





To Bob

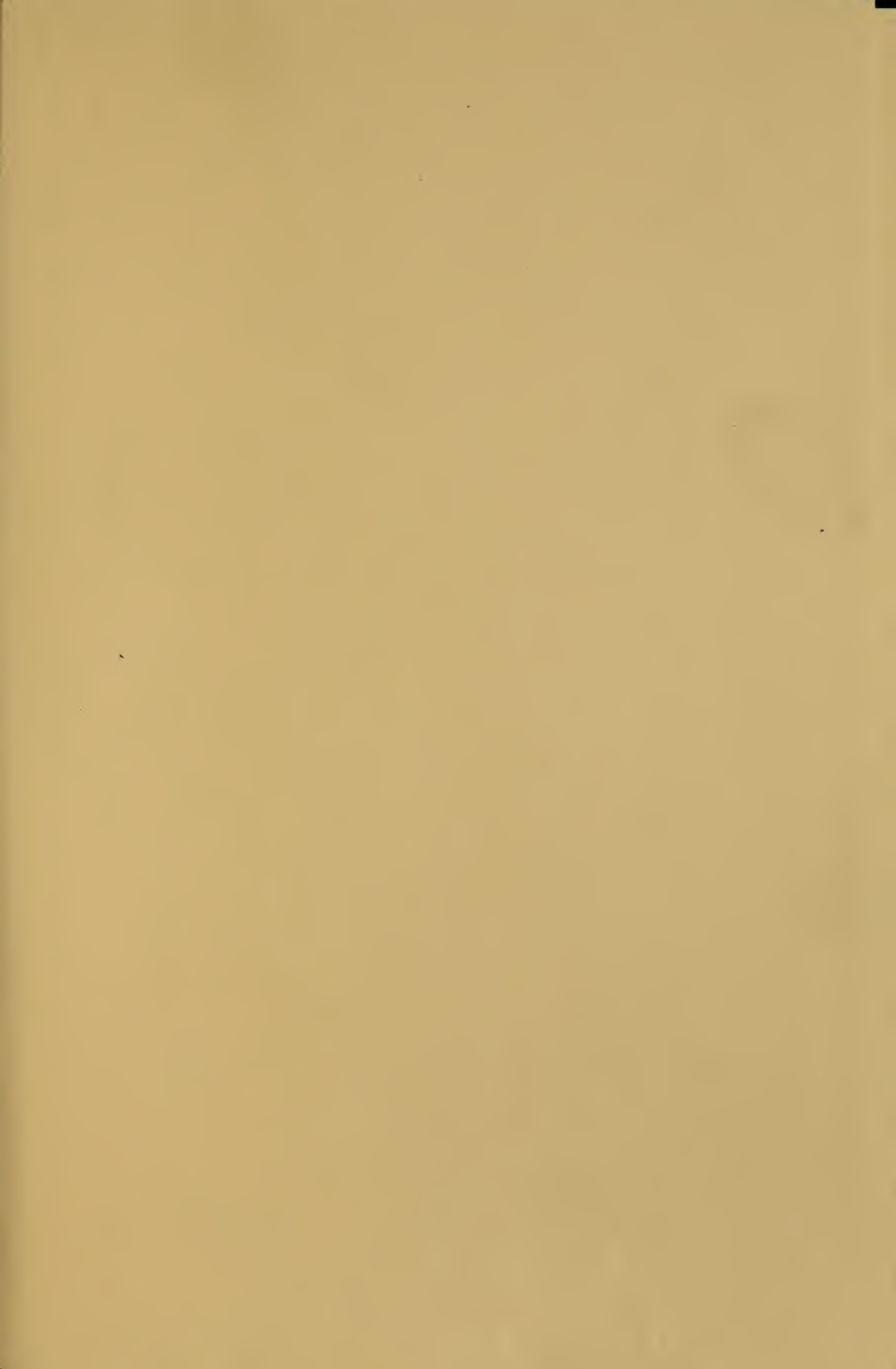
2-

with best wishes
from "Bohemian"

Paul Morse

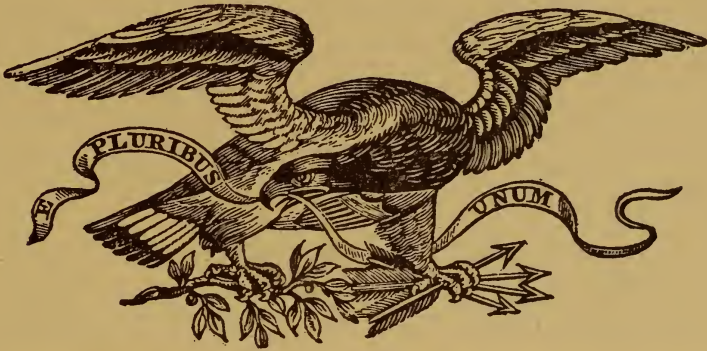
August 11th 1977

San Francisco





THE SEVENTY-SECOND GROVE PLAY OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB
PRESENTED JULY 29, 1977



EL DORADO

By
LOUIS E. FELDER

Music Composed, Arranged and Conducted By
LOUIS F. BUSH

Directed By
TOM TYRRELL

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FOREWORD

Supposedly any classic work of fiction is essentially a "boy's adventure" story, the Odyssey, El Cid, Don Quixote, all the way to Huckleberry Finn and the Lone Ranger, the story of men ("no gurls allowed") fighting a noble struggle usually with a faithful sidekick, Sancho Panza, Jim, or Tonto.

The adventure has to be without women because when romance enters, it's time for the hero to stop running around fighting dragons, windmills, Furies, and settle down to take care of business, the crops, the little woman, the kiddies.

But what do men fight *for*? For territory, to dominate, mate upon, defend. Not only men, but groups, political parties, nations fight; in El Dorado, the territory is a claim along a California river, the lands of Zaragoza, California itself.

In 1848, California had 19,000 people. (Indians were not counted because, as one clergyman of the time pointed out, Indians did not know right from wrong, therefore had no conscience, therefore no soul, therefore were no better than animals.)

In 1850, 100,000 Americans were swarming all over the hills, not really knowing what they were doing. They were after gold, then land, challenging the languid occupation by the native Californians, the "Californios," more Spanish in tradition and costume than Mexican.

The real conquest came after the gold rush when the Californios lost their land to the Yankees in the manner Americans conquer best, not by force, not by diplomacy, but by availability of consumer products with no money now; a mortgage, a drought, a foreclosure; an owner of 50,000 acres of land by Spanish grant becomes a hired hand.

It all happened so fast, as everything seems to happen in California. The gold rush was on and over in two years.

The hero of El Dorado, Charles Chadburn, as a young man could have listened to his father reminisce about the simple days when America had thirteen colonies, and later, as an old man, he could have sold his California orange grove to a film studio or to an aircraft company. So fast? That fast.

Thank God for the Grove. The redwood trees put everything back into perspective. The history and hurly-burly (Care) of California becomes the wink of an eye.

I wanted to write a story, if possible a classical kind of boy's adventure story with men only, like the Grove.

I wanted to write a story about friendship and fellowship, like the Grove.

I wanted to write about territory which men need to feel special, like the Grove, and about our turn to live in California.

To the redwoods, we're just overnight guests, polite ones, I hope. Like the Grove.

Louis E. Felder, Jr.
May 2, 1977

CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Charles Chadburn</i>	Adrian McNamara
<i>Zaragoza</i>	John R. Miller
<i>Tailor</i>	Robert L. Stephens
<i>Mr. Scroff</i>	John E. Freed
<i>Franciscan Padre</i>	James A. Bacigalupi, Jr.
<i>Clerk at New York Dock</i>	Antonio Cortese
<i>Waldo Hooper</i>	Joe W. Knowland
<i>Miner Harry</i>	Hampton Francis Lyons
<i>Miner Zeke</i>	Lawrence McCune
<i>Merchant One</i>	Arthur F. Edwards
<i>Merchant Two</i>	Harold E. Rhoades
<i>Reverend McCollough</i>	Stanley J. Noonan
<i>Miner Dusty</i>	M. Foster
<i>Miner Biggs</i>	James Bennett St. Clair
<i>Miner Buck</i>	Marcus Howard Taylor
<i>Miner Jed</i>	George W. Fuller
<i>Miner Sales</i>	Lawrence McCune
<i>Miner Dink</i>	Robert M. Tuller
<i>Miner Eli</i>	Robert Louis Dini
<i>Miner Joe</i>	Jeffrey J. Wong
<i>Miner Augie</i>	George E. L. Stewart
<i>Miner Bert</i>	Richard Charles Frost
<i>Miner Bob</i>	Edwin Mark Wilson, Jr.
<i>Virgil</i>	Jay M. Jacobus

Dancers headed by William A. Niccolls are: George A. Blackstone, John C. Callan, A. Castro, Jerry C. Cole, A. Lindley Cotton, Harmer E. Davis, Arthur J. Dolan III, David W. Hall, Marvin K. Hand, Emerson Hayden, Bradford Jeffries, John Bartlett Moore, William A. Niccolls, John Q. Owsley, Jr., W. H. Richardson, Bruce L. Scollin, Warren Spieker, Jr., Jack Mark Weiss.

Gold seekers, stevedores, shipping agents, sailors, passengers, frontiersmen, merchants, steerers and Californians: David Alexander, Thomas A. Belshe, E. Howard Brooks, John Busterud, Bayford Duncan Butler, Robert D. Campbell, Emmet J. Cashin, Jr., A. Castro, A. W. Clausen, Richard P. Cooley, Jon Charles Cosovich, Jack A. Dayton, Leslie Noyes Duryea II, Noel Dyer, Charles E. Fuller, Launce E. Gamble, John L. Hardie, Stephen G. Herrick, Frank deMilt Hill, S. Maxwell Hope, George A. Hopiak, Gordon L. Hough, Robert L. Hoss, Elmer R. Hubacher, Roy Chapman Jacobes, Leon A. Julian, Jr., Henry Kearns, Eugene Robert Kirkham, Frank Kockritz, P. Wm. Kohlhaas, Scott C. Lambert, Robert C. Leefeldt, John W. Lindstrom, Schuyler W. Lininger, George Livermore, George A. Malloch, Jay C. Mancini, P. Nicholas McDaniel, George G. McDonald, Paul C. McKnight, Hugh D. McNiven, Allen Mitchum, John Bartlett Moore, Peter L. Muhs, Kenneth C. Nagel, Terence J. O'Reilly, Curtis Hooper O'Sullivan, Henry Williams Poett III, James C. Pratt, George S. Prugh, William T. Riley, J. Bruce Rushton, William W. Schwarzer, Franklin H. Watson, III, son, Julian R. Youmans, Holt Ashley, Graham Barbey, Gordon Bellis, James Bennington, Richard B. Blackman, Robert C. Combs, Lowell Dillingham, Michael Erlin, Clinton E. Frank, Fred Gilberd, Julian D. Kalinowski, Emmett W. MacCorkle, Edwin W. Macrae, George F. Martin, Ellis E. McCune, Patrick W. McDowell, William McInnes, Gregory M. Thomas, Caspar W. Weinberger, Herbert Wenig, Fred C. Weyand.

THE MUSIC

Orchestra Chairman: Alexander T. Shulgin
Orchestra Steward: Edward Merrill
Orchestra Librarian: Alfred E. Tisch
Chorus Chairman: Richard I. Burgraff
Chorus Director: Robert Paul Commanday
Chorus Steward: George L. Cadwalader
Chorus Librarian: W. H. Richardson
Rehearsal Conductor: Earl Bernard Murray
Rehearsal Accompanist: Wm. Edward Bell

THE ORCHESTRA

The Bohemian Club Orchestra is conducted by Louis F. Bush. Henry Shweid serves as Concertmaster. Those participating are: Anthony Alonzo, W. O. Atwater, Alfred C. Bach, Henry Bach, Forrest J. Baird, Ted Baker, William B. Barnes, Walter Beckh, James Berdahl, W. Dieter Bergman, Reinald Biggs, Donald D. Blackmarr, Boris Blinder, W. H. Brink, William B. Buckminster, C. W. Carey, Tompson Chesnut, Floyd Cooley, W. Madison Devlin, Owen C. Dickson, Kenneth C. Dodson, Herman Dorfman, Thomas E. Eagan, Paul Elder, Scott Elder, Robert F. Escamilla, William H. Ewen, Charles W. Friedrichs, John H. Fuller, Walter L. Gallatin, W. Sterling Gorrill, Frank A. Hagarty, Robert H. Hansen, George A. Haydon, James Hein, W. L. Higgins, Hamilton R. Howells, Robert L. Jacobson, Gary S. Jagard, William R. Jenkinson, Harold P. Johnson, Jr., Oliver W. Johnson, Philip Karp, Homer W. Keaton, Edward Kreps, Reginald Krieger, George H. Kyme, Arthur R. Lack, Jr., Joseph O. Lackey, H. R. Lange, Welton L. Lee, John G. Leones, Ronald A. Lesea, George L. Lewis, Donald H. Madsen, Edwin R. Maleville, Max Mazenko, Lawrence McCardell, Kenneth H. McCaulou, James J. McCrohan, Edward Merrill, M. P. Mohr, Marvin Nelson, Byrne Newhart, Olav N. Norman, Endre Ocskay, David Parker, Stephenson R. Parker, James M. Pollock, William E. Pynchon, Haddon N. Salt, Debert Schneider, Leslie J. Schivo, Donn Schroder, Rogers F. Shoemaker, Alexander T. Shulgin, Jerry J. Spain, Mark Staebler, Ronald Staeheli, Russell Stepan, Richard W. Stevens, J. Robert Strickland, Jr., William L. Thurlow, Alfred E. Tisch, Herbert B. Towler, Willard Tressel, Donald F. Vidal, Alfred H. Vines, John E. Walkey, Eddy F. Walter, Josef V. Walter, E. J. White, Earl O. Zindars.

THE CHORUS

Those participating are: Edward E. Adams, Carroll D. Austin, Philip E. Barton, Thomas Lewis Barton, Wm. Edward Bell, George L. Cadwalader, Philip N. Chance, John P. Chase, Richard J. Clark III, Robert Paul Commanday, Scott Conley, Robert M. Davis, Robert F. Dawson, Robert Louis Dini, Lawrence Dinnean, Paul A. Downey, Francis X. Fogarty, M. Foster, Roy E. Fraser, Harold R. Freeman, Charles Harmon Ginn, Gordon E. Grannis, Harold N. Hansen, Jr., Arthur R. Hartwig, Meredith Robards Hyatt, Jr., Sydney L. Lambertson, L. Keith Lanning, John W. Lindstrom, Jack A. Lithgow, Mario Lombardo, Duncan

Low, Louis Magor, Otis Marston, John R. Maurer, Kenneth D. McCloskey, E. A. McKenna, Adrian McNamara, Max J. Meunier, John R. Miller, James Robert Minser, Robert A. Mortensen, Harold F. Mueller, Raymond Nilsson, Arthur T. Nolan, Stanley J. Noonan, D. Warner North, John B. O'Sullivan, Daniel E. Parkerson, William B. Peavey, Joseph J. Petit, Harold E. Rhoades, W. H. Richardson, Elvy Benton Roberts, Harold E. Saville, Francis W. Sayre, Wm. H. Scantlebury, Robert Setrakian, James St. Clair Sheean, George R. Shelley, James W. Smith, George E. Steninger, Theophilos T. Stephans, Erich Wolf Stratmann, Walter E. Terry, Howard G. Vesper, Robert S. Walligore, G. Luther Weibel, H. Fred Wellmerling, W. Clayton Westbay, Jr., Eugene E. Whitworth, Sydney G. Worthington, Cyril Wright.

PRODUCTION STAFF

<i>Writer</i>	Louis E. Felder, Jr.
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<i>Director</i>	Thomas J. Tyrrell
<i>J.C.R.</i>	Hugh E. Reynolds
<i>Jinks Committee Chairman</i>	George Elliott
<i>Steward</i>	William B. MacColl, Jr.
<i>Ass't. Steward</i>	Kenneth G. Berry
<i>Ass't. Steward</i>	James V. Cole
<i>Ass't. Steward</i>	Wade Dickinson
<i>Stage Manager</i>	S. M. Haslett III
<i>Scenic Design</i>	Louis Gelwicks
<i>Ass't. Set Designer</i>	Robert E. McCoy
<i>Personnel Manager</i>	Thomas Joseph Ryan
<i>Ass't. Personnel Manager</i>	Harold Richard Walt
<i>Ass't. Personnel Manager</i>	Richard L. Fuller
<i>Researsal Conductor</i>	Earl Bernard Murray
<i>Orchestra Steward</i>	Edward Merrill
<i>Orchestra Chairman</i>	Alexander T. Shulgin
<i>Chorus Chairman</i>	Richard I. Burgraff
<i>Chorus Director</i>	Robert Paul Commanday
<i>Scribe/Prompters</i>	James D. Warren
	Robert C. Leefeldt
<i>Properties</i>	Sidney P. Mitchell
<i>Assisted By</i>	D. A. Skoog
<i>Dance Steward</i>	William A. Niccolls

<i>Choreographer</i>	Rodney D. Strong
<i>Costumes</i>	John M. Blauer
<i>Make-up</i>	Richard T. Glycer II
<i>Lights</i>	William C. Hammersmith
<i>Sound</i>	Harry D. McCune, Jr.
<i>Budget Director</i>	E. Peter Helms
<i>Finance Committee Rep.</i>	Joseph M. Sullivan
<i>Scenic Painting</i>	Paul W. Vestal
<i>Landscape Architect</i>	A. Lindley Cotton
<i>Forester</i>	Ralph S. Osterling
<i>Pyrotechnics</i>	William Kent III
<i>Book Design and Production</i>	Huntley H. Soyster
<i>Book Illustration</i>	G. Edward Diffenderfer
<i>Historic Exhibits Committee</i>	J. Roger Jobson
<i>Ass't. Memorabilia Steward</i>	Stuart W. Morshead
<i>Ass't. Memorabilia Steward</i>	J. H. O'Rielly III
<i>Ass't. By</i>	David W. Cogswell
<i>Make-up Crew:</i> John M. Blauer, F. Michael Brewster, Bayford D. Butler, John N. Callander, Richard T. Glycer II, Frank Hinman, Jack Ingold, William S. Jones, Joseph A. Mancini, Thomas McCann, Francis A. Sooy, Eric M. Stanford, Paul W. Vestal.	
<i>Properties:</i> Dennis Laistner Bark, R. Mitchell S. Boyd, E. Howard Brooks, Robert Hildreth, Richard F. O'Brien.	
<i>Sound Crew:</i> Hal J. Ashby, David E. Cookson, W. A. Palmer.	
<i>Scenic Painters:</i> Elmer Albritton, Alan Atkins, Donald Gene Colebourn, Wilbur R. Hyde, William Stewart Jones, George Livermore, Henry E. Martens, Ronald C. Rampley, James Quinton Stringer, Jr., Geoffrey T. Tayler, Paul W. Vestal, Richard F. Vrooman.	
<i>Lighting Crew:</i> Volney E. Howard, Jr., William M. Hynes, James Earl Jewell, John W. Larsen, Arch Monson, Jr., Kenneth Nim, William D. Pabst, Thomas R. Simonson.	
<i>Pyrotechnics Crew:</i> Richard T. Conlan, John G. Lilienthal.	

SONGS

<i>Scene</i>	<i>Title</i>
ACT I, SCENE 1	"EL DORADO"
ACT I, SCENE 1	"ROUND THE HORN"
ACT II, SCENE 1	"EVERYMAN"
ACT II, SCENE 2	"GOLD"
ACT II, SCENE 2	"REQUIEM"
ACT II, SCENE 2	"MINER'S SONG"
ACT III, SCENE 1	"MARIPOSA"
ACT III, SCENE 2	"HEADING ON DOWN"
ACT III, SCENE 2	"EL DORADO"

EL DORADO

1

As the overture plays, Charles Chadburn enters; he is an elegant young man of New York who sings of his dream and destiny which await him in California.

Zaragoza, a native Californian, in elegant Spanish costume, enters and stands amid the redwoods of his California. He sings of the beauty of his land, his decision to protect and keep it.

EL DORADO

CHARLES CHADBURN (*sings*):

I know my destiny awaits me, I'm going,
I know that fate will guide me there.
I'll see the world and from it take
What rightfully
Belongs to all men everywhere.
El Dorado. California.
I hear the waves against the shore.
El Dorado. Golden sky at sunrise.
I'll find what I've never found before.
I'll sail the seven seas and chase the gleam;
West is where the mountains hide my golden dream -
El Dorado, El Dorado.
The west winds are blowing,
I know where I'm going
To be.
The rainbow's gold I see.

ZARAGOZA (*sings*):

I know this land that God created is growing,
And all His blessings we can share,
Enjoy His bounty and preserve
What rightfully
Belongs to all men everywhere.

2 California. El Dorado.
A trail of gold across the sky.
California. Butterflies at sunrise.
At peace when we're born and when we die.
I'll stand where redwood mountains reach the sun,
Bow in fervent thanks for all that God has done.
California, California.
I'll walk where I'm guided,
By God's hand provided
To be.
This land belongs to me.

At the end of the song, Zaragoza walks amid the redwood trees of California and off into darkness. Chadburn walks into the lighted "set" of a fashionable tailor shop in New York

ACT ONE, Scene One

3

In The Tailor Shop, an ebullient but confused Tailor greets Charles Chadburn.

TAILOR

It's difficult to imagine you, Mister Chadburn, leaving New York for California. But I suppose the call of adventure isn't for everyone. (*He places a topee on Chadburn's head*) And the hat.

CHADBURN

(*Looking into the mirror*) Is this appropriate? For California?

TAILOR

For the *right* people, Yes. Will you be doing any hunting out there?

CHADBURN

Oh, I suppose, buffalo, lion—

TAILOR

Oh, how we envy your spirit.

CHADBURN

(*Almost in a reverie*) Westward—the course of civilization westward, Asia, Europe, and now across America—

TAILOR

West.

CHAD

to the last of the west. And after that?

TAILOR

What?

4 CHAD
The east . . .

TAILOR
What?

CHAD
The far east, China, Japan, back to the beginning, the full circle of civilization.

TAILOR
Yes. (*Holding a jacket for Chadburn to try on*) Here we are. Your gold hunting jacket, sir.

CHAD
(*Looking at himself in the mirror, uncertain*) Yes.

TAILOR
Notice the pockets?

CHAD
There seems to be an uncommonly large number of them.

TAILOR
My own idea. Now, the problem it seems to me is this. After you find these "nuggets," where do you put them? All in one pocket? Think of the sag. The bulge.

CHAD
(*Uncertain*) Yes.

TAILOR
You find a nugget here, pop it into one pocket. Pick up another nugget there, put it into another pocket. The jacket still fits properly.

CHAD
(*Taking it off*) Damn fine idea.

TAILOR

(Musing) I hope it catches on.

CHAD

I must see to my technical apparata. Especially the Little Midas.

TAILOR

What's that?

(Chadburn leaves the tailor shop and walks across the stage and enters machinery works of Mister Scroff, a Britisher of the "lower" class, something of a con man)

SCROFF

A triumph of Yankee ingenuity. Designed and fabricated along scientific lines, as you can see.

CHAD

Yes, I can see that, Mister—

SCROFF

Scroff, sir. Purveyor to the argonauts. And I feels sorry for them what journeys to California without one of these here, just a waste of time.

CHAD

(Regarding the immense size of the Little Midas) I hadn't imagined something so *large* to be shipped—

SCROFF

(Talking fast and demonstrating) The basic idea is to separate the gold particles from the ordinary dirt, or to put it scientific, "to isolate the auriferous-bearing ore from the non-auriferous-bearing ore." Now, the Little Midas works on the principle of centerfrugal force. "Center" which is something you goes around, right? —and "frugal" which means to save. You turns this here handle *around*, and you *saves* the gold. *(Scroff turns the handle;*

6 *there is noise as a belt turns a wheel, the wheel turns a gear; the eagle on top spins around)*

CHAD

Where? Where do you save the gold?

SCROFF

(Pulling open a little drawer in the Little Midas) Here. In this here little box. *(They both look inside)* Give you a feeling of anticipation, don't it, sir?

CHAD

Down to business, Scroff. How much do you want for it?

SCROFF

(Coyly) Nothing, sir.

CHAD

Nothing?

SCROFF

Practically nothing.

CHAD

Practically nothing.

SCROFF

Compared to the wealth this here Little Midas will produce. *(Leading Chadburn off stage)* Come inside to the office, sir, the delicate mechanism inside that machine, oh, the labor expended and the ingenuity lavished upon its execution, oh, why— *(Chadburn and Scroff exit as the music comes up, setting the mood for Scene Two.)*

ACT ONE, Scene Two

7

With somber religious music, Zaragoza walks to the top of the hill where a Franciscan Padre waits. Zaragoza now wears two guns.

ZARAGOZA

Padre, I am confused.

PADRE

My son, we are all bewildered by what is happening around us.

ZARAGOZA

Our lands, our people, the changes that—

PADRE

The gold fever has infected everyone. They act as madmen.

ZARAGOZA

It is not the gold, father. The strangers who come here to California—they respect nothing. They take what is ours, our lands by Spanish grant, our heritage which—

PADRE

Some day they will go, my son. You have seen this before, the Russians, the French, the English—they have gone.

ZARAGOZA

When they go, there will be nothing left. Like insects, they infect and devour—

PADRE

What can you do, except wait for the fever to pass, we cannot—

ZARAGOZA

When the Mexican government took the Missions from you—why didn't you fight?

8 PADRE

For what? For apples, for corn? For cattle? No, my son. I am here to save souls. And you—you wear the guns of an outlaw. You cannot *fight* them.

ZARAGOZA

I am a Californian!

PADRE

You are Zaragoza—think, my son. If you kill, you will lose your most important possession—your immortal soul. Think, my son, and pray.

ZARAGOZA

I cannot. I cannot pray when the land is taken from my feet.

PADRE

It is too late. They have tasted the gold, like the forbidden fruit, and our paradise is gone.

ZARAGOZA

I am Zaragoza. I am a man. I must fight when the food is taken from my table. I am a man, like the image of God. I am a man. I must fight.

ACT ONE, Scene Three

9

The New York dock. There is Music and Song under the activity on the dock. Gold-seekers, eager to sail to California, stevedores, shipping agents, sailors and passengers of many nationalities move about. Chadburn, in a suit, gloves and hat, carrying a Gladstone bag and umbrella, makes his way through the crowd on the dock; behind him a stevedore hand-trucks his crated Little Midas. As the music continues, the dialogue punches through.

AGENT

Forty-two barrels at ninety-eight.

AGENT

Sold! I'll take the lot.

AGENT

Northern Star, who's the insurer?

AGENT

McIver and Stone, of Boston.

(A Clerk enters, a sheaf of papers in his hand. The passengers crowd around him as he climbs atop a barrel and pats the air to quiet them.)

CLERK

Attention! Quiet! Attention! Leaving now—for San Francisco California! *(The Crowd cheers)* Quiet! The Norfolk Flounder, Captain Ely M. Steel in command. Newly fitted, copper bottomed, sound and fast. Passage left for eleven souls. *(The Crowd grumbles and presses forward.)*

MAN IN CROWD

What route does she take?

The cape! Around the Horn!

ROUND THE HORN

SAILORS AND DOCK WORKERS (*sing*):

'Round the Horn, 'round the Horn
You haven't sailed 'til you've sailed 'round the horn.
When the wind begins to blow
Then you'd better go below;
You'll regret the very day that you were born.
Rolling free, on the sea.
But then your stomach and the rolling don't agree;
There is water, water everywhere
But you don't want a drink.
The food may look inviting
But it's never what you think.
Before a hundred days are gone you hope the ship
will sink

'Round the Horn, 'round the Horn.

'Round the Horn, 'round the Horn.
An awful fate lies in wait 'round the Horn.
Floating ice can cause a wreck,
Come about! All hands on deck!
We're not scaring you we only want to warn.
Look alive, you'll survive.
Take a line or else an unexpected dive.
Mal de mer's a simple malady,
A favorite of the crew.
Join them at the rail
Or take a pail below with you.
Whatever you have eaten will pass in review
'Round the Horn, 'round the Horn.
'Round the Horn, 'round the Horn.
When at last you have passed 'round the Horn.

There's no thought of going back,
But the sails are hanging slack
Not a breath of wind is rising in the morn.
Don't despair, you are there.
But no one really knows exactly where.
The captain says he's found it,
The California shore!
But something looks familiar;
You've seen it all before.
You've drifted back around the Cape to sail once more
'Round the Horn, 'round the barmy, stormy Horn.

CLERK

These remaining eleven tickets will be sold now on bid.

(The Crowd reacts with moans and grumbling)

CHADBURN

Excuse me. I have a reservation.

CLERK

(Irritated) A reservation? What's your name?

CHADBURN

Charles Chadburn. I booked passage through your city offices

CLERK

(Barely looking at his papers) No, I don't see it. All right, tickets to the highest bidder for cash only. Who will say four hundred?

CHADBURN

I paid two hundred at your office and they—

CROWD, AD-LIB

Four hundred! Four-fifty. Five. I'll take two at five hundred!

CLERK

Six hundred, who wants a ticket at six hundred?

CROWD, AD-LIB

Here. I'll take one. Six hundred. Here, and damn your prices, man. Here. Over here.

CLERK

Two remain, gentlemen. Tickets to gold, wealth and prosperity! (*To Chadburn*) You, sir! What about you? This may be the last ship to California for weeks. You're ready to sail, right?

CHADBURN

Right. But I had a reservation.

CLERK

(*Jumping down from the barrel*) Sale's over. This gentleman bought the last two tickets at six hundred each.

CHADBURN

I bought *one*.

CLERK

You bought two. Here they are, or do I take them both back? (*Waldo Hooper, a tall rustic lad with a pack on his back, meanders down the dock and observes the altercation*)

CHADBURN

I only need *one* ticket.

CLERK

You bought two.

HOOPER

Say, I'll take the other one, if it's for sale.

CLERK

Right you are, the last one, seven hundred dollars.

CHADBURN

You said six hundred dollars and I bought. You told me I bought two; here's your money.

CLERK

(*To Hooper*) All gone. Now you have to deal with *him*.

CHADBURN

What scoundrels! Did you see what they tried to do?

HOOPER

Well, mister. Now that *you* own the last ticket, how much you gonna ask for it?

CHADBURN

Just what I paid, naturally. Six hundred dollars.

HOOPER

(*Eagerly paying him*) Glory be. I thought you'd take advantage.

CHADBURN

I wouldn't think of it.

HOOPER

Glory be. I'm Waldo Hooper, from Indiana.

CHADBURN

Your ticket, Mister Hooper.

HOOPER

My friends call me "Hoop."

CHADBURN

I'm Charles Chadburn of New York. I assume you're an argonaut.

14 HOOPER

No, I'm a Hoosier, like I said.

CHADBURN

(Picking up his luggage) Well, I suppose we should get aboard. Where's your baggage?

HOOPER

(Hefting his pack to his back) On my back, Charlie. Travel light, you travel fast. Say, I've got a map with me, shows the gold fields of California. Bought it off a sailor who got it from a dead Indian.

(As they leave, the Music sets the mood of the next scene)

ACT ONE, Scene Four

15

On the hill, Two Miners are digging for gold. From higher upstage on the hill, Zaragoza and a companion Diego, observe the miners for a moment, then descend to confront them.

ZARAGOZA

I am told you have been here a week. On my land.

MINER HARRY

Your land?

ZARAGOZA

I am Zaragoza. This land is part of my rancho.

MINER ZEKE

We ain't staying. When the color runs out, we'll move along.

ZARAGOZA

Where did you get your horses?

MINER ZEKE

Oregon Territory.

ZARAGOZA

Can you prove that?

MINER HARRY

Don't have to.

ZARAGOZA

(Drawing a gun) I think you do.

MINER ZEKE

We didn't know they was yours, mister. We'll pay you for them.

16 MINER HARRY

Sure, I got gold.

(Miner Harry reaches around to the back of his belt and Zaragoza shoots him. Harry falls, a gun in his hand.)

MINER ZEKE

You killed a man. You killed a man for his gold.

ZARAGOZA

You have no right to be here.

MINER ZEKE

Zaragoza. We'll find you.

(Zaragoza motions to Diego who removes a gold poke from Miner Harry. Zaragoza and Diego leave.)

ACT TWO, Scene One

17

The dock in San Francisco. The Music sets the mood, a bustling frantic mood reflecting the variety, the activity, the diversity of the scene. Dock workers, sailors, frontiersmen, miners of every nationality dance to the music in a comic ethnic interpretation.

After the dance, a boat whistle and a bell is heard. The dock workers respond to the arrival of a ship; the passengers walk down the pier and longshoremen unload the cargo. Merchants and steerers solicit the passengers.

STEERERS, AD-LIB

Welcome to California, gentlemen.

Welcome and have a drink on the house, follow me.

Free drinks at Canfields and games of your choice.

Monte, faro, poker and free drinks, follow me, gentlemen.

MERCHANTS, AD-LIB

Anything to sell, lads? Books, artware?

Top prices paid for nails, firearms, needles, razors—

Any unclaimed goods from someone who died on board?

Canvas, hardware, tools of any kind.

(Chadburn and Hooper make their way through the harrangue and are hailed by a Longshoreman who has a crated Little Midas with him)

LONGSHOREMAN

(With mock respect) Oh, excuse me, but might you be Mister Charles Chadburn, Esquire, me lord?

CHADBURN

I'm Charles Chadburn.

LONGSHOREMAN

I've got a ton of scrap iron that belongs to you, sir.

CHADBURN

Scrap iron? That's my Little Midas.

(Merchants nearby are amused)

MERCHANT ONE

A gold washing machine, perhaps?

MERCHANT TWO

Throw it into the bay, lad. With the rest of them.

CHADBURN

The rest?

MERCHANT ONE

Over there, half-buried in the sand. Gold washing machines all. You couldn't pay to have that heavy stuff shipped to the mines.

CHADBURN

But it works!

MERCHANT ONE

Only *men* work in California, lad.

MERCHANT TWO

Nothing else pays.

(The Merchants regard Chadburn with amusement. Hooper waits for a stunned Chadburn to decide, then waves the Longshoreman off to discard the Little Midas. Chadburn appears confused, disoriented)

HOOPER

Come on, Charlie, let's get ourselves something to eat.

CHADBURN

(Slapping a mosquito on his face) This isn't at all what I expected.

HOOPER

There's got to be a cafe around here.

CHADBURN

No, this isn't an unspoiled land, Hooper. It's just another sordid money-hungry port town.

HOOPER

I guess so.

CHADBURN

Why aren't these men at the gold fields?

HOOPER

Maybe they don't have a map. I got one—shows the richest mines, come off a dead Indian.

CHADBURN

It's all wrong, Hooper. Look around. Do you see any gold?

HOOPER

For Christ's sake, we just got here. I ain't even had my supper yet.

CHADBURN

Empty ships in the harbor, the sailors deserted. Suppose someone wanted to return home right now?

HOOPER

(Eyeing Chadburn) You thinking of heading back?

CHADBURN

It's all wrong, Hoop.

HOOPER

(Consulting his map) We got to find a boat ride up to Sacramento.

20 CHADBURN

And how much will that cost? I only have so much money, just enough to book passage home right now if I had to.

HOOPER

You lost your gumption?

CHADBURN

What does that mean?

HOOPER

Means we got to have ourselves a drink. Come on. (*Hooper takes Chadburn towards a gambling tent.*)

STEERER

(*Standing outside the tent*) Welcome, gentlemen. Free whiskey and gambling of every kind, what's your pleasure?

HOOPER

You know how to play cards, Charlie?

CHADBURN

Of course.

HOOPER

Good, you go inside, have a drink and teach these apple farmers a lesson. I'll be right back, I got to see about something. (*To Steerer*) Take care of my friend, will you, neighbor? He'll bet on anything. (*Hooper watches Chadburn taken inside*) Except himself. (*Hooper walks downstage and looks out as if peering into the dark of the bay. He calls out to an unseen boat*)

HOOPER

Hey. Anyone on board that there boat?

VOICE, *slightly drunk*

What do you want?

HOOPER

You going to Sacramento?

VOICE

I might be.

HOOPER

Cargo or passengers?

VOICE

I haul what I damn well feel like.

HOOPER

Well, do you feel like taking two passengers?

VOICE

No!

HOOPER

(About to leave, then tries again) Will you do it anyway?

VOICE

Why the hell should I?

HOOPER

No God damn reason at all.

VOICE

You got any whiskey?

HOOPER

'Course I got whiskey. Stupid question.

VOICE

You can sleep on the cargo.

HOOPER

When do you sail?

VOICE

Any time I damn well feel like.

22 HOOPER

I'll be back in an hour.

VOICE

I don't care. When the tide changes, I'm going up with it.

HOOPER

All right.

VOICE

No law against it. No goddam lawyers in the country at all.

HOOPER

It's a fine country.

VOICE

Nothing shorter.

(Hooper returns to the gambling tent, disappears for a moment, then reappears holding up a drunken Chadburn with one arm, holding a whiskey bottle with the other.)

CHADBURN

(Drunken, slobbering)—Lost it, Hooper. Lost—all my money.

HOOPER

Come on, Charlie. For your sake, I had to do it to you.

CHADBURN

Where, where—get a boat. Home.

(Hooper drops Chadburn down on a dark canvas covering the cargo on the boat. Water is reflected on their faces)

HOOPER

Well. You wanted to find gold, Charlie. Now you *have* to.

EVERYMAN

23

WALDO HOOPER (*sings*):

Every man must start on a journey
From the sunrise of his youth
Never to return
Everything to learn
To be a man—a man must search for truth.
Every man must walk into darkness
Find the road that leads to light
Discovering inside
The power to decide
The path for him—the path of wrong or right.

It can be lonely without a friend
Someone to turn to and not pretend
A helping hand, a woman's love
A whispered prayer to God above
Every man must question every answer
Ever trying something new
Hopelessly and then
Trying once again.
A child who makes his dreams come true.

No path to follow, no beaten track
No star to guide him, no turning back
A man must learn what fate is his
To learn what kind of man he is.
Every man must question every answer
Ever trying something new
Hopelessly and then
Trying once again
Every man must make his dream come true.

ACT TWO, Scene Two

25

Day. The gold fields. The stage is in its natural wooded state, miners are all over the hillside. There are some small tents here and there, a clothesline, campfires.

Miners are digging with pick and shovel, some are using rockers; another is using a sluice box, some are panning. A miner is getting a haircut, another washes clothes and hangs them out to dry, another writes a letter.

GOLD

THE MINERS

The miners, all about the hillside, in various activities, (sing):

Are we building an empire?
Is that what you've been told?
Are we searching for freedom?
Hell, no! We're looking for gold.

We'll blast the mountains
We'll make 'em pay;
We won't let nothin'
Get in our way.
We'll drain the rivers;
We'll fell the trees.
We pray and labor
Down on our hands and knees.

We don't like fishing
Nor trappin' bear;
We don't like farming,
We left it there.
We're here for mining,
That's why we came;
So here!
We stake our claim.

26 Oh, the sunshine is right in my old Kentucky home
And the sunshine is bright on the land;
But even shine in the hair of my sweetheart don't compare
With the shine of a nugget in my hand.

We crossed the desert,
The great divide;
The golden sunset
Our only guide.
We came on horseback,
We rode the plains;
Some thing behind us
Took all the aches and pains.

We have a vision,
We clearly see
What California
Was meant to be.
It's meant for miners,
We heard the call
For gold!
And we'll take it all.

Are we building an empire?
A mighty nation to mold?
Are we searching for freedom?
Hell no! We're looking for gold.
For gold. Gold.

(At the end of the song, Chadburn (in his coat of many pockets) and Hooper make their way down the hill. They pause: it is quiet. They wave. None of the miners seems to acknowledge their presence.)

CHADBURN

(Uncertain) Well, this is—this is it. The gold fields.

HOOPER

Yessiree. This is them.

CHADBURN

California.

HOOPER

We're standing on it.

CHADBURN

Here we are.

HOOPER

Yessiree.

CHADBURN

Yes, indeed.

HOOPER

Yessiree.

(They stand ill at ease, waiting for a gesture of welcome. Finally, Reverend McCollough waves at them.)

McCOLLOUGH

Howdy, boys.

CHADBURN

(Relieved, smiling, entering the camp) Good day to you, sir.

HOOPER

Howdy, neighbor. *(to other Miners)* How do? How do, there?

CHADBURN

Hello. Hello.

(The Miners nod a greeting and return to work)

HOOPER

Why—why don't you mosey around, Charlie, and—

CHADBURN

(Quickly) I'll—I'll get set up here, Hoop. See if you can see any—keep your eyes open.

(Hooper gives Chadburn a knowing wave and meanders through the camp. He watches a man working a rocker, watches him pour water and rock it.)

MINER BIGGS

Not much color. I think she's played out.

HOOPER

(Rubs chin) Played out, heh? *(Yells back to Chadburn)* Hey, Charlie! She's played out!

(Miners laugh)

McCOLLOUGH

(Walking over to Chadburn and Hoop) Well, boys we might as well get acquainted. I'm the Reverend McCollough from Ohio and I'm out here to save souls from perdition, bodies from sickness and a little gold for myself too, if I can find any of it.

CHADBURN

(Arising and shaking hands) How do you do? I'm Charles Chadburn from New York, and this is Waldo Hooper from Indiana.

HOOPER

How do?

MINERS, AD-LIB

Hello, How do, etc.

MINER DUSTY

Have you seen the elephant, boys?

HOOPER

The elephant?

McCOLLOUGH

Have you found any gold?

HOOPER

Well, er, none so's we could talk about it.

CHADBURN

I had a Little Midas gold wash—

HOOPER

(Physically stops him and cuts in) We sure would like to get started though. I got a pan.

MINER BIGGS

Then use our river. Go on!

MINER BUCK

Fill your pan, swirl some water around, wash out the dirt and the heavy gold stays on the bottom.

MINERS, AD-LIB

Go ahead. Try your luck. *(Hoop begins panning for gold in stream downstage)*

CHADBURN

You don't mind?

MINERS, AD-LIB

No, not at all. Start in. Help yourself.

HOOPER

Hope she ain't played out.

CHADBURN

Put in more water.

HOOPER

See anything?

CHADBURN

What was that?

HOOPER

I seen it. There. It's yaller.

CHADBURN

There's more.

HOOPER

Gold! It's gold!

CHADBURN

Yes! (*Suspicious of others suddenly*) Be quiet.

HOOPER

Gold!

McCOLLOUGH

(*Strolling "casually" by them*) Hi, boys, you having any luck?

CHADBURN

None at all.

HOOPER

(*At the top of his lungs*) Gold!

(*The Miners barely suppress their laughter and amusement*)

McCOLLOUGH

Gold. Imagine that!

MINERS, AD-LIB

Beginners luck! Sure is yellow. Rich already and they just got here!

HOOPER

And there's lot more of it, right here!

McCOLLOUGH

And you're welcome to all of it.

CHADBURN

What?

McCOLLOUGH

Well, boys, you've been initiated to gold fever. That yellow stuff is pyrites, of course.

MINER JED

"Fool's gold."

McCOLLOUGH

And it ain't worth the sand it's mixed with.

MINER JED

If you can break it, it's fool's gold.

MINER SALES

But if you can smear it along the side of the pan with a spoon, it's worth sixteen dollars to the ounce.

HOOPER

(Petulant) I thought it was gold.

(Miners laugh)

CHADBURN

It was supposed to be lying around like pebbles. That's why I wore this jacket—er, why I came here.

MINER DINK

If Mother Nature had a kind bone in her body, she would have left the gold nearer to Illinois.

MINER ELI

Or maybe a mile outside St. Louis.

MINER JOE

Yesterday I made forty-six dollars, and today I ain't made a half-ounce.

32 HOOPER

What about that hole over there? Is someone digging a mine?

McCOLLOUGH

That belongs to Old Schumacher. He dug it, but every-time he finds a speck of color, he goes looking for a whiskey tent. That's where he is now, I suspect. This part of the diggings has been petering out though. I've been thinking about heading south to the Mokelumne or even north to the Feather River.

MINER AUGIE

Supposed to be big doings on the Yuba. What *I* heard.

HOOPER

Well, why haven't you all left then?

McCOLLOUGH

We're waiting for Old Schumacher to come back, the crazy fool. We can't leave him here by himself.

MINER JED

Zaragoza would get him for sure.

CHADBURN

And who, in name of God, is Zaragoza?

MINER JED

A bandit. He waits for the miners.

MINER SALES

After you've had some luck,

MINER JED

He shoots you on the way back to San Francisco.

MINER BERT

He doesn't like "foreigners," that's us miners. When California becomes a State, he'll be the foreigner.

MINER BOB

(Entering) Well, I found Old Schumacher. I slung him over my mule.

MINER DUSTY

Drunk?

MINER BOB

Not now. He's dead. Guess he got drunk and fell down the canyon. *(The Miners exit and return with a shrouded "corpse.")*

CHADBURN

What will you do now?

McCOLLOUGH

Why, son, one of the very purposes for which the Almighty called me to this spot.

MINER DINK

We can use the hole he dug, McCollough. His claim petered out the same time he did.

McCOLLOUGH

God's divine economy. Bring him in, boys, and bow your heads.

REQUIEM

McCOLLOUGH *(sings)*:

Oh God

This is the Reverend McCollough

Speaking to you once again.

From California

I feel closer to You today, Lord, than ever before

MINER ELI

(Spoken): We're at five thousand feet, McCollough. What'd you expect?

34 McCOLLOUGH

(Continuing Song)

Closer my God to Thee

With a prayer for one who has fallen in his quest for gold.

Old Schumacher was an honest man, Lord.

Unwilling to follow the dull path of the plow

Nor harvest in the tangled vineyards of commerce

He sought wealth and adventure under the warm California sky.

MINER BUCK

(Spoken): Hurry up, McCollough, it's getting cold.

McCOLLOUGH

(Continuing Song)

And so we give him, rest.

Go easy on him, Lord.

It's time he got a break from somebody

MINER BUCK

(Spoken): Amen.

McCOLLOUGH

Not yet.

(McCullough reaches down and picks up a handful of dirt)

(Continuing Song)

Ashes to ashes

Dust to—

(He examines the dirt in his hand)

(Speaking): Hold it, boys. I think I found the color for sure. *(The Miners cheer, dig into the earth with their hands, shovels)*

MINERS, AD-LIB

Good Old, Schumacher

Dig in.

Let me in there.

McCOLLOUGH

A little respect, please!

MINER BOB

(Holding up two bottles of whiskey) Old Schumacher had these on him when he cashed in.

McCOLLOUGH

(Continuing Song): Old Schumacher was a generous man, Lord.

He came into this world without a prayer.
But he sure knew how to leave his friends.

ALL

(Singing, seriously, reverently) Amen.

MINERS, AD-LIB

(Cheering)

Here's to Old Schumacher
He sure knew how to leave his friends.
If we find color in every hole we dig for him, might take
us a month to bury him.

CHADBURN

(Amused, to Hooper): No, Hoop. This isn't quite the noble frontier I had envisioned.

HOOPER

Me, neither. Damn, I thought I had gold in that pan for sure.

McCOLLOUGH

What are we all doing here anyway?
(The Miners cook dinner.)

MINER AUGIE

Here we go again.

MINERS, IN TURN

The days are too hot

The nights are cold
Food is expensive
Ain't no women
If the ground is level, it's marshy and full of mosquitos
If it's hilly, it's got poison oak
If it's wooded, it's full of grizzly bears and early snow.

McCOLLOUGH

So, why the hell are we here?

MINERS

Gold!

McCOLLOUGH

And when you find it, Zaragoza takes it.

MINER JOE

And if you get it back to San Francisco?

MINER BERT

The gamblers take you.

CHADBURN

This Zaragoza, has anyone ever seen him, or is he just an idea, a—

(An Old Man has entered quietly. He stands looking at the miners, a heavy pack on his back, without moving, almost in a trance. Chadburn stops talking when he sees the Old Man; the Miners don't move.)

McCOLLOUGH

(To Old Man) Who are you?

(The Old Man starts to move forward; he is unsteady, he falls. The Miners near him rush to get him to his feet)

McCOLLOUGH

He's falling.

MINERS

Help him.

He gave me a start.

Feel the weight of this little fellow.

Get him by the fire. He's frozen stiff.

OLD MAN

Get away from me. I don't need your help.

CHADBURN

We're trying to help you.

OLD MAN

Get away.

McCOLLOUGH

Take a drink of whiskey, old man.

OLD MAN

I'm all right. (*Drinking a sip*) I—I appreciate—thank you.

HOOPER

That's all right. Do the same for a horse.

CHADBURN

You all by yourself, old man?

OLD MAN

Why?

MINER SALES

Kinda foolish, a man your age, alone, risky.

MINER AUGIE

Suppose you got sick, or fell.

MINER BERT

You're lucky Zaragoza didn't find you.

OLD MAN

I guess I'm tougher than you think. I only come down to buy food.

MINER DINK

Have some of ours. Go ahead. (*Giving him a plate*)

OLD MAN

(*Reluctantly thankful*) Oh, —er, thanks. I'll pay.

MINER DINK

Didn't ask for pay.

OLD MAN

I got gold. Plenty. (*The Miners look at him*) Found it myself, on my own. Sure, you think this is rough country here? Hah, this is a walk around the court house square compared to where I was. You couldn't do it. None of you. Up there? High country.

MINER DUSTY

If you're heading down 'cause you run out of food, what you got in your pack?

OLD MAN

Gold.

CHADBURN

All of it?

OLD MAN

About twenty pounds.

McCOLLOUGH

You're a damn lucky fool. This late in the year. By yourself. Well, time for sleep.

HOOPER

Where'd you say you found it, old timer?

OLD MAN

I didn't say, did I? And I ain't gonna.

HOOOPER

Pleasant old coot, ain't he?

McCOLLOUGH

Get some sleep. He's not going to share his secrets. Good night, old man.

OLD MAN

Good night.

CHADBURN

You're among friends. It's all right. We won't steal your gold.

OLD MAN

I guess I been by myself too long.

MINER'S SONG

As the miners drift off to sleep, the lights dim. The old man gazes into the campfire, the light reflecting on his face, he sings.

The campfire glows in the evening,
But it doesn't keep off the cold.
I feel the winds of November,
I wonder if I'm getting old.

The fever of life is the struggle
To win, so I won all the gold.
Where is the thrill and the laughter?
I wonder if I'm getting old.

Yeah, I'd sway away all of the gold in my pack
For a smile, for a kiss, for the love
Of someone because—
Special, she was.
My God, how the memories keep coming back

40 The firelight makes me remember
Old friends and the stories we told.
Yesterday sure beats tomorrow.
I wonder if I'm getting old.

The girl I grew up with, the woman I knew;
How we laughed, how we loved, how we cried.
I'll always regret—
I'll never forget.
Could I forget her? How often I've tried.

The evergreen grows every springtime;
The redwoods watch history unfold.
Beside them we're nothing but children;
I wonder if I'm getting old.

At the end of the song, in the dim light of the campfire, the Miners sleep. Gradually, the lights come up at the top of the hill and Zaragoza can be seen. He stands by a tree, his clothes elaborate and black with silver ornaments which catch the light. Near him are four Companions. They watch the Miners below. The lights dim, and as the music changes, the lights come up as dawn breaks at the gold fields.

ACT THREE, Scene One

41

It is morning at the camp. As the light becomes bright, the Miners stir and begin the tasks of the day.

MINERS, AD-LIB

Lord, I'm cold.

I'm hungry

I heard of a cafe in Sacramento gives bacon and eggs and all the coffee and brandy you want for five dollars. Eggs! I'd give an ounce for an egg right now.

CHADBURN

(To Old Man) Well, you're the lucky one. You're heading down with everything you wanted.

OLD MAN

I suppose.

HOOPER

I wish I was you. I'd ride back into Fort Wayne on a fancy saddle—real slow, and then I'd spread out all my gold on a blanket at high noon to catch the sun, and then—

(A Miner, a rough frontiersman enters the camp, a dead wild turkey on his back along with a heavy pack.)

MINERS, AD-LIB

It's Virgil

Hey, it's Virgil

You got any tobacco?

MINER BIGGS

Did you get the blasting powder?

VIRGIL

Yep.

42 McCOLLOUGH

Have you got any whiskey?

VIRGIL

I got a story. You want to hear it?

MINERS, AD-LIB

Hey, Virgil's got a story.

Go ahead

Tell the story.

VIRGIL

My throat's dry.

McCOLLOUGH

(*Passing Virgil the bottle of whiskey*) Better be a good one.

VIRGIL

(*Drinks*) These three fellas—I heard this one in Sacramento—There were these three fellas—and this is a true story—they were down on some creek off the Mokelumne panning, and they heard this big explosion up river. Boom! And the ground shakes, and while they're standing out there in the water, the whole creek dries up. Like that. The whole creek just runs out of water. Somebody up river's blasting a new channel for it, and the whole creek empties out on 'em. And these three fellas, surprised! All at once they're standing there on dry land, and the fish all around flapping and slapping on the rocks. And one of these fellas turns to the others and says, "Say now, who pulled the stopper out?" (*The Miners laugh, some repeat the punch line*) But they get the last laugh. They figure hell, let's cook the fish and call it a day. And when they start poking around the exposed bed, what do you suppose?

McCOLLOUGH

I don't want to hear it. Give me the bottle back.

VIRGIL

Nuggets! Under every rock. Like hen's eggs! They just traipsed around like your Uncle Ned going through the hen house. And the men that set the charge upriver—nothing.

MINERS, AD-LIB

That's the way it is.
Fickle land
Never know.

OLD MAN

Gentlemen, I'm going to head down and—I want to thank you. (*The Miners wave away his offer of thanks*) No, no, I'm truly grateful, and—I want to apologize for last night. I was a little out of humor, I—

CHADBURN

You'd been by yourself too long, that's all.

OLD MAN

Watching you today, listening to you, the fellowship, the trust and help you give each other, well—I'm happy I ran into you all.

HOOPER

And not Zaragoza.

OLD MAN

I'm not coming back here anymore. I've proved myself, I finally got successful pretty late in life, so I might as well tell where I struck it rich.

MINERS, AD-LIB

Where?
Where'd you hit it?
South?
On the American River?
North? Where?

OLD MAN

I was up on the Rubicon River.

MINERS, AD-LIB

The Rubicon?

Where is that?

I think it's north.

McCOLLOUGH

The Rubicon? Mister, that's high country.

HOOPER

I got a map, can you show me where it is?

MINER AUGIE

That's too risky, this late in the year. Sun one day, snow the next.

OLD MAN

(*Looking at Hooper's map*) Well, it—where'd you get this map?

HOOPER

New York. Come off a dead Indian.

OLD MAN

It's got Mount Shasta down by the Pueblo de los Angeles. Anyway, it ought to be up here, follow the river.

CHADBURN

(*Packing*) Come on, Hooper.

HOOPER

You going?

CHADBURN

I've got to, Hoop.

HOOPER

I'm *with* you, Charlie. Who else is going to the Rubicon?

MINERS, AD-LIB

45

No, sir.

I'd rather work the Schumacher claim
Right here, I'm staying here
It's cold enough at this elevation

HOOPER

(To Virgil) Say, you want to sell some of that black powder you got?

VIRGIL

What'll you give?

HOOPER

What'll you take?

VIRGIL

What've you got?

HOOPER

What do you want?

VIRGIL

Whiskey.

HOOPER

Keep it.

VIRGIL

Take it. (*Handing Hooper a small parcel wrapped in brown paper*)

CHADBURN

(*Leaving*) Thank you, gentlemen. I hope we meet again.

HOOPER

Good luck to you. Thanks for your hospitality. (*The Miners wave their farewells as Chadburn and Hooper exit*)

46 OLD MAN

(Packing his gear) Well, I'll be heading in the opposite direction. So long and thanks.

McCOLLOUGH

Stay away from the gambling tents in San Francisco.

(Old Man exits)

MINERS, AD-LIB

(Shoveling) You know, if I worked this hard back in the states, I'd be a rich man.

McCOLLOUGH

We must *earn* our daily bread.

MINERS, AD-LIB

By the sweat of our brow
And the ache in my back

(Zaragoza appears at the top of the hill and fires into the air. The Miners are startled; before they can move, other Californians emerge from the trees behind the Miners, guns drawn. Zaragoza slowly descends the hill.)

ZARAGOZA

Don't move. No one is to move. If anyone reaches for his gun, he will be shot. Where is your gold?

MINER AUGIE

We ain't had no luck, mister. Honest.

MINER JED

We haven't got any gold. As God is my witness, I swear.

ZARAGOZA

(Contemptuously) Do not call upon God to witness what you do. You spoil this country with your greed.

McCOLLOUGH

47

You're the one who's stealing, mister. We're honest men,
trying to make something out of this country.

ZARAGOZA

That is why I fear you so much, your Yankee ways. If
a river does not turn a wheel, you say it is wasted. If a
tree is not cut into lumber, it is wasted. If a valley isn't
plowed or a mountain mined, if the land does not pay,
you think it is wasted. I won't be forced from my home
or stand by as— (*A Miner reaches for his gun and is shot
by a Californian. Other Miners draw guns and a gun fight
ensues. The shooting lasts for a few minutes, then silence.
Zaragoza walks alone, amid the dead. He walks up the
hill as the music comes up. He sings*):

MARIPOSA

ZARAGOZA (*sings*):

Mariposa, dancing in the summer sky,
Petals of a flower, butterfly,
Mariposa, spirit of the summer sun,
Liberated glory, we are one,
You and I,
From the moment of our birth we would fly.
Let our spirit leave the earth
You and I,
You and I,
We can fly.

Now I fear
For the many things I do.
Are you near?
Let my soul ascend with you
When I die,

48 Let me fly,
Let me fly.
Mariposa, liberated glory flown;
Rising to the heavens, you alone.
Alone.

ACT THREE, Scene Two

49

A camp at the Rubicon River. Downstage, there is a large pit in the earth and Hooper is working inside it. His shovel appears from time to time as the dirt is shoveled onto a blanket. Chadburn enters with an empty blanket and places it nearby the hole. He picks up the corners of the blanket filled with dirt, hefts it to his back and starts to leave.

HOOPER

Charlie! (*Emerging from the pit*) Hold off washing that batch for a moment. Set it down.

CHADBURN

What's wrong?

HOOPER

I can't go much deeper into that rock.

CHADBURN

Color still good?

HOOPER

Sure. The vein's as thick as my finger, but I'm going into solid granite.

CHADBURN

No more powder?

HOOPER

Used it all.

CHADBURN

Well.

HOOPER

How much we got?

50 CHADBURN

All together?

HOOPER

All totaled, nuggets, flakes and dust.

CHADBURN

(Figuring with a pencil) Well, counting what I washed out this morning and what I can wash out of there *(pointing to the blanket)* I figured, we have exactly forty-seven pounds, thirteen and a half ounces.

HOOPER

Wahoo!

CHADBURN

Divided in half, let's see—

HOOPER

Let's dig for even fifty, Charlie. That way I can do the figuring in my head.

CHADBURN

An even fifty pounds.

HOOPER

Fifty.

CHADBURN

Not a hundred.

HOOPER

Maybe. Why not?

CHADBURN

And then two hundred, then four.

HOOPER

Yeah, I catch your meaning. We stop at fifty.

CHADBURN

And get out before the snow comes.

HOOPER

And we run out of food. (*Feeling his teeth*) My gums are bleeding.

CHADBURN

We are out of food, almost. No more salt.

HOOPER

(*Picking up a canister of salt*) Plenty of salt, it's full.

CHADBURN

That's gold dust.

HOOPER

(*Concerned*) We're out of salt?

CHADBURN

Just gold.

HOOPER

Son of a gun.

(*They both realize how ridiculous their misfortune must sound and they look at each other and laugh*)

CHADBURN

Awfully sorry, Mister Hooper. We have no salt, you'll have to sprinkle gold dust on your eggs today.

HOOPER

If I spill any, I'll just throw some over my shoulder.

HEADING ON DOWN

HOOPER and CHADBURN (*sing*):

CHADBURN

Tell me, Mister Hooper, have you any salt?

HOOPER

No, sir, no sir, that's my fault.

CHADBURN

Then, what is in those bags, there? Whatever could they hold?

HOOPER

We, sir; tell ya, sir; bags of gold!
One's for my partner,
Mine I'm setting down.

CHADBURN

And what about the little one?

HOOPER

We're spending that in town.

BOTH

We're headin' on down successful,
We're rich, we're wealthy men.
We're going to town to spend it,
And we're never gonna work again.

CHADBURN

We gambled on luck to win it.

HOOPER

We bet on the turn of a spade.

CHADBURN

No flash in the pan panhandlers,

BOTH

We worked and we sure got paid.

So. Break out the whiskey!
 Bring in the wine!
 Strike up the music!
 We may look coarse, but our gold is fine.

BOTH

We'd better look out for trouble,
 Like women and places of sin.
 We'd better look out, 'cause we could
 Pass by and never go in.

Each handful of earth was tested;
 Each panful was given a swirl.
 The world is now our oyster,
 And a nugget is a golden pearl.

So, let's smell the perfume!
 Let's dance a waltz!
 Bring bags of money!
 You can't take much with a grain of salt.

We're waving good-bye to hardship,
 And work and trouble and strife;
 We sprinkled them with gold dust
 They're gone, they're out of our life.

So, farewell to worry!
 Farewell to care!
 We caught the rainbow!
 Who won the pot? Just a lucky pair.

We're headin' on down triumphant;
 Let's hear the trumpets' blast!
 We are the kings of the mountain,
 And we're headin' on down at last.

*(At the end of the song, Hooper returns to the hole and
 Chadburn picks up the blanket loaded with soil)*

54 HOOPER

You wash that out, what you got there, and I'll shovel what I can.

CHADBURN

The last batch, Hooper. We're heading back rich men.

HOOPER

(Unseen in the hole, Hooper shouts to Chadburn who is off stage) You know—when we get back to San Francisco—I'm going into a fancy restaurant—sit there for a whole day— *(Singing: to himself as he works—"Heading Down."* Zaragoza enters the camp quietly, looks about and walks to the hole where Hooper's shovel appears intermittently. After watching it appear, he puts his foot on the shovel.)

HOOPER

Hey. What the hell— *(Hooper pokes his head out of the hole, sees Zaragoza, and is transfixed.)*

ZARAGOZA

Get up. Slowly. Where is the gold?

HOOPER

Gold? Oh, I ain't had a bit of luck, honest, not one damn bit. Back in the states, we got a saying, "All that glitters, is not gold." Ain't it the truth, mister?

ZARAGOZA

Here—in *my* country—we say the same. "No todo lo que brilla es oro."

HOOPER

Well, there you are. It's mighty nice to see someone at last, can I get you—

ZARAGOZA

You are alone?

HOOPER

Yes, sir. Work alone, live alone, never had a friend. Temperament, I guess. Just a bad luck fool who couldn't find the color in a rainbow; no, I'm all alone, what about yourself?

ZARAGOZA

(Calling): Diego! *(Diego enters and swiftly searches the camp. He finds the sacks and canister of gold.)*

DIEGO

Madre de Dios!

ZARAGOZA

(To Hooper) As always, you lie. *(He draws a gun.)*

HOOPER

Zaragoza! Sure, that's who you are. Zaragoza!

ZARAGOZA

(To Diego) Load the gold on the horses. *(Diego exits with the gold.)*

HOOPER

Zaragoza, imagine, right here. Well, mercy me, I never thought I'd see you face to face. Zaragoza!

(Chadburn enters quietly and leaps at Zaragoza, knocking the gun from his hand. They fight.)

CHADBURN

(To Hooper) The other one, Hoop. Get the gold. *(Hooper runs off after Diego. Chadburn and Zaragoza fight. Chadburn wins and stands with the gun.)*

56 CHADBURN

Stop! I have a gun. I'll shoot!

(Zaragoza gets to his feet, not intimidated, and slowly raises his hands)

CHADBURN *(continued)*

Hoop! Hooper! *(To Zaragoza)* Don't move.

HOOPER

(Running in) He got away! He got plain away!

ZARAGOZA

You won't catch him.

HOOPER

Damn it all, Charlie. He got away with all of it, —cleaned out! Skinned!

CHADBURN

(To Zaragoza) Where is it? Where is it gone?

HOOPER

Both horses are gone, we can't follow him.

CHADBURN

Where is it gone?

ZARAGOZA

La Paz. Mexico. You have taken my land—driven me from my home—I cannot fight all of you. The blood of too many has been shed on sacred ground.

CHADBURN

Sacred! You murdered men for their gold, and you speak of sacred!

ZARAGOZA

The Indians prayed to their gods in these rivers, these

mountains. We dedicated our cities to the saints in heaven. We have not squandered the talents from God, but used them, multiplied them as good and faithful servants. But you—you take, you take, and leave instead a blasphemy. The land is worth more than the gold you take from it.

HOOPER

We have the right to live in—

ZARAGOZA

No. You have a gun.

HOOPER

Justice, Charlie. He should get justice from Judge Lynch.

CHADBURN

There are no laws in this land, Hoop. And there is no justice from lynching. (*To Zaragoza*) You can't remain free, but you must leave and never return.

ZARAGOZA

Banished.

CHADBURN

Never return.

ZARAGOZA

I am an exile.

HOOPER

We lost, Charlie. We lost it all.

CHADBURN

No. We won. Zaragoza was right. Look around you, from mountains to sky, he was right—the land is worth more than the gold. The future is here, around us, and now it's our turn, to keep it, to care for it, for men to enjoy as long as the trees stand and the oceans roll.

58 EL DORADO

CHADBURN and CHORUS (*sing*):

El Dorado, El Dorado.

The gold of sunset on the sea.

El Dorado, El Dorado.

I'll walk where I'm guided,

By God's hand provided

To be;

This land belongs to me!

END

MUSIC NOTES

During our initial exploratory meeting in the late fall of 1976 I asked my fellow conspirator, Lou Felder, if he had formed any opinions as to the music he would prefer to hear and which he thought would enhance his glorious script of "El Dorado."

First he said that the 1849 setting of the play obviously indicated a western motif. When pressed further, he described the broad, soaring melodies often heard in cigarette commercials that urges one to seek the wide-open spaces. With my customary lack of tact I pointed out to him that: 1) that kind of thing was invented much later and 2) was an amalgamation of "Cross The Wide Missouri" (which you had to do when you left Independence, Missouri in a covered wagon and wasn't really that far west) and "Along The Trail" from Ferde Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite."

Having delivered this telling blow I gave him my best shot by stating that when the Forty-Niners arrived here they brought their own music with them so there wasn't any such thing as indigenous western music at that time. In fact, the Number One song in America was "Oh Susannah," written by Stephen Foster from Pittsburgh, and the lyrics said you had to go to Louisiana if you wanted to see her. With your banjo on your knee, of course.

Other than that, I said, there were songs developed by the minstrel shows that were mostly about the South, and ethnic and regional songs.

Not having fully recovered, Lou then mentioned that Zaragoza, his California land-grant protagonist, provided reason enough for some Spanish thematic material. I agreed, but I felt it only fair to tell him that what we think of as Spanish or Mexican music bears a heavy influence from Moorish culture due to a former invasion and occupation of Spain. Also that the Spanish grandees in Cali-

ifornia, having the wherewithal, had been sending their progeny back east to Harvard and Yale for many years and they were probably playing Bach and Chopin on the pianos they'd shipped around the Horn.

Having delivered myself of all this nonsense, we then got down to the business at hand and started writing the songs.

Zaragoza does have a theme. It is heard almost immediately in the opening song, "El Dorado/California," and although it is sung by both Chadburn and Zaragoza, it is repeated later as an ominous theme when Zaragoza appears as a menacing figure. His solo, "Mariposa," while not strictly Spanish in character, is in a minor key and employs a mode used in some Spanish music.

The dance performed at the dock in San Francisco displays the polyglot nature of those who participated in the gold rush. The banjo, our only truly American musical instrument, is used here along with the "fiddles" to establish that although the newcomers are of various melting-pot backgrounds, they *are* Americans. The ensuing part-dances and solos are performed to music suggesting the several ethnic origins.

The "feel" or "El Dorado," because it is concerned for the most part with miners who were a cross-section of the American people of the period and therefore lacks the panoply and pageantry of other Grove Plays, may have served to divert the music into a more "popular" vein than is usual in this setting. There may even be slightly more humor than one might expect. Rather than apologize for these aberrations, I will fall back on what I consider the prime requisite when anyone anywhere climbs on a stage; let us hope the audience will be sufficiently entertained.

I extend my gratitude to the Bohemian Club for the privilege of enabling me to join the illustrious list of Grove Play composers. In addition, my heartfelt thanks for the

earnest cooperation of my fellow collaborators; Director Tom Tyrell, Author Lou Felder, Earl Bernard Murray (who rehearsed the orchestra while I non-resided in Los Angeles), singers, actors, and spear carriers et al.

Also, to the Production organization, who have managed to get casts of thousands, myriad props, massive scenery, and proper lighting in the right place at the right time for so many years, I offer my congratulations.

Louis F. Bush



GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Author, Composer, Director</i>
1902	THE MAN IN THE FOREST	Charles K. Field, Joseph D. Redding, Amadee Joullin
1903	MONTEZUMA	Louis A. Robertson, H. J. Stewart, Charles J. Dickman
1904	THE HAMADRYADS	Will Irwin, W. J. McCoy, Porter Garnett
1905	THE QUEST OF THE GORGON	Newton Tharp, Theodor Vogt, Newton Tharp
1906	THE OWL AND CARE*	Charles K. Field, H. J. Stewart
1907	THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA	George Sterling, E. F. Schneider, Porter Garnett
1908	THE SONS OF BALDUR	Herman Scheffauer, Arthur Weiss, Frank L. Mathieu
1909	ST. PATRICK AT TARA	H. Morse Stephens, Wallace A. Sabin, Frank L. Mathieu
1910	THE CAVE MAN	Charles K. Field, W. J. McCoy, Frank L. Mathieu
1911	THE GREEN KNIGHT	Porter Garnett, Edward Stricklen, Porter Garnett
1912	THE ATONEMENT OF PAN	Joseph D. Redding, Henry Hadley, Frank L. Mathieu
1913	THE FALL OF UG	Rufus Steele, Herman Perlet, Frank L. Mathieu
1914	NEC-NATAMA	J. Wilson Shiels, Uda Waldrop, Frank L. Mathieu
1915	APOLLO	Frank Pixley, E. F. Schneider, Frank L. Mathieu
1916	GOLD	F. S. Myrtle, H. J. Stewart, William H. Smith Jr.

**The Owl and Care* was not a Grove Play but an elaborated Cremation of Care ceremony given in place of *The Triumph of Bohemia*, which was ready for production at the time of the 1906 earthquake and fire.

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Author, Composer, Director</i>
1917	THE LAND OF HAPPINESS	Templeton Crocker, Joseph D. Redding, Frank L. Mathieu
1918	THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS	R. M. Hotaling, Wallace A. Sabin, Frank L. Mathieu
1919	LIFE	Harry Leon Wilson, Domenico Brescia, Frank L. Mathieu
1920	ILYA OF MURDOM	Charles C. Dobie, Ulderico Marcelli, Reginald Travers
1921	JOHN OF NEPOMUK	Clay M. Greene, H. J. Stewart, Reginald Travers
1922	THE ROUT OF THE PHILISTINES	C. G. Norris, Nino Marcelli, Reginald Travers
1923	SEMPER VIRENS	Joseph D. Redding, Henry Hadley, Reginald Travers
1924	RAJVARA	Roy Neily, Wheeler Beckett, Andre Ferrier
1925	WINGS	Joseph S. Thompson, George Edwards, Reginald Travers
1926	TRUTH	George Sterling, Domenico Brescia, William H. Smith Jr.
1927	ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI	Irving Pichel, Charles Hart, Reginald Travers
1928	NANDA	Garnet Holme, E. F. Schneider, Garnet Holme
1929	A GEST OF ROBIN HOOD	C. G. Norris, R. C. Newell, Reginald Travers
1930	BIRDS OF RHIANNON	Waldemar Young, Edward C. Harris, Frank Rudolph
1931	JOAN	W. G. Garthwaite, Charles L. Safford, Vincent E. Duffey

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Author, Composer, Director</i>
1932	SORCERER'S DRUM	Daniel W. Evans, Charles Hart, Harold Helvenston
1933	THE LEGEND OF HANI	Junius Cravens, Henry Hadley, Cameron Prud-Homme
1934	ST. PATRICK AT TARA	H. Morse Stephens, Wallace A. Sabin, Reginald Travers
1935	THE QUEST	Wilbur Hall, Roderick White, Edward P. Murphy
1936	IVANHOE	C. G. Norris, Harry I. Wiel, Reginald Travers
1937	LIFKRONAN	Kenneth G. Hook, Ulderico Marcelli, Edward P. Murphy
1938	THE PIPER	Dan Totheroh, Peter Hayes, Edward P. Murphy
1939	THE GOLDEN FEATHER	Waldemar Young, Uda Waldrop, James J. Gill
1940	SAUL	Benj. Allen Purrington, Charles Hart, Reginald Travers
1941	THE GOLDEN TALISMAN	Charles C. Dobie, Alec Templeton, Reginald Travers
1942	THE AMERICAN SCENE	Carlton E. Morse, Paul Carson, Harold Burdick
1943-45	<i>No plays given</i>	
1946	JOHNNY APPLESEED	Dan Totheroh, Wendell Otey, James J. Gill
1947	THE YESTER-YEARS†	Various
1948	MATERNUS	Kenneth Ferguson, Wendell Otey, Fred Orin Harris

†This play was a compilation, by William H. Smith, Jr., of scenes from Grove Plays of the past, in commemoration of the Club's seventy-fifth anniversary. Musical treatment by Charles Hart.

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Author, Composer, Director</i>
1949	THE COSMIC JEST	C. B. Kelland, Frank R. Denke, Reginald Travers
1950	TETECAN	Howard A. Muckle, Hugh D. Brown, Edward P. Murphy
1951	FOOLS IN THE FOREST	Dan Totheroh, Peter Heyes, J. Fenton McKenna
1952	TANDEM TRIUMPHANS	Alexander T. Case, Ulderico Marcelli, Fred Orin Harris
1953	A ROMANY LEGEND	Harris Allen, Antonio de Grassi, J. Fenton McKenna
1954	A GEST OF ROBIN HOOD	C. G. Norris, R. C. Newell, Fred Orin Harris
1955	DON QUIXOTE	Alexander T. Case, Ulderico Marcelli, Charles F. Bulotti Jr.
1956	THE BEGGAR	Gordon Steedman & Philip Sandford Boone, Hugh D. Brown, J. Fenton McKenna
1957	DIABLO	Bauer E. Kramer & Kendric B. Morrish, Frank R. Denke, William D. Pabst
1958	ALOHA OE	Earle C. Anthony & Carey Wilson, Ulderico Marcelli, Charles F. Bulotti Jr.
1959	CORTEZ	Howard Muckle, Hugh D. Brown, Robert B. England
1960	RIP VAN WINKLE	Dan Totheroh, Charles Hart, Dan Totheroh
1961	A SOLDIER AND MR. LINCOLN	Alexander T. Case & Charles F. Bulotti Jr., Ulderico Marcelli, Fred Orin Harris
1962	AGINCOURT	Robert B. England & Alexander S. McDill, True Tourtillott, J. M. Jacobus

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Author, Composer, Director</i>
1963	THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS	Richard L. Breen, Raymond W. Hackett, J. Fenton McKenna
1964	THE BUCCANEERS	David Magee, Leon C. Radsliff, Robert B. England
1965	SANCHO PANZA	Alexander T. Case, Leigh Harline, Thomas J. Tyrrell
1966	THE VALLEY OF THE MOON	Ralph Moody, Raymond W. Hackett, J. Fenton McKenna
1967	WILL	John Brent Mills, Wendell Otey, Thomas J. Tyrrell
1968	OMAR	Harry Anderson, Charles G. Dant, J. Fenton McKenna
1969	ST. JOHN OF BOHEMIA	Neill C. Wilson, Leigh Harline, Thomas J. Tyrrell
1970	THE BONNY CRAVAT	David Magee, George Shearing, Paul L. Speegle
1971	RED IS THE GRASS	Francis X. Fogarty, Robert B. England
1972	CENTENNIAL GROVE PLAY	*Various, Robert B. England
1973	THE GOLDEN CAVE	David Magee, George Shearing, Paul L. Speegle
1974	ARMADA	John Brent Mills, Dale Wood, James Robert Minser
1975	ALLEGORY	Will A. Parker, Carl J. Eberhard, Peter R. Arnott
1976	NOAH	Robert B. England, Frank R. Denke, James Robert Minser

*This play was directed by Robert B. England, consisting of scenes from Grove Plays of the past, in commemoration of the Club's one hundredth anniversary. Musical treatment by Charles G. Dant.





