

I think I heard somebody say,
The birthday of Irene is today;
But with Navajo rocks
And antiques and clocks,
A cake would just get in the way.

I think you will have to agree,
With between us a land and a sea,
A cake sent from here
Would be worse than stale beer
When it got there from old Germany.

But then I can give you advice
What on this birthday would be nice:
You can go for a walk
Where crazy gulls squawk
And the white snow is foam 'stead of ice.

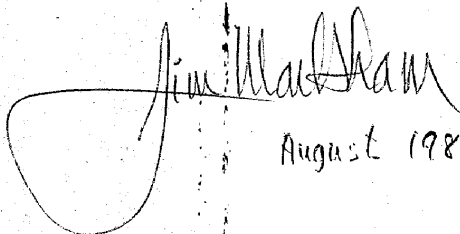
And if you go down by the sea,
Maybe you'll be able to see
The things that I've seen
Yes, you too, Irene,
Could see things that would fill you with glee:

A sand dollar is rolling along,
Trying to sing a new song;
But, try as she might,
She can't get it right,
And every third note is all wrong.

So if you should hear a strange holler
And wonder just who is the caller,
If you go to the sea,
I think you will see
A would-be soprano sand dollar.

As I looked at the sea I saw lurchin'
A disgustingly drunken sea urchin;
And this whole disgrace,
I swear it took place,
On Sunday, when people were churchin'.

A lady who walked on the beach
Picked up everything she could reach;
Then she gave a great call,
"I've found a glass ball!"
But it wasn't, 'twas only a peach.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jim MacNamara". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large loop at the end.

August 1981