



## Inter-Office Communication

To: He who concerned himself  
Harpendon

Date: February 23, 1972

From: Product Reference Group  
Beaverton

B E A V E R T O N

Subject:

We greet John Schmid of the stormy Sceptered Isle  
Where tolerance of outland ways was never much in style.  
But he accepts the burden of unsystematic things  
Of converting weights and measures each mode and custom brings.  
Whether stone or dram or gigahertz or milligram or foot,  
But lousing up the month and day, up with which he will not put.

From John O'Groats to Lands End, it's day, month and year  
On paydays or rainy days or days of mirth and cheer  
You may call it what you will, but it's day, month and year  
From Orkneys to Hebrides and down to Kildare  
From Afghanistan and India to London's derriere  
In any of a thousand tongues that you may chance to hear  
They never start a letter without day, month and year.

Well done, cousin John, of Harpendon  
Without being blunt you've made your point  
In a way that we hope hasn't punctured the joint.  
We'll stop trying to cuddle our days in the middle, avoiding the muddle,  
Converting, inverting, inserting the name  
Of a month in the middle of every date frame.  
The logic is clear, to end with the year  
And begin with the day that's before us,  
And when you come near, just hang out your ear  
To hear our rollicking chorus:

From Boston and Buffalo to Bangalore  
It's day, month and year  
From the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the Florida shore  
With coffee and cake or sirloin steak  
With bacon and beans and beer  
Every year, every month, every day, yes John,  
We'll have day, month and year.  
Dammit.

The preceding poop, courtesy of Product Reference Group  
Is not capitulation, but acquiescence  
In contemplation of continuing juvenescence  
And reservation of the right to mumble  
Under our breath.