to burden you with my fears but it is good to have someone to confide in.

Mother and Dad attended a prayer meeting in which they said that the featured speaker was a man from your end of the country. He stressed that we could not pray for God's blessing and continue to support slavery. Enough of this depressing subject.

Christy is spending the night with Elizabeth Hopkins. Elizabeth has not been well lately and since both the girls have birthdays around the same time the folks thought it would cheer Elizabeth. By the way, do not let on I have told you, but Elizabeth is Willie's special friend though he would rather die than admit it.

Granny was rather disappointed that you did not mention coming down for Christmas. We were wondering if there is a chance. . . .

## III

Sunday  
April 28, 1861

Christy: Mother, do you think Priscilla suspects anything?

Mrs. Morris: No, dear.

Christy: She acted almost as if she did.

Mrs. Morris: You just thought so because you were anxious.

Christy: It must be great to be eighteen.

Mrs. Morris: Two more years and you will be eighteen also.

Christy: That is such a slow way.

Mrs. Morris: Well, I just don't know of any other.

Christy: I do.

Mrs. Morris: And what is that?

Christy: Maybell's way. She puts her hair real high and she paints her cheeks and she walks real sophisticated.

Mrs. Morris: Oh? and you think that makes her older?

Christy: The young men think she is.

Mr. Morris: (who has been listening for a while) You look pretty good to me the way you are, Chicken.

Christy: Do I, Papa? You would think so anyway. What do you think of our decorations? Priscilla doesn't know she is having a birthday party.

Mr. Morris: Won't she see you fixing the house?

Christy: She isn't here. Rosalie came over and invited her to go make some social calls this afternoon. Of course Rosalie knows but is playing the innocent.

Becky: (enters) Hello, Father. Are you going to join us in our festivities?

Mr. Morris: I am afraid I have to go out again soon. The businessmen of the area are having a special meeting I must attend.

Mrs. Morris: Can I fix you something to eat before you go?

Mr. Morris: Just a bite. (exit)

Christy: Papa seems so tired.

Becky: He is concerned about the war preparations. The paper from Richmond tells of how the South is getting ready to attack. How they'll march and capture Washington. We seem to be mobilizing in the North too. Listen to what Tish says in her letter. "The people in our vicinity are very much excited by the startling news which reaches us from the South. Last Wednesday 1100 soldiers passed through and 800 on Thursday night. Springfield will send a troop as soon as the President calls for another force from Massachusetts. A large Union meeting held in the City Hall last evening was very interesting. Flags are flying from public buildings, hotels, city hall, schoolhouses, trees, private dwellings, etc. Fear and suspicion have grown and they have placed a double watch on guard at the arsenal. I commenced this letter yesterday but was interrupted by three calls. . . . And so on . . . .

Christy: Becky do you think we should go ahead with the party?

Becky: Why, honey, of course you should. It is Prissie's birthday and we have so much for which to be thankful that we might as well rejoice.

Christy: Then you don't think it's being unpatriotic?

Becky: No!

Christy: And we've already invited everyone.

Becky: Sure. How many do you expect?

Christy: James, Rosalie and Elizabeth Hopkins, the two Blake boys and ourselves.

(enter Setphen)

Stephen: How are the party preparations coming along?

Christy: We are all ready. Where have you been?

Stephen: Over at the Hopkins'. By the way, Becky, were you expecting Chet?

Becky: Not exactly.

Stephen: He told me he might come over when the rest of them come. Where is Mom?

- Becky: She and Father are probably in the kitchen. Maybe you can help Willie. He was making ice-cream.
- Stephen: Home made ice-cream. I will be very happy to help the young man.
- Christy: To make it. Not to eat it.
- Stephen: Leave it to big brother. (exit)
- Christy: He and Willie are so different but I love them both.
- Becky: Of course you do. We all do.
- Mr. Morris: Well, Christy, have a good time, dear. Sorry I am not able to be here for the party but I can assure you the ice-cream is superb.
- Christy: Oh, did Willie finish? Good. We'll try and save you some more.
- Mr. Morris: Have a good time.
- Christy: Come home as soon as you can. Let's go taste the ice-cream.
- Becky: I'll have some later. You go ahead. (Christy exits. Becky sits and just thinks and reads over letter to self) I commenced this letter yesterday afternoon but was interrupted by three calls. One was from a very special friend. Don't you wish you had been here. How is your friend? (Folds it and just thinks. Sighs. Christy enters.)
- Christy: They should be here soon. (bell rings) See. (She opens door. In come the Blake boys.) Hello, boys. Here come the Hopkins also. Won't you be seated? (Hopkins enter) Come in quickly. She should be here any minute. Let's be real quiet. (she looks out window) Here she comes now, Just yell "Happy Birthday!" when she comes in. Shh. (Priscilla enters) Happy Birthday!
- Christy: Were you surprised?
- Priscilla: I surely was. So that is why we made the social calls today. (Elizabeth sits at piano and plays Steven Foster songs. Group sings. After first song Becky and Chet go off. They have been standing to one side more or less) (Pull two screens together as third song fades. Outdoor scene of a garden. Chet and Becky stroll on and find a place to sit.)
- Chet: Didn't Stephen tell you I was coming?
- Becky: Yes, but you had told me that you would be gone this week-end.

Chet: I wasn't sure I would make it back in time.

Becky: Where did you go, or shouldn't I ask?

Chet: To Richmond.

Becky: Richmond? That's in Virginia, where Jefferson Davis lives.

Chet: That's right.

Becky: But wasn't that dangerous?

Chet: A little.

Becky: Are they really making lots of preparation?

Chet: They are.

Becky: You like the South an awful lot, don't you?

Chet: Virginia is beautiful, Becky.

Becky: Why did you leave?

Chet: I?

Becky: I mean your folks. Why did they move here?

Chet: Dad's a little different from the rest of his family. They are plantation owners. Dad's a physician but he is also a shrewd businessman.

Becky: What does that have to do with leaving Virginia?

Chet: You see, to get ahead there you have to be a large plantation owner. Dad just doesn't care for any kind of farm work. He's not good at it.

Becky: Can't he make money as a doctor in Virginia?

Chet: You wouldn't be wanting us to leave?

Becky: No, silly, I just don't understand some things so I have to ask questions.

Chet: What is it you don't understand?

Becky: Well, if the South is as nice as you would have me believe, why did your folks come to Maryland?

Chet: Maryland is a border state.



Becky: It's a little more Northern because it didn't secede.

Chet: Or maybe a little cowardly?

Becky: That isn't so.

Chet: No, I guess not. Each individual must make up his own mind. That is what I have done. It's not easy to say.

Becky: Don't say it, please.

Chet: I have to. I've joined the Confederates.

Becky: Oh, Chet!

Chet: I'm sorry, Becky.

Becky: I expected it but hoped I was wrong. How can you defend slavery when the whole world condemns it?

Chet: It isn't slavery we're defending. It's the right to secede.

Becky: There would be no secession if there were no slavery.

Chet: Yes, Becky, you're right at this point, but there have been threats to secede at other times over other questions.

Becky: For example?

Chet: I knew I'd better come prepared. When Congress passed the "tariff of abominations" in 1828, South Carolina prepared to secede. This was at a period when slavery was dwindling in the South.

(off stage . . . Laughter)

Elizabeth: Oh, no you don't, Willie. . . (a slap is heard and Eliz. runs onto stage) Oh, I'm sorry but. . . .

Willie: Hello, Chet. Tell me, aren't southern girls supposed to be gentler with their men?

Eliz: I'm sorry but you provoked me.

Willie: I provoked you?

Becky: Willie, Elizabeth, won't you join us? Willie, why are we fighting each other?

Willie: Because Elizabeth will not. . . .

Becky: No, no, I mean the states.

Willie: Because of slavery. The --

Chet: That isn't what Lincoln is fighting for. He is for the preservation of the Union. He can't force reunion.

Becky: Why?

Chet: You just can't force Southerners. They aren't told what to do. They are used to ordering slaves around. To be ordered is to be classified with the negro.

Eliz: I always thought that was foolish, especially when the women have to be so subject to their husbands. Are we negroes?

Becky: Elizabeth, do you realize that once a woman marries she gives up any of her rights to her husband? She can't own property or bequeath it without her husband's formal consent. She can't sue or be sued. If her husband beats her she can't testify against him unless he has caused her permanent damage.

Eliz: Becky, do you think it is wise for women to marry?

(Stephen has entered during Becky's speech)

Stephen: What kind of discussion is this?

Willie: I don't know. I thought we were discussing the reasons for this struggle between the North and South.

Becky: Why are we at enmity with the South, Stephen?

Stephen: I'm not. You know I don't care for the backwoods tactics of Lincoln. I like the Southern way of life. It's great to have boundless acres and a mansion and hundreds of slaves, and live the life of a Southern gentleman.

Willie: While most of the southern population lives in misery. This is a rich man's war. There are very few rich men in the south. When the poor white trash realize what it is all about, they are going to refuse to fight.

Eliz: How is that?

Willie: The poor white man just can not compete with the large plantation owner. To have the large plantation owner win this war is to continue these large plantations. It would mean the poor man would be fighting against himself.

- Chet: But the clothing and commerce of the world, the wealth of the North are all based on cotton. The South need but stand firm and it will find even France and England coming to help it fight this battle.
- Becky: I heard papa say that it is fortunate for the North that the world markets have an over-abundance of cotton. If that's the case, it seems to me that this is the worst time for the South to have chosen to secede.
- Willie: If the South is counting on England to help, I think they will be sorry. England hates slavery.
- Chet: Yes, but it need not be too self-righteous or someone might just remind them of the women and little girls in their coal mines chained to the cars they drag through those underground tunnels. Little girls working twelve hours on end carrying coal up ladders on their backs. Metal workers in Birmingham and Sheffield, children too, whipped to their work. Children of seven set to making lace as much as fourteen hours a day.
- Stephen: England would just as soon see the Union split up. In fact, so would most of the world, since they feel we are a young, arrogant country.
- Eliz: Not France. Papa says France might not be as ready to help the South as some think. He says France is happy to have another big country to face up to England.
- Chet: But when it comes to choosing between having someone to face up to England or keeping up their economy, they'll choose whatever will help them economically. Besides, if England helps the South, France will follow.
- Becky: I would think we as Americans would take more pride in our country and try to keep it together and forget our own individual differences.
- Chet: We could become two big strong nations instead of one.
- Willie: There is no natural division that runs East and West. There would always be contention which would keep us fighting among ourselves. There would always be the problem of escaping slaves. Financially this war will ruin the South.
- Chet: That's ridiculous!
- Willie: At this moment for the exception of the food the farmers raise, everything that the South uses is made in the North. Their furniture, carpets, their paper, ink, coal fire irons, the armament they think they will use. Northerners run the railroad, work the telegraph. . . .
- Eliz: I never realized this.

- Chet: But to make slave owners get rid of slavery would cripple the South. The white man couldn't work in the hot sun.
- Eliz: Nonsense, Chet. I have seen white people out in the fields. In fact, I have seen women. Who else would do the work on the small farms? The majority of the small farm owners do the work themselves.
- Willie: You know we aren't the only ones that raise cotton. England can turn back to purchasing its cotton from India.
- Becky: Papa says that if Lincoln would say we were fighting to free the slaves that England would support the North.
- Willie: Of course, but as it stands now he says we are fighting to preserve the Union, and commendable as that may be, England is not interested in that.
- Eliz: You know, Christy is going to think we are not interested in her party.
- Becky: Poor thing. She was beginning to feel she might be unpatriotic if she had the party in the first place.
- Willie: Would my fair lady trust me to escort her back to the house?
- Eliz: I will give this cur one more opportunity to accompany me.
- Willie: Your humble servant. Forever grateful.
- Stephen: We must each make up our minds, and there isn't too much time to do this. The firing on Sumter the twelfth of this month was the opening of the war, something we hate to admit. Lincoln has called on the states for 75,000 militia. We here in Maryland stand in the middle and there is much divided opinion all around us. It's been a painful decision for me. I have always loved the southern way of life but I love my country and cannot bear to see it torn apart no matter what the reasons. I have told the folks that I plan to join the Northern ranks.
- Becky: Oh, Stephen, I was so afraid you would join the Confederates.
- Stephen: Sis, even though we are twins we have been so different in many of our views but at least we will both be fighting on the same side.
- Becky: I'm so glad.
- Stephen: I'll see you later.
- Chet: I'm a stranger here.
- Becky: A beloved stranger, Chet.

Chet: When your family gets to talking, it all seems so clear, but I'm torn between my heart and my head.

Becky: We are <sup>from</sup> New Englanders. Stephen has been the only one who seemed to take to the southern way of life so readily and naturally.

Chet: We're Virginians though as I was saying earlier, my dad is different from the rest of his family. He could have made money as a physician in Richmond, but he felt he wanted to invest his money and, of course, there is nothing in the south but plantations. All our wealth is in Northern investments. Dad is torn between his love for Virginia and his interest in his investment. He'd never take up arms against Virginia, and I can't see how I can either.

Becky: I'm so sorry.

Chet: Becky, what about us?

Becky: I don't understand.

Chet: Suppose the South wins its independence?

Becky: I doubt that they will. It's three to one in man power.

Chet: That isn't as great a margin as you think when you realize that the North will have to go into Southern territory. Let us say we do win. I intend to go with them all the way. Would you come with me when it's all over?

Becky: Yes.

Chet: You know, you're the nicest Yankee I know.

Becky: Oh, Chet.

Dearest, dearest Tish,

I'm so happily unhappy. It sounds crazy but that is the way everything is, just a crazy quilt of hate and love, loyalties and self-preservation, business and even gratitude. Tish, how I wish you were here and we could just get together in a corner and pour out our hearts to each other. I do not dare write some things down but my heart is divided between the two camps, if you know what I mean.

Poor Mama, she has been trying to be so brave and not cry before us, but I can tell she is sick at heart for not knowing what will become of her men folk. She was talking to Papa when she thought no one else could hear. Her voice still rings in my ears.

Mrs. Morris: Robert, the boys are going into the service.

Mr. Morris: Yes, I know.

Mrs. Morris: I hate it, Robert. I hate this war. What will happen to my babies?

Mr. Morris: Ruth, your babies have become men.

Mrs. Morris: Why do you see things so differently?

Mr. Morris: Dear, you would be the first one to be ashamed of them if they did differently.

Mrs. Morris: I love them, Robert, and it would be awful to see them hurt. I wish all the Southerners were dead. I hate Jefferson Davis. I hate them all. I hate them.

Mr. Morris: Ruth, please don't let yourself get so upset. You don't hate all the Southerners. They are human beings with feelings just like us. Surely Southern mothers feel just as badly about their sons being hurt. And, honey, fathers also hate to see their loved ones hurt.

Mrs. Morris: I'm sorry, Robert. You won't leave me will you?

Mr. Morris: They'll not need me at the front lines but I will help keep our boys clothed. I have turned over our establishment from the manufacturing of civilian clothes to making uniforms and one section will be for hospital needs.

Mrs. Morris: I don't know how I can go through it all.

Mr. Morris: This won't take as long as you think.

Mrs. Morris: I hope you're right.

(letter) Oh, Tish, it was awful. The only one that seems undisturbed about it all is Grandma. She reminds me of a Saint. I wish I could be like her. Poor Mr. Lincoln. So many people blame him for the war and make fun of his gangling ways but I think he is a wonderful man. We pray for him to have wisdom to guide our country. I am exhausted, washed out emotionally. Can't write anymore tonight. Should have told you of the surprise party Christy gave Prissy but all I can say is that they enjoyed themselves. Eliz and Willie are coming along rather famously. She and I didn't get much time to speak alone but I know she feels terrible about Willie having to go away, though she is proud of his stand. She seems more Northern than the rest of her family. Please overlook my poor hand. Let us hear from you soon.  
As ever affectionately, your cousin, Becky

## IV

April 28, 1863

Willie:

Dear Becky,

Just wrote Mama a nice long letter which I will send with this one. Today we got a loaf of bread to do us all day. For breakfast we got a cup of coffee and a small piece of meat. For dinner it was a cup of soup, and for supper three spoonsful of rice and a spoonful of molasses. It is hard to get food in town even if you have the money. I hate to ask you for anything but do you think you can lend me five dollars. We were supposed to get paid three weeks ago but the paymaster has not been around yet.

I am happy to know things are changing toward the colored folk. Lincoln was wise to sign the Proclamation. I suppose he didn't do it sooner because he was waiting for some sort of victory. Antietam was that victory. Now no country in the world will help the South.

Guess I'll go out and visit with the fellows a little and finish this letter later.

Willie: Hello fellows. (general greeting)

Brad: Let me take one guess as to what you were doing.

Willie: Only one.

Brad: Writing.

Willie: Now I'd say this man deserves a promotion.

Brad: Never saw anyone write so much. Do you ever get any letters back?

Willie: Sometimes. It just gives me a feeling of being at home just as if I were visiting with the folks.

John: I heard of a major who resigned because he said that this Proclamation of Emancipation has changed the whole object of the war. He said he's not fighting to elevate the negro.

Horace: He's right.

John: You haven't heard the whole story. He concluded by saying that the service couldn't possibly suffer by his resignation. Well, he was arrested, held in close confinement and dishonorably discharged for using treasonable language in tendering his resignation.

Clay: This is a crazy set up. We fight enemies within and without. At the beginning I had a rough time. One of the colonels we had, had it in for me because I stood in the way of a doctor friend of his being reappointed to the regiment. Man, he seized every opportunity to render my

connection with the regiment unpleasant. I was under constant espionage. For a while I really thought he would find some pretext to court-martial and disgrace me. I think the only thing that saved me was that a new regulation was made that disbarred from reappointment a surgeon who had once resigned.

Brad: We shouldn't be hard on the uneducated colored folk, because we have had some mighty dumb leaders.

Horace: We could have finished this war a long time ago if we'd only struck the enemy. No, instead we minuet around. May we have the next shot. Oh pardon me, but I thought you were ready. . . .

Clarence: McClellan was always complaining that the South had more men and so he felt it unwise to attack. We really have them outnumbered.

John: I don't see how we can expect success. Just look at our suspicious beginning.

Clarence: Don't mention it.

John: We sure named that battle well. Bull Run, with the accent on run.

Willie: You're going to think I'm crazy, but you know, that wasn't the fiasco you think it was.

Clay: Man, you're crazy! (others agree)

Willie: No, listen. How did the North feel before this battle? We were going to beat the daylight out of the South and bring it to its knees in no time flat. Right?

All: Right.

Willie: What did we find out at this battle?

Clay: We were wrong. They were prepared.

Willie: Had we not panicked and run away, more of us would have been killed and we wouldn't have learned any more. Right?

Horace: The fellow's right.

John: But I hated to know the South was so jubilant.

Willie: Even that wasn't so bad. It made them over-confident, which is to our advantage.

Clarence: Hey, how come you're not the general?



Willie: Well, it's this way. I need time to write and. . . .

Brad: Aw, go one. We know you're just modest.

Horace: What ever happened to H. C. Lester?

Clarence: The colonel of the 3rd Minnesota Infantry?

Horace: Right.

Clarence: He was dismissed from the service.

Brad: What did he do?

Clarence: It's what he didn't do. He refused to help the 9th Michigan Infantry when they were attacked. His help could have gotten them the victory.

Clay: One of the most disgraceful episodes yet.

Brad: I'm turning in early tonight. Think I'll try writing some myself.

Willie: If you need any help, why just call on me.

Brad: Say now, don't get a swell head. There are a few of us who can spell some too.

Horace: And I'm going to prove it.

Clarence: Wait a minute, fellows. How about that barbecue?

Clay: Crazy. Better check on that kid that was so upset this afternoon.

John: What bothered him?

Clay: Seems as though the guard that was shot last night was a close friend of his. Upset him terribly. Only fifteen years old.

Willie: Probably should go home.

Clay: I'll see about it tomorrow. (leaves)

John: He's good. Takes a special interest in his patients.

Willie: He has actually had a medical education. He was not just an apprentice in some practitioner's office.

John: I tell you, more of our boys die of disease than are killed or die of wounds. The ones the Confederates don't get, general dysentery does.

Willie: You know who gets me? Benson.

John: Can that fellow talk!

Willie: If he ever comes up and you and I are together, let's not give him a chance to talk.

John: What in the world could we talk about?

Willie: Just anything . . . the news, anything. Don't even greet him once he starts.

John: Talk about the devil. . . . Let's discuss Julia Ward Howe.

Benson: Hello there.

John: You know, Willie, Julia Ward Howe heard the tune to John Brown's Body one day in November and loved it so much she thought it ought to have better words.

Willie: She was visiting the capital when she heard it.

John: The words came to her at dawn the next morning as she lay in bed at the Willard Hotel listening to the sound of marching troops in the street below.

Willie: The tune had been composed much earlier in volatile South Carolina. It's some combination. Making a big hit. John, what do you think of the balloon?

John: Professor Thaddeus Constantine Lowe had a good idea.

Willie: It takes a loyal New Hampshire man to think of a thing like that.

John: They can observe an area of fifty square miles in diameter across the Potomac.

Willie: Prof. Lowe is probably the most shot at individual of the war.

John: Nonethe less, he is grateful the President listened to his idea.

Willie: Looks like our forces may some day take to the skies.

Benson: Just one word, boys. Please, just one word. Listen, we really are doing well on the sea. You know how the Merrimac deck and topside was covered with iron plates. It was beating up all our navy. Why, it destroyed the Congress and the Cumberland. Stanton was so frightened for fear the Merrimac would just come steaming up the Potomac and that we'd lose Fort Monroe and lose Washington, New York, and even Boston.

John: I know. . . . (Willie sneaks off)

Benson: Well, that night you can imagine Stanton's rejoicing when he heard that we also had an ironclad, the Monitor. Well sir, the two ships met and fought, but neither ship could win the victory but the Merrimac retired to Norfolk, South of course. Stanton was very relieved. On the same Sunday. . . .

John: Listen! Just a minute. That was great news. You know, I don't believe Willie knows this.

Benson: Really?

John: Really. Now I have an idea.

Benson: What?

John: Why don't you go ahead and tell him?

Benson: Right now?

John: Right now.

Benson: But he's gone.

John: That's his tent and I know he'd really appreciate your thinking of him.

Benson: He won't get mad?

John: Willie never gets mad. He appreciates anything you can do for him. Just go in and tell him. He mustn't be in ignorance one more minute.

Benson: No sir! Hey, Willie, Willie. (John runs off)  
He's not in his tent! Hey John . . . John. (leaves calling)

Curtains close - Taps played. Curtains slowly open

Owl calls back and forth

Willie: Chet?

Chet: You got the message. I wasn't sure.

Willie: How have you been, man? It's been almost two years. (They embrace. Slap the back - mostly Willie)

Chet: Aside from a little illness, and some lousy lice, I guess I have been one of the lucky ones. How about yourself? You look good, Willie.

Willie: Got shot up once but not seriously. Got me home for awhile but I re-enlisted. I'm due for a furlough soon.

Chet: I haven't gotten home once. Don't dare. Guess I'm in till it's all over. What of Stephen?

Willie: He really got shot up badly according to what I heard from home, but he's going to be all right. This fellow Walt Whitman who does all this fancy writing wrote home to the folks. They came after Stephen and took him home. Your Dad helped see him through. We've been lucky, I guess.

Chet: How about James?

Willie: He hasn't been with you?

Chet: We left home together the day I went to camp, but we parted a short distance from home. Zack was with him.

Willie: No one has heard from him that I know of. Elizabeth and Becky are assisting in the Douglas Stanton Hospital. I guess the others are all helping in one way or another. You won't know Teddy, he's getting so big.

Chet: How much longer will it be, Willie?

Willie: Hold it now, fellow. Since when did you think I was a prophet?

Chet: I'm tired of it all. I think if my home had been in the South I'd have gone back.

Willie: There have been lots of deserters on both sides, I understand. Having regular furloughs has helped out some. I understand you are thinking of drafting your men. We are too. There's lots of opposition to this.

Chet: Lincoln turned out to be a lot shrewder than anyone expected.

Willie: Poor fellow, hasn't seemed able to get the right general yet. You folks have really had great ones, much as I hate to say so.

Chet: Yeah. . . . It's still a mighty long time. Do you get many letters?

Willie: Not really, but I do hear once in a while.

Chet: Got any on you?

Willie: Just happen to have one from Becky. You wouldn't be interested would you?

Chet: Don't tease, Willie.

Willie: I'm sorry. I did purposely bring one.

Chet: Thanks, Willie.

Dearest, dearest Willie,

I'm sending a package at the same time I mail this letter.

Willie: Never got it.

Chet: It is full of all kinds of goodies to share with some of the other boys. We're all fine at home. Even Mom helps care for the wounded and sick. This keeps her from too much time to worry. Things are in better condition than when you were hurt. For awhile, mostly women did a lot of the work. Now there are the U.S. Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission.

Have you met Miss Clara Barton? She is such a wonderful woman. Imagine this woman of forty actually out on the battlefields under every possible condition, in pouring rains, within reach of enemy guns, distributing supplies and nourishment to the men, bringing aid and comfort to them before they undergo the long jolting rides in rough field ambulances and railroad cars back to hospitals.

I have also met Miss Dortha L. Dix of Massachusetts, a wonderful humanitarian who at sixty years of age is doing a wonderful work as Superintendent of Women Nurses. But the one nurse I have enjoyed working with most is Miss Louisa May Alcott. She is such an imaginative, sensitive person.

Dear, by now you realize that we at home are all doing what we can. How I wish this would be over soon and we would return to our peaceful routine. I don't believe I would ever complain about anything else.

We have not heard from Chet nor James. Of course we hardly expect to since they are you know where. I try to keep myself very busy so as not to get depressed. Your letters mean so much to us even though mail is so irregular.

It may interest you to know that a ship on its way to Europe was stopped and all available and capable young men were made to return home. There have been so many trying to leave since there has been so much draft talk.

Well, God bless you Willie. We are looking for a quick end to this. The girls send their love, especially Elizabeth.

Affectionately,  
Becky

Chet: Are you writing soon?

Willie: I'm in the process of writing a letter now. What should I say?

Chet: Do you have a pencil?

Willie: I'm sorry, I just didn't think that far.

Chet: Just tell them I'm coming home as soon as I can. . . . if I can be that lucky.

Willie: Chet, do you realize that the man that invented the cotton gin and gave slavery a fresh start also started the use of standardized parts for guns? Crazy world, isn't it?

Chet: Yeah . . . .

April 28, 1864

Mrs. Brown: And, my dear, just don't you worry your little self one little bit. Why, I had a sister who had the exact same trouble and, may her soul rest in peace, why she got herself so upset that I believe that was the cause of her demise. But you are such a sweet child, surely it couldn't happen . . . .

Mrs. Morris: Mrs. Brown, you said you had another engagement and we don't want you to be late.

Mrs. Brown: O-o-oh—how thoughtful of you, and you having such a trying time yourself. I just didn't want the dear child to be firghtened.

Mrs. Morris: Of course not. Thank you so much for your visit.

Mrs. Brown: It was nothing. Just nothing. You have such wonderful, dear children. You know some boys just run away from service. I heard 500 went into Canada in one day. My Julia just will have nothing to do with this type. Now take your Stephen for instance. My Julia just thinks he's wonderful.

Mrs. Morris: Thank you. I know how prompt you are and I wouldn't think of being the cause of your being late. Thank you so much. Good bye.

Mrs. Brown: Good-Bye-ee.

Christy: My Julia just thinks your Stephen is wonderful.

Mrs. Morris: Poor Child.

Christy: Poor Child nothing. She's the biggest flirt there is. She doesn't like the kind that go to Canada because she can't catch them.

Mrs. Morris: I thought she would never leave. Why are some people so trying at times?

Prissy: Good thing I don't pay her any mind. She would have me frightened to death.

Mrs. Morris: I suppose she means well. Are you comfortable?

Prissy: Yes. I'm a little tired, but I don't want to go to my room. When did Dr. Hopkins say he was coming?

- Mrs. Morris: He should be here anytime. Why don't you lie down on the sofa? You won't be able to look out of the window, but you'll not be as tired. I must go see if mother is awake.
- Christy: Remember your eighteenth birthday?
- Prissy: Yes, you really surprised me. You aren't planning something for my twenty-first, are you?
- Christy: Oh I couldn't, not till our boys are back. I was just thinking how much I had wanted to be eighteen. I thought it would be so wonderfully grown up. Here I am nineteen and I really don't feel so wonderfully grown up. I just really feel miserable.
- Prissy: Why, Christy, that isn't like you. Maybe your getting sick too.
- Christy: I'm just lonesome, Prissy. I wish Peter hadn't been drafted.
- Prissy: There are worse things than that, Christy.
- Christy: You're right, Prissy. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to remind you about Russell. I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry.
- Prissy: That's all right. I'm not the only one who's lost a loved one. Some have lost husbands and sons, and in some families all the men are gone. Oh, Christy, it's terrible.
- Christy: Prissy dear, don't think about it. You need to get well. Becky will be home soon. Perhaps she'll have a letter from Willie.  
(Bell rings-Christy answers, enter Dr. and wife)
- Christy: Come right in, may I have your hat? Make yourselves comfortable. I'll call Mama. (leaves)
- Dr. Hopkins: How is my little patient?
- Prissy: Little! Why today I'm twenty-one.
- Dr. H: Well, so how is my elderly patient? (laughter)
- Mrs. Morris: Hello, Louise. I'm so glad you came. Well, doctor, what do you think of your patient today?
- Dr. H.: If all my patients did as well, I would have to find some other means of earning a living. She's getting well too quickly for much profit. Another couple of days and she will be well enough to be around, but no work until I say so.
- Mrs. Morris: We're so grateful to you, doctor. Won't you stay and have a cup of coffee?



Dr. Hopkins: Don't mind if I do. Is Bob still in New York?

Mrs. Morris: Yes, but we expect him back tomorrow.

Christy: I'll get the coffee, Mother. Why don't you just visit.

Mrs. Morris: Thank you, Christy.

Mrs. Hopkins: What do you hear from Willie?

Mrs. Morris: We haven't heard just recently, but he should be mustered out soon.

Mrs. Hopkins: You have been a very fortunate mother.

Mrs. Morris: You still haven't heard anything about James.

Dr. Hopkins: No.

Mrs. Hopkins: We always live in hopes of hearing the way we did of Chet. It was so wonderful to know he was alive, but that's been almost a year now.

Dr. Hopkins: No sense worrying either. We just have to help as many as we can and pray this will be over soon. I never dreamed it would be so long.

Mrs. Hopkins: How is your mother?

Mrs. Morris: She is doing well. She just finished her afternoon nap but stayed in her room. She likes to sometimes just sit by her window and meditate.

Mrs. Hopkins: She's one of the sweetest Christians I know.

Mrs. Morris: Thank you. She has great faith. Some think she is oblivious of what is going on, but I know she isn't. She feels that all she can do is to pray and keep up her courage and that of others, and she tries to do that to the best of her ability.

Dr. H.: And she is doing it marvelously. (Christy enters. Sets tray, serves. While this is going on, Becky comes in from outdoors)

Becky: Hello, everybody. How are, Mother Hopkins and Doctor Hopkins?

The Hopkins: Well, thank you. (Stephen walks in)

Becky: (Going to mother) How's Prissy? Met Setphen as we were leaving the hospital.

- Stephen: Greetings everyone. Well, Prissy, you look a lot better than when I saw you three days ago.
- Mrs. Morris: Hello, son.
- Mrs. Hopkins: Did Elizabeth ride with you?
- Becky: Yes, and I asked her to come home with me, but she thought she had better not. Now I wish I'd coaxed her more. Happy Birthday, Prissy. (Hands her a gift)
- Prissy: Thank you. This is almost like having a party.
- Stephen: Happy Birthday, Sis. I must say I had quite forgotten.
- Prissy: That's all right. I'm sure there are many more important things to think of. (she opens her package. Whenever it is open and she sees what she got, she acts happy and signals Becky her thanks with a kiss blown)
- Becky: No letter today, Mama?
- Mrs. Morris: We live from letter to letter anymore.
- Mrs. Hopkins: At least you have those. We have often felt like strangers in a foreign land. If it hadn't been for your wonderful friendship, I don't know what we would have done.
- Dr. Hopkins: Coming from a southern background we found ourselves drawn toward the southern side of the argument when this conflict first began. But as time has moved on we have become very weary of all this strife, and all we look forward to is the day it will end and our family is united again. What is left of them.
- Stephen: Suppose your boys had taken arms against Virginia. What would you have done?
- Dr. Hopkins: Probably disowned them. Now I'd just say, "Hurry home."
- Stephen: Do you have any idea of what James did or where he went?
- Dr. Hopkins: He probably first went with Chet. At least, that was the impression I got. They both left together. I remember his coming over one day and telling me that Chet was leaving and did I know about it. Of course, I had known for several days. Then he asked if I knew he, too, was leaving. Well, no, I had not known but I'd expected it. Then he just said he was leaving with Chet.

Mrs. Hopkins: He had not discussed anything about it till then.

Stephen: Didn't Zack go with them also?

Mrs. Hopkins: Yes, he always went everywhere with James. From the day we got him and his folks, he and James have been almost inseparable.

Dr. Hopkins: Actually, we were to get Sarah and Old Ben, but when we realized Zack was theirs we offered to buy him, which we did.

Mrs. Hopkins: It was the only child they had left, a son of their old age. Old Ben was proud of Zack. He was bright enough child. Ben never said too much about his leaving, but as time passed and he didn't hear from him, he seemed to fail more and more till he finally just died.

Dr. Hopkins: Nothing one could really do for him. He just lost his desire to live. Sarah was younger and stronger. She still looks for the day she can see Zack return.

Stephen: Did she know where Zack was going?

Mrs. Hopkins: If she knew anymore than we, she never has said anything.

Dr. Hopkins: Well, there really is no need to burden you folks with our troubles.

Mrs. Morris: Doctor, you know better than that. You have always been so kind to us. Stephen might not be here but for you, and now with Prissy . . . --

Dr. Hopkins: There is so much hurt in this old world that someone has to apply the balm of healing. The older I get, the less I'm interested in, especially if it means strife. Something is wrong when our goals can not be gained through peaceful means. I haven't always felt this way. I may be getting old.

Mrs. Hopkins: We have always appreciated you and your lovely family. I know Stephen has done his best to find some trace of our James. It may be we shall never know.

Stephen: He may have fought bravely and died somewhere unknown.

Dr. Hopkins: And so be it then. We will not have been the only ones to have lost loved ones. Well, we have surely appreciated this brief respite with you folk.

Mrs. Morris: It has been a pleasure.

Dr. Hopkins: I'll drop by tomorrow sometime in the afternoon to see how our a hem, old lady is doing. She must avoid any exertion.  
(Goodbyes are said)

Mrs. Morris: Well, I suppose everyone is hungry. Mary made a pot roast before she finished for the day. These Irish girls are interesting to listen to if you can understand their brogue.

Prissy: Mama, I am tired. I wonder if I could be served in my room.

Mrs. Morris: Of course. We'll take you a tray. Becky, will you help her? Christy, would you see if Grandma wants to eat in her room or if she will eat with us.

(They leave except for Stephen, who all this time has been looking out the window. Mrs. Morris straightens out some things. Gathers cups, etc.)

Stephen: Mama, I found out about James.

Mrs. Morris: (Whirls around toward Stephen) Oh, Stephen is he . . . where . . . ?

Stephen: He is dead.

Mrs. Morris: Oh, Stephen.

Stephen: It seems he didn't go all the way with Chet. He went west and joined Grant and fought with him at the battles to capture Fort Henry and Fort Donelson.

Mrs. Morris: How did you ever find out? Why didn't you say . . . I guess it would have been hard to tell them. But how did you find out?

Stephen: Zack was with him through it all. He too was wounded and was unable to assist James. When he recuperated he found out James had passed away. He continued to fight but worked his way east. I found him working in one of the hospitals.

Mrs. Morris: Why hasn't he come home?

Stephen: Poor fellow, he doesn't know what to say to the folks. He isn't sure but that they would beat him for being on the Union side. That's why they never heard from James. He knew they thought he'd joined the Confederates. Zack feels inadequate, as if he is not worthy to return if he cannot bring James. And I even hated to tell the Hopkins that their son died, but not Zack. I'm not sure of their reaction.

Mrs. Morris: Does anyone else know?

- Stephen: No. By the way, Becky didn't get a letter, but Elizabeth did. We didn't say anything while the Hopkins were here, because I'm sure she wanted to tell them herself. Willie expects to be home next month. He hasn't heard from Chet anymore.
- Mrs. Morris: I'm glad Willie joined the army of the Potomac. We've been able to hear a little more this way.
- Stephen: I thought I'd mention this now while Prissy isn't around. I know she isn't well, and she has been so hurt by Russell's death. She almost worked herself to death in the hospital after that.
- Mrs. Morris: Let us go see about supper. Don't mention any of this for awhile, Stephen. We'll see what we can think up to help Zack and the folks, but just for tonight, at least, don't say anything about this.
- Stephen: Fine.
- (Time out for meal. Curtains close and after a pause, open)
- Becky: Your little Irish girl makes a good roast.
- Mrs. Morris: I understand the Irish make some good stews, also.
- Becky: Mama, I asked Elizabeth to come over tonight. She has a surprise for you.
- Mrs. Morris: Is she hiding Willie somewhere?
- Becky: (No?) Oh, Mama! But it's almost as good.
- Mrs. Morris: She's heard from him.
- Becky: Mama, your absolutely psychic! Yes, he wrote and says he's coming home soon. To stay! Isn't it wonderful?
- Stephen: He will have served three years.
- Becky: That's a lot longer than we ever expected the war to last. I think if I had realized it was going to be so long, I would have gotten married.
- Stephen: I don't know whether that would have been such a good idea since Chet joined the Confederates.
- Becky: Maybe, then, he wouldn't have joined them.
- Mrs. Morris: It is good that we don't know too far into the future. We might not be able to accept things all at once, whereas if they come slowly we build up to them.

- Christy: I want a big party when the war ends.
- Mrs. Morris: We'll all be glad when it ends, but I don't believe we'll feel like any big party.
- Christy: I suppose not. But I'll be mighty happy to have all the boys back. I wish Peter would hurry home.
- Stephen: Things are shaping up so that it's clear that the North will be the victor.
- Becky: Stephen, what do you think will become of those who fought on the Confederate side? Will they be imprisoned?
- Stephen: Lincoln is a compassionate man. There was a time when I thought him crude like most westerners. Becky, he is homespun, but a wise man. He wishes to see our country united, and that could never be if we can't forgive our families and neighbors. We must work toward binding up the wounds of war. Lincoln himself has four brothers-in-law serving in the Confederacy. As another example, you know Clay was a great secession man. Three of his seven grandsons serve in the Union Army. Most of the generals on both sides have been classmates at West Point and have the utmost respect for one another.
- Mrs. Morris: Right here at home we have our Willie on one side and dear Chet on the other.
- Christy: And don't forget Peter and James.
- Stephen: Did you realize that until his death early in 1862, ex-President Tyler was a member of the Confederate Provisional Congress.
- (Bell rings. Stephen answers the door)
- Stephen: Come in, Elizabeth. Rosalie, we have been waiting for you.
- Elizabeth: Thank you, Stephen. Hello, Mother Morris. How is Prissy? Rosalie thought she would visit with her a little if she could.
- Mrs. Morris: Christy, see how she is. She may be awake reading. I understand you have a surprise for me.
- Becky: I couldn't keep it back, Liz.
- Eliz: That's what I figured. Either you or Stephen would tell her. But I have the letter. I thought you would like to hear some parts.

(Christy returns and is about to take Rosalie out)

Mrs. Morris: Christy, do you want to hear the letter also?

Christy: Of course. Wait for me.

Rosalie: I'll tell Prissy about it.

Eliz: I'm so happy. He's coming to stay this time. It doesn't seem possible.

Mrs. Morris: It will certainly seem good. It's been a long time. (Christy returns)

Christy: I'm ready.

Eliz: He wrote this some time ago. You know how I received it, don't you?

Becky: I just told her he'd written and was coming soon.

Eliz: He gave it to one of the soldiers who'd received an arm wound and was coming to the hospital on the chance that he could get it to me. Ready?

Christy: Ready.

Eliz: I finally have a moment to write. At last these are encouraging times for us. We were elated to learn that at the same time that Lee and Pickett were retreating, Vicksburg fell to Grant and Sherman. The tide turned and we are seeing, I hope, the end of the war. I remember that in '61 we thought that since McClellan had been so successful in clearing the rebels out of West Virginia, we would march on to Richmond and crush the rebellion "by a single blow", but when the Confederates got fresh troops during that fateful battle of Bull Run, we were severely trounced. We have yet to know what actually caused the panic that saved the lives of a few of us. Had we continued fighting in our fatigued condition we all would have been slaughtered. It was humiliating, but it taught us the South was better prepared than we had figured. Now we are doing the chasing. We finally have, in Grant, a general worthy of the name. I know there are some bold plans in the future. However, if things go according to schedule I'll be home in June. Hon, I . . .

Let's see, there was another part.

Christy: Come on, don't skip any part.

Mrs. Morris: Christy!

- Christy: I'm sorry.
- Eliz: Here's another. "We are all very proud of President Lincoln. He certainly has turned out a much finer gentleman than we once imagined. His address at Gettysburg was poetry. I hope you got a copy from one of the papers."
- I never read it. Did any of you?
- Mrs. Morris: I remember Robert mentioned something about it, but I didn't read it. We must try to get a copy somewhere.
- Eliz: That's about it. He does mention what he heard about the rioting in New York to protest new draft laws. He's coming home in June! Oh, Becky, I have the words and music to the song "He's Gone Away". Will you sing it?
- Becky: Oh, no, Elizabeth.
- Eliz: Please do, Becky. I've been dying to hear it sung.
- Becky: No, really.
- Eliz: I'll play if you'll sing.
- Becky: No, please. I really can't.
- Christy: You know, I wonder if Willie knows that dome on the capitol was completed?
- Becky: I'm not sure. I don't think so, but I know he doesn't know that a goddess stands on top.
- Christy: I thought she was an Indian. She has a feathered headdress.
- Eliz: Maybe the feathers are to remind us that the Indians were here first.
- Stephen: Who knows what the sculptor meant?
- Mrs. Morris: Who was the sculptor?
- Stephen: A Thomas Crowfoot or Crawford. Crawford, I guess it is. He made the plaster model in his studio in Rome.
- Christy: She doesn't look very big, but she weighs 14,985 pounds.
- Mrs. Morris: I think our capitol building is beautiful.



- Christy: Which way does she face? --the Indian goddess, I mean.
- Becky: She isn't an Indian.
- Christy: How do you know?
- Stephen: She faces east.
- Mrs. Morris: Elizabeth, I'm so glad you shared your letter with us. Does Willie say in any place when in June?
- Eliz: No. I guess he wasn't sure. That would be terrible if it's the last of June. Imagine just expecting him every day for thirty days.
- Christy: I'm going to decide it will be June 30. Then if he comes before, I'll be pleasantly surprised.
- Mrs. Morris: That will be fine, but we'll get his room ready by the end of May.
- Eliz: I must get a new dress.
- Mrs. Morris: You girls need lots of rest, you work so hard in the hospital.
- Christy: Speak for yourself, Mom. (Runs off with Eliz.)
- Becky: I shall be teaching again this fall, Mama. I spoke with the superintendent of schools. I shall be earning a dollar a day again.
- Mrs. Morris: That will be fine. Have you heard from Tish lately?
- Becky: No. I imagine she hasn't had time. These are busy days for everyone. Even I have neglected to write. Perhaps tonight I'll drop her a line.
- Rosalie: Teddy was saying the other day that when he grows up he is going to marry you.
- Christy: He's so darling. I wish he were nineteen instead of eleven.
- Becky: Forgetting Peter already.
- Christy: No! We stopped by Grandma's room and said "Hello" to her. She was happy to see the girls.
- Mrs. Morris: Did you mention Willie's coming?
- Christy: I didn't think it would be a good idea.

Mrs. Morris: I'm glad. We mustn't say anything to her yet.

Eliz: Oh, Mother Morris, you don't think something will happen?

Mrs. Morris: My dear, I don't know. I don't want anything to happen, but June is quite a ways off yet, and anything can happen between now and then.

Eliz: Oh, dear. I couldn't stand it if anything did happen.

Mrs. Morris: We needn't worry about it. Let's just plan on his coming.

Eliz: You know what does have me worried? Not hearing anything from James. I hate to admit it, but he is probably dead. Oh, Mother Morris, it's awful.

Mrs. Morris: Now, don't you worry yourself. You continue enjoying the thought of seeing Willie come home soon, and we will too. It's a couple of days till May. Before you know, it will be June.

Eliz: You're wonderful. Well, we'd better be gone. Are you ready, Rosalie?

Rosalie: Been waiting for hours.

Eliz: Goodnight.

Rosalie: Goodnight, everybody.

Stephen: May I escort you ladies home?

Eliz: Of course.

Mrs. Morris: I must see Mother. (starts walking off; Christy goes off with her)

Christy: (Putting her arm around her mother's arm) Now talking about new dresses, do you think there is a slight chance that I might get a new dress, too?

Mrs. Morris: We will have to give that some consideration. How long will it be till your next birthday?

Christy: Oh, Mama that's too far away. I mean for Willie's coming. (The conversation continues until they are off stage. Meanwhile Becky has gone to the window near piano. She looks off, then slowly goes to piano and picks out a few notes on it, then slowly walks away from it and begins singing "He's Gone Away" and drops on sofa when it's over. Curtains close.)

## VI

April 2, 1865; Sunday afternoon

(Becky is writing at the desk, enter Christy)

Christy: Becky, we've won! (she dances about the room)

Becky: Are you sure?

Christy: I'm so happy. Of course, I'm sure. Where's Mama?

Mrs. Morris: What is all the excitement about?

Christy: We've won the war. That's all. We've won the war. It's all over! The boys are coming home.

Mrs. Morris: How do you know?

Christy: I was over at Tompkins when Mr. Tompkins came in with the news. He say's all Washington is mad with joy. I knew we'd beat those dumb Southerners.

Mrs. Morris: Christy!

Christy: No, Mama. I can't be calmed down. I'm really going to enjoy this. They began the war and we have ended it.

Mrs. Morris: Christy, please . . . .

Becky: She's right, Mama. She should be happy. We all should. All this senseless killing will be over.

Christy: Oh, Becky. I'm sorry, I forgot all about Chet. I'm so stupid-- Oh, Mama, I was so happy.

Becky: That's all right.

(enters Mr. Morris)

Mr. Morris: Ruth, have you heard?

Mrs. Morris: It's over. Oh, Robert, I'm so happy. (she cries)

Christy: (teary also) Now, we surely look like a happy group of people.

Mr. Morris: Willie went over to see if the Hopkins had heard. Where's Prissy?

Mrs. Morris: Reading to Mother. I'll get them. (exit)

- Christy: Papa, do you think we can go to the Capitol tonight? I heard they're having all kinds of celebrations--bands and parades and all kinds of frolics.
- Mr. Morris: I hate to dampen your spirit, chicken, but wouldn't it be just as much fun if you and your friends celebrated here?
- Christy? Can we?
- Mr. Morris: You need to speak to your mother first. But, I would rather see that arrangement. (enter Mrs. M., Mrs. J., and Prissy)
- Priscilla: Oh, Becky, maybe we'll hear from Chet soon.
- Becky: Maybe.
- Mrs. Johnson: Now, Robert, can you explain what has happened?
- Mrs. Morris: Petersburg fell to Grant yesterday, and today he followed it up by the capture of Richmond. Of course, we have been expecting to win, but expecting doesn't take away from the impact of the reality.
- Mrs. Johnson: How I wished they had surrendered two months ago when Lincoln met with the Confederate's Vice-President Stephen.
- Becky: But, Grandmother, the conditions were almost equal to unconditional surrender. Their pride couldn't permit this.
- Mrs. Johnson: Becky, child, there has been too much thought of pride and not enough of the poor boys who have to sacrifice their lives.
- Mrs. Morris: Lincoln couldn't possibly be expected to ask for less than he did--a restoration of the Union and abolition of slavery. To have asked for less would not have kept faith with those who died and suffered for these principles.
- Becky: I suppose you are right.
- Mr. Morris: Lincoln actually followed the army into Richmond and spoke words of kindness in the enemy's capital.
- Becky: He's a kind man.
- Mrs. Morris: Remember his second inaugural address?
- Becky: "With malice toward none, with charity for all . . .". I'm so glad it's all over . . . So glad.

(enters Willie looking quite concerned. All look toward him)

Mrs. Morris: Willie, what is the matter?

Willie: Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins have gone to the Douglas Stanton Hospital. They're not sure yet about the details, but Chet was picked up along with some of our wounded men.

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CURTAIN

## Scene II

Mrs. Hopkins: We consider ourselves fortunate to still have Chet with us.

Dr. Hopkins: If it hadn't been for an alert colleague, we might not have him. They found a letter on him that Becky had written to Willie. The doctor remembered Becky from her work at the hospital and recalled hearing her speak of Chet and James. Of course, he has known us. It occurred to him that this was one of the boys. It wasn't easy to recognize him he was so changed. He realized he would receive better care at home, so sent his boy to notify us.

Mrs. Hopkins: Zack has been his constant companion.

Dr. Hopkins: He's trying to make up for the loss of James. He's lucky to be alive himself.

Ted: Papa almost shot Zack when he caught him sneaking around the house last Thanksgiving.

Dr. Hopkins: I didn't know who was prowling around. Poor fellow was trying to see his mother.

Mrs. Hopkins: I'm grateful to him for having found out where our James was buried.

Mrs. Morris: Many families don't even know that much.

Ted: Papa, wasn't Chet shot trying to get one of his companions that had been wounded?

Dr. Hopkins: Ted is very proud of his big brother. Yes, Chet was carrying a friend off the field when he was shot through the leg. He almost bled to death. That, added to exhaustion. We're just grateful he is with us.

Mr. Morris: Does he know about Lincoln's death yet?

Mrs. Hopkins: Yes, we told him.

Dr. Hopkins: That is a terrible tragedy.

Mrs. Hopkins: Have they caught the man yet?

Mrs. Morris: No, but he doesn't stand a chance. Many people saw him. He also hurt himself when he jumped from the presidential box. To think we used to think he was such a wonderful actor.

Mr. Morris: The whole Booth family seemed talented in speech but most unstable.

- Mr. Morris: Booth may have done more damage than is immediately seen. Johnson is a good man, but He won't be able to handle Sumner and Stevens.
- Dr. Hopkins: There will be more ill-will created if congress doesn't handle the reconstruction properly.
- Mrs. Hopkins: You can't just plow the south under.
- Dr. Hopkins: Many have lost all their wordly possessions. To take away their dignity is really to ask for trouble, and it isn't necessary.
- Mr. Morris: You know, even the south has realized that Lincoln was their friend. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, said that next to the defeat of the Confederacy, the heaviest blow that fell upon the South was the assassination of Lincoln.
- Mrs. Hopkins: What ever will become of the colored folk?
- Dr. Hopkins: There are groups that will help them. I imagine some legal action will be taken to give them full freedom and citizenship.
- Mr. Morris: Some of their own race who have known freedom help them, such as Frederick Douglass.
- Mrs. Hopkins: Albert, did you ever think they would be so glad to be free? Mrs. Decker told me her colored girl kissed the ground after she saw President Lincoln pass by.
- Dr. Hopkins: We tried to tell ourselves that they were happy in the security of the plantation, but I guess it was a means of retaining our self respect.
- Mr. Morris: I imagine some will move westward. There is much land still available.
- Mrs. Hopkins: That's something that does not appeal to me. Too many Indians.
- Mrs. Morris: It isn't easy traveling those long distances by coach.
- Dr. Hopkins: It probably won't be long till the railroad will span the country. There hasn't been much done about it yet, but in '62 Lincoln signed a bill for government aid in building a transcontinental railroad.
- Mrs. Morris: Willie has been talking about taking advantage of the Homestead Act and going out west.
- Mr. Morris: Mother, you shouldn't --

Mrs. Morris: Oh, dear.

Mr. Morris: Willie wanted to talk to you folks and Elizabeth about moving west, but I think he wanted to be the first one to broach the subject.

Mrs. Morris: I'm sorry.

Mrs. Hopkins: We haven't heard a thing. Right, Ted?

Ted: No, ma'am . . . Yes, ma'am. I mean, I won't say anything.

Dr. Hopkins: He's good about keeping quiet.

Mrs. Morris: We must go now. Mary won't be there to help today.

Mr. Morris: With all the girls we have we should be able to manage.

Mrs. Morris: You know my brother's daughter Patricia is visiting us for the Easter holidays.

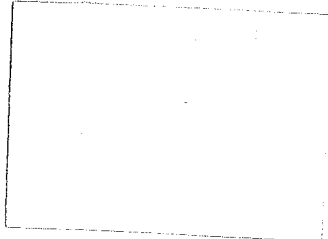
Mrs. Hopkins: She came over yesterday afternoon with Becky.

Ted: Mama, I didn't know Chet was out. He must have gone out the side door. (he goes out the door)

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CURTAIN



## Scene III

- Christy: Mama will be surprised when she finds we have prepared the meal. It was so nice of the Hopkins to ask them over. It would have been grand if the two families could have had dinner together.
- Becky: They felt it would have been too much strain for Chet to have to spend a whole evening out, and they wouldn't want to leave him alone all evening.
- Christy: Well, Elizabeth and Rosalie will come over after dinner.
- Tish: They are such lovely girls.
- Becky: We grew up together.
- Christy: And some will grow old together. Did you know Will and Elizabeth might move out west after they get married?
- Becky: And who told you?
- Christy: I just overheard Willie talking to Mama.
- Becky: Christina, Christina.
- Christy: Don't call me that.
- Becky: You are not supposed to evesdrop.
- Christy: Well, I'd better take the flowers in.
- Becky: You know, Tish, I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was here Chet told me he'd joined the Confederates. At the time, we thought it wouldn't be so long.
- Tish: I guess no one imagined it would last four years. Poor President Lincoln. He must have agonized many a day over the war, just to be assassinated before he had a chance to enjoy the peace.
- Becky: Life will never be the same again. Well, let's go in . . . Chet!
- Chet: Good afternoon Rebecca, Miss Johnson.
- Tish: Good afternoon, and please call me Tish. I'll just go on. Glad to see you are able to be out, Mr. Hopkins.
- Chet: Please call me Chet.
- Tish: Very well, Chet.
- 

Chet: It's been a long time since I saw this spot.

Becky: Please sit down.

Chet: Thank you. (goes to far end of bench. Motions to Becky to sit)  
Defeat doesn't cause one to lose his manners. (Becky sits quietly)

Becky: I'm sorry.

Chet: For what?

Becky: For . . . for the war.

Chet: You didn't cause it. It was terrible, Becky.

Becky: I know.

Chet: You don't know. You don't know how terrible it is!

Becky: Oh.

Chet: It isn't beautiful . . . I shouldn't be burdening you. I just had to get out, and this was the nicest spot I could think to come to.

Becky: You aren't burdening me.

Chet: Becky, it's been so long. The last time we were here, I was so sure of victory.

Becky: You're back and alive. That's all that matters.

Chet: I am grateful to be back. There were times I wasn't so sure I'd make it, times when I was so sick . . . Got to stay at the home of a cousin once. They talked of the prison at Andersonville, Georgia. Spoke of how bad it was. Becky, I took time to go to it just in case Stephen or Willie were there. It was an awful place.

Becky: It's over now. We can't undo any of the past, but we can try to build a better future. You know that Willie and Elizabeth are getting married in June.

Chet: Yes.

Becky: They might take advantage of the Homestead Act and go out west.

Chet: You wouldn't want to marry me. I've lost many rights for bearing arms against the government. I'm not entitled to the Homestead offer. Probably I have also lost the right to vote and who knows what else.

Becky: I've waited a long time.

Chet: I was so afraid you wouldn't wait. How do your folks feel about me?

Becky: They love you, too.

Chet: They're good Yankees, too, aren't they? Will you be over tonight?

Becky: Tish is here.

Chet: Just for an hour or so?

Becky: To read to you?

Chet: Yes.

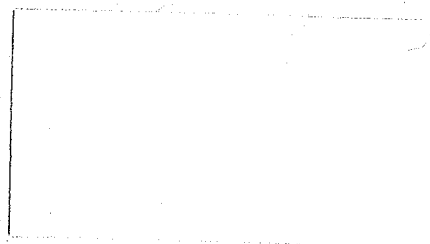
Becky: What should I read?

Chet: Uncle Tom's Cabin. (Becky looks puzzled, then realizes it is a joke.)

Becky: Silly. (lightly strikes his hand, he catches it and there is a sober moment broken in by Ted calling from off stage.)

Ted: Chet. Hey, Chet. . . .

(Chet and Becky laugh and walk off stage.)



N O T I C E - No. I

Subject: Junior High History Play

Practice time after school: Thursday, 3:30 PM - 5:00 PM

January 18 - Acts I and II  
" 25 - Acts III and IV

February 1 - Acts V and VI  
" 8 - Acts I and II  
" 15 - Acts III and IV  
" 22 - Acts V and VI

March I - Acts I and II All stage hands  
" 8 - Acts III and IV included from now on.  
" 15 - Acts V and VI  
" 22 - Acts I and II  
" 29 - Acts III and IV

April 12 - Acts V and VI

April 9, 10, 11 - Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday  
For all who will be working on  
backdrops. 3:30 PM - 5:00 PM

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 9:30 AM - 3:00 PM - DRESS REHEARSAL  
EVERY PERFORMER, STAGE HAND, AND ASSISTANTS OF ANY KIND  
WILL BE EXPECTED TO COME! This is very important for  
the success of the play!

The Home and School has graciously offered  
to provide the lunch.

Performances: April 28 - Saturday night at 8:15 PM  
" 29 - Sunday night at 8:00 PM

We are planning a vespers program for all, at the Takoma  
Park Church. After vespers everyone is to hurry to JNA  
to get ready for Curtain Time.

On Sunday everyone will be expected at JNA at 6:30

*Lydia Chiomente*