July 19th, 1944.

Dear Isso,

Mary spent a good part of last evening on this jingle, and since she has urged us constantly to send it to you so that you might know of some other JJS’s. We do so with some reluctance—she is an insistent young lady.

Love.
To Uncle Fess, F.R.S. (Uncle Fess?)

"I'll have no traffic with poems sapphric
until I'm twelve and jaded,
I'd rather a tale of Hill and Dale,
Of Science and how they made it.

"Now Robert Boyle burned midnight oil
The gas laws for to study,
While Newton fussed with calculus
And thought on apple buddy.

"Sir Humphrey Davy, how he slaved, he
Worked with things electric,
And J.P. Joule laid down the rules
Of measure calorimetric

"I wish you turned halt on the notable Dalton
And discuss the atomic theory,
Oh give me a book on Robert Hooke
The goblins make me uneasy."
"How Rutherford was never bored when dealing with a proton.

While Darwin, Charles, revolved in barrels of flora (?) such as planttons.

"So here's to a success on pneumococcus
And how you make it vary,
And to Uncle Jess, my FRS,
With love from little Mary."