1977

(To Charles Smith) Thank You Charles 1977

Western Michigan University
(To Charles Smith) Thank you Charles.

Introduction #1 (The informal one!)

When I first agreed to do this I was really panicky. I thought, "I can't do it, not all alone! I'm not a solo performer." I remembered all of the perfectly wonderful speeches and solo performances that have been given I thought, "It's all been done." I couldn't face it alone. I'm not a performer, really, although I've been in Theatre all my life. I need a supporting cast and a few props. For this occasion I couldn't have just any body. It had to be somebody and nobody has made a greater hit than the body which has appeared from time to time in this. (Go over to box on bench and hold up the gold sequin dress) Is this familiar? Yes my dear persons, it is the famous Hattie Carnigee gown worn by that famous owner of the Hope Diamond, Evelyn Walsh McLean. It was first worn here at a recognition dinner by Ann Shaw when we did the IBM Program and has subsequently been worn in other programs by Lena Fleischhacker (in the Condominium Hearing Program) Joyce Zastrow and June France. June agreed to help me out tonight and I agreed to see to it she gets a better travel schedule next year and is number 1 on the Directed Teaching list for merit pay - (June comes up gets the dress and goes to dress-emerging when ready).

(Warm up - Elmer Beloof and Margaret Beloof. Two Brown and Gold Songs.)

I'm going to have to talk fast because I haven't really started reminiscing yet and I think we need to warm up. I've been around man and boy 48 years. My roots at Western began in 1930 - my first memory as a green freshman of 17, right off the farm in Sebewa is being assembled in the Old Women's Gym for orientation. Harper C. Maybee taught us the school song. How many of you remember them? (Show Hands) Elmer BelooP's going to lead us in singing the two I learned then and Margaret Beloof will accompany us. Margaret has accompanied more people for more events and skits and stunts at Recognition Dinners - I think they need special recognition tonight. (Pins flower in her hair, one on his coat. We then do the Brown and Gold Numbers. The conclusion of the warm up.)

At conclusion, begin second introduction.

Introduction #2

All Distinguished and Honored persons at the Head tables, including Administrative persons and their guest-persons, all honored emeriti persons, all other distinguished persons.

I salute you all - I am really happy to be here on this occasion because it is not only one of those once-in-a-life-time-experiences but also because it's the last time without question that I can possibly be involved in a program for a Recognition Dinner - the last time I can be coaxed, weeded, flattered, jollied, cajoled into, entrusted with, honored by such an assignment - I'll never forget this moment! All of you, hanging on my word wondering what's going to happen. Well fellow persons you are about to be a part of a creative experience which will be as much a surprise to me as it will be to you for nobody knows what can happen when research has yielded too much wonderful material and one has too little time and one is given too much leeway and one is likely to be sentimental and self indulgent. Before I plunge into the sea of reminiscence, let us be serious for a moment. In the Saturday Review a few weeks back, some excerpts from Norman Cousin's writings appeared. One seemed particularly
appropriate to me for this occasion. He said, "Memory is the proof of life. Nothing really happens to a man unless it becomes memory."

When we think why we are here tonight and why in the past we have come all of those other nights to Recognition Dinners, when we look around us and see who's here; and pause for just a moment to think of all of those who have been present other years but aren't here anymore, when we think of all of those memories—and when we think of the things that have happened to make those memories, here, then, fellow persons is, I submit, PROOF of LIFE. What a lot of memories we can churn up, out there tonight.

Now that June has been zipped into the dress, I want to return to the matter of solo performing at these affairs. I think Charles Smith, even though he is the grand daddy of them all and really is pretty good. I think he is a bit over rated (etc. etc. rib him a bit. Incidentally he's the Senior Citizen in years of service of all the current resident faculty.) I remember as do you I'm sure all of the times he has laid us in the aisles with his Smithsonian after dinner speeches, M.C. jokes and anecdotes. Charles Starring should have a prize as should Al Becker and Hazel Saye and the grand first Lady Performer and Producer of faculty Stunt shows, Miss Siedschlag.

To recognize and name these I have, is to recognize only a few of the many whose solo performances have given us many a happy times at Western's Faculty Functions. But they couldn't have done it many times without the collective talents of others. Behind every good performance is a script writer and in the same breath with which we recall the delightful solo performances we should recognize the long list of program committees and script writers. Heading the list of course is the incomparable Wally Garneau. Then there's the Householders, The Rogers: Helen Master, Charles Starring, Mike Gary, Marge Large, June France and on and on."Laurals?" Charles tonight you'll wear the crown, but do it humbly for you are representing all of those actors, performers, scriptwriters, and people behind the scenes who have made these Recognition Dinners fun in the past. (June places wreath on C. Smith, kisses him etc!)

I suppose you are wondering what all of this is here on this bench for tonight. (indicate trolley car bench with props) This bench, my dear friends, is all that is left of the Old Trolley Car. One day in 1947 I was on top of the hill on East Campus. The front door with the columns had long since become the back door and workmen were razing and carting away the Old Trolley Car. I flagged down a truck pillared high with debris and the last two of the 8 seats on its way to the dump. I made the driver help me unload the 2 benches, this one and the one in the other room where we gathered tonight for the reception. In the past I had used them for stage sets occasionally over at the Little Theatre in Oakland Theatre (now Oakland Recital Hall) and several times Bill Sack of State High used them for parties in the Old Women's Gym. Then I stored them in the attic of East Hall. While I was working on this opus I thought of them again and wondered if they were still where I stored them so long ago. So I began my Operation-Trolley-Car-Seat-Project thinking they'd make wonderful props for tonight. Accountancy in the College of Business had no key and after several phone calls, I was able to arrange with the Campus Police—now called Public Safety (Department of), to meet me on the West porch of East Hall. We climbed to the second floor and after trying a dozen keys found one, opened the door. We climbed the stairs and there where I'd stored them at least 15 years ago. (aside) I'm going to put through a work order, sign President Bernhard's name
to it, and have that place cleaned up. I'm delighted the Columns are saved and now are going to be among the historical buildings and will be preserved. When Beth Guideman was discussing this program with me she said she'd just heard from Mathilde Stickelberg that she was ecstatic to hear that the Old Administration Buildings, East Hall on the East Campus with the columns were to be saved. Now she said we won't have to worry - President Waldo's ashes can rest in peace.

I'll bet some of you didn't know that President Waldo's ashes rest in the S.E. corner of the Old Administration Building. There were a good many who were delighted to know that the Columns were to be on the list of Historical buildings and saved from the wreckers crew.

Right now I want to take time out to do a little more recognizing. I think this is a propitious time. If this talk of mine has a theme it is that I think somehow traditions and memories must be preserved and passed along so that those new persons who are now here or will be here at Western in the future will be aware of Western's Roots. We Must Be Aware of Our Roots. There are dozens of faculty and supporting staff, as Jim Miller would say, who'd be amazed to discover that Western has a rich heritage and an impressive record and that a lot of things of considerable importance happened before they arrived on campus.

So in great appreciation of the fact that there's assurance that the columns will be standing a long time hence to remind future faculty, continuing, 2 year and even one year appointees of our Roots. I have an award to make. My colleagues who assisted me in my research for this position paper assure me that the major battle to save the buildings on the East Campus was waged by Fred Adams. So I would like to present this memento to him to be placed in the trustee room here in this building. It is a piece of the plaster from one of the cracked and crumbling columns soon to be restored to its soaring Ionic capped classic beauty. Yes its no fake, but the genuine article. I took my hammer and chisel this morning and went up and got it. I didn't have to use any tools. I just picked it off with my fingers. Important as saving the building is, the more important task remain - "to bring about that restoration!" Mr. Adams isn't here but Mr. Ludlow will you accept this token of our gratitude and appreciation? I want Mildred Johnson to promise to ride herd on you to see that this comes to a successful function. Of course, you'll have to use your own discretion as to how you may secure permission to include it among the furnishings of the Board of Trustees room and get funds to provide a suitable legend to accompany this relic. Future Trustees of Western Michigan University may wish to borrow it between meetings, keep it on their desks as a reminder for them to do their homework (June in the gold dress takes the plaque to Mr. Ludlow, kisses him officially and returns to sit on the bench by me. Applause.) Before I continue I have another award to make - I should have done this earlier. All of the people on the Recognition Dinner Committee have worked hard on this program but I think Beth Gudeman deserves a special award for writing these impressive biographical accounts of us Retirees. (Hold up program) She is indeed a creative writer and I'd like to present her with this instrument so that future assignments will be easier. To magnify appropriately and sift from the minutiae of our accomplishments is indeed a great editorial and journalistic achievement. (Hold up magnifying glass. June takes it to Beth and kisses her affectionately.)

Of course, my most vivid memories of my college days revolved about my teachers. I have always had double barrelled interest and my student life was centered either in the old playhouse or the Barracks where the Speech and Art Departments were located. Three of my favorite teachers in alphabetical order were: William
R. Brown, Laura V. Shaw, and Lydia Siedschlag. And I'd like to give them an award now of course, Dr. Brown is no longer with us. A group of us boys, 6 or 8 of us — Harry Hefner was one of them — used to go out to Dr. Brown's every Saturday afternoon during the opera Season and listen to the opera and Emmy would feed us supper — Goulash was a favorite menu and I'm afraid sometimes anticipated with more pleasure than the opera which Dr. Brown would follow from the score on his lap and provide audible subtitled to enable us to know what was happening? Miss Siedschlag! I'll never forget the first time I saw her she was texturing the set for Hotel Universe, which she had designed for players. She did the sets for years! She wore an old blue smock incrusted with paint, her hair flying every which way and her hands smudged with paint were busy as she talked her way through the process with her inexperienced crew. Art Department and Christmas Card sales! Senior picnics in the spring in Miss Shaw's back yard! Supper at Miss Siedschlag's apartment on Pearl St.- Hunter's St! Players Homecoming floats, teas, midwinter plays. I could go on and on — but to the awards! Miss Shaw here's an apple and my love to you and Miss Siedschlag, the same to you. You get two, know why? I'll tell you. A while back she told me that when she first came to Western in 1921? She was fresh out of public schools and so scared. She decided if she was going to teach those training school kids she should know something about manual training. So she took a manual training course and her teacher was Marion Sherwood. So (June gives Harry one for Miss Siedschlag) one apple's for her and one's for you to give to her teacher Marion Sherwood. Toumer, (Smith) will you take Marions apple to him and Harry you get Miss Siedschlag to her? Miss Shaw if I had had time and money enough I'd have baked a GREAT BIG batch of Brownies. So everyone here could eat one in memory of the brownies Mrs. Waldo used to bring to us on dress rehearsal night of every Mid-winter play — for years on years. There are few of my old teachers still around. I'd like to give them each an apple too. I had Maude Arthur for practice Teaching at Paw Paw. She gave me a "B". Toumer, she's at Friendship Village. Take hers to her? Keith (Bailey) will you take this apple and my love to Stevie (I had Teacher's Art from Elaine Stevenson.) I had Composition A from Hazel Cleveland. I had Art Comp from Padie— John Kemper will you take this my love and best wishes to Padie? I had masterpieces from Diz Laretzeshise and we studied Paradise Land. Diz you gave me an A and said it was a joy to read my final exam - I could spell and write a grammatically correct. Maybe Slusser Rawlinson should take credit too. I could go on and on about teachers the Burnhams, Harold Blair, Annie Lindlhorn, where does it stop? (June delivers apples — gives kisses to all the men and I give kisses to all the ladies.) Teachers are Western — The rest is supporting staff. Supporting Staff! That reminds me of Jim Miller. He's not here tonight but he should be recognized anyway as the man who did the most to create a beautiful environment. Remember his faculty meetings? Before he got down to business he rambled on a good deal about the supporting staff and the grounds the trees and the shrubs. When he start someone would groan here we go into the bushes again. This tree (point - June holds up Christmas Tree-artificial) will be planted in some appropriate spot. When will that go on an early agenda of the faculty senate. (She gives it to Sam Clark, new President of Faculty Senate.) My first year of college teaching was 1940 and that was a momentous year — not because I came to Western but because something happened in October of that year that changed the course of Western's history. Its never been the same since around here for that was the year of the Great Retreat, the Retreat to Hotel Whitcomb in St. Joe on the shores of Lake Michigan. Remember those fabulous 3 days October 25, 26, 27? Western was a pilot school in a national
program and a committee had been working on revolutionary changes for 3 years
and then sprung it on an unsuspecting faculty. Retreats today are nothing
compared to that one. Input, output, democratic procedures, discussion of
goals, the future, opinions! Buzz Groups! No Dyads! Is this what college
teaching is like? Wow! I needed information so I called Mike Sebaly and
he found a whole folder on the Retreat to Whitcomb in the Fall of 40! He
started to read me some of the stuff over the phone summaries & reports &
observed "Hell this looks like what I wade through every day - That was
38 years ago come September! A guy from University of Columbia was there.
Floyd Moore presided at Wednesday morning session - Session followed session
we were wined (figuratively of course) and dined (more sessions). Eunice Kroft
presided over a session "what lies ahead" and Miss Steckleberg presided, Otto
Yntema, Bob Bowers too, even Lewis Batts was there. Who knows maybe Parkview
Development was conceived in some smoke filled room after hours when the
cultural club had adjourned. Out of the 3 day session emerged the program of
general education and the 15 Hour Block!!!

The great books recommended for freshmen in General Education were the Bible
especially Isaiah, the writings of St. Paul, The Iliad, and Paradise Lost.
That wasn't too much for me to grasp. I got the Bible at my mother's knee,
I had General literature and the Iliad from Dr. Brown and had Paradise Lost
when I took Masterpieces from Miss Loulzenhiser! So in memory of education,
general education and the 15 hour block (now 14 hours - education has slipped)
I want to award this memento to you Mike Sebaly as associate Dean of the
College of Education and I charge you to pass it on to Dean Sandberg when he
gets back and you charge him to place it conspicuously about Sangren Hall,
moving it to a new location from time to time so that new educational leaders
and followers over there will know where they are coming from. (June takes
the 15 hour block award to Mike Sebaly. Gives him a kiss etc.)

As I look back over the fun I've had at Western-aside from the classrooms,
extra curricular programs, committee assignment etc. - the most fun occasions
have been the special parties, the Homecoming celebrations in the Men's gym
Friday nights after the parade. Wally Garneau and I worked together on many
of these programs. I'm proud and maybe a bit presumptuous to call myself a
collaborator with him. He was terrific! I'm going to read this 1935 Homecoming
Script, for this is a good example of Wally in his youthful prime.

1935 HOMECOMING

WESTERN STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

THE WESTERNUNGENLIED
By Wallace Garneau

"A Norwegian Epic from the Portugese"

And the first grey of morning showed the sun
A fiery ore announcing to the world, "The day's begun!"
And soon thru clouds of mist appeared a hill,
A wondrous hill, steep sloped, in fact, a lil
Of a hill, as hills do go, and all the gods
And Goddesses, and demi-gods, they were amazed
To see a hill e'en higher than Olympus hill.
"Twas fit to kill to see Penelope
And Aphrodite, Theseus, Athena,
And all the rest gaze at the higher hill
In rage. Soon arose Theseus, and he spoke:
"What hill is that that dares to rise above Olympus?
Dis is a fine how de do — a pretty business! ! !
Dey got a lot of nose, a lot of crust, by golly,
E'en on Olympus we don't have a trolley!
What kind of people live on yonder hill?
What do they do, what are their habits, are they demi-gods
Or monsters that live there? Answer me Pullease! ! !?
Athena rose, shook her sead as she said:
"Why not ask Achilles, Mayhaps Ach will know."
Theseus clapped his hands and said, "Okay, baby! Be it sol"
So they sent for Achilles, who came though 'twas late,
Took one look at the hill and said, "That's Western State."
"Western State!" cried old Theseus with great consternation,
"Do you mean one of those institutions for higher education?"
"You bet!" answered Ach, "and I'll tell you a lot
Of the life on the Hill-top. A fine tale I've got!"
"Tell us, tell us," the gods cried, "Don't
wait
Tell us of deeds and of people at old Western State!
"I don't know how to tell it, I can't think what would be better;"
Said Achilles, "then to tell the tale, letter by letter."

Then he spelled out W-E-S-T-E-R-N and for each letter he had some script and a stunt. For example:

For W:
W — is for Waldo, and also for West,
'Cause Dwight B. thinks that in movies Mae's acting is best.
Though he hears it in prose and he hears it in rhyme,
He can't get enough of "Come on up sometime!"

For E:
E — is for Employment in FERA
Where students must labor to receive their pay.
The PWA, and the NYA, are they the berries!
Say! Every instructor has six secretaries.
And side-walks of cement just spring up over night.
By golly this FERA's sure all right.

For S:
S — is for switch-board, where marvelous beauties
Keep busy performing their various duties.
Just ask for the barracks and I'll bet a dime
They'll give you the men's gym almost every time.
T is for:  
T—is of course, for the faculty teas,  
Where students wander in whenever they please,  
You balance a plate, and you balance a cup.  
Nobody sits down, so you have to stand up.  
I always ambitiously manage to hope  
They'll one day serve sandwiches one will be able to see with the  
naked eye—without the aid of a microscope.

Faculty teas! Dorm Teas! What ever happened to teas? To all those silver  
tea services? To concerns for cultivating the social graces of the sexes?  
The Chaperoning of dances? Of Sorority house parties over Memorial Day Weekend?  
This is a time to stop a moment to make a special award in memory of all those  
lovely gracious ladies and occasions that have gone by the boards. In memory of  
women who went to teas, wore hats; wore gloves; allowed men to open doors for  
them and carry their books and packages. Of Dorm Mothers who tried to make  
ladies out of coeds. Made them keep hours and both feet on the floor when they  
entertained their boyfriends in the lounges. Pretty ladies in pretty formals  
at dances, freshmen lovelies in pretty frocks in the Daisy Chain, at the June  
Breakfast. But that was really in the Era when there was a Dean of Women &  
Dean of Men. Towner Smith and Elizabeth Lichty were the last of that line.  
I'd like to give these daisies reminiscent of the Daisy Chain in memory of the  
two deans who were in power when I was a student: Bertha Davis and Roy C. Pellet.  
I'd like to give it to Margaret Feather because she worked for Pellet and the  
two offices worked closely together. So to the lovely ladies and Days of  
Rules Regulations and social grace! (June gives Daisies to Margaret Feather.)  
I have another reason to pick Margaret Feather. Miss Feather met you in the  
outer office on the hill in the Ad Building when you were called to see the  
Dean. It happened just once to me because Mrs. Veenstea my landlady at  
907 Walwood Place had complained that we were cooking in our room—we were.  
Campbell's vegetable beef soup heated up in a tin dipper on an upturned electric  
iron. Miss Feather took care of the matter and said we had to pay 25 a week  
for the juice we used. I earned 25¢ an hour working in the Training School  
Library for Phoebee Lumaree!!! That landlady! We had to catch her when she made  
it back if we wanted a bath and she'd call down through the floor register,  "Vinnie! Vinnie, Turn on the gas!" We were allowed one bath a week!

E is for:  
E—is for Ellsworth, who gives us the dope  
About this thing called teaching. He leads us to hope  
That if we will keep ourselves looking as able  
As Maureen O'Sullivan, or as fine as Clark Gable,  
We may land positions. So here is your chance.  
Girls, keep looking tidy. Boys, keep pressing your pants!

R is for:  
R—is for Russia, the land of the Reds,  
Where emperors flourished—and then lost their heads.  
Smith-Burnham and Lahman, as most of you hear,  
Discuss Bolshevism ten thousand times every year,  
With movies, and close-ups, they make it appear  
That living is pleasanter right over here.
N is for:

- is for naturalists, those who hunt flies.
Who watch all the birdies with diligent eyes.
They know all the trees, and they know every vine;
There isn't one flower that they couldn't find.

They know every cactus; they know every weed,
But do they know this? What is a caraway seed?

S is for:

S - is this time for Shakespeare and Sprau.
If you come in at one after ten, you'll have started a row.
You'll learn lots about Shakespeare, which won't do no harm,
And you'll learn how to manage a well-kept-up farm,
You'll learn about Hamlet, which will be just great,
But, if you want to stay healthy, DO NOT COME IN LATE !!!

I was Sprau - Hair parted low etc. Hankerchief/glasses. Student late - pull pistol, "Bang" shoot him dead.

T is for the team which is in there to fight.

A is for angel robes for health examinations,
When students are tested for all complications.
They poke you, and choke you, and weigh you, until.
If you weren't before-Gee, now you ARE ill!!!

Ellis J. Walker - I've heard her call herself homely as a mud fence. She described herself as no beauty with feet like sausages - I was an usher at Wally and Katie's wedding in her backyard.

T - is for teachers, (do all of "Teacher") the molders of minds,
To make up a system, you need many kinds.
There are gruff ones, and tough ones, and sweet ones, and sour:
Some who keep their classes over the hour;
There are lean ones, and mean ones, and old ones and young.
Some deserve golden medals; some ought to be hung.
Don't argue with teachers, and watch what you say
'Cause if you don't mend your ways, you may be one someday.

E is for:

E - s for the efficiency of our registrar.
To meet his equal, you will have to go far.
He schedules the meetings, and deals out the rooms,
He okays the dustmops and also the brooms,
The Supreme court threw out the whole N.R.A.
Because Franklin forgot to get Mr. Hoekje's Okay!

Recall J.C.'s tree with stamps.

Recall J.C.'s tree with stamps.
The Fall festivals. The Faculty Roundups in Kanley Park, the Sweep Swag Swindle in the old ROTC Building. (It collapsed soon after that.) The Presidents Receptions but most of all the Recognition Dinners. Over the years they've been the most fun.

The first one I was involved with was The Magic Mirror. A Rajah who was a blend of the 3 witches of Macbeth concocted a brew - made from a cup of galls, a pound of brass, the powdered jawbone of an ass. Faculty Fees (some didn't want to pay fees, faculty or M.E.A., but the administration told them where to head in) faculty fees, 3 degrees, AB, MA, PH.D., salary scales. The latest dope, Committee heads, thick soft soap, etc. The magic brew was sprayed on the audience who then asked questions about the Retirees, their past and their future. There was the Rocket Ship where all the Retirees embarked on to the Never, Never Land of their dreams. Ethel Green and Marcella Faustman played Rachel Acree & Elaine Stevies. (Sing) Rachel, I've been thinking now we are two retirees. Let us take a nice long trip around the world and the 7 seas. Stevie, Stevie, I've been thinking what a gay trip this would be if we both took off from Western far away from the Faculty. Western, Western, Now we're leaving, we are off to have our spree. There's no telling what may happen. Now retirements set us free.

Remember when we did the take off on the IBM? Nothing had had such versatility in manipulating power since John Hokje. Fred Beel was irate because it cost too much. But that IBM program made history, for it marked the first appearance of Ann Shaw in the Gold Sequin dress. She was supposedly from the Library of Congress looking for Robert Russel, but he was saved from her clutches by Mrs. Russel (played by Diz Loutzenhiser) who instantly claimed her husband. So Ann settled for George Hilliard, sat on his lap and Edna didn't mind at all! That machine did everything. Budgets were solved, personnel problem! Poke a button out came a check, pay to the order of everybody, anything anybody wants. Signed, Otto Yntema. You could poke a dean, Vice President, Department Head, and get answers right away - anybody's anybody's, your salary, parking problems, office space, (way back) then - Priorities, promotions, tenure schedules, you name it. Charles Starring was from Acme Exterminating Service and amid a cloud of steam flushed out a paper mache pheasant which flew down a wire to Dr. Sangren at the head table. John Pruiss was back stage operating the steam machine, bells, buzzers, and all sorts of noise makers - Paul Roberts created the machine. A panacea for all of Western's Woes.

Another one was Don Juan in Retirement Love The Last Drama Quintet. (This was a Rogers and Householders opus I think.) The Sweep Swag Swindle was a party to end all parties. Money was tight, faculty were growing about not getting pay increases and I remember advertising the party (my first speech at a Faculty Meeting in Room 201 - Mr. Sprau's Room at the top of the stairs in the Old Library) we gave everybody a flat bonus $1000 of play money and turned the old ROTC Building into a gambling casino. Faculty wives donated food and you could buy refreshments with your play money or gamble and bid on donated merchandise at the end of the evening. C.B. McDonald was the banker and I remember Harry Hefner was absolutely furious with Mac because he wouldn't give him anymore money when his concession went broke. "You'd think it was his own money" he stormed. I remember Bernyce Cleveland was a shill and the evening was half over before she found out what a shill was. She thought it was someone deliciously wicked. Then the Fall Festival where faculty formed families a big Pot Luck! There were the Jukes and the Kalakaks, the Hatfields,
and the Mc Coys. The Sherwood Party came in formal evening dress with fancy table service and even a maid!

There was the Old MacDonald Had a Dream skit. All the retirees were lined up outside Mac's office with a favorite project. They'd come to Mac (me) to get money, but L. Crawford (played by John Pruiss) pulled a switch. By this time the faculty council has become the Senate; administrative unilateral decision making gave way to collective bargaining. Once John C. Hoekje and his OK stamp epitomised administration power, but no more. Of course now at this time I'd like to present an instrument to be used in the democratic process in general among governing bodies here at Western and particularly in the upcoming negotiations at the bargaining table for the new contract. (Hold up gavel) This can accomplish much if applied appropriately and discreetly. But I suggest that this might be better (hold up ball-bat); or if an agent in either party is a "Ms" - this might prove effective and as a last resort depending upon how removed from civilized behavior the provodings go perhaps this would be most effective (hold up primitive cave man's club). I suggest that choice of weapons be granted to the presiding officer on an hourly basis.

Once back in 1935 Players did a play called "Sherwood" by Alfred Noyes. (The Robin Hood story) Miss Siedschlag was on leave at the time so Sima Anderson, in the Art Department did the sets. There were several and Mrs. Anderson between scenes couldn't decide just where to put this tree or where those posies should go - all of which caused the show to play well past midnight. The following day Mr. Sprau met Laura Shaw on campus and stopped and said, "Good morning Laura, is the show over yet?"

For years Sherwood was too long was a familiar slogan and the play had the distinction of being the longest play in Western's Theatre History. But that record was broken during the Diamond Jubilee when Eleanor Walton produced Chautauque which played continuously from 8:00 Friday morning October 21 to 1:30 Saturday October 22. Achieving the distinction of being the longest single continuous performance of any theatrical venture in the memory of Western man. Eleanor Walton please stand. (June crowns her with a wreath of roses.)

Homecoming Queen's Robe.
This was the first Homecoming Queen's Robe. Reva Voight and I made them. My first committee as a faculty member was Chairman of the Cheer Leading Committee and the second was the Home Coming Queen Committee. Mr. Hoekje approved of our plan to robe the queen and her court in velvet capes. We got the velvet, chiffon velvet at $1.25 a yard, from Hereshimmers in Grand Rapids. If John C. If John C. wanted something, money was no problem; even 40 yards of chiffon velvet at $1.25 a yard!

Now this has gone on long enough, but before I stop I have two more awards to make. Will President John Bernhard please come to the microphone. I've known all of the Presidents who have served Western - 1st. President Waldo, when I was a student. Dr. Sangren who hired me, Jim Miller and now John T. Bernhard. I've known all of the acting Presidents in between Dr. McCracken, Dr. Osborn, and Dr. Coulter. We have revered and respected them. Down by the site of the old playhouse at Eddies Lane, is a huge rock placed there in 1944 by Western Alumni in loyal friendship and cherished memories and in honor of President Waldo because they knew he'd always admired in its resting place on the road to Plainwell a stone a rock is symbolic. (June gets the "Rock" award.) There is something earthy and solid about a rock. It is a refuge. "To the Rock I'll Fly" Solid as a rock, a piece of the rock, and so on - Dr. Waldo had a big rock, this is a little one, Dr. Waldo had rough times, once the institution
almost closed. Dr. Sangren had his headaches. So did Miller during the turbulent 60's. This rock smashed thru a plate glass window in anger and defiance of the Establishment. In fact, a man must have rocks in his head to even want to be President. But though some Presidents and Administration have hearts of stone, you must remember of course that "the spark that sets the flame for good or evil" can come only from the flint of courage and the steel of truth." The heart must remain warm compassionate pulsing with life far removed from the heart of stone. etc. etc. So here is a rock. Keep it on your desk as a paper weight or a weapon - but always to remind you that your roots at Western became entwined around a rock in memory of the 1st President who 75 years ago started it all. May it remind you that Western has always had a faculty loyal to its President. Maybe that will encourage and enhearten you when you find the going kind of rocky! (He leaves) (As President starts back I halt him) Oh Joh, the Emeriti want to stay in touch. They asked me to tell you they want input. They have ideas but they wanted me to assure you they won't strike. (He continues to seat; is stopped again) They think there are other places to use peoples names - Oh yes. They heard some of our faculty are correcting their students and saying that the History Building is pronounced "Nause" hall - Maybe you should get out a bulletin! (to the History Dept.) Remind them that the word is "Knause," James Knause, not Nause as in Mouse! Every time I'd meet Mr. Knauss on campus he'd say (mimic his gravelly voice) "Zacharias he did climb a tree, His Lord and Master for to see" (He continues and is stopped again). Just a couple of other things - The Gold Room could be renamed, "Gold Room" is hardly "Roots oriented, all of the waiting stalls on the bus routes could be named - Oh yes, the elevators-and "Men" and "Women" isn't very original. They'd like an Emeriti club Building with a social director and a full time secretary - OK? OK? OK.

Now we come to the end. Before we stop we should focus attention back to the retirees. To do that June and I are going to recreate a famous duet. Dedicated to the Emeriti it was parodied by Wally Garneau who wrote so many of our scripts and songs. It was sung originally by Ethel and Sam Adams and last by Joyce Zastrow and Robert L. Smith when we did the Condominium Program in '73. We've restaged it a bit and after it is over we are through for the night. One last piece of serious comment. Retirees, who join the Emeriti I am reminded of Phillip Barry's play, Hotel Universe, in it Steven says, "Wherever there is an end from it springs the beginning." May it be a wonderful beginning for all of us. Remember tomorrow is the first day of the rest of our lives.

(Miming to tape) Do the song over. You're just refined - I as the patient. June as the psychiatrist.

Mark Spence taped voices to Marcella Faustman
Tom Wandie
YOU'RE JOST RETIRED
(to the tune of I Hear Music)

Classes over-flow, but I don't care,
There's a meeting but I won't be there.
I don't seem to rush, to tear my hair
Be fit to die . . . . I wonder why?
I can't fret about that raise in pay
You shove off for work I want to play
Bless those payments to the M.E.A.
My heart is young and gay . . .
I wonder why?

(to the tune of You're Just in Love) 1960

You don't need analyzing
It is not so surprising
That you feel strangely light and gay
If you don't feel like quilting
Why not try baby sitting?
50¢ baby, that ain't hay!
You've a head on your shoulder
Do not wait til you're older
Live it up while you're all inspired
Just forget to wonder why
You have other fish to fry.
You're not through you've just retired.

The End.