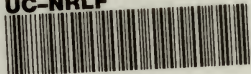


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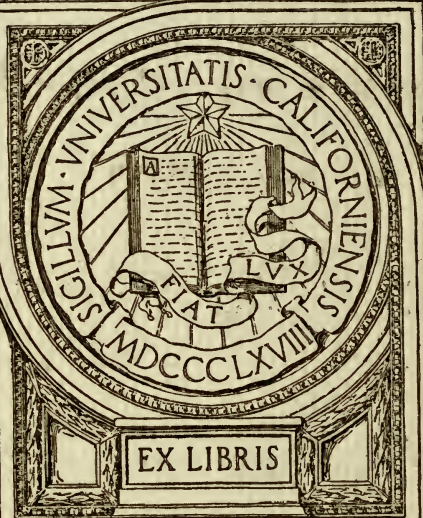
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EX LIBRIS

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R574

A sepia-toned photograph of a massive sequoia tree trunk. The bark is deeply furrowed and textured, with large, spreading roots at the base. The background shows a dense forest of smaller trees.

"THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA"

A FOREST PAST



111



TO those Noble Men and Women whose efforts were responsible for the saving of the Redwood Forest this work is respectfully dedicated.

Copyright, 1919

By the Author

TO THE
AUTHOR

Hillis-Murgotten Company

San Jose, California

CAST OF PLAYERS

THE PROLOGUEFRANK TOWNER

THE BIRD VOICESCHARLES KELLOGG

EPISODE ONE

"THE AWAKENING"

(Dance Pantomine)

Created by the Anita Peters Wright Dancers

Erna Halbe (the Fawn) Lenore Peters (Lyria)

Nymphs, Dryads, etc.

Duane Thompson

Patsy Reynolds

Helen Gilmour

Anne Johnston

Ruthelme Stevens

Hazel Messersmith

Louise Perkins

Marvel Ladd

Jean Sexton

Ilene Seike

Virginia Russ

Lucille Byrne

Blanch Sylva

Ruby Erickson

Genevieve DeVall

Muriel Stryker

VOCALISTS—Roberta Terry, Lyric Soprano

Mrs. Nye Farley, Coloratura Soprano

EPISODE TWO

"THE SOWING"

(Cantata)

THE SOWER.....Mrs. Olga Braslan, Dramatic Soprano

Mr. Amos Williams, Tenor

SOPRANOS

Mrs. Olga Braslan

Mrs. Ida Rasmussen

Miss Tecla Pieper

Mrs. LeRoy Brant

Mrs. Dorothy Rockwell

Mrs. Frank Towner

Mrs. Henry Murgotten

Mrs. P. L. Wise

Miss Cecil Freeman

Miss Johanna Graun

Miss Gladys Freeman

Miss Roberta Terry

Miss Lillian Pfeffer

Miss Margaret Benning

Mrs. Sue J. Seybolt

Miss Julia Holdridge

Miss Helen Crane

Miss Ida Atlas

Mrs. Nye Farley

Miss Mildred Stombs

Miss Maude Neison

Miss Ruth Murphy

THE PLAYERS

ALTOS

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Mrs. C. D. Jewell | Miss Ione Burgess |
| Mrs. Oliver Blanchard | Miss Ray Newman |
| Mrs. Bess Baker Richards | Miss Marie Paige |
| Mrs. T. J. Knutsen | Miss Esther Greenleaf |
| Mrs. Ida Paulson | Miss Elizabeth Kennedy |
| Mrs. Edith Calles | |

TENORS

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Stanley Eganse | Mr. Willard Bonner |
| Mr. Amos Williams | Mr. Richard Wright |
| Mr. Henry Murgotten | Mr. F. E. Schloegel |
| Mr. Philip Wise | Mr. Albert Thompson |
| Mr. Malcolm Clark | Mr. I. T. Bridges |
| Mr. Charles Argall | |

BASSOS

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Mr. Frank Towner | Mr. Claude Argall |
| Mr. Oliver Blanchard | Mr. D. C. Bailey |
| Mr. LeRoy Brant | Mr. Edmund Cykler |
| Mr. Marsden Argall | Mr. Shirley Tremaine |
| Mr. Clarence Argall | Mr. Donald Fillmore |

EPISODE THREE

(Grand Opera)

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

| | |
|--------------------|--|
| WAONA..... | Miss Margherita Brendell, Contralto |
| SEQUOIA..... | Stanley Eganse, Tenor |
| FATHER SEPPA | Claude Argall, Baritone |
| THE PADRES..... | Charles Argall, Clarence Argall, Marsden Argall. |

The Indian Braves, The Indian Women, Neophytes, etc.
INTERLUDE—"Copa de Ora".....Miss Helen Carlton Crane

EPISODE FOUR

(A Drama)

THE SAVING OF THE TREES

| | |
|---------------|--------------------------|
| BRUNDEL | Marsden Argall, Baritone |
| HAMEL | Claude Argall, Baritone |
| IVERS | Clarence Argall, Tenor |
| GIRT | Charles Argall, Tenor |

THE PLAYERS

THE SOUL OF MAN.....CHARLES KELLOGG
THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.....Agnes Burchard

FINALE

Woodland Rapture....Miss Phoebe Lorraine Harvey, Contralto
The Hymn to the Sequoia.....Miss Margaret Harvey, Soprano
With Full Cast and Audience.

ORCHESTRA FOR "THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA"

CONCERT MASTERNICALO DE LORENZO

1st Violins:

Benj. King
Louis Cavala
F. Schubert

2nd Violins:

Sam Addotto
P. D. Durling

Violas:

Marjory Fisher
Marian Mahauma

Violoncellos:

Jan. Kalas
F. M. Jordan

Basso:

Otto Miller

Flute:

W. Higgins

Oboe:

C. Lombardo

Clarinets:

T. O'Brien
C. F. Maingueneau

Cornets:

G. H. Thomson
C. P. Duncan

Horns:

A. L. Cilliman
A. B. Jamison

Trombone:

P. J. Leslie

Timpani and Drums:

Piano:

O. E. Hart

FOREST PLAY ORGANIZATION

MANAGING DIRECTOR.....DON W. RICHARDS

MUSICAL DIRECTOR.....THOMAS V. CATOR

FINANCIAL DIRECTOR.....ALEXANDER P. MURGOTTEN

DANCE DIRECTOR.....ANITA PETERS WRIGHT

STAGE DIRECTOR.....DR. SAMUEL STAUB

COSTUME DIRECTOR.....MRS. A. L. HURFF

COMMUNITY CAMP DIRECTOR.....T. D. ANDERSON

TRANSPORTATION DIRECTOR.....MALCOME CLARK

MASTER OF LIGHTING.....M. B. CHARLES

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

ANDREW P. HILL.....President Sempervirens Club

JUDGE JOHN E. RICHARDS.....Board of Directors

SENATOR HERBERT JONES.....Board of Directors

JUDGE ISAIAH HARTMANN.....Board of Directors

W. R. FLINTBoard of Directors

THE MUSIC

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Overture. | 12. The Hunter's Song. |
| 2. Dance Frolic. | 13. Oh, Heart Bereft. |
| 3. Dance of Nature. | 14. Dominus Misericordiae. |
| 4. Pan's Melody. | 15. Sequoia Sleeps. |
| 5. Finale. | 16. Recitative. |
| 6. The Proclamation. | 17. Finale. |
| 7. The First Dawn. | 18. Interlude, "Copa de Ora". |
| 8. The Sowing. | 19. The Song of the Woods- |
| 9. Finale. | men. |
| 10. The Red Fawn Drinks. | 20. Woodland Rapture. |
| 11. Sequoia's Wooing. | 21. Hymn to Sequoia. |

SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

By Thomas Vincent Cator.

The music to Episode I, which is in reality a short "Scene de Ballet", is, in its opening theme, written in conformity with the idea expressed in Mr. Richards' book, intended to portray the awakening of life in the great forests during the period of their first growth "when time was young".

Into this scene is woven the mysticism of the "Pipes of Pan" (played by the oboe), the melody of the forest maidens, and the frolicsome dances of the nymphs.

Episode II, the Cantata, opens with a flourish of brass, indicative of the command of the Master to "sow and nurture" the seeds of the giant Sequoias. This mood is retained throughout, in conformity with the text.

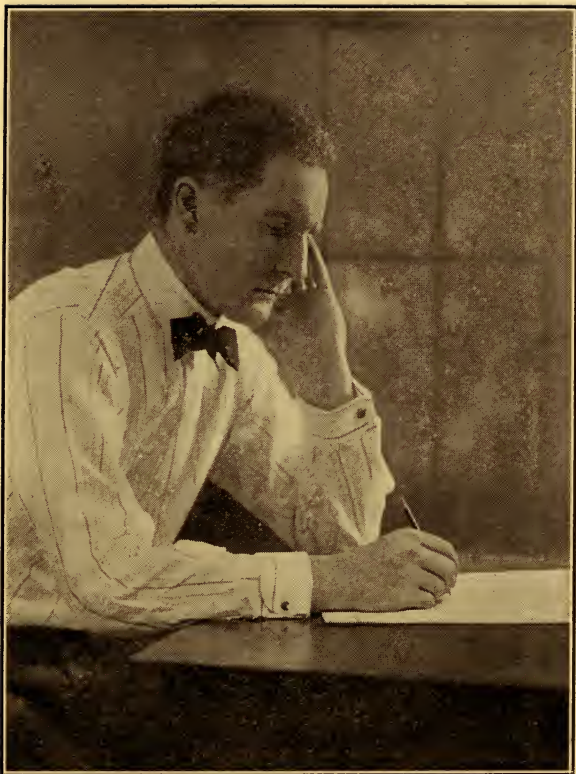
The Indian Opera, "The Soul of Sequoia", is an innovation in the way of out-of-door productions.

In this it has been my endeavor to create the atmosphere and mood of the Indian, without borrowing actual Indian themes.

The rhythm of the first melody, "The Red Fawn Drinks at the Stream", has never, to my knowledge, been used before.

The "Dominus Misericordiae", used in this one-act opera, is an original setting and is in contrast to the Indian forms of expression, besides creating early California coloring.

The last Episode has several incidental musical numbers, and the "Hymn to the Sequoia", at the very end, is intended as a final tribute to the great trees.



THOMAS VINCENT CATOR
COMPOSER



DON W. RICHARDS
AUTHOR

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

FOREWORD

THROUGH countless ages these redwood trees have stood, sublime, magnificent, their utmost branches sweeping the very sky, their feet carpeted by the virgin soil from which in long dead centuries they sprang. They rise like pillars of a majestic temple, dedicated to the worship of their Creator; a sacred grove, where mortals may, with reverend hearts, draw near to the Father of the Forest.

So we came wandering here in these Cathedral aisles, adventuring, seeking the Spirit of Romance, with wistful ear striving to catch the echo of some mystic melody from out the past. Here in this peaceful spot where dreams are born, strange fancies hovered to us. It seemed as if the spirit of the woodland whispered tales of immemorial lore. Perhaps it was the west wind sighing low in the branches, the stream weeping for days that are gone, the rustle of wood-folk in the thicket, but we heard—

We shall try to lift the curtain for you, to people the woodland with nymphs and elves, to wake the Wild God and draw from him the ethereal strains that piped the dancers to Sylvan revelry. For you we have evoked the elements to reveal that solemn festival, the Ritual of the Sowers. From her long sleep Waona comes with Sequoia, her brave lover, her voice thrills through the forest but dies away in sadness o'er Sequoia's slain body. The Padres, entoning the Miserecordae, enter in time to save the Indian Maid from self-inflicted death. And last Brundel, the woodsman meets his master, the destroying axe is broken and the forest is preserved for ages yet unborn. The spirits of the Forest gather to pay homage to the trees, in song and dancing to rejoice in their delivery from destruction.

The Forest Play is before you. However poor our efforts we know that in one thing we have not failed. We have lured you to the Forest. Our task is accomplished and our aim achieved. Welcome!

DON W. RICHARDS.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

A Forest Play

Book and Lyrics—

Music—

DON W. RICHARDS

THOMAS VINCENT CATOR

Produced by the Sempervirens Club of California.

California Redwood Park

September 6th,

1919.

Time

A summer night

Scene

A glade in the Redwood Forest

At either side of the glade stands a giant Sequoia.

In the center background rises the Cathedral Group of Redwoods;

About their feet are the shrubs and vines of the forest.

Dusk has fallen. The faint light of the stars dimly suffuses the woodland.

Soft music plays, like a whisper of the west wind through the branches. It dies away.

A figure appears at the foot of the foremost tree. He speaks the Invocation.

INVOCATION.

God of the Forest we attend thee.

Thine altar waits, descend upon us

And accept our sacrifice—the hearts of men

Await thy coming. Bend low, Spirit of Peace

We suppliant stand in thy Cathedral.

PROLOGUE.

Silence o'er all.

The Spirit of the Night

Enfolds the woodland in her dusky cloak

The moon lies slumbering in her azure bed

And all the stars are blinking drowsily

The old earth sleeps, and mortals lie a'dream

While spirits creep from out their mossy nooks

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

Rise gleaming from the depths of woodland Pools
Or wing their way upon the moonbeams path
To gather in the dells and dance again
As in the wild free days when Time was young.
When Time was young.

Ah, Mortals in thy dreams
Cast off the man-made bonds that bind thee fast
Which chain thee to the sordid strife of day
Unloose thy thots and bid them wing afar
Into the mystic realms where Fancy dwells
Into the forest depths where sprites and elves
Flit through the shadows of the Summer Night
Where nymphs and dryads roam and ribald Pan
Still plays upon his pipes and weaves his spell
As in the wild free days when Time was young.

Now nymphs awake,

Pan is not dead,
Though all his priests and acolytes
Are long since fled.
Pour out the sacrificial wine
Those ruddy drops of muscadine
With mirth and laughter, joyous shout
Let nymphs and dryads join the rout
With vine and ivy deck thy head
To frolic ere the night is sped
While mystic rite of pipe and dance
Call forth the spirit of Romance
And wake the Wild God from his dream
Beside the purple shadowed stream.

END OF THE PROLOGUE.

The figure vanishes.

EPISODE ONE

With the rising of the moon the light has increased.
Wild deer are discovered in the glade.
Rabbits hop about unafraid.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

A little wood nymph is discovered asleep at the foot of the Redwood tree.

A voice is heard. It is the Spirit of Nature.

Oh birdlings wake, the mystic night has come.
Let thy sweet voices mingle in the song
The symphony to charm the forest-folk
And bring them to this glade. Oh, sing!

A tiny owl calls. His mate answers. A whippoorwill sings.

A loon responds from his stream and gradually the voices swell into a mighty chorus.

They die in the distance.

Oh spirits of the earth, awake! awake!

A low murmur is heard.

Oh, spirits of the wind, awake awake.

The murmur increases.

Oh water sprites arise, awake! awake!

The ripple of waters joins the murmur.

Ye nymphs, ye dryads, satyrs, rise, awake.

The little nymph at the foot of the tree, rises, yawns and runs into the forest.

Here and there thru the trees flitting figures are seen. The wood-folk are assembling.

Ah, stirring life, responding to my call;
Creep forth, steal forth, for Nature calls thee;
Hear then and obey.

The frolic commences in the glade. In couples, groups, and singly the nymphs gambol in the forest aisles.

The music develops into a barbaric melody.

Suddenly the sound of pipes is heard above the dance theme.

The nymphs listen startled; they vanish as they recognize the pipes of Pan.

The Pan music grows louder.

Pan enters playing.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

He is attended by two satyrs.

Here and there frightened nymphs flit among the trees.

Pan laughs, and leaning against the central tree, plays a barbaric melody.

Lyria, Daughter of the Dawn, one of the company of wood-sprites, bolder than her sisters, steals from the thicket, lured by the witching music.

Nearer and nearer she ventures, till wholly enraptured by the master-piper, she forgets her fear, and is caught in the mystic mazes of the dance with Pan the Wild God.

They dance together, advancing, retreating until they vanish in the Forest.

END OF EPISODE ONE.

EPISODE TWO

A figure robed in white appears before the central tree. It is the "Sower." Here follows the ritual of the "Sowing of the Seed".

Behold! God Spake,
And said "Let there be light,"
And there was light.
The spirits of the darkness fled;
The Sun burst forth in glory
At the Word. And all the stars
Gleamed forth in radiance,
And darkness was no more.

The "Sower" advances. From the forest come the emissaries of the elements.

In that first dawn,
The Creator's hand
Sowed the seeds of life,
And man was born,
In God's own likeness made,

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

To rule the earth,
And all that springs from it,
Forever and for aye.

The full chorus of voices takes up the song.

The seed was sown,
And verdure grew,
Until the hills and vales were green,
That man might find a carpet for his feet;
And shade to save him from the heat of day;
The trees sprang up.

The Master spoke once more
Unto the elements,—
“My hand hath sown the seed,
My charge I give to you,
Nurture the seed,
Protect it with thy might,
And as I sowed, do thou perpetuate.”

They spread the seed o'er the earth.

Then sow we the seed, the seed of life,
Throughout the world at His command.
Then sow we the seed, the seeds of all life
Which God hath prepared with his own hand.

The sun shall warm, the dew shall quench,
The winds shall caress and naught shall destroy.

Neither thunder's might
Nor the lightnings crash
Shall destroy the life
That God doth create.

Then sow we the seed, the seed of life,
Throughout the world at His command—
Sow we the seed, the seed of life
Which God hath prepared with his own hand.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

And the hand of man shall not destroy
What God doth create.
For lo he hath said, "What I have made
Let man not destroy, for my wrath is mighty."

Oh mighty tree!
The centuries pass above thy head,
And still thou dost stand,
In grandeur and might
Till the end of time;
Till the end of the earth.
May thy life endure forever!

END OF EPISODE TWO.

EPISODE THREE

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

A woman's voice is heard in the Forest.

The song is an Indian melody. The singer is Waona, an Indian maiden.

THE RED FAWN.

The red fawn drinks at the stream;
The eagle soars in the sky;
The wood dove croons in her safe retreat;
And a maiden's heart leaps high.
And a maiden's heart leaps high.
But love like a hunter brave,
His arrows tipped with flame,
Swiftly steals through the forest depths,
And a maiden's heart must die.

Waona enters, still singing.

But love like a hunter brave,
His arrows tipped with flame,
Swiftly steals through the forest depths,

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

And a maiden's heart must die.

And a maiden's heart must die.

Sequoia, the brave, enters with his companions. He has heard the song of the maiden and his heart is filled with love for her.

He sings.

Down from the mountains at dawn I came,
Seeking the spotted deer,
O'er hill and vale, while the stars grew pale,
The quarry sped in fear.
In tangled growth of the woodland trail,
Where my erring footsteps strayed,
I lost the deer, yes I lost the deer,
But I found an Indian maid.

He woos her.

Waona come list to my pleading.

She retreats from his advances.

Nay, tell me not, tell me not of your love.
Beware my heart beware!
For love lays his artful snare;
His thongs bind thee fast,
Then thy freedom is past.
Heart of Waona, beware!

The proud Sequoia, hurt by the rebuff, ceases his wooing.

So maiden, my love is spurned.
Sequoia shall not plead in vain.
I return once more to the forest;
To the haunts of the quail and the deer.
Far from the heart of a maid,
Who, with disdain, rejects me.

Where the woods are dense,
And the branches green,
Where the oriole sings to his mate
In the tree; Where the mountain brook
With it's silver sheen
Flows downward and laughs on its way
To the sea.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

There the woods are still
As the white mists lift,
And the deer lurks far
In the cool of the fern:
But my bow is strong,
And my arrow swift,
And the doe shall wait
But the buck shall not return.
Yes the doe shall wait,
But the buck shall not return.

*He follows his companions into the forest.
Waona, too late, realizing her love for Sequoia, is touched
with sorrow.*

Oh, heart bereft, now thy joy is sped,
As dies the song when the bird has flown;
As droops the flower when spring has fled,
Dreary and lone.
As withering grass longs for the dew;
As parched earth yearns for the rain;
So doth my heart cry out for you,
But all in vain.

Oh, spring returns to the earth once more.
The river flows to the sea.
The dew descends to the thirsting flower.
Return to me, Ah love, return to me.

*She sinks down in grief. Far in the distance is heard the
chant of the approaching padres.*

THE MISERICORDIAE.

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow,
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest
Cares of today, and burdens of tomorrow,
Blessings implored and sins to be confessed.
We come before Thee, at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet, Thou knowest, Lord.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

*The Indian woman, companions of Waona enter.
They seat themselves about the sorrowing Waona.*

SEQUOIA SLEEPS.

Sequoia sleeps, Sequoia sleeps,
Beneath the redwood tree:
But his spirit wanders far,
Over the distant mountain peak,
In the path of the evening star.

The elk still drinks at the river brink;
The black bear roams afar;
The trout leaps up by the shore;
The eagle watches the forest trails;
But the hunter comes no more.

Sequoia sleeps, Sequoia sleeps,
Beneath the redwood tree:
But his spirit wanders far,
Over the distant mountain peak,
In the path of the evening star.

*The companions of Sequoia enter bearing his body slain in
the hunt. They lay the body at Waona's feet.*

*She lift her bowed head and sees her dead lover.
With a cry of grief she throws herself upon him.*

Sequoia! Sequoia! awake!
Surely thou art but sleeping.
Oh speak, tell me once more of your love.
One word, but only one
To still the aching of my grief torn heart.

Nay, his lips move not!

*Quietly the Padres enter and approach her, unseen by the sor-
rowing maiden.*

Oh, that I should have withheld

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

The happiness he sought. Too late—
He is dead, he is dead!

But I, I, too shall go,
And bring to him the love he entreated.
Sequoia I come to you.

*She draws his hunting knife from its sheath and raises it for
the death stroke.*

*Father Seppa takes her hand and the knife falls harmless to
the earth. He speaks.*

'Thou shalt not kill,' so sayeth the Lord, thy God.
Let no hand destroy what He hath created
Thy warrior is not dead. He lives
Where all is peace, and God dwelleth
With His love and mercy.

Come, child with me!
Follow thy lover to his resting place.
Forsake the mortal; turn to God!
He healeth the broken heart.
And comforteth all who are heavy burdened.
Come.

*He draws her to her feet, and the funeral cortege passes on,
singing the Misericordiae.*

END OF EPISODE THREE.

INTERLUDE.

EPISODE FOUR

*Through the forest come the woodsmen.
They are brawny, rough-visaged and uncouth.
Their leader, Brundel, is taller and rougher than the rest.
Girt, Hamel and Ivers are of lesser breed, but hardy woodsmen
nevertheless.*

BRUNDEL:

We halt here. Start the blaze.
Girt's tongue is slathering like a chase-spent hound.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

GIRT:

And like hound pack you've led us,
Through briar and brake, o'er hill and dale.
'Tis no life for a man.

BRUNDEL:

Fah! And you call yourselves woodsmen!
Now I, Brundel, have trailed the forest
For forty years. But I *am* a woodsman.
Then Ho, for the woodsmen!

(Brundel sings)

THE SONG OF THE WOODSMEN.
Sung by Marsden Argall.

HAMEL:

Curse this woods running say I.

IVERS:

Aye, what use is it?

BRUNDEL:

Dogs I called you and dogs you are!
Panting for soft beds, belike,
Where you can loll at ease.
Do I whimper on the trail?

GIRT:

He who makes the trail never whimpers.

HAMEL:

That's God's truth!

BRUNDEL:

Have done with proverbs.
Are you men or fools?
Here is the forest and I've heard you boast,
That you were very devils with the axe.
Weaklings!

IVERS:

I'm' no weakling. Brundel, with your mouth
You shake the trees, not with your axe.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

BRUNDEL:

Hold your tongue, or I am like to try
How well you may be shaken with my fist.
There stands the tree. We'll mark the trunk
And cut it down!

A moan is heard in the forest.

GIRT:

Hold, what was that?

HAMEL:

T'was like a voice, a moan.

IVERS:

I heard it, too.

BRUNDEL:

You heard the wind!
Come now my babes, to work.

Once more the moan is heard.

GIRT:

Again, it comes.
Did ye not hear it Brundel?

BRUNDEL:

I hear the wind, the brook, a squirrel
Chattering, like you about, a moan.
Bah! Come to it strike!

GIRT:

I'm through. I feel an influence here—
Some strange, invisible thing; I know not what.
I dare not strike.

HAMEL:

I, too, I am afraid.

IVERS:

Yes, Brundel, give it up.

BRUNDEL:

God wot, my patience ends.
With all this woman's talk.

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

Are you not with me? then Beware!
For Brundel's hand is heavy when it strikes.

A voice speaks

Brundel beware!

GIRT:

Hark! Does not some voice forbid
The felling of that giant tree?
'Tis hallowed ground, this circle where we stand.

HAMEL:

Aye. The tree's protected I would say.

IVERS:

I've heard of such things from the northern folk.

BRUNDEL:

Then by the Gods, you'll need
Protection, too.

He is enraged, and approaches Girt who gives ground before him.

GIRT:

Hold. I have not injured you.

BRUNDEL:

Aye, whine you dog.
A beating you shall have.
My blows will speed your axe a trifle.

*He strikes Girt, who is felled by the blow.
Brundel turns and faces Hamel and Ivers.*

BRUNDEL:

Now, will you swing your axe at yonder tree,
And leave this old man's talk of fairy tales
Till you have done my work?

GIRT:

Enough, I will.

BRUNDEL:

And you, Hamel, Ivers, do you hear?

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

BOTH:

We hear, Oh Brundel.

BRUNDEL:

Good. The first blow shall be mine.

The spirit of nature appears in the tree.

SPIRIT:

Nay, this tree thou shalt not strike.

Girt, Hamel and Ivers kneel. They see the vision but Brundel blinded by his brute nature cannot discern.

BRUNDEL:

Shall not? Who says 'shall not' to Brundel?

SPIRIT:

It is forbidden!

BRUNDEL:

Who forbids?

SPIRIT:

I, the Spirit of Nature, speak.

BRUNDEL:

Am I a child that spirit fright me?
Strike I will.

IVERS:

Brundel, heed ye, heed ye ere too late.

BRUNDEL:

Nay, I am resolved.

SPIRIT:

Rash destroyer hear.
God's hand hath sowed the seed,
In that creation dawn when earth was born.
What God hath made, no mortal dares destroy.

GIRT:

'Tis His word.
Do you not see?

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

BRUNDEL:

Fah, I see an old tree ripe for cutting,—
And hear a voice that preaches and forbids—
Care I for that?

SPIRIT:

Then behold. Here is the spirit of the tree.
A young nymph is seen.

GIRT:

Why, she is young!

HAMEL:

And, lo, the tree is old!

SPIRIT:

If you should strike one blow at this great tree
That blow would strike this spirit, aye, and kill.
Have pity then, rash mortal and desist.

BRUNDEL:

Now damn me for a dolt!
This trickery is conjured up,
To make a fool of me.
'Tis but a silly dream and that I'll prove.
A blow from this keen axe will soon dispell
These vaporings.
Stand back, all ye that value life.
When Brundel wills—'tis done!
Despite all hell.

GIRT:

He's mad, poor fool.

They drew into the background and leave Brundel standing alone.

The Spirit of Man appears between Brundel and the tree.

SPIRIT:

Nay. Not one blow.

He takes the axe which Brundel has raised.

BRUNDEL:

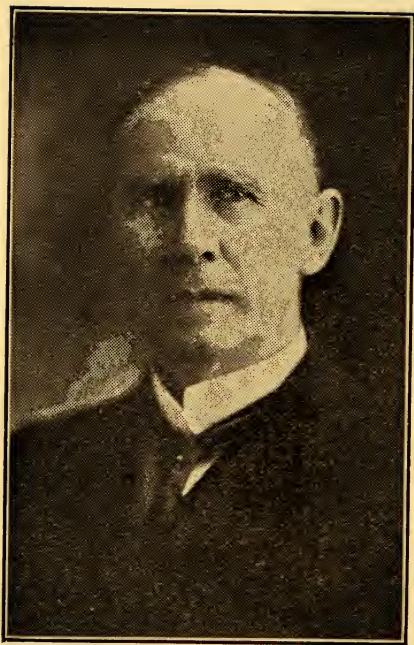
Unhand my axe.



ANDREW P. HILL
PRESIDENT
SEMPERVIRENS CLUB OF CALIFORNIA



ALEX P. MURGOTTEN
SECRETARY
SEMPERVIRENS CLUB OF CALIFORNIA



JUDGE JOHN E. RICHARDS
WHO ORIGINATED THE FOREST PLAY IDEA

THE SOUL OF SEQUOIA

SPIRIT:

Brundel, beware! I know you and your kind.
Strike, and you die.

BRUNDEL:

Hah. Would'st fight me?

SPIRIT:

Fight? Nay!

See, thine axe is splintered in my hands.
So would I break thee, Brundel, so beware.

Brundel is helpless under the influence of the spirit.

BRUNDEL:

Who art thou, man of mighty hands?

SPIRIT:

I? Your master, Brundel.

BRUNDEL:

I know you not. And yet I am dismayed.
Who are you?

SPIRIT:

I am your soul. The soul of every man.
The mortal flesh may wither and decay
But I Eternal am. Old was I
In that first dawn. Young will I be,
When earth shall be no more.
And now begone! Your rude unhallowed ways
Have fraught the forest. And when next ye come
Come then in peace.

Away!

Brundel walks with bowed head into the forest.

Enter the spirits of the woodland. They sing the hymn to the Sequoias.

END OF EPISODE FOUR.

Enter the spirits of the woodland.

Song, "Woodland Rapture", Phoebe Lorraine Harvey (with dancers).

Hymn to the Sequoias, Margaret Harvey.

END OF THE PLAY.

THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB OF CALIFORNIA

Compiled by Alex. P. Murgotten, Secretary.

This Club was formed in the virgin forest of the Big Basin, at what is known as the old Sempervirens Camp, by a small circle of nature lovers who were taken into the Park by Andrew P. Hill, the artist. Judge J. E. Richards having told Mr. Hill of the existence of this wonderland.

Professor Fernow, of the German Forestry Service, came to this country at the request of President McKinley to establish the Forestry System of the United States. This great professor spent five days in investigating the forests of the Big Basin. He declared the State of California possessed in this forest the most wonderful forest of the world. That it is the oldest and contained the highest and some of the largest trees. He said if California knew what she had in this forest she would make it do for California what the Cedars of Lebanon had done for Palestine, namely, to attract to her the whole world.

After a very hard fight before the State Legislature the Club finally succeeded in having a Bill passed in March, 1901, setting aside \$250,000 for the purchase of this Grand Park. And the greatest credit for the work is due to the present President of the Club, Andrew P. Hill, who gave his entire energy to accomplish this result. And many thousands men, women and children will bless him for what he did.

The Club then took up the work of securing from Congress all unlisted lands contiguous to the Park. This fight lasted ten years; and under the leadership of our Congressman, Hon.

THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB

E. A. Hayes, 4000 acres were added to the Park, making its area over 8000 acres.

A State Forester, ignorant of the life of a redwood tree, started a gigantic woodyard in the Park, cutting thousands of cords of wood, ties and posts, before it came to the knowledge of President Hill and Secretary Murgotten, who at once took steps to stop it, which they succeeded in doing, and also succeeded in getting rid of the aforesaid Forester.

The Club thought it would be a good thing to have a road into the Park by way of the Saratoga Summit. After nearly fourteen years battle with different Governors, an appropriation of \$70,000 was secured for the building of this road. But before this sum could be made available it was necessary to buy a large amount of fine timber on the 200 foot right of way. The Club succeeded in getting its friends to donate \$7602, and the road was built. So now with the original purchase, donations by Congress, the right of way, and the 1400 acres just purchased by the State we have a Park approximating 14,000 acres.

The Sempervirens Club thinks it has done for the people of today and of coming generations a labor of love which will be appreciated more and more as time rolls on.

Now, as a fitting climax, the Club presents to the public this beautiful Forest Play, "The Soul of Sequoia", which will live in history a monument to the artistic literary and musical talents of Prof. Thos. V. Cator and Mr. Don W. Richards, the composer and author of the play.

THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB

But the Club does not forget those who have assisted in making the play such a grand success, it thanks them one and all very bounteously for their good work. The names of the participants can be found on the pages of this beautiful book. We must not forget the builder of "the City of Tents", Mr. T. D. Anderson, who furnished all the tents necessary to house those taking part in the play without cost to the Club. The lighting for the Play is Delco light for which the Club owes thanks to M. B. Charles.

The Club asks the co-operation of all nature lovers to assist it to live up to its motto "Save the Redwoods." Join us.

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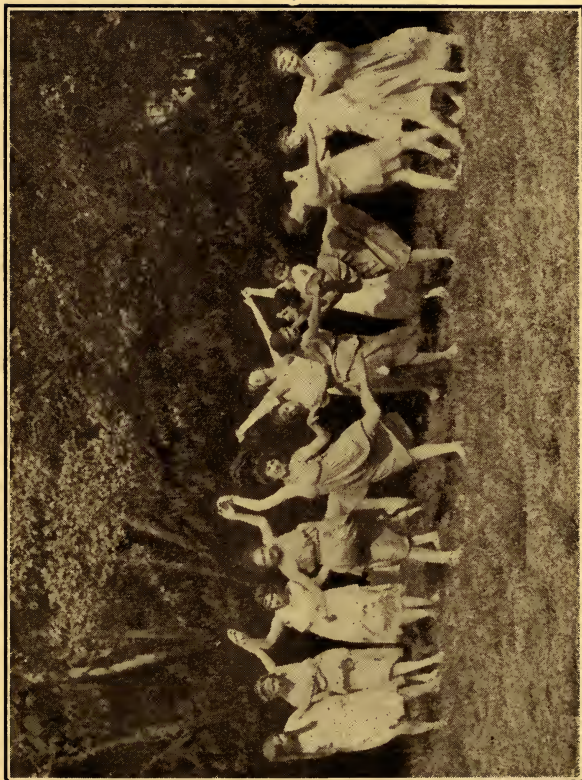
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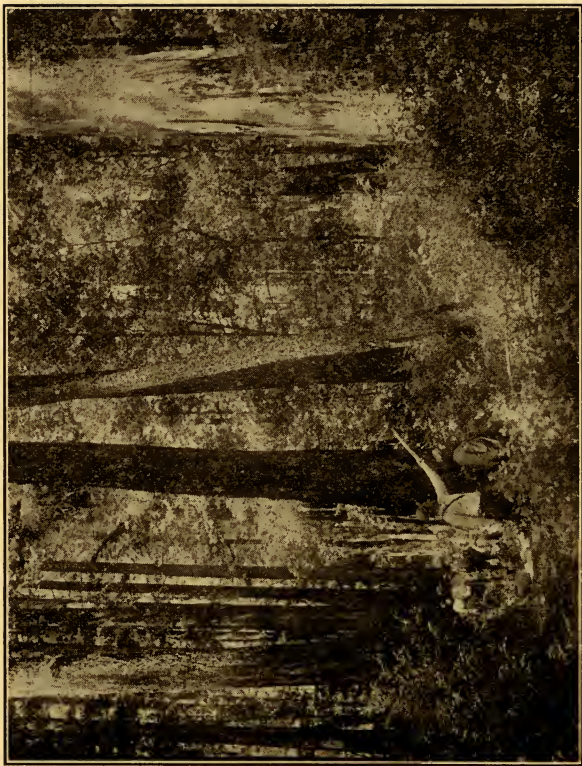
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NYMPHS OF THE FOREST PLAY



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