

HOME COMING

A Dramatic Reading

by
Hilton Blaine Turner



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other—without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

HOMECOMING
A Dramatic Reading

Hilton Blaine Turner

Copyright 1935 and 1963 by the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa.

ISBN 1-60045-071-7

It was 1914. The great bell in the chapel was tolling. From the door and out into the sunlight streamed a procession of blackclad figures. Some were talking excitedly, laughing and slapping each other on the back, while others formed in little groups of three or four. Despite the sound of happy voices, a cloud of sadness hung over the group, tingeing their conversations with melancholy.

Two young men, scarcely more than boys, were walking slowly away from the throng. One was dark and handsome, the other tall, with a pair of kindly blue eyes and a thatch of hair almost as white as the diploma he fingered nervously. Neither spoke until they had mounted the stairs and entered their room. Then the dark young man: "Well Frederick Ressler—you are now a graduate of one of America's greatest universities. I offer my hand."

"Thank you, John Thomas. I accept your hand and in return extend my most profound congratulations. You have proven to the son of one of Germany's oldest and proudest families that your ability as a student is exceeded only by your grace as a roommate. You sleep on your own side of the bed."

"Thank you, my friend. And may I say that you snore more beautifully than any man in the university." (Slight laugh—then sobering) "Gee Fritz—it's been pretty swell these four years—hasn't it?"

"It's been more than that, Johnny. Knowing you like this has been the finest thing that has ever happened to me. You know my father was opposed to my coming to America to school. He thought I should go on studying in Germany among my own people. And maybe you think it was not a hard thing to do Johnny—to leave my parents feeling as they did. But I came and now I am more glad than ever that I did—for coming here has meant knowing you. I never had as fine a friend as you have been, Johnny. When I think what you have done for me—I know in my heart that I shall never be able to repay you."

"Aw go on! The only thing I ever did was wear out your best shirt."

"Good old Johnny. Never serious are you? But I mean what I have said. Why you taught me how to speak like you do, when the others laughed at the way I talked. Now my heart is heavy because today we must part and I must go home—no—not home—back to Berlin to work with my father. I wish that you could go too, Johnny."

"I wish I could too, kid, but I can't. But don't forget. In four years I'm coming to Germany—remember that. Four years isn't so long when you're busy—and we'll have our—our homecoming then, Fritz. That's it—don't you see Fritz? It'll be our homecoming."

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---