

THE PRESIDENT: Do you mean will the comptroller issue you such a statement?

DELEGATE DELLA: Well, through your efforts with the comptroller.

THE PRESIDENT: Delegate Gallagher.

DELEGATE GALLAGHER: Mr. President, I do not think that we specifically provided in the rewritten duties of the comptroller that he could issue these W-2 forms, and I think there is a serious constitutional question; and I advise you not to answer, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT: Delegate Della.

DELEGATE DELLA: Mr. President, I think some of the returns have got to be filed on January 15, and it is just a question, how much was withheld. I think that statement has got to be filed with the return.

THE PRESIDENT: Delegate Weidemeyer.

DELEGATE WEIDEMEYER: On a point of personal privilege in these closing hours, I have often commended Delegate Gilchrist on his ability to pour forth verse and rhyme and humor, but the other day I was greatly pleased when Delegate Hopkins of Baltimore, in her own handwriting, sent me a little four-verse poem that I thought she should receive credit for as a Baltimore City Delegate. It is headed: "To Our Crabtown Delegate."

"The delegates assembled each thank you  
for a crab.  
Not chewable, but viewable —  
They make us look less drab.

"Though Grant won't share his Garrett  
gas  
Nor Clagett share his stable  
And Justice Scanlan leaves his tomes  
At home upon a table,

"Though disappointment's been our lot—  
No looked-for plums galore,  
No wool from Clint, no wool from Vern  
No ducks from Freddy's Shore,

"At last a crab from Weidemeyer,  
Our Santa of the Severn,  
Now happy girls and boys  
Can long remember this Convention."

(*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT: As the Chair is presently advised, that concludes all business of the Convention prior to third reading, except for some resolutions of a house-keeping nature.

Are there any other matters that need to be considered at this time?

Delegate Needle.

DELEGATE NEEDLE: I rise to a point of personal privilege, and to follow up Delegate Hopkins' work.

Quite a few of the delegates are familiar with the work of our poet laureate of this Convention, our Chief Clerk. He has written quite a few limericks. If I may take a moment, I hope the delegates will enjoy just a couple of them, and I hope it might be possible to have these reproduced and delivered to all delegates. I am sure they would appreciate having them.

Several weeks ago Ira Wagonheim wrote:  
Judge Powers says we'll finish next week,  
He says it with tongue in his cheek;  
Today's calendar and agenda  
We won't have to amend-a,  
(But the prospects look mighty bleak.)

Our President never wavers,  
Though proper, he sometimes grants  
favors;  
But today he's pendentic,  
He's really quite frantic,  
'Cause someone just lost his lifesavers.

Our papers vary in hues,  
Whites, russets, salmons, and blues;  
Before it's complete  
Won't it look neat  
To have ballots of chartrues?

The flower of Con-Con was Susan,  
Whose battle with Boileau's amusin ;  
His excuse was so lame,  
(And so was his aim),  
A steak on her eye Susan's usin'.

There's a group in the corner quite hale,  
And most of its members are male;  
But the center of attraction,  
The cause of the action,  
Is Delegate Susan M. Kahl.

Delegate Charles H. Wheatley  
Spoke of the school boards quite neatly;  
Though the votes he did lack,  
His plan of attack  
Was to advance in reverse, but  
discreetly.

A debater far above par  
Is the Rules and Credentials czar;  
Though his comments are witty,  
I think it's a pity  
He smokes such a smelly cigar.

While some delegates took a snooze,  
Chairman Koss presented her views;  
The long hours are rough,  
Being short is real rough,  
So she stood on a box, without shoes.