

Within this bubbly, journey
dream

Our birth-day greeting come
to you -

Just a cheery way to speak
~~our~~ natal Natal day ^{cheer} wishes to an
Beloved "Sunday week"!!

So drink ~~be~~ 'er up - or is it
down?

and never let them be a pain!
Perhaps set "full" -

(See this is a conny rhyme &
pull)

You may set full -
But not any fuller -
Because you are - you're already
Nurs' ably full.

~~Watch~~

To Nick

With deep affection & high regard
I looked all over for an appropriate card
with sentiments tender that ^{might} portray
My thoughts of you on Mother's Day.

Therein I failed & placed them back
on ^{my} desk their commercial marketplace
Perhaps a comic might better ^{suit} rack.
So I turned to them (with some reserve)
Some with lulls, and a funny cartoon
January fading to eternal June.
Whatever I read - when I went
I left the place with discontent
My own humble lines I feel know
are pathetic
The others seemed to be synthetic.

That's why I turned to this
scruffy rhyme
That stands & will stand
the test of time
My humble few ^{to you} words
~~average~~ ^{does say} say
To the best of mothers
on Mother's Day
Love - Pop.



Friday - 6/18-48.
Emp Mfg Co.

123 Emp St.
1 car. Mrs. Bunde. (C)

Webber + Conroy
39 Emp St.

Hunsaker - 15th + Folsom
owns half. (C)

Central Calif Coast Co.
116 Emp. (C)

Erickson out + Hollander
too busy. Skold in west.
Laska in law of Erickson

Crowley Co.
333 So. Van Ness (C)

Crowley out.
Independent Press. 1016
315 Van Ness St.

H. W. Lottier
1 car at Saad. (C)

Modern Metal Works
341 So. Van Ness

Emel Mayhew
1 Stude Pickup, new (C)

Special Machine +
Welding Co. (C)

358 So. Van Ness.
Sunstrom, 7 cars. Must
sell + sell. contracts.

Thurs - 6/17-48.
Hawley
Pontiac

333 Cher (C)

Kaempfer + Barnett
1850 Men

Louis Patsch Co.
1856 Men

Weisteyer. (C)

Had had no reg.

Alto Elec. (C)

15th + Men -

Shoyd Holland

Bon Omie Stubs (C)

Sinclair - Seal Covers

Cent Calif Coast
Erickson
1 no Hollander

Dans Schomwasser
Salle + Gray

Celma in east. (C)

54 Van - Jam card

Pace on instaf - couples + relations
Pace on instaf

B + W.

August 5, 1938.

Dear Nancy Lee:

Regardless of what has been done or said in the past, regardless of outwards appearances, the opinions of others, or the opinion of yourself, regardless of the error of your father's ways ~~and your~~ and your bitter resentment toward him, your father stands of falls on this statement:

He has as deep a fatherly love for you as any father ever had for his daughter. He is in constant anxiety for your safety. If any wrong were done to you, if any illness or misfortune came to you there is no end to which I would not go to rectify or help.

I am sprung from just average ancestry. Everything I have ever done has been just about average or below, therefore I am no more than just an average human being: As a result it is hard for me to see why anything more than average should be expected of me.

None of these things are written with the idea of trying to justify myself. The entire thing is predicated on affection and motivated by a desire to have you understand your father's REAL feelings.

Love,

Bitter as you feel, it does not surpass my own self reproach.

Bullet
Bread
Tomb
Lettuce
Knick

1529 Russ

92a-461
Buck

Any 26 groups
600,000 votes
with through loc
councils
Rudie
Buckland
Channel
Shut out

15:10
4:41

Father and Son Act. July - 129

Twenty-one years ago today I was sitting - (No
no - pacing) outside the delivery room door, I
just expected to find included in the hospital
bill an item - 1 - new rug - or - painting
floor - worn out by husband.

It was to be our second child, at the end of
what seemed to be another 21 years, I heard
through the door, several loud snatches and
the first hearty cry of a baby. At the end of
what seemed a few more years, the nurse
came out & said - "It's a boy 9 lbs 8 oz. Wife's
fine, so is your son."

A son! I can't write or think further without
receiving the just God-given reward, a few
years before, when - it was, our daughter!

~~Was it on God Friday that self same~~
That self same doctor, but above all a humanitarian
had heard the ~~self same~~ cries of his own baby sons,
now, themselves both have followed their father's
leadership in the profession.

And on God Friday when this self same son
of ours heard the snatches & cries of his own new-born son,
the snatches were delivered by our doctor's son - But
the receipt of it all was - doctor father was there &
said to our son - "I wanted to be present I didn't
if you'll, but I wanted to be present because I'm
the fellow who just spanked you butt."

Send every bird that lights upon a bush
My heart always ~~wants~~ makes me want to catch of him

albee

308

up 10 AM

Wester

F.R. Threemile

Older.

F.R. 1 conf.

Murray pattern

covered over
from disband

3355

90000

Dr-3 3179

Trails

Shelton - Stewart
umbrella Wed

Ref Tech

Elev mark

Form -

5001-450

Entadial -

- Fabr -

- Jol Ponce -

WIDE MOUTH
BOARD
SUNDRY

1) The Mystery of Mother's Knees.

Once there was a little girl and her name was U. S. She was a sweet little girl and her mother and daddy loved her very, very much. She had a little brother whom we'll call "Sonny"; although he was probably too young to realize it he loved them all and they all loved him, because he was a fine little boy.

They were quite a happy family; although like most families they had their little quarrels and little scoldings. Sometimes there was cause for both and other ^{times} the scoldings were a little severe - maybe there were times when they shouldn't have happened ^{at all}. They never lasted long however and soon everybody was happy again.

Now let's do some figuring. Let's see - two and two make five, do they not? No - we not be silly - two and two make four. There are the two children, and their parents - that makes four - but there were five in the family. How could that be? That's a mystery - maybe we can solve it later.

2.) another thing; what has all this to do with mother's knee? That's another mystery. Two mysteries we have now.

Suppose we start with the one about mother's knee first.

Well, once mother had a bad fall and hurt her knee. She didn't pay much attention to it at the time because soon it stopped hurting. although the pain was gone it was still sore. Sometimes mother would rub her hand over it and a very sharp pain would return. She used to say it felt just like a tiny piece of bone had been chipped off and was trying to work its way out through the skin.

She would tell the family about it and usually it was U. S. who wanted to feel it. U. S. would rub it + try to feel it for a few moments, but never could find it. Mother used to say it probably went back into place again.

This happened several times + seemed so strange that one day U. S. said "Daddy + to write a mystery story about it"!

3) Mother used to take awfully good care of the children and around the house she worked very hard. She worried too. Often she was terribly tired - and her knee hurt. Maybe U.S. - Somy or daddy had been naughty - maybe all three. No wonder her knee bothered her and her head ached in the bargain.

It seems strange, but at times like this - when mother would tell about her knee, for some reason Somy would all at once be a better little boy - even though he didn't know why. U.S. would practice her piano lesson better and daddy would make a firm resolution to do the things he so often thought about when he was working or walking along the streets thinking about all three of them. U.S. would go up & try to find the elusive little chip of bone & feel mother's knee - and with Somy & daddy, wait & feel sorry too!

This is a silly story because there is no mystery to it at all. It just shows that when everyone is kind & considerate and loves everyone else, there shouldn't be an

7) pain or unhappiness, but if they are vanity
+ cross + inconsiderate that we'll speak
for the whole world, so let's do our part and
start right in our own family. You know
sometimes these things become serious. We
want mothers' piece to get well because if
it doesn't reach the pain we'll go to ^{her} heart.

Oh! we almost forgot. It's about the other
mystery - The other member of the family!
That's no mystery - I was just fooling. He
is a member of every family. His name
is Christ!"

des guys
guys, and say?
St Guys?
guys don't write.
what it mean?

To breakfast out Lane was bid

He really is a very nice kid -

He said he makes

good hot cakes.

Aunt Gemina was out

So they went to the stop

' He got some more.

' midst splash in clatter

Some wiped the latter -

' I asked of art - Why do you fiddle?

Said he - "Ye doggone skillet - is high in the middle."

We ate the cakes with merry din.

The edges were thick in the center was thin,

a jisking then they went

' n' I by duty was sent

To visit my mother in spend some hours

' n' take to her, a very few flowers -

At my teacher's house I tarried awhile

Told a story, in left a smile -

Chas in Benton -

Then I went on -

My merry way -
well - that's about all there is to say

Dear Mick -

'Iween me 'n you,
There's nuthin new,
But thought I'd better
Write a letter,
Saturday night
I didn't get tight.
Our son was delighted
When I invited

This is a groan
not a laugh.
Gone the damn Union
'Nother two and a half,

One Arthur Lane of Auburn done
Who waited with me till Son came home.
We couldn't afford ice-follies
So walked up Haight 'n ate tamales.
Every thing was jus as silk -
I drank beer 'n the kids drank milk,
When he asked - I couldn't decline
Our son had a rip or two more.

The kitchen was left quite sloppily -
I washed dishes - they played Monopoly,
Kept room at 8 - Son left his bed,
Had a nice bath 'n washed his head.

and when a child would hold up its hand & ask
'please m. M. excused?' & the teacher would say 'yes'
halfhearted was not so much a "call of nature" as
the act of "Mother Nature" that drew us outside.
Because the skies were blue & clear, its blue serenity
clearness that come with 5,000 feet elevation,

There was quiet & fear & our eye could not see the
valley & feel respect for many neighbors & and then so
back minds and ed away then.

There is a something about that valley, that neighborhood,
the novel life of neighbors, the particular green of fields
affairs - the changing of seasons, the order of how they do
by themselves - its distinct edness, all seem to
roll down upon me like a benediction.

National -

Roosevelt accidents -

Tropics - Goldfield, Gen. Hunter - Troops -
Dynamite. Settlement of 3 strikes by Pata -
Confidence of both mine owners + miners -
"acts of violence show law -"
arsenal ~~to~~ of G.W.W. discovered.

Roosevelt's visit to Nevada - Decoration of
Capitol Bldg - with caption "Nevada Unions
Users of San Juan" - Roosevelt's remarks -
Presentation on train from Reno to Carson City
my Papa of Browning Automatic Pistol -
& Teddy - "opened it up" - de-lylled!!
Nevada State Police - aka Texas Rangers.

Board of Pardon - Refrals + Pardons -

Bartecues - Legislature + Friends -

Anterosian Wells -

Isb + Gant Bills -

Devoaan -

Three of my best friends when I was in
junior school were - Skippy, Sam, and

Hunter family, Tommy Tomachiel, Brerney family -
Juni Taylor - colored boy - saw + has been for years
owner of ~~John~~ ~~Shays~~ - of Farrell St ~~between~~
Stockton + ~~North~~ St.

Contest July 20th 1850s fight + training period -
North - Juni Bentons living stable. Cock fight to ~~refuse~~
by public.

Parades - How well paper "not a horse" -

Was to visit to A. B. Bancroft - Principal of Anderson
when Beecher fled out -

What he said to me when I was freed from
Belmont. It - when asked me what I was going to do
I said "go to work" he said "you were never do a day
work in your life"

Earlier - football - when paper drove me in to ~~town~~
town to go before Miss Westman - Abby Booth +
E. G. Wampler. My actions - my black eye -
Hannah dirt wound through the beautiful
and full air + I told her I hated to go out
school to a lot of old news - ~~was~~ wanted to
be among men to be let me, ~~to~~ told me I
could go to Belmont, but I missed the house
+ being a hero.

To a Meadow Lark -

Written ^{when} ~~while~~ I was about 12, still
living in the country I loved so much
and attending the district school -

Oh thy lark, that I possessed
That melodious, sweet, harmonious note
That lies beneath thy yellow breast
and in thy bright bespangled throat.

~~no notes from any ancient lark
or polished rows of iron
could be like thine or half as pure
Such a lovely flow of melody
When summer's sun is on its wane,
Then dost thou begin thy song;
and those few sweet notes outstrain
which scatter numbers all along.~~

Oh that I might live with thee,
or if not here, just go and see
That captured world what thou
dost live
and know the nature of each part.

X no notes from ancient lark
or polished rows of iron
could be like thine or half as pure
Such a lovely flow of melody.

5) back at times, but I learned
this: - Like many women those
King Sisters are fickle!!
Since we've learned to
understand one another we
get along better and they have
given me many pleasant hours.

Our home was in the
country and the change in
seasons was very pronounced.
Especially beautiful were the
summers, and the charm
of Indian Summer of early
autumn. These - and a love
of nature have always been
of tremendous influence in
my life and usually find
their way into my lines.

was over I distinctly remember
delivering the Battle of Manila Bay
from the top of the living room
table.

I'm not sure whether I have
quite forgiven my beloved
parents and my "courteously
enthusiastic" ~~support~~ ^{and} not
audiences for this support or
not; because the "melody
lingers on" (not to read from
table top - heaven forbid - and
Reason took over soon after)
But I mean I like poetry and
the desire to write it stays.

The Muses and I have had
many periods of estrangements
It is difficult enough ^{to handle} just
one woman, but what ^{can} a man
do with himself? So, they come

3.) light and the sun and the
gloom chasing one another
around much in the same way
^{they} chased the Spaniards, but
maybe that was only "genius",
or perhaps poetic license.
Incidentally if your presence
carries you further you will
note that poetic license
takes an awful beating
herein.

When we had company, a
fond father and mother would
have me stand in the middle of
the floor and recite a poem.
(they called it that too)
as was hysteria began to mount,
so did I. I stepped from the
floor to a foot-stool, from there
to a chair, and before that was

went like this -

On a bright and sunny morning
Just as the light was dawning,
There sailed a fleet into a pretty bay,
It was in the springtime, and on
the first of May.

The Spaniards heard the sound of hoons
And got up and fired in the gloom
But the sound of the hoons
Was the sound of their doom -

Then Dewey knew he had fought his way
across the Atlantic and won
Manilla Bay.

I wasn't particular about my
oceans in those days and it
didn't make any difference how
Dewey got there - via the
Atlantic or the Pacific, but as the
world knew he got there and how!
It also seems that I had the

- Fragments -
By Edgar Allan Poe

- Foreword -

Should anyone have the patience,
nay I'll say, the perseverance to
read my "Fragments" through,
no doubt he would wonder how
I had the temerity to expect
anyone to do so.

In self defense I will say that
I have never taken myself or my
attempts at writing seriously.
Correction!! I did once when I
was about 8 - the day after
Dewey took Manila Bay.
Patriotism was running high
and I wrote what I then called
a poem. I also called it the
Battle of Manila Bay and it

When a little output shows
I need some comment about

Five minutes after the noon whistle blew at the
McGraw Steel Mills big Dan Cloney stood in the midst of
the men.

"Men, I ain't no orator. I ain't no talker. I don't need to
stand on no soap box to tell you I ain't no Red, I ain't
no Bolshevik - no "Communist". Like most of you I've
drew time in these mills for 'bout 27 years.

"I've had strikes - I've took wage cuts in hell of you.
Sometimes we're wrong - some times we're lost - but
we're a boss. I hope you winners as they come & me
losers with the rest o' you."

"Come on Dan it's twelve. We're hungry, what
are you investigating of - we want to eat!"

"Most of you know I'm pretty close to the boss
man."

"Yeah too damn close" said the voice of a man in the
crowd.

