There was a young fellow named Bass,
Who married a very cute lass,
Altho she was Dane
She was not very vain
And she married him without any sass.

Since that day many years have passed by;
Every one with its great hue and cry,
With its laughs and its tears,
And its griefs and its fears,
But withal Jack and Else are still spry.

In that decade of events great and small;
Thru weddings, parties, voyages and all;
With Johnny and Bitten
To glove and to mitten,
They've succeeded with joy without fall.

At last he has built a grand nest,
Along Lemon Bay's shore for a rest,
And while Else is planting
Jack's lab is enchanting
And keeps him expanding his chest.

The laboratorie's greatest assets
Are its facilities to meet all tests;
With its bottles and nets,
Its jugs and its pets,
It is certain to become one of the best.

Jack likes his camera quite a lot;
Take care to be not on the spot.
If he says "Watch the birdie"
It is wrong to be wordy
Just smile and your picture is shot!

To the dark room he takes it away,
And at night while the bridge fiends play,
He'll sit till all hours
Cussing to the Powers:
"Good G-d, won't put this stuff in my way?"

But friend, if you can't take it stay home;
The laboratory's no place for a "bone"
All teasing and fun
Have their place in the sun;
If you're not regular you'll be left all alone.

And so to an end with this prattle,
Be it known with a great band and rattle;
I wish you the best,
And your every behest
May you come out on top in Life's battle.

--Don--
May 14, 1935