



Western Michigan University  
ScholarWorks at WMU

---

Faculty Recognition

Western Michigan University

---

1956

## A Program Proposal 1956

Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/faculty-recognition>



Part of the Higher Education Commons

---

### WMU ScholarWorks Citation

Western Michigan University, "A Program Proposal 1956" (1956). *Faculty Recognition*. 43.  
<https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/faculty-recognition/43>

This Performance Script is brought to you for free and open access by the Western Michigan University at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Faculty Recognition by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).



1. Friends, fellow Americans, MEA members, Brother with Greek lettered names,
2. And all of you recently come under social security,
3. Lend me your ears, your eyes, your senses five.
4. We come not to bury William R. but to praise him.
5. Not to bury him deep beneath piles of petaled perfumery of euligistic store;
6. But to praise him in kind and friendly fashion.
7. More with humor of a kind,
8. If kindly ye will judge it so.
9. The good that men do is oft interred with their bones,
10. And honor earned not heard by ears of him who did the good!
11. Let it be not so with William R.
12. And so that he may hear,
13. (His ears not stopped with dust of leisure, ennui and forgetfulness.)
14. Fair Portia takes the stand and pleads his case.

A program prepared &  
executed by Willey Harnum  
& me - for Al. Bacon's retirement  
dinner - Eng - Dept - Zackey

# PROCESSIONAL

(To the tune of "The Eyes of Texas Are upon You")\*

The eyes of Texas are upon you  
This triumphant day.  
The visual orbs of dear old Harvard  
Glisten from Back Bay.  
This is bigger far than Texas,  
More august than Harvard Yard.  
"Parting is the sweetest sorrow,"  
To misquote the Bard.

We do not think of this as parting--  
Just a change of pace.  
We like to feel you'll always grace us,  
As Rainyay has his Grace.  
So we'll spare you further singing,  
Time for this to jell.  
No goodbye is here intended,  
But, William, fare you well.

And to Emma here's a postscript:  
Watch his waistline well.  
Carbohydrates and retirement  
Make one quite a swell.  
Go and see a lot of places,  
Oshtemo to Timbuctoo--  
Just recall your friends are waitin'  
Here in Kalamazoo.

\* Often appearing on the popular level as "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad." See Ibid., Op. Cit., et Alii for definitive treatment of the literature on this controversy.



THE YELLOW BROWN  
OF WESTERN

(To the tune of "The Yellow Rose of Texas")\*

He's the yellow rose of Texas  
With a Harvard Crimson hue,  
His accents like the Rio  
That's flowed old Boston through.  
He's a podner from a cow town  
Who's fed on bean and cod.  
We hope he's true to Oakland  
Like Pat to the Guld Sod.  
When little old Rhode Island  
Outgrows the Lone Star State,  
When Harvard splits infinitives  
And themes are never late,  
We'll say goodbye to William Brown,  
Goodbye to Erma too;  
But we thank our saint these things ain't  
A-never comin' true.

He's the yellow rose of Texas  
With a Harvard Crimson glow.  
He's Beacon Hill maintaining,  
"Remember the Alamo!"  
But the Ivy League can't have him;  
Dave Crockett's out of luck--  
With all us folks at Western  
The Browns are firmly stuck.  
So troll the bowl for William.  
Break out the bean and cod.  
Invite the Lovells and Cabots  
To pass the word to God.  
They may have the Browns for just awhile,  
Enjoy them while they do.  
But the yellow rose of Texas  
Is the flower of Yazoo.

\* Tune taken without permission from whoever owns it.

And so that ye may know. Yea know and understand.

Not sympathize but appreciate this state of mind,

we set the stage for stages five.



All the world's a school  
And all the boys and girls are merely getting integrated.  
They have their class-cards and their counselors;  
And each one through the years plays many parts,  
His human growth and development being fi-eve stages, At first the freshman  
Gawking and staring, with his Western pot,  
Just a whining school-boy in his blue-jeans,  
With saddle-shoes and morning-after face  
Creeping like snail unwillingly to College Writing.  
Six hours be his in two semesters' time---  
Albeit he may choose the basic course  
Instead, and garner for his record book  
8 hours and take communication skills.  
And learn to listen, read and write, and spell,  
And speak his mind, and speak his mind right well.  
And then the sophomore ensconced at Burnham Hall  
(As for his writing a ballad, he wouldn't know a ballad if he met one on the  
corner of Main and Burdick...and as for his girl-friend..she doesn't have any  
eyebrows) and so he plays his part.



And then the Junior, counseled and re-counseled three times twice

And twice thrice more, still changes his curriculum.---

Two minors, majors split both aft and fore.

The senior shifts agains---R. O. T. C.

Looks good, or Pulp and Paper industry..

"Could I make a major out of business Ed.?"

"I must be able to make a major out of something!"

Too early graduation comes anon,

And finds his losing mind and tearing hair.

But ah, he's off the thorny point (he thinks) of his distress.

Ah, yes, Egad,

Ge us a grad,

Again egad!

In this last scene of all that completes this strange frustrating history

He's at the gate, the closing gate,

A CANDIDATE M. A. in Ed. Degree

Sans certification, sans recommendation, sand directed teaching, sans

participation, sans job, sans EVERYTHING.

And now----Not all's had, nor is all spent. Where  
our desire is realized, is done with good interest,  
is got with good content, tis best to be that which  
we enjoy and by instruction dwell in fruitful joy.

Fair Helen, now with sweet accord. You in Chaucer's  
style as clerk, Do give another record of another  
kind.



The document which I am about to read to you was recently found in the archives of Garneau and York. The mystery which at first surrounded its discovery, has since been solved, thanks to the voluntary participation in an experiment of unusual interest of the part of certain eminent Chaucerian scholars. These gentlemen submitted to hypnosis and found on the evidence revealed as to their former lives, a la Bridey Murphey, that all of them had lived during the second half of the 14th century and had shared a common friendship with that great "morning star of English song." So thorough has been his influence on all the lives of all of them, that each one continued throughout his successive lives to be recognized as an authority on Chaucer. Unfortunately, and through that unaccountable play of chance, Dr. William Robertson Brown of Harvard and Western Michigan College, was not among those chosen to submit the test, for in very truth he was of their compaignie, and would have revealed himself as such. All the afore mentioned subjects of this new method of research through hypnosis and recall agree that Chaucer had had their former beloved friend and associate in mind when he penned the following lines. Hence, they unanimously have identified the mysterious Mr. W. B. as our own honored guest of the evening. We can but feel that if our friend and colleague now about to retire from active teaching, would be willing to submit to Bridey Murphey himself, our knowledge of details of life in Chaucerian English might be immeasurably augmented. I hold this amazing manuscript in my trembling hands and in all humility will try to read it 'to you as I have had the honor to be asked to do.



## SEGMENT OF PROLOGUE TO CANTURBURY TALES

A CLERK there is whose name is William Brown.  
Of much demande always in this town  
To given book reviews for dames clubbe,  
(Though many times for free, except for grubbe!)  
His fame is spread so very far and wide  
His goode wife doth sometime gently chide  
About his pilgrimage to Battle Creek,  
Eek Benton Harbor, Hartford,—Paw Paw, eek.  
But gladly doth he talken to the dams  
clubbes of the books he loven. Thus his name  
Is held in great renown throughout the state.  
In class he doth his best to educate  
The most retarded oaf, with low I. Q.  
He reads "Mac Beth"—"The Taming of the Shrew"  
With such an art they seem to come alive.  
On teaching of the Bard our Clerk doth thrive.  
An FM radio he bought his wife,  
So they enjoy tones clear and true to life.  
Verdi and Wagner operas compleat  
On Thursday eve's provide a welcome treat.  
The Language Clubbe he holds close to his heart,  
In learned papers read, he plays his part.  
In sport, he is a master at croquet,—  
A mighty slugger in, at every play.  
His foe's croquet ball deftly hit, and zounds,  
He sends it flying forthwith out of bounds!  
His best defense lies always in attack.  
He drives a spanking brand-new Pontiac.