

Dear Mr. Lombard -

The song - Indian Love Call,
(when I am calling you - well
your answer truly is truly the song
of my life -

My wife and I were enjoyed
when we first heard it, and when
it was made so popular by Janette
McDonald and Nelson Eddy.

~~It seems that I was, and am~~
~~always calling her~~
We have sung it, hummed
it, played it the record times
with out number -

It seems that I was, and am
always calling her.

After our marriage, when my
business would take me away
from my office - I would call her
& say "I am leaving for the

territory in an hour - ^{back} but a few
things in our bags. I will
kick you up right away.

Even when I daughter was
only a few months old - I would
do the same thing - ~~and you~~
~~she~~ ~~already~~ ~~has~~ ~~son~~ ~~can~~
you ~~she~~ ~~be~~ ~~ready~~ - we will
down to - Wednes - Puddlet -
or some other town where
I went to - and she was
~~strong~~ always ready.

Many Mr Lambard how
little things we remember one
month across the years, on all of
~~my~~ ~~these~~ ~~many~~ ~~calls~~ I told her
I was leaning for Corvallis,
Ore. to be ready - ~~to~~ She

was - baby daughter + all.
When we arrived there our
dealer learned of her to their
presence + insisted that we come
to their home instead of going to
a hotel - They had no small
children - therefore we cut -
so - they made a bed in a
dresser drawer + put it on the
floor so our daughter would
roll out.

Yes - after I am still
calling - now it is the
same daughter - a son + 4
grandchildren - I call them
all - but most of all I
am calling her + she

always answers true, as
the beautiful song & lyrics
tell - When I'm calling you -
Indeed it is the song of
my life

Dear

Wavy scribbles

4) - Foreword -
Should anyone have the patience,
may I'll say the pleasure to read
my fragments through, no doubt
he will wonder how I had the
triumph, complete them and hope if any
one to do so.

In self defense I will say that I
have never taken myself or my attempts
at writing seriously. (Correction) I
did not when I was about 8 - the day
after I ever took Marulla Bay.

FIRST AID PASS

DEPT. _____ NO. _____

NAME _____

TIME LEFT JOB _____

TIME RETURNED _____

IN OUT

RM 458

TO AND FROM
FIRST AID STATION

LEADER _____

NOTICE: If first visit, FOREMAN'S ACCIDENT
REPORT MUST BE MADE OUT UPON RETURN
FROM HOSPITAL.

3) Patriotism was running high
and I wrote what I then called a
poem. I also called it - The Battle
of Manila Bay and it went like
this.

On a bright and sunny morning
just as the light was dawning
there sailed a fleet into a bright, pretty bay

It was in the spring time and in
the first of May.

3) The Spaniards heard the sound of hoons
and got up & fired in the gloom.
But the sound of the hoons -
was the sound of their dooms!
Then Dewey, when he had fought his way
across the Atlantic to take Manila Bay.

I don't particular about my oceans
in those days and it didn't make any
difference how Dewey got there, was

4. the Atlantic & Pacific, but as the
world knew he got there and how!
It also seems that I had the light
and the sun and the gloom chasing
one another around, about the same
way Dewey chased the Spaniards, but
then maybe that was just genius,
or perhaps "poetic license".
Incidentally if your press should carry
you further you will see that

5) poetic license takes an awful
beating here in.

When he had company, my ^{father} would
have me stand in the
middle of the floor and read my poem.
(They called it that too.) as war
mystique began to mount, as did
I. I stepped from the floor to a foot
stool, from there to a chair.
Before the war was over I distinctly
remember delivering the battle of
Manilla Bay from the top of the

6) living room table.

I'm not sure whether I have
quite forgiven my beloved parents
and my "courageously enthusiastic"
audiences for that support or
not, because the "invaluable
lingers on": Not to read from
table tops; heaven forbid -
and Reason took over soon after;
but I mean I like poetry and the
desire to write it stays. The Muse

7) and I have had many periods of
estrangement, its difficult
enough to handle just one
woman, but what can a man
do with the kind? So they come
back at times, but I've learned
this - like many women ~~do~~
that mine sisters are fickle.
Since we've learned to understand
each other we get along better &

8) they have really given me many
pleasant hours.

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

- Last Night -

Last night I melted out by my bed;
No chapter from this Book I read;
But to my open window went
and there I found a Testament
The breathing trees in leaf was there
and grass and Moon and summer air.

The softness, indescribable,
The silence too, that sought to tell,
And manifest itself to me
The presence there of Deity.
Mute eloquence did clearly say
That Heaven was not far away.
Some folk may say I did not pray
Because I melted out by my bed;
No chapter from this Book I read.
What right to offer up a prayer?
When God himself was with me there

and there I found a testament
The breathing trees were there -

My thought, I know you'll ridicule,
and hardly claim I am a fool
to say
That I have prayed.
But if I am a fool
It's only by a man-made rule.
Think if you wish my thought amiss
It will not me annoy
As I have had the joy
of thinking and printing this.

Colossal minds emerging from
The age-old walls of Lycium
Transcribed their wisdom on every page
(In museum now and homestead age)
and modern men for me translate
The language of the ancient great
And humble folk with hearts as sweet
as ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~world~~ ^{world}
and humble folk whose lives are sweet
with simple peace and honesty
I ~~had~~ ^{had} walked along and would
I ~~had~~ ^{had} walked along and would
with me

Why flowers are fragrant
Yes now I know why blossoms are sweet
and beautiful will not suffice -
(Though grateful man doth call them ^{mine})
'Tis that the flowers wish to greet,
Or say,
O shall I call it pray their thanks
for sustenance from cloud and sod.

That they might find ²⁰ that they
may greet
me with the answer of a book.
Yet once again I did pursue,
A saintly man (I thought he knew)
He answered well and answered true
(at least he did deduce) ^{to copy and}
That ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~men~~ ^{men}
was it on the ~~page~~ ^{page} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~book~~ ^{book} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~found~~ ^{found}
with earnest zeal that as the poet ^{the man}
and mental mills ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~tried~~ ^{tried} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~world~~ ^{world}
on ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~page~~ ^{page} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~had~~ ^{had}

I know the answer to my cry
I find it all the while
For every step in every mile
with earnest zeal the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way}
and ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~lost~~ ^{lost}
I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~guided~~ ^{guided} ~~by~~ ^{by}
Pleasurably published
always I was guided by
This simple ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~God~~ ^{of} ~~God~~ ^{of} ~~God~~
It is the hand of God!

What is that space above the line
That's just ahead of dawn?
and blends itself with line so fine
and tint so thinly drawn
We scarce can follow where it will
Bid the dark begone?
I've asked an artist man,
Inquired of poets too;
A man of eloquence I sought
Renowned for the words he wrought

What is that space above the line
That's just ahead of dawn
and blends itself with line so fine
and tint so thinly drawn
We scarce can follow where it will
Bid the dark begone -
I've asked an artist man
Inquired of poets too
a man of eloquence I sought
Renowned for the words he wrought
I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~asked~~ ^{asked} ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~do~~ ^{do}
or tell me ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~can~~ ^{can}

Why flowers are fragrant.
Yes now I know why buds are sweet,
Beauty alone will not suffice;
(The grateful man doth call them ^{mine})
'Tis that the flowers wish to greet,
Or say, or shall I call it PRAY
Their thanks to God
for sustenance from cloud and sod.

My thought I know you'll ridicule;
and loudly claim I am a fool
To say
That flowers pray.
But if I am a fool
'Tis only by a man-made rule.
Think if you wish my thought amiss;
It will not me annoy;
For I have had the joy
of thinking and of writing this!

Sweet genius jewels with in your heart.
Take wing with her and upward soar
unto the glory that is art

Radio - Public
Newly and many can be
I ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~put~~ ^{put} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~turn~~ ^{turn}
Angels - Teachers.
as learn out

Round Trip Ticket
Make hay while sun shines.
set down in fount - can't
read that way.
Aunt's "Tears around
dotted line.

But Reason too can smile to
and tender she has been with me.
an understanding smile she smiled
(And well I knew she was amused)
and thought me like some naughty child
who thought itself abused.
She told the Nurses ^{more} things
very by, and sometimes with me play
to help my foolish plan appease
By penning simple rhymes like these.

Thru out my life ^{that}
with placed in stars and ferns and.

Then what of me, some voice doth 'grieve'
What of my pain of my desire?
Then Reason sits again with me,
and firmly takes my hand;
She dears my visions so that she
again may make me understand
Her truth - her admonition stern
That I shall cease at once to yearn
To write beyond my sphere, a dream
Beyond God's holy scheme.
And in my consciousness ^{must} hold
The Messias that our manifold

Last Night.

Last night I knelt not by my bed,
No chapters from His Book I read,
But to my open window went
and gazed upon God's supplement
Of Heaven. Trees in leaf were there,
and grass and bloom and summer air.

Somewhere there is a tiny pool
That my hand to find
I know no path, I know no rule
Through field or wood or human mind
To find me there,
For it is where
The facts go
To dip a stinging pen,
That you and I and other men
May know
The joys that flow

That softness indescribable;
The silence too, that seemed to tell
(or manifest itself to me)
The presence that of Wilty.
The scene, the hush, yet gentle sounds
Were part of Heaven out of bounds.

Some folk will say
I did not pray
Because I knelt not by my bed,
No chapters from the Book I read.
What need to offer up a prayer?
When God Himself was with me there!

Last Night.

Last night I knelt not by my bed,
No chapters from His Book I read,
But to my open window went
and there I found a Testament.
The breathing trees in leaf were there
and grass and bloom and summer air.

smile.

Oh blessed absence of self-
consciousness! Would that I could
always remain so!!

late leaving a dab of whipped cream
on the end of her nose; the other
with a huge chocolate eclair
minus one bite, ^{with} chocolate
on her lips + cheeks, going off
up the street giggling +
completely oblivious to the
amusement of other worshippers
who were human enough to

- Picture -

These two young girls in the early
teen age coming from church last
Sunday, all spice + span + sweet
+ clean, + stepping in at a
baking shop + coming out a few
moments later - just as expect
but not quite so spice + span.
One with a cream-puff from
which she had taken ^{at} delicious

poetic thought embossed
with gold. Gold right from
the rough rock.

Got often heard of people
praying for rain, but if a
Spring day can do that to a
man like him, I think I'll
pray for eternal sunshine.

with + spots of rain light ^{glitter}
through. Yep - + blue-green
^{meadows}
+ rolling hills.
Sure makes a guy feel different
+ wish he was different. Say
'jerk stop to figger how well
it would be if a guy could be
like a Spring day?'
That, my friends is a

clear spring day. He paused at
the spot where I was working.
"Sure a swell day aint it?"
I agreed; he continued; "makes
me see lazy streams with
trees along both banks + bendin'
over + meetin' in the center +
makin' an arch way over the

One Can Never Tell.
He is a big, hairy, two-fisted,
chipyard worker, and the most
profane man I ever knew;
likewise the most repulsive.
Always loud and intemperately
punctuating his remarks
with profanity or some
vile epithet.
Came the first warm

That I had seen, but since then
I never
Lovelessness came into its own

By Christ, ah yes, and countless more
I oft have been enthralled
again, again and over and over
Each one my lips have loudly called.
But now another meaning hath
this word Lovelessness
came into its own.
I have come the day you loved my part
and showed love to the returned class

To The Marmes
Crazions and proud, with wretched
In all that's noble and truly just
I give you, Marmes, a just addition
I give you now this son of mine.

The Sun
Today I can do no more
I watched a dog make a sound
He didn't know that I was there
and read his thoughts, ah yes, he
But from my nose arose a yard
I watched him play, yet with a sound
He dug a hole with his front
and in the hole he stuck a pile
Then filled it in all good and sound

'Twas born the day you crossed my path.
For then it was that beauty shared,
and Lovelessness came to its own.

When we think of lovely things
I can but think of you.
You is all the things that summer brings
and spring and fall and sparkling winter too.
The artist's touch, the poet's pen,
The musician's masterpiece.
(When inspiration doth release)
Enough their worth and when
I find the part that man can do
I solemnly bless them
I solemnly bless them
I solemnly dedicate them all to you.

Yes, I confess that Lovelessness
to me was but a word
By which I might express
something I'd seen, a known or heard;
Soft fields of waving corn,
God's messengers announcing snow,
Sirens nesting in the leaves,
The colors of autumn leaves,
The hidden tint the sun discloses
In a bush of roses.
When spring plays on the hillside
in its summer on the land,

By Christ, ah yes and countless more
I oft have been enthralled,
again, again and over and over
Each one my lips have "lovely" called.

as only summer can be
As she saunters down the land,
a student of Divinity,
His eloquence in prayer -
The peaceful sense within me
as I am seated there.

But now again I must confess,
this word, this Lovelessness
some another meaning hath -

Morning Star.
forget me if I do but call
this jewel! But I can but lift

All through my working hours
I think of you
at night when I'm making flowers
The stars caught a gleam from you
The moon still a beam from you
still

47 50
14 71
32 82
48 88
44 84
760
625
1171
1
8928
967
7800
8000
886
1367
5167

Please go out to my garden
and slowly wander through -
just touch my leaves,
Revive my flowers
with just a breath of you.

The tall and graceful stalks
of the blossomed hollyhocks

You spoiled my garden -
I liked roses
Cause roses were like you.
And when you were roses
(Cross my heart that this is true)
I couldn't tell if the fragrance
came from roses
or they reflected you.

Was fond of nolets too,
always thought them
the nicest things I knew
until that time
I bought them
and placed them close by as
used to be a hyacinth
of blue -
its loveliness too.
I'm sure you saw one
pinned on the heart of you

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

Please go out to my garden
and slowly wander through;
Just to brighten up the bowers
and revive the flowers
with just a breath of you.

Perhaps this a foolish thought,
Reverence of may be fine,
But just a foolish thought
I'm kind of glad its mine.

He wants to meet you up the hill
(It is a lovely walk)
Of course he'll be there no you will
and there you three may talk.
The wind speaks
Of all the many lovely things
God sets me do, is spend my wings
and visit with the gentle breeze
and glide with him where he please

To my children
The hills are green, the buds are out,
fruit trees in blossom too.
That springtime note
that you just heard
from the throat
of that pretty little bird
who hops about
just bursting with a secret
He wants to tell to you.

Conduct
incidentally that hangs between
glow of them in evening.
Doris infatuated.
But she had mind of her
with which direction of
to her from
So do any the gallery
of the stuff I mean
Tumble

Some folk will say
I did not pray
because I trust had by my bed,
he drifts from the book I read,
what need to offer up a prayer
with God himself beside me then?
(When God himself was with me then?)

Last night I knelt not by my bed,
No chapter from his book I read.
But to my open window went
and gazed upon this supplement
to heaven. Trees on leafy trees,
and grass and flowers and summer air.

That softness indescribable,
The silence too that seemed to tell
of presence there, of purity
and manifest it was to me
the scene, the music, yet gentle sounds
were parts of heaven out of bounds.

This moment sweet, a holy hour
This sacred goal, this peace I seek
Which God himself has given thee
I never find in sanctity
in my heart, I do not know
that says I feel also now
you believe it nice to dislocate
(no ought this god with now and then)

On manifest itself to me
The presence there of Purity

The hills are green, the buds are out
fruit trees in blossom too.
That springtime note
that you hear
Go say to the throat
of that feebly chirping bird
a little bit of light
just brushing with a heart
he wants to tell to you.

Perhaps it is a foolish thought,
~~perhaps~~
Purchase it may be just,
But just a foolish thought
You know of glad the heart.

Will you be search for words
To give the birds
In lyrics to mingle with their song

Some folk will say
I did not pray
Because I knelt not by my bed,
No chapter from the Book I read.
What need to offer up a prayer?
When God himself was with me there!

The mystery of the haze
In Indian Summer's charm;
Whose own departure she delays
to catch and hold the golden ray
From God's embosomed arm
That gives approval of her day.

Who am I
That I should try
The fabled words
That even birds
with their heart's intent
cannot ~~fill~~ fill

The mystery of the haze
Of Indian Summer's charm
Whose own departure she delays
to catch and hold the golden ray
From God's embosomed arm
That gives approval of her day
By His embosomed arm

The mystery of the haze
In Indian Summer's charm
To gaze into a bush of roses
Be the species plain or rare
your lingering
still another color hangs there.
To stand before a redwood tree
Its Cathedral hush, its dignity
and century frequent mystery
With humble heart you know

Your reverence to the chapter read,
and naught would be commensurate
Save heartless and
silent prayer.

To help out if we can
Of that was caught that be could do.
I know a man whose mind has soared
To heights almost as high
As this I write of in the sky:
With all the wisdom he has stored
He would not guess, no even try.
Said he a sacrifice 'twould be
To try ^{to the like of me} by hand of glory
That apace you speak of in the sky.

The gifted eloquence that ran
Let not its absence, you defend

The gifted eloquence that ran
Let not its absence, you defend

That shall await anon
Some lucky playing child
By desert Meads or flowers wild,
Or ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~grass~~ ^{grass} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~children~~ ^{children} ~~they~~ ^{they}
Is not adorned by them that they
Whence so much as touch
With childish purpose pure
Has crystal springs in miniature
Becomes without for us to know
Sweet genius now in lambrope
For time's own fulness and God's will
These blessed mortals each shall