

5-18-96.

The Recollections of a Sponsor,  
Mr. President,  
Ladies and Gentlemen!

A few short years ago,  
in - your Music Room,  
I took from the arms of  
the Clergyman - (so to speak)  
after the naming -  
a little ~~boy~~ <sup>child</sup> - ~~and play~~  
a native of the East - who  
had by the changes -  
and chances of life -  
drifted to Kentucky -

I must confess, that  
I was not fascinated  
with the little one - (

but I had promised &  
to be her friend, come  
what - Come now - I did  
not say - "until death  
us do part" for I have  
never been rash enough  
to say that to anyone.

But I realized that  
some one must be  
staunch and true - for  
very nice people -  
shook their heads -  
saying - That child  
will never live long  
here - The atmosphere's  
conditions - are not suitable

At last a few earnest <sup>(3)</sup>  
men and women became  
interested ~~in~~ ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> way  
that could boast of nothing  
but a shelter in a church  
and these friends met  
at 520, Greenup, one  
Mardi Gras night, and  
until midnight wrestled  
with mighty problems  
of how the thing should  
be bent - arranging  
rules and regulations  
with regard to good houses  
select friends <sup>and</sup> that  
she should be learned

