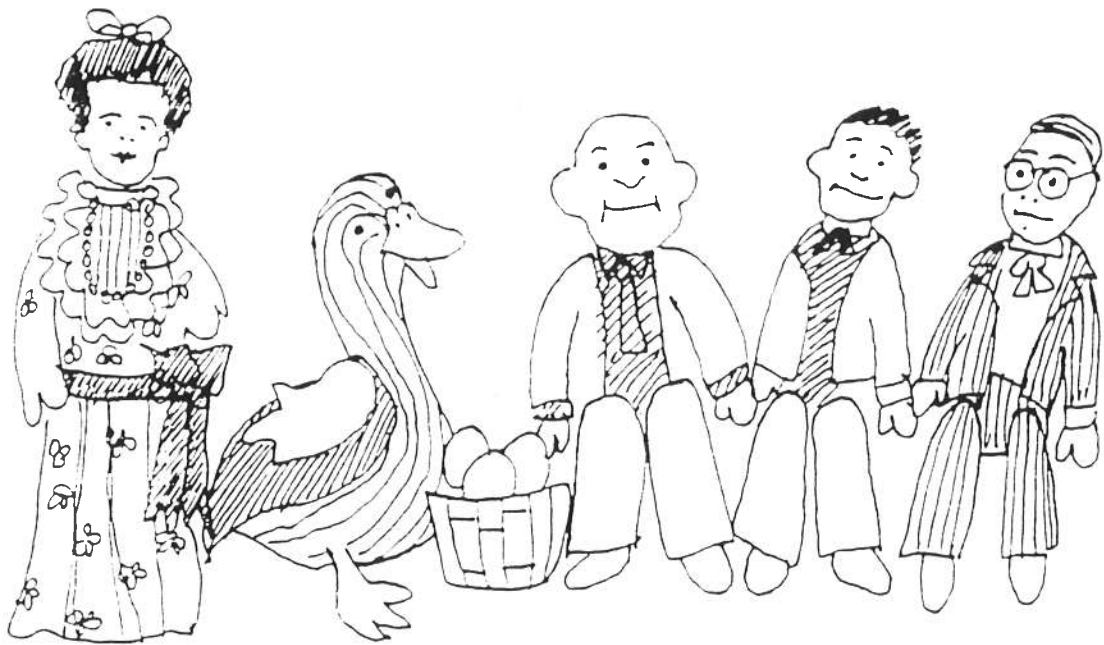


Miss Emily Edwards' Playlet

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

1924 Version



The Puppets

The Goose With the Golden Eggs
(Emily Edwards handwriting - 1924)

Introduction

Stage Manager: Your Honor, Commissioners, Ladies, Gentlemen,

I have come to crave an audience

For an old, old tale made new again,

For Foolishness mixed up with sense.

I am the "Spirit of Yesterday,"

The hero and heroine be pleased to know: --

I introduce the actors of Today

Mr. and Mrs. San Antonio.

(MR. AND MRS. SAN ANTONIO ENTER AND BOW)

Local Peculiarities for our present use

Will be represented by this fetching Goose.

(GOOSE ENTERS AND BOWS.)

"The Goose With the Golden Eggs" is the play

The place is here, the time Today.

(STAGE MANAGER BOWS AND EXITS)

Scene I

(MR. AND MRS. SAN ANTONIO AND GOOSE REMAIN ON STAGE. MR. GOES TO THE RIGHT AND GETS BASKET OF GOLDEN EGGS WHICH HE PLACES CENTER WITH GREAT CARE. MRS. PETS GOOSE)

Mrs. San Antonio: I'm mighty glad we own this Goose.

Mr. San Antonio: She's a plain old Goose but she has her use.

Ah, these golden eggs she lays each day!

Mrs. San Antonio: I'll name them over what they say.

(SHE TAKES FIRST EGG AND HOLDS IT UP.)

Mrs. San Antonio: San Antonio -- Heart of Texas

For her Rivals in their strife

Wrote your history with their blood

Gave their lives for your life.

This is the Fame of our Fair City

For those brave deeds of old

We take it in love and pity

'Tis a gift of purest gold.

Mrs. San Antonio: Many loved you for your beauty,
For your winding stream and trees,
For your sky of deepest azure
And your ever-welcome breeze.

So each built strong to hold you
First, the missions grand and bold,
Then a city of surpassing beauty
And this gift too was gold.

And so poets sing about you
And in History and Romance
Your bold lovers live again
To fight and feast and dance.

And as they go on living
Wherever tales are told,
San Antonio lives forever!
'Tis our legacy of gold.

And so strangers come to see you
And learn to love you too,
And leave behind with us
Their gift all shining new.

Mrs. San Antonio: Twixt your lovers there was enmity,
Now gathered in your fold
To live in peace and amity
Are their children - that is gold.

There's a swelling of the heart
When we have to say good-bye
For each humble one amongst us,
Though we do not all know why.

But 'tis for your lingering beauty,
For your smile of yesteryear,
And this your gift to us
Is the one I hold most dear.

Mr. San Antonio: But wife -- there is no telling
What she withholds from me
This income is too slow
I want more Prosperity.

Give me that Goose.
And where is my knife?
I'll have all my eggs
Though it cost her her life.

Mrs. San Antonio: What! Kill my Goose?

Mr. San Antonio: That's her best use. (GRABS FOR HER)

Mrs. San Antonio: Never -- oh never -- for I refuse!

(WIFE HOLDS ONE WING, HUSBAND THE OTHER -- THEY TUG)

Mrs. San Antonio: We'll go to the Fathers and have a try
Whether or not our Goose shall die.

(THEY PUT ON HATS -- A REBOSA FOR GOOSE.)

-- CURTAIN --

(MR. AND MRS. AND GOOSE PASS IN HATS)

Mrs. San Antonio: Your patience I crave
Please don't bad taste impute
For thus publicly airing
Our family dispute.

If we stayed at home
He'd have never a word
It is only in public
That he may be heard.
But then never in public
Would my point be heard.

Scene II

(CURTAIN RISES ON MAYOR AND COMMISSIONERS SEATED AT DESKS)

Mayor Tobin: Hurrah for U.S.A.!

Comm. Steffler: Our Governor!

Comm. Lambert: Bozo can you beat it,
a petticoat seated!

Comm. Wright: But how we'll have the surprise of our lives
If we find we have to listen to our wives.

Mayor Tobin: Here comes Mr. San Antonio
And his wife too.
Welcome in friends.
How do you do?

Mayor John Tobin
(Center Desk)

Comm. Phil Wright
(2nd Desk - Right)

Comm. Ray Lambert
(1st Desk - Right)

Comm. Frank Bushick
(1st Desk - Left)

Comm. Paul Steffler
(2nd Desk - Left)

(CLERK SEATED ON FAR LEFT SIDE WITH BOOK)

Comm. Lambert: Now that we've flooded the city with bonds,
To bind the floods with a dam,
Are making more parks out of ponds,
And have gotten all out of the jam,
Since this is a good time for wishing
I move we adjourn to go fishing.

Mayor Tobin: Roll call --

Mayor Tobin	-	-	Aye
Bushick	-	-	Aye
Wright	-	-	Aye
Lambert	-	-	Aye
Stiffler	-	-	Aye

Mayor Tobin: Now, let's go fishing -- this finishes the day -
But who is this here?
What have you to say?

(ENTER MR. AND MRS. SAN ANTONIO FOLLOWED BY GOOSE)

Mr. San Antonio: Your Honor -- and Commissioners,
My wife and I are in despair.
I'd like to state the case between us,
'Tis the life of the Goose astanding there.

(THEY REGARD STARTLED GOOSE)

She would have that Goose go running loose
Withholding mints of gold from us
And when I tried to get the Goose
She made a terrible fuss.

Mrs. San Antonio: But I love my Goosie dear. (SOBS)

Mayor: (RAPPING FOR ORDER, BUT REGARDING HER WITH SYMPATHY)
Now sir please state your case quite clear.

Mr. San Antonio: Peculiarities the Goose's name.
Now I'd eliminate the same.
She doesn't travel straight,
She is likely to be late --
She has such a variety of roads to take.

Now I'd have only Broadways
And cut out her lanes
And make this a speedway
For autos and trains.

She waddles, and she winds
When she swims on the river
And takes up more land
Than I'm willing to give her.

Her home is old buildings
That simply won't fall down
And keep us from looking
Just like every other town.

She has her own customs.

Mrs. San Antonio (SARCASTICALLY):

Yes and this is the truth

She even eats chili

Not served in Duluth.

You 'most as well kill her

As take all her pep

You've already taught her

To walk the goose step.

(GOOSE PERFORMS)

Mr. San Antonio: Wife, you can take a little stone

When your Goose is dead

And carve her name upon it

And put it at her head.

Mrs. San Antonio: A stone for the Goose with the Golden eggs?
That's what you'd have us show
For the Beauty and Fame that has won the name
Of San Antonio?

For this Goose that has brought great honor
Of History, Literature, Art?
For Peculiarities, is the great donner
Who has set this fair city apart?

Your Honor: There was a man of old
Who found to his despair
When he'd killed his Goose for more eggs of gold
That there were no gold eggs there!

(TURNS AND APPEALS TO CROWD.)

Ah, spare this Goose for future use
The voice of culture begs.
Our reward will come, for this precious Goose
Will lay more golden eggs.

Mayor (RISING, RAPS FOR ORDER.):

The question put right on this spot

Shall we kill the Goose or not?

Those who think the Goose should die

Just let us know by saying -- Aye

(PAUSE)

All who think the Goose must not go

Signify the same by saying -- no.

(AS AUDIENCE RESPONDS, MRS. SAN ANTONIO FALLS ON NECK OF GOOSE.)

-- CURTAIN --

(ENTER STAGE MANAGER BEFORE CURTAIN, CARRYING SHINING EGG)

Stage Manager: See the egg laid on the way?

Civic Pride -- You'll win the day!

(TURNS IT OVER SHOWING S. O. S.)

S. O. S. 'Tis the danger cry --

Save Old San Antonio -- ere she die.

(EXIT)

(GOOSE BOWS BEFORE CURTAIN.)