

SHORT

PROSE

FRAGMENTS

VIGNETTES

ETC.



It seems the "B" girl hadn't done too well that  
she'd been there since 9 o'clock with the morning tea  
never absorbed.

Eddie's tea tent had done her best & perhaps in  
shorts but she had his limits.

In the afternoon Jimmie came out on for the afternoon  
noon shift. He ~~was~~ had had a 8 hours rest & was all  
sweet & clean. He gave "B" a couple of revisions, when he  
said that was the limit they got nearly - "Can't you ever  
be nice?" - she pouted  
Yes - he said "I can be ampolly nice to nice people."



I saw -

One of San Francisco's prominent and highly respected judges returning from lunch.

He paused before the window of a sporting-goods store. Fishing tackle of all kinds - gumboots - duck decoys - shot-guns - rifles.

Fondly his eye roved over each article again and again. Once or twice



he moved from one side of the window to the other. Then the faintest trace of a smile - I don't know whether to call it a wistful smile or a smile of longing (if there is such a thing) came to his fine face.

Ah, how far from the labors of his chambers or the demands of the court room were his thoughts! How easy it was to



to see that he was in the hills - by  
streams - or quiet ponds.

Casually his hand wandered to his  
vest pocket and brought out his watch.  
What a lightning change!! an expression  
of astonishment, then alarm replaced  
the placid smile and <sup>he</sup> scurried off  
down Kearny St. <sup>Toward the top of Justice</sup> looking for all the  
world like a little boy who had



lingered too long by the brook on a  
spring day and had lost all thought  
of time & would be late for school.

It was four minutes of 2 and the  
judge still had several blocks to go.  
Everything about his figure seemed to  
say - "I'm late 'n' I'll catch the  
dickens when I get there!"  
and on the way - I'll venture to say



1 what he mentally melted &  
he probably pronounced a more severe  
sentence on himself than he did on  
some unfortunate in court - which for

was a few minutes AFTER 2.  
I lived miserably for winter or fasting  
out of season.

Somehow I feel that he might  
be a little more leniently  
with those who come before the  
Great OM.



Wrote - Day For Our Side.

It was quite a swank cocktail party. Even a sprinkling of nobility + foreign diplomats.

One nobleman had been intent on impressing an attractive lady, with his own importance.

At the moment, he was pointing out the superiority of the European educational system, over the American system. "We, of the nobility, find that on this side of the Atlantic, you so often split the infinitesimal - but the thing we notice is most common with you Americans is that you end the sentence with a proposition!!"

Up went the good strong American chin, she looked him straight in the eye & said "Indeed!!" and the thing we find most common with the nobility is that you usually end the sentence with a proposition!! The nobleman found himself alone with his cocktail.



and who scorned me not, 'ere the the lines were run!

To make Nature's loved always true

When joy of <sup>gim</sup> ~~gim~~ <sup>pari</sup> ~~pari~~ each (and each hath had its turn)  
Or thirsting pen she used at feast

By granting ample lines like these

and pay my debt to Muses King -

who scorned me not - <sup>ere the the lines were run!</sup>

Juste grinned and said 'Heav, but boy, an' all <sup>as of the world</sup> <sup>was</sup>  
Suchy thing that has hit me in such hard vested  
o' my laig. It it ~~had~~ done hit me in such laig,  
nabbe ah conedate ~~run~~ run so 'jas '!!!

and so, I respectfully refer you to the  
title.

That's in the eye, I must describe closed.

And I thank them, that the  
And I thank them, that the  
The eye, when the eye  
And I thank them, that the  
The eye, when the eye  
And I thank them, that the  
The eye, when the eye

Chief of Content  
Dunk Salin eye.  
1.800  
Beant

Every morning very often  
he come see.

and if this is a place where God has smiled  
Tis in the eye of some delighted child  
A divine fact.



## Hard Bladed Reasoning.

He was a little colored boy and I heard them call him Jasper. He was playing base ball in Golden Gate Park with other boys of grammar school age. (Not soft-ball, but with a regulation base ball).

Jasper was at bat. The pitcher had lots of speed but not too much control. He threw a wild one. Jasper ducked, but not quite soon enough. The ball struck him on the head and down he went in a heap. Teammates rushed over and picked him up. They stood him on his feet and patted him with many expressions of solicitation. "Gee, Jasper - are you hurt? Golly, Jasper you gonna be alright?" "Kin you still play?"

Jasper spread his feet, skinned a few times, rubbed his head + said - "Yep ahm ok." Then he tottered off to first base, the privilege of a batter being struck by a pitched ball.

The next man up stands out.

The pitcher threw another wild one to the <sup>2<sup>nd</sup></sup> batter. It got away from the catcher and Jasper stole second. On the next pitch the batter hit what looked like a two-bagger. Jasper rounded third running like an antelope. He slid into the home plate in an attempt to beat the throw-in. It was a close - (a very close decision) but the umpire called him "safe." and Jasper scored. at the end of the inning his teammates galloped around him and said - "Gee, Jasp - that was swell - that was great!"



Potato Wares -

Elsie had been named before. In fact she was quite a bit older than John. But that didn't make any difference when they met. Elsie had divorced her husband and John had been around a bit, but neither of them had reached 26

Elsie had some nice contacts. Primarily they were folks through ~~Bill's~~ <sup>Bill's</sup> parents, because at one time ~~John~~ <sup>Bill</sup> background was good - ~~John~~ <sup>Bill</sup> wasn't much of a fool as was back ground.

But ~~John~~ <sup>Bill</sup> was tall and dark and left 2 - and said that was still a little bit of money left in the family. ~~John~~ <sup>Bill</sup> father wasn't smart as he was wasn't smart enough to put it in a trust fund for ~~John~~ <sup>Bill</sup> - he left it in a lump sum. Bill to spend the principal, but he left the interest. His interest ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> his whole inheritance



mountains - canyons - Guben Jersey  
World I could put them beauty into words



( seen men change in one short hour  
new (now) dressed & ~~their~~ <sup>they</sup> own (now) ~~poor~~  
To feed a child (or do ~~too~~ <sup>show</sup>)  
In foreign lands - no matter where  
Those very same men with heated cheeks  
Those self-same men with blood shot eyes  
Took up their tools (now set with jewels)  
~~eye~~ <sup>eye</sup> jewels that eloquently respect  
Returning anxious to try

Plowman's Plow.



## Aunt Effie's Blood Pressure,

To look at her nobody would suspect that Aunt Effie had high blood pressure. In fact to look at her ~~was~~ nobody would suspect that she had any blood at all.

Here are a few statistics ~~that~~ that gave rise to that belief. Aunt Effie was just under 6 ft. in height -  $5' - 11\frac{3}{8}"$  to be exact. She weighed ~~100~~ 1 hundred  $+ 1\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. She was not very pale - but one would say - almost white. <sup>chickpea white</sup> People used to say that if Aunt Effie cut her finger off it wouldn't bleed.

The doctor said her blood pressure was 140 - over 160. ~~and~~ Her birth certificate ~~said~~ said she was over 50.

Whatever it was that her heart sent coursing through her ~~vein~~ veins - it was warm. It was warm, because Aunt Effie's heart was warm.

There were several reasons as to why Aunt Effie had never married. The one ~~of~~ Aunt Effie liked best was that she was 'shy' - all at ease + embarrassed when men were around. Something about a blush struggled to her cheeks when men even spoke to her. Aunt Effie ~~took~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~her~~ self appointed responsibility of all the ineptitudes. If any one was ill, she ~~was~~ moved







together Still Yellow Pencil.  
You in I have been through a lot lately. I didn't know  
how much I depended on you - maybe just thinking, talking,  
figuring - Sometimes when I've been on the spot, you've  
helped a lot, by just drawing wandering designs <sup>out on a hunch - by him</sup> <sup>signs</sup> given  
me new thoughts to change tough buyers' minds.

I've seen men when they needed a pencil, "make that  
quick feet" - slap open pockets or reach behind their  
ear. "Come up empty handed <sup>with that unnecessary - I've lost my pencil box</sup>  
I have had to do that with you. With possible  
assurance I reached into <sup>a certain</sup> my vest pocket & found you.  
But you came from a dark pocket into the light: & there  
you gave me light) or recorded such light as I may  
have been given, by HIM!!

Among other things, I'm sorry for one time when I  
threw you down. It was one of those quick-judgment,  
high-tension affairs with an impatient customer.  
It was a tension that was pressed on to me & I in  
turn pressed on you. The personal probe you pointed & you  
snapped. <sup>how I can understand that</sup> That sort of snapped my patience & I threw you  
down - then you impatiently down on a desk & jumbled  
for another pencil <sup>(yes but I picked you up later)</sup>  
Yes, I threw you down! But you never threw me  
down! I have in one bundle, all the things you & I have  
done together & promise; just in case any of them are come  
to ~~the~~ light, I'd hand them with a rubber band & put  
you under it & they'll see & know about you & maybe our -  
you & my - "God seems very near today" may be worth while.  
"remember the day we did that?"



Things I'd forget, but wanted like to remember

Things I'd like to remember -  
But you wouldn't let  
me forget

Wine -

The imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls  
of France.

Wanted down to get with cigarette  
I think that drink you want  
I don't want you with the girls  
I don't want you with the girls  
I don't want you with the girls

Just they knew this much they  
had sailed gently into spring.

Dear old - remember  
I was born for all that

Pineapple - mallet

Maybe thought + drank too much  
and got in bed  
at home I got in bed  
with that constant motion  
of mallet

~~Hot in~~

~~I don't~~

I drank too much -

and got in bed

But for the rest in me - I mean what  
for I owned my little in here  
I mean get to a house



The Western, across, import,  
side of the Collonaded veranda  
of the Old Customs house -



Seasonably dry-

For a long time now, two years at least, I have wanted to renew my visit and sit out on the friendly broad veranda of the old Museum <sup>customs hm</sup> in Monterey.

Sit there, in the cool, and gaze at the fishing fleet, the sand, the gulls, the pier.

Today I did it. Did it the way I had told myself I wanted to for two years. I told myself if I could just sit there, I could finish some things I had started to write.

My inner sense told me there would be much that I had forgotten and yet, not so very much. As I reached it and walked down the veranda, <sup>pillars</sup> freshness greeted me. Someone had just watered the flowers and sprinkled the dust and gravel in the front.

I had remembered before a detail<sup>s</sup>, that looked so inviting, viz., the broad seats, worn with sitting, cracked and silvered and mellowed and friendly with age. There they waited and even suggested, as I sat that I noticed the pillars in front, cracked and eaten, with the dignity of age and bade me give a smile of understanding at the repairs of cold and modern cement and paint. Even the new and modern hose attached to the old hydrant in one of the fine old pillars seemed sort of out of place, but it is doing its duty, so let's let it "belong." A few feet away from it though, is an old eaten box like the pillars, that seems to be housing a meter or something; it is partly overgrown with greens. There seems to be some sort of an understanding between it and the very old drooping pepper-tree across the railroad track.

Likewise it is appropriate that the eating places across the track



should be old, of lattice-work, on stilts and so very easy for me to promise myself that I will go into them.

Down around a curve I see a low spreading depot. It looks friendly and little shimmering heat-waves on the shingles are nice to see. The eaves lower their brows to shade the windows from the sun. Slowly a freight train, ~~xxxxx~~ <sup>of</sup> all empty cars, creaks by. I like it because there are no people <sup>empty</sup> on it, and it just seems <sup>up</sup> to roll with no special place to go. After it has passed, I can look out at some of the things I really came here for, - I partly close my eyes and see how the blue <sup>indigo</sup> of the little bay blends with the growth-covered hills beyond. Then the mountain, bare and gray, <sup>seasonably dry</sup> but valleyed and ridged and prepared for late September's veils of Indian Summer. -----So, --whatever I came to write about or finish will have to wait.

Typed by  
Mary H. Greene  
Curator, Old Custom House - Monterey







DAILY REPORT

Salesman

Date

a legend, but that I really know - remember old Jim Sube who the Rev. Blacksmith who addressed him, learned of his God given voice - a rephrasing for the hearing that made Dick Jose - Richard Jose. I know this too that God + all the members of masonry found from his heart on the top of his that once, and even now - golden voice. I don't even have the courtesy to suggest, but I do know if I were his Commander I would pay him the tribute in open lodge. I'd read this unique letter, let my voice rise in reverence a voice and God-wain

Grand Commander  
Dear Sir -  
Hats off and congratulations from a 32° SR who is not a [?] but had the privilege of the pleasure of doing his duty not during this week from splendid conduct. When activities are on such a large scale, often incidents take place that are not on the program, or when in the scheme of things, there is at least one. In my car placed at the disposal of Sir Knights, near town from Wash. D.C., or the many of the grand parades on Market St, as I recall between 1/14, 15th and was obliged to halt. Immediately behind us was a band. How a good band can put so much into and a listener get so much out of some music!!

and to [?] rules  
secretary for the [?]  
[?]  
of singing

NAME ADDRESS SOURCE Next Call Per. or Tel. REMARKS



I liked his answer.

The other week and I went ~~to~~  
into the country and spent it with  
a friend of mine, a muddy war of  
the soil.

With quiet, pardonable pride  
he showed me over his place and  
dressed me about to see that of  
his neighbors.

It was early September. ~~At~~  
I met him and felt had given  
them cups and stood patiently  
waiting for God's rotation and  
man's attention.

Much as I have always  
liked the year of Spring and its  
full bloom of summer, I have  
also found charm in winter

The house is empty (at least)

of people



weeds of fall. I remarked about the  
last and he said "yes - after the  
frost is picked up let the weeds  
grow. They act as a cover-up  
and later we blow them  
under if they ~~fall~~ and  
burn the ground."

I said, "The good Lord does  
have a wonderful scheme of  
things doesn't He?"

He has quiet way he answers  
"yes - all you have to do is  
get into it."

as I said above - I felt  
this answer. If you could  
be with him you would  
know why.



9m an old man + JH tossed away a lot.  
Promised me one thing young man - that you  
won't do the same thing - Promise me you  
will never do anything to ruin that  
joint voice!

The young man bent + gave him a friendly  
smile + "I promise" he said.

"Shake" said the old one - The young one  
reached out his hand from a glint <sup>the gaze</sup> <sup>they gaze</sup>  
"Shake" - the old fellow departed, visibly  
full of emotion. Had his gaze been as clear  
as the young fellow he would have seen it was



I saw

him walking across one of the big lawns in  
G S park on Sunday afternoon. He was young  
& looked like a fellow who was out for exercise and  
to absorb some sunshine.

Although there was a spring in his step he  
walked with his hands behind him and his  
head bent in thought.

Suddenly he stopped, raised his head  
and his lips moved as if in song, and  
indeed that ~~was~~ came the sound of a  
fine male voice - soft & low. He stood



erect with ~~his~~ hands still clasped behind  
him.

An elderly gentleman who had obviously  
been absorbing something or other from our  
sing approached with wearing gate &  
stopped. We stood quiet & listened as they  
fell bound & ~~rested~~.

When the song was ended he laid  
a hand on the young man's shoulder &  
said - Wonderful - Beautiful - Sweet -  
a voice like that is a gift from heaven



It all happened because big Pete Baylac  
 didnt like the flower in Wesley Johnson's button-hole.  
 Not that he didnt like that particular flower,  
 because Wesley wore a different kind nearly  
 every day. It was just that he didnt like  
 the idea of any kind of a flower being in any  
 body's button-hole.

Pete was a truck-driver and like most of his  
 fellows wore a thick leather apron over his overalls  
 that covered him from chest to ankles. The  
 knuckles on his huge fists stood out like  
 knarled knots on a oak tree.

Wesley was a radio salesman, he wore tailored  
 clothes and his nails were well cared for.

They first saw one another at Mario's place  
 in the Colombo Market near the water front.  
 The Colombo Market is an open-air enclosure  
 covering just half a city block. Through its gates  
 day by day come dozens of motor trucks bringing from  
 the gardens of <sup>the</sup> Ingelside & Colma districts, San  
 Francisco's <sup>(supply?)</sup> consumption of produce. In blocks and  
 blocks around it is flanked by what is known  
 as the "Commission district". Here are deforsted  
 cat's. clearest byproducts for shipment to



domestic and foreign markets.

To see and feel the pulsations of this district we must visit it between the hours of 4 and 7 in the morning. So it is not only between these hours that the supply trucks come in, but that the innumerable retail market owners come to purchase stocks <sup>to</sup> pass on to their own customers; particular, or otherwise, as the neighborhood may dictate.

Ducelli - Swiss Club - Roman -

Young Wesley Johnson's introduction to the Colombo Market came when he was a tire salesman, his first real job. To have called on every Italian rumber who ~~to~~ owned a truck, or to have reached the market owners <sup>throughout</sup> the city would have taken months. He soon discovered that within the small area of the Colombo market a large number of contacts could be made in a few hours each morning.

It may have been that competitors did not know of this or possibly they chose to make their calls at hours that better suited their personal convenience. Be that as it may Wesley continued his energies in other districts as well as Colombo market and it was not a great while until



his sales volume was his promotion. This promotion took him away from his beloved S.F.

The day he left, the man who was to succeed him said "Was I can handle the rest of the territory alright, but I need like to know how you got across well with the "Wops" in the market district?"

The answer was pointed. "Any time you show an Italian you want his business badly enough to come down at half past four in the morning, stand around ~~in~~ in the rain, ankle deep in cabbage leaves, maybe ~~but~~ drink brandy or an empty stomach, or a coffee-royal - to get it - hes going to give it to you. Then after seven o'clock there's a days work, but inasmuch as you say you can handle that - I guess that's about all there is to it."



that was a good - riding with me, some ~~months~~  
~~months~~ ~~admitted~~ in my life - in a land  
 that linked blue-green affluence fields that  
 offered quiet peace & beauty - and yet -  
 none of it was ~~useful~~ - because we were  
 used to this, any of them, - possibly just  
 we were more all pulled together to let  
 of right at Wey's budget, if you need to  
 then I say about - ~~part~~ - surely will be ~~valuing~~  
~~Wey's budget~~. Younger that budget - I don't remember  
 just what happened after that, not sure if he ~~just~~ didn't last long, because  
 had ~~an~~ ~~auto~~ ~~day~~ at school. I wonder how many ~~left~~ ~~remember~~ ~~auto~~ ~~day~~

**MENU**



BUDWEISER KING OF BOTTLED BEER

Wey's budget



The Hojan Mungu Inadant-

Instead of standing on his ~~or~~  
constitutional rights & replying to  
testify, Jack took ~~at~~ one look  
of up the ~~road~~ road, saw what  
was coming - <sup>John's</sup> took a quick  
stomach ache - mounted ~~the~~  
his mule (I don't remember who opened  
the gate for him and galloped for home).  
Neither do I remember who was assigned  
the duty of telling teacher "Jack went  
home sick!"

Later, when I <sup>read</sup> ~~read~~ studied Tai's 'Shanti' -  
my English teacher made me memorize part of  
it - I couldn't help but drift back -  
"When Messi - by <sup>Tai's</sup> <sup>Shanti</sup> ~~beel~~ <sup>remonched</sup>" etc



-Stew-

Just because Sue Andrew's dad was rich and head of a big bank, and her mother was a social expert didn't mean that Sue wasn't a regular girl.

She was a regular girl and everybody knew it. Of course Sue had to appear in a certain set, ~~with~~ ~~and~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~details~~, ~~because~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~position~~, ~~but~~ ~~because~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~position~~, but mostly of the people in it she ~~disliked~~ disliked.

She detested the so-called social whirl - the round of silly ~~ball~~ teas, bridges, theatrical parties and the like.

About the only thing Sue ~~really~~ liked her set did think. She really entered into whole-heartedly was some activity for the benefit of charity. Loans, sales, anything that ~~actually~~ ~~retted~~ something for those who were in need!

One day a committee met to ~~make~~ discuss ways & means of promoting something that would do for social charity, as well as get their own names in the society column.

She suggested



$$\frac{1}{180} \quad \frac{1}{180} \quad \frac{9}{180} \quad \frac{1}{D_1} \quad \frac{11}{180}$$

$$\frac{1}{20} + \frac{1}{D_1} = \frac{1}{f}$$

$$\frac{1}{20} + \frac{1}{D_1} = \frac{11}{180}$$

$$\frac{1}{180} + \frac{1}{D_1} = \frac{1}{18}$$

~~1/20 + 1/D1 = 1/f~~  
~~1/180 + 1/D1 = 1/18~~  
~~1/D1 = 1/18 - 1/180~~  
~~1/D1 = 1/20~~  
~~D1 = 20 in dis of im~~  
~~1/20 + 1/D1 = 1/f~~  
~~9 D0 / 180 = 1/D1~~  
~~D0 D1 = 180~~  
~~D0 = 20~~  
~~4 = 20~~

$$\frac{1}{D_1} = \frac{1}{18} - \frac{1}{180}$$

$$\frac{1}{D_1} = \frac{1}{20}$$

~~D1 = 20 in dis of im~~

$$\frac{1}{D_0} + \frac{1}{D_1} = \frac{1}{f}$$

$$\frac{D_0}{D_1} = \frac{1}{180} \cdot \frac{60}{L_1}$$

$$\frac{9 D_0}{180} = \frac{1}{D_1}$$

$$D_0 D_1 = 180$$

$$D_0 = D_1 = 15 \text{ 20}$$

$$\frac{180}{20} = \frac{36}{L_1}$$

$$180 L_1 = 720$$

L1 = 4" length of picture

$$\frac{1}{D_1} = \frac{9}{180}$$

$$9 D_1 = 180$$

$$D_1 = 20$$

$$\frac{1}{2.5} = \frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{4}$$

$$\frac{45}{18} = \frac{D_0}{D_1}$$

$$D_1 = 4 D_0$$

$$\frac{4 \frac{1}{2}}{18} = \frac{1}{f}$$

$$\frac{1}{D_0} + \frac{1}{D_1} = \frac{1}{f}$$

$$5 D_0 = 40"$$

$$D_0 = 8"$$

$$D_1 = 32"$$

$$D_0 + D_1 = 40"$$

$$D_0 + 4 D_0 = 40"$$

enlarged 4x  
~~1/8 + 1/32 = 1/f~~  
 SF=32 F=6.4



Angel Child.

The day William Cedric Barch was born his mother already had his career mapped out for him - In fact she had it mapped out quite some time before <sup>he</sup> was born.

She said if she should be blessed with a son - that son would be a minister.

When William Cedric was only a few hours old the kindly old family doctor came back to see him and his mother. "Well Miss Barch" - he said "the new minister is a fine strong, normal boy!" Then with a twinkle - "I've changed my course changed your mind and decided to let him be President have you?"

The mother straightened & said "If his country needs him - yes - What mother wouldn't like to see her son become President - but otherwise - he is going to be a minister. My son shall be a minister!"

Young Bill heard it and put all of his 9 pounds & 8 ounces into his hoard of protest. So long and loud did he keep it up that by evening all the new babies, mothers & nurses on the floor knew that Bill didn't want to be a minister.

William senior had ambitions for his son too, but he said he couldn't see why all the fuss had to be made on the very first day. He figured there would be time enough to decide that & that anyway young William might want to have something to say about it himself.

Secretly though he hoped his son would do just as he himself had done. Dad Wm Barch had owned the best shoe store in the little town of Greenfield. As a young man he had founded it, and he had prospered. Indeed until he was 40 he carried and grew up with the business - liked it and changed it little else. When old Wm passed on, the shoe store and a very little fatness was Wm's



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De Saundz  
Bra 2083  
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W. Perry - Oct  
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Wm Gordon  
30<sup>th</sup> Body -  
Linton -  
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1304 W. Perry  
1004 W. Perry

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J. Perry  
2941 W. Perry -  
35 W. Perry -  
Linton

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W. Perry - 0447  
Insolence  
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Brain food - Body  
Woodle soap

Return 5.00 + 1.00 of soap  
my needed dark white  
tooth my head it dark white  
position anton

Get uncleaner unclean  
Neds - no fur escape  
ok - Seed year

W. Perry - lawyer - defand  
W. Perry - lawyer - defand  
W. Perry - lawyer - defand

W. Perry - lawyer - defand  
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1185 Con

W. Perry -

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A gentleman in ecclastic garb entered  
a well known store on Sullyst. It's a well  
stocked store among other things they sell  
small movie cameras.

Seeing a crowd & hearing the buzz & hum  
of a camera, seeing a human being he  
stopped & politely maneuvered his way  
to a point where he could see the film.

I'm sure he didn't want to but  
people made way for him & he found himself  
directly in front of the picture, the  
crowd closed in behind him.

Before he knew it the ecclastic found  
himself witnessing the picture of a lady  
gait in a grass skirt, with not too much  
about the skirt - dancing native dance.

If I were a young college boy with  
ambitions to be come an all American  
ball-carrying half-back I would want  
nothing better than to have that fellow's  
own interference for me.

Simpson

Mrs. Harvey - Fuller







- To a Pencil -

You're just a yellow, seven-sided, two for a nickel pencil.  
You need sharpening - your teeth bitter, and your worn  
edges, down almost to the brass wheels, is ample  
evidence of my many mistakes.

Why I feel you I don't know - I have better pencils!!  
I have a gold pencil ~~every~~ once in a while if I want to  
make an impression on someone, I quietly push  
back my coat and display the gold pencil in my vest  
pocket,

Sometimes I think you + I have been through a lot.  
I've worn you down, shortened you with pencil-sharpener,  
ground you down. Wonder if maybe life hasn't done that to me.

I haven't been kind to you - Yellow pencil + I'm ashamed  
as I think of it, you've been with me all of the time.  
Street cars, working - working - working - where  
not - figuring deals - always you were there.

You're always ~~there~~ - you're pelted down - what was meant  
to be poetry - or prose poetry - In an old ~~coat~~ suit -  
in a ~~new~~ ~~suit~~ ~~new~~ ~~suit~~ ~~new~~ ~~suit~~.



There is a fine spirit of friendly fellowship, a high quality of sportsmanship and courtesy, on the tennis courts in G G Park.

It is not even remotely implied that these attributes do not <sup>prevail</sup> exist on other courts, whether they be private, club or public, quite the contrary. Indeed they seem to be almost universal.

I mention the courts in the Park, merely because of their number, and the <sup>very</sup> large number and varied types of players using them.



Guido Patelli sold his fruit and vegetable business and Tony Angelotti disposed of his boot-lick stand.

Then they started their little boot-lick place over on North Beach.

The two stands ~~were~~ <sup>had been</sup> on opposite sides of one of the great corridors in San Francisco's ferry building. Naturally Guido felt superior to Tony and Tony secretly envied Guido, although he was careful never to display an inferiority complex. So when Guido approached ~~him~~ <sup>us</sup> on the boot-licking proposition ~~that~~ <sup>we</sup> accepted it eagerly. It was to be a 50-50 deal and at last Tony <sup>being his partner</sup> felt he would be Guido's equal.

It was a perfectly innocent looking little place on Pacific Street. The licence had been issued for a soft-drink parlor so they bought a couple of cases of orange juice and some near-beer, the labels of which were to turn yellow on the unopened bottles on the shelves.

Everything looked rosy. Even Sargent O'Leary agreed



to be lament. Twenty - just a week would be alright  
with him while the boys were getting started.  
Of course as business picked up - well, he said  
they'd talk about that later - but twenty-five  
was ok for now.

Guido built his business by handling quality  
merchandise, and Tony's "ship for a drink" <sup>was</sup> well known.  
Therefore they decided to <sup>use</sup> good liquor. They were able  
to get "good room" - splendid wine was available  
from several sources and their home brew was  
better than average.

Guido had an idea a platter of thinly sliced  
salami on one end of the bar would enhance  
wine sales. Not to be outdone Tony thought a big  
load of palety dips on the other end would make  
people drink more beer. Although not original  
by probably a couple of hundred years, both ideas  
worked, and when some good ideas are coupled with  
good things to drink + eat, usually the desired  
result is accomplished.



at which  
The ratl Sulami + potato chips disappeared gave Guido  
his idea ~~to~~ ~~start~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~ start a restaurant of it  
didn't cost too much ~~was~~. These were vacant stores with  
door + boy suggested they knock out the partition, enlarge the  
place. Ideas 50-50 so far.

The day of the so-called "big shot" arrived and flourished.  
As success after success came to Guido + Tony, whose deal  
is contempt on one side, and envy on the other, <sup>his way</sup>  
natural that each should want to <sup>own the area of partners</sup> occupy the spot <sup>by itself</sup>.  
This led to <sup>all concerned,</sup> ~~striving~~ and ~~conspiracy~~ + although each <sup>what caught</sup>  
nature instincts of each for money making forbade them  
from tearing down ~~the~~ the structure they had built  
~~each~~ each dreamed of the day when ~~he~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~  
his rule could not be disputed.

When Guido bought a first-class car a Chevrolet. Guido got a  
Pierce + Tony stepped him up <sup>with</sup> a Rolls Royce. <sup>with</sup> a home on  
~~Green Street~~ <sup>Green Street</sup> ~~scanned~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~ ~~for~~ Guido, Tony showed him the  
way with a first-class horse.

There was no doubt in Palletta's mind that his influence or hand  
was responsible for their volume while <sup>watched the battle</sup> ~~angelate~~ ~~was~~ ~~equal~~ ~~and~~ ~~he~~  
controlled the South of Market business.  
The world or rather the underworld looked on, drank

Good liquor while ~~the~~ ~~tricks~~ ~~of~~ ~~guilt~~ ~~continued~~.  
Each felt his power. Vanity and excess of power, more than gain  
brought about the rift.  
→



Unaccid - 20. 21 - 22 of June 23 - 24. Rio Hales

Un time -

Signo -

I made signs before I could talk -  
This not a battery station, don't say "charge it"  
A bank doesn't serve soup, why should we eat ch. ch. ch.  
No checks cashed - not even good ones.  
We trust God - others pay cash.  
You're on vacation + eat here.

The highest in the  
The name is...  
The name is...  
The name is...

If you turn up your nose at the metrical chart  
Comings - Don't underestimate its wisdom

Scatter pearls of wisdom  
Chess - cook -

The first waste argued  
The first waste argued  
The first waste argued

The boy sat on the burning deck  
(Saw fifty-one men canals)  
Believe me, 'twas an act by hook  
Which which to jip his hands.

The first waste argued  
The first waste argued  
The first waste argued

We wanted for the proper time  
When he named here the channel  
To get that card from what was  
From underneath his pants.

We close the time, oh, oh, oh, oh,  
But all his hands gave chase,  
Perhaps it is good not to know  
They shot him on the ace.

595 over #  
Dun Sutton 777 Bush  
7 6 8 0 0

Sweet chapter  
Lady Gray

Coffee was - mixed  
Piled - glass tubes  
water coffee had  
not cleared fingers  
Rusty burning underneath  
- gas not connected up -  
- water on top.

Cash register center -  
flanket of glasses -  
bottles on shelves.  
- just cigar boxes  
Cigarette machine.

order - paint -

was flowers - conducted  
pictures - Even glass of  
tooth-picks

Resistor.  
Sellers of Adm.  
Cone 64551  
Gemma Sigelher  
Petitioner of husband  
0210, 02.  
Heard - June 20.

Boysmen  
Wimmer

(1070 - a)  
Wash -  
\$ 2 62 65  
Pine -

On 554 - Ticker

Hand - gun thing  
I study my mind  
But what do I do  
I see you can only  
Just what I do  
A and that thing  
Wash - Ticker

The boys got out  
they said  
and bring water  
What must be  
Hand of rock  
Go that that does  
first  
resistor - the boy  
no more (ketch)



## BLACK CAT.

Down at the Black Cat on Montgomery Street they have a large, real live black cat. In fact he's very much alive. And, of course his name is Blackie.

One day the front door was open and a big, yellow, brindle-colored tom cat walked in. Blackie resented it and with deep growls and snarls they walked cautiously toward each other, fur and tails bristling. Warning "skits" and "scats" from the bar steward went unheeded. Fights in "Brindy's" neighborhood (we'll call him that) no doubt are encouraged, rather than discouraged, so the skits and skats didn't mean anything to him.

They continued to advance until only the distance of one final spring separated them. (Personally I sort of hoped the bar steward would let them 'go to it'), but he took a seltzer water bottle, leaned over the bar, aimed it at the stray Brindy and registered a direct hit! Right in, and all over the face of the intruder! Also a good portion went on the floor all around Brindy.

Brindy whirled and started for the door. 'Started' isn't the right word, because he couldn't GET started. The pool of seltzer on the slick and highly polished linoleum made an ice rink of the spot where Brindy tried to 'take off'.

Brindy couldn't get traction. He simply couldn't get going. If ever you saw a trained, or untrained cat trying to keep up with a treadmill Brindy resembled him. Then he put on more steam. He humped his back and tried to dig in his claws. No soap! Poor Brindy must have thought there was PLENTY of soap, and it was all over his run-way.

His snarls gave way to lusty yowls, and the amazed, panicky expression <sup>on Brindy's face</sup> was something to behold. It was probably the first time his claws had ever failed him. He simply couldn't understand it. But the amount of friction Brindy's feet were generating would soon dry up anything. He finally got a 'toe-hold' and if ever a yaller cat



Black Cat.

went through a door 'heck bent for elect

As he reached the side walk a man pushing  
high with cartons was in front of him. But after those  
and moments on the slippery tread-mill, ANYTHING was easy for Brindy.  
He hurdled the truck, cartons and all and headed north on Montgomery.

The beautiful job he did of broken-field running, change of pace,  
dodging and swerving between pedestrians would shame an All-America  
halfback  
halfback.

A streak of yellow rounded the corner at Jackson, and that was the  
last seen of him.

Meanwhile Blackie considered it a closed incident. He lowered  
his bristles, walked back, hopped upon the bench where he sleeps and  
proceeded to give himself a bath.



## "More Black Cat"

I'm kinda "off" of Blackie; the big black cat that lives down at the Black Cat on Montgomery Street.

I wrote about him routing (with the aid of the bar-steward and a couple of well-directed squirts from a seltzer-water bottle) the big yellow "ton" ~~for~~ <sup>that</sup> tried to come into the place. And the fact that Blackie didn't chase him up Montgomery, but considered the incident closed when that four-footed streak of lightning went through <sup>the</sup> door, seemed to stamp Blackie as a gentleman. There was an air of dignity about him as he walked back & hopped up on his bench about made you think Blackie came from a nice family - good breeding <sup>as a trait</sup>.

So day he leaped from his bench & hurried again to its spot just inside the front door. There he squatted, tail in the air & waggling expectantly.

"Oh-oh!" I thought; "here's Brandy back for revenge" and I admit I hoped the seltzer-water bottle was empty or wasn't working. I tiptoed to a place that I thought would be "my side" & where I could see everything.

There was no Brandy in sight. A little while before the sheet-flusher had been by & left a nice little pool of water at the curb. A little bird was having a delightful bath in it. That was what Blackie was watching. I don't know whether it was a lady-bird or not; if it was, all the more shame to Blackie.



watching her in her bath.

This time I wished for the seltzer-water bottle. My "scat" only helped to "prime" Blackie + in two leaps he was across the sidewalk + had reached the curb.

The bird saw <sup>him</sup> just in time to take off safely, but Blackie did manage to get ~~just~~ one feather.

I suppose I should have more understanding + not ~~to~~ too severe with Blackie, as it is only nature for a cat to try to catch a bird. But a cat in Blackie's position one of his social standing should not do that - he should curb his desires.

Mrs



Blackie's Bots up again.

The other day I said I was peered with Blackie, down at the Black Cat on Montgomery St, for the way he acted about that bird ~~that~~ <sup>also was</sup> taking a bath in a pool in front in front of his place. In fact I couldn't form a write about him any more.

Came to think it over though, maybe Blackie's morals are on a par with other town cats. Might be a little above 'em - I dunno. Well so.

Anyway he's just done something (doesn't amount to much) but it restores him, at least with me, <sup>to</sup> his first status.

A lady came into the place carrying a baby in a basket - or bassinet, I guess you'd call it. She put it down on a table & walked over to use the telephone. She wanted to call her husband who was to meet her there for lunch.

Blackie took the situation in. He hopped up on the table, gave a look, an investigating sniff - decided that something was afoot & sat down. The baby quizzed, cooed & made other funny noises that babies make.

Blackie's <sup>cocked</sup> head to one side then the other. The baby used a rattle. It startled Blackie a little, but he didn't bother to get up - he just slid back a couple of inches & continued to watch.



all my life people have told me that animals, especially  
dogs & cats express their feelings or emotions by the  
pose of their tails. I believe that to be true, but  
always I have said that dogs & cats can & do smile.

As <sup>of</sup> his breath, Blackie smiled as he watched  
that <sup>4 months</sup> but not just an ordinary smile, but an amused,  
understanding, or even a sort of affectionate smile.

A couple of customers came over to admire the baby,  
Blackie was wrinkled. He didn't show his teeth, but  
his whiskers stood out. <sup>Blackie</sup> had a look of <sup>some</sup> jealousy or ~~jealousy~~  
perhaps he <sup>was</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>distress</sup> <sup>because</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>fact</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>mother</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>just</sup> <sup>come</sup> <sup>back</sup> & Blackie <sup>had</sup> <sup>jumped</sup> <sup>down</sup> <sup>from</sup>  
out under the table.

Did you see watch the faces of people as they <sup>came</sup>  
out for a more or show that <sup>was</sup> <sup>especially</sup> <sup>good</sup>? That  
pleased, watch its money look?

Blackie had it & when lunch was over he followed,  
it seemed to me, escorted, the hostess, then  
to the door with all its graciousness  
of a host; I only believe he <sup>was</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>led</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>see</sup> <sup>them</sup>  
leaving & as walked back & <sup>rested</sup> <sup>upon</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>bench</sup>  
he didn't lick himself as usual, but seemed to  
stare off into space.



~~Right~~

Run left to  
H on right.  
next night  
next night

will be his  
A record will  
be made of  
my flight  
1.1.11

Cats, cats, cats  
canned salmon + liver!!  
Ice on the puddles makes me shiver,  
But short, four-legged mats  
So swagglery + sunny  
(Don't care if it's short - a very poor child day)

We talk and we read and reminisce -  
But the smell of short long tails, I can't deny -  
I'll make excuses and go outside  
The patio - its smell - a child's head  
I'm too loyal to deny  
The freshness of its corners the rain-drops left  
Exceeds the music of any day  
On ~~musical~~ musical day a murmur  
The patio - ah the patches, the freshness  
The rain-drops left. (Or, the dripping music the  
rain drops left -



-To Carmel-

now

Carmel finds me here again -

Where works of God have oft been wrought -

Thou' men are gone, their touch, their heavy chains; they rest

Like God, and God <sup>joins</sup> ~~always~~ remains! ~~It~~

and what he ~~will~~ ~~do~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~

---



11

## Black Cat.

Down at the "Black Cat" on Montgomery Street they have a large, real live black cat. In fact he's very much alive.

The front door was open and a big yellow, brindled-colored, strange, tomcat walked in.

The home cat resented it and with deep growls and snarls they walked cautiously toward each other, fur and tails bristling.

Warning "skits" and "scats" from the bar steward went unheeded. Fights in "Brindy's" neighborhood no doubt were encouraged rather than discouraged. For the "skits and scats" didn't mean anything to him.

They continued to advance until only the distance of one final spring separated them.

Personally I sort of hoped the steward would let them "go to it," but he took a seltzer-water bottle, leaned over the bar, ~~and~~ aimed it at the



2.) stray "Brindy" <sup>and ... registered?</sup> ~~the charge was~~ a direct  
hit! Right in and all over the face of the  
intruder. also a good portion went on the  
floor all around "Brindy!"

"Brindy" whirled and started for the door.  
'Started' isn't the right word, because he  
couldn't get started. The pool of seltzer on the  
slick and highly polished linoleum  
made an ice-rink out of the spot where  
Brindy tried to "take-off!"

Brindy couldn't get traction! He simply  
couldn't get going!! If ever you saw a  
trained, or untrained cat trying to keep  
up with a tread-mill Brindy resembled  
him.

Then he put <sup>on</sup> more steam! He humped  
his back and tried to dig in his claws.  
No soap! Poor Brindy must have thought  
there was plenty of soap and it was all  
over his run-way.

His ~~words~~ gave way to lusty yowls,



3.) and the amazed, panic expression on Brindy's face was something to behold. It probably was the first time his claws had ever failed him. He simply couldn't understand it!!

But the amount of friction Brindy's feet were generating would soon dry up any thing. He finally got a toe-hold, and if you ever saw a yellow cat go through a don't-hesitate-for-election, Brindy was that cat!!!

As he reached the sidewalk a man pushing a hand truck piled high with cartons was in front of him. But after those terrible mills and moments on the slippery treadmill, anything was easy for Brindy. He nudged the truck, cartons and all and headed north on Montgomery.

The beautiful job <sup>head</sup> of broken-field running, <sup>change of pace</sup> shuffling and dodging between pedestrians would shame an old-america half-buck.

A streak of yellow rounded the corner







## BLACKIE BOBS UP AGAIN.

The other day I said I was peeved with Blackie down at the Black Cat on Montgomery Street for the way he acted about that bird who was taking a bath in a pool in front of his place. In fact I wasn't gonna write about him any more.

Come to think it over though, maybe Blackie's morals are on a par with other tom cats, - might be a little above 'em - ~~Indunnoo~~ - hope so.

Anyway he has just done something, (doesn't amount to much ) but it restores him, at least with me, to his first status.

A lady came into the place carrying a baby in a basket, or a bassinet I guess you would call it. She put it down on a table and walked over to use the telephone. She wanted to call her husband who was to meet her there for lunch.

Blackie took the situation in. He hopped upon the table, gave a look, an investigating sniff - decided that everything was alright and sat down. The baby gurgled, cooed and made other funny noises that babies make. Blackie cocked his head to one side then the other. The baby waved a rattle. It startled Blackie a little, but he didn't bother to get up - he just slid back a couple of inches and continued to watch.

All my life people have told me that animals, especially dogs and cats express their emotions by the use of their tails. I believe that to be true, but I have also said that dogs and cats can and do smile. As I live and breathe I believe Blackie smiled as he watched that youngster. Not just an ordinary smile, but an amused, understanding, or even sort of an affectionate smile.

A couple of customers came over to admire the baby. Blackie's



#2 Blackie Bobs up Again.

nose wrinkled. He didn't show his teeth but his whiskers stood out. Don't know if it was jealousy or whether he <sup>figured he</sup> was on duty and taking care of a small guest. The mother came back and Blackie jumped down and sat under the table.

Did you ever watch the faces of people as they came out of a movie or a show that was especially good? That pleased, worth the money look? Blackie had it and when lunch was over he followed, or it seemed to me, escorted, the people and their baby to the door with all the graciousness of a host. Truly I believe he hated to see them leave, and as he walked back and hopped upon his bench he didn't lick himself as usual, but seemed to stare off into space.



## MORE BLACK CAT

I'm kinda "off" of Blackie, - the big black cat that lives down at the Black Cat on Montgomery Street.

I wrote about him routing (with the aid of the bar steward and a couple of well directed squirts from a seltzer water bottle) the big yaller Tom that tried to come into the place; and the fact that Blackie didn't chase him up Montgomery but considered the incident closed when that four-footed streak of lightning went through the door, seemed to stamp Blackie as a gentleman. There was an air of dignity about him as he walked back and hopped up on his bench, that made you think Blackie came from a nice family - good breeding and all that.

To-day he leaped from his bench and hurried again to the spot just inside the open front door. There he squatted, tail in the air and wagging expectantly.. Oh! Oh! I thought, here's Brandy back for revenge, and I admit I hoped the seltzer water bottle was empty or wasn't working. I tiptoed to a place that I thought would be "ring side" and where I could see everything.

There was no Brandy in sight. A little while before, the street flusher had been by and left a nice little pool of water at the curb. A little bird was having a delightful bath in it. That was what Blackie was watching. I don't know whether it was a lady bird or not: if it was, all the more shame to Blackie for watching her in her bath.

This time it was I who wished for the seltzer water bottle. My "Scat" only helped to prime Blackie and in two leaps he was across the sidewalk and had reached the curb. The bird saw him just in time to "take-off" safely but Blackie did manage to get just one feather.

I suppose I should be more understanding and not too severe with Blackie, as it is only natural for a cat to want to catch a bird; but a cat in Blackie's position, - one of his social standing, shouldn't do that - he should curb his desires.



Steel Head Black Cat  
I wish I could stop all this  
foolishness about Blackie, that  
"son" cat down at the Black Cat  
on Montgomery St.

I've made up my mind two or  
three times to do it and then  
something comes along or Blackie  
does something that starts me  
up all over again. Then too, you won't  
see me its <sup>own</sup> foolishness. What I do  
may be, but ~~not~~ <sup>I mean</sup> Blackie.

It has just occurred to me that  
I've never mentioned how I ~~met~~  
got acquainted with Blackie.  
It's very simple. I went into the  
Black Cat out door to Telegraph  
It's a good place to phone & I just left  
going back. That's all there is to it.  
Know what he did the other day?

A man came into the place with a  
Wise. You know on a leash. A  
scruffy kind of a dog that sticks his  
nose into every thing. He couldn't



2 see Blackie but that money most of his told him that was a cat around someplace. It was all his money could do to hold him. Blackie saw him from his ranch and advanced with ~~all~~ caution, but all his war signals flying. He batted a few feet from the wire fence. There they stood - Blackie mainly defense. His dog growling viciously. Only all they could buffer. Blackie probably couldn't translate the dog dog language but he said to himself "you can't see me then namest" the dog said of Blackie's words - "them fighting words" in my country." (explained)

The wire-hair's head didn't hold neither did the words from Blackie's boss hold him. In short - they were "at it", as they were at it. Natural enemies - or so they

TO CREDIT DEPARTMENT:

Date

I called on..... in..... today

I collected \$.....

I obtained definite promise to mail check for \$..... on..... 193....

I did not collect in full because .....

Recommendations .....

I will call again on..... Our Stock on hand ..... Approx. \$.....

Other Makes..... Approx. \$.....

Other Makes..... Approx. \$.....

SALESMAN'S COLLECTION REPORT Salesman .....



3. thought - <sup>just</sup> - <sup>(on the day)</sup> - <sup>enemies</sup> -  
 neither had anything to gain -  
 as force drew them into fight - force  
 refused them.  
 War like snuff - the fight was  
 over but no permanent peace.  
 What was gained - Blackie was  
 minus some patches of fur, the  
 mi-ban nose was scratched &  
 bleeding. Water still excited!  
 Natural or sooty, thought  
 natural enemies.

Cocha-Spanish Blackie  
 Not long after Blackie and the mi-ban  
 an had their fight, one of the patches  
 with Cocha Spanish you can see found  
 is water into the Black Cat. He was an  
 cross fight - tan little fellows, with  
 short legs & ears that almost touched the  
 ground. Was great big soul - full eyes  
 with the face of every one around

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SALESMAN'S COLLECTION REPORT Salesman .....  
 (Use reverse side for further remarks)



found a friendly greeting in them  
 all. (I think a dog can read the  
 faces of humans) and his stubby  
 little tail returned the greetings.  
 He was just the kind of a dog you  
<sup>reward you</sup> couldn't help walking across the room  
 to put on his band - he wanted to let you  
 know he was there. I heard  
 I heard Blachie appeared. Well,  
 everybody likes Blachie but, not also  
 everybody ~~had~~ seen enough of Pat,  
 so I can't say Blachie's appearance ~~was~~  
 was exactly welcome at the moment.  
 People were "fed-up" on psitts!!  
 Although Blachie was ~~in~~ guard  
 as he approached the Coche, there  
 was a noticeable difference in the  
 way he did it. Somehow he just didn't  
 look or act like he was going to war.  
 and the little Coche - well when he

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Date

in

today

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SALESMAN'S COLLECTION REPORT Salesman .....



Just saw Blackie he seemed a  
 little startled, probably due to that  
~~instrument~~ dog-oid, natural  
 every instant. He hunched up a  
 few feet & sat down & studied  
 Blackie. Blackie sat down & held  
 him. all was quiet on all fronts.  
 Blackie seemed to say - "Looks like  
 your boss is doing some business with  
 my boss & is saying as you stay where you  
 are I haven't anything against you."  
 and Dallas & donuts the little Cochus  
 soft eyes waggling but amused - "oh  
 my me"  
 and so it ended. matters that failed  
 my case, was peacefully settled on the  
 spot.  
 Sometimes I wonder if there isn't a little  
 error in all this fuss about the

TO CREDIT DEPARTMENT:

Date ..... in ..... today

I called on.....

I collected \$..... on ..... 193.....

I obtained definite promise to mail check for \$.....

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Recommendations .....

I will call again on.....  
 Our Stock on hand ..... Approx. \$.....  
 Other Makes..... Approx. \$.....  
 Other Makes..... Approx. \$.....

SALESMAN'S COLLECTION REPORT

Salesman .....  
 (Use reverse side for further remarks)



*Blucher's the Black Cat - where he lives*

SALESMAN'S COLLECTION REPORT

TO CREDIT DEPARTMENT:

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I will call again on..... Our Stock on hand      Approx. \$.....

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Other Makes..... Approx. \$.....

SALESMAN'S COLLECTION REPORT

Salesman

(Use reverse side for further remarks)



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I obtained definite promise to mail check for \$..... on ..... 193.....

I did not collect in full because .....

Recommendations .....

I will call again on..... Our Stock on hand ..... Approx. \$.....

Other Makes..... Approx. \$.....

Other Makes..... Approx. \$.....

Salesman .....

SALESMAN'S COLLECTION REPORT

X1112 8-37 2-39-10M

(Use reverse side for further remarks)



## THE UNBENDING BOSS.

She was such a pathetic little figure that even the close attention Jimmie Johnson was devoting to his coffee and doughnuts was drawn to her.

The heavy swinging door of the cafeteria was almost more than she could manage. She pressed her weight against it, got partly in when her strength gave way and the door swept her back. Quickly Jimmie left his table and held it open for her.

"Thank you, thank you me lad", she said.

Slowly, almost timidly she approached the counter with its array of food. For a moment she scanned it then her eyes wandered to the price placards on the wall.

"Just a bowl of mush and a cup of coffee please" she said to the girl.

"That'll cost her a dime", thought Jimmie who was familiar with cafeteria prices.

Her grey hair, wrinkled face, old fashioned clothes and worn shoes the young man took in at a glance.

As the girl disappeared to get her order the old lady tottered over to a chair at Jimmie's table. Laborously she began untying a hard knot in a handkerchief. Jimmie tried not to stare but he saw that it held a coin, and when she extracted it, he noticed it was a twenty-five cent piece.

"Bet my one remaining dollar against these two doughnuts that's all she has to her name", he said to himself.

The girl reappeared with the order, placed it <sup>on</sup> the counter and called over "coffee 'n mush ready". The figure walked over and placed her quarter on the counter. The girl rang it up and gave her the change; a nickel and a dime.

As she took up her tray the cup of coffee slid toward one end and a portion of it spilled. "Better let me carry it over for you" said the girl. She came out and carried the tray to the nearest table, the one at which Jimmie was sitting. "Thank ye miss, thank ye" said the woman.

Again the stiff old fingers fumbled at the handkerchief in an attempt to tie up the two coins. One fell to the floor and rolled away. Jimmie was up in an instant and retrieved it for her. The gratitude with which she looked at him was enough, but ~~but~~ she did say "thank ye - bless ye, 'tis all I've got".

*said* "I won my bet", said the young man to himself, and he was conscious of a tightness in his throat.

The woman spread a spoonfull of sugar on her oatmeal and re-dipped it in the bowl for some for her coffee. In her timid little way she looked at it, fearing she had taken too much; she shook half of it back into the bowl and stirred the rest into her coffee.

"Gee that's tough", Jimmie thought, and the feeling in his throat became tighter.

With each spoonful of mush she took, the bent tray bobbed up and down on the porcelain table-top and made a noise that got on Jimmie's nerves. "Wonder why she doesn't take the things off and push the tray away", he thought.

He pretended to be engrossed in the morning paper that belonged to the cafeteria, but was conscious that she was trying to see it also.

"Like some of the paper?" he asked kindly.

"Just the want-ad part if ye dont mind sir". 564



2.

Jimmie found it and passed it over. He continued to pretend to be interested in the paper but his eyes rested on her. Soon she looked across the table and their gazes met. With a wan smile she said, "Not much the likes 'o me can find to do; may be just as well though. Faith 'tis about all I can do to get back to me room, much less try to find work!"

"Live far from here?" inquired Jimmie.

"In blocks its not so far, but in steps 'tis a long way." The catch in Jimmie's throat was accompanied by a burning in his eyes and he stammered; "Well - I - a - have my car, a - that is the Company's car outside. We salesmen are ~~no sort of~~ ~~not~~ supposed to - a - take anyone in except for - ~~a~~ - business. But Im sure in this case it will - a - be alright. If you like I will drive you to your - your home".

"Tis an angel out 'o Hiven ye are", she answered and all her soul seemed to be in her words.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was nearly four o'clock that after-noon when Jimmie regained consciousness at the Emergency Hospital. Half an hour later an intern told police inspector Whelan it was alright to go in.

"Now young man", said the inspector, "let's have your version of the accident".

"Alright, - but - how's the old lady? Is she - was she killed?"

"We'll tell you about her later, give us your story!" <sup>247</sup>

"Well we left the cafeteria and I was driving her to where she said she lived. Poor old thing was weak as a cat and only had fifteen cents to her name. I reached in my pocket to pull out a "half" to give her; we were approaching an intersection; the green light was on and I went ahead. Just as I got about in the center, BANG, some guy drove through the red light and smacked us right in the middle. Thats all I remember. Say how's the car? You know its not mine, its the Company's. Is it a wreck?"

"Hm", said the officer. "Yes the car's a wreck alright, but there are plenty of witnesses who know it wasn't your fault. Was fifty cents all you gave the old woman?"

Jimmie blushed. "Why - er - yes. You see today is the last of the month and Im kind of low myself <sup>or</sup> I'd have given her more. In fact Im down to just one 'buck'. I get paid to-night though so I figured I could get by the rest of the day on fifty cents!"

"All I can say is that you are damned lucky", said Whelan.

"Well if this head-ache, these bandages, a smashed car and the probable loss of my job present a picture of luck I guess I'm it. But what do you mean I'm lucky?"

"Just this. The old lady you helped is Lil Breen. She's been known to us for years. She's an old miser; an old recluse. You say she was weak as a cat. She fought like a Hell-Cat when we searched her. We found exactly ONE THOUSAND bucks, yes sir, ONE GRAND hidden in her clothes and at the little two-fifty a week room where she lives we found four thousand more sewed up in the mattress. She's got enough stocks and bonds to make Hetty Green look like what Lil herself pretends to be. Why damn it all she not only wants to sue the bird who ran into you, but she wants to sue YOU for gettin her hurt".

"Wants to sue me?" gasped Jimmie. "Good-bye job for sure now. I'm not supposed to have anyone in the car".

On his way out inspector Whelan met Mr. Harkins, Jimmie's boss. They talked in the corridor for a long time before Harkins went in. <sup>47</sup>







## What a Man:

With so many millions of parents in the world telling "something funny their children said" - surely I can not allude just two.

It was during the period of the "pleasure what a man" now so popular. My wife, daughter, & I were driving around North Beach. The Power St cable car had just reached the turn-table at the foot of Taylor St. - a sight so familiar to all San Francisco - the conductor got out, pushed the ~~car~~ turn-table around, with the car on it. The daughter said - "look, there's a man driving a car around all by himself. What a man - what a man!"

The way in which it was said made us all laugh, but it became a family by-phrase.

After that if any members of the family wanted to meet another down town - ~~at~~ they would say - "I'll meet



Razor - It cuts  
fine & it bleeds  
good

---

Ever find I get a  
hair cut that  
costs a penny



meet you at Purcell market - or in  
front of the Bank - or in front of the  
dry store - but I'll meet you  
at "What a man from table!"

Some times my son I go fishing  
down at Fisherman's Wharf. One day  
I found I was a little late, but told him  
to go on down & I would meet him  
'dehlyt'. He said 'I'll meet you  
at Sisters - What a man from  
table!' just natural.

Showing how you & I & all of us  
have a <sup>sentiment</sup> certain attachment to  
certain places or corners. Well  
we have just a little more of it  
& unconsciously when we see a castle  
& can we say "that's going to what a  
man from table!"

Intens-  
a friend had someone in the hospital  
whom she wanted to visit. It was out



# Sparrows -

for generations, at least for bird generations, & may so for human generations the sparrows in Portmouth Square have been <sup>so</sup> protected & fed. They are so tame they fly. They imitate in their habits of the Nuthatches who pay no attention to it. Occasionally if one darts by close to a stranger who darts on the spot he is an enemy to shield himself. One of these strangers was telling it to a negro who was sitting next to him. The dusky gentleman said, 'yes sir - what happened to me this afternoon - I was sitting heavily & it happened to me - One flew right across my face - one of them, little of birds did it. I got & skinned me to death.'

---



the U.C. Clinic on Parnassus. We don't  
wait out one evening - wanted whole day  
paid by us.

Several young <sup>men</sup> in white coats, efficient  
& professional looking <sup>who commenced upon a study</sup> went up the steps  
into the hospital.

Young man asked, "what did you want." "Why  
~~that~~ <sup>why</sup> probably interns" and what  
interns are - was explained to him.

In a few moments others came out.  
Sort of like a geyser coming off stuff  
again.

Sam said - Do they call these men  
"tong-outers"? We want to bring to  
me funny - news only of!

I asked for only two, but do you mind  
here's another one. I ~~ask for one with~~ <sup>you see me</sup>  
& get late work. We're worried about  
day - year & year before we had a  
budget - or budgets. It was rough & hot  
asked - why is it <sup>Sam - by - way a budget?</sup> pay so much?  
These things aren't funny, but what if I'm  
strange ~~how~~ how they stay with ya?



maybe he will hunt  
me, that's (I think) carefully  
int to us / of off hand  
deliberate  
fills aspects

Before I knew it  
I didn't know  
what I knew

nothing Mr. Bury - just  
say me - say

### Used The Phone

It was in an station  
has next on north beach.  
It seems a lady next  
don didn't love a phone  
and was given the pencils  
if using or being called  
on the one in the rest.  
a call came for her and  
down the next. He then  
led a little word in on  
the side. walk to

left the lady she  
was want on the phone.  
The youngster didn't come  
back and did the lady  
come over. Minutes after  
the boy picked up the  
rec. call was dead,  
he hung up. Some other  
phone rang again. It  
was the same party who  
for the lady next door.  
The man looked out.  
The boy was back playing  
on the side. walk

Tell the lady she's want  
again. She no come de  
just but no tell her  
day close - de. him.  
In a moment the  
boy came back and said  
she say you crazy.  
she no want de clothes  
him. She want de  
plumber. He fancied  
in the pitch is best +  
run across her.":



Best seven dollars <sup>of that kind</sup> there are any  
number of families in town who have  
dime letters in their ~~but~~ but they  
don't think or want, or <sup>care or</sup> care too  
useful text about them, I measured  
as I haven't seven dollars for text a  
dollar to a dough. unit of the dollar  
does print this will get a lot of  
letters ~~sent~~ asking why he prints  
that stuff, when I ~~got~~ got ~~nothing~~  
something a dozen times better.  
"Yah - you <sup>only</sup> ~~print~~ <sup>edit</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>up</sup> - I'll  
just ~~get~~ ~~it~~ ~~up~~ ~~again~~ ~~that~~!!



She was about 25  
a dark brown skin  
had purple hair

I thought of the  
Orthodox

at little Greek  
scattered among  
a padel note  
in the city near  
the army.

Pr 0464  
Stanger  
Dr Brog -

West Coast / 14/10  
Julland 6/10/16  
Jannantus  
550 City St  
Dyons - 1704  
Mrs. Lark  
4 lbs. of ...  
all receipts

Stemph ... 1300 ...

I want that a  
heavy drink?  
yes - but its  
easier to carry it  
in the paper than  
to carry the bottle  
home.

That's good for my  
lungs & ...  
the ...  
you'll still

got them -  
no - that's what  
the ...  
~~the~~ ...

stop



—  
although it was only half past ten  
in the morning (a Saturday morning) the  
the duffer old gentleman on the stool  
at the bar was "well on his way"  
(had a fairly good start).

He wore spats, his crooked-handled  
cane hung on the bar. In spite of the  
fact that his clothes were "shiny" they  
were traces of better days.

It was one of those pleasing, luscious  
bars where appetizing sandwiches  
of all kinds were made & fresh things  
right before you, & if you helped yourself  
to the mustard. They also had a  
big lunch play every day, which waiters &  
bar-tenders were busy selling up honor  
books & cushions for.

Trucks parked outside & rubber people  
were busy bringing things out & sea & leaving  
boxes were wheeling hand trucks loaded  
with cases, their gears



coin on the table.  
The ~~old~~ <sup>young</sup> man's hands reached ~~for~~  
it, but the old gentleman laid a  
gentle hand on his ~~arm~~ <sup>arm</sup>. "Wait  
he said" - "If you mean I want you  
to have this with me." The young  
man was used to a lot of things, but  
he looked surprised & asked - "Why  
no?"

Just because I - I want you to."

"Alright Mister - if you say so, but  
I haven't got time to 'buy back' this  
is Saturday & I got a lot of places to set  
to. But to keep yours!"

The young man shined out a great  
big, coloured, useful looking  
paw to the old man & said "My  
thanks, Mister - lots of luck to you."  
The old gentleman took his hand &



Wm. Payne

Allen Ritchey - Son -  
Merina - Mand Adams

Chas. A. Edson, Berney  
of Cambria mtn. Dist  
Invt. (entitled to 19  
gun subjects) jumped  
out of his skin's seat  
Pr. least dad about  
18 mos.

Major To Guides Land  
of Ross, illness used  
evidence, asked for  
particulars, ans. &  
restated things which  
unpublished.

Helena's Healer has  
a war map in top  
S. E. of street, says  
29. City limits.

out on Grand Ave.  
an enemy, he has found  
name, but not the other

Janco - Heavens too  
hon:

Memo  
Boiled stuff  
You mean stuff  
as a board

Razon  
Cuts just it bleeds  
good

5  
Please send by  
you 10







A big, clean-looking fellow of about  
25 delivered his merchandise and his look  
on the bar for the man for this case the  
owner to sign. There was a friendly  
feeling between them, which the  
old gentleman witnessed.

The young man reflected business  
"wasn't a hurry." "Boy, have I  
got plenty ahead of me" - he said to  
the bartender. "Kind of early, but  
guess I better grab a sandwich  
while I have time."

"K - Pick what I like?"

"Ham & cheese on rye & a little of milk"  
a little milk was placed on the bar  
- ~~At last~~ the attendant about ~~made~~  
made the sandwich the young man  
had picked it - without the formality  
of a glass.

The old gentleman watched him.



3) Then the thick gelatinous sandwich was  
placed on the bar. The young man  
wolfed half of it. "Better getting  
another salt & milk he said with  
his mouth full. Quickly the  
bar tender put another half on the  
bar, took the ~~cup~~ <sup>cup</sup> off. The young  
man lifted it & his lips, then <sup>with</sup> took  
instead and enjoyed the delicious  
cream - but to the youth. Then he  
drank milk & salt, but "wolfed &  
guzzled" the last half of the sandwich  
& milk.

The old man turned on his stool &  
looked up at him with astonishment  
in his eyes. "ah -  
"ah - rum - chafun - good" said the  
young man and he bounced a



I wonder  
what that little  
pouch of seeds  
(I counted em)  
means in the great  
big lawn in  
Falmouth Sq?  
# Took out of lib  
are emblem of  
badge. (When with  
Warden they were  
placed there by  
the almighty  
if by hands that  
must have something  
in them that the  
almighty meant  
up showed hand  
I wonder  
anyway - deep breath  
On the side near clay st.  
No all but wonder

Other than

I wonder  
what was in the  
life of the quiet,  
dignified, well-proved  
man who waded  
into a stage the other  
day & asked to see  
some razors?  
The clerk asked -  
"safety - or straight-  
edge?"  
"Straight edge" the  
customer answered.  
An array of "straight  
edge" was laid before  
him on the counter.  
He looked them  
over, casually  
picked one out,  
opened it, drew it  
lightly across his  
thumb, & test it  
edge - then drew  
it across his throat  
from ear to ear.  
I also wonder wonder  
what the condition of  
the clerk's nerves, after  
the blood was cleaned

up & they told him  
next day when he  
returned to ~~the~~  
concerns & make  
that the man died  
in the ambulance  
before ~~reaching~~  
reaching the  
hospital.

I wonder  
if the denizens  
who sit on the benches  
in Falmouth Sq  
after day (with their  
arms on their chest)  
know that Stevenson's  
Drip is still there;  
that the three  
trees about it have  
died slowly but surely  
responded to spray  
and are now  
full leaf and  
away gently with the  
breeze. They who  
churned of the

birds suggest it  
was last fall  
& winter, but  
was a different  
condition in the  
as they pick up  
blades of grass,  
straw & use  
spas & dirt into  
these trees to  
start nests &  
new life.

I wonder  
if there is anything  
to the ~~the~~ remarks  
two men sitting  
made on the benches  
in the park? They  
were discussing  
the possibility of  
war.  
One said - "There'll  
be no war."  
The other answered  
"No? Well they'll  
been going to war  
over the telephone







Trained clergy  
not his agent for  
~~the~~ those who  
habituate the park.  
"you cut it" - read.  
"This help?" he asked.  
"See cross figure of  
human being  
lying all around  
the park?"

Figures, face-down  
on benches, yards,  
in all ~~positions~~  
grotesque positions  
dotted the lawns.  
"Tough - I said"  
"Takes me back to  
1918." I slept not  
anymore, but night

met to a lot of  
fellows lying around  
like that. Some of  
"em, stunk, some  
of em were piled  
right enough  
to break the  
~~wind~~ cold  
round - as that  
I could sleep"  
Got any beds he  
asked.

"Two - I said - girl  
18 + a boy 12"  
"Want em to be like  
me?" ~~I'm not would~~  
~~I'm not~~ "You not  
wounded - I'm just  
a product of 1918  
Can't rehabilitate  
myself - " Want  
want - want beds.  
lets me? Write about  
what if you want to  
be got up & sleep me

My calendar

Cyde Overly  
8319  
SK-  
1864 pages

I saw  
man in Portsmouth  
square  
open grass, relat-  
tion, new seeds  
a thing as that.  
I think why I said  
Once in a while  
thoughts come  
too.  
Thought I might  
let down me or  
two.  
In all paper came  
out. I'm higher  
had found stuff  
these prose books  
filled of notes  
was conscious of  
them during at me.  
We will put a few  
back part on the  
bench. It



made up  
~~was a~~  
~~Lord~~  
~~your~~

was a great  
I finally by the  
looks like you  
trying to write  
something "

can't  
The <sup>appearance</sup> ~~appearance~~  
with friendly  
look of his  
brought me back  
to the truth  
was.

He wasn't drunk  
He wasn't lame, yet  
you knew - couldn't  
was the matter -  
~~something~~ ~~he~~



San Francisco, California  
December 23, 1947.

Hon. William H. McCarthy, Postmaster  
San Francisco, California.

Dear Sir:

I am one of the hundreds of "extra" ~~Christmas~~ workers at the Rincon office (and liking it).

I have a confession to make to you Sir: with hundreds of others I took the oath at the Seventh Street office. This is to advise that I have violated a portion of that oath. (Perhaps I should say one of the rules.)

There came to the station where I was sorting thousands of letters, an envelope addressed to SANDA Klas, at some number on Mission Street. It was written in pencil and laboriously scrawled over almost the entire envelope. It had no stamp and bore no return address.

As you know, there is a pigeonhole labeled "Nixies" for such things. I didn't want it to go in "nixies" Mr. McCarthy. I had no stamps on my person at the time, so I hid it. Tell you where I put it. You know those heavy strips of paper covering the ledges in front of the pigeon holes where we put the letters? Well, at my station the paper was well worn and torn. I slide the envelope under it. Oh no, I didn't take it out of the building with me, or even put it in my pocket. That would have been too much of a violation.

At 9:15 that night on my lunch hour I went down stairs and bought some stamps. When I came back up, I retrieved the envelope and put a stamp on it. Then I took it over to the proper department where some kind soul assured me that it would be "first out".

After all, what youngster hasn't written to Santa Claus? I did, and I imagine you did. Only our parents probably saw to it that Santa Claus received the letters.

What the address on Mission Street is, I don't know. Possibly some store that had invited youngsters in. Perhaps it was the only Santa he knew or could contact. I didn't want his faith shattered.

Had you been in the same place, I imagine you would have done as I, Mr. McCarthy, and your thousands of postal employees would have given you a hearty cheer. They are doing it anyway.

Perhaps I won't be permitted to work in the post office next Christmas season, but if I am, I make a pre-confession, that should a similar thing occur, I may repeat the offense. So please, Mr. McCarthy, don't have that torn piece of paper fixed on the ledge; I might want to use it again next year. But I assure you, I won't do anything WORSE than that.

Now that I have written this I am sort of worried. Everytime our door bell rings I will think it is the FBI, or as I walk inot the post office some man might tap me gently on the shoulder and say "come with me".

A very merry Christmas to you Sir, and an Happy New Year.



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I Saw

him whistling in the rain. He was on his way to school and I judged him to be about 9 or 10.

all the other children wore coats or carried umbrellas. Not as much as a sweater did he have on and the rain was fast wetting his little blue shirt with elbow sleeves.

The thought of him sitting through the morning with damp clothing concerned me, but him - not at all.

His little "Acorn" was perched far on the



back of his head, his chin held high and  
he was whistling as a kid never whistled  
before!

There was a spontaneous impulse to give  
him a hail. He acknowledged it with a  
wave, the lips un-puckered and he  
flushed me a smile. Man - woman and  
child - What a smile! What a lift! What  
a way to start off one's day! A smile from a  
10 year old boy - "whistling in the rain!"



I saw -

a mother lift a tiny tot and sit him on a wall  
in front of her, and they both gazed out across the Bay.

It was on telegraph wire and there was a wind.  
The wind blew the tot's curls back into the mother's  
face. She didn't draw away, but placed her cheek close  
but the wind might rather blow them about her  
face. Once or twice her face embraced by tightened  
about the tot. What some great master had been  
present to reproduce her expression or canvas



1 I saw  
some penny candies out in front of a little grocery  
store in one of the industrial districts. The store didn't  
look too prosperous, but I have never been able to quite  
conquer the fascination ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> wrapped penny candies  
had for me when I was ~~very young~~ a small boy.

I found a couple of stray pennies, ~~and~~ paid  
the greasy store keeper, & selected a piece of chocolate  
peppermint wrapped in silver ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> tinfoil from one  
box, and a pink chew from another. Then I walked  
on toward the plant to keep an appointment.

The peppermint was devoured in a moment. Then



2 The pink Chew came out of its wrapper without sticking & right then, that I decided I had made a "good buy". It had a nice flavor & I noticed it didn't ~~disappear~~ disappear or diminish in size right away like most candies. If anything it even seemed larger. "Sure worth a penny" I said.

Then something happened to us. My throat began to swell; next my tongue. I couldn't swallow & it was hard to get my breath. If I did manage to force a swallow down it made my ears ring. My cheeks puffed out & I



3 seemed to be succeeding in all directions.  
I decided it must be the heat, but the day wasn't  
that hot. I got panicky & decided I'd better try to  
look ~~at~~ at myself. One of those little gum-dispensing  
machines that hang on the walls ~~in~~ in front  
of buildings had a little mirror in it but a  
dozen little Mexican kids were all around it  
& I couldn't get near. Next I tried a large  
window but it was covered with soot & I  
couldn't see my reflection.

The ~~so~~ building next to it had a large  
mirror that was clean & I could see



4.) myself perfectly. No doubt about it - I was puffed  
up. I tried to open my mouth & look inside,  
after many facial distortions I had a little  
success. ~~After~~ With violent effort I finally  
got ~~for~~ my tongue out part way.

Just then a door opened and a lady  
stepped out and in lady senatorial tones  
she thundered "Listen Myster! I never  
saw you before and that means I've never  
done anything to you. You've been standing  
there for the last few minutes sticking



5 your tongue out and making faces at me. I ain-  
jed up ~~at~~ it + it interferes with my work see.  
If you're looking for ~~the~~ trouble, we've got a  
210 lb shipping-clerk out in truck. Get get  
him for you + you can make faces at him!"

I hadn't quite lost the power of speech  
+ I answered. "Lady I am looking for  
trouble, but not the kind the ~~kind~~ the  
shipping-clerk deals out. I'm - I'm worried.  
I think something's the matter with me."  
She said well I can ease your mind



6. on that. I've got the answer to that one  
already. There is something the matter  
with you."

I said, yes, but please don't call the shipping  
clerk" + she said - "I oughta call Hope!"

My man's place was only a block away  
+ I rushed an' asked him to save me.

~~He~~ He asked me a dozen questions  
all in one breath away then - "What  
have you been eating?" I said I hadn't  
been EATING - anything - he said



7. "What's that in your mouth now - what are you chewing?" I said - "little piece o' candy. That is it was a little piece of candy a few minutes ago before this realudy came on me, but now its a tennis ball - I'm chewing a tennis ball!"

We said you're crazy!"  
I said "a lady down the street just interested the same thing - maybe its true!"  
We said "open your mouth" I said



8

"Can't".

He took both hands & in some way  
pried my mouth open. Then he looked  
his right finger inside. He pulled &  
out came the tennis ball.

"Tennis ball my eye!! you 17 kinds of a  
nut - that's Buttle Gum!! The longer you chew  
<sup>it the larger it grows</sup>

The lads all say buttle gum is great, but  
I'll never try it again unless I have a  
rescue squad with a full motor, standing  
by.

---







and a running start at that,  
but -  
It was a tip at the front door of  
the school.

My jud's room number is 100, and  
he is 101 - right across the hall.  
Excuse me for pulling myself just  
out in a case like this kid's is  
jud's + cheap for own.

Well - My body was pierced  
nobody knew anything about  
an accident or an ambulance.

My boy was embarrassed + cross-  
his tender, both amused + impatient  
I was late for work.

Heard later about the same thing  
happened to the boy's mother.

Now if either of us had had any sense in  
us, we would have known that a child  
couldn't have been stuck or run over,  
an ambulance called for on its way, all in  
the space of time that it takes a street  
car to travel about 10 blocks.

But then, Parents who saw what

was going on I saw  
her kiss him good-bye at the  
corner.

He was a twisted, red-haired  
little fellow with knobs under  
his arm, on his way to school,  
and she was his mother, (I  
since learned) on her way to work.

I've also learned that the  
father is dead and the mother  
and son boys!

As her street car came she  
pressed him to her, I heard her  
say - "How he careful crossing  
streets!" He promised he would.

Only a few moments before I  
had given my own, the same  
admission, and he laughingly  
finished the daily instructions  
of my wife and myself 'yes



morning, about a peeling job." Right away I thought "Yes Jim going to be promoted, a sumptuous" - It turned out to be a sumptuous.

Continuing he said - "We were going to hire another salesman, as you see there are several men outside & I have a lot of letters here from other applicants. There is one however that makes me think it won't be necessary to interview any of them. Any man with such an imposing array of accomplishments, as this one, gets the job. Yes sir I must have got it!" He tossed the letter across the desk. I immediately

felt myself getting red. It was my own. He enjoyed my embarrassment for a moment & then said seriously - "You're doing well here. We hadn't thought of replacing you. Jim coming clean with you - if you are looking around - come clean with me - as long as you're about it I can hire the man as early as you."

I came clean. I told him I was happy there. That I had announced the ad - only partly seriously. ~~But~~ - that I would listen to most any man's proposition, but I would not necessarily accept it. He is a regular fellow, he understood. That's not all - he expected to be understood. His assistant is young & dynamic - impulsive. If he so chose - he has the authority to fire me. He tosses me back him up.

As yet the two had not had their morning conference. The assistant had not seen the letters of the applicants. The Sales mgr. knows I have two kids & a wife. He held my letter up in front of him & as if to lean it up & put hesitated - "Suppose we consider this matter between just the two of us - and consider it closed - OK?" "OK" I said - did I just tell I had met it. He took the letter up & I saw some small little things since to show me that he has forgotten it & that I had sent over Acknowledgments to show him I offered it.



Dear Bob,

Glenn is going to do a hand letter to write.  
Had I written to thank you & tell you how much I  
enjoyed your high school paper, when I showed her,  
they loved it. It is necessary to express two  
emotions.

We just heard from Mrs. Betty about the death of  
your mother. My mother & daddy were greatly  
shocked and I am very, very sorry. I want to express  
my sympathy.

Perhaps you might enjoy looking over my parcel as  
much as I did your paper & tobacco mail it to you  
soon.



I saw  
an ad in a Sunday paper. A friend ad in the  
employment section that gave only a box number,  
it stated it was not for the want-ad addict,  
but for exceptional men who were habitually reading  
the want ads for the first time. Also it said they  
were experimenting with the ad.

I have never answered an ad. With some  
curiosity and some reservations I answered this  
one and gave not <sup>any</sup> too modest, and yet a somewhat  
truthful accounting of my <sup>past</sup> employment.  
All answers were to be entirely confidential.

Monday when I came home - there was an envelope  
left too soon. Nothing on Tuesday, so I forgot about it.  
I have been in my present connection for quite some  
time, I like it, and am doing reasonably well.  
We have a sales meeting every morning at 8:30. The sales  
manager's assistant. I missed it,

Wednesday, just after the meeting the sales mgr. wanted  
over and "come on down stairs into my office for a  
minute - I want to talk to you."

I had had a fair amount of paper as I knew everything  
was alright. I was not apprehensive, but when he told  
me to sit down - you never can tell.

Outside his door were several strange men. They  
looked like salesmen looking for a job.

He told me I entered his office, he closed the door.  
With a piece of paper he has about making you feel at ease he  
said - "we are going to interview several men this



The only prize I ever won was one of those "Name the meanest man I know" contests, conducted by a newspaper.

Mine was, "The meanest man I know is one who would stop up the knot-hole when a kid was watching a big base ball game, bases full and two out."

The judges awarded me third prize, and down at the bottom of the letter was a note from the Editor that said—"Personal experiences are always better than fiction. Congratulations".

The more I thought about it, the more it sounded like a dirty remark. I was gonna send his old prize back to him but it was ~~a six~~ a six month's free subscription to his paper and my "pitcher" was gonna be in it. Gee whilikens!

#### I KNOW

a man, past forty who has never learned to swim. Nothing especially unusual about that perhaps, except in his case he has always been something of an athlete. ~~He has never had~~ It is an uncontrollable fear of water. He has never had a terrifying experience that would cause it, and his mother says there was nothing pre-natal. He has never been able to overcome it. He admits it is foolish; in fact he even jokes about it. Says he even leaves the bath room door open when he goes in to take a bath.



To-morrow night - if you are,  
I'll be there.

~~I've been very near to lunch,~~  
Once I asked him if he wanted  
anything. He said "No - my  
dads working + once a while I  
sell a few potatoes."

We'll meet to-morrow - every day  
this summer. Sometimes the bell  
rings late - but we haven't  
missed yet.

Recently there was a hot air  
show. This was hot air when







I had to the spot. Yes I saw several  
campfires or still the corner was vacant,  
at home he had said he was in a  
hurry, but a third time he drove  
around the block.

This time, on the corner stood a little  
boy on crutches. His face was expectant.

My friend said - Hi - Bill! - The  
youngster answered - Hi Bill!!

The host seemed a different man  
Finally I said - That little boy seems



4) ~~duffy~~  
attentive man, cold well, he  
said - "do you know how many steers he  
slaughtered - lambs he killed + pigs he  
studs? - Well - so many hundred  
- a record day!"

He hoped he wasn't rushing me but he  
wanted to get back to the plant as soon as  
possible.

He drove the car himself. We got into one  
of the poorer districts of a certain town  
he slowed down + seemed to be looking for  
someone. He never did. He turned off  
its regular course, around the block +



3) Right across here is where we fell  
hips - if you want to see something pretty  
wild, the way that crazy fellow sticks  
the things into a pig's chest. I have  
heard the saying about "Hledun" like  
"a shud's hip" - well this fellow says  
he's the originator of it & wants more pay  
for it - so I give it to him."

"Dude after 12 now & seen the place -  
come on out, see the house & have lunch."

We never got business - so any  
interested with us ditcher, ~~to~~



2) I saw a man with leather chion,  
arms bare + covered to elbow with black  
I pay him two dollars a day more than  
the rest of my killers. I love to watch  
him sink an axe between the horns  
of a steer. He can cut him a drop in  
quicker than any man I know.

"Now lets go over to the sheep pen."

That short fellow <sup>that</sup> is a Brusquel. He comes  
from the Pyrenees - between Spain + France.  
Sheep is all they know - He can slit a  
lambs throat in a second if he saws.  
He gets a dollar a day.



1) I know

a man who has made a fortune in the  
wholesale butchery business. His plant is  
conceded to be the best in the district.

One morning he invited me to drive  
out with him to see it.

He turned me over, as he put it, to one  
of his men, while he got through his  
mail, and he would see me later.

We met in the "killing department"  
on a platform above the "killing floor" where  
men stood, with arms fixed + shovels  
beside.

"See that man down there," he said.







## Companionship + Communion

Perhaps there are few things that are finer than companionship. Whether it is between human beings, where discourse & exchange of ideas are obtained through the medium of spoken word, or whether it is between human beings & animals, or birds - (pets - what ever they may be) where companionship comes through mutual understanding; silent perhaps, but no less deep in affection or understanding.

Times there may be when these are not obtainable, or at the moment, men desire when one wants to be alone, and yet the term "to be alone" is hardly correct, because with so much around, it is hardly possible to be alone. That is communion! Would say communion is not necessarily mean communion with the Infinite!! Working remotely approaches that, when one may go to one church - or any hallowed spot and sit in holy communion. But if one wants to commune with earthly things - things, its earthly <sup>but</sup> nobly touched & colored as only He could touch and color them - go to the foot of Wyde St. Hyde + Wood Point, in winter.

Go, especially on a clear, sunny day, although we have on logs a chilly blast, joyless & cloudless sky mirrors itself in the Bay with a color that almost rivalles Oregon's Catal Lake or - the Mediterranean.







I Know

*Writing*

two men who sell 'out -of-town' papers in San Francisco. One walks hurriedly back and forth in front of his little wagon at the curb calling "out of town papers. Out of town papers", in a tire-some monotone that is scarcely understandable. I have ~~re~~ passed his stand times without number and it has never occurred to me to buy a paper from him.

The other sits on a stool by his curb-stone stand and seems to study faces in the passing crowd. Then he calls, with a ring in his voice that makes you tingle--"Your h o m e t o w n paper". Your h o m e--e town paper."

Its not so much that I want to read our old Morning Bugle or The Evening Messenger, but its ~~what~~ the note in his voice that ~~that~~ makes me see swimmin holes and patches of waving corn; get the scent again that is blown in from a newly-mown alfalfa field; the almost matchless blue of a Nevada sky, or the clearness of one of its nights. The drowsy drone of a bee-hive on a sultry summer afternoon. The moss that clings around the edges of the well, and the always cool rush of air that meets your face when you look ~~down~~- lean over and look down to see your reflection in the water; the dripping of the cold water as you draw up a fresh bucket full. The black birds in the cottonwood trees and ~~the-thrill-of~~ ~~and~~ the looking forward to the last day of school and the thrill of the first day of summer vacation when it finally arrived. Goin bare-foot 'n wearin nothin but a pair of bib overalls and shirt, and wishin it would hurry up and get hot 'nuff to (Not pull off our underwear, but lets say it as we said it then) 'go 'thout our undershirt 'n drawers'. Get on the gentle old horse ~~that~~ that 'rode double; and go over to another kid's house, let him 'climb

on behind' and ride around to other kids' houses and maybe see if they had ~~more~~ a bigger pile of dried corn-silks to smoke that we did. Back home 'fore it got dark, and WHAT a supper. Thats why I once in a while go out of my way to let that fellow sell me my ~~H\*O\*O\*M\*E\*\*~~ H O O M E e town paper.

*Summer weeds*

*Swallows flying in with fresh mud built nests under eaves of barn. meadow lark - notes no end was broken after to reproduce*

*The red currants, and the north whiff scratches on your hands from gathering <sup>picking</sup> from eaten ripe goose berries right off the <sup>stick</sup> ~~tree~~ <sup>stems</sup> ~~tree~~ <sup>stems</sup>. Carve your initials on trees.   
 *ankle deep in dry leaves in disfall.**



Sunday Aug. 5<sup>th</sup>.

1- 147 <sup>new</sup> Sub 2.50 -	1
1- 5.00 ✓	2
1- 5.00 ✓	2
1- 5.00 ✓	2
1- 10.00 ✓	4
1- 5.00 ✓	2
1- 10.00 ✓	4
1- 2.50 ✓	1
<hr/>	
	18

Tue - Aug 12<sup>th</sup>.

1- 147 - new - 2.50 -	1
1- R.H. - un. 2.50 -	1
1- 2.50 -	1
1- 5.00	2
1- 25.00 -	10
1- 10.00 -	4
1- 10.00 -	4
1- 5.00 -	2
1- 5.00 -	2
1- 5.00 -	2
1- 20.00	8

36 + 1<sup>25</sup>R.H.

Sat Aug 6<sup>th</sup>

20?

1- 147 <sup>new</sup> sub - 2.50 -	1
1- " " 2.50 -	1
<hr/>	
	2

Mon - Aug - 8<sup>th</sup>

4- 147 - new - 10.00 - 4

Tue - Aug 9<sup>th</sup>

1- 3.00 - long	1
1- 5.00 -	2
1- 10.00 -	4
1- 5.00 -	2
1- 10.00 -	4

1- 2.50 new - 13.70 / 3.00 long

17

Wed. Aug - 10<sup>th</sup>

1- 147 <sup>new</sup> 2.50 -	1
1- " " 5.00 -	2
1- " " 10.00 -	4
<hr/>	
	7

Thurs Aug 11<sup>th</sup>

1- 5.00 -	2
1- 5.00 -	2
1- 5.00 -	2
1- 10.00 -	4
1- 5.00 -	2
1- 5.00 -	2

18







- Pictures -

What a deplorable state it is when, in, who are not at war, look at war-pictures - pictures of bombings - sea-coast in action - troops marching - destruction - suffering - and accept them as commonplace - they're not even being printed on the pages of our newspapers that show them.

But worst of all ~~troubled~~ ~~times~~, not as such - it war history. Only as our normal human being to other normal human beings, its the commonplace with which we accept pictures of refusal - children landing in quivers. At first our bank were

struck with pity when we saw pictures of this landing, always they're crowded on the front of the steamer, smiling ~~and~~ waving their hands or hats - (if any ~~were~~)

Now, even that appears almost daily - and we glance - see, too sad's tears the page. <sup>(they)</sup> one looks the time to study the expressions or analyzing their <sup>eyes</sup> - <sup>now</sup> we don't have to parents, or even blood kin to lose children.

But as a parent, if you let I, would avoid war I get you does picture. It appeared today - in a local newspaper of the picture children landing in New York. Not a deck full of faces facing you - no - just the backs of 3 children

of something that  
to the war -  
also with means -  
like descent from  
just looks like down



Birth day.

"Spud" was eleven the day he got his first  
real job. We say real, because there were  
times when he sold papers on the corner <sup>after school</sup>  
<sup>in the units</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>best</sup> <sup>friend</sup> <sup>old</sup> <sup>man</sup> Bullot's driver, helped  
him deliver groceries + meats.

That morning he bounded up the long stairway  
3 steps at a time to the tiny flat and breath-  
lessly pounded out the news to his mother.

"I got it ma! I'm on steady. Start to work  
at noon at the ferry building. gonna sell da  
journal-news. get through at half past six. see  
what a break. Schools out - I got a job, 'n I'm  
'leven - all in one day. Mac's a good guy, did  
all he said he would. Took me down to da journal  
delivery man - told him I'd sell more papers  
after school 'n all de other kids <sup>but Bullot's</sup> ~~did~~ <sup>all</sup> day.  
see he was sweet. just on account o' Mac's  
bossing I got a good spot at da ferry building.  
We <sup>all</sup> say all I ~~do~~ got a do is show I kin  
cut da mustard 'n someday I'll get a  
~~big~~ big corner up town.



I Wonder

why I always feel I could walk right up and make friends with a person who steps out of a crowd and takes a man 'with a white cane' gently by the arm and helps him across the street?

\*\*\*\*\*

why it is, just after I have gotten off a boot-black stand, about the first half block I either stub my toe, step in a puddle, or some stray pooch comes up and licks my shoes?

\*\*\*\*\*

why in newspaper language the word 'Thirty' means "the end", or "that's all"? I put it at the end of some stuff once and sent it to the Editor. It wasn't the Joke Editor either. When it came back, he had scratched out the 'Thirty', and put a big 'TWENTY-THREE!' I wonder why? Yeah, 'n you wonder why I wonder.

THIRTY.



# GURLEY-LORD TIRE CO.

DISTRIBUTORS

SOLIDS—GOOD YEAR—PNEUMATICS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

*W.C. Brown*  
*2922 Bush*  
*Blumen*  
*W. Brown*  
*Rubel Stearns*

Some boys of the age of <sup>about</sup> 11 were discussing the boys' happenings in general, and what had transpired at school, in particular. More than the usual amount of slang and quite a bit of swearing was injected into the conversation.

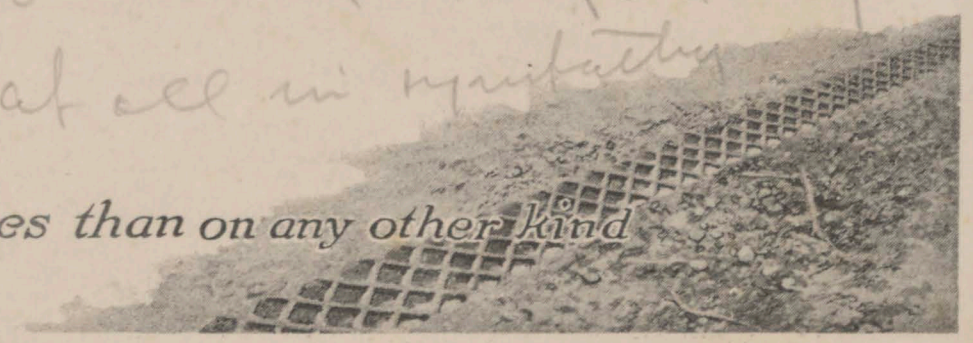
A fifth lad, somewhat older, probably 16, and not too masculine in type listened in. Frequently he protested and attempted to take the group to task. From various remarks it could be gathered that he was the "goody-good" of the neighborhood and taken upon himself the commendable task of stamping out swearing.

As the discussion became more animated, more objectionable words were being used, with the result that the protests from the by boy became more frequent.

Finally the youngster who had been doing most of the talking voiced his disapproval - "Aw for the love o' Mike, pray, cut out yer preachin'. Go on home & play the harp."

Still another <sup>young</sup> child next at all in sympathy.

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind





with Percy, did not intend to miss a <sup>departure</sup> ~~course~~ for some  
fun. He was armed with a fact + intended to use it  
so he said. "Was do YOU get a license to haul Percy  
out? I saw YOU come out of St Mary's the other day!"

The first boy shot back his answer immediately - "Oh  
well, I admit I go to church, but I don't go around  
sawtin all day!"

With the almost innumerable sayings of children,  
surely it is pardonable for a parent to recount a few that  
at the time at least, were amusing. However, the  
conditions or environment under which such things  
take place are often quite as important as the actual  
utterances themselves, with the result that much  
is lost in trying to re-tell them.

When our little girl was ~~was~~ about 3 she was told that  
some boys <sup>all</sup> ~~to~~ ~~be~~ up to stand ~~was~~ with her aunt  
& uncle who lived in a town about 150 miles distant from St.

When she was put to bed in the <sup>separate</sup> ~~travelling~~ ~~car~~, she was told  
that she must go right to sleep because we had to get up <sup>very</sup>  
early the morning morning to catch the train. The days  
were short and not only was it dark when she went to bed  
but when 'the morning' arrived it was still dark. When we  
awakened her & told her it was time to get up & get ready to go to her  
aunties she peered sleepily about & inquired - "So this is night  
or the-morning?"



RETAIL PRICE LIST

	New Plymouth Six Business Models <u>5 Wheels</u>	Plymouth De Luxe <u>5 Wheels</u>	De Luxe <u>6 Wheels</u>	Duplicate <u>Thruout</u>
	Business Coupe	713.00	787.50	843.50
R. S. Coupe		842.50	898.50	7.50
Convertible Coupe		907.50	963.50	Standard
2-Door Sedan	738.00	837.50	893.50	10.00
4-Door Sedan	773.00	872.50	928.50	10.00
Commercial Sedan	838.00			10.00
2-Door Touring Sedan		856.00	902.00	10.00
4-Door Touring Sedan		891.00	937.00	10.00
7-Passenger Sedan 128"		1107.50	1163.50	10.00
Traveler Sedan 128"		1101.00	1147.00	10.00

Plymouth prices include Tire, Tube, Metal Cover (Fabric on Six)  
Bpr. Guards & Air Cleaner.

EXTRA EQUIPMENT:

Painted Fenders	10.00
Philco Radio	44.95
One Fenderwell (installed at factory)	5.75
DeLuxe Access. Group (DeLuxe Only)	18.50
" " " (Plym. Six)	23.00
20" Steel Disc Wheels( " " )	15.00

	Chrysler Airstream 6		Chrysler Airstream 8 De Luxe Models	
	<u>5 Wheels</u>	<u>6 Wheels</u>	<u>5 Wheels</u>	<u>6 Wheels</u>
Business Coupe	1023.00	1068.00	1199.00	1249.00
R. S. Coupe	1089.00	1150.50	1235.00	1301.50
Convertible Coupe	1150.00	1211.50	1285.00	1351.50
4-Door Sedan	1110.00	1171.50	1275.00	1341.50
2-Door Touring Brougham	1099.00	1150.50	1255.00	1311.50
4-Door Touring Sedan	1135.00	1186.50	1299.00	1355.50
Traveler Sedan 133"			1535.00	1591.50
7-Passenger Sedan 133"			1535.00	1601.50

Chrysler Airstream prices include Spare Tires, Tubes, Metal Covers,  
Duplicate Throughout, Painted Fenders, Bpr. Guards & Air Cleaner.  
All Airstream Eights are also equipped with Rear Wheel Shield,  
Dual Horns, Chrome Radiator & Grill, Fender Guide Lights &  
Luggage Space behind Rear Seat. Traveler Sedan & 7-Pass.  
Sedan are equipped with aluminum head.

EXTRA EQUIPMENT

Radio	44.95
Rear Wheel Shields Chrysler 6	10.00
Accessory Group "A"	19.50
" " " "B" Chrysler 6	7.50
Aluminum Head Chrysler 6	7.00

Chrysler Airflow Models  
Airflow Eight : Airflow Imperial

Business Coupe	1625.00	
Six Passenger Coupe	1625.00	1850.00
Six Passenger Sedan	1630.00	1875.00

Airflow Custom Imperial Models  
137" Wheelbase    146" Wheelbase

Sedan	2750.00	5600.00
Sedan Limousine	2750.00	5600.00
Town Sedan	2850.00	5750.00
Town Sedan Limousine	2850.00	5750.00

Airflow prices include Spare Tires, Tubes, Metal Cover on Sedan,  
Rear Wheel Shields, Duplicate Glass, Booster Brakes, and Overdrive Trans.

*get here - they? Of course. You are also's nearly go. She must to take care of her little children & loved  
them + yrs. before they are finished away - she said it was like leaving her own; she left  
her car + 5m. drive to go on leaving her - although she's afraid with long - they will with a hill of beans  
She makes her too.*



"all aboard" and the <sup>old</sup> French custom - got passed in  
name passed my wife, <sup>may</sup> I passed the conductor  
probably the only reason I didn't kiss the  
colored porter is, <sup>got</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>got</sup> ~~take~~ <sup>take</sup> the chair car. ~~It~~  
It didn't have a porter.

She used to live right across the street from  
us, in a grand little <sup>house</sup> ~~ottage~~ that stood back  
from the street. There was a picket fence - a  
regular picket fence with a swinging gate -  
I don't know if it is a country <sup>house</sup> or in a <sup>city</sup> <sup>house</sup> - <sup>anyway</sup>  
right in the city. Flowers around the house.

She was at our house often. Whether it  
was Sunday or date, I always managed to walk across  
the street with her. Sometimes we would stand  
at her gate for a little while before she went  
inside. I used to kiss her good night.

After several years we moved to a town - not far  
away from the city. I being married you will say  
it was a good thing. We were away for 5 years.  
Several times through Soamba.

Then we moved back. I went to see her. She'd been  
myself but met me at the door. Her face had been  
sweetly face. I went to her arms around my neck & her  
tears came fast. I kissed her & patted her

~~Mr. ...~~  
~~We are not married (to see other) ...~~  
~~about it and ...~~  
Vol. 10. (12<sup>th</sup> / Question)

Pardon me for putting myself first.  
You a married man & he is a widow.  
This has been going on (off and on) for  
fourteen years.

My wife knows about it!!! So do our children.  
Believe it or not there are our people I kiss,  
my mother, my wife, my daughter, my son,  
my sister - and her.

Oh well maybe there are a few others  
but they don't count - like me & what some my  
good good friends. I see her & her wife  
who was going to France to see their little  
boy when they had not seen for 7 years.

My wife & I look them & the tears. Many  
other French people were there. Emotion was  
running high.  
On the grand event that followed

(What a mean thing  
not what he knows  
...)



## The Creed of the Alaskan Indian.

In Portsmouth Square where the friendly poplar trees sway above the ship that is Robert Louis Stevenson's monument, benches <sup>border</sup> ~~border~~ the paths that bisect the lawns.

It is a pleasant little park and one may meditate, or write or sketch, unmolested, or fall into easy conversation without the formality of an introduction.

To these benches and lawns come the people of many nationalities. The characters themselves, or the tales they tell, be they true or fictional, ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> worthy material for a master pen.

One might even imagine ~~that~~ that the spirit of Stevenson haunts the ship each night and summons the spirits of other writers of tales and they cruise about the park dropping gems, to be gathered each day.

A man whose once powerful body, stooped with toil and now shrunk with infirmity, and



whose face bespoke years of hardship in the far north  
where he had gone as a young man, told of his  
conversation with an old Indian in Alaska.

He was ~~broken~~ ill in health, his earnings were  
almost gone and he felt he could not stand the  
signs of another Alaskan winter. He wanted to  
return to California, but had no place to live.  
The Indian asked, "have you no brother?"



at all happened because his Pete Baylac  
didn't like the flower in Wesley Johnson's  
button-hole. Not that he didn't like that  
particular flower, because Wesley wore a different  
kind nearly every day. It was just the fact  
Pete didn't like the idea of any kind of a  
flower in any body's button-hole.

Pete drove a truck & wore a leather shirt  
on his overalls. His hands were like hands <sup>with</sup> ~~his~~  
knuckles <sup>stood out</sup> looked like marbled knots on a oak  
tree. Wesley sold radios & wore tailored  
clothes. His hands were white & his nails  
<sup>carefully</sup> ~~was~~ manicured.

They just saw one another at Mario's place.



Just Scott Tump

Leaving 9  
might descent  
same

For a long time I've wanted to pray in a Catholic church,  
nothing unusual about that perhaps, except that I am a  
Protestant. I respect anybody's religion.

At times I've attended ~~Catholic~~ services here in  
Catholic churches with ~~friends of my~~ <sup>not wishing to</sup> friends of that  
faith, but I always wanted to go alone.  
I did it! It was <sup>Wed. afternoon</sup> ~~last~~ week. There was no one  
else there. I was not a Catholic or Catholic  
showed up. He whispered back - "Do as you wish".  
So I sat down & prayed, I also recited a poem I  
had written. Leaving the church I discovered to my  
astonishment. In my pocket I discovered two letters I  
had not mailed - one to my daughter - one  
to my son. Outside the church was a ~~mail~~  
mail box. As I dropped the letters in, I  
felt that somehow they arrived at  
blessings of both families - the one I  
had just left and anyway - the one I  
'was a nice feeling'!!



Who Cares about this?

Well, as I was going to ~~tell~~ say I had a week's vacation coming so I left work at 8<sup>30</sup> + hurried up & caught the 4 o'clock train.

I have a poster lining in Camel & every year I go down to visit her for sentimental reasons. I can just not wait to go into that. (Correction -) nothing sentimental - I just like the race!!!

A wretched quail  
in wretched wood.

—  
She has no wicker  
bent to beam

But feathered

restored her car.

The wicker guest  
in wicker seat  
Picked in a branch  
in wicker and quail  
Picked in a branch  
in wicker seat  
restored her car.  
The wicker guest  
in wicker seat

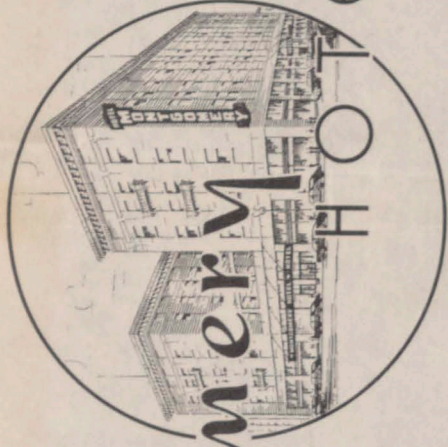
gone in but in on the ground  
The wicker guest in wicker seat  
The wicker guest in wicker seat  
The wicker guest in wicker seat



# Montgomery

RALPH G. CALDWELL, MANAGER

HOTEL



SAN JOSE  
CALIFORNIA

now I don't look look over  
people's shoulders to see what  
they're up to ~~they~~ nearby, I feel  
relaxed and happy & having  
wonderful time with you & Miss  
Ellen

ON CALIFORNIA'S MISSION TRAILS  
THE SCENIC OCEAN ROUTE  
U. S. HIGHWAY 101



July, I had ~~never~~<sup>not</sup> read Shelley's  
"A Skylark" at the time this was  
composed or is this left hand  
superfluous? I remember later  
when I learned what a ~~stab~~  
simily is, I had liked my  
"polished rhapsody" - meaning a  
hand.

High School age came next, and  
in S.F. and in and after months of  
city life I went into the adjacent  
country and wrote this - I never  
revised it - or finished it -  
just a fragment -

All in the midst of a garden fair,  
When climbing rose <sup>scents</sup> the air,  
I had blossomed, forgetful to be  
Sweet and wooded in its ~~best~~ <sup>prime</sup>  
and while it blossomed, addressed

and grew  
a low - low wind came then to me,  
Happy the day this was begun  
To be loved and wooed, and wooed  
and won.



Gently of lawn he brought her down -  
Coolly of noon, for he he sleep  
They softly at eve returned to work  
Sipping her soul, as lovers do.

Still living in the city and  
longing for things green and  
+ quiet & good night, found  
place in an adjacent and  
old cemetery. I used to go there  
after school. My elegy  
had its influence -

Green is the grass and fair the  
flowers,  
and sweet is the scent they carry,  
The place goes for thoughtful hours  
In that peaceful cemetery.  
Here Mother Nature rests her wings  
When warm the sun is shining  
The sweet and sad the lull  
In rules of my living -







Along its paths of lovely green  
made locher still by growth of  
notly  
a lovely lad way off to see  
The wandering melancholy,  
The sun that flaps, her soft warm  
rays,  
The grass waves as a fellow  
with the breeze that flutters  
for dooping wetting below.

~~Remember~~  
You will remember writing the  
the 3<sup>rd</sup> stanza - it 'along its paths  
of lovely green - etc - and ending -  
a lovely lad way off to see etc  
on the juice surrounding a  
grass in a particularly  
lovely spot of woods then  
just that for lines and  
~~9~~ 9 used to be high above  
often + not + read them +  
+ wonder if other people would  
see + read them + and in  
that atmosphere would



It seemed so natural that I should  
wander down there, in fact I didn't  
just wander, I deliberately went there  
as I just re-read those words "I  
deliberately went there" - and I  
don't like them, because there has  
~~never~~ <sup>not</sup> been anything deliberate  
any of my trips down there - I  
just lazily ~~wander~~ stroll  
back - feeling quite certain ~~that~~  
all well to the sand, and ~~it~~  
not in the least portico

Differ trip - no wind meter. Waves  
made higher - W. Green - from handbooks  
I could enjoy enjoying at some day huff  
while even in heavy beach. Then  
busy moving some <sup>cars</sup> ~~cars~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>depot</sup> ~~depot~~ <sup>high</sup> ~~high~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~at  
the engineer high in his at  
seat got pulled the rope gave a cut~~

Utopia - Holy Land - El Dorado

friendly took at the some children, who  
were sitting on the wall, he got smiled  
at them & they waved.

Then had talking men who waving their  
hands & that that ~~is~~ early this a.m.  
wind had come over radio about the  
time of sundown, having gone up to 1000 feet  
a ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~connecting~~ <sup>connecting</sup> + they was a lot of  
activity down by the wharfs & boats  
ready to go out - I was a nervous man  
sat down beside me + for a moment he  
sort of resisted. I mentioned how nice it  
was to look out over the water & the hills  
around the place he said you can get from  
your <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>getting</sup> ~~getting~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>ac</sup> ~~ac~~ <sup>clat</sup> ~~clat~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~but <sup>Brother</sup> ~~Brother~~  
- he up & <sup>myself</sup> ~~myself~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>price</sup> ~~price~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of <sup>fish</sup> ~~fish~~  
- he up & ~~left~~ <sup>left</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup>.~~~~~~



100% of success <sup>meal 2100</sup>

Just - meal - alerts might may dip, but  
might dip, <sup>in price</sup> but the value of beauty  
& friendly trees & kindly people, never declines  
So I refused to let myself be distressed by  
what may be a flurry in the market.  
In fact I select the advance because  
I know as years go on, I'll be enriched  
by them.

I took myself to task today  
(ah yes & sometimes do)  
That I permit depression to sway,  
My soul to change  
with that lethargy  
That steals me and you.

D. J. Brown Wps 02  
S. P. Patrick Sta - Wps 02  
S. P. Patrick Wps 02

Proclamation Wps 02

Wps 02  
Wps 02



# Ship-Yards-

Well - "I made the grade!" Jim in the Ship-Yards!! and don't ever let anyone tell you it's easy to get into the Ship-Yards. Unless, perhaps you're a skilled mechanic - or a skilled mechanic's helper. It's neither - so I went in as a laborer;

I don't praise you with my part left. So let's "call it a day" & say, that Jim knows a better day. Anyway a recital of my part would be ~~2. down~~ dwarfed by stories, both true & false of people in 29 & 30 who went from Cob to Notions, that mine indeed, would raise the ~~the~~ putiful!

Just a back-ground? - Jim 51. Daughter 21 - <sup>from Golden</sup> graduated last June - got her 9.15 - taking a year of teacher training - Son 14 - in 1st year of high school - ~~was~~ - wife - home help - normal, I. I.?



# Parment Powder,

It's a good salesman and a nice fellow,  
But he has one fault! Too much liquor! Both  
during and after business hours. Yet most of his  
customers like it.

Yes one of those almost lovable people who call a spade  
what it is.

Looks like hair said by Utah, or many old England

## Chewing Gum & Sheds.

Until today I haven't known that chewing gum and  
sheds were ~~not~~ went together in any other way than  
this and in all times - viz. if you stop in some body's  
gum, it sticks to your sheds.

I belong to a branch of that respectable army known as  
the "Take It for Granted's." We take it for granted that  
we are welcome at any time to drop into the hotel lobby, select  
a seat, not spend a cent & watch the passing show.  
If your tired - drop in & rest - if it's cold outside - come in & get  
some heat - if it's warm - come in & cool off. If it's none  
of them - just drop in & rest - & many a question asked or  
even an enquiry - much less a duty look from the  
managers - please them generous, but taken advantage of  
hearts! If this reaches the eyes of day - I say



say "less than hearts" & I hope they will see & know  
if you happen to be the retiring type, & are a little shy or  
embarrassed about walking into the lobby - just go quietly in  
look around & if you see an empty chair - <sup>select it</sup> select it. But  
may be it's a big hotel - <sup>mean</sup> if you are the great big  
energetic - plain - strong - two fasted type who  
has no limit to loss. Dash in - pause in the  
center of the lobby & sweep it with a glance, an  
unfalsant glance. Think of it looks too raw, hurry over  
to the desk & ask the clerk if Mr. J. Elwood Hunt from  
Denver is registered. If you haven't asked it too often the  
general accommodating, well groomed smiling clerk  
will consult the register & come back & say "sorry sir,  
no Mr. J. Elwood Hunt registered from Denver". But if  
you are a good host, you best to know all the  
angles. If they happen to be a certain look in the clerk's  
eyes - or a little comb in his hair you do go back him  
with the puzzled look & say - "no?" "English names  
admission?" "yes sir" - "name from the south?" "yes sir" -  
"in reservation for him?" "yes sir". You're not kidding.  
Thank him & say maybe he will come in on a bus & you'll  
know - then you crack over the help yourself down the fan  
alert eye on the revolving door, & when you are out the  
clerk or tell him you don't want any more information



USED CAR PRICE LIST 3-3-36

NO.	MAKE	TYPE	YEAR	CYL	SERIAL	MOTOR	MODEL	LICENSE	LIST
285	Auburn	sedan	1933	8	3540A	GU79319B	8-101	6K9984	485
396	Auburn	bro.	1933	12	12-161-1003B	152		2K3890	475
406	Auburn	sedan	1930	8		31095		8D1232	195
573	Auburn	sedan	1930		125-3473	32769	125B	5J4573	265
643	Auburn	sedan	1935	8	1181-A	GG1905	8-51	4E5185	1195
<del>720</del>	<del>Auburn</del>	<del>sedan</del>	<del>1927</del>	<del>6</del>	<del>2771798</del>	<del>1L-322</del>		<del>1D4125</del>	<del>65</del>
R731	Auburn	sedan	1931	8	25069A	60532			345
734	Auburn	sedan							165
564	Buick	sedan	1932		2612413	2763104	32-57	2E5745	465
631	Buick	sedan	1928					9P7876	145
686	Buick	rdstr.	1930		2317277	2441647		2D288	195
717	Buick	coupe	1931	8	2493297	2642350	56S	1J5353	345
423	Chev.	coupe	1934	6	2DA02-5901	4075095		1H7666	545
604	Chev.	sedan	1934		6DA03-9264	4120470	Mas.	7A7355	575
693	Chev.	tr.sed.	1934					2K4823	585
698	Chev.	coach	1935	6	6EA03-4304	4964904	Mas.	1K9904	665
<del>705</del>	<del>Chev.</del>	<del>coach</del>	<del>1926</del>		<del>6V-24978</del>	<del>2534928</del>		<del>5J3371</del>	<del>45</del>
714	Chev.	B.cpe.	1929		6AC-63628	1260606		6H4101	165
<del>715</del>	<del>Chev.</del>	<del>cab.</del>	<del>1931</del>		<del>1AE40205</del>	<del>2622535</del>		<del>4K3422</del>	<del>345</del>
<del>732</del>	<del>Chev.</del>	<del>coach</del>	<del>1934</del>						<del>485</del>
704	Chrys.	sedan	1931	6	6521332	CM2040		1D3593	295
719	Chrys.	sedan	1927		524RRR	H427225	60	1D6363	90
<del>724</del>	<del>Chrys.</del>	<del>coupe</del>	<del>1930</del>		<del>C118CP</del>	<del>W13616</del>	<del>77</del>	<del>6G8800</del>	<del>365</del>
470	DeSoto	coupe	1930		KD190Y	104041		3J5438	245
593	Dodge	coupe	1934		3714236	DR43366		4X8329	585
662	Essex	sedan	1930		1193652	1270449		6K1583	185
519	Ford	coupe	1934		18-615970	same	V8	4J931	465
586	Ford	coach	1933		18-343245	same	V8	8J6176	395
653	Ford	rdstr.	1930						165
677	Ford	Sp.cpe.	1930		A2963450	same		1K6733	245
687	Ford	sedan	1933		18-345349	same	V8	4K2591	395
<del>694</del>	<del>Ford</del>	<del>coach</del>	<del>1929</del>		<del>A764966</del>	<del>same</del>		<del>9J9459</del>	<del>165</del>
699	Ford	rdstr.	1933		18-334064			4K4969	395
703	Ford	rdstr.	1930		A3093567	same		1D800	195
712	Ford	deL.cpe.	1933		18-408330	same		8J4384	395
726	Ford	coupe	1931		A4526773	same		7H2557	265
706	Ford	sedan	1934						495
280	Hudson	coach	1929		860470	594887		6K9730	145
<del>723</del>	<del>Hudson</del>	<del>coach</del>	<del>1926</del>		<del>721080</del>	<del>417263</del>		<del>6H4197</del>	<del>65</del>
527	Hup.	sedan	1931	8	L9787	L9507		3D2277	365
684	Hup.	sedan	1929	6	A136826	A137727		7J9842	165
727	Hup.	coupe	1929	6	A130539	A131577	Vict.	6H3770	165

~~729 Jewett coach 1926~~

She says she has not  
 suffered, but wishes to  
 know because she said  
 seems handle the long  
 handled open, slip  
 down + stir + change up the  
 delicious looks they do.  
 About how for effect,  
 particularly of raised quantity,  
 because of the fact that  
 mild - and my wife + I  
 know about it.  
 One day I stopped my  
 car to see to see how  
 about a certain thing  
 that included with  
 of me - the man  
 admitted my + I would  
 in the reaction had  
 from the top of the stairs  
 I could not help but be  
 my to the man. I see him



9/Nov -

and am among many who lost a certain lady who is nearly eighty.

Most of her life she has been loved for her generosity and kindness, & her ministrations were unheralded and usually known only to the beneficiaries themselves.

She has had much of the world's goods and knows the price things in life. During recent years however she has been reduced and reduced.

It is not possible for her to carry on as before. Occasionally she arises when she can do so but she has always liked - to help.

She has had to get up her house. Now it she was able to preserve her furniture and other personal effects. Many of these were of monetary value, others rich in sentiment only, but rich indeed.

Set soaking wet."

She ran for the house & up the long front steps in a thin gown with the rain falling on her soaking wet.

You are not interested in anything and I'm not at home for him or anyone else."

She next evening I called my again & was admitted immediately. She & her

husband were not cordial. When I left it was raining

pitchforks. My car was a few rods down from their house

The wind brought an umbrella. This strange person insisted on

pulling over both of us and walking down to my car.

My protests meant nothing. She didn't even put on a

wrap. As I opened my car door she threw the

umbrella in my eyes & indicated, but she threw my

garage was half a block from my house. "But

it's only a foot - yard



USED CAR LIST (cont.) page 2.

NO.	MAKE	TYPE	YEAR	CYI	SERIAL	MOTOR	MODEL	LICENSE	LIST
447	Nash	coupe	1932		B63079	B75587		2K401	325
676	Nash	Sp.cpe.	1931		X3282	XE3357		8J5863	295
730	Olds	coupe	1928						185
<del>681</del>	<del>Packard</del>	<del>sedan</del>	<del>1929</del>	6	275307	275242		7H1655	245
<del>732</del>	<del>Packard</del>	<del>coupe</del>	<del>1928</del>						145
657	Paige	rdstr.	1928	6	171403	172396		2K2735	45
499	Ply.	coach	1933		1844989	PC105009	PC	7J484	395
542	Ply.	cab.	1933	6	1792921	PC36740	PC	1H7268	425
561	Ply.	cab.	1934	6	3012042	PE100522	PE	9C6733	595
574	Ply.	cpe.	1934		2245449	PE63363	PE	8J6371	595
702	Ply.	sedan	1934		2258956	PE71570	PE	8J2775	585
707	Ply.	sedan	1933		1777555	PC20326	PC	8J5500	465
<del>711</del>	<del>Ply.</del>	<del>sedan</del>	<del>1933</del>		2152781	PD161095	PD	8C1724	495
728	Ply.	cab.	1933				PD		495
569	Pont.	cab.	1932	8	311856-P8	V324028	V8	6J460	395-
599	Pont.	coach	1934	8	841564P8				585
633	Pont.	sedan	1933	8	C5443-P8	962501		1K9381	545.
640	Pont.	sedan	1935	8					895
641	Pont.	sedan	1935	8					895
688	Pont.	coupe	1929	6		541801			185
716	Pont.	coupe	1933	8					475
718	Pont.	coupe	1932	8	312931	327180	V8	EX5011	345
735	Pont.	cab.	1934	8					685
649	Reo	sedan	1931		30N504	N-2171	Royal	1D944	395
549	Stude.	sedan	1931	8	9000342	A403	Dict.	1E1759	295
563	Stude.	sedan	1931	8	9006304	A6450	Dict.	1K6908	295
<del>655</del>	<del>Stude.</del>	<del>vict.</del>	<del>1931</del>	8	8030408	C5422	Comm.	5K6695	265
701	Stude.	sedan	1926		1366079	EU20977		E6121	65
<del>722</del>	<del>Stude.</del>	<del>coupe</del>	<del>1926</del>		CR1623-4D48	EU29052	4-P.	8V8911	100
725	Stude.	coupe	1927		1366079	EU20977		6E6121	95
696	Willys	coach	1930	6	98B-148030	98B144338		2K3282	135
697	W.K.	coach	1925		144407	65-7889	KA65	1D2739	45
709	W.K.	sedan	1927		66133294	34101		5H3681	95
721	W.K.	coupe	1929		58526	59408	56	5K5680	185

734 - Auburn Sed 29 - 165.00  
 736 - Essex Coach 29 - 95.00  
 737 - Buick Coupe - 8-30 - 295.00  
 738 - Chev Coach - 31 - 295.00  
 739 - Pack Sed - 31 - 445.00







- fights -  
some of the hardest fights I ever saw,  
either in the ring or out, spring from  
the most trivial of causes.

The first, between two "hard-rock"  
men in a mining camp in  
eastern Nevada.

The second, between two steredors  
on the Embarcadero in S.F.

strange to say, regardless of the  
setting, liquor had little to do  
with the cause, in either case,  
although my motto, there was plenty  
of it around. It was just plain  
fight!!



If you have places grown in your garden  
or have places in your tent



High Power.

"Fight fire with fire! Blood with back-water! Power with power!!"  
Morning after morning, these were the phrases hurled at us by  
our dynamic sales manager: "Turn on the heat" - put on  
the pressure" just in hell!!" Don't accept their word no  
~~but~~ know know know! know know know!  
product!! The game has gotten so fast these days that  
their word is word in the dictionary - that word is  
know!! Now bust out of here, into your territories & come  
back - every one of you, at 5 o'clock, round shouldered with  
carrying in the orders!!

Strange part of the whole thing is that for a while after  
8 AM pep talk worked. The organization had gotten down.  
Then this dynamic & high powered Sales manager who had  
done a good job with another Co. had been hired.  
Almost immediately sales increased. Salesmen with  
dying batteries responded to the re-charge of his comment.  
Every step was fire!! This for me especially - for I was "high man"  
& had a number of the best accounts. I was high powered - my best  
period was 1931 - I clicked! We clicked so well that after I had  
taken him down a couple of times to call on Johannes John-  
Purdy of the Pa. Co. he felt we were in perfect accord. John was  
man as the toughest Nani town - a shrewd buyer - trucker,  
a chisler - play one salesman against another, and



even peddle your pieces. But we'd been received nicely  
by PA. Complicated my own boss on business. We were asked  
to file on latest hate letters & do in any time. And he glad  
to see us.

My boss said that was fine, but ~~that~~ <sup>it</sup> was a trick  
to play off the PA's & I missed let myself be misled by it.  
(Gosh - not a very nice, I didn't know that & kinda burned me)  
I was even a couple a jump ahead of the boss when he told me  
to jump out about Johnson's letter. That was the only way  
to get close to a guy - that was fundamental - which is a  
self - writing - poetry - fight - food - or what - find out if  
we really play it up. And I had heard that the play itself?

Yes? How'd you come out? Did you beat me?  
Reaction? It was used to me.  
Entertainment of Howard?  
Sine - a month or two - a time -  
and?

Work story - a show - a moment to stand me & a tape  
line. For played me & invited me to be that some time!

Factions have a kind of a way of hitting the scene down on  
distribution & pulling out why they don't get the business.



To-day it was handy for me to be a lobby guest at a ma-  
hool + Ponce St. I had neglected this hotel for quite a while  
and as I walked into the lobby I was pleased - (uh-uh) to see  
the proprietor himself standing by the one of the outer  
desks talking to several gentlemen. Oh Goley, Goley who  
do you think they was? Well, one of em was one of Calif.'s  
ex-Governors still, so they say a power in the party.  
He'd been a good Governor in his time, and there is a  
story about town that while he still holds the office  
should seek the man instead of the man seek the office,  
he-he-well - he still knows a little something about  
the game of bids + seeks -

Especially if the boys on the streets who accidentally  
stick their foot out + trip you + then apologize + say "so sorry"  
have you signed the petition for recall of the present Gov.  
Then they show that sheet in front of you - if they have any  
bids + get enough signatures, the eyes of whom  
we speak, - he will be right out seek, whether raised  
be exactly bids. and I forgot to mention that the  
ex-man was the economy Gov. (Who wasnt?)

The owner himself is a P.P. P man in the party.



Governor's Gun.

Then they waked out on to Ponce St. The Governor said, "Excuse me just a moment until I get rid of this gun!" and he stepped over to the curb.

Now as a gun-get-ridder-of. I'm fairly good myself. I can stick it under my chair - roll it between my thumb + index finger + my aim is usually good for a direct hit at any receptacle from a distance of several paces. I never attached a great deal of importance to getting rid of my gun until I saw the Governor in action. I just figured that me + you + the Governor was all in the same category; that he would go over to the curb - lean over, <sup>quickly</sup> drop the gun in the gutter, where it would land with a weak, sticky thud + maybe after a feeble effort, make a couple of half-turns + stop. You know - just plain folks - like you + me.

But did the Governor do that? No sirree!! Not my own tin-type!! He walked over to the curb - planted both his <sup>heels</sup> ~~feet~~ squarely on the sidewalk - wound up - took a deep breath, leaned back, puffed out his cheeks - and phoo! - he let 'er go. You could hear the release of the phoo - clear down to O'Connell St. - what power!!

Was it one of those short, quick limo-drives? Indeed it was not. The Governor got both height + distance



21 of that one.

It made a beautiful arch, and at the <sup>peak</sup> top of its flight I would say it was on a level with the second story steps.

It cleared the next car tracks, landed on the edge of the red bricks just above the east tracks, made a crazy hop, leaped over the first rail onto the little strip of pavement, rolled & stopped just short of the cable slot. (That slot that are built into the wall.)

There it stopped - a monument to the Governor's power, or perhaps a symbol of failing to just reach his goal, or - fall into oblivion.

Then they walked down to the corner. The Governor bought another package of gum. He opened it & looks out most <sup>of</sup> offered the pack to one of the others. He looks at me also. Apparently he held it before the 3rd party - I mean person. Mark that where the 3rd party got a break; two sticks stuck together as ~~was~~ <sup>he</sup> slid them out.

The Governor gave him a dirty look as much as to say "that and economy - that and <sup>accord to</sup> my policy ~~any~~ my platform."

How nicely moved into the break! I was crazy to think that any political strategy would be discussed in a hotel lobby. I would follow them! But I would.

What happened? They all shook hands & scattered in different directions!! And I? And I? They just left







and, too much ice cream  
just too much plain food -  
belly-ache. Her soft hands  
<sup>interesting</sup> sympathetic voice,  
soothed me, healed me.  
I can't heal her, but -  
put - how I wish I might  
soothe her.

---

To answer the ed of St Carlo  
"Sweetest change ready!"

---

To try to find a way myself  
with all the symbols or other  
little tags other programs  
a receipt when you buy things  
in - the marketplace. To see that  
I'm not guffed.

---

Not to get out of patience with  
elevators boys when they take you  
up to your floor - when maybe  
it was "your fault."

---

Random thoughts: myself.  
Some day when I have a lot of  
money I'll buy every doggone  
thing I see in delicatessen  
windows.

The same gas for the Crystal  
Palace market - Eats; hardware  
household, cleaning - patent  
medicine. One afternoon only -  
The smokes at the medicine  
counter.

---

Never miss helping a person  
"with a white cane" across the  
street.

---

To (here I am back to "eats"  
again.) sit at a counter & have  
at least two of those great big  
dough-nuts - pie, sugar, or  
cake + coffee with sugar + just  
the amount of cream the attendant  
puts in it to make you wish you had  
taken that instead of what  
you ordered.

---

To always buy my Sunday morning  
papers from a kid, never to get cross  
with him when he has to go into a  
drug store or across the street to  
change a quarter or a half (which  
I shouldn't have given him) while  
the family is waiting for me











was cheerfully given by the morning tea-tender.  
a second was <sup>also</sup> forthcoming. We hung around.  
The kid arrived & he asked him for something.  
"Ain't you had nothing this a.m.?"  
"Not a drink - just a couple beers to cool  
my coppers" - he answered.

---

Right Back Yes, Peruse English or was it Dutch?  
There's a nice sunny spot where musty <sup>must</sup> <sup>grass</sup> <sup>grows</sup>  
late babies in the morning. Sort of like a parking  
place where peoff jockys position. A ward  
from a snooty house almost ~~away~~ <sup>just</sup> over  
the lines - <sup>if</sup> said to another - "wesh you'd  
get that baby-buggy out-a-her!" The  
retort was "The same job for that 'buggy-  
baby' of yours!"

---

### Not a Publicity Stunt.

Those two trucks - driver-salesmen - one of a well-  
known beer - the other for a well known soft-drink, with  
other trucks back to back - on Sansome St. each  
sampling the other's ware - & saying it was "great."



damn."

"yes - they are. I can't believe it. I've lived here for 21  
years. I pull the shades down on the left of side of  
the house just so I don't have to see it."

The walls of the big grey building, the four columns in front  
were still standing, but the protecting roof was gone.

I crossed the big open square that had been  
"San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children" was gone ~~at~~  
in its place a canvas sign flapped hideously, ~~in its place~~

telling the name of the wreckers of the building. The long  
green hedge in front of the building was still green, but showed the need  
of water. Crushed flowers looked out from under piles of  
boards, & offered for a drink, but not selling it, gave off  
stale last joint scent.

Dry paths sadly ran among the shrubbery, missing the fat  
that made them.

Woods, or perhaps they were plants, had made a way of through  
cracks in the concrete of the playground were yellow & dying. Signs of  
perhaps of struggles of lives of children.

Birds, of course there were birds, but they seemed to have taken  
up their homes across the street in Junston Park. There were no  
more songs - just chirps - <sup>disturbed</sup> fuddled chirps, they an occasional  
flight over to the nursery for a moment & then back across the  
street, they to chirp but no song. not to sing.



town and city? - I agreed they were <sup>hard to get out of</sup> <sup>5 million</sup> those quarry uses didn't  
all seem to start from his presence. <sup>It seemed to have other some lower</sup>  
down. I found <sup>only</sup> pictures or poems that would tell the story  
in canvas or paper. The young man <sup>said - I spent most of my life in</sup>

McCLAREN TIRE SALES CO.

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This old building + I kinda hate to have to help tear it down

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The ruthless breaking up of concrete in the yard even  
seemed to speak of the breaking up of children's lives. (dumb)

I had known a few who have come out of 1437 Lake St.  
Some don't go back to visit. Others don't. Much depends on  
the person. indeed.

Buildings and poems have been known to go together,  
I wonder if this old grey building might not well go with  
Chris Goldsmith's lines in his Deserted Village -

Then the source of all my bliss or all my woe -  
That foundst me poor at first and kept me so -  
Dear charming nymph - neglected and decayed.

My shame in crowds - my solitary fond.

and as I stood there thinking that even the efficient and stern  
looking Marine Hospital just above seemed to have lost some of  
its uniform appearance, I noticed a sort of an expression of  
sadness, a <sup>disapproving</sup> young man working on the building chafed his cheeks  
and sweat. He was <sup>you to look</sup> perking - he was  
sweating. His face was grimy with dust. Pores ran down his <sup>cheeks</sup> face  
small white streaks through the dust. Big, rough, useful. Looking  
hands that were probably strong to handkerchiefs, wiped them  
away. He was not willing to look at, but he was friendly. "How's it  
master?" <sup>between me & you</sup> he asked. "Ok - I sail" "Thump thump tough around



## Local stuff.

The nun came out of the cocktail bar and almost bumped into the nurse-maid who'd had the baby down to the bathtub for a shave. The kid was yawning because there was no striped pole in front of the shop and the barber hadn't asked him what he'd have on his hair.

There were no doctors or dentists in the Physicians & Surgeons ~~Building~~ building and not a single sight-seeing car was parked around Union Square.

There were no pawn shops on Third St. no a drunk on Howard.  
The news-boy held up the headlines so you could read them and not



have to buy a paper.

a street car stopped at a transfer-point and the motor-man on the cross-line waited for the passengers.

Not a hotel clerk wore a carnation in his button-hole, nor did a lady in the lobby take out her vanity-case to "pretty-up" a little.

In all the novelty and stateliness stores in town you can't find souvenirs of the Bay or Gate badge and a tourist can't buy a picture of Treasure Island.

There are no Bail-bond places near the Hall of Justice and over in Portsmouth Square on a warm day there were no people on the grass or sitting on the benches and no little Chinese boy camp.



## Do Nuts.

I know a certain man in town who is reputed to be a millionaire. It's probably true, although he would probably deny it. He's that kind of a fellow.

One day he had taken his car (one of his cars) up to Van Ness Ave to have it serviced. Not far from there I saw him standing on a corner -

So that's anything nicer than naturalness?



---

Pete.

Pete didn't have an ounce of back-ground. In fact  
Pete wasn't even an honest shot or such name for Peter  
because Peter, not <sup>anybody</sup> ~~anybody~~ who it wasn't his name.  
His name was John, John Wendrich. Down in So Calif in  
his home town they called him Jack some called him  
Wendy."



"Would you like to go some place - way down  
deep - where its very hot?" "|||"

"Wouldnt mind it at all, Sweetie Pie - if I  
thought I might meet some real Devilish  
<sup>see</sup> ~~fellows~~ <sup>gangs</sup> down there. But there are a lot of nice  
~~fellows~~ <sup>gangs</sup> down there with nothing more wrong  
with em than theys - just full of hell - or  
if hell's full of them - which is it?"



Shades of ancient Mariner.

It was on 3<sup>rd</sup> + Howard. She didn't look like a "B" girl, or, or - well - just 'or' - that's all. She was modestly, if somewhat shabbily dressed. At least when she placed herself in front of me I stopped.

"Know this district around here?" she asked. I said I did. I thought she wanted to be directed somewhere.

She came a little closer, + I smelled liquor. She held out her left hand.

"See that ring?" she asked.

I said I did, that it was a nice ring, but I wouldn't know what to do with it - that I had no money, but there were half a dozen pawnshops within two blocks of us.

A look of surprise came over her face; then her lip curled into a sneer.

"Why you - you - - do you think I'd sell that ring?" - (and I'll quote as nearly verbatim as I can) "do you think I'd desecrate what it stands for - and - ruin!!"



Sister - he had more poetry in his soul than  
any any musician <sup>judge's</sup> ever put on keys or strings.  
or any artist's brush ever put on canvas.

Could he speak it? No. Could he write it?

Yes! Could he see it? No! But it was there!

It was there, but editors wouldn't buy it - or more  
thankfully - they couldn't see it! - Oh yes  
I know you've had - you shift from one foot to  
the other - you want to get away - some  
night see you talking to me!! ah yes  
nights - go ahead! - go ahead. I've been  
somebody & been places too. So had he!

But they drove him to Skid Row - 3 or 4 years.  
They'd let him be in down here - he'd get under-  
standing & sympathy, but once in a while it  
all gets the better of me & I get drunk & come  
down here & stop some body & tell him about it.  
I have to!!

One day they buried him down at  
Mt. Olivet. Several people saw to it.

Great big - quiet - simple, soulful-eyed - non-  
communicative devil. One night in a



little Italian restaurant on Beach Beach he  
reached under - not across the table &  
took one of my hands in his big paws.  
He slipped this ring on it - then squeezed  
a little piece of paper into my hand -  
"Don't read it" he said simply - "until  
you get home."

Down at Mt. Olivet that day there were  
not many flowers, but lots of sentiments that  
went with him. After all sentiments are  
the finer things, so I just copied off what he  
put in that piece of paper that night in the  
French restaurant. I copied it, because I  
wanted it to be both his and mine. I went  
down with him.

There are waves far out in the ocean -  
that never will break on the beach -  
as there are thoughts of human emotion  
that never ~~will~~ find expression in speech.  
Money? - Would you think I would take money for this ring?  
I just have to come down here so often - I'll come  
today, so I picked it up."

I don't know the lady - whether she is the sister of my  
mother or the lines or not - or whether she had had a



Just on the 11th May.

I do know that I walked up to 3rd St port  
Mission but faces were steep, being when I got to  
market.

---

Teclan

Clement



It was an ~~Call~~ + ~~the~~  
guaranteeing for the ~~signature~~  
when ~~where~~ it was ~~written~~.  
I know it ~~was~~ ~~just~~ 5 minutes to  
out because I had just looked  
at the clock in front of the  
New Clinic Bldg. The one  
thus says eyes at the top  
eyes at the bottom.

I got penny machines around  
Tom and correct 3 weeks about  
160. Whatever it was that  
bumped me from this near felt  
like it ~~was~~ ~~just~~ 260. How a few  
feet out on Broadway & I decided  
back in time to keep from getting  
a ~~few~~ trucks. So did another  
person, when we both made it  
to court - he said - "So sorry!"  
I said - "So glad" - it missed  
~~us~~, then I looked down at  
a Port folio he was carrying +  
in his red leather collar of ~~it~~



and "Safety Council".

Guess the guy was on his way  
down to a conference to figure  
out how they could save a  
couple - a hundred acres or  
something ~~of~~ well if  
they do that they deduct  
2. Wish to mind.



Not a promise, but some time  
in the late afternoon (about 6 o'clock)  
I'd like to go into one of the  
mainly hotel bars, buy a drink  
then try as best I <sup>can</sup> do to the "pre-  
arranged" count & have a generous  
meeting of those wonderful orders.  
Then if no body was looking - stuff  
a few in my pocket 'n take 'em  
home. Gee what a sneaky guy!

after thought - If I'd go that  
far + what small why not if  
I'd like the other way, I  
could use a few jobs or spoms.

Why? The reasons - They're worse  
deeds in them places + I've got  
a wife + 2 kids I'm trying to  
educate. I ain't principler -  
it's I'm afraid's waist. I'd like to  
make publicity. Honest eh?

To ask somebody <sup>to</sup> try to figure  
out a way to reward all the kind  
people who help me chase my  
hat when it slows off  
on a windy corner + scrips

done any sheet - in the  
curl foot of Park + Montgomery  
we dody, <sup>+ will sleep</sup> honest, let's act  
American half backs - may be  
they out run us - may be I  
out-run them and <sup>pass some of the</sup> ~~run~~  
say to them in stucate  
terms - I want you think  
you - don't you - and to  
myself - damn it - don't  
damn it. I could give

a little news but a damn  
I've got this hat for my hat  
10 to 1 it'd be my luck to have  
some fat, how legged hunter  
or broker out on it.

Come to thinking it is true  
anything that days best  
together + make them forget  
cast + enter into a common  
cause, as a run-away  
hat done the sheet?

They'll give you a small of  
a small of sympathy, a  
small of triumph.



ouch St. <sup>Ps 23</sup> animal.

put 12/14 - mostly, but attracted  
dubby eyes - short out-  
stules around - ~~plan glasses~~  
callouses on knuckles, tan shoes,  
plan glasses - braces on teeth.  
~~Months~~ & General shabby  
appearance.

Waiting for bus - looking on  
Laps thought down restricted,  
I got up telephone. Unconsciously  
looked - when behind her  
Darned if her head had been  
drawn out. Great beauty,  
but mostly jll. - we both  
went away for types

Minor in q.m. when shot. Damn that  
"Lil Kid."

yes - jokingly damn her,  
but ~~seriously~~ seriously, Bless her  
heart ~~in response~~ & how may she  
long, long, long before she  
my age reach in her ~~not~~  
gifted art, what - I've failed.

Promises

work up enough nerve to walk  
up to one of those elevator shafts  
in down-town buildings & ask  
him to let me see that little  
gadget he buds in his hand  
& goes "clickety, clickety"  
He gives his wrist a quick and  
authoritative twist.

If I do it ~~alone~~ - it's me  
mayn I ask him to let me  
do it - just once. He has  
a lofty ambition about it,  
Sorry - after I wrote that  
it occurred to me that you  
might think (if you read this)  
that I was trying to be  
funny ~~or~~ by attaching the  
word "lofty" to the fact that  
the man starts elevators  
up! Uh - when I was in  
Harvard know me - I can be  
funnier in that.

To buy a typewriter pass some  
Sunday & walk the back out of  
street cars all on town.



3)

I wonder

why I always feel I could walk right up  
and make friends with a person who steps out  
of a crowd and takes a "man with ~~with~~ a  
white cane", gently by the arm and helps  
him across the street?

— — —  
why, just after I have gotten off a foot-track  
stand, about the first half block I either  
stub my toe, step in a puddle or some  
stray pooch comes up and licks my shoes.

— — —  
why the word "thirty" in newspaper language  
means "the end" - or "that's all".

I put it at the end of some stuff one time  
and sent it into the editor. It wasn't the  
job's editor either.

When it came back he had scratched out  
the 30 and put 23. I wonder why.

Yeah 'n you wonder why I wonder -

thirty.



No SF2133

9. 2. 1944

To see quail feeding  
in the lanes in Golden  
Gate park in the soft  
light of the ~~sun~~ between  
sun-down and dusk.

To see a mother duck  
lead her brood into the  
water & the way they splash  
then little tails seem to  
flap the height of delight

To see the v shape ruffles  
spread out around a duck  
as it becomes in a  
quail pond.

I always imagine I have  
a tick in my neck after  
seeing a duck sleep with its  
head pointed back under its  
wing

To see the wind blow the  
spray of the coast of a wave  
and splash of rain light  
through before it settles

The odor of newly-saved  
lemon.

The odor in hand-wash stores  
waiting companies with the odor  
of recent room objects.

The odor just after a long  
needed rain has settled it

To watch a baby lie on its  
back with its feet in the  
air keeping its fingers of  
its toes... and coming all the  
while

Do you remember the red  
candy ice cream stands in  
a hot warm summer after  
you?

Fans suspended from the  
ceiling with air plane like  
pulleys turning slowly - the  
buzz of a fast turning electric  
uphead fan helping to cool  
things off.

Mothers with baby buggy  
would come in & sit in  
No. 10 - mothers dressed  
in cool summer colored  
dresses. <sup>They take</sup> Babies in white  
clothes - no sleeves & very  
low necks. Dimpled elbows  
& pink cheeks.

A cool looking soda girl  
would buy the young glasses  
of soda. Babies would  
Eos. Mothers would sit &  
dip long handled spoon  
down & reach over & give it to  
the babies. In the corner  
the mothers would

CAR SALE



would have clean sheets  
younger at the counter  
older boys trading the  
subs.

The odor of emptying that  
is interesting in such a place?

The ring of the cash register -  
you clang - a ~~ring~~

~~the~~ wholesome  
smell from the cashier's

emptiness goes out feeling  
how nice it is to leave

can be in a sultry  
afternoon.

The odor of clean sheets that  
spoke of a bath - lots of talcum  
powder before they left  
home.

I met

a doctor coming out of  
a school's hospital late  
one afternoon.

He had been in constant  
trouble for 36 hours  
with out being having  
his clothes off.

It was cold and foggy  
but the fresh air felt  
good to him. He pulled  
his lamp with it and said  
"My throat feels good!" He  
didn't think it is

stood to leave  
out of there

No SF2134



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DATE

SAN FRANCISCO  
1155 VAN NESS AVENUE  
ORDWAY 5831



SOLD TO .

OUR TERMS ARE: NET CASH OR 10TH PROX

DESCRIPTION

but just how good it was to  
get the fresh air.

He was a specialist in his  
line and had been  
called in consultation  
about a ~~man~~ man who  
wasted action who had  
little chance of recovery.

also that was little  
chance of a fee. He cared  
little about this because his  
practice had to make  
him independent.

I don't know how because  
I loved him. So did my family.  
That man had suffered a  
chill. He contracted a  
cold, pneumonia set in  
in less than a week he  
was dead.

after his funeral his wife  
showed me a card that  
was attached to a little  
bundle of sweet peas that  
probably cost 50 cents.

It was from the relay or  
something like that. I  
said "I had it wanted"

get a call. We meet a ~~man~~ man <sup>my young son</sup> a ~~man~~ man  
a shot rang out -  
my newspaper friend has his material.



me instead of him -  
He was so useful &  
I'm just a shell!  
That - doctor is a  
tribute to you, and to  
doctors were - a  
tribute to you

ДЛЯ ПОДАРОКОВ  
СОВЕТСКОМУ ВОЙСКУ ИЛИ СУДИТЕ СКАЖИ МАХО

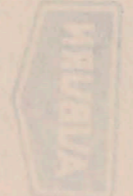


№ 25134

ОБЩЕСТВО  
1170 VAN NEEUW AVENUE  
ORONOGO, VT  
СЛУЖИТЕЛИ  
1111 МАСКАЛЕН БЛЮК  
ОУИТИКО  
УПРАВЛЕНИЕ  
1170 ВАН НЕЕВ АУЕНЮ  
ОРОНОГО ВТ  
ДЕЛОВАЯ КОМПАНИЯ

УПРАВЛЕНИЕ-ЭЛЕКТРОНОВ КО

SOLD TO



№ SF2134



AUBURN-FULLER CO.

AGENTS: 1170 FRONT DRIVE, DUESBURG  
ORONOGO, VT  
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ORONOGO, VT

DATE

SOLD TO

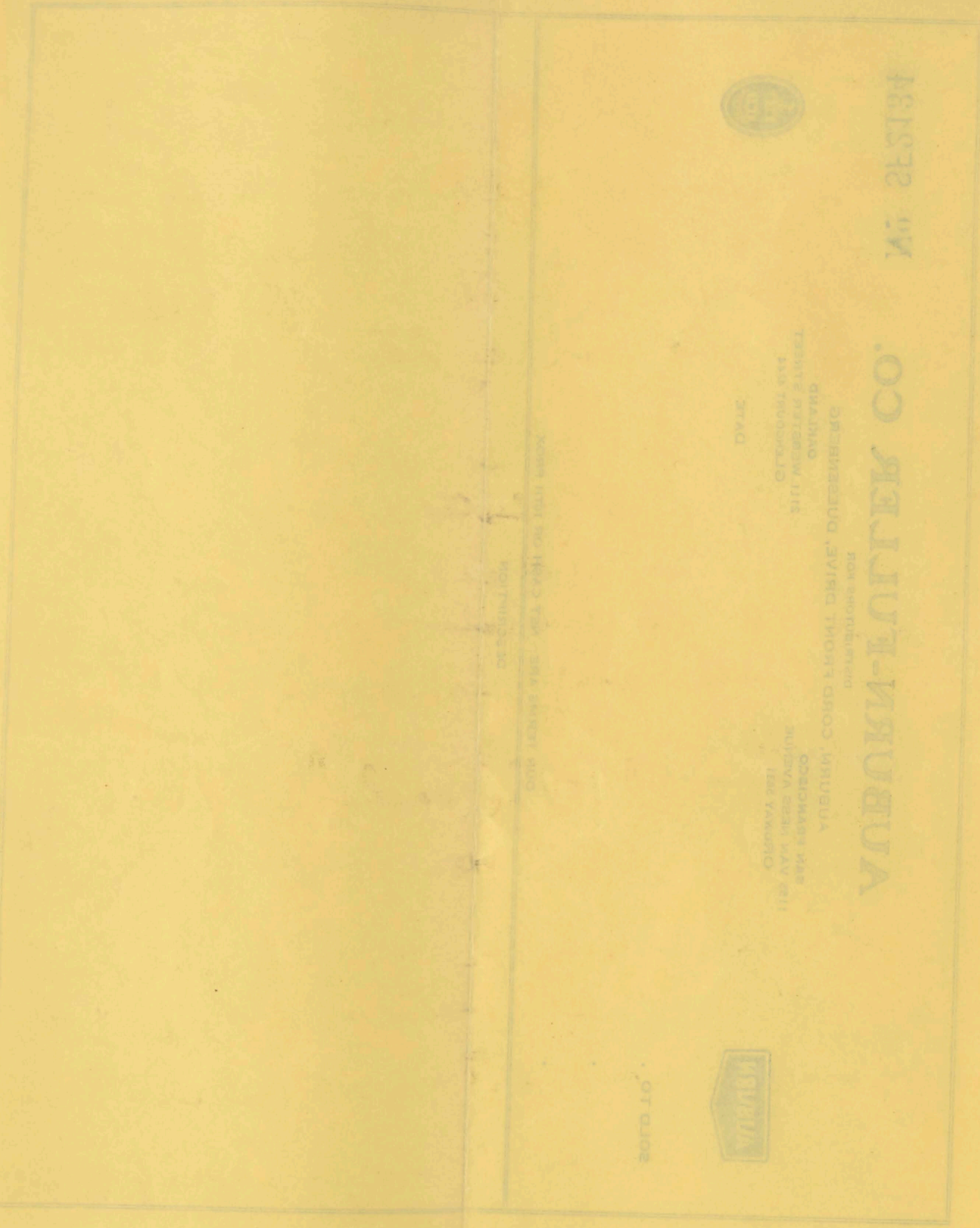


It was cold and foggy  
but the fresh air felt  
good to him. He pulled  
his lungs with it & said  
"My lungs feel good!" He  
didn't think my it is  
good to be out of there

Let a letter we meet a on the other side a  
at that range out -  
My newspaper friend has his material



It was cold and foggy  
 but the fresh air felt  
 good to him. He pulled  
 his lips into a smile  
 "My lips feel good!" He  
~~didn't~~ didn't say it is  
 good to be out of there



No SF2134

I went to in the restaurant 9.  
 A conversation about the opinions + sympathies of  
 all toward each other had been expressed  
 during the year continued to be expressed in the  
 ring of the card register.

CAR SALE

Even more came, all knew it was over.  
 a short, barrel-chested figure came through the  
 swinging doors. His face was blue with a  
 new-brighten but he showed the worn features and  
 his tenders as he. ask him to be the  
 pedagogue.

With determination he walked around the end of  
 the bar - opened a safe on his belt a revolver.

"Ladies a gentleman a my boy, a beer - I  
 say a piece - I like think a you for all the  
 money you ~~stand~~ spent on me. My son a has a no  
 felt. He a a a a a. Buy insurance he left - Buy  
 insurance to a 3 ~~long~~ lease. My young a son a he  
 get a a a. We meet a on the other side a a  
 a shot rang out -

My newspaper friend has his material.



We Loved Money—

a newspaper friend of mine had been assigned  
to cover the hanging of a young fellow named  
Tony, at San Quentin Prison.

We told me he could get me a pass to  
witness the execution.

I declined!!

The case had been a spectacle in and had  
been in the courts and papers for a year.

The murder took place in the restaurant of  
Tony and his father. Billy had been accused,  
Tony's father's trial resulted in his acquittal  
and Tony was convicted of 1st degree murder.

My friend asked that inasmuch as I had declined  
the execution, would I mind being in the restaurant  
prior to, during and after the event. He said he might  
able to use the happenings as instances for something  
later.

So to present a quantitative of numbers at the  
moment his son was being hanged did not affect  
me. However, as my ~~friend~~ said that he would  
not be there, so I agreed that I would.

According to the papers the trial would be starting at  
10 o'clock in the morning.

I kept my word to my friend that



I know

a man who enjoys drinking he enjoys  
the reputation of being "quite a man about  
town."

He has some money and gets into  
quite a number of episodes. His one re-  
deeming trait is that he has a sense  
of good humor + when things are  
he doesn't mind telling the facts on  
himself.

after a drink or two, he simply  
must be the spokesman - on the left of  
the party - usually he gets away with  
it, whether it is in a spanish club,  
a bit of Bohemia or the Tenderloin.

Recently he started in a bar where  
the boisterous patently unregarded. Lightness  
+ jigs of part + current years were mentioned  
by the habits of the place. One long edged himself to the north of the  
felt he had "best cast" completely + that he







POWER\*

Although it was only 8 o'clock in the morning and the offices of the Campbell Traction & Power Co. didn't open until 9, Old "J.C." was at his desk pushing buttons, trying to get his secretary, trying to get some response on his private phone, and generally looking as though he were developing a case of apoplexy.

He always argued that he hadn't built his thirty million dollar street car and power companies by getting to work at 9 o'clock in the morning. Getting no response he scanned the market reports in the morning paper, and they only added to his ill humor. Then he paced the floor for a few moments and tried all sources of inter-office communication again. Failure.

At 8.30 the switch-board operator arrived and plugged in on his phone. He saw the light, and leaped to pick up the receiver as a tiger leaps on its prey. His "HELLO" almost burst the transmitter. "Good morning Sir, whom did you wish Sir?" J.C. boomed, "There it is again. WHOM do I wish! Whom do I wish! Last night all over again! Dammit young woman can't you talk American? Who do I want? Who do I want? I want EVERYBODY, I want ANYBODY! Where is Miss Gibbs?" "I will ring Miss Gibbs Sir". While he waited J.C. beat an impatient tattoo on his desk. "Sorry Sir, Miss Gibbs doesn't answer Sir."

Miss Gibbs was past forty, bespeckled bespeckled, homely, efficient and loyal. She had been J.C.'s secretary for many years. He considered her indispensable, and she understood all his moods, as well as his business. All the other employees stood in awe of her, because she was so close to the throne.

She came in at a quarter of 9. As she passed the switch-board, the operator said "Miss Gibbs: 'morning: Miss Gibbs you'd better get up to Mr. 'Really'. Her 'really' was meant to wither the operator, but that individual replied, "Do as you darn please, only SOMEBODY'D better get up to him, and thank Gawd it doesn't have to be me. He's certainly all burnt up about something."

With all of her poise, her years of standing with the Company, and her confidence in herself, something in the operator's manner told her she had better see Campbell in a hurry.

She did not go to her own little office just off J.C.'s, but went straight to his, without removing her coat and hat.

Gruff, but ordinarily courteous with employees, he ignored her 'good morning', and seeing her with her coat and hat on he said, "Well, young woman, you just getting back from lunch or something?" (When ever J.C. was irritable he addressed everyone as 'young man' or as 'young woman', regardless of their age or length of service with his Company).

"No Mr. Campbell, it is not yet 9 o'clock Sir. What is it Sir?"

"Get my son! Get my son!" he commanded.

"Ye- a- yes Sir. But I rather doubt if Mr. Donald is down yet Sir".

"DOWN yet! Down yet! HELL; I know that! I doubt if he's even UP yet! Anyway get him. Try home. Try the night clubs. Maybe he's STILL up! After that tell Jackson to come in here."

"Mr. Jackson will be in Court to day Sir."

"He will be in court this AFTERNOON! Think I pay an attorney ~~two~~ a retainer of twenty thousand dollars a year and don't know when he goes into Court? The case is set for this afternoon."

Relief came when Paul, the office boy brought in some telegrams. Miss Gibbs excused herself and went in to her own office, as J.C. began ripping up ~~the~~ open the ~~telegrams~~ envelopes.



11)  
- Musings -  
by John Ireland.

I saw a doctor coming out of a hospital late one after-noon. We had been in constant vigil for nearly thirty-six hours without even having his clothes off. I had gone to meet him.

It was cold and foggy but the fresh air felt good to him. He filled his lungs with it and said "Hey, this feels good." He didn't say - "my it feels good to get out of there"; ~~because~~ but just how good the air felt.

There knew a man who had a more profound respect for the <sup>high</sup> principles of his profession.

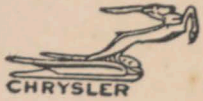
He was a ~~specialist~~ specialist in his line and had gone to a worn and wasted patient who had little chance of recovery. Also there was little chance of a fee. ~~but~~ He cared little about that as his practice had made him independent.

That night he suffered a chill; he contracted a cold and pneumonia set in. In less than a week he was dead.

after his funeral his wife showed me a card that had been attached to a little bunch of sweet-peas. It was from the patient and read "too bad it had to be him instead of me. He was so <sup>to humans</sup> useful; I'm just a shell."

That - doctor is a tribute to you - and to doctor's wives, a tribute to you!





# Jess Lanning

Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer

3030 MISSION STREET • SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone: MISSION 3236

Dear Friend:

It's 60 days since you've brought your Plymouth to us and we've been wondering "how she's perking".

Our regular inspection during the break-in period showed everything working nicely. However, in two months' time you have probably put more than a thousand miles on the speedometer.

We know you want to protect your investment, to keep that "new car feel" as long as possible. Lubrication of course, is one of the most necessary attentions you can give your car. For your own safety, have us change the lubricant where necessary, check your oil for dirt, and give the car a general check-up at regular intervals. That's the way to get every dollar's worth out of your investment.

Why not drive in, next time you're in our neighborhood? It won't take long to check your car, and if there's any service necessary, we'll be glad to take care of it for you. Then you'll know everything is as it should be.

We'll be looking for you.

Sincerely,

SERVICE MANAGER



*Handwritten notes and signatures on the right side of the page, including a signature at the bottom right.*



blinded -

the subtle wit, self ridiculing, understanding  
or what - of the fellow who washed in & said  
to the bar-tender - "Give me that mythical,  
just one!!"

~~Was far down~~ <sup>Washed it up</sup>  
He was talking about the recent heavy  
rain, the damage they had done.

"Got a little shack up in the country.  
Went up over the week end to look at it.  
Was on the edge of a creek. The shack had  
been washed a hundred yards away", he  
wailed.

Friend said. Oh well - don't worry - you still  
got the lot!

Got hell!! Even the pound was  
washed away!!!

Renancon's alliteration.

He'd been there the night before & had too  
much to drink. Also spent all his money.  
He came <sup>in the morning</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>at</sup> a morning morning & it



to meet you. I trusted that bubbles once too! even now  
the smell of you almost got me. Don't let it go. I'd  
of an inch. If you can write you can write - but  
don't trust the bubbles. I trusted you + never sold a  
damn thing. Promising to do now + I'm a damn  
silly fellow off. "I have written off down Merchant St  
I just guess - at least human understanding on  
Merchant St.

---

W. Higgin  
Capt



1)

Musings.  
by John Ireland.

I saw

a little tot of about six come running out of a candy store with an ice-cream cone in her hand. a pink scoop, perched on top of the vanilla, made a "double-heads".

From the torn little frock and uncontrolled glee I judged she did not often get to the candy store; unless perhaps to stand outside and flatten her little nose against the window and gaze longingly in.

As she reached the curb the delicate shell crushed in the tiny hand that meant to so carefully guard it. Into the water sweeping down the gutter fell the treasure.

~~Even~~ <sup>then</sup> Even, the same eagle hands tried frantically to recover it, but ~~swept into~~ down it was swept, into the man-hole at the corner.

I doubt if even Michael Angelo could have reproduced the expression on the little face, but I do believe the meanest, stingiest person on earth would have bought her another cream-cone. a double heads at that.



2.)

I know

✓ a spinster lady who is very prim and proper. Straight-laced is a better term. She is one of those well-meaning souls who rushes into neighbor's houses and takes full charge of everything. Especially where there is sickness.

There is a family living near her who is teaching their little boy to be very polite.

One day little Bobby was sick and didn't go to school. The lady learned of it and ~~rushed~~ "hurried right over." She asked for the thermometer and took his temperature. Next she had him stick out his tongue; his pulse came next. Then she asked - "Bobby how are your bowels?" Bobby looked up quickly - said - "just thanks, how are yours?"!

I wonder

✓ why I can eat some pickles at home and they never bother me, but if I look <sup>at</sup> them through a delicatessen window, I start to drool and the glands in my neck hurt just as if I had the mumps.

- - -

✓ if the Henry Budd Publications will print this stuff? and if they do, I'll wonder why. So'll you. Probably they'll wonder themselves.

Instead of being so full of wonder wouldn't it be nice if change if this could be wonder-ful! Oh, oh! another one like that and about the only thing of mine they'll want to print will be my finger-prints! There I go again,



30 but I promise now ~~in~~ ~~through~~. When I see the editor,  
(that is if he LETS me see him) he'll probably promise  
me the same thing.

---

why the ~~edit~~ word "thirty" in newspaper language  
means "that's all" or "the end"?

I put it at the end of some things one time and sent  
them in to the editor. It wasn't the joke editor either.  
When it came back he had scratched out the "thirty"  
and put in a great big "twenty-three". I wonder why?  
~~Yeah~~. Yeah, 'n you'll wonder why I wonder.

---

why the editor asked me why I didn't use my own name  
instead of the one at head of this column, but I was right  
back at him with the question of why named Hitler short  
his mustache before running down McCallister street.  
So quick on the trigger in things like that.

---

why I always feel I could walk right up and make  
friends with a person who steps out of a crowd and takes a  
man "with a white cane" gently by the arm and helps  
him across the street?

---

why, just after I have ~~been~~ gotten off a foot-stick stand,  
about the first half block I either ~~slip~~ stub my toe,  
step in a puddle, or some stray pooch comes up and  
licks my shoes?

thirty- ~~yeah yeah!!~~



2.)

Draw

him rush into a newspaper office full of excitement.  
He was young - (~~He might have been a cut reporter~~ <sup>maybe he did</sup>)

"I just missed seeing a man fall out of a three story window" he said breathlessly.

a man at a desk looked up "Kill him?"

"Naw - just broke his neck; but I heard he wasn't expected to live."

wasn't as a news item there.

her coming out of a pawn-shop on Third Street. She approached a waiting man and laid her hand on his arm. They were both foreign. He looked at her inquiringly.

"We have enough now," she said.

"For the little white one?"

"Yes, for the white. So glad I am. Of the black I could not think. Not for little girl!!"

"Me too," he ~~was~~ said.

I know now, I saw peace and sweet content shine through something else for a moment.

"Come Maria," she said, "we must hurry; we promise the man the answer before two hours. Come - it shall be the little WHITE coffin for little Gloria."



I saw  
a bird caught by one leg in some string that  
was wrapped around an electric light wire.  
It would struggle and flap its wings in attempt  
to free itself, then, exhausted, ~~would~~ drop its  
wings and hang at the mercy of a wind.

A crew of lumbermen were working near by  
and saw it.

The wire led from one pole, over a deep canyon,  
to another.

The men got a long ladder from their truck  
and leaned it out against the wire, but the wind  
was so strong it was hard to hold it in place.  
Finally a level place was made on which to  
stand ~~stand~~ it and one of the crew climbed  
out across the canyon and reached the bird.

He broke the string, unbuttoned his shirt and  
put the bird inside.

Then he started to climb down the swaying ladder,  
over a sheer drop of 60 feet. Mid-way down he was  
seen to twist his body and the crew below  
shouted the warning to be careful as his  
movements were making it difficult to keep the  
ladder in place.

Finally he reached the ground and the bird  
was removed from his shirt. Several pairs of



2  
of his, calloused, useful looking hands eagerly  
untangled the string and with a joyous toss  
sent the bird into the air.

Chided by the rest of the crew and asked why  
he "wiggled & squirmed" in so dangerous a position,  
the man laughed & said the damn bird inside his  
shirt was tickling him.

Strange, <sup>sometimes</sup> where and how, the grip of human interest  
is ~~sometimes~~ <sup>is</sup> found, a big, rough ~~ready~~ <sup>trustful</sup> husky man  
<sup>who doesn't mean an effort</sup> actually risking his life to rescue a little bird  
and laughing about it because the damn thing  
tickled him.



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75

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12  $\sqrt{1508}$   

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24  
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13.83 Ind

300 License

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16.83



It was nearly four o'clock that afternoon when Jimmie re-  
gained consciousness at the Emergency Hospital. Well can know  
later an intubated police inspector Whelan it was alright  
to go in.

"How young man" said the inspector "lets have your version of the  
accident."

"alright - but - how's the old lady - is she - was she killed?"

"Well tell me about her later - 'give us your story'."

"Well we left the Cafeteria & I was driving her to where she said  
she lived - poor old thing <sup>was nearly as glad</sup> only had 15 cents to her name. I  
had a dollar - ~~you see I get paid tonight & I reached in~~  
my pocket to pull out a half - we were just coming to an  
intersection - ~~at~~ <sup>green</sup> light was on + I went ahead, just  
as I got about in the center - bang - some guy must have  
gone through the red light + smacked our car right in  
the middle. By the way - how is the car - you know its red  
mine - its the companys - is it a week - lets all remember.



"Yes" said the officer. "Yes the car is a week alright but there are plenty of witnesses who know it wasn't your fault. Was fifty cents all you gave the old woman?"

● Junior flushed. "Why - er - yes - you see it's the last day of the month & I'm kind of low myself & I'd have given - in fact I'm down to just one buck. I got paid to my left <sup>thing</sup> so I figured I could get by the rest of the day for 50."

"All I can say is that you are damn well lucky" said the man. "Well if this headache - these bandages, a smashed car and the possibility of losing my job present a picture of luck I guess I'm it" said Junior. "But what do you mean 'lucky'?"

"Just this - the old lady your helper is Lil Brown, she's a known to us for years. She's an old reclus - an old miser. You say she was weak as a cat. She fought like a hell cat when we searched her. We found exactly 1000.00 bucks hidden in her clothes & at the little 50 for a week room where she lives















Excuse It Please -

Please forgive me if I talk  
about myself, I don't do it often,  
because I'm not proud of myself,  
quite the opposite.

There are humb's however, which  
I have thought of which I'm  
not ashamed, and at times



I got them down. Fragments  
they are just fragments -  
never finished; something to  
be finished with - tossed  
into a drawer.

The other day I opened that  
drawer - opened it to look  
for business things that



Far removed from what I  
~~sought~~ found,



Monday

My God very anxious I have  
feels that -

---

Colored woman Colby  
the counter part of the  
black in the fact



Turner left store - Wheeler's -  
went to a fast halt to get  
another brand



There's a gentle breeze  
Softly rustling  
Will I sleep down  
I say - what time - of down  
quicker the yellow down  
I say - from school - I say  
Beauty - sweet - soft -  
God seems steady down today



coffee! as you know this happens  
in the World Series time - Brooklyn  
Dodgers. At least + I say apho -  
Doctors is great guys -

My get some coffee I left + did  
14 years ago I think what God my  
wife left eye I feel small!!  
I all but not asthma - yes I feel small



60-

Why don't they send some  
of us old fossils on their  
trip? I've got our gift & you  
send a thousand of us old  
fossils on a trip we'll work  
adapting loose from his ankles  
My family is raised



Continued

At 10:30 about 10- 14  
Self papers on the course  
will be given which come



Success provided for # 7  
still ~~there~~ think we  
can capture Dutchman



Yours  
It does not have to be a  
diamond —  
a ruby —

Just a sheet tossed carelessly  
scattered thoughts thereon.



a gentle haze  
soft purple

The hills slope gently down, with  
silent eloquence <sup>to say</sup>

like to watch the willows sway,  
then reaching to the ditches on their

way  
I am glad to play -  
Truly - God seems very near today



a house of pain ~~and~~ <sup>may</sup> also  
be a house of joy —

Thank you God - I shall remain  
ever grateful for this <sup>precious</sup> day.

Yes when I write to  
you I say - How grateful I  
am for him to whom I can  
trust much - much, yet still  
I trust in God for ever and  
ever.



How well I remember how much  
I felt as I walked past the  
hospital & walked straight to  
approaching down - (I went)  
to a coffee shop, trying to not  
to pamper myself, letting  
myself what I had been through  
seeing up & down in front



to make 1/2 gal  
of hot whiskey room  
I excused myself for going for coffee  
because the doctor said I needed

it  
oh I did - did I. I needed it!  
I needed coffee - to revive me.  
The doctor said - go get some



If a man you is walking down the  
the kind of a thing -

He is about to go to the church  
in a hurry

Impatient with traffic -

Course, he is a bit  
and that is for what



God He don't want that we should  
make fight -

I can see the way from the right  
God He gave the intelligence  
for us to help with common sense,