

Dec. 9, 1929

Dear Marjorie:

I can't think of anything
except something silly so here
goes part of a fabulous poem I
once read.

While the organ pilled potatoes
Lard was rendered by the choir
While the sexton rang the dishrag
Someone set the church on fire

"Holy smoke" the preacher shouted
In the rain he lost his hair
Now his head resembles Heaven
For there is no parting there.

Senior '29-'30

Your friend
Lucy Alice Thorton

Of course I would do
something like this ha!