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Grade level: 8

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Allow students, in groups or individually, to examine the script that follows while answering the questions below in order. The questions are designed to guide students into a deeper analysis of the source and sharpen associated cognitive skills.

Level I: Description


1. The play series is called *Great Days in Dayton*, this episode is titled “A City is Born.” What do you think it is about?
2. When do you think this play was performed?
3. Did people hear or see the play, or both?

Level II: Interpretation


1. What part would you like to read and why?
2. What does the stage direction [Sleepily] mean?
3. Do you agree with the sponsor about finding this interesting?
4. Do you recognize any of the names in the play?

Level III: Analysis

1. How realistic do you think this play is?
2. Why was this play written?
3. Why does the author mix real and fictitious characters together?
4. What will happen next?



"Great Days in Dayton"



Reproduced on these pages is the full script of a "Great Days in Dayton" broadcast. All music and sound effect "cues" are indicated just as they appear on the working scripts used by the cast. The sponsor hopes that you will find interesting these dramatized episodes from the life story of your city.

"Great Days in Dayton" is a Presentation Sponsored by
THE DAYTON POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY

SCRIPT No. 1 — "A CITY IS BORN"

MUSIC

*Theme for entire series. Inspiring yet not heavy.
Starts Fortissimo, then fades behind . . .*

ANNOUNCER: Great Days in Dayton!

MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the voices of the past!

MUSIC

VOICE 1: I speak to you over a span of a century and a half. In my time cruel and bitter war raged between the white men and the red-skinned savages in the Northwest Territory. Terror and death ruled the wilderness.

VOICE 2: I saw peace made at last. And I saw the birth of a tiny village—a settlement of venturesome pioneers—at the junction of the Miami and Mad rivers in the great Ohio country.

VOICE 3: I saw the early years of struggle and hardship, courage and unceasing toil. I saw a new-born civic spirit that built the village into a town. I saw the few clustered log cabins replaced by hundreds of homes on elm-shaded streets.

VOICE 2: I saw a century of growth and progress, saw the town become a world-famous city. I saw its spirit rise above the tragedy of civil war, above disaster by flood and fire. I saw new progress, new achievements.

VOICE 1: I see the city of today and tomorrow, the industrial capital of a great and fertile valley. I see a great community of better government and better citizenship. *Your city. Dayton!*

MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: Drama, romance, crisis, triumph! These make the story of Dayton. You will hear that story in this new radio program, sponsored by The Dayton Power and Light Company and brought to you each Sunday at this hour over Station WHIO. These radio dramas, enacted by the professional company of the Dayton Civic Theatre, will bring to life for you the stirring events and scenes in your city's past. The programs originate in the auditorium of the Dayton Art Institute, where at this moment our dramatic Company is assembled on the stage and all seats are filled by guests who have come to witness this first broadcast. Later we will tell you how you, too, can be a guest at a "Great Days in Dayton" broadcast. But now I want to present your

master of ceremonies, who will act as your guide and narrator in these thrilling historical dramas. He is a man well-versed in Dayton history and well known to Dayton citizens. It is a pleasure to introduce Mr. Charles McLean.

NARRATOR: For many of us, today marks the realization of a dream—a dream of renewing our faith in Dayton. We have believed that nothing could bring about such a renewal better than a vividly dramatic presentation of Dayton's history, such as is possible through the medium of radio. Today that dream and that belief becomes a reality. We are fortunate in having in Dayton a professional dramatic company of unusual size and outstanding talents, as you know if you are familiar with the work of the Dayton Civic Theatre. And we are even more fortunate in our sponsorship. For in The Dayton Power and Light Company we have found an organization which believes, as we do, in renewed civic faith, renewed determination toward greater civic progress and achievement. Thus it is The Dayton Power and Light Company's own belief in the future of Dayton which, above everything else, has made this program possible. (PAUSE) And now let us turn back the pages of history to the year 1795. "Mad Anthony" Wayne had won a last great victory over the Indian tribes of the Ohio lands. In midsummer a peace parley was held at Fort Greenville, thirty-five miles north of where Dayton now stands. There General Wayne met with the chieftains of the Delawares, Chippewas, Wyandots, Miamis and other tribes. There were long days of arguments, of conflicting claims. But, finally, around the council fires, the disputes of the red and white men were settled. This, then, is the opening scene of our story. Listen! [Mingled cheers and shouts. A long roll of drums brings silence.]

LITTLE TURTLE: Hear me! Hear me! I, Little Turtle, speak well of Great Spirit. I tell you all these rich lands forever domain of Miamis. I tell you our forefathers . . . [Renewed shouts, some in agreement, some in protest.]

THE CRANE: Little Turtle, listen a moment to the words of Tarhe the Crane. You speak to us of legends of Miamis. Yet they are not legends of other tribes. The truth is that these broad and fertile lands are lands of all peoples. There is room for all, even for white brothers now that they would join us in peaceful living. Tell us, Bad Bird, Chief of the Delawares, is this not true?

DELAWARE: Tarhe the Crane speak word of wisdom, word of peace. Little Turtle speak word of war. Thousands of our brothers, red and white, have been slain in battle. Their bones lie bleaching on hills and in valleys. Let us have an end to this. Let us return to our wigwams, our squaws and our children, to our hunting and fishing. Let us live in peace with white brothers.

LITTLE TURTLE: No! No! The claims of Miamis must prevail. *[Loud and angry shouts.]*

DELAWARE: Silence! Silence! I tell you, Little Turtle, that your claims shall not prevail. There must be an end to war. The nations are ready to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. Chieftains and warriors, listen now to the words of the Elder Brother, General Wayne. *[Cheers.]*

WAYNE: My brothers! We have met here upon peaceful ground, ground that is unstained with blood. I have come to this council without arms, bearing in my hands only the pipe of peace. I have brought you the message of the Great White Father, George Washington, who desires that the people of all nations, throughout this great land, shall dwell together in brotherly love. Let the hatchet be buried deep. Let the pipe of peace be passed from hand to hand. Let our friendship be everlasting. *[Loud cheers and shouts. Back of these drums and bugles.] [Music.]*

NARRATOR: And so, with the treaty of Greenville, lasting peace came to the Ohio lands. The news traveled swiftly—swiftly, that is, for an age when there was no radio and no telegraph. In seventeen days it had reached New Jersey. There, in a handsome Colonial residence, a strong-featured man with a definitely military bearing sat at a large writing table. *[Knock.]*

DAYTON: Come in. *[Door opens.]*

BUTLER: Gen'l Dayton, suh, deys fo' gentlemen craves to see you.

DAYTON: Yes, yes, Julian, show them in. I'm waiting for them.

BUTLER: Step right in, gentlemen, step right in. *[Advancing footsteps and ad lib greetings.]*

DAYTON: General St. Clair, we are honored to have you with us. And you, too, General Wilkinson. Colonel Ludlow, it's a pleasure to see you again. Julian, set a decanter of port and glasses on the table. And, Julian, we are not to be disturbed.

BUTLER: Yessuh, Gen'l Dayton.

DAYTON: Gentlemen, I've had the best of news from the Miami lands. General Wayne has made a treaty with the Indians. The Ohio country is at last safe for settlement.

VOICES: That's fine . . . Capital news, General . . . Most gratifying.

DAYTON: I think that we may now safely conclude our contract of purchase for these lands. It is my understanding that the particular area we have in mind, at the junction of the Miami and Mad rivers, is among the very best in the whole Northwest Territory. You've seen the tract, Colonel Ludlow. Is that your opinion?

LUDLOW: There's none finer in all America, General Dayton. The rivers are broad and deep. They wind pleasantly through a wide valley that lies sheltered by hills on all sides. The hills are well forested and the valley very fertile. Once cleared, it will yield splendid harvests. The site is perfect for a town and surrounding farm lands. And since it lies on the main routes of travel from east to west, and north to south, the town may one day grow to be of great importance.

DAYTON: Very promising, indeed, Colonel. And now, gentlemen, I have here Judge Symmes' proposal of sale, together with his plan for having the town-site surveyed by Mr. Daniel Cooper. Let us go over them carefully before we come to our decision. *[Fades.]* Draw your chairs a little closer, gentlemen. *[Fades in.]* . . . And so that appears to sum it up, gentlemen. Shall we purchase the Miami Lands? General St. Clair?

ST. CLAIR: I am agreed, General.

DAYTON: General Wilkinson?

WILKINSON: I favor the project very strongly.

DAYTON: Colonel Ludlow?

LUDLOW: You have my hand on it, gentlemen. *[Pause.]* But there is one matter we have left unsettled—a name for the town. I propose we name it for—General Jonathan Dayton.

DAYTON: No, no, gentlemen! Let us choose a name of classic or historical association. Athens, Rome, Carthage—surely one of those would . . .

ST. CLAIR: General, you are already out-voted. *[Laughter.]* Before we came here tonight General Wilkinson, Colonel Ludlow and I were agreed. It was a conspiracy, if you like.

DAYTON *[Soberly.]*: It is no laughing matter, gentlemen, that a man's name be given to a place which is to be a home, a haven, for still uncounted generations. His name should honor it.

ST. CLAIR: As yours will, General Dayton. And through the years the town which bears your name will honor you. It will be a great city one day, and always proud to bear the name of Dayton.

DAYTON: You flatter me, gentlemen.

ST. CLAIR: Not that, General. But we out-number you.

DAYTON *[Slowly.]*: I suppose a general must in extreme case concede defeat. *[Laughter.]* Julian, Julian!

BUTLER: Yessuh, Gen'l Dayton.

DAYTON: Bring us meat and bread. And more port, Julian, more port. *[Music.]*

NARRATOR: Plans for the settling of Dayton went ahead that winter. In Cincinnati, then a village of a hundred crude log cabins, settlers waited for open weather to start the journey northward. Daniel C. Cooper, whose name has ever since meant so much to Dayton, had completed his survey of the town-site, and from this the eager settlers drew their lots. By late March they were ready to start. Let us imagine a farewell gathering on the night before the first party set forth—a dinner at one of the larger cabins in Cincinnati. As the meal draws to a close, we hear Daniel Cooper speaking to the guests. *[Table sounds—wooden bowls, crockery, cutlery. Babble of voices. A pounding for order.]*

COOPER: Folks, we are about to set forth on a great adventure. We're going to have new homes in a new town. We're going to make it the best town in the whole Northwest Territory. *[Voice of applause.]* It's a beautiful place, folks. It's the very best place for a home-town; I know, because I've been there, surveying it. Ben Van Cleve and Bill Gahagan know it, too. That's right, isn't it?

VOICES: Sure is, Dan . . . it'll be a mighty fine place to live.

COOPER: There's a lot of mighty hard work ahead for all of us—getting there, clearing a place for ourselves in the wilderness, building our homes. But it's hard work that gets us the good things in life. And I know there isn't a man in this room—or a woman or child, either—that isn't ready for all the work and hardship we've got to go through. *[PAUSE.]* Sam Thompson, you and your party will be starting tomorrow in your boat. Well, you be ready early?

THOMPSON: My boat's launched and ready, Dan. All we have to do is load our supplies, get our people aboard and push off. Well, start mighty early.

COOPER: And you, George Newcom. How about your party?

NEWCOM: Oh, we'll be ready early. Only there won't be any us in our starting ahead of Sam Thompson. Sam's going to put that boat of his all the way up the Miami river. Craziest thing ever heard of. We're going by land, taking it easy with our wagons and stock and all.

COOPER: You'll have it none too easy, George. It'll be hard work for all, just as I told you. And now, we've talked enough about work and hardship. This is a celebration, looking toward happiness for all of us. Let's end it with the songs we all know. *[Babble of gay and excited voices.] [Music.]*

NARRATOR: And so, early on the morning of March 21, 1796, Sam Thompson's party was ready for the journey. There were 24