

We're gathered together to pay compliment
To Essie our dear President.
For two years she's reigned as a Queen in our midst
But, Alas! Now dear Essie has went.

Now you say that she's fine, she's simply divine
She's elegant, she's lovely, she's swell.
But draw up a chair and sit here by my side.
For I have some truth for to tell
You've thrown her bouquets and you've patted her back
Her hat now, the thing hardly fits,
Her head, why, it's crown til it's almost as large
As large as the place where she sits.

Now she just took the job for she wanted to be
A Princess and cock of the walk.
'Twas an opportunity to show off her clothes
And it gave her a swell chance to talk.

Now she'd work and she'd toil and she'd sputter and fume.
And she'd get herself all in a swish.
I wish she would tell me the secret of how
She'd still manage to look so catish.

Her silver fox cloak is a thing of delight
And the rest of her clothes all look good.
But she has worn a few hats that I thought were pips
Especially that one with the snood.

Now I would like to know where she dug up the dough
To buy those swell dresses and shoes.
We had Gettle to guard all the shekels we had
So she couldn't be spending the dues.

Now the reason I'm being so catty today
Is because it was she chosen first
To be named the very best dressed of us all
And I was selected the worst.

OH! it wouldn't be fair and it wouldn't be right
If I failed to mention her spouse
She's crazy for him. He's the light of her life.
How she hates to see him leave the house.

He's building a home for her up with the swells,
To be furnished with things all the rage
She can sit with her cute little feet on a couch
Be a bird in a swell gilded cage.

OH! the stairways are golden, the roof is bejeweled.
The cellar is all hand crocheted.
We hope that they both live there two hundred years.
After the mortgage is paid.

The nursery is built on a very large scale
To accomodate sixteen children.
And her husband stands by with a gleam in his eye.
Just a-waitin' for her to say when.

Now she's fixed up a place just for Morris to rest
After spending the day working hard.
But it's twenty to one he'll spend most of his time
In that dog house way down in the yard.

Now she's been a good sport and she's taken it well
And my story it almost is done.
I'd hate to think of the things she'd do to me
If she didn't know this was in fun.

*He, too, dresses well, He looks like Beau Brummel
Setting out to make his daily bread.
He sells Richfield oil and at no extra cost
He'll show you how some can be spread.*

Now my conscience annoys me, My head hangs in shame.
And I am compelled to confess, For the very same.
That of all the nice girls and swell Presidents,
I nominate Essie the best.

All kidding aside and to get down to facts
She really had done her job well.
I'd climb to the roof-tops; yell hip hip hooray
I think she has reason to swell.

As President, she has been one of the best
Who's as that now we bid her adieu.
And I think that I spy a big tear in your eye.
Of sadness for me and for you.

OH! by day we will weep and by night we will wail.
Our pillows will be wet with tears.
Her work it is done, but before she is gone,
Let's give Essie three rousing cheers.

*To Essie
With love
Mary Walden*

Handwritten notes and signatures on the right side of the page, including names like 'Mary Walden' and 'Essie'.

31 DECEMBER 92

DEAR BILL -

MANY THANKS FOR YOUR FINE LETTER
TO GOAT ON HER BIRTHDAY —

THE EVENT WENT OFF SWIMMINGLY AND
THERE WASN'T A DRY SEAT IN THE HOUSE —

AFTER LUNCH ESSIE BALDINGER - AN OLD
FRIEND FROM SOMERVILLE - GAVE ME THE
ENCLOSED POEM THAT YOUR MOTHER WROTE
FOR HER AT THE END OF HER TERM AS
PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY —

[MARY - I BELIEVE - TOOK HER PLACE !]

ESSIE WANTED YOUR FAMILY TO HAVE THIS
VERY CLEVER AND FUNNY DOCUMENT SO
I'VE ENCLOSED THE ORIGINAL —

PLEASE WRITE TO ME AT 310 GREENWICH ST.
STUDIO 39C - NY NY 10013 —

I'VE KEPT A COPY AND NEED WORD THAT
THE MISSIVE ARRIVED SAFELY —

BEST FOR '93 !

JUDD