Birds having fun helping April trim the trees & shrubs.

Birds joyous in their approval of the prospects that April is planning on the trees & shrubs.

Adrian Clark
692 Golden Gate Ave
In 9611

When summer rain had warmed the pool
and friendly waters gave them shock
the child. Spot was very fond
of grandma's chair to wade.

Father Coyote.

at twilight time when the lamps are lit

Father coyote comes to sit
on the cliffside edge on the
mountain side.
Comes to listen and to decide
the ranchers hound and the ranchers son
the posses fly and everyone

~~will~~ ~~in~~

and we pause at unchiming hours to hear
his reckless ambling shrill & clear—
He's lean and swift and valorous troll
Retold, rollicking, scornful droll
as one might sing an coyote-dan.
Ho ho ho and a bottle of rum.

It's swirling from cloud
to cloud,
Sending it whirling from one gown
On peace and serene & sweet tranquility
I will stand and gaze up at her tiers
And when my gaze doth read
I ~~[illegible]~~ must be
For unknown reasons, my gaze
doth stop.

Looking up to a tree.

Wait say round - ask yes profound!
It seems to me
That a man should stand upon
the ground
and look up to a tree.
Tho' many dream - and lines
compose
a tree is real and grows
& grows!

DATE CALLED

FIRM'S NAME

1.

Nestles Jenn Sweetch

ADDRESS

2/m 23.

coffee

BUYER'S NAME

Tea - blk.

Bacon

milk & butter milk

PRICE QUOTED

NO. OF CARS OPERATING

KIND OF BUSINESS

Now Elsie is a fine young cow -
Beloved from Coast to Coast
and let me tell you here and now
She is not a Borden idle boast

Elsie is a ~~gauge~~ standard - a lucky young lady by which we judge our stock
and young cows etc. and she knows -
But there's a little shock -
The wicked she-devil
She just the same - as other Borden cows.

That means the rest are of the best

IV

That means the rest are g the best
Throughout the great big nation
Cant you see they'd have to be
To keep up Elsie's reputation.

V

To see her at the fair
You stood upon the benches
It seems to me, I do declare
You fought like men in trenches.

VI

Why fairs are fun and youngsters ask
(and from-of youngsters too)

Elsie.

I

Elsie gives milk and rich cream too;
The best in all creation.
But thats what Elsie has to do
To stay in the Borden organization.

II

Now Elsie is a fine young cow
Beloved from Coast to Coast
and let me tell you here and now
It is no idle Borden boast

III

Elsie is a guage by which we judge our stock.
Though gray crowd she moves.
Perhaps this a little shock -
She's just the same as other Borden cows.

sweet and delicate emotion.
an indefinitable childhood devotion.
and with that wholesome natural drifting
there came a spiritual uplifting.
It guided us here - protected us there -
a benediction, everywhere!
But sweetest of all was a lilac bush.
In playtime hours, or twilight hush
We were there, alone with the thrush,
and the thrush in his song told us he knew
The fragrance of lilacs was just for two.

- Silacs -

We were just kids - didnt know about lost
just basked in the blessings sent from above.
We lived the life of our little home town -
Loved smiling summer + autumn brown,
The buds of spring - sparkling winter too -
And fun and played pranks, as youngsters do.
Hand in hand we walked to school,
Unconciously living "the Golden Rule."
Our hearts didnt pound
But in innocence we found

My Sister's Cats
(and Ben's nemesis)

Cats and cats and still more cats!
Scads of canned salmon + expensive liver!
The awful odor from those dog-gone brats
Gives me goose-pimples + makes me shiver!
They're ~~wonderf~~ independent + swaggering + sunny
Sometimes I wish their parts were dung!
We talk + we read and reminisce,
But the smell of those cats I can't dismiss.
I'll make excuses and go outside -
A tiny child - could that decide.
(I'm too loyal to decide.)
So much comfort they give to me.
That I just let 'em - "P" + pure!!

NAMELESS

Ah yes, the color is brown!
I used to think
That pink,
Or blue,
Or almost any color I knew
Was prettier than brown.
I've seen Nevada skies,
The jewels in a crown:
Then I saw your eyes
And they were brown.

- Leland J. Sparks

UNWRITTEN SONNET

One day methought a sonnet I would write,
A sonnet such as poets never knew.
'Twould be in perfect form, with lyrics bright
And all its fourteen lines inscribed to you.

'Twould be of highest inspiration born,
And so I sought the highest hill to there
Commune, and watch the Master create morn,
And thoughts of you are close akin to prayer.

A blue-green meadow nourished by a brook
Whose tuneful waters are so crystal-clear
That every day an angel comes to look
And every winged choir comes to hear.

From out the azure blue will glide a bird
And perch upon a reed and sing to me
In notes that mortal man has never heard,
Its first, and silver-throated symphony.

I left the hill, the brook, the meadow ~~too~~; blue - I left my sonnet to
Came back to earth to feast my eyes on you.

- Leland J. Sparks

My Mind and I.

My mind | and I | did walk | one day |
as oft | we're wont | to do.
My mind | and I | did talk | that day |
and as | I have | this tale | is true.
My mind | spoke first | and did | propose |
a game | we two | should | play;
The child-hood game | known as 'suppose'
and straightway mind | did say |
"Suppose | that I | were God | this hour |
descended unto you |
and proffered all | of His | own power |
What would'st | you have | me do?

"Would'st have | me grid | you bounds | of gold, |
Vast monetary | wealth |
or genius great | or power | untold |
or refe'ning health?

Perhaps great learning you desire,
and such enduring fame, with it would,
Mans greatest needs you would be cared unfit -
If they bestow you name. sit to

—

again, who knows, you may desire
a worldly woman's charms,
Perchance it is that you aspire
to mother nature's decent arms.

—

You better self you'd have to prize,
all else would count for naught
If you would learn to love and live
what God and she have taught.

—

To know the language of the flowers
The murmurs of the brook translate,
Return to childhood care-free hours
Know freedom from all hate.

—

In turn spoke I in humble tone,
and did of mind request
an hour's contemplation,
that I might answer best.

~~Farewell each fair fled gift I weighed~~

Stools me to the fields away ~~often~~
Farewell each gift I weighed,

'Tis but a game, I need to say –
But last my Time I stayed. yet

Sand I to mind, I'll none of these,
and yet I can't deny,
a single one of them might please
far better men than I.

My choice I made, and I was free,
and happy with my choice,
'Twas one that long had been with me
Tho' ne'er expressed in voice,

When my life is often has
been child-hood dared so
often pain

When sweetest child-hood
has been
pain

It's been my lot to
often see - know
Sweetest child hood
pain

If my life has had
great share -
It's sorrow too It has been -
It's brought me the cost
to teach
It's clouds shut from

I accept trials or other
cards -
how treads - etc. some other
mother -

When mother and the sick
some trying tot
or larger child - it mattered not

My choice was made and
was fey
and hatter in my choice
Exactly for fear it might not be

Was one that Tinghelf
seen with me

Expressionless in voice
~~Exhausted~~

Yet it ~~is~~ seemed strange
in voice.

~~Strange~~ strange that such long
seen with me
~~to~~ The voice of
in voice

Throughout my life I've
often seen - seen

my life has had its share
of joy
great

and sorrow too I've known
much I know

my life great share of joy has
had - known
and yet strange to me
my health worse can be known
when checks left has flown

79

TELEPHONE

EXbrook 2042

FOR

PROMPT, COURTEOUS SERVICE
ON YOUR SMALL OR NO
DOWN PAYMENT SALES.

LOANS OF $300 OR LESS ARE
MADE DIRECTLY TO THE
PURCHASER—NO RECOURSE
TO THE DEALER

See the Domestic representative for full details about this practical and convenient plan for increasing your sales.

A new filler for this folder will be furnished you upon request—

DOMESTIC
Finance Corporation
Room 668 Phelan Building
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

"FIRST IN FRIENDLINESS"

Autumn

Nature & God

for ever and

whelps heart

not for a day

But God

Hang thee

Alas.

Loaf
with that
assurance
of loaf

Francis Corbusier.
240 Bush

Something.

Henry McCulloch
Brink (Protoplasm)
Bergen

Ba 2622

English Honey-

Blue Heart

Pengelly and

Mrs Mitchell-
Paris
---

213 Dublin Ave

Sea

England

Sunshine — Rain — Sunshine —

Lets start at very start Rain — ?

Some things really may say they don't fit
with right side of his tradition, their
parents — hers & his were decent —
hard-working people...

He was not tall, ~~dark~~ dark
handsome — she was not ~~pretty~~ but
~~[illegible]~~ — little & pretty —

They met in high-school, + attraction,
fascination ~~[illegible]~~ love

Gratitude.

We thank Thee God - that in a world
where hatred, words and shells are
hurled,
there still exists a decent shrine
where decent feet and lowly minds
may tread the paths through ~~that~~
this land.

Those feet by decency and fell off!
And by their very tread they weld
around this land that precious band
and hold them, for all and me -
your priceless gift of liberty.

With gratitude, almighty God
We say - Victor's dream is now dead
Forever thy hand free from bales
Thank you for the United States

— Irlacs —

We were just kids - didn't know about love -
Just basked in the blessings sent from above.
We lived the life of our little home town -
Loved smiling summer & the autumn brown -
The beds of spring, sparkling winter too -
Had fun & played played games as youngsters do -
Hand in hand we walked to school
Unconciously living - "The Golden Rule."
Our hearts didn't pound
But in innocence we found
A sweet and delicate emotion
An indescribble childhood devotion

Such that [illegible] wholesome, natural drifting.
There came a spiritual uplifting
It guided us here - protected us there -
a sandicher [illegible] everywhere.
But sweetest of all was a lilac bush
In playtime hours, or twilight hush
We were there, alone with the thrush
and the thrush in his song told us he knew
The fragrance of lilacs was just for two.

COMMERCIAL DEPOSIT TICKET

DEPOSITED WITH

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY

FOR CHECKING ACCOUNT OF

Sherwood Auto Supply Co.

19 1

PLEASE LIST ALL CHECKS SEPARATELY

AND SPECIFY BANKS ON WHICH THEY ARE DRAWN

	DOLLARS	CENTS
CURRENCY		Cashiers check given by Sherwood Auto Supply Co. to Ed Lucier in exchange for Ford Model A car to which Ed Lucier made claim as being the property of his wife Mrs Lucier. Mrs Lucier claims car was stolen from her husband. Ed Lucier is a salesman. Mrs Lucier's name — Mrs Ella Lucier
COIN		
CHECKS		
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		

In receiving items for deposit or collection this bank acts only as depositor's collecting agent and the rights and obligations of the parties are governed and controlled by the provisions of Sec. 16C of the Bank Act of the State of California.

DA 83 (3-47) 1500M 8-48 (91447)

That God was there
with the head fellow who had risen?
She was Were he a warrior -
Two finest youngsters you've ever seen -
although they were always miserable days -
Our prayers to Him - whose truth visits ways
Our parent-worry hearts - He answered our prayers
and they came bounding back up our stairs

80
8
640
5
3200
3.20
35.20
4
140.80

123.00

1.26
8
10.08
5
50.40
4
201.60

11.6

apr 1st 1600
June 1st 1752
apr - 47 - 2004

Watch if you can
The righteous man -
Who hearts down the tracks of
righteousness,
Only to trees ??

1.)

My Mind and I,

My mind and I did walk one day,
as oft we're wont to do.
My mind and I did talk that day,
and as I live this tale is true.

My mind spoke first and did propose
a game we two should play;
The child-hood game known as 'Suppose'
And straightway mind did say -

2.) "Suppose that God this hour
Descended unto you,
And proffered all of His own power,
What would'st you have me do?"

"Would'st have me give you hoards of gold,
Vast monetary wealth,
Or genius great, or power untold,
With never ending health?"

3.) "Perhaps great learning you desire,
Or such enduring fame,
Man's greatest deeds it would inspire
If they but speak your name."

Again, who knows, you may desire
a worldly woman's charms;
Perchance it is that you aspire
To mother Nature's decent arms."

4.) "Your better self you'd have to give,
All else would count for naught,
If you would learn to love and live
What God and She have taught."

To know the language of the flowers,
The murmur of the brook translate,
Return to child-hood's care-free hours,
Know freedom from all hate."

5.) For then spoke I in humble tone,
and did of mind request
an hour of contemplation,
That I might answer best.

Took me to the fields away,
Induced each offer weighed.
"'Tis but a game" I tried to say -
Yet just my mind I stayed.

I made my choice and I was free,
and happy with my choice.
"I was one that long had been with me
This was expressed in voice,

Said I to myself - "I'll none of them,
and yet I can't deny
that any one of them might please
far better men than I.

"This is my choice," said I
to myself,
"I know that God has
smiled
this healing smile, so place find
in every crippled child."

9.30 - 11.00

1.30 - 3.00

Ga 4156

Miss Gellum

Vickers

Hoffy Jackson,

3/5 Kenty

Denise Girard

Judge Lowtz

Delegates on Chief

Lawyer

Planter

Medical Student

House Wife

Ministers

Police Reporter

Catholics

Greek Restaurant

Ga 4156

I'M SURE SOME DAY OURSELVES WE'LL FIND
AND LEARN JUST WHAT W'RE MEANT TO BE:
UNTIL THAT TIME GOD GAVE US MIND,
IN WISDOM GREAT I FEEL THAT HE
SHARES WITH US HIMSELF IN KIND.

I'M SURE SOME DAY OURSELVES WE'LL FIND
AND LEARN JUST WHAT WE'RE MEANT TO BE;
UNTIL THAT TIME GOD GAVE US MIND,
IN WISDOM GREAT I FEEL THAT HE
SHARES WITH US HIMSELF IN KIND.

Dejection deep and strong I crushed underfoot
Compelled me as I wandered by the stream;
I impelled my footsteps through a much-loved wood
But it was changed, or ~~seemed~~ it seemed seem!

My eyes sought again the milk-flower field
The lupin and the poppy overhung;
The blackbird swung on a reed rescaled
No more ~~the sweetness~~ that up to me the beauty ~~always~~ clung;

To Mother Nature I owed always turn
In joy or pain, and each has had its turn
And she would soothe and guide and comfort ~~and~~ me
As mothers do in all adversity.

Despair, pitiless, but did not settle

and even gods were. Thou shalt worship
for shame became, man's earthly weep
To man and wife and slave until
Divine Intelligence again
Shine through the gulf their madness
And from Love, ~~is~~ ~~taught~~ to fear
We not taught to love
To live and practice, forward see
The wisdom of Democracy.
Though pains of war were longer long
We fought a war to right a wrong

-Skid Row-

Where do they go?
Those skiddies on skid row.
(Thud! H Howard,
Character devoured)
Nobody seems to know.
They simply come + simply go
On endless streams of overalls + breath
of cheap wine that keeps them close to death.
Men of prose - high poetry - talent
Breeding - intelligent - culture
Rampant - loose -
Consumed by the rotting -
(Prose!)

Dan seemed to know what he had to say.
With pleading eyes he tried
to stay.
His intuition (dog lore if you know)
from deep within - said "do not go"
With loyal obedience, but deep
distress
He walked deject edly away.

I wanted to tell that little
to man —
I was only reached by the cattle
cars;
I wanted to hear the guttural
shout —
"Head comes a curve —
hang on — look out!!!"
I felt the way it rocks &
swerves —
Sure I'd hang on — hang on
the curve —!!!

I tried to give the conductor
and brakeman a box of cigars —
and ('They say my ~~[illegible]~~
I'd low to his
his shoes) — I moved humbly behind
my humble

It's great the way shrocks
and sways—

It might even break some
corset-stays!—

We ~~may~~ turn to ~~the~~ masters of
~~rhyme~~ rhyme + verse—

(I've read stumpwellies + I've read
stump work)

But a woman can say no grandly
thing—

Than—" I gave to the cables—
a corset string!"!!

mother

When Whistler painted Carlyle
and Poe his lines inscribed,
Some it seems that we recite
Wordsworth's verse.

another song has sung —

Tuneful the song of the lark
and dews sparkling on the
grass — young Gung's and
Young — Ging —

---

mother

Oh dear who does pass all,
~~[illegible]~~ God meant a mother
should possess, who such suffering
and my that suffering and lost
love of that suffering died then
to me the world, God try to
say something, worthy of the
name Mother —

I've had a bad day (not ~~[illegible]~~ business
Don't mean business - "Yes, good I'll say,
But ~~what jobs~~ why Julian all alone!
I've thought about - so much alone
So adamant and want Cuddy
~~he said his name was the two~~
I've said doctor how do you do
you're ~~the only~~ only ~~Wo~~ I've met
I ~~broke~~ said how many was doctor wo
~~I~~ said doctor - how do you do -
You are the first wo - I've ever
after such a sicky crack
he succeed to
washer
Cuddy

I entered the house at four fifteen
One of the "pleasiest" nights, I've ever seen
You know what I mean afore its said —
That pinch pan of yours com head.
With hot steel on I cut a slice,
Then a second slice, "cause the first was nice,
Jenny aside, I've had a bad day
Dont mean business — times bad I'll say

accept my thanks for granting a wish
So lightly expressed for your savory dish,

Yours
Edward

Your cooking, you know
but when

YOU SPOILED MY GARDEN.

I liked roses,'cause roses were like you;
And when you wore roses,(cross you heart that this is true)
'Couldnt tell if that frgarance came from roses
Or they reflected you.

I was fond of violets too;
~~Always thought them~~
'Always thought them about the nicest things I knew,
Until that day I brought them
And pla ced them close to you.

I used to like a hyacinth,
Its labryith
Of hue: - Its loveliness too
Then came the day I saw one
Pinned on the breast of you.

And now I know where went
The honeysuckle's scent;
The sweetest scent I ever knew.
The vine remains,but the fragrance flew to you.

Please go out to my garden,
And slowly wander through,
To brighten-up the bowers
And revive the flowers
With just a breath of you.

Leland J.Sparks.

NAMELESS.

AH yes,the color is brown!
I used to think
That pink,
Or blue,
Oralmost any color I knew
Was prettier than brown.
I've seen Nevada skies,
The jewels in a crown:
Then I saw your eyes
And they were brown.

Lel nd J.Sparks.

YOU SPOILED MY GARDEN.

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And when you wore roses,(cross ~~you~~ my heart that this is true)
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The jewels in a crown:
Then I saw your eyes
And they were brown.

Leland J.Sparks.

Re-Converting A Ship.
(and maybe a man).

The wind is fresh and the air is clean,
And there's urgent work to do;
Man feels no need, so he pays no heed
To venting a selfish spleen.
You're one of a team in a useful scheme,
To restore a ship, the compelling theme,
And you WORK, with a WORKING crew.

You think the BEST, so your best you give,
From that moment On ~~you-start-to-retrieve~~
You start to retrieve
The things you believed were gone.

I've seen men come with shattered nerve,
And bloated cheek and blood-shot eye
Who would not serve, but merely observe
The time that passed them by.

(Abard once wrote of the curse in a dead man's eye:
Ah but the scorn of the earnest man, for the man who will not try.)

Perhaps you have cursed
Your fortunes reversed,
And bitterness too you have known:
Blighted another's life, or wasted part of your own.

You've felt the merciless thing
Thats Conscience' relentless sting:
And tossed in your bed
And wished you were dead
To escape, for you felt you could tell,
It would be heaven, even in hell.

And while you burned and turned and tossed,
And in your mind you tried to find
Excuse for yourself, that was embossed
With fickle resolve(you know the kind)
You will not keep,
But to entice some sleep
You promise yourself, yet still aware,
As into the dark you glare and stare,
The morn will bring no relief,
Just grief,
For the frozen facts are there.
The law is clear, no change it brings,
For God hath a way with such things.

Perhaps upon this very ship,
On on some other, it matters not,
While caught in war's thrice cursed grip,
(And Holy Bible, some men forgot)
We toiled with feverish haste, and sweat,
To quick convert, and quick beget
Amighty instrument of war
~~(Full well the world now knows what~~ for)
And man it with guns and precious sons.
(Full well the world now knows what for.)

Yon lowlie, dread, and great beget
An instrument of war
~~Corset the daisy spreading lawn~~
~~Sit thoughtly amble me by~~

Vanishing in those
Sea mean until those
To pitted chains fangs

We worked with fierce hearts
to get a great

To spide corset & paid beget
An instrument of war
And war it will guns
And precious ones
Full well be used
~~[illegible]~~ instruments now
what for,

Full well be used of human in
what for

Yahyam

Dark upon the sky lay
Over cast in zero accordingly —

Unfortunately a fortune
Excell to tiny day

Dark upon the sky lay
Orange red of a million red
While angel in wais the
And the Bells rang in
Unshackled tulip, Wade

Perhaps upon this very shelf
Or another – if matters not
Caught in mice's and dust
and leaves the Bible friendless and
neglected not
You left the Bible, I forgot,
~~and wished~~ well

Man see it – you have seen it
You called the chief

To mean it well forms
and selected ones

An unshaved if men
(Who anyone knows what for?)

Regardless of tastes it brings
Yet forever and to
(Perhaps it's time each other change)

Well Lucius, Lucius – Lucius, Lucius
and when you have a man
Lucius & fine
and in your mind you have a fine
Lucius & fine
Lucius & fine – (At an town of land)
Lucius & fine
When you see it leap
Don't let it sleep
When you're tired (not tired)
Lucius – the Lucius you know
Lucius – the Lucius you know
The man you see but not – just
Lucius
In the fire of a city or
In the fire of a city or
The man you see – we should say
In a field of a man and they say

The wind is fresh and the air is clear
and there's urgent work to do.
Man feels no need, so he pays no heed
To venting a selfish spleen.
You're one of a team
On a useful scheme -
"To restore a ship," the compelling theme
and you work with a willing heart.
You think the best - so you test your zest,
and from that moment on
You start to retrieve
The things you believed were gone.
I've seen men come with shattered nerve
and blasted dreams and blast-shot eyes
Who would not serve
But wilfully observe
The time that passed them by.
~~Perhaps your cause has fortune~~
a hand once more, if they cause in a head wounds eye
Ah but the scorn of the ~~working~~ lazy man for the wounds once not by!

And here Yorkshire - "Hurry ahead not lies!"
Forward team, through mud, rain
[17 equipped.]

That very man with scaled cheek
That self-same man with blood-shot eyes
The very booze left his cheek and he came very meek
and I'm damned if he didn't try!

But to our story's now returns —
a peace-time story 'tis now, thank God
(Though heart-ache leaves some eyes wet-lashed
For those who lost ~~[illegible]~~) Aware the past-pill in
the need

and work such as the men who have
Had what we all then thought was so
Still carry food — oh notice that —
Forgiven the past, for now there need,

It matters not the things they do
They're human souls and hungry too
And lets ok look some things they do
They're human souls — they're hungry too

No wilful wrong were to condone
It's not indict on that alone
Oh lots are sick dis o do —

Perhaps your cursed ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
you Pattiness to you have
and Pattiness left, a wasted life
blighted another life, a wasted life
You've left this relentless thing
That's conscience relentless stung
and turned on you Ted
and unfolded you were dead,
and unfolded you feel you crawl
To be safely for you feel you crawl
I wonder even he heaven in
heaven

Carmel's Pines.

I wandered far into the pines:
I sat upon the ground
Half drunk with inhalation of the pines.
And from the ground,when I had found
That Mother Nature breathed up her breath on me,
Then came the estacy- 'tween pines and me
That man and tree
Had found a common ground.

Same old 129.
Sat.about 6 PM.

Dear Maud:

This letter will serve two purposes. First,to wish you a happy birthday,and to thank you for your nice letter and phone call wishing me one.Also to thank you for your sweet thought and enclosure. Wish you hadnt done it.

I like your letter. Have reread it a number of times. Surely one would think 'The Bard of Carmel"might write something worthy of Carmel,the coast you spoke so nicely of,both no doubt have done much to make Jeffers the man he is professed to be.

As to the real estate sharks,damn 'em,I say this;

I'm sure God smiled upon that coast
When He created it.
Alas,now bit by bit,
As men commercialize,
Could they but realize
The coast remains,but Smile is lost.

And as man schemes and dreams of gains,
(Unmindful of the sea out there)
He stabs the heart,kills what remains
Of brush or pen(Good God now where)
Can people turn,unless within,
To thoughts they have,and they can win,
To write and paint ~~and paint~~ and so create
A form full free of selfishness
And thrice cursed ~~cursed~~ hate ~~of hatefulness~~
Of hatefulness
That Art may clothe in sacredness.

Some day perhaps ~~we'll find~~ ourselves we'll find,
And learn just what we're meant ti be.
But all my life I've felt thatHE
(Until that time(bade use of mind.

There.
'taint poetry or even verse:
Perhaps a curse,or even worse:
But if no TRUTH the darn thing tells,
I'll 'gree to burn in forty hells.

Shove it under old lady White's door and stick a copy in Jeffer's mail box. How's zat for bein tough?

A form full-stuffed of selfishness
to clothe in sacredness

Some day ours echoes I'm sure we'll find
And learn just what war meant to us
Until that time we cheer up
For Windsor great

Steve found a company
Spread the news across the sky

I'm just a lonely mongrel pup.
Scratch fleas + bark + drool, + lump.
Chase cats + guess I do
Gotta chump ma says I oughter to.

To My Husband-

Sometimes you're kind and tender;
And there are times when you are cross.
You don't go on a "tender",
Most always let me be the boss.

Sometimes you may be funny,
Most always though, your jokes are stale.
You let me handle all the money,
You're just about an average male.

The things you like to try me,
Ah yes, the things you like to get me;
There's naught that you'd deny me-
But there are times when you upset me!
Won't help me with my diet-
The pounds you know I'd like to beat,
But you will say- "just try it"
And I will eat, and eat, and eat!!!

To name it would be to shoot it
But I would give you the richest
crown
When I sat into the toilet
Just once I did find the seat
was down.

I watch T.V. and ~~think~~
see plays and westerns - and shooting of whales -
~~but~~ no dread can confound -
with daily readings of my bath room scales.

I'm not kind of seeing rest
To ~~get~~ a ~~ja~~ few things off my chest
But I am willing to grant
That I'm not entitled to a different plant

Like Abraham Lincoln.
(Great man of ours,)
~~Dr~~ Had his powers -
of Rhetoric & eloquence -

Our hostled horns
Used fuid solution - instead of solution
In higher powers.

To a Post Office Pen -

You hard - yet delicable, you
milk - coated pen

Hastenpass of news - bout woman
and men -

Blessed children to come to you -
(as you know
you knowledly do)

Confiding
~~Soaring~~ blue ~~inky~~ ocean inky
Stinky - Jumpus - to you -

THE LOWELL ASSOCIATION
1424 GOUGH STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, 9, CALIFORNIA

Sec. 562, P. L. & R.

Leland J. Sparks
129 Central Ave.
San Francisco, 17, Calif.

Mr Swift, has about a 7½
Mocha ~~[illegible]~~

He joined the dogs, but did not
play
They urged him in their
canine way

YOU SPOILED MY GARDEN

I liked roses, 'cause roses were like you;
And when you wore roses (cross my heart that this is true),
Couldn't tell if that fragrance came from roses
Or they reflected you.

I was fond of violets too;
Always thought them about the nicest thing I knew,
Until that day I brought them
And placed them close to you.

I used to like a hyacinth,
Its labyrinth
Of hue: its loveliness too.
Then came the day I saw one
Pinned on the breast of you.

And now I know where went
The honeysuckle's scent;
The sweetest scent I ever knew.
The vine remains, but the fragrance flew to you.

Please go out to my garden
And slowly wander through,
To brighten-up the bowers
And revive the flowers
With just a breath of you.

- Leland J. Sparks

My Dog.

I'm sure this faithful friend is always right.
He can, and will, but doesn't have to fight.
Most things he dignifies, or wrong defies,
By almost God-like good that in his eyes.

Sorry call's duty more soon by way
and turn us all more joyed a bad

Tho your social position —
Your "altered" condition.

Disappoints many a male.
Shucks — lets stop — this a very old tale."

—

The landsman ~~[illegible]~~ dog next door named "Sandy"
Said "Golly — this is ~~[illegible]~~ gonna be handy"
"and if I may be more specific:
That closely clipped gal is simply terrific"
Then he discovered any thing romantic
was as far away as the far distant Atlantic!
The reason the males around you don't hang
Is because there was once
Who wielded a shrieking rattlesnake
That forever precludes
Must have been a better cut
To ~~[illegible]~~ that
Sometimes relevant — more often than not
Susceptible to a long-past hot detective a from

Poor old bachelor
Little old bachelor
Your status is
Yours is much
Just wait my

They
Be at ease — no human
There is no necessity fully

"Aggie"

We loved you Aggie – with shaggy hair –
We loved you after the tabbies' chair,
~~Who~~ that left you still, that "devil may care"
self-assumed Aggie, no matter where!!
We met you through our mutually-~~loved~~ loved Alice.
Had ever a dog – a more – a love-filled palace?
For a time you lived with Nancy Lee Starke –
she also loved Aggie – ~~doubtless mind her tricks.~~ + very amused by your learning
and at five-eighty-seven – in the evening
some more of the Starks, 'cause attached to you!
and across the Bay in Irvington town
Aggie confirmed her he-renown!!
To Gridley then, with Auntie Rose –
and live the life – a happy dog knows –
Except tabbies can occasional spat
with a slightly jealous but tolerant cat!!!
'Gonna' miss you Aggie in the early light,
your "happy" tail – expressing delight
While I shave and take my shower –
you are content – ~~no matter~~ whatever the hour!

So unfortunately you not perhaps you after your death.

Yes feel me unhappy meet up!!

Anyhow let from mine or "Jogg" the little of a ~~so~~ gallery from a faithful dog?

Gridley's Old and Yellow Depot

I like the old and friendly depot
In its fading coat of yellow
What people and trains so oft did go,
How patiently time has made it mellow
Sentiment and time
May unfurl a humble rhyme -
How clear and loud the whistles blew
And the freights went roaring through
This was nice to see and hear -
Perhaps a wave from the engineer
And of course you knew he didn't mean
A smile and a wave from the fireman too,
Now all is quiet as quiet can be
Not even the klick of a telegraph key.

And among the reminiscences unusually
In this when a freight train just about dies
Manly melancholy meeting
But stay, hard transmission

all this a relic of the past
a relic yes but it will last
and gladly "old timers" will understand
when told their old depot is truly grand.
altho a few signs of some neglect
the composite picture is interesting
secure in its own tranquility
a monument of dignity.

James
Joseph M. Porter & Sons
94 Market St. Lynn Mass.

Home Fri – 6 P.M.

Sister Honey –;
Why leave me loaded with money?
I'll admit – from a "bucks", I rarely shy –
But all in all, I'm a frugal guy!
Home from work – came nearly fainting –
Looked like a payment on Strikeley's painting –
You know what you left on my chiffonier –
Insurance paid – so we'll have no fear –!!
My salary check + yesty heck,
(Which was more than plenty) –
But on top of that – a great big "twenty"!!
as a temporary bachelor – I'm not a sequina,
But thanks to you fore-thought I had a fine dinner!
You know how I like that cold crisp lettuce –
I like it in the vernacular, that printed lettuce,
You do not find it in a salad bowl.
But golly its nice in a great big roll!
The kind that makes you want to pray
And get on your knees and earnestly say
"always let us
Give thanks for for all of this – fresh and limited lettuce.
And all of the ~~things~~ things the latter will get us!!"

2.) The roast that was left
was slightly tough -
Of moisture - in other words dry.
says I to meself - to meself says I
"I've discovered something I'm gonna try"!!
Remember you left some beef tomorrow?-
Well I heated it up and poured it on - !!
I know of this mixture you'll be suspicious,
But really & truly it was delicious!!

My dishes are done - I've cleaned the sink;
and I've put the dishes on the upturned shelf.
Tho' you're not here, I marvel and think
I did it all ~~on~~ by my little self!!
It's fun to save and time - almost
for the Gillette Razor to be my host.
It's Hurricane Jackson - Gene Fullmer too.
I'm wondering what the ex-champion will do!!
I'm rooting for Fullmer - though I don't know why
Unless I admire the kind of a guy.
Who lost his grip, on his championship!
With guts enough for another trip!
announces introductions - Referees instructions

Their seconds rub them with towels —
On ancient day — the Greeks used say —
"I sat butterflies in my towels"
Once knew a champion — and I asked him —
(Subject in courage and muscle and limbs)
Just how he felt before a fight —
I'd seen him kneel on many a night,
and toss himself, oblivious to round —
~~and~~ of cheers and jeers — but he was sure he was bound.

On training camp, where all was well —
Conditions + confidence were sure to tell.
But always, he said, "was that limitless thing —
Those dressing-room moments preceding the ~~thing~~ fling.

But finally, fine, was that extra thing
That I was myself — when I entered the ring."!!!
The fight is on — and Julius won!!
Unanimous (?) decision — both jobs well done!!

and now I sit in my comfortable chair,
and the evening Call-Bulletin awaits me there —
as I read on my mittens dinner
and I know full well — I will not finish
Pursuing the news —
But indulge myself in Alistair "Snoozy"!!

To night is the dinner - a merry crowd -
and when I think - I laugh aloud -
The more I think - I agree with Rose -
and as I thought - my anger rose! ::
Vindictive I am - and I'll follow through -
For as long as I live, I'll not forgive
That ill-mannered slight to Snook and you!!
They spilled the tea-folks all over the floor,
(But this is something I cannot bear -)
'Cept you and Snook who travelled so far -
So to hell with them, wherever they are!!

Golly - just had a sudden thought -!
Perhaps all this showed so far naught.
In their hasty rush - each day and night -
It wasn't a slight - just an oversight!
In jaunted hunt - I didn't realize -
In these hasty lines I apologize.

On Suicide —

Suicide? Suicide?
Almost go ahead & decide —
Say I'm nuts —
Say I haven't got the guts
To see life through —
But who the hell are you
To analyze —?
Why you've never realized
That I too
Have gone through
Inner hell — that I've caused you.
No! Of course you'll say —
'Twas all my fault — that's your way —

When your heels hit heavy & your head jerks back,

and you stub your toe in a sidewalk crack
you feel no pain and you ~~feel~~ know no fear,

and your thoughts rise up like foam on beer -
you're drunk! By gosh, you're drunk!
Don't care if its foggy - or skies are clear
Don't give a damn about the atmosphere -
you're drunk, by gosh you're drunk!!

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CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLIC WELFARE DEPARTMENT

Office 585 Bush St. Street

RE: SPARKS, Nancy E.
#7030

October 7, 1941

Mr. Leland Sparks
129 Central Ave.
San Francisco

Dear Mr. Sparks:

The eligibility of Nancy E. Sparks for aid under the Old Age Security Law is under consideration as the annual re-investigation is now due. We are enclosing a statement which must be submitted to all legally responsible relatives of the Recipient.

This completed sworn statement which must be notarized should be returned to the Public Welfare Department within ten days if you live in San Francisco and within thirty days if you live elsewhere in the state. This is a requirement under the present Old Age Security Law.

If you have any questions regarding this statement the County Welfare Department in your county, located at 585 Bush St. San Francisco will be glad to assist you. For your information, there is no fee charged for notarization of the statement.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Yours very truly,

PUBLIC WELFARE DEPARTMENT

By Lillian Roddy
Social Worker
(Mrs.) Lillian Roddy

LR:LCW
Enclosure

1941
1889
52

South City -

on

September -

a gentle haze;
Soft purple, loving ~~your~~ my gaze - lingers, stays.
Hills slope down, and with silent elegance say
That they
Came down to watch the willows sway
Their greeting to the children, on their way
from school to play.

Truly - God seems very near today!!

Sweet Lady
I keep
Consecrate
Beauty
Thatcher
Pleasure
Yours faithfully

Who Sweetly Hunts
"Brut 3 feet high,"
Confident child,"
Elegant eye
Innocent of Guile
Yet you are
I see the inlet
Where you cream coal
Very much + Coffee

Rup, Bark, Sad
My voice was hum
All ok like him
(So is an wagon -
I'm my house hurtles down
Gallop
Pantomime

- The Pines -

that stirs my senses like old wine

Ah that fragrance of the pines!
Ah that mystery in of the pines!
Stirring and thrilling my senses like old wine,
And yet my consciousness can not define
The meaning - tho' though so thinly veiled.
Perhaps its of some ~~ancient~~ phantom ship that sailed
Uncharted seas - but friendly winds prevailed
And at last Utopia was hailed!

Or could it be a memory of Rome
Where Corinthian ~~pillars~~ columns hold the dome
Of saints and gods within the Pantheon -

Or the glory of the Parthenon
Of ancient Greece, where Athens dwelt
And ~~so~~ virtues and the arts about her knelt

Slip
Parachute ~~seam~~ seam
or French seam.

Corolates with slips.

2/4 nylon panties
non-proof.

Potential 1/56
Inertia 4/5
Inherent 1/10

Your price get
related if you
demand it - not
merely proof of
mouth but
actions -

2/8/56

I can't believe that there
was excellent - again thanks -
Hear hopeless ever
Thus the system - - - Trouble has -

Parentographic Silence.

How could we know - couples kids in our teens?
you in your shorts and I in my jeans.
We parked the jalopy in innocence and;
How did we know hidden passion was there?

Why didn't our parents their duty do?
The truth from them would have carried us through.
An innocent girl and a clean young lad.
Two sheltered lives - thats all we had
'Ere through there was moonlight - a youthful kiss -
It might have been different - but alas its "this".
Relentlessly they shame us
Unmercifully they blame us
and when our innocent pledge is born
We'll face the cruel fingers of scorn!

If our and other parents could but see
Their delicacy is but false modesty.
ah yes! couples kids in shorts and jeans
Have learned the hard way what the moonlight means!!

Music Through
Cold Edge
Pajamas?
Naylor

12 cent

2.33 370
3.50 375
6.83 745
1.50 75
7.33
1.00
8.33
1.50
6.83
1.50
5.33
Adsdurcchi

How to combat the objection women have to ordering dresses for fear they won't fit properly, even though I tell them the measurements are standard and adopted by the association of Designers.

Leland G. Sparks

Dear Mr. Sparks
I have read your
article in
Ladies Home Journal
I am so glad
I can get
Original Uniform
Patterns

Please surgeon come with me along
and let my heart join yours in ~~Doxy~~
Sets set aside this blessed day-
That you and I may go and pray
Sets left some calm and throbbing hearts
and ~~lift~~ raise our heads in grateful thanks

Bow down your ear
and hear a poor
heart in
pitiful thanks
Sit here eyes, see
may.

When has you been a director

Hadley
by Sal Lyons

You know that moment
when God decided
~~that~~
this sunset –
and the light just
played
On city hills & the
ocean & it played
Just long enough
While we prayed
hym'n played

Ans –
Hamilton Grant
644 W. Jackson
San 7

9/16 – 6.22.17

O. Seinenger –
B of a Cat.

Unlucky – weed
Cat.

Tut, Nutten
all out Sulphur.

Wa 1-0654
Lewis

How Kitty was pregnant, as big as a house!
So heavy with kittens, couldn't chase a mouse.
On the bar-room floor she dozed one day
And Dan was there, not far away.
A drunk danced in, in ugly mood,
He ordered a drink, said it's getting too good!
His eye fell on Kitty – he yelled a hard curse!
Dan he'd always hated a so and so of a cat.

They fought all over the whole saloon;
They knocked over chairs & upset a spittoon.
They drew a big crowd, and even a cop;
(Twas the kind of a fight he wouldn't stop)
He knew old Dan & he knew the guy
So he shifted his duty – yes passed it by.
He was down – right sure that Dan would win
To kill him off – would be a sin –
The captain heard – but he let it drop)
More power to each cat!

a peaceable soul - and usually quiet -
and dignified too - but how he howled last night!

With dog-intuition, seemed likely he would tell
if you were on the level - or belonged in hell

To a Post-office Inkwell.

How many humble hearts have dipped
in you and scrawled their manuscript.
Have shared their secrets, told their cares
their curious and quaint affairs.

You pool of ink, you scratchy pen,
Have moved the lives of unborn men;
And with young people breathing hard
Put heaven on a postal card

– Prayer –

It matters not – if in your loneliness –
Neath scorching sun – or cooling breeze
No matter when – no matter where
If you will but indulge in prayer
Solace and Comfort will greet
you alone
Not only ~~good~~ but ~~the~~ will
~~walk to meet~~ greet
with tender tender greet
But they will walk to meet
you on your way –
It is a privilege to pray.

Oh sweeps mists
shining in health
(Those upliftly lean – may
speak of death.)
The gentle zephyrs – like
lady sighs –
Moonlight and ~~sun~~ gay and
my lovely ~~day~~ day

Perhaps this is subtle
(is it not
(Dr O'Shea a rebuttal?)
It requires mind-reading —
It's very fine, but is it right!!

Glad you've worked
out your problem —
Just random — anyhow —
He wrote that from the heart —
Flowers plants — medical stuff here

Would You Believe...

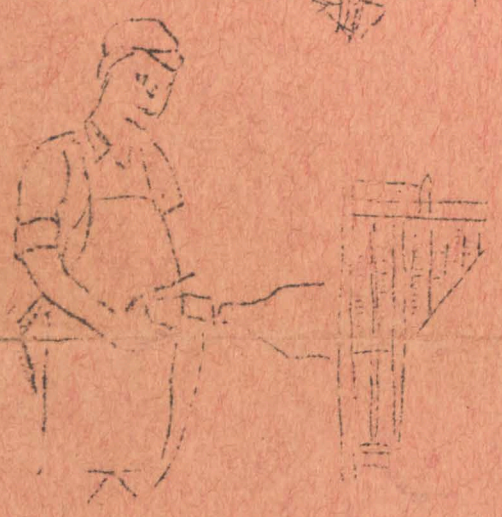
that your discarded clothing - broken chair - old electric appliances would provide a job for someone less fortunate than you? Well they will. Right here in San Francisco is a wonderful organization called Goodwill Industries. Without too much publicity, without benefit of great drives for public funds, it is providing jobs for handicapped persons who take your discarded household materials and rehabilitate them - at the same time rehabilitating themselves.

GOODWILL BUILDS SELF RESPECT, TOO.

in a flash - you lose a hand - a foot - an eye - back injury - How would you make a living? How would you retain your self respect? working? Where?

THAT'S WHERE GOODWILL COMES IN

We take your discards - train our workers to recondition them - (they earn their living that way.) Then they are sold thru our own stores and the proceeds pay the wages. Won't you be our partner in continuing this service for those who want



Not Charity but a Chance!

GOODWILL BAG

GOODWILL INDUSTRIES OF S.F.

THE GOODWILL

San Francisco: DO 2-0779
San Mateo Co.
DI 3-7651 -EM 6-4307
Marin Co.: GL 3-6694

TELEPHONE

Goodwill helps handicapped to help themselves

Dear Mr. Wilson We are organizing a fund for a new chair for the Architectural Library

- Sky and Hill -

The sky curves down to touch the hill;
The hill tip-toes to meet the sky!
They kiss —
God's creation - both -
They be loath
To break the kiss
Twixt earth and sky —
Wouldst you and I ?

- Why Flowers Are Fragrant -

Yes now I know why blooms smell sweet,
and beauty alone were not suffice -
(Though grateful man doth call them nice)
'Tis that the flowers wish to greet
Or say,
Or shall I call it pray
Their thanks to God for sustinence
For sustinence from Cloud and sod!!
My thought I know spoils ridicule,
And loudly claim I am a fool
To say
That flowers pray!!
But if I am a fool
'tis only by a man-made rule!
Think if you wish my thought amiss
It were not me annoy
For I have had the joy
Of thinking and of writing this!

Bottles behind the bar

Thomas

Brandy & gin & Dubonnet

~~Scotch~~

Bunter & Scotch in

trembling away

Ings

Dansey & Teaches &

Cutty Sark.

Vat 69 — you make you dizzy

My golly, I tried to

unlock

On a voyage of pranks — well known

and he ~~but~~ to shake

for 9d leave out a

fine brand

The shining clean glasses

Intriguing all classes

Poor — or rich or

middle class

The dignified man —

or the simpleton ass.

~~9.16~~

~~10.17~~

1

And that practical soul

the busy bar ~~teacher~~ tender.

Yeats you & me & the

guy on a bench.

He agrees that your

science

are not just dreams —

That people that are

funny —

With shows men to

rub his head —

That what you have said

Should really not worry,

without you the house

is just a fluke —

a drawer well vacant mind of

~~other~~ — space —

Villages of flowers

On professor wild

shady moist tumbling

hooks

The spray from the peaks

seemed say

Bring your feelings from a

very big way

If you promised yourself

and visit some time

a purely imaginative

ethereal climb.

5

Cutty Sark at years —

when we read our

"9 days" — we had no

fears.

Ings in an obscure

mountain home —

Quiet & holy & ~~+~~

"not bad a man"

And that holy man &

his holy wife

Golden Gate Factory
Sausalito, Calif.
GENERAL STATEMENT

A General Statement
by E. R. HASLETT
General Manager.

Author patent and Dispenser of the flavoring bowl.

WHAT IS LUX-EAU

Lux-Eau is pronounced Lux-O (Luck-So) and is a portable water softening apparatus that attaches to the faucet—and catches or removes ALL THE HARDNESS, instantly and immediately, without use of chemicals. It is made in several sizes, and as to its construction, capacity, operation, information in detail is covered in our circular. Our General Sales Manual as furnished all agents with their first samples is even more complete.

WHAT IS HARD WATER

Throughout the greater part of the United States and Canada, the water is, in general, satisfactory from a sanitary standpoint, in that the sources have been guarded against bacterial pollution by competent health officers employed by every state, county, city and village. However, from a usefulness standpoint, water is in most sections very unsatisfactory. That is, for those things that most people depend on water like washing, bathing, cleaning, cooking and drinking, its everyday usefulness is impaired by the fact that it has dissolved from the ground so much lime and magnesia minerals that such a heavy excess of these insoluable alkalis have become a nuisance. Hard Water is the name commonly used by everyone to describe this nuisance—and it merely means otherwise good water—with so much lime and magnesia that it is hard to use from the standpoint of health, economy, personal appearance and comfort.

A REVOLUTIONARY IMPROVEMENT IN WATER

Because everyone uses water in so many ways and for so many purposes, anything that improves water even slightly is of immediate interest to everyone. But when something comes along that so materially changes water that it reduces the soap bill fifty per cent, changes dishwashing and laundry from drudgery to a pleasure, instantly and permanently beautifies skin and hair, yet provides a very definite health improvement by its quality for drinking alone, then it requires no great imagination to forsee it soon accepted as a basic necessity.

GOVERNMENT RECOGNIZES THE HARD WATER NUISANCE

Even the Government frankly recognizes the hard water nuisance and in one bulletin (Agricultural Dept. 1497, Page 16) says that lime and magnesia in water not only destroys the power of soap but forms a new product which does not dissolve in water but forms a "sticky unpleasant SCUM" which makes the laundry gray.....This "Scum" is commonly called hard water curd. Another bulletin frankly predicts that the day is soon approaching when soft water will be considered as necessary to the home as ice, gas and electricity are now.

WOMEN WELCOME RELIEF FROM HARD WATER

Women know that it is the hard water that makes their hair dingy and coated, their skin clogged and lifeless, their dishes and glassware covered with a tenacious dull film, their laundry insufferably gray. They also know hard water makes their silk hose and lingerie immediately lose its luster and newness, that causes them to use three times the soap that soft water would require, that makes their coffee and tea bitter, that makes their cooking require so much longer time, that makes water chafe and irritate tender skins, that makes it preferable to buy bottled water for healthful drinking. And because women do know these things, when anyone can honestly say to them "YOU CAN NOW COMPLETELY AND INSTANTLY SOFTEN WATER WITHOUT CHEMICALS, AS IT COMES FROM THE FAUCET" it is never a question of creating a demand for your product, it is solely a matter of convincing them that the good news you have brought them is genuine. You, thus, have a product where you never need search for prospects — for EVERY HOME IS ONE—and, having the thing THAT'S WANTED is Rule One for profitable selling.

UNLIMITED OUTLETS FOR LUX-EAU

Now before I explain further my plan, I do not at this point want you to get the idea that house to house canvass, retail stores and demonstration booths are the only outlets for Lux-Eau. Many men buy them just for having soft water for shaving. Photographers, for washing prints to prevent lime spots, doctors and dentists for use in their sterilizers preventing scale and keeping the instruments bright;diesel engine owners to prevent scale in the water cylinder head; service stations for filling radiators to prevent scale; (in many places they use it for battery water; dry cleaners use it for spot radiators to prevent scale; (independent Service Stations make good dealers; dry cleaners use it for spot making coffee; hand laundries, for soap and labor saving and improved appearances; light manufacturers of syrups and solutions to prevent cloudiness; high school and college laboratories for demonstrating base exchange softening by zeolite. You could almost say unlimited—and not be disputed.

Transcendent Greeks
and Romans sold!!
and Prospectus' Greeks
Bearing sold!!
The dimples that randolphs
made on the sheet

©

Dear Sister and Jerry
Received your letter
and Tony had been
and ask (about seeing)
the car a Zanker has
you know Lots of love

Is she a dream?
I think – oh how mean it!
How sweet to meet!
How sweet to meet!
Her lovely quiet ways
Deeply refreshment & holding away
It is a crystal a dewy – speckled dawn
It watches the tiny little events dawn
and the smile upon her lips
Sweet as nectar that the gods sip
Tipsy dew – drenched in soft cooing spring
Spotted rest of day & every lovely thing!

This is no wise-crack,
yes really true.
Mother ~~the~~ ~~age~~ that rare old knack
of blending a stew!
and if the gravy you view suspicious
forget all about it - it's really delicious!
I know I have that flagrant fault
of always using too darn much salt.
But my
so often I shake pre-salted
pre-prepared also
bottle
and slip on other salts windy my
I have selected stands when city mailing is done

I just let a class and leave it alone.
Times felt enough – no I should care!!

Became bothered with ants
On my blue denim pants
So I took the ~~cup~~ cups measure
(Was really a pleasure)
And walked all of your plants;;

And lo!
It finally came to pass
That W. P. Fuller filled the glass
And as I ~~went~~ went – Salvo nose
of my days at Belmont (hotel patients excuse
when I studied with Fuller) did I say study?
I knew him well – tho not my buddy
Well met on the fronts and walk to class,
And I winked wrong – and he waved pass.
and later at Stanford I was pleased
that he became an S A E.
Through his wonderful weight to see
Small limbs at tables didn't deserve

Descartes friendly

because he has a sense
of hurt

He's lost his fortune & has had his
first mistress died — so has such

I wasn't a groom, riding to marriage,
and yet they made me ~~a~~ sort of groom
I wanted to ~~go~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to marry
(I wanted to ride the cattle car
only reached by the cattle car.
I'd come from the area for years –
~~[illegible]~~

– and tears not come –
but burning tears –

Rummy Ramblings On The Burning Deck.

The boy sat on the burning Deck,
(Less fifty-one more cards.)
Believe me 'twas an ace by heck,
With which to gyp his pards.

He waited for the proper time
When he should have the chanse,
To get that card(now what will rhyme?)
From underneath his pants.
~~He chose the time,oh oh,oh oh~~
He chose the time,oh oh,oh oh!
But all his pards gave chase.
Perhaps it is you'd like to know
They shot him in the ace.

****
****

The boy stood on the burning deck,
With peanuts? Yes by heck!
Darn glad he was there was a wreck,
With no one there to neck.

The First Mate offered all his aid,
And met with a frown.
"What YOU,my Mate?",the boy he said,
"I'll let the ship go down!"

The First Mate argued,man to man;
As you can well believe
That any great big sea man can
With 'kerchief in his sleeve.

****
****

FLASH! The boy swam to another ship!

The boy and girl were on the deck;
Burning was her throat;
What made it so,you'd not suspect,
Is that what drives the boat.
(Editor's note: The boy had no twin brother.)

This dog-gone thing is off my mind,
So now its up to you
To see if you can surely find
A word that rhymes with propeller.

Books.

Methinks a poem I once read,
In which twas said,
That only God can make a tree.

Full well we know, how true this is,
Such craftmanship could be but His.
He made its trunk, each leaf and limb,
Forthus - and more, we reverence Him.

So don't you think twould foolish be
For you or I, to even try
To make a tree?

Suppose we say - we made one tree;
Used steel to shape our good -
For don't you see, could were to
We'd give our tree a soul?

The trees we make and flowers too -
And field and meadow-brook -
Yet after all, man's not so much
For he can make a book.

Birth of Genius.

Somewhere there is a tiny pool
That's very hard to find.
I know no path, I know no rule
Through field or wood, or human mind
To guide me there, ~~for it is where~~
For it is where
The poets go
To dip a thirsting pen;
That pen and I and others men
May ~~know~~ know
The joys that flow
From rhythm, rhyme and ~~ey~~ euphony
Into the real of poetry.

Oft times I've tried to find that pool,
(I have a parched and yearning pen)
In Mother Nature's lovely school,
Imagination's dearest den."
Tho pleasant be the paths I wend;
E'en tho the Sisters Nine attend
Me, or about me play,
I know full well I've missed the way.

Then Reason comes to comfort me,
and bids me understand
Its not my lot that poor I see,
'Tis that that God has diffused His hand
and sprinkled sparkling drops upon
The ~~earth~~ earth that sheds amart anon
Some happy, laughing child
By desert weak, or flowers wild
Or where so'er these children play
'Tis pre-ordained by Him that they
Who shall so equal as touch
With childish purpose pure
These crystal springs in miniature
Become forthwith for us to pour,
Screen genius now in embryo.
Within our midst, yet set afloat
With guided innocence they start
Upon a coachated path
That doth lead sweet aftermath.
Frequent perhaps the path is stony
With ~~with~~ heart-aches sore, (life's sharpest thorn)
'Tis by determination born
That character is born.
The fickle kiss of luxury
May start some on their way;
The priceless pearl of dignity
And culture hold required sway.

THE SWING.

Today I saw the nicest thing,
I watched a daddy make a swing.
He didnt know that I was there
And read his thoughts,akin to prayer:
But from my house across the yard
I watched him play,yet work so hard
With nail and hammer,saw and spade,
And all the while the nicest smile
Around his features played.

He dug a hole down in the ground
And in the hole he stood a pole
Then packed it in all good and sound.
Atop the pole he nailed an end
Of stoutest wood that wouldnt bend;
It pleased me much to see that he
Secured the other to a tree,
For ever since I was a child
I've loved a tree(my parents smiled)
And always gave approving nod
When I would say it seemed to me
That every kind of living tree
Was something very close to God.

He must have asked her not to peek
Until he said the swing was done,
But now and then his eyes would seek
The window(surely just in fun).

Then came the ropes all bright and new,
And painted seat('twas dandy too).

Now if there is a nicer thing
Than watch a daddy make a swing
It is to see his happy child
Burst from the door with laughter wild,
And blowing curls and childish charms
Rush to her daddy's waiting arms.
And I am grateful for this day,
The impulse too that bids me say
My thanks to Him for giving me
Appreciation,and to see
And know the joys of simple things
Like watching daddies making swings.

Leland J.Sparks.
129 Central Ave.
San Francisco 17.
Calif.

Jan.9,1946.

a breathless messenger
staggered in to report

"I he entering rehearsing
and we held the fort

And Elsie will tell you
and give you her word
There's not a hoor on
In the Broken hand.

Hoffer's Toast.

Here's to Max
If we like him - we lose him
If we lose him - we let him
If we let him - we lose him
God damn him.

and every transgressor
thinks the father confessor
can purge him of his sins.
Then – my gosh suffering its twins!"

If from righteousness you have strayed
Be up not dismayed.
If the "straight and narrow" you have missed
the father will give you a slap on the wrist
and say "run along now and be a good boy
More frequent confessions ~~a~~ begin to annoy.

I can think of nothing dearer
than being a lonely mother superior,
whose natural passions cannot be released
Even to a yearning and passionate priest.
There must be times when they sit and fret
and wait for something they will not get
Nor do they have the slightest hope
for a human and understanding pope.

– I Heard a Bird Sing. –

I heard a bird sing
In the dark of December;
A magnificent thing
And sweet to remember.
I am closer to spring
Than I was in September!
A wonderful thing
When comes the spring,
For I shall be dead
When this is read,
And who will ~~[illegible]~~ remember
As long as September?

Vetos
all from
sets only
until
5 P.M. tomorrow

Lieut James
Pinkerton

Allan Villers

Farm for Orders
Storm delay
cruise to go

— June —

June heals?
ah no: Her cruelty reveals
all I have lost
i can, its embossed
with phrases high - and thought
Physical, it comes to naught!
and
Yet why am I so sad
O'er love I never have had?
~~O'er~~
~~Still~~ yet finally - rewarded - blest -
~~and~~ or
~~and~~ lovely - - - - - - never men guessed!!

unfreezed

recorded
with friendship
blessed

Studmond
Owings & Merrill
Mr. Nicholson

Vitamin
B-Complex
will lower
Serb.

H/12.35

Dr. Mills-
S.P.
Julia
Ward E-
Bed 6

It was on Fillmore; she was colored & she carried a baby in a blanket. She was young & her face was drawn but there was spring in her step. His little black head shone in the sun.

I said - "I'll bet you are proud"

"Proud" she said - "proud"

"Why shouldn't ah be proud - ah's taken him up to the clinic"

"Oh - to the clinic" - I said - "I'm sorry, what's the matter with him?"

"Matter with him? Matter with him? Nothing's ~~the matter~~ matter with him you fool" - ah's just taken him up to show them doctors nurses & specialists what a strong, healthy colored child can be -

I felt the burn of her eyes on my back & was grateful for the traffic light that let me go

To Doug Montel & assoc. stations.

Hi Doug -
Old pluy -
Please read me through,
Cause this is kindly meant to you.
Yet who am I to express affection
To you & associates in a station
When millions of people from fall
Go nuts with you about football.

35
25
10
6

lyrics cold.

But please good folks
Give me a week
Please put your teeth
+ my teeth.
Some punishing lines
(for patience and ~~[illegible]~~ comparison sake)

Poems — yes — I read 'em all
The matter of course + every thing
smell

The trees the sky — the
blossoms + vines —
Moonlight + dew — all
into my lines
& left it a secret until
I was sure
That the lines I had written
would always endure

I did all the ~~things~~ things
that youngsters do -
Lived the normal life
of a battery lad.
Oh but the ~~day~~ ~~the~~ smell
of new-mown hay
~~The~~ Drowsy drone of a tee-hee on
a sultry day;
The warmth of summer
will always tell -
~~of~~ of quiet, contentment
- all is well.

- To Poetry -

with apologies to
Oliver Goldsmith -
In his "Deserted Village"

"And Thou Sweet Poetry
Thou loveliest maid
~~Still~~ Still first to fly
"Where science joys invade

Almost since the day I
learned to read.
Poetry for me has filled
a need.
I was a country boy
went to a country school

When another Nature
spread her gay
"about our have school!"
as time went on - the more
I'd read and ~~see~~
that rhyme & rhythm became a
part of me.

(Oh by the way, good folks
Please let me say
That I'll attempt my ~~my~~
thought in ~~thought~~ original profound
shaped of me - ~~Hence that~~
~~fact~~ ~~that you have fun~~
to be exact -
I know that fact
↑ but you have already found

Yes I confess my deep chagrin –
(Tho I've never meant to be rude)
~~If you could~~ I'm sure you'll pardon my stammering gratitude!
If you could think of my ~~it~~ prayed-for fortitude
To overcome each cruel vicissitude
And get up off the floor and win!

I'm on the floor and everything looks like hell
There's yet a chance – the count is only nine –
Know what they do at a week –
If folks would say – kind of a runt –
But
There's a lot in this guy
That's gonna
maybe come around – when chances ~~dim~~ are –
but am I – the makings [illegible] a [illegible]!

~~Every time~~ It's
Just when I want you most of all
And I long to have you near –
That's when I look – and find
Some one else's ~~near~~ well –

I'd beat the
count & make
a hell of a fight
And maybe they'd
respect me

If Ch East
Str 7th St
end of line
at Manchester

9 15 2.59
9 45 3.11
10 45
12 45
1.15
3.15
5.00 –
7 30 – 6
9.15
10 30

176 –
49
960

1240

McCabe
Pinkerton –

Riviera – Uncas Stables

Arthur Edwards
625 West

Jefferson 1241
Lucet
SA 2-1149

Time + Space –

Think you that time or space or miles can dull
The holy hostel of my love or hull
To lose
Or even appease
This pulsing, throbbing heart of mine?
Yes throbbing + pulsing for one divine!
Grief, or sense or song
Can not portray oh lord our how I long –
And to sweet madness I am drawn
By a love that is God-given.!

One morn about a week ago,
Our phone bell gave a cheery tinkle;
a friend's voice said he'd like to know
If he and his good wife might sprinkle
Some drops of pleasure on our lives
('Tis on such things the soul survives)
and drive with them o'er pleasant miles
Through rolling hills far, far from town
when ~~Good~~ parting summer left her smiles
For field and hills of woodland brown.
With modest mien and easy grace
He said they'd built a little place -
'Twas by a river and many a tree -
And wanted we like to go and see? -
My ready answer was to him -
" Ask me if a duck can swim.."
My wife informed, what to prepare -
The Zero selfy - now don't you care -

smack of
Burning oak
blends
with friendship

Suspect
By an old picket fence
Or a more impatient hand
By a swinging garden gate
Mom. etc

a N.Y. Night Club
a climber, heavy a Millionaire
and Hi Brow

Ugh! On a Recession stuff.

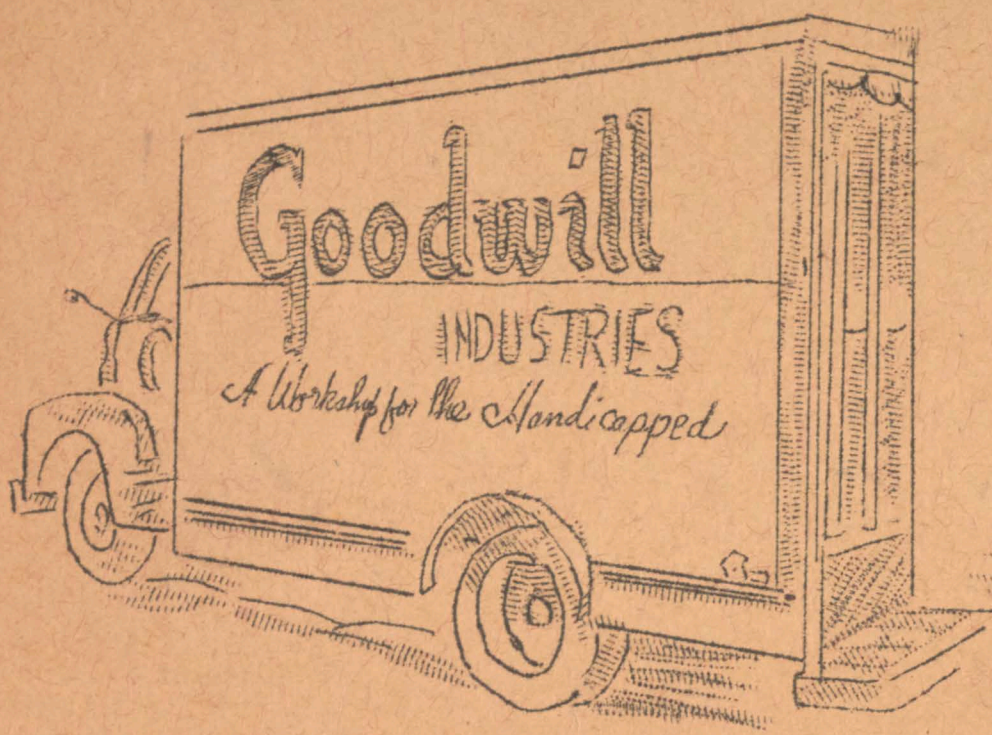
The wind is fresh, ~~and~~ the air is clean
and plenty of work to do;
Man feels no need
So he pays no heed
To venting a selfish spleen,
The work you do, with a working crew!

see part of a ~~an~~ unsigned scheme.

Part for team
'confessing Christ'

as contented as grandmother
watching her plans
come ~~[illegible]~~ - true.

You think the BEST,
So you must give fear.
From that moment on
You don't to relent
The thing you thought was fine



OUR TRUCK will AGAIN be in your block before NOON on _____

Your discarded clothing - - household goods are U R G E N T L Y needed to provide jobs for handicapped men and women.

PLEASE mark donation GOODWILL - leave beside door. If unable to do this, call DOuglas 2-0779.

ASK THE GOODWILL OPERATOR FOR "COLLECTION DEPARTMENT."

He said his name was Doctor Woo
I stared and "crying Doctor - How do you do -
You're not the first Woo - I've seen!"
"I well remember, when quite a small lad
a certain experience that I had.
~~The doctors said~~ The doctors - was stone of the bladder -
My parents worried - got saddler,
and so at once they brought me down
from Peru - ~~that town~~ town of great renown!!
They'd heard of a doctor - a Doctor Wang Woo
and so it was ~~to visit~~ that they took me to.

Tea, said Doctor ~~wrote a story~~ he could not do
with his hats and teas & milk and too!!
a ~~humbly~~ gentle man - made me feel at ease
I've known and liked, many Chinese.
The place was seven and seventy odd clay
Bedchers I remember to my dying day.
He placed before me - a steaming dish -
Take ~~it~~ drink he said - I made a wish -
The wish alas was a fleeting wonder
For like a rush of summer thunder

~~Took "E Pluribus the Second" into Whitestones to see what could be done about curbing his appetite for gasoline. Explained to him that even though I was born in Texas I don't own an oil well.~~

~~They adjusted his carburetor.~~

~~Then I drove him down to Z-A- + let him see me pay $9.00 for additional insurance. I want to teach the young rascal the value of money + what it costs to give him a good home.~~

And as His
Blessings mount—
Too numerous to
count!

my childish faith was
torn asunder!!
If you'd had to drink it
You wouldn't wonder.
And day after day they
took me there—
If I'd only known then
what I know about ~~the~~
prayer!!
For ~~just~~ the very first
whiff of that awful stuff
was ten times ten more
than enough.
We were staying there at the
Palace Hotel
and all was serene and
all was well.

I've met our neighbor across the street
The Chinese ~~[illegible]~~ — upon [illegible] glad to see
[illegible] a mutual problem [illegible]
We're a heck of ~~[illegible]~~ time keeping our lawns.

23299

He was cordial & so was I?
I'm sure we won't ever have to meet
neither I nor he. (Paradox public discourse)
These extremes of cordiality.

Conscience—

Keats showed
The way
and well did
In his Ode
When he called you—
"Stern daughter of the voice of God!"

Would that I were shod
With sandals that would lead
Me blind, down wrong roads
Beset with fire
With insane desire
To escape your goods; & me!
I see now! these sandals brought relief—
Yet—hold!! Despite their own parents
Were but adherents
Whose very offspring ~~was but~~ name was 'Brief.'

Relief? Well!!
and these you sandals— "here to you!"
Yet hold again, you sandals
Perhaps some wrong I do.
But shall I say that you
Have interwoven peace & scandals.
Finally, mind shines through
And I know, that you merely came to show
what Conscience meant to show would have me know

Unrelenting voice of God

An antique ship window
Colors galore
That beckon
Back to
Or darken
A fragment ~~of~~ colored
One who is lovely
of glass. just one
frail stem—
Remains of countless
dozens
of them
So where you are
upon display
~~Neglected~~
Subjected
to remark
may say

I've known where [illegible] begins
& where it ends—
You [illegible] found

The speaks kindly

Even [illegible]

Each
attitude
[illegible]

and in better self reliance

annoying

They trace a self
The glint of ~~steel~~
sharp steeled
Whose only point
Can be but
annoyment!

~~Where~~ harshly
glittering point
Cruelty beyond
annoyment

Your just a
That makes my
better self
decide

Thanks you sandals
and conscience
Thanks
Again.

Jean not to be deaf to my -

Perhaps unwisely, blindly,
But I have been thinking
What is you -
In silent majesty
Say to me
To voice what's in your
heart.

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SAN FRANCISCO

(Poem 59 514)

~~Angels~~

O, grown-ups cannot understand
and grown-ups never will
How short's the way to fairy-land
across the purple hill.
They smile: their smile is very kind
Their eyes are wise and clear
and yet – at just a child's command
The world's an elder tale.

Keith.
D. P. G.

Stat Swiss Col - 57 Reg
Mr. Robt Rossie
& Adm Rossie - Pres

~~It's almost~~ over

It's almost over — it's round
minutes left —

The world of tired & sleeping men
may be sleepy out — but to let
this year I would be a man

The world — ah, this world with
with poor dreams —
and that they reflects infinite
despair

But it seems to my whole
— world —

So the tragedy loses — grief
& always grief —
He worried
may I stay cast of these
flames —

To an Urchin.

Hello little boy!
Maybe I'm welcome, perhaps I annoy.
But you seem so stuffed,
you griffed
my heart
Right from the start!

Another thing too
Is that you
Don't seem to envy those ~~other~~ little chaps.
With cow-boy hats in pistols & shaps.
Something tells me, there lots within -
But outwardly ~~you~~ you laugh it on your strong little chin.
You have a nice smile, that won't retreat,
And it ~~seems~~ much as misfortune has taught you to meet
That tossing about from pillar to pole
Just lack of money, that you have a soul.
Lets go to the corner - just you 'n I.
Without you knowing why, I'd like to try
To meagerly fill those pitiful gaps
So pitifully empty of pistols & shaps.
A double cream cone, or a chocolate malt
The plighting is yours - but yours not the fault.

Right now I'm fifty (plus ~~ten~~ two or three).
That's a lot 'o years – I mean you & me –
ah well by this & just the thing
I mean agreement understanding

your lips naught,
But your eyes said thanks

Skid Row

Where do they come from?
Those skiddies on Skid Row!
(Thud'n Howard –
Character devoured)
Nobody seems to know.
They simply come 'n simply go
In endless stream of overalls 'n breath
Of cheap wine that keeps them close to death!!
Men of prose – high poetry –
– artistry –
Breeding, talent, culture
Rampant, loose
Consumed by the Vulture
Boozl – !!

Skid Row

Where do they go?
Those skiddies on Skid Row!
(Thud'n Howard –
Character devoured)
Nobody seems to know
They simply come 'n simply go
In endless stream – of blue overalls 'n breath
Of cheap wine that keeps them close to death
Men of prose – high poetry –
Breeding, culture – talent –
Rampant, loose
Consumed by the vulture –
Boozl

Rampant – loose

Plants: tulips –
Habit that
after school hours
regard need reform
Tales or girl fighters
in Paris

all these things -
Thanks for letting me look beyond
a cock-tail "Blond"
Look beyond in two ways - [illegible] - [illegible] they
sympathize - for a [illegible] - nights or days

Met. thanks again - there's intelligence
around - well - certain ways

Run-Tee-Tum Tee
In the land of rangs & jigs
We don't act [illegible] long [illegible] what you may call
There's only one [illegible]

Bury me under a what-you-may-call-it
and plant alligators on my graves

- More Tony -

I

Ho-lo everybody - again eet ees Tony.
I like to friend - or what you call "crony."
To-day I need both, for I say from da start
I have beeg hurt - beeg hurt in da heart.

II

Eets about dees war! I cant understand!
God geeva so much, to make life grand!
Tony know da wrong from da right,
and God mean that men should make fight!

III

The first thing I do is makea da prayer.
I go to da church - I like to there.
And you bet you my life, that after I kneel
and leava the church - much better I feel.

IV

The church eet ees good and I like to go.
But leesten to Tony - for Tony know;
Eef I'm good - eets like God, and you bet you that He
will leesten to Tony - WHEREVER I AM!

V

My Rosa she say "Tony you wrong - for why you do for?
I like hava you pray - but no matter what you say,
But no matter what you say,
You no a can stoppa dees war"!

VI

I say Rosa you wrong - for God ees too strong
To leta dees men keep fight!
Eets against Hees law that men do wrong
When He mean that men do right!"

In June you blow the tiny horn,
Then pause, and in reverency you say
"We thank Thee God" - and bless the day,
That Christ our Lord was born.

—

And then there is the tiny bell
Were left through many times seasons
(~~Yes~~ (for purely sentimental reasons)
Year after year it seems to tell
With its cheery Xmas tinkle
again in June ~~October~~ next year, we'll sprinkle,
Here now upon another Xmas tree
For children all - and ~~[illegible]~~ grown-ups too, bless

Dismantling the Xmas Tree.

This is a paradox, I know you'll say,
and yet to me, ~~there always seemed to be~~
a kind of "pleasant sadness" there always seems to be
Mingled with the seasons gladness
On the day,
We dismantle the Christmas tree
and tuck the ornaments tenderly away.

— Embarcadero Dan —

This is the tale of a waterfront dog;
They used to say he was raised on grog
But believe you my this wonderful porch
Here thanks of that waterfront hobo —
Perhaps some treat a good-natured stew
Waved off to Dan a bit of his brew;
Because he was friendly — a lap or
'N he'd wag his thanks, but there was
He roamed up and down from pub to pub
and this went on from year to year.
'Twas said his master had once been rich
So many tales nobody knew which
To believe or even if any were true
Until one day a man who knew
Dan's master in years gone by — when
He was wealthy — honored — a leader of men
In a far away town — I believe its true —
and the story he told and, I'll tell you
It seems with talent he was richly endowed
God-fearing and honest and very proud.
But most of all he adored his wife
and when he lost her it shattered his life —
always he loved her with every breath
But the way he lost her was worse than death.

He wrote a numbers his courage but
Dejection injured him and he
The market unfolds in bed high
In my he grew, the more he
He lost his business + most of his
Were thanks to the friends + family
Then came the day as his friends
He went broke — just disappeared.

Maybe you've read a story, you'll laugh
But this I swear for truth

Daylight.
4963 one way
15.53 R.T.

Cost 8.15 1912
Qu.
18 da

Valley - 7.45 a.m.

Santa Fe - 7.15
Bus - 1 train 6.30 9.15
10.53
R.T. 11.73 In lieu
of 3 bus -

He roamed up and down jumping fences
and seemed to sense a smile from a tear
and welcome he was wherever he went
and it kind of seemed that Dan was sent
to show just humans whose lives were spent
on weakness + waste they'd sure to repent
There's much to be learned of this pillar this boy
of this decent and friendly red-eyed mongrel dog.

how nobody knows
just why Dan chose

She knew Dan + Dan knew her —
he'd return his master's kindness by being
Jobbers of

30.75
25
91.55

15375
16150

76875
3075
768

23.07

Sec 1-6789
Wachud

Bank of C. "

Plaintiff Chunicat
Lincoln "

Saloon "

Dafl -
SK-1-9093

"Georg"

how Kitty was pregnant,
as by as a hunt;
So bygone heavy she
couldn't catch a mouse.
chase

This is the tale of Kentucky
a dog
watchfull dog
They said boy he was
raised on "frog"
Brit tobacco spit upon
Porch.
He never tasted dirt
walkfull porch.

Sundaram -

Indian Cotton Yarn

Indian Cotton

Tariff - Duty on the import of

Finding Lower Cotton Yarn

Government of India, Commerce

and Industry Department, Simla

Dated the 19th October 1922

Copy from Government of India

Commerce & Industry Department

Notification No. 1122-19

Subject: Imposition of Import Duty on Cotton Yarn

Sir,

I am directed to inform you that the question of the imposition of an import duty on cotton yarn has been under consideration of the Government of India for some time past. The Government of India have now decided that the duty should be imposed at the rate of 9 per cent ad valorem.

The Government of India have also decided that the duty should be imposed on the following kinds of cotton yarn, namely:

(1) Yarn of all kinds, not specially mentioned, made of cotton, not mercerized, not bleached, not dyed, not printed, not coloured, not combined with any other material, and not specially prepared for any particular purpose.

(2) Yarn of all kinds, not specially mentioned, made of cotton, mercerized, not bleached, not dyed, not printed, not coloured, not combined with any other material, and not specially prepared for any particular purpose.

(3) Yarn of all kinds, not specially mentioned, made of cotton, not mercerized, bleached, not dyed, not printed, not coloured, not combined with any other material, and not specially prepared for any particular purpose.

(4) Yarn of all kinds, not specially mentioned, made of cotton, not mercerized, not bleached, dyed, not printed, not coloured, not combined with any other material, and not specially prepared for any particular purpose.

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Yours faithfully,

Sd/- [illegible]

Secretary to the Government of India

He was sick at heart – his strength was gone;
It was only for Dan that he faced each dawn.
At times his better self would say
"Dan would be better out of my way"
He'd find a good home and soon forget
"All of it all – and yet – and yet –
It's hard to think of breaking our bond.
Perhaps – who knows – in the Great Beyond!! –
I'll see face to face how Dan would grieve –
But I am sure that I should leave."!
He saw some dogs, not far away
And sent to Dan "go over and play
And frolic and run, and have some fun
And romp and bark and have a lark"
Dan seemed to know what he had to say;
With pleading eyes he begged to stay
His intuition (dogs have it you know)
From deep within – said "do not go"
With loyal obedience – but deep dismay –
He walked dejectedly away!
He joined the dogs but did not play –
Altho they urged in their canine way

He saw some dogs not far away
And sent to Dan – "go over and play
And frolic and run – have some fun
And scuttle and bark
And have a lark"
Dan seemed to know
What he had to say

Carl Mader
Working Girls
Home Colon.
R.L.

4.00
.75

1.25 Money
388 Anderson
5.13

Teen Psych. G.
Sunset –
576 Sacramento

Chapin,
Margaret –

EMBARCADERO DAN.
(And His Friend)

This is the tale of a waterfront dog:
They used to say he was raised on "grogg",
But believe you me, that wonderful pooch
Never drank of that waterfront "Hooch".
Perhaps some time a good natured "stew"
Would offer him a bit of his brew;
Because he was friendly, a lap or two,
'N he'd wag his thanks, but then he was through.

He roamed up and down from pier to pier,
And that went on from year to year.
'Twas said his master had once been rich;
So many tales nobody knew which
To believe, or ~~if~~ even if any were true,
Until one day a man who knew
His master in years gone by, and when
He was honored and respected by other men.
~~I-believe-its-true~~In a far away town; I believe its true
And the story he told, I'll tell to you.

It seems with talents he was richly endowed;
God-fearing and honest, and very proud.
But most of all he adored his wife,
And when he lost her it shattered his life.
Ah yes he loved her with every breath,
But the way he lost her was worse than death.
He'd summon his courage, but soon despair;
Dejection engulfed him and he wouldnt care.
The market would drop and he'd hit the booze;
The more he ~~drank~~ drank the more he'd lose.
He lost his business and most of his friends;
Well thats the way it usually ends.
Then came the day they all had feared;
He wasnt around--just disappeared.

~~The-man-who-told-me-the-story-that-day~~
~~Was~~ he
The Embarcadero as you may know
is San Francisco's waterfront;
Where night and day there's contiouous flow
Of business and misery and those who hunt
For a livelihood or a brief respite
By those who know they have lost the fight.

~~The-Man-who-told-me-the-story-that~~-day
~~Was-here-on-business,and-holiday.~~
~~The-former-had~~
On one side her piers and world-wide shipping;
The other, human interest thats often gripping;
And if you go there your'e apt to find
A true cross section of all mankind.

The man who told me the story that day
Was here on business,and holiday;
The former had taken him down to the docks
And there he recieved the shock of all shocks
For face to face he came upon
A delelict man with features drawn
And bloated cheeks and bloodshot eyes,
But ~~her~~ he was able to recognize
His former townsman and one time friend:
He offered his help and begged him to end
His self-imposed misery and let him send
Him where his body and soul might mend.
With halting speech and cough that wracked
His wasted body he said lacked
The will or the wish to retrace his track;
"I'm too far gone to try to come back".

His face was unshaven and his hair unkept,
'Twas often a mystery where he had slept.
Although he'd long since given up caring
He had a natural princely bearing;
With all of his weakness and self-negelect
Your heart strings gave him a note of respect.
Somewhere he found a little pup;
And on the "front" the dog grew up;
He had been injured and left to die
But the delelicts heart couldnt pass him by.
He nursed him and fed him as best he could,
Though hungry himself he often would
Forego the meagerest kind of a meal
Sothat the dog might eat,and heal:
Nobody knew why,not even the man;
For some unknown reason he named him Dan.

UNWRITTEN SONNET.

One day we exchanged a sonnet I would write,
A sonnet such as poets never know.
'Would he in perfect rhyme,with lyrics bright
And sylla tonteen lines inscribed to you.

'Would he of pleasant inspiration born,
And so I sought the highest hill to share
Commune,and watch the master create gems,
And thought of you the close skin to prayer.

A pine-green meadow nonlighted by a brook
Those fountain waters are so crystal-clear
That every day an angel comes to look
And every mighty choir comes to hear.

From out the sacre pine will glide a pig
And perch upon a reed and stay to me
In notes that mortal man has never heard,
Its tiny,but silver-throated symphony.

I left the hill,the brook,the meadow too:
Came back to earth to tear my eyes on you.

Leland L.Sparks.

UNWRITTEN SONNET.

One day methought a sonnet I would Write,
A sonnet such as poets never knew.
'Twould be in perfect form,with lyrics bright
And all its fourteen lines inscribed to you.

'Twould be of hightst inspiration born,
And so I sought the highest hill to there
Commune,and watch The Master create ~~dawn~~, morn,
And thoughts of you are close akin to prayer.

A blue-green meadow nourished by a brook
Whose tuneful waters are so crystal-clear
That every day an angel comes to look
And every winged choir comes to hear.

From out the azure blue will glide a bird
And perch upon a reed and sing to me
In notes that mortal man has never heard,
Its first,and silver-throated symphony.

I left the hill,the brook,the meadow too;
Came back to earth to feast my eyes on you.

Leland J.Sparks.

NEW PISA RESTAURANT
1268 GRANT AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO 11, CALIFORNIA

She had this funnel kind way -
~~Stupid laugh & wrinkled nose~~
She'd never let my kiss her -
She'd laugh & wrinkle her nose
And always she would say -
It's moonlight - lets not spoil it
A kiss - we'll not mess it

She'll laugh & crinkle her bells
Nor
Ah that her ~~face~~ perfume of lily
bells clocks.

i Did you see the iiiiiiiibbibibb BIBKBKBKBKB

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"£%2345 67890-- n nnnnnn

I AM YOUT NRE PAPER*BOY SAN FRANCIDCTTTKAABDSEFGHUJKL

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This machine will be very fine for music.

nnm,.,mnaadcvnl ½ 23 r

It is the kind I use for that purpose.   I like it very much.
It is a It is a good stencil cutter.

This is a w wide-spaced royal for qwertyuiop½*;lkjhgfdsa

zxcvbnm,./--0987654322222222222

This writes very well It needs new finger

jjjjjiiiiiikkkkkjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjj

Da mhhhhhhh;lk lkh jnyhikd   967h8ijkl0 6 dg g eryu

This royal is very fine.   It could be used for manyQWERTYUIOP:LKJHGFDSAZXCV

NM?.¾
asdhjkl;*zx bbnm,.//

This is a good maahahdf jdkl   hhhhhhhhhhhh   hhhhhhhhhhhh

h678jhdddddddd

I think I'll eat a tadpole
I think I'll eat a bug
I got sme some worms down inside me
Just recently dug
You ~~tell me that~~ you love me
You ~~say that~~ you are thru
~~But dear if you don't love me~~
This is what I'm going to do
I'm going to eat a tadpole
And run away and hide
Then

say that
dont
alone
So honey, here's the reason
I'm sorry oh sorry
My grandaddy died

7890----p½*** **

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So tell me that you love me
and say it what a ...
Or else I'll eat a tadpole
or a bug

chine Coughlin   low iwhis hh

oiyewrr

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Sam Francsco* Calif.

September

FQWertyuiop Rh The quick bwn gfoc jumps obr the lazy dog.Gentlrmen

We are in redceiociuo ooo of tour leytr

We are inrecdipt of wyour letter of May 17 and wisgto info

inform you that we are not in the market for an

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of his country;lklkjjjkj

Nowis the iNow is the time for all food men to come to the aid of hisc country.

v

oiutynm,mkl k bhjpoi hry hOkmt

nowis the time for all good men to come to the aid of their prty

9ihyyj hhhhjh the jsme smet sthe thegthanhhj

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hjkhykl iiiiii iii

So Elsie's placed is at the top
and, turns you and and
Baden well say
that the quarrels
will never drop.

Time's can be relentless, but time endears
and makes more sacred, that passing years

---

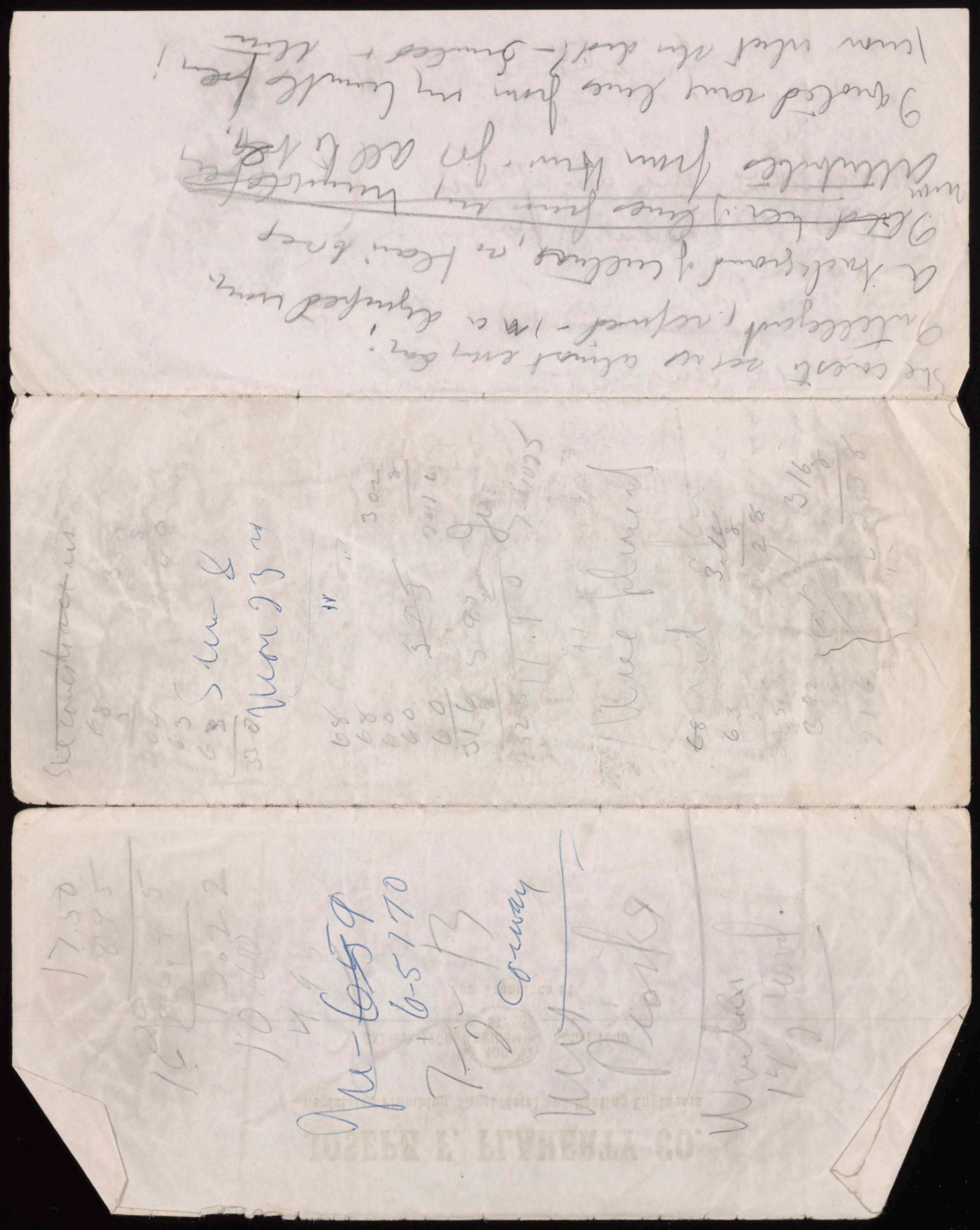
again I ask that you forgive
my very inadequate tear
But its tender & sweet to bless & relive
So thank you Mick - again and again

I chose along the country side.
I split rails, pattie-Calypsos had —
and lupin-purple lupin - ah who could decide?
Would lots a mark artist — who hated & hated hated

encouraged me to ~~f~~ again, dip my pen
In the ink of intense dream
with the love it may might inspire —
Sam lyrics, she thought might be
Worthy of the name of Poetry.

Thank you Tender Lady — permit me to say
I hope you come in — ~~again today~~ well any day —

5 P 75
25.00
5 Cpy



you both had a stay at the sea
which the week was very
enough you have - and dirty
Sightseeing
Very happy
Love
Mother -

Mrs Lindsay Lindsay
Fitzgerald
Lady de Lisle
Mrs Menzies
Mrs Menzies

Well – I made some mistakes
I had some tough heads –
I ~~the~~ Though they've it suffered
But she always huffed
My mistakes + misdoings – much reason –
When reason speaks, look out the reason
of resentment, for as, sure as heels
safest act well, you'll act unexpect

Lady Fortuna

Hi Honey—

~~Guess I am a "mean old meanie—"~~

"Cause I like a martini"

(Or maybe two)

Something I rarely do—

Well honey—you say ~~I~~ we've thought

That I'm an old ~~[illegible]~~ meanie—

Cause I like a martini—

Or maybe two.

But listen honey—that's the worst I've done

Before I come home to you.

For business reasons I patronize

Wet lunchers against wet fantasies

10M-1-54

Before you put your dress ~~clothes~~ coats you said in hock

CATTLE ARRIVALS

Wait a minute fellas — walk around the block

Wait, something was happen you didn't expect

Date Out of trouble Time it damned — you Ex self respect

It's happened — hope it will happen to you —

No. Kind Weight Cost Avg. Lb.

It may come of fellas — this a bet from the Mick

Country Avg.

Freight, etc.

and listen fellas — throw out your ~~chest~~ chest

S. F. Avg.

Shrink Avg.

Hold your head ~~height~~ Country ~~height~~ Avg. high —

Freight, etc. and say that I

S. F. Avg.

Have the rest

Shrink Avg.

That God ~~can get~~ Country ~~with~~ him Avg.

Freight, etc.

If God makes me — I cannot lose

S. F. Avg.

and blinds to ~~Nat~~ — I'm Shrink Avg. ~~ladies the boys~~

Country Avg.

Freight, etc.

S. F. Avg.

Shrink Avg.

Remarks:

To the alcoholic –

Sometimes I think, I would be a sacrilege
To burn the budge

"Forgiven you are not –
Rather I think, I would be a priceless.
For both of us – to strengthen and uplift
That mystical crossing – you somehow did see

But read the signs – 'bout Muscatel and Port.
Let's put it in language – heartfelt & simple –
Like a chubby child – whose smile & dimple.

By ~~passed~~ your heart – cold and bleak
Sought your heart, but in vain did seek
While you caught the bottle – cold & bleak!
You by-passed –

July 15, 1955

Kindly complete form and sign second sheet.

Pulse 60

Davenport - 2 5552

dc

Colonial

Mrs. Brown

HEALTH SERVICE SYSTEM

Mand

695 Hewell Rd.

411

Off Embarcadero

Palo Alto

Cor. Dana ave.

Excessive drinking
can only bring
a nervous reaction
(& terrible thing
thing)

Alcohol -

Alcohol - should ~~what~~ you -?
Or should you mature ?
Will poetry - a art. ?
No doubt years played you, hat -
and blended it right ~~beer~~ /
Will sending - fields & heaven - or hell, ! ?

The baker - who finds himself against the wall.
Embezzler - decides to beat out -
The respected writer - his ting check -
ah - but check he is found -
and pray to God - for entering fraud. !
They ~~try~~ turn to you - when they pass through -
Disappointed - it May not make -
Mixed up the - life's hit & miss -

Carmel, California.
August 26, 1947.

Mr. Edward Weeks; Editor.
The Atlantic Monthly.
8 Arlington St.
Boston 16, Mass.

Dear Sir.

I am pleased to enclose herewith three pieces of verse which I hope you may find usable.

Yours truly,

Leland J. Sparks.

Address;
Box 693.
Carmel, California.

UNWRITTEN SONNET

One day methought a sonnet I would write,
A sonnet such as poets never knew.
'Twould be in perfect form, with lyrics bright
And all its fourteen lines inscribed to you.

'Twould be of highest inspiration born,
And so I sought the highest hill to there
Commune, and watch the Master create morn,
And thoughts of you are close akin to prayer.

A blue-green meadow nourished by a brook
Whose tuneful waters are so crystal-clear
That every day an angel comes to look
And every winged choir comes to hear.

From out the azure blue will glide a bird
And perch upon a reed and sing to me
In notes that mortal man has never heard,
Its first, and silver-throated symphony.

I left the hill, the brook, the meadow too;
Came back to earth to feast my eyes on you.

- Leland J. Sparks

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Its first, and silver-throated symphony.

I left the hill, the brook, the meadow ~~too:~~ blend
Came back to earth to feast my eyes on you.

Left my Sonnet

- Leland J. Sparks

YOU SPOILED MY GARDEN

I liked roses, 'cause roses were like you;
And when you wore roses (cross my heart that this is true),
Couldn't tell if that fragrance came from roses
Or they reflected you.

I was fond of violets too;
Always thought them about the nicest thing I knew,
Until that day I brought them
And placed them close to you.

I used to like a hyacinth,
Its labyrinth
Of hue: its loveliness too.
Then came the day I saw one
Pinned on the breast of you.

And now I know where went
The honeysuckle's scent;
The sweetest scent I ever knew.
The vine remains, but the fragrance flew to you.

Please go out to my garden
And slowly wander through,
To brighten-up the bowers
And revive the flowers
With just a breath of you.

- Leland J. Sparks

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- Leland J. Sparks

NAMELESS

Ah yes, the color is brown!
I used to think
That pink,
Or blue,
Or almost any color I knew
Was prettier than brown.
I've seen Nevada skies,
The jewels in a crown:
Then I saw your eyes
And they were brown.

- Leland J. Sparks

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