



From Arch Cape to the sunny South
We came a while to stay!
Santa Barbara's not Arch Cape
We really have to say.

With hills of brown in Spanish town
We think of Arch Cape green
The time is fine to send a line
To Birthday Girl Irene.

Palms, acacias, oranges, limes
Are waving in the breeze;
But lacking here are spruces, firs
Or any hemlock trees.

Houses are of stucco, stone,
But hardly ever logs;
Skateboards are on every street
But not ^{so} many dogs.

We've seen some fog, we've seen some cloud,
We've mostly seen the sun!
The last time that we saw it rain
Was back in Oregon.

We've beaches big and beaches small
And beaches neat and fat;
Some have sand and some have rocks
And often spots of fat.

The Arch Cape beach is something else
That we do not forget;
It also is a secret that
We're keeping, you can bet!

We like it fine, it's pretty here
We're going to stay some more;
Don't be surprised, tho, if some day
You see us at your door.

Meanwhile now, from Santa Barbara
We have this to say:
We hope you have a very fine
And splendid

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

— Jim Markham
August 1986