

Dear Professor Zon:

When one has had the fear of death
and wants to make a will
He goes and sees a lawyer
and he later gets a bill.

When one has got an inflamed gut
Which hurts him night and day,
He goes and sees a doctor
And he later has to pay.

But when we've needed just as much
What experts only know,
You've seen that we have gotten it
For not one cent of dough.

Two times your splendid scientists
Have given us a day,
And made ~~our~~ problems black and white
Where they'd been all one gray.

Now two is good, I freely grant,
But three is really swell,
So please come out and help once more
Where we have gotten hell.

Please send a man real P.D.Q.
To the Menominee,
To give advice on when to mark
And when to leave a tree.

The Indians still have the thought
That all of us are vipers,
You know the problem,
You were there when I was still in dippers.

Yours truly,

Robert Marshall,
2237 Dosewell Avenue,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

August 24, 1935.

John R. Neely