

"Where Yesterdays Look Backward with a Smile"

(Intermittent music to accompany a descriptive monologue)

I

Abbie, Abbie, the spotlight is turned on you.  
Your actions of the last decade are now held up to view  
This won't be an easy session; we demand a full confession.  
So now prepare our fun to share  
With the chairman who takes the cue.

II

Period of 1916-20

Air: Tipperary ; key A flat

It's a long time since nineteen sixteen; that's a long time to view.  
It's a long time since nineteen sixteen when dear Abbie we first knew.  
There were Red Cross and Prohibition, bonds for victory;  
We had short, short skirts and new librarian.  
Time moves you see.

III.

Period of 1920-25

Air: We have no bananas; Key of C

The came nineteen twenty; then came nineteen twenty so gray!  
The tank-farm on fire; our worries grew higher,  
The streets were all mire--and say  
All heads were bobbed except our Abbie's--  
Most heads bobbed, not Abbie's--Hurray!  
Some heads bobbed--not Abbie's  
Few heads bobbed--not Abbie' today!

IV

Period of 1925-30

Air: The good old summer time

In the good old golden time, the good old golden time--  
Everyone was making mon in the good old golden time--  
Mines or stocks or lands or oil--Transamerica--fine!  
Making mon was oh such fun in the good olden time.

The good old golden time, the good old golden time,  
High school built; new entrance signs; gas-lights! What a crime!  
We want new park and Monday Club. Things are looking just prime!  
A gamble try! The goose hangs high in the good old golden time.



## V

Air : Old Man River ( 1930-35)

(E flat)

With apologies

Old San Luis, this old San Luis,  
 The city of the Bishop behind the mountains,  
 We all imbibe it, but can't describe it at all.  
 Its fascination, its strange attraction,  
 And those who feel it do not forget it,  
 But old San Luis, it just keeps smiling at all.  
 Something we can't analyze; something here fills us with surprise  
 Dull old town! Country ways! No place to go and just no  
 good plays!  
 Sun-swept mornings and golden evenings  
 And two peaks rising against the sunset,  
 And throwing shadows and working magic for all.

## VI (1935-40)

Air: There is a damsel in the town (Key of C)

She still remains in this old town, this old town;  
 She likes our hills all gold and brown, gold and brown,  
 And though she's busy as a bee she's happy as all can see.

Our court-house grows, so nobly planned, nobly planned;  
 We buy our raucous Ferdinand, Ferdinand;  
 New city buildings all can see--improvements as we all agree.

Our streets are paved, an awful mess, awful mess,  
 And dug up several times, I guess, times I guess,  
 Some street-lights new we hail with glee, but nary a new library.

Abbie, dear, we'd like to tell thee--an idea we'd like to sell thee--  
 For we wish that you in very truth be free, be free:  
 Relax, relax, dear friend, relax, relax, relax;  
 Your conscience sits on carpet tacks, carpet tacks,  
 And you won't know how happy you can be  
 Till you have tasted liberty!

## VII (1940--) E flat

I don't like you now, San Luis; I don't like you any more.  
 You have grown so old and vulgar; you were not so rough before.  
 I am going back to Kansas; Atchison my home will be,  
 And I'm sure you'll all acknowledge what the town has done to me!

Once I came here young and frisky; brow as smooth as brow could be;  
 Now behold my many wrinkles; see what you have done to me!  
 Basement stairs and latest book-lists, problems bad as they could be,  
 Women's clubs and children's stories, and the same old libraree

When I came the town was peaceful--calm, well-bred, a trifle slow.  
 Now just listen to the ~~hubbub~~ hubbub; do you wonder that I go?  
 I am going back to Kansas; you'll be sorry when I've gone--  
 Yet you know I rather like you! Perhaps you'll see me later on.