

War

I hear a shell scream through  
the air

I see a man, frightened stare  
~~at~~ a few minutes later his  
got poisoning of lead,  
dying slowly but surely  
among the dead

I see an airplane dropping its  
bombs

Smacking everything to atoms

I see the flash of a gun in  
the ~~mid~~ of the night  
blowing a man clear out  
of sight

Your gas mask put on my  
comrade ~~or~~

Or I shall feel very sad  
The tanks are coming on  
Their machine guns have a death  
like song

## The situation of Constantinople

Constantinople = capital  
of Roman Empire - between  
Asia and Europe, position

made it desirable for  
both Asia and Europe to  
have, besides commanding  
both countries it also  
controlled the Mediterranean  
and a city of such impor-  
tance was of great need  
to either country

In the first century  
the Saracens tried  
to get it for this  
reason, as in the  
case of the Crusades  
it was used as a  
base for operations

dump -> do ~~study~~  
want to believe -  
Thoughts drift back  
to green & meadows  
& fields & all that it  
yields & innumera-  
ble friendship - no  
word slip - ~~where~~  
set it -

Its the 1<sup>st</sup> day  
July - I want how  
rely - on the of one  
this softness of  
summer to +  
the trees & leaf  
me relief & relief  
~~the trees & leaf~~  
~~me relief & relief~~

the softness of  
summer to +  
the trees & leaf  
me relief & relief

atop the pole he nailed an end  
 of stoutest wood - that would bend,  
 It pleased me much to see that he  
 gleamed the other to a tree.  
 For ever since I was a child  
 I've loved a tree - my parents would  
 for a second to me

and always just approving nod  
 when I would say it seemed to me  
 that my kind of living tree  
 was something very close to God.

He must have asked her not to peek  
 for now and then his eyes would seek  
 their windows - (smiley just in fun)  
 until he said the evening was done.

and I am grateful for this day  
 the impulse led that led me say  
 on

and if there is a nice thing  
 than watch a daddy rock a young  
 It is to see his <sup>sleepful</sup> child <sup>and</sup> <sup>laughing</sup>  
 burst from the door and <sup>run</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>rejoice</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>world</sup> -  
 with <sup>blowing</sup> <sup>air</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>deepest</sup> <sup>cleans</sup>  
 spray of his <sup>deeper</sup> <sup>whisper</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>air</sup>

My thanks to Mrs. J. J. Jones and  
 other ladies and Mr. Jones

But maybe that was pretty  
 they left me this night <sup>but</sup>  
 they left me this with my  
 poor nest  
 evening  
 develops another  
 sets watching  
 rattle clump  
 and how good of

(242)

Janulo -  
Bacead 104-R-3

Blanchard  
others

Belt -  
Columbia

4320-61

Way lines that would like to read one  
or ~~two~~ lay their cheeks on the cool  
damp & dark soil of forest in the next  
orchard

The king who could sit in the high window  
of a caboose of a freight train

Window the soft silhouettes in  
day autumn leaves

It's a city of some 150,000 - so the man  
who introduced himself to me in the hotel  
lobby, <sup>introduced</sup> told me. He also informed me that he  
could tell I was a new comer - or a visitor.  
and that he'd get dollars to do with, was  
there for some important reason.

He took a deep breath & said it was

the center of a very rich & productive community -  
they had 4 trust companies - 7 banks -  
city took care rock bottom - a tremendous  
pay roll, real estate was booming,  
that he had "connections" + ~~was~~  
a first list of other assets that  
reached of an active Chamber of  
Commerce - & that whatever I was  
there for he could get me into  
~~the~~ cell of the papers.

Now in this bustling, bustling  
city & coming early he would like to  
know about I was there for & what  
had impressed me most - surely  
I could tell him something - or

3 July 1941 - Trust Co.

got him some accident that  
had impressed me most.

(~~As~~ Look into any bank <sup>at</sup> I used  
all 475 lines in front of teller  
windows.

(Every country under heaven had  
a band that)

gashed him if he really wanted  
it + he shany at me with a

with a light like ready for the hell  
Yes%

about - I'm here for 24 hrs because

+ by then incident that  
impressed me most - that which  
I did stand in front of one of the  
of banks + saw people rush in out  
+ fast a cuffer charred on the side  
walk + the my person who paid any  
attention to him was a man



who didn't go into the bank - a man  
in ecclesiastic's garb who stopped &  
fumbled in several pockets of a  
black suit that was worn &  
shiny & produced a coin & dropped  
it into the coffee's hat.

Later in the day when I checked  
out of the hotel I saw the gentleman  
again & he gave me a cool nod.  
I wonder what the matter was with me.

---

A Vacant Lot -  
 The yellow popples drooping low  
 Looked up at me and let me know  
 That I delayed to those who knew

There's still that better tree  
 That boy were overgrown

and still there is that better tree  
 There's still that boy were overgrown -  
 Its foolish, but they welcomed me  
 The nicest welcome I have known -

~~Here~~ My patience clay <sup>steel</sup> ~~was~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~  
~~hand~~ ~~and~~ ~~they~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~  
 Said they was ~~so~~ ~~un~~ ~~der~~ ~~stand~~ ~~in~~ ~~fact~~ ~~was~~  
 and I am glad I understand

|      |    |    |    |
|------|----|----|----|
| 1908 | 38 | 28 | 38 |
| 21   | 31 | 41 | 51 |

My Green

Where the well never runs -  
 upon that dry neglected ground  
 you search for  
 paper that shows up which they buy

and as I stepped  
 purpose high -

~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~neglected~~ ~~ground~~  
 and reading some  
 on that neglected ~~ground~~ ~~and~~ ~~reading~~ ~~some~~  
 The tide and morning  
 left me this  
 and they were  
 ready for me to return  
 my

Yes, <sup>as seen then</sup> I ~~went there~~ - back to  
see them <sup>again</sup> after a year. The same place I  
promised my self in successive years  
to go back ~~to~~ - today I did.

an elegant standing quietly and going off  
jumps slowly & contentedly - just unlike cows  
to lying in the shade during their days

The green was gone but  
left for my best  
the brown & ~~the~~ brown  
to include me.

It was a nice looking  
welly place - a - 20. Street

maybe they will make  
you set soft  
you drink

He had a new shaft  
of ~~the~~ horse in the jaws  
from one side to another

It was a nice looking horse  
and he had it improved himself  
he would so on

McKees to James

PRD - 8 Rd trip loaded

M-~~11~~ 1 carburetor -  
knocking down for  
field perfection

Infantry near Purple W

often when engaged in some  
large case the home towners  
would come in to hear him.

Golumie ran for a tree + started  
to climb. Bear right behind.  
Kept climbing till he got near  
the top of a the Redwood tree -  
you know how tall our California  
Redwoods are - Bear at his ~~side~~  
heels. Then he crawled <sup>300</sup> out on  
the branch. It ~~started~~ bent  
<sup>under his</sup> with his weight. Bear <sup>was out on a limb</sup> started  
out but Golumie held up his  
hand + said: "Stop! Go back,  
you fool Bear - You come out here  
I'll break this limb, we fall  
down + kill both of us".

"Yes sir he was the most  
courageous talker you ever see!"

As a young man he was a  
a successful lawyer in the small  
town where he was born.

He moved to the large city not  
far away and success followed.  
He handled many criminal  
cases and became known as one  
of the bar's most eloquent pleaders.

He remained loyal to his home  
community, spending vacations  
and making frequent visits there,  
and he remained "their boy";

a bitterly fought murder  
case had been in court for weeks.  
Another attorney conducting the  
defense. The jury brought in a  
verdict of manslaughter. An  
appeal was made and granted.

The newspapers and public  
agreed that <sup>109</sup> (let's call him John Jones)  
would be brought into the case.  
He was and became chief counsel



for the defendant. The trial  
was spectacular. Many clashes  
between John and West atty.

Came the day for the closing  
plea. Courtroom & corridors were  
packed with the homefolk &  
<sup>scores of his followers in the home community were</sup>  
<sup>many</sup> bear John. Some were loyal and  
enthusiastic enough to offer  
2 to 1 that John would receive  
an acquittal. That's what John did.  
~~after~~ what was termed as one of  
the most eloquent pleas heard in  
years the jury's verdict was "not  
guilty." 200

The homebodies were jubilant and  
John's exploits recounted. One ~~elderly~~  
elderly gentleman, when sure he  
had the attention of a group, began  
to know it - I knew it! Yes so  
logical. Such a convincing talker.  
I recollect one time when he was  
just a little aback he was out  
in the woods and come upon a  
bear. The bear took after him.

As a young man he was a successful lawyer in the small town where he was born, and grew. He moved to the large city not far away and success followed him, there. He handled many criminal cases and became known as one of the bar's most eloquent pleaders.

He always remained loyal to his home community, spending vacations and making frequent visits there. Often when he was engaged in some large case the home towners would come to hear him.

A murder-case-had-been-in-the-court-for-several weeks

A bitterly fought murder case, the defendant being represented by another attorney. The jury brought in a verdict of Manslaughter. There was an appeal, and much talk and-

The public. the newspapers all were sure, in fact there was even some betting that our hero would be called in. He was, and immediately became chief counsel in the new trial. Again, bitter clashes between him and the Dist. Atty.

Came the day for the closing argument, and the courtroom and corridors were crowded with home towners, and many stories about the hero's prowess when he was in the home community. Some were offering two to one that he would get an acquittal. In what was termed one of the most eloquent pleas heard at the local bar, the jury brought in a verdict for acquittal.

The home towners were wild with joy, and then stories did fly.

One elderly gentleman, when he was sure he had the attention of a group around him, said I knew it. I KNEW it. He's so logical. He's such a convincing talker. Always was. Why I recollect one time when he was just a little shaver he was out in the woods and come upon a bear. The bear took after him. He run for a tree and started to climb. Bear right behind. Kept on climbing until he got near the top and you know how tall our Californy redwoods are. Then he got out on one of the branches, he was out a limb when want he (here he paused long enough for us to laugh at his pun). The bear started to come out to git him but he held up his hand and said STOP. step back, you fool bear. You come out here it'll break this limb, we fall down 'n kill BOF of us. Yes sir, he's the most convincing talker you ever see.

## Last Night.

Last night I knelt not by my bed.  
No chapter 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.

That softness indescribable,  
The silence too, that sought to tell  
(Or manifest itself to me)  
The presence that of Wicety.  
The scene, the hush, yet gentle sounds,  
Were parts of Heaven out of bounds.

9th journeyed to see & know the ~~far~~  
A journeying but with many <sup>and little</sup> ways the journey that  
Was lasting several of living steps - has sailed

---

There is a favorite spot of mine  
~~Perhaps it might be called a shrine~~  
To me - a land of early shrine

Many a road  
The holy spot  
The hill and  
mountain  
view

I used to know when spring was here,  
and loved the time when summer came  
and autumn lent her tints that were  
to whiten winter's picture.

Frank

When June comes

Or - how well I know

~~Frank~~

and I -  
Bewildered by  
some unknown power  
Since the  
with purpose high

I call the day; re-list the hours  
~~Re-list the hours,~~  
(and each succeeding hour too)  
~~The following~~  
Bewildered by some unknown power  
Since the hour I just saw you

With honest mind I sought to find,  
Through honest eyes I tried to see  
But I'm deserted by my mind  
and my eyes refuse to see.  
The end

MAY 18

19

Hey you! Know who I am -

oh - 20 <sup>may 18</sup> you don't give a damn

19

well let me tell you something you  
in the toughest bed that <sup>ever</sup> <sub>few</sub>

19

My old man and me

but all the joints since I

19

was 3.

19

MAY 19

19

Believe it or not  
even now I take a shot

19

But since you  
talked to me

19

Your kinda made  
me see

19

Am I mean alive  
Ponda's my dad when I  
was 5



MAY 22

19

Some Master Die so  
to your heart -

19

Now I feel like a  
heart

19

Not a bird ~~heart~~  
a ~~heart~~ -

19

just lightless ~~heart~~  
marvel.

19

and a soul in the waves

elocates man -

Head of a big street.

WAVE -

settled her on the street - whether my daughter was a WAVE  
& that even time I saw one I used my head a little higher  
& was very kind. Also I let my son - not and it was

~~a small camp~~ had entered & was in a camp, trying

for names & how much Sam had told me that I was  
very kind. "Why stop and" she said - & let me drink it.

"Beyond age" - I think - I'm 54, & mean no harm - but I

more than to the WAVE for wanting her daughter. I let  
the kind's squelched.

Dear Son —

We' Jella — kinda wish you knew how,  
your folks are thinkin about you —

---

accordean Wp

---

He had tin caness fell down as he stepped off the  
curb. There was a chair - I helped him up. Then I asked  
him — " Well met you, I was born this way - been this way  
all through my life - well with my parents - been with you.  
Syphilis - get away from me you healthy husband as I'd  
spread the syph' all over you."

MAY 20

19

It he said me on the bus  
+ said - That folks, then you are

19

Just but you ever saw -

19

But my about me -  
In down almost - set?

19

19

MAY 21

19

Old man said -

19 When you look around  
whos dead

19 You kinda pick up  
withholz

19

Something you lost

Its seen how do it so

19

Long ~~and~~ some how I picked

Want to say the way.

MAY 2

Hamilton Street & Adelaide St  
7 hrs 30 as of 11:30 AM  
with pasture & hay - later you need  
with a cent & with a cent  
with a cent -

Good and easy market  
square and land -

70 man <sup>that</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>land</sup> when man has  
had to me - with a cent & good

19

19

19

19

19

MAY 3

Grant & Ray  
Yosh, Saw it wants like best -  
But did I find the best life

I want to feel -  
Yosh, the best man

That anyone has ever seen

Older looking like

The Guy      The Man Under -

who shined you

why -

That he

was the only one who

wrote Universal poetry!



The Watchers come to

him -

Went to listen to the  
dramatist's performance

For a long time now, two years at least, I've  
wanted to renew my visits and sit <sup>out</sup> on the friendly  
broad veranda of the museum in Monterey. Sit there  
in the cool, and gaze at the fishing fleet, the sand,  
the gulls, the pier. 10-day I did it. Well it was  
now I told myself I wanted to. For these two years  
I have 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. Not very much, as I reached  
it and walked down the veranda, freshness greeted  
me. Someone had just watered the flowers and sprinkled  
the dust and grass in front.

I had remembered before in detail, that looked so  
worn, the broad seats, worn smooth with  
sitting, cracked, and silvered, & mellow & friendly  
with age. Then they waited & even suggested <sup>to me</sup> that  
but I noticed the pillars in front cracked & watered  
with the dignity of age & made me give a smile of  
understanding at the repairs of cold <sup>modern</sup> cement & paint.  
Even the new & modern hose attached to the old hydrant  
in one of the few old pillars seemed sort of out

place, but it is doing its duty, so lets let it "belong"  
a few feet away from it though is an old eaten  
lot ~~to~~ like the pillars that seems to be housing a  
meter or something - it is partly very young with  
excess. There seems to be some sort of understanding  
between it and a very old drooping tree across  
the rail-road track.

It seems <sup>apparently</sup> that the ending places also across the  
track should be old, of better work, on stilts & so easy  
for you to promise yourself that you will go into them.

Down around a curve I see a low speeding depot.  
It too looks friendly, but the same slowness on the  
rails that lead to it remind me that they are too soon  
must I leave. <sup>both shimmering heat waves on the stumps.</sup>  
- slowly a freight train - all empty cars <sup>by the way of the window.</sup> ~~cars~~ <sup>creaks by.</sup>

Like it because there are no people it - its just quiet -  
after it has passed I can look out at some of the stumps  
really came here for - to partly close my eyes & see how  
the blue of the little bay blends with the green-covered hills  
beyond them - the mountains ~~are~~ have a grey mist  
aged & <sup>prepared for</sup> late September's heels of  
Andean Summer.

So unless I am to write about or finish will  
have to wait.

Handwritten text, possibly a header or address, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several lines of cursive script that is largely illegible.

not several barrels that pool beside  
and dip the pens within and add  
up with wings of clay - act 1

*Sulphur villosus*

and hands full wisdom and good sense  
these ~~best~~ rich - blessed models were created

---

The fields of luxury  
may bid soul on other way  
The priceless pearls of dignity  
and cultural hold refined away.

of thinking and working this  
In a heart and this way  
It ~~is~~ not the same  
~~It is not the same~~

Thank you with my thought

of Haylett St: I run up & down  
trying to peddle em  
Took some over to Mrs  
Star they were delighted  
One to Mrs Dwyer  
who said she was  
sorry to waste me a ho.  
Saw a miss who said  
she had had efforts  
from Ireland

---

and gleeful children scrambling down a bank,  
while I stand by, to humbly watch and thank  
My Lord that He  
Wash given me

~~Intelligence~~  
of appreciation and the sweet recall  
of the past, and present beauty of it all.

Indian Summer.

When waning summer guides her drowsy days,  
And bids them blend with autum's gentle haze.

Dawn and Sunset(or sumpin)

The sun was patient with the mist that sought to stay  
Until God's messenger had brought the day.  
And with humble thanks she sent  
Her sister element, ~~the-gentle-haze~~  
The gentle haze,  
To hold a while, and glorify  
God's signature across the western sky.



of perth turned card &  
~~to~~ <sup>insert</sup> printing desk

and daisy <sup>apostrophe</sup>  
lawn

I would have to be a  
mistake or drawer

And this can be my whole  
to think of you.

to build a new kitchen

to build

Current-knitted version.

I see you soldier, at the bar  
I been wondering who you are.

~~There's refinement~~  
There's refinement, <sup>but</sup> ~~it's~~ <sup>just</sup> a trace  
of hedged <sup>used to be</sup> your ~~face~~ <sup>face</sup>.

It's too drunk  
You had too much to drink  
Who says to look wise.

It's out - by criticism  
When may you  
I been through

a thousand wells  
For jobs & hands held

Maybe there is a girl  
Who saw you off to graduation  
Perhaps that's why your feeling  
<sup>low</sup>  
+ wishing  
even goes on a brief  
furlough.

Perhaps just because  
waked muddy  
It's even seen you hilly  
Blown

" Bell Bottom Trousers "

When I was a bar maid and lived in dreary lair

My mistress she was kind to me, my master was

the same

Then along came a sailor, as handsome as

could be

Mme

~~Uey~~  
~~Uey~~ Ste

Uey Stettin —

Mr. Seating —

---

I see a long distance  
flame and blut 90  
yells come, but my  
father never let very  
long

vant-hem- et a  
great mel- loud mel.

I removed [unclear] for an official [unclear] [unclear]

numbers named ~~the~~ for <sup>the</sup> ~~land~~ line

The vault - the ~~house~~

train - the be -

I stood on the platform

the children

conscience would let

me ~~to~~ do ~~otherwise~~  
otherwise.

Stripped of all and

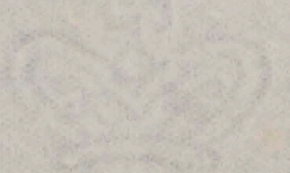
for ~~the~~ grief

9 1/2 days [unclear] away my work

the [unclear] [unclear]

With gleeful children ~~at~~ scambling down a bank  
and I stand by to humbly watch and stand  
our Lord that ~~HR~~

With joy and  
intelligence

  
CATON'S  
CORASATI  
BOND  
USA  
HERKIMER  
112

By which I myself  
express

I confess,  
That "Loveliness"

To me was just a word.  
Something I'd seen, a <sup>known</sup> ~~line~~, a heard.

Its fields of waving corn,  
God's messenger, announcing ~~to~~ morn,  
Swallows nesting in the eaves

The cold of Autumn leaves  
The hidden ~~color~~ <sup>study</sup> that the sun discloses  
In a bush of roses.

When Spring flaps on its wings,  
Or its Summer in its land  
As only Summer can be  
When she saunters down the land,

Young student of Divinity -

His eloquence in prayer

The peaceful secret ~~it~~ ~~presence~~ within me  
to be sealed shut.

as I am

A blue-green meadow  
nourished by a brook  
whose tuneful waters  
are so crystal clear  
That every day an angel  
comes to look  
and every ~~angel~~ <sup>voiced</sup> choir  
comes to hear.

O! Twilight, why wilt thou  
do these things to me?

How's that of earth, is surely  
you can see



On their throats

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Birds can cannot find among  
all the notes upon their ~~tongue~~  
Words tongue

Man don't know ~~what~~ <sup>what?</sup> ~~what?~~  
What?  
Man don't know ~~what~~ <sup>what?</sup> ~~what?~~  
What?  
Man don't know ~~what~~ <sup>what?</sup> ~~what?~~  
What?  
Man don't know ~~what~~ <sup>what?</sup> ~~what?~~  
What?  
Man don't know ~~what~~ <sup>what?</sup> ~~what?~~  
What?

The sky curves down to meet the hills -  
The hills <sup>and</sup> rise up to meet the sky -

~~God's children both~~

~~They are both~~

They miss +

God's children ~~both~~ both,

They are <sup>be</sup> both

To miss

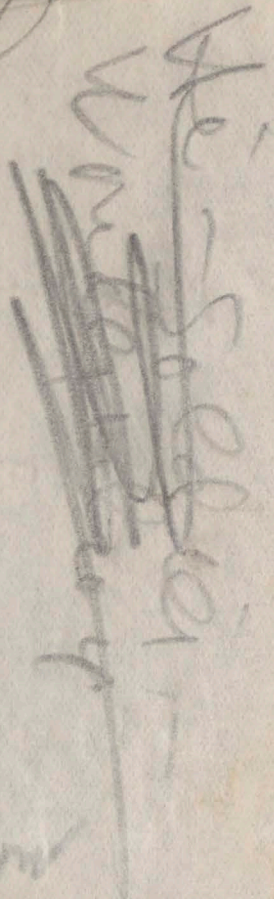
Contact of earth + sky -

Wouldn't you and I?

They be both  
to break the miss  
I miss earth +  
sky

Wouldn't you + I?

He you had a fall  
to save you off  
in the canal  
in the 9th  
you had too much  
to drink  
Golly gee -  
we'd all be yellow  
if we knew what you were  
been through



Mustard  
Peanut Butter  
& Milk  
Bread

Hi soldier - a regular  
spindly  
Sitting at the other  
end of the bar  
Wonder who you are?  
There's ~~not~~ just a  
trace  
of ~~something~~ in your  
face

Went to your studio  
for a study of ~~light~~  
with a flashlight

I A Brown - (116)  
Baby Brown - (127)

care -

Went to look over  
~~in the~~  
Went to ~~critique~~  
critique

My daughters in the WAVES

Godless her my heart & hers

Seems to want to ride

The west of everything with birds

She's in <sup>my</sup> hot camp

Pressed little camp

Our first hour

Prouty on the as I am

She's a daughter of the Sun

Her walls low high  
tempas at foot

Units low she don't  
care a foot

But Scrubflons - march

Wolves - She says -  
Jura length of the Sun

My father's name heard every day  
in each of everything with birds.

St night in moon  
Strong in Moon!  
I remember as the clouds  
were  
That you & I had  
Before I met her  
Clear nights - all the children  
"Stars light the night"  
When I saw you leave dark  
moon -  
When you prolonged deep  
fields of white corn  
quiet - almost eternal fields  
Near my path  
should have been

and you'd say  
and words  
my sleep, light  
I had what  
was said  
and I was  
and I was  
and I was  
and I was  
and I was  
and I was  
and I was  
and I was

Who am I to search for words  
When her birds, ~~their songs among~~  
Their songs among  
~~Positively~~ <sup>that</sup>  
~~can find no thought~~  
to grace your name?  
End in their throats  
attuned to her's ethereal notes  
Inadequate because -  
They can but wing and sing  
and sing and sing  
Sing as they sing  
Why more - why ever the song

523 Valley -  
Who you know glad I am  
She is a daughter of land I am -  
When you remember down the line  
As only I can  
On the summer in the heart  
When spring is in the heart  
light

- My Vacation -

It got off to a bad start.  
Anyway, who cares about it?  
The latter being the case,  
anyone <sup>at this</sup> glancing ~~at~~ might  
logically ask - "Then why did  
he write it?!" There is no answer!!  
I have a war-time job in a  
defense plant. Age? - 53.  
I get 5 days <sup>vacation</sup> with pay - not in  
every calendar year.

Regarding the bad start, my  
wife would not come with me. It is  
now late September. We delayed  
because our daughter is so into  
the VITAFES - or liked the  
night, after leaving "oot" or  
N.Y. come back to the west  
coast, & we could go to see her  
or she might come home and

short furlough. She <sup>was assigned</sup> ~~came~~ to the  
West Coast assigned, but no furlough  
for at least a month.

Now our son is <sup>home</sup> ~~back~~ from his  
sea-scouts summer cruise  
→ back in high school, & my  
wife wouldn't leave him, also  
we had both seen cars in  
street cars that ~~read~~ <sup>said</sup> something  
about "a ~~needed vacation~~  
vacation needed" followed by  
vacation needed." So here  
I am - or where were we?  
Oh yes - about the bad start!  
My wife for days had ~~advised~~  
that I shouldn't let anything  
spoil my vacation - my rest.



When the 9 clumps of lolly things  
They make me think of you  
You is all the things that summer  
brings  
and spring + fall + winter too

PLEASE PAY CASHIER

Pictures  
that boy + elephant  
climbed Jimbal on  
Chimabim Sunka  
+ the park - boy  
stepping off the curb

SALES TAX

A B C D E F G H

CHECK NUMBER

98424

NO. SERVED

TOTAL

Rediform  No. 65

PLEASE PAY CASHIER

with the procession  
The music was  
solem, slow.  
as they rounded  
corner the park  
expedited road  
quick, graceful

SALES TAX

A B C D E F G H

CHECK NUMBER

98425

NO. SERVED

TOTAL

Rediform  No. 65

PLEASE PAY CASHIER

please  
The up who was  
discovering the term  
"Buddh" - this is a  
"Buddh" - this is a  
"Buddh" - this is a  
"Buddh" - this is a

SALES TAX

A B C D E F G H

CHECK NUMBER

98426

NO. SERVED

TOTAL

Rediform  No. 65

PLEASE PAY CASHIER

couple of extra steps  
with it  
On your K feet  
looked at the  
next young man  
49? Buddh

SALES TAX

A B C D E F G H

CHECK NUMBER

98428

NO. SERVED

TOTAL

Rediform  No. 65

PLEASE PAY CASHIER

"I know of you, I didn't  
mean any disrespect,  
but this music is  
powerful slow + 2/4  
just had a couple  
minutes of rest  
helpful

SALES TAX

A B C D E F G H

CHECK NUMBER

98427

NO. SERVED

TOTAL

Rediform  No. 65

PLEASE PAY CASHIER

and I had 2  
of the still in the  
front porch to  
them

SALES TAX

A B C D E F G H

CHECK NUMBER

98429

NO. SERVED

TOTAL

Rediform  No. 65

Thoughts  
(and better care)

Yes now I know why beds are used;  
Beauty alone were not sufficient.

So that by beds they wish to say  
or shall I call it pray  
then 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 -

By man-made rules. I am a fool,  
what if you think my thought amiss  
I had the joy of writing this.

grateful  
and ~~stupid~~ man may call  
this nice

ESCORT HULLS - Daily Slab Report for Mr. Crawford's Office

| HULL   | SECTION  | STARTED TODAY | EXPECT TO REL. FOR WELD. | RELEASED FOR WELDING | COMPLETED TODAY |
|--|--|---------------|--------------------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| When you have finished<br>the material of your<br>records<br>please<br>check | When you have finished<br>the material of your<br>records<br>please<br>check |               |                          |                      |                 |
|  | When you have finished<br>the material of your<br>records<br>please<br>check |               |                          |                      |                 |
|  | When you have finished<br>the material of your<br>records<br>please<br>check |               |                          |                      |                 |
|  | When you have finished<br>the material of your<br>records<br>please<br>check |               |                          |                      |                 |
|  | When you have finished<br>the material of your<br>records<br>please<br>check |               |                          |                      |                 |

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_ SLAB: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNED: \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Handwritten signatures and notes are present in this section)

Hi Golden I'm sitting  
at the other end of the  
table  
Wonder who you are

Hi Golden - sitting  
at the other end of the  
table  
Wonder who you are -  
Just a head  
of refinement & dignity  
in your face -

Wells Wells Bay  
Sitting at church of the  
Spencer in London  
by J. Hancock

Nothing would  
abuse any principle  
that you are aware  
these are the  
ch of all

Wells Wells Bay  
Wells

Can't well not read -  
Wells Wells Bay  
Wells

Wells Wells Bay  
Wells

Put me somewhere West of East street where ther's nothing left but dust,  
And the boys are still a hustling and every thing's gone abust,  
And where the buildings that are standing sort of blink and blindly stare  
At the dam<sup>d</sup>nest finest ruins, ever gazed on anywhere.

Bully ruins , brick and wall, through the night I have heard you call,  
Sort of sorry for each other cause you had to burn and fall.  
From the Ferry to Van Ness you're a God forsaken mess,  
But you're the dam<sup>d</sup>nest finest ruins, nothing more or nothing less.

And the Rubes who came a rubbering and hunting souvenirs,  
And the feels who try to tell us its going to take a hundred years  
Before we can get started, and why don't we come and live  
And build our homes in O A K L A N D on the land they've got to give.

Got to give---- why, on my soul I would rather bore a hole  
And live right in the ashes than to go to Oakland mole.  
If they'd give me pick of their buildings fine and slick  
In the dam<sup>d</sup>nest finest ruine I would rather be a brick.

Dick's Soliloquy.

Honoured Sir -

In the name of the  
women voters of S. T. who  
I ask you know. Do you  
feel that trusting, love  
upon thousands of innocent &  
unprotected women young  
things and beggars is a  
fair & just return for their  
confidence & dependence?  
Permitting influential men  
professionally bribe & to  
influence one who has a  
sacred trust. Is that just?  
a vote of a dependent





Clift Hotel  
San Francisco

YEA I've SEEN CARMEL.

Hear ye,hear ye, hear ye. Gather about and listen and heed,  
for I have been to Carmel.

*exotic*  
Carmel the excentric. Carmel the tempermental. Carmel the  
artistic. Carmel,where an artist pops out at you from hidden  
bushes,or saunters in flowing smock. Where a writer is on  
every corner,or a poet with long hair and windsor tie gazes  
out to sea.

Carmel,where there is a "colony",where they "pull parties",  
where the sky is not only blue,but its also the limit.

Where a native is of another planet and may be expected to  
do something unusual,~~even on the street.~~ *anytime any place*

I arrived in Carmel in the evening. This rather precluded  
the possibility<sup>of</sup> beholding any of these sights,but mine host  
said we would walk up to the village in the morning.

Bursting with expectancy we started. The main objective was  
the post office. All Carmel gathers at the post office at  
ten-thirty in the morning. On the way up ~~near~~ artists jumood  
from behind shrubs; if the writers were on corners,mine host  
guided me past the wrong corners,and the poets had changed  
their clothes.

How stupid I am. They woulnd't,at that hour be in the bushes,  
on the corners or down at the sea in windsor ties. They would  
be at the post office. It wouldn't however,be amiss to  
glance into some of the artistic little shops on the main  
street as we passed. It wasnt amiss,but didnt reveal any of  
these *curious-pe* strange beings.

## The Step Stone

I stand on the door step at eventide now  
The wind whispers by with a moan  
The fields will be whitening but I will be gone  
To roam o'er this wide world alone  
I stood on the door step when school time was <sup>over</sup>  
And longed for the time to go by  
Now it is gone & I stand here to night  
To bid this dear old step-stone good by  
Adieu.

Good by dear old step-stone good by to my home  
God bless those I leave with a sigh  
I'll cherish fond memories when I am away  
Good by dear old step-stone good by

'Tis hard to be parted from those that we love  
When reverses and fortune have come  
The strongest of heart strings are broken in twain  
The absence of loved ones at home

I'll bid this poor heart cease <sup>sain</sup> <sup>in-</sup> <sup>re-</sup> <sup>spiring</sup>  
And hushed be each deep heaving sigh  
Though the pain it will cost me <sup>tear know</sup> none ever  
To bid this dear old step-stone good by.

Chorus

Good by dear old step-stone good by to my <sup>home</sup>  
God bless those I leave with a sigh  
I'll cherish fond memories when I am away  
Good by dear old step-stone good by

Remembrance

March. 12. 1890

For

Conquests outside Arabia  
began. States ~~were~~  
some of them indifferent  
to changes of gov. or  
states which were very  
weak and therefore  
offered no resistance.

The nature of Moh.  
also made the spread  
more rapid.

The teachings and the  
character of Moh. made  
its spread very welcome  
after the ~~of~~  
religious oppressions  
of the ~~of~~ Eastern  
Empire.

In its streets are ~~to be~~ ~~found~~ ~~many~~ ~~friendly~~ ~~children~~ who  
give you a friendly smile

In its shops you receive courteous attention, and in  
its markets there is the ~~of~~ eagerness to serve, but no smug  
of high pressure - or get him what he is best entitled to.

Sandy Carmel residents resent intrusion on their privacy,  
<sup>by the curious</sup> ~~is the~~ ~~document~~, and in some public resorts at  
the noise and clattering of the city viceregal, left  
in the wake of holiday crowds.

But Carmel has ~~been~~ ~~seen~~ filling stations, stores, newspapers  
<sup>lumber yards</sup> <sup>with an</sup> ~~been~~ an ever-bubbling factory and, I suspect  
even a flycatcher who forgets his tools.

Well, I am used to seeing children give even the  
strangest a friendly smile & dogs, lots of them, will stop  
look at you & wag their tails & return you for ~~the~~  
pat with the <sup>friendly</sup> <sup>expression</sup> in his eyes that a dog  
can give. <sup>generous</sup> <sup>people</sup> <sup>do</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>acts</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>kindness</sup> <sup>that</sup>  
<sup>are</sup> <sup>known</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>people</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>place</sup>.

It is a place where that are endorsed with the  
gift to create may go and create and give to you & to  
me; therefore it is real. as real as the truest  
who has written to his mother once a week for  
20 years.

Somehow I feel deeply

Suddenly all proceedings were interrupted by a voice at the gate addressing the creator. "Hello Arthur how are you?" The cheerful salutation was answered with the equally cordial greeting - "Beef! If I visit you - how are you come in!" -

Wouldn't it be interrupting you work?  
"Not at all - I'm not working - just hanging out <sup>my</sup> regular ~~letter~~ <sup>letter</sup> to my mother. You know I've written her once a week for over 20 years, without a miss."

Here, at last I had seen an artist! Creations of the true artist must spring from the heart, I've been told. As I heart said I could not see the creation, but being one of such a series of creations so sprung, ~~it~~ made it a gem, and its creator a true artist.

Carnelites will say - ~~it~~ didn't see the inside. ~~it~~ ~~didn't~~ know. To a certain extent that is true, but I did see a cross section that in some is ~~an~~ indicator of Carnel.

At an intimate dinner in the home of two <sup>inter</sup> ~~inter~~ I met charming + interesting people, artists + writers who sat around + discussed topics that are discussed by many. Not an introduction of being arty or literary.

Why not bring Carnel back to this earthly ~~planet~~ orb and make it real. Heavily that is the wrong phrase, it is already here and it is already real. It is beautifully set by the sea of indissoluble ~~color~~ and constantly changing colors. No clubs + walks + studios carry the charm for which they are known.

~~1877~~  
1900 Feb

44, 000 +

Simple Way  
57.

and maybe he'll  
look at a well.  
The tunnel  
and a fault  
encased in a  
~~rupture~~ rupture

I and you  
him a really  
mental effort

But what this  
week - I  
I have insisted

What if it is a  
monday night  
I don't want  
you to refuse  
to be every

I have insisted

Inclined  
Jan - 29

Yudley  
2082

5/11 - 2 - 1149

Perhaps to know

~~But this is my~~

But this is my

2000 -  
I must say  
that you  
I don't mind.

I ought to  
But I don't

It is

This is the

~ that  
makes my  
of you.

The very thing  
That makes  
of you



Bless + Vol.

Big moments in real lives

A few days ago I read an article, a nice article in a S.F. news paper that said they used to hear laughter, no more happy voices of children - no more flowers - out at 1452 Lake St. The reason? 1942 Lake St was a building that was being torn down - its flower gardens <sup>now</sup> torn up.

1942 Lake St is, or was, & to some, always will be, the St. Mary for Unlucky Children. The ~~best~~ only home <sup>in the town</sup> ever had.

I don't know much about 1942 Lake St. but I do know a little and to me, many of the St. Marys are one of our gods. I used to pass by it on my way to high school. at 8:30 in the morning there were no happy voices - just the few windows of the grey building that made me feel sorry for the kids that were there. I just wonder if we didn't have a common bond in that I hadn't studied the night before might not get the dikes down beds were getting behind the <sup>ways</sup> ~~unpleasant~~ <sup>unpleasant</sup> that are by the way from being an inmate of an orphanage.

Then, my jolly - as <sup>old</sup> full-charged energy of morning very slightly yielded to the more <sup>low</sup> refreshment + at 1 o'clock my <sup>feels</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>tasks</sup> I considered it after all I was any different from the <sup>reflections</sup> of those Lake St. <sup>prisoners</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>children</sup>. Well but <sup>well</sup> <sup>happy</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>part</sup> <sup>1942</sup> <sup>Lake</sup> <sup>St.</sup> <sup>Yes</sup> <sup>chance</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>laughter</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>children</sup>. I have a copy but don't know which I liked most - <sup>Mark</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>Caught</sup>. I could go in and I participated in both.

Washed away  
traces  
power  
compared  
pleasure  
but

not 7 years up in this old building & still do not help

checked out by [unclear]

my school, jobs, business - left me again from  
business bought me back. I took up my only of a few  
this year it. Money after after money, every of to  
my I don't part of it. I was in a class  
children - daughter was 4 years - still the building -  
I have walked past it. I without telling them my real  
daughter - got into talking to them that they might  
found in what human sympathy, 1947 I believe  
I recall - something.  
thought to being down - its garden looks up  
its daughter stilled. I'm going out to see.

X + X

I'm been out to see its tent!! What might  
have well been said. ~~How that found out~~  
I was ~~no~~ - ~~the~~ ~~course~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~steps~~ ~~all~~ ~~my~~ ~~not~~  
Thou that found me first at first -  
and keeps me so - yes it's true. a young  
woman driving a tractor - or a bull-dog - as they  
call it - hitting its head against the walls, she  
suddenly came over to the drinking fountain. He wasn't  
suspecting he was creating - You not so much  
elderly deeps came from his brow. Some of em seemed  
to come from his eyes. He deeply wiped them away  
with his sleeve & said - and I got and it  
as quick as was. Things kind of tough and  
how huh? he said. I speed they were.  
"I had I got this for [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] -"

his youth - all his enthusiasm - all his aspirations - as the parlor car went by - a few words later - that is the last of parents - that he was as - the knowledge he carried with him - they rounded up the parents - just all of them - that is the last of parents - that he was as - the knowledge he carried with him - they rounded up the parents - just all of them

5 + his wife named continues their trip West + return + slightly  
for Bee in 3 abs. when they named around East -  
Golly what a sight. The week was cleared up + the  
train continued west. But he was so full of everything he  
decided to cut classes the next day + do down with the  
Sundays as far as his parents + help off. Keep his  
folks about anything.

What? Leave College? Go to New York? Join a band?  
Desecrate the church business regulations of your mother or  
fatherland for a generation? Become a part of or even  
succumb to her gods' night before!!

In his week + 6 days he ranged back + forth with the  
people of Greenfield. On the 14th day - a trouble.

Yearning hearts - tears, jeers, good-lucks - surely his  
in the hands of the devil - envy - his a small town boy  
made good - he's let <sup>down</sup> - he quit college  
for flattery - did get his place in the band - all of these  
were shouted or whispered in the crowd at the station  
As the boss conductor & blue-shirted  
conductor yanked he got back to the engineers + shouted  
'all aboard. Apart from the crowd also ~~was~~  
on the platform were his people, many strong defference.  
Steen old man who lived <sup>closer to the</sup> Scriptures was  
saying - "by now" - and steen old <sup>all</sup> lady of step  
Scriptures letting em flow saying - he will - father  
+ mother. And as the Sunday pulled out and  
as all the eyes were precious by the holy union + the his ~~outlet~~  
Sunday part of the platform and ~~reared~~ <sup>by</sup>  
glorified by a man, reamed on the stage of passing -  
with looked up son the smile of their son - a  
friendly - asking - underlining smile - both marpa  
replied to remember - died smile - he - be in all

Centerville - (just 50 miles away) it was only natural that he should "make the college band." He made in more than one sense of the word. But possibly the thing that "made" Bill even more than the drama in the outlands was (as he ~~had~~ <sup>tried</sup> to keep it) - a wreck. How could a wreck could make a guy visit it?

One night there was a train wreck just outside of Centerville - not a serious one, but it tied up the line for several hours. Many of the passengers ~~went~~ <sup>strolled</sup> into Centerville to pass the time. It so happened that the college band was performing in the Pavilion that night. It also happened that Simeon Simeon - the great producer & himself as a top notch, was among the passengers who wandered into the Pavilion.

The 30 minutes of torture suffered by Simeon listening to the college band were eased somewhat during the 15 minute intermission when he sought out Bill & questioned him as to his back-ground.

The next 30 minutes Simeon spent ~~looking~~ <sup>figuratively</sup> ~~with~~ his fingers in his ears - as far as the band was concerned, ~~but~~ but said eyes wide open for Bill.

When it was over the only Simeon had not only gotten Bill off in a corner & given him \$50.00 spot cash the receipt for which Bill had signed while the producer held it ~~up~~ up against the wall, <sup>the Pavilion</sup> along with another document containing many other witnesses - now therefore witnesses hereof - Bill signed from sheer awe of the high sounding words (plus the excitement & trustfulness) of any country, kind legend.

Now that Simeon had Bill's signature & Bill had his, (which was good enough for any body in U.S.) wandering was settled

One of those days ~~was~~ something ~~to~~ happened at school  
that ~~made~~ <sup>passed</sup> the changing point in Beech's life. He had you  
just first in for the best composition. The teacher told  
the pupils they could discuss their own subject. Beech  
~~close to~~ ~~understand~~ ~~the~~ ~~idea~~ or select one from the  
list he placed in the black board. Beech chose ~~to~~  
his own.

That afternoon he walked with his father's store  
with the composition in his hand, "Dad, dad - what do  
ya think? Guess what I did?"

"What" asked his father, ~~with~~ ~~astonishing~~ ~~much~~  
interest.

"I won that prize for the best composition in my class.  
'Oh' - granted ~~was~~ ~~sn'."~~ "That's a prize worth to be  
delivered to Mrs. Hankins' house. When you get home  
tell ~~you~~ your mamma to have supper ready at 6.  
I have to go to school trustees meeting tonight."

That that afternoon when Beech entered the  
house he thought he heard a strange, yet familiar  
voice. He paused and did enter the room. It was  
Miss Schuch, his teacher, telling his mother all  
about his composition. As Miss Beech's face glared with  
pride Miss Schuch's voice and praise ~~repeated~~ ~~glared~~  
grew in proportion. "Such a creation, Mrs. Beech - such  
imagination - for a boy of his <sup>such</sup> ~~years~~. Why Mrs

5) Mrs. Brant who knows - who knows - someday he may  
be a great man in the world of literature, <sup>9m going to take her</sup> <sup>night under my</sup> <sup>wing now</sup>

Mrs. Brant produced a great man in the world of  
literature. Well - just - Mrs. - still just - a minute, but  
I by chance something shared by her - after all a  
great man in the literary world, would be a calling  
worthy of her son.

~~at 6 o'clock Mrs. S. came home to dinner~~  
and Mrs. Brant was so pleased and Miss Schuch  
must stay for supper - dinner rather, and tell Mr.  
Brant all about it and Miss Schuch would be  
delighted to do so, and at 6 o'clock when Mrs. S. came  
found them both swarmed around at the door. Mrs.  
said it is his son had ~~told~~ <sup>said</sup> been something or other about  
something, but he wanted to go up stairs & wash before  
supper.

"Whisper" corrected Mrs. Brant.

"Supper" counter-corrected Mrs. S. "I had dinner at noon."

Alas! they could wait, but ~~flour~~ ~~very~~, ~~as~~ ~~their~~ ~~shelves~~  
and when Mrs. S. came down to supper Miss Schuch just could  
wait until they got to the table, she had saved the  
best for the best, she had even left the secret from  
Mrs. Brant. Mrs. S. said she could wait until whenever  
she wanted ~~to~~ to, but he was foreign & sit down  
at the table. and the great secret was that on her  
way over Miss Schuch had slipped in at the

67 Morning Breeze - told Mr. Crawford all about it; in fact she  
had read it to him herself & he was actually going to  
put it in the paper. She was so proud of him as her pupil & recent  
step-son of such a son.

Wm finally stopped the flow of language by <sup>starting all of his own</sup> saying that  
if & when old man Crawford printed it, it was because  
he gave Crawford more advertising than any store in  
Greenfield, & that the rates in the Breeze were too  
all fixed high, & that Crawford had had things ~~be~~  
all his own way because he had ~~been~~ owned the only  
newspaper in town for over 30 years but he had better  
look out for that young Mr. Candal who had come to  
town about 6 weeks & started of the Eve. Messenger.  
That ~~young~~ ~~people~~ jobs were beginning to lift him  
& he was running a better good newspaper than he was  
leaving a head wind but might be alright for old  
Crawford to say he would get Candal about 1 year to  
stay in business & then he would take him over at  
his own price, not just the same Crawford had the  
name of being a good newspaper man & a live young  
fella. - and Miss Schully said yes, yes she liked  
that anything was going to be alright about everything  
& now wouldnt Mr. Branch like to have her read Wm's  
contribution to him - Wm said he would read it if &  
when it ran in the Breeze asked her to write it.

of what he said if" & also asked her to stop at the store  
to examine & notice his ~~new~~ stocks of brand new styles &  
after she had bought a pair to pass it on to the mothers  
of all the children in her class & that he had also just  
seen a ~~new~~ new & complete line children's shirts  
& summer suits & Mrs. Schulz said she certainly would.  
Mrs. Schulz didn't mind <sup>it</sup> because she wanted to be  
presented to parents of the school some day & ~~that~~  
as Mrs. Sr. was one of the 3 trustees, ~~so~~ it paid her  
to be nice to the Bunch family & Mrs. made a hurried  
calculation that with about 20 pupils in Mrs. Schulz's  
class - most of them had mothers & fathers alive - would  
be ought to get 25% of the ~~year~~ <sup>year</sup> ~~summers~~ <sup>summers</sup> from that  
<sup>made a mental note that that would keep out on the second class - Mrs. Schulz</sup>  
& Mrs. Schulz knew he was pulling on the  
strings and Mrs. knew what she meant when she  
talked about having a woman with the experience  
just the right kind of having for parents of the school



Query to

Date

I wish all my  
 faculties - and all  
 my dreams & I  
 have been lately  
 I don't know how to  
 sleep about  
 the same things  
 too obvious, but  
 rather - well known  
 as after seeing his  
 I should feel too well  
 & had ~~not~~ things  
 with him. But last  
 night - last night  
 was it really  
 different! People  
 don't have dreams  
 like I had last  
 night.

Mr. West.  
 Cuckoo.  
 930 5 am.  
 J. W. Wainwright  
 Medicines.  
 W. Wainwright  
 St. John  
 W. Wainwright  
 1 card.  
 W. Wainwright  
 J. Palmer  
 J. S. S. S.  
 A. Wainwright  
 C. W.  
 Dr. Wainwright  
 O X

2-4 minutes  
 And only 3 minutes  
 to read on - 29  
 Clerk, please  
 the City  
 the names of  
 9 minutes and 40 seconds  
 except 5 minutes  
 were to observe  
 of these any thing  
 that has not - 29  
 marks (and) can any  
 man - (any) want to  
 see any of the laws  
 which are contained  
 in the book  
 which I have  
 written for  
 the use of  
 the  
 members  
 of the  
 Society  
 of  
 Friends  
 in  
 the  
 City  
 of  
 London  
 and  
 the  
 County  
 of  
 Middlesex  
 and  
 the  
 County  
 of  
 Surrey  
 and  
 the  
 County  
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 Kent  
 and  
 the  
 County  
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 Sussex  
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 West Yorkshire  
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 County  
 of  
 West Midlands  
 and  
 the  
 County  
 of  
 West of England

F E K  
 P. Montague.  
 H. Pittford.  
 P. Layman.  
 A. Webb. of Gloucester  
 K. Moore. and "  
 H. Cochet.  
 C. Bunker. Miliard  
 B. Gouett. 1st Eye  
 J. Selfridge  
 J. Selfridge.  
 B. Layman.  
 K. Maitland.  
 W. Buchanan.  
 J. S. Peters.  
 J. Wainwright.  
 H. B. B. B.  
 W. Mallet.  
 J. Ginn.  
 J. Ginn.

3/ his father, the father said -  
"Young it will at last, why should  
he come into the shoe business with  
me when he's old enough? Look what  
it has done for the Banch family for two  
generations - what more do you want?  
"Why, that all you father could  
see before you and ~~be that~~ all you  
can see - just the ST+OF business.  
I want you to grow up to be among  
people of intellect - people who have  
heads!"

"Humph!" said W. - "So damn bad  
I'm not in the hat business then."  
"Oh I mean people who use their  
heads."

"Well - have it your own way - you  
always do, but give me the people  
who use their feet. They're the ones  
that help me in business!"

It was young Bell's custom to  
stop in at his father's store every after-  
noon on his way home from school.  
Sometimes there were errands to  
do.

2. intention.

With this made ground and the peaceful life of the little town W<sup>o</sup> could not vision anything finer for his men home now.

This minister business stayed on little W<sup>o</sup> the 3<sup>rd</sup>'s mind. He would wake up at all sort of odd hours and hear. He had all the other babies in the nursery "with" him or it and they would support <sup>him</sup> Bell whenever he started.

Two weeks later when Bell & his mother left the hospital one of the nurses said - "Minister or President - my eye! O you see me that Barth kid is going to be a yell leader!"

The objection of Bell's dotting mother continued, ~~even his appearance of a school~~ in into his school days and even a black eye or some other evidence of Bell's objection to his milk name the "little head" failed to change her.

During one of these discussions which so often took place between Bell's father & mother regarding

Indolein contented bed.

Lady across street walking flowers  
lived for 24 yrs. pulls shades close  
her since started to lead it down

---

Wish body face.

Gasping windows -  
Protecting roof joint

Wheeler sign over  
door. Jodung flowers  
not faint scent

- dry joints -
- Chutes straight down  
- which refuse material  
can't.

Birds seemed to have  
taken up stem going  
across the street  
most on flowers: plants  
window coming out

Built 1905

Soil escapes on rear

Green effluent -  
stem looking through  
work just above seemed  
to have lost some of its  
uniform appearance  
& seemed a scoured or  
just of an exhaustion  
of substance.

Pac Brass & Co.  
259 - 5th St.

Meinigs  
1st St. - Bind.  
1st St.

---

Stauffler Chem.  
1st St. all other  
cars furnished owned  
with car assurance.  
Miss Collins.

---

Kramlich -  
Buller's York  
Buck - del. plants.

Band  
1 night  
most days

OT  
M<sup>th</sup>

---

Wentz  
Miss Gleason  
2nd St. Wed AM  
def. aff

Aitna - Iowa  
Hartford Ins.

Luschnig.

Rutledge - Gessman.

Walt.

H & D Cooperators Weller

R. B. Lichtenberg.

Heenees Porder.

Carlisle.

---

See 5400.

---

arrow carefully yard  
scattered plants had  
made them many  
repeated.

can be quantity  
of rose of children.  
Cynops tuberosif  
lily lily of children

# 1.56 Rev  
 necessarily  
 unbroken  
 in  
 immediately  
 the  
 the  
 about

Even though this was mostly a young bird  
 it might have been different - but still 'de' this  
 9.50 and after parents could not see  
 when it was in but just immediately  
 complete

Exp. Spec  
~~Buy eggs~~  
~~Sulfur~~  
~~Paper~~  
 Rough Bread  
 .69  
 52.11  
 000  
 375  
 375  
 1.25  
 5.75  
 1.25  
 11.64  
 39  
 11.25 9.50  
 2.39 - 1.95 B. 1  
 Ann. B. 2.00

Grazzini's.

~~Avocados - 12 - 5~~  
~~Salad dressing? 1 qt .39~~  
 Potatoes - 8 lbs - .25 -  
~~Lemons - 3 or 4 -~~  
~~Judgment - Boundary -~~  
~~Pineapple - 1.02~~  
~~Custard~~  
~~Eggs~~

} ?  
 shops 90

Romeo -  
 mushrooms - 10 cts.

altia selha.

Do not  
let the  
musk spray

The pieces want, dreaming.

No content to eyes

---

We sawy - a brother to the  
nightly all



Negro Unit of Philosophy.

It was during a bad base ball  
game out at "little rec" in  
the park.

a little negro boy - I judged him  
to be about 12 or 13 <sup>years</sup> calculating for  
his team.

The pitcher shot a fast one over  
the plate; the batter swung &  
missed. It was a lusty swing that  
spun him all the way round. His  
bat struck the negro catcher  
squarely on the head and  
knocked him flat.

almost instantly <sup>though</sup> he got up  
& began shaking his head. Boys  
of both teams ran to him, but  
he grinned & showed his white  
teeth - then back his head  
& started that old song. "I'st  
goin' to live any longer until ah  
die - eye - die. Bats & balls  
may beabruah balls" -

The other boys <sup>knocked him</sup>  
to his  
feet.

ambrosy engaged - are you alright  
Prof - everyone ok?

"Cost also alright. Use only  
with me or make hair. Spore bed  
~~let~~ let me on <sup>make</sup> alarm or make  
laig - or make ribs - might have  
brub like soul in make  
body."

Worse still if had a bit dat  
sall had made a couple  
worse ones.

5.) generating would soon dry up anything.  
We finally got a top hold and if you ever see  
a yellow cat go through a door - he's sent  
for election Tommy was that cat.

Meanwhile the home town boy seemed to  
be willing to call it day. He loaded his  
busses washed back & luffed up on a bench  
when he sleep & proceeded to put himself  
a back.

4.) Just listen. Ye'll

peak in a moment.  
any one who goes to the  
Annual is familiar  
with that name -

"Key System" must look  
leaving for 20 + 20 at  
<sup>such + such a time</sup>  
time 20 + 20. All aboard!

or announcing the  
arrival of Santa  
But for sores. Or  
such + such bus

- as we reached the ridge, with a man  
pushing a hand-truck piled high  
with cartons was in front of him.  
But after those trouble miles on  
the tread, with anything was easy for  
Jimmy. He huddled the truck-cartons  
& all headed north on the mountain.

4) Just listen. You'll  
speak in a moment.  
Anyone who gets to the  
Annual is familiar  
with that noise -  
"Hey System, West Coast  
leaving for 20 + 20 at  
<sup>such + such a time</sup>  
time 20 + 20. All aboard!  
or announcing the  
arrival of Santa  
But for sores, or  
such + such as

TO CREDIT DEPARTMENT:

Date

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

I collected \$.....

I obtained definite promise to mail check for \$..... on..... 1938

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

9/9 could not  
himself or poles  
I called on  
I collected \$  
I obtained definite promise to mail check for \$  
I did not collect in full because  
I was called by  
roughly had started  
members of  
since they left  
(194) Lake H

Recommendations

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

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

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

Salesman.....

LESMAN'S COLLECTION REPORT

(Use reverse side for further remarks)

Give opportunity to buy, but not too  
early. YAT complete story, but  
never know what particular  
story or point she wants.

Rules of Miller relationship.

Some huge earth

Some huge earth move-  
ment

Or do not think  
or remember

Thank You

district school where my logwood chum and I learned  
just hand that - I heard it the perfect thing - or that "Grim  
Doesn't Pay" - better still, as Burns said it - "The Best Land  
Plans 'o' Mine + I'me Gang aft a'gley" - I would tell you  
that my parents, along with one other neighbor were trustees  
of the school - kept the key to the school house (just why no one else  
knew because the keys were never used) and one Sat. my chum  
and I caught a couple of harmless water snakes + I  
stole the key to the school house + we put the snakes  
on the teacher's desk. If you are still with me I will  
tell you what happened ~~to~~ on Monday morning when  
teacher opened his desk.

There will be some news - a few stories, but as one  
newspaper man once wrote about another who had just  
passed - "~~He wrote them as he saw them~~".  
"Right or wrong - good or bad - he wrote them as he  
saw them"!



37 515 STREET  
Near 15th & Mission Streets  
MISSION STREET AT 11th

MARKET  
2300

# GURLEY-LORD TIRE CO.

DISTRIBUTORS

SOLIDS—**GOOD YEAR**—PNEUMATICS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

*Commercial*  
*San. Coast.*

*43*  
*89*

*West Coast - King of*  
*it's owned*

*Smy - Motor, etc. pole*  
*canon, etc. etc. etc.*  
*App.*

*Structure in full view*  
*C. B.*

*Business - San Francisco*

*12.05*  
*1.20*  
*10.85*  
*1.08*  
*9.77*  
*19.54*

*R. D. Davis*  
*Price Book*

*More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind*



Things that have affected me one way or another,  
at Random.

In some of these things there was sadness;  
others gave cause for mirth.

Perhaps to recount them is madness  
So take 'em for what they're worth.

A lot of about 6 came running out of a candy store  
with an <sup>the faint, scowling</sup> <sup>look in</sup> <sup>her</sup> cream cone in her hands from the form  
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 wheel  
crushed in the tiny hand, <sup>that</sup> meant to ~~see~~ carefully  
guard it, but the water sweeping down the gutter felt  
the treasure. Even then the same eager hands tried  
frantically to recover it, but down it was swept - <sup>not</sup>  
<sup>out of sight into</sup> the sea of traffic at the curb.

I doubt if Michael Angelo could have reproduced  
the expression on the little face, but I do believe  
even Dickens's Fagan would have bought her another  
cream cone.

~~to~~ ~~do~~ spraying the atmosphere with  
(Season No 7) U-u - not that - 9 uca

- - No 6. (That's as it pleased ~~it~~ <sup>in belief</sup> being called

Madame - I know & called her Madam -  
registered a little impudence & I humbly apologized  
explaining that I had sunk ankle deep in

unacquainted Persian ways & had been  
delayed & that ~~Madame~~ <sup>Madame</sup> forgive me  
Madame would! Not only did Madame  
forgive me but Madame graciously <sup>extended</sup>

to a hand with a couple <sup>of</sup> <sup>double</sup> of hot oil  
I carried embedded on it & then  
Cornelia colored & the <sup>to</sup> very roots of

my well-cured hair & said that  
I had taken her by surprise & that  
I fit that not used time to open the  
bottle & get her hands

and I arose to the occasion gallantly /  
holding Madame - or Madame - & thank  
you for it.

Solicitor's St. Francis Word Satire.

I ascended the marble steps & pressed the  
mother-of-pearl-butts, ~~after~~

after a while the heavy bronze door opened and  
a maid ~~looked~~ <sup>looked</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> me. I identified  
myself & she asked me to wait. Soon (but not too  
soon) another maid <sup>appeared</sup> & I told her why ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> my  
mission. She also asked me to wait. We are used  
to that so I waited. Then a butler - I'll tell you  
what he later appeared & I told it all over to  
him. He asked me if I would be good enough to  
wait. I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup> I didn't know whether I  
was good enough or not - but I would wait. (We  
went to the kitchen after trigger on these steps you  
know)

We came back & asked me to slip in & said he  
would show me to Madams. After a long  
nearly empty way spacious rooms I could see  
Madam through a dim mist. ~~The~~ <sup>The</sup> ~~mist~~ <sup>mist</sup>  
The mist was caused by the ~~mist~~ <sup>mist</sup>  
personal maid who was charged by the

51 to compose myself sufficiently to think clearly, I  
failed. I ~~glanced at the address~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~  
from the telephone Co. I ascertained the name of  
the people at that address, <sup>the name was Green</sup> I returned to it.  
Mounting the long steps I rang the bell. An  
elderly lady opened the door. The house was  
dimly lit. I asked if she was Mrs. Green & she  
replied in the affirmative.

I said to her - "an hour ago I lost your daughter  
here, that is I assume it was your daughter.  
She seemed ill & ~~was~~ <sup>not</sup> exactly ill - I  
can't just say" - <sup>I returned to my mind & the lady</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~said to me~~  
~~as she was just~~ then as she has just told  
this court - "Sir - my daughter was killed  
in an automobile accident ten years ago  
on Burr's Lane road and you are the fourth  
person to ring my bell & tell me they  
thought her home"!

3. ~~not~~ often my custom when I want to concentrate, to leave my study and drive about. Because of its seclusion I usually chose the Bare-luis road:

Returning from such a drive one evening at dusk I was aroused from my meditations by a most unusual sight. In a lonely spot, at the side of the road stood a young woman in an evening gown; <sup>the color was green.</sup> ~~a green evening gown.~~ She ~~had~~ raised her hand as a signal for me to stop. In ~~order to~~ ~~reach~~ ~~the~~ ~~road~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~spot~~ ~~where~~ ~~she~~ ~~stood~~ I ~~asked~~ ~~her~~ ~~difficulty~~ ~~and~~ ~~offered~~ ~~assistance~~. ~~At~~ ~~length~~ ~~by~~ ~~turning~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~ ~~around~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~ ~~side~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~ ~~to~~ ~~open~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~ ~~and~~ ~~assist~~ ~~her~~ ~~in~~ ~~entering~~. ~~When~~ ~~upon~~ ~~reaching~~ ~~the~~ ~~spot~~ ~~I~~ ~~found~~ ~~to~~ ~~my~~ ~~surprise~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~already~~ ~~entered~~. The ~~elapsed~~ ~~time~~ ~~was~~ ~~but~~ ~~an~~ ~~instant~~, yet when I reached the spot she had already entered. I heard no sound of her getting in or closing the door.

I returned to the other side & took my seat at wheel. My car is a coupe; she was at my side. I inquired ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~her~~ ~~disturbance~~. She gave no answer. In her hand she held a slip of paper. Silently she placed it in my hand. Oh it was an address.

Perhaps her hearing was gone. I have known cases of amnesia; perhaps it was that. I presumed it could be any of a number of things.

4. Something - something I could not then comprehend or now explain restrained me from ~~just~~ asking further questions or any thought of conversation.

Silently we rode. Silently into the dusk. I did not appear to be conscious of the usual mechanical motorics of driving the car. That address that address was on my mind - it ~~possessed~~ ~~and~~ took possession of me. We must get to that address. She - the lady I had of a sudden so much in common in our desire to get there. Silently we rode - so silently we glided further in to the deeper dusk.

The address - we reached it, there were long steps leading up to the door. ~~The light~~

The lights - city traffic - quickly awakened my offensively dormant senses.

~~When~~ I repeated my action of alighting from the car + ~~stepped~~ + ~~down~~ more hurriedly down before reached the other side to assist her.

again - again - she had preceded me. The door of the car was closed. Once more I had heard no noise of it being opened or closed. The lady was upon the steps. Once she went - opened the door + disappeared.

I continued on to my home. In an hour I tried

~~word stand of the penname of Jonathan~~ or Walter  
Jonathan Ballentyne was pre-ordained to lead.

How often Yennetta reviewed the years. From  
cradle to crib, from crib to college. Here it seemed  
to her <sup>study of the</sup> ~~study of the~~ mother's desires ~~to~~ fulfilled.  
Even the death of the boy's father was ~~resigned by~~  
~~the~~ ~~thought~~ that ~~Jonathan~~ ~~could~~  
carry ~~by~~ the hands she took in that part that ~~Jonathan~~  
Jonathan would carry on.

Her was the full measure of the mother's hand reached  
when as his successor, Jonathan chose the Lord.

That he chose wisely was manifested in his early  
success.

The name of Jonathan Ballentyne was one to be  
revered with in the legal profession. At least he  
foolishly writes, that a thing can do no wrong. Jonathan  
even as a boy never believed that. He never believed ~~his~~  
as his mother did, that he could do no wrong. Yet  
the fact remained that he had done no wrong.  
Therefore Jonathan Ballentyne the man will demand  
the esteem in which he was held.

all of which makes it seem so weird that ~~a man~~ <sup>this</sup>  
who needs no defense stood before a court of law,  
not in ~~the~~ the interest of a client, but of himself  
and recounted this.



Shades of Green.

The most cherished wish of Henrietta Ballentyne was that she be given a son. When this was granted, secondary only to the infant's health and upbringing was the selection of a name.

A name almost worthy of being bestowed upon her son; one that could <sup>not</sup> be attached to the name and family of Ballentyne.

The only objection to Johnathan was the possibility of some uncouth attempting to shorten it to John. She decided however that the very probance and dignity of the family, yes and what she knew her son was destined to become, would ~~be~~ naturally prevent that. The very vulgar, vulgar, Jack - that rarely crossed Henrietta's mind. It was unthinkable! People simply didn't do that when the Ballentynes were concerned.

The Biblical allusion was the deciding factor, so Johnathan it became.

Johnathan Ballentyne. Johnathan Ballentyne, she would repeat. Truly it did seem befitting and as Henrietta rolled it over her tongue her thoughts raced ahead to the time when that name would <sup>through the word play of ~~the~~ ~~members~~</sup> resound ~~and Johnathan Ballentyne~~

God will be after losin' all our clients <sup>but they say</sup>

Did Dan go back him? asked Bill?

Did he go back him! and how! 'Sed the old gent  
he was old fashioned - was still fixating ~~fixating~~ on a  
lot of ~~of~~ Aristotle theories - that it was a real men  
agency, with a bunch of yes men around him. ~~Sam said~~  
uses the hot one - <sup>thought</sup> Sam says "You tell me I - never will  
make a detective - well I'm detective enough to know that  
any time you assign me to a case you had better be sure

you would be detectors to pussy footin' around to see if  
I can do it right. I can't make that way - I can't

stand - I have to use my own intuition; <sup>intu-</sup>  
<sup>intu-</sup> intuition, or whatever you call it. He damned  
said the old man - you don't need intuition - just common  
sense - that's all ye need - just common sense - ~~of~~ some  
~~advice~~ some advice but you won't even follow that."

That's just it - said Sam when I go out on a case - I go  
~~to~~ loaded with advice - I'm not me - I'm you. I see

you want to use my own intuition - my intuition - and  
I will keep you something else - you said it <sup>possibly</sup> when

you said we would be losin' all of our clients. a lot of  
other people are saying the same thing. You're too old  
fashioned + ~~you're too old~~ <sup>ret.</sup> By this time the old man  
was joshing at the mouth when he came up for an

the color of a boiled lobster. When he did come up for an all by  
hisself ~~was~~ set out, well you know next, we need a

need another detective - another glass in the door - and as a new  
sign ~~in it~~ <sup>in it</sup> sign it is right - <sup>Bill</sup> "Bill"

5) at noon time the girls all scrubbed for the all  
room. as Betty Brennan came in Lil said "Come  
in, spill it - give us ~~the~~ the dirt - what was the  
big show - of all about?"

- Well, <sup>the old gent</sup> the old gent was all brought up about a  
letter. a letter from the Wellman Co, saying our  
services were no longer required. Then he got Wellman on  
the phone. they wrangled for a few minutes. Wellman told  
him he had engaged Kingsley. You know how he loves  
Kingsley. Then he called Dan in & told me to get  
out. I didn't <sup>have time</sup> to go around his desk to the  
general office ~~but~~ just ducked into the ~~room~~  
room where Miss Gitts keeps his files. I could hear every  
word. what he didn't say to that poor kid was in the  
book. and when me it I don't think it was Dan's fault -  
I heard his side of it. There ~~were~~ were four men on the case  
& he names it all on Dan.

Then he started in on that old story of how he had  
tricked Dan into being a great detective - carry on the name  
of ~~Wheeler~~ - have he had sent him to school - tried to ~~be~~  
give him the benefit of his experience - he gods and  
what not. and what have we done - said the old man.  
He messed up a bunch with case - the Potres gang put  
it over on me. ~~and~~ then ~~you~~ ~~me~~ ~~you~~ bungled the  
Wellman deal & they got you over to Kingsleys. By

3.) During his life time it may be said that Daniel McLean had four major ambitions. The first manifested itself when he was about 6 years old. It was to become a policeman. The brass buttons, the club - and all the grandeur of a policeman's regalia just awakened that desire. The influence of the kindly old "<sup>cop</sup> ~~boss~~", the boss of the neighborhood was also felt.

This ~~ambition~~ and his next great desire - to marry Nellie & Wana were realized on the same day - the day he crossed 24 to ultimately become "Chief" of Police of his native S.F. and was a son to carry on his name - became his consuming thought.

When after several years in the force he was promoted to the Detective Bureau and in time became captain thereof Dan felt he was well on his way to his goal. His solution of some of the famous cases of the day made him nationally known and there was no denying him his coveted desire - he became Chief of Police of S.F.

Subjected to political intrigues - adverse criticisms by his enemies Dan went straight forward with his policies and was <sup>one of the</sup> the outstanding officers of the country. Through 4 changing administrations Dan ~~though~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~been~~ ~~strongly~~ & public opinion behind him held his post. Finally the "bosses" gained control & the beloved Dan was forced to go the way of many an efficient official.

Dan used to say of himself - "I'm essentially a cop and will never be anything else. So with his retirement as Chief - he founded the Daniel McLean Detective Agency.

6. Successful from the very beginning, it was but a few years until it became a state-wide institution, a strict disciplinarian and a stern father, but underneath were the qualities that made Dan Whelan beloved by all who <sup>really</sup> knew him. The realization of his now lost desire - to have ~~his~~ his son become a great detective, often seemed to ~~mean~~ ~~for~~ far away of his great loss for the boy, everyone knew, and poor Dan was often sorely tried. He possessed a violent temper and <sup>was</sup> given to outbursts, but usually after one of these he suffered inwardly and his kind old heart ached to make amends.

Shortly after young Davis left from the office, his father went out to lunch. On his return he phoned his wife. "Kellie, Kellie, me darlin", he said "this mornin' I was put out with Carmie and - and I was pretty hard on him. He left in a huff + I haven't seen him since. When he comes home - tell him - well tell him you phoned me - and I said we'd all drive down to Del Monte for the week end - you know Kellie - you know what say?"

"He's already been here Dan + gone again. Never has I seen Carmie so upset. He packed up some of his clothes. Said he was going away - that you had told him to get out. Told me not to worry - that he would be alright. That everything would be alright."

"Where did he go Kellie?"

"I don't know"

"Well it won't take Carmie ~~wholen~~ <sup>any</sup> long to find out," said Dan

7. and he was right. It found out that very day, and  
without having to do any detective work.

Yamnersmiths, in the S.F. is about Tiffany's in New York.  
Late in the afternoon of the day in question, Henry  
Marlow, head of the famous jewelry store telephoned to  
Dan Wheelan. "Mr. Wheelan," he said, "your son was in to  
see me a little while ago - asked me to put him on as a  
plain-clothes man. I told him it was a little early  
for the ~~holiday~~ <sup>Christmas</sup> rush in the store but I had in mind  
having you send over a couple of men this year as usual,  
and that I would be glad if ~~by~~ you chose him as one of them.  
They he seemed a little embarrassed & said he would  
~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~send~~ you any more - that he was on his <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ ~~mind~~ ~~to~~  
~~send~~ <sup>get set in touch with you</sup> ~~me~~ ~~about~~ ~~it~~. I'll be glad to put him  
in - if you say so - nothing may be there at all."

"Not a thing - just a little tiff - may be it'll do 'im  
good - put him on - say nothing about it - I'll blame you  
from time to ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup>."

"Alright Mr. Wheelan - thank you - I would say a word  
about this I told him to come in Monday." So he is going  
to live at the Carlton, in case I wanted him,

That was the earliest mystery Tom solved - checked  
Dan to himself.

Very glad morning Dan Wheelan sat at his room  
beside in St. Mary's Hospital. Nellie was there also. She  
had ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> left there since ~~the day~~ <sup>the day</sup> Dan was brought in two  
days before then.

"Well Dan's mother," said the father, "I hoped you'd

8) re celebration by begin <sup>work</sup> next day, but the doctor says to ~~wait~~  
and better wait a few days longer wait we could. Now that  
we are strong enough I want to bear the whole thing from  
you. The papers have printed nothing else for a week & I  
heard it from eye-witnesses, Marlton has told it to me  
a dozen times & you get to be sure of a very early printing.  
Don't get excited, but tell it you neither & father - just as it  
happened.

Why did Dad ~~haven't~~ ~~seen~~ a paper until they would  
let me see a paper until yesterday but I guess they told it  
pretty much as it happened, only of course they made it better  
flossy."

"Well I'd seen at Hamersmiths about a week. Plain  
clothes man - just circulating around through the  
corks. One day I noticed a man come in - My fellow-  
well dressed - looked like a millionaire - easy to pick  
out. Didn't pay any particular attention to him at first.  
He just seemed to be "just looking". A few days later  
I saw him come in again. He looked at the stock  
by the diamond counter looking in for a few moments  
then stepped up. I saw the clerk bring out several trays  
of diamonds. He didn't seem to be satisfied so they  
brought out some more of a different type, when they put the  
contents out out then were about 2 doz unset diamonds -  
you ~~the~~ ~~use~~ ~~by~~ what rocks - I had never seen any  
that weren't set in a ring or in a something & I was  
interested.

One thing I had noticed about this ~~bird~~ bird was  
that he ~~always~~ ~~had~~ was always chewing gum. 9

of road of it. Just then I knew he had put his ~~hand~~ <sup>finger</sup> under  
the gun and ~~it~~ <sup>his hand</sup>. He rolled it between his thumb, fingers  
a moment - ~~then~~ <sup>he</sup> stuck it under the ledge that  
~~slides~~ <sup>slides</sup> out ~~under~~ <sup>from</sup> the counter. He ~~seemed~~ <sup>seemed</sup> shy about  
it, as though he were ashamed or something & felt  
like calling him <sup>shit</sup>. He stuck me funny that a man of  
his type would do a stunt like that, so  
just watched him - more disgusted than anything else  
~~with the store was full~~. Then he put his hand back up, began  
to talk to the clerk & handle the stones. While he was ~~looking~~  
looking at them the clerk took a moment to put the  
tray of rings & studs back in the show case. Quick as a  
flash this ~~kid~~ <sup>kid</sup> put his hand under the counter again.  
The store was crowded & people were elbowing their way up to  
the ~~counter~~ <sup>counter</sup> but I could see him jumble ~~under~~ <sup>under</sup> the  
counter - and my god - he had stuck ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> a diamond into  
that road of gun. He went right on talking to the  
clerk for a minute. I was right behind him then & I  
heard him say - well - I think I know what I want -  
I want him my wife in let her choose a setting -  
started out. The clerk looked surprised at his sudden  
decision & at the same moment seemed to notice  
~~that~~ <sup>one</sup> of the big stones was missing. ~~He called to~~  
~~him~~. "Ha - said old Dan, was it then that  
the pulled him Carrie -"

"Wx!!!"

"What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything - I was going to let him go out!"



10) You saw Jayot his son was in a hospital and he exploded  
"Set him go out! Set him go out? my God - were ye crazy -  
set him go out - here its now developed that he was the  
ring leader of a band of diamond thieves that have robbed  
jewellers of a quarter of a million dollars worth of diamonds  
in a year - and we saw him - ye - had him - and  
we were going to let him go - We couldn't finish - we  
had to gasp for a breath -

"Wait a minute lad - wait a minute - you told me  
not to get excited - now you are having a ~~stroke~~ <sup>apoplexy</sup>.

"Well what did ye do <sup>asked his father</sup> ~~saw~~ his father?"

"I used my intuition", said Sean.

used ye - intu - there ye go with that damned intuition  
itchin' again - He could have passed one of the biggest  
crooks in the country and - He talks <sup>about</sup> intu - oh by god!"

"My intuition was right though!!"

Was? Was it right? - Look at the chance ye took!

"In the first place - my intuition told me that must have  
a partner who would come back for the diamond and I would  
grab him ~~when~~ <sup>before</sup> when he had it. In the second place this  
man didn't have the diamond on him, we couldn't <sup>have</sup> ~~do~~ a  
thing - he could deny everything. It worked out just that  
way too, because almost instantly the clerk noticed a diamond  
was gone. He called to the man & stepped out from behind the  
counter just before the fellow got to the door - I saw them  
talk for a moment - the man looked ~~surprised~~ <sup>astounded</sup>  
& I could hear him say - "Ridiculous. Preposterous."

11/ Then he insisted on seeing the manager - ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> came  
down - they ~~checked~~ checked the stores + one was gone. ~~He~~  
Then the cook said they gentlemen this is ridiculous -  
It is an <sup>only</sup> subject but I must on being searched. Marlowe said he  
was sorry - that ~~she~~ he didn't want any scene - but they  
did ~~not~~ take him upstairs + down - you know the other  
and detector reached him - not a sign - not a trace, they  
said afterward that he was wild - causing him all that  
embarrassment - that humiliation - that he was going to  
quit the store - not Marlowe - not anybody.

"and all this time - what did you do? ~~did you go~~  
~~upstairs while they searched?~~ I said not a word -  
I didn't move + I stood where I could keep my eye  
fixed on the spot where that guy put that gun! Well  
Marlowe apologized + they let him go."

On account of the crowds it was hard to keep my eye on  
anybody, but ~~at~~ the spot was right near a joint - where  
~~the~~ the pieces of glass in the counter came together, I  
guess that was the spot they opened on. In less than  
half an hour I saw a man come in + go right to the  
diamond counter. He asked to see a ring - the clerk handed  
him some + finally he bought ~~a small~~ one with a small  
diamond - fair cut. While ~~he~~ it was being wrapped  
up I saw his hand go under the counter + feel its way  
along - stop - do something + then slip it out  
in his pocket. I stopped to the door + waited for him. I

12/ told him in a low tone not to go - ~~to the~~ - ~~that~~  
~~swore~~ ~~laughter~~ a ~~damned~~ ~~laughter~~, I not to  
try to make get a get away, to come with me. ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
~~afraid~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ paid no attention & started to run -  
I was afraid to shoot on account of the words. We tried  
to lose himself in the crowd ~~the~~ & tried to lose  
himself in the crowd. I was afraid to shoot on account  
of so many people on the street. ~~as~~ as he ducked  
out to cross ~~the~~ Grant ave, I dose for him, that is  
all I remember until I woke up here. They tell me it was  
good for my tackle, that I still had my arms locked  
around his legs when the traffic cop at Grant ave  
& Post landed on ~~both~~ <sup>top</sup> of us. Its a damn good thing  
~~that~~ ~~bullet~~ ~~my~~ it stopped that bullet because it  
it had gone clear through me - well - with a bunch  
shopping crowd - on an intersection like Grant & Post -  
it could have been just too bad for somebody. They  
they tell me the guy I mailed squealed, & they got the  
whole gang."

"That's true" said old man with tears rolling down his  
big kind, lonely face.

"Damn - when he leave here you must go up to the  
mountains for a month before he come back to the  
office"

"What office?" ~~said~~ asked the boy.

"Why our office - I must -"

13. "I'm not coming back to you office"

"He mean we want to stay at Hammersmiths."? There's nothing -

"I know, there no future there - shut out it - I'm going into business for my self."

"What kind of business?"

"Detective agency"

"Detective agency? What?"

"Right here in S.F."

"In competition with your own father?"

"Yes, am father - ~~he~~ he he fired me,

\* The pleading look in the father's eyes shared the pain he was suffering in his heart - but Dan had suffered too + Dan was young + Dan was Irish -

"Cammie - Cammie - I didn't fire you - I just told you to get out - for a while -"

"I didn't hear the 'for a while' part - I just heard the get out part dad, - any way, I want to start in for myself"

"But that takes money - dad - and a lot of experience."

"Well the reward is 10,000 + Marlow is giving me one thousand - eleven thousand ought to keep some, I've

only had ~~a couple~~ years experience, but what happened in the last week has made me make a buck all over the country - I think Camel Whiskey is a pretty good name to start ~~with~~ a business with"

"But Cammie - it was a partnership I was was going to be after you're - or he ~~is~~ mother - would I believe"

Wells answered that his father had told ~~me~~ <sup>we</sup> he meant to do so as a very young present.

"But dad I wouldn't want you to take me into <sup>I meant to and -</sup> partnership - just <sup>because I'm your son - I couldn't work that way either - I'd have to</sup> feel that I had earned a partnership there the same as any <sup>place + I would</sup> want you to feel the same way. <sup>I'd want</sup> ~~to see my intention~~ We have different ideas. ~~I'm afraid - but~~ ~~Dan~~ ~~was~~ ~~seen~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~business~~ - Dan

14. afraid red soon to back where we were."

The pitiful - helpless look on old man's face told the boy his father had suffered enough.

"But" he said, "you know the big pane of glass & look in the main door the day you fired - the day I went out -? and you have it fixed?"

"Certainly - it was fixed the very same day"

"A new sign on the door too?"

"Of course."

"What did you have put on?"

"The same thing that always been on - Daniel Whelan!" "Why what do you mean?"

"Oh I thought you might change it."

"Change it - change nothing - Daniel Whelan founded that business under the name of Daniel Whelan + Daniel Whelan it stays -"

"Oh I didn't mean you should take it off"

"Well what are you getting up to?"

"What was it you said about a partnership -"

"Oh - said ~~it~~ the father - by the way - do you want your name down in the corner eh?"

"Not in the corner dad - the firm name would have to be changed."

"The name will never be changed Danie - said the father with decision."

"Oh well - <sup>after a</sup> ~~anyway~~ I was thinking how well Daniel Whelan of ~~used~~ look - a stationer - + new offices in the Russ ~~only~~ + everything."

"It's a serious thing to change the name of a business Danie, especially one so well known - of course - we might make it Daniel Whelan & Co." suggested the father.

"That wouldn't mean anything more than it is now and 'Whelan & Son' - don't."

- he said -

"What in the devil do you want named Dan D."

"Whelan, Whelan" said young Dan.

Just then the telephone rang. Dan could hear one in his room now. It was Miss Getts calling to wish Danie happy ten year, saying how he was feeling.

While he was talking old Dan indicated to <sup>him</sup> Dan not to hang up - that he wanted to speak with his Secretary. Presently he took the phone. "Top O' the mornin' to ye Miss Getts + happy ten year. And Miss Getts to mention when we get the office phone I want to come over at 10. Yes I want him to draw up some legal papers - yes -

changing the name - it goes to Dr. Whelan, Whelan. I want wait just a moment Miss Getts - then ~~turning~~ turning to Danie. <sup>with a twinkle in his eye</sup> Whelan, Whelan. or now I suppose you want to make it Whelan - Whelan, Whelan - do you want that put in too -

We'll take him into partnership had, but it will be a silent partnership - Whelan, Whelan will be it.

"That's all Miss Getts" - he said ~~then~~ ~~after~~ ~~resuming~~ resuming his telephone conversation with Miss Getts again, + she was waiting for Whelan, Whelan.

Intuition Set!

The employees in the outer office of the Daniel Whelan Detective Agency looked up quickly as the door to the private office swung violently open and "Young Dan" as he was known about office appeared. His face was flushed with anger and invisible tears of rage & humiliation lurked in his eyes. He paused a moment and those nearest him heard him say "a right dad I'll go - you'd damn right I'll go, and I won't come back!"

He closed the door, strode through the main office and slammed the ~~door~~ outer door with such violence as to break the glass. The piece bearing the name of <sup>Whelan</sup> Whelan fell to the floor shattered, leaving just the remaining words - Detective Agency. "Looks like a bust-up in the 'House of Whelan' piped Sil Breen who admitted that ~~he was as good as~~ ~~gone~~ ~~west~~. ~~Cracks as she~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~typing~~ ~~was~~ ~~seen~~ ~~to~~ ~~make~~ ~~up~~ ~~new~~ ~~ones~~ <sup>cracks</sup> at that instant the private office door

was <sup>again</sup> yanked horribly open and "Oed Bear"  
peered out, his face somewhat the color of a  
ripe tomato. "What was that noise - who did  
that?" he thundered, recovering the broken <sup>and broken</sup> glass.  
"Mr. Deane just went out sir" giggled Lil.  
"Well I'd like to lay my hands on - where did he  
go?" demanded Oed Bear. "He left no word sir,"  
said Lil. <sup>and</sup> as ~~Oed Bear~~ the father returned to his  
office - but he sure as hell left his deed sir.  
"For kid" - said Lil to the girl at the next desk,  
"Oed man's been ragging him again. Gosh it  
musta been good this time!" "Yeah - Oed  
said he wasn't carrying back." "Well I don't blame  
him - and if you could see, he took with him the  
makings of the best little detector in this  
outfit."

"Wonder if Miss Gitts was in there?" "Even  
if she was you wouldn't get anything out of her - she's  
about the most private, private secretary any body  
ever had. Kitter Brennan was in by dictation  
a while ago - wonder she got an ear full;



Thus becomes a phrase that is quite familiar to him,  
so familiar in fact that he often employs it himself.  
When he was about 3 he was more than once heard to  
remark to his sister - several years his senior - "You  
certainly naughty boy sister."

Once after ~~that~~ his mother had enforced some  
act of discipline, his remark, which by the way only  
brought forth <sup>never to have the aunt in disgrace</sup> additional discipline, was thus "You  
certainly naughty boy mamma!"

During this same period he and I were sitting  
in <sup>the</sup> car in front of one of the stores while my wife  
went in side to do some shopping.

A military-cycle policeman <sup>with a sword</sup> came tearing up the  
street toward us, with his cut out wide open.

For some reason unknown to ~~us~~ <sup>my without slaking his anger</sup> he made a sweep  
across the street + stopped abruptly by our side, with a  
vigorous turn of the throttle which sounded like a  
machine gun he shut the motor off. It startled  
me, and the effect was quite terrifying to some.

This however disappeared in a moment + gave way to  
laughter. As soon as he gained further head he leaned back  
from the handle, <sup>glared</sup> and in his righteous indignation  
shouted - "You certainly naughty boy policeman!"

The policeman, looked up equally startled + really  
seemed a little ashamed.

For years I have had a weakness for after-shaving

Among the several islands in S.F. Bay is one known as  
Yaka Benua. at one time the U.S. Naval training school  
was located on it. There is still some government activity  
there.

Several years ago one of the large paternal organizations  
decided to give a picnic picnic and Yaka Benua  
island was selected as the spot. all members of the  
organization & their families was invited, a ferry boat  
& launches was to be chartered & great preparations  
for games & entertainment were being made. The event was  
given quite a bit of publicity in the press, and was announced  
that ~~the day before~~ <sup>the day before</sup> the picnic <sup>was</sup> to be held on little Yaka,  
across the bay to visit her Grandmother, as we ~~passed~~  
repassing the island she ~~read~~ <sup>studied</sup> it intently  
for a few moments and announced "I don't know  
whether I want to go to that picnic picnic or  
not?" We were surprised & asked her why - "Well, why  
announced - "I don't know if three thousand kids will  
fit on that island."

Probably my little boy in the road bus at some  
time had it said to him - "You're a naughty boy"  
at least such is the case with ours and some times  
when we wish to expressly emphasize it the word  
"certainly" is added - "You're certainly a naughty boy!"

interest. My preference in agent is for Silac. Every  
possible concoction put out by every manufacturer. I  
recall I hear at some time or other, flashed on my  
poor face.

As I climbed into a basket chair one day for a beer -  
out I noticed a number of bottles labeled "Silac" ~~but~~  
~~just then~~ were just being put on the shelf. The ~~basket~~  
~~happened to be a few. ~~It was~~ I asked for a ~~beer~~~~

Responding to my request the barman, who happened to be a  
you doused some on. I asked if he would sell me a bottle.  
It ~~was~~ came in regular barman bottles - without a cork - just  
a long pointed ~~the~~ affair though which the fluid came when  
shaken.

We made what we called a bargain - I specially on  
account of the bottle. We agreed to let me take it & return it when  
another of the same be used. I feel well anyway  
anything in Silac might be a bargain - you can't keep.

Some time later when ready for another beer I  
~~climbed~~ mounted his chair - We scamed, <sup>parted</sup> based & asked -  
"Well, how you like it de Silac?" I replied more too en-  
thusiastically that I had found it about the same as all  
others. Hearing he might lose a ~~perfectly~~ good the opportunity  
of building up a perfectly good Silac custom he acted quickly.  
"But don't it keeps de faze size, huh?" Before  
I had a hand mirror in my hand & actually had  
looking for the improvement. I was used to him but I actually

might another little of the damn stuff.

At Stanford Univ. ~~on 4/20~~ I attended at track and  
and field meet sponsored by that institution, in which  
<sup>attended from</sup>  
30 or 40 schools competed.

When it was time for the two-mile race, about  
ten boys lined up. The ~~gun~~ starter's gun barked and  
all but one started off with the usual slow pace for  
such a long job. This youth - a long-sandy fellow, beat  
off with what might almost be called a sprint - in a  
few moments he was yards and yards ahead of the rest who  
~~was~~ were hunched.

One elderly gentleman who probably was witnessing  
his first 2 mile race inquired of an unretreated young man  
next to him, why that boy started off so fast. "Guess  
he wants to hurry up - get around here he gets tired"  
answered the fellow.

There is a splendid family whom we know is trying  
to rear their little boys to be very polite. It so  
happens that their family physician is a woman. The  
doctor called at the house one day, after looking little  
Bob over, ~~he~~ taking his temperature <sup>the</sup> ~~and~~ ~~said~~ - "Bob how are  
you traveling?" Bob answered - "Just thanks, love and you."

Having thrown Mrs S. leaned over to perform some slight service to the young man and in so doing dropped her handkerchief in Jones' lap - rather where her lap should have been.

Naturally - Mrs S. did not care to try to recover it, & Jones had not seen it. The other faithful friend across the aisle ~~again~~ began making signals with his eyes to Jones. Jones didn't quite get them - the friend shyly pointed to the handkerchief.

With some difficulty Jones leaned over - caught a glimpse of something white. Consternation spread over his features. Terror gripped him. For the first time in his life he became talkative - pointing to various objects through the car windows - answering the boy - he became spontaneously entertaining -

Jones had taken his friend's signal to mean, and his own of quick glance to mean that he had not properly adjusted his lines - a shirt too much buttoned had loosened the buttons - Why not tell the truth - all shirts have tails & all trousers have buttons - One moment's thought his shirt ~~tail~~ had emerged from his trousers. He kept up his running conversation - he laughed - he became jolly - Mrs S. & his friend thought he had suddenly gone crazy -

all the while he was shyly putting his hands over his lap - he waved ~~at~~ talk & insert - laugh & draw attention outside - talk & poke - after several

city. Although a maid was to accompany them Mr. Smith  
would try to get his old friends & asked them to meet his family  
on their arrival.

These two gentlemen had often benefited by treatments  
Mr. Smith had been in a position to put in their way.  
They were staunch - loyal friends & anxious to ~~be of some~~  
~~service~~ although ~~delighted to be of their service~~  
~~they felt a certain~~ ~~or any~~ ~~since~~ they had always  
felt a certain inferiority.

The efforts of hospitality of the entire Smith family had  
been sincere, but always the two gentlemen were all at  
last.

It was in the days before automobiles and when the  
Smith ~~for~~ ~~automobile~~ arrived it was decided that  
even a carriage would not be practical so all boarded  
street cars ~~to go home~~.

The two faithful friends who were in had at the depth  
of the street cars at that time ~~found~~ ~~man~~ ~~lengthwise~~ of  
the car & the occupants faced each other across the aisle.

It was not possible to get seats all together so Mrs  
the youngest son Mr. Jones sat on one side & the remaining members  
opposite. Jones sat between Mrs & the son. He looked embarrassed.

There were two things about Jones - he was always  
quiet - spoke little - was very fat. As a matter of fact his  
old woman used to say with a certain degree of truth, he  
was so corpulent he could sit all on his stomach. The day  
concluded his knees when he sat down.

Sets fine Ein -

Heard in a <sup>restaurant</sup> Greek Restaurant

Custome paying check - "Monica Pete have you this morning?"

"Fine. Yourself?"

"Fine."

"Breakfast ok?"

"Fine."

"Fine" - Everything fine with you?"

"Fine" - How's business Pete?"

"Fine."

"Fine."

Pete Torres 15 cents <sup>change</sup> to custome - "Alright?"

"Fine" - See you tomorrow Pete."

"Fine"

"

expression of great relief manifested itself  
~~by his face~~. We had been successful  
~~in~~ completely disposing of the handkerchief. ~~at~~  
~~last~~. With his face - scowl - to the bursting point - he as  
suddenly stopped his entertainment, & became himself again.  
I hope you will send me a stamped envelope for proof - but as I  
have its trail,



In several years the Warm Temple of the Virgin  
Shrine in St. has <sup>which is known as the Ent Vest</sup> pumped a foot ball game for the benefit of  
the Shriners Hospital for crippled children. Players from  
colleges through the country give their services. They are  
all-american selections, and though the games do not  
have a great deal of time for preparation, a splendid  
amount of foot ball is played.

The great success of splendid cooperation from the press  
and paper fall credits for their benefit on that day.  
Some appropriate pictures <sup>a dozen</sup> that carries an appeal is chosen  
~~at the~~ each year.

A 20' tall board carried the picture of a foot ball player  
with a little crippled boy seated in his shoulder. The boy  
is <sup>in</sup> the center of the picture. The boy is  
annoyed. It is a big moment in the little fellow's  
life and each pull he holds a foot ball in his arms.  
It is a big moment in the big fellows life too.

The childish features carry that unmistakable  
stamp of suffering <sup>so</sup> prevalent in all cases of those who have  
~~been~~ born ~~from~~ affliction. It's just a nice good  
picture but after all it's a "talkie". Accused with that  
boy's smile as he looks at his legs I could hear his  
own appeal. "Take my traces off - make my legs  
strong - make my feet run - like yours!"  
"and though his smile <sup>that</sup> sent by fine specimen of  
an athlete - that MAN answered - God - little friend - little  
pal - I'd cross the continent a hundred times + play foot ball or anything  
else to you - if it may serve anyway - yes a little boy - for you  
+ all your little pals out at the Hospital!"

I knew <sup>several</sup> ~~where~~ that Hill would come and I admit when  
in the vicinity & down at my way to stop - look & listen -  
~~and~~ yes and to hear.

Parents will hear me out in this. There is nothing, short of  
death itself that so tears the heart, as a child, now am,  
deliberately ill, calling in his delirium - ~~delirium~~ - ~~delirium~~

come here daddy, One answers, that daddy is here - One  
asserts that daddy is right here - right next to him. Still  
<sup>child</sup> strange ~~and~~ unnatural high tone of voice ~~from~~ born of  
delirium - daddy - come here daddy.

One bends over & kisses the burning cheek - takes the  
~~delirium~~ little hot hands & arms & puts them around his neck  
to ~~try~~ to assure that daddy is really there - Still the

alone ones attempts to penetrate the delirium - but that he  
reach him - One says to myself - He shall not leave us - he  
cant - that love is too powerful - it will hold him, God we will  
will it.

and yet again - ~~but~~ that wild - far more the hot  
little <sup>cheek</sup> ~~face~~ - the burning hands - 'daddy come here daddy!'

Parents who have heard it - Gosh you - do there?

For obvious reasons <sup>we</sup> can not <sup>use</sup> the real names of  
certain people here; Mr. Smith was a wealthy & powerful man  
greatly respected by practically all who knew him. His  
interests were far flung but his home was several <sup>miles</sup> miles from  
Sf. His wife & 3 small ~~sons~~ <sup>children</sup> were going to make a trip to the

Think this one over.

Jack Weather lay, as he had lain for years, a lifeless  
paralytic, a victim of his own excessive appetites,  
appetites that had ~~been~~ been gratified without stint,  
or thought, of little other than their gratification.

~~and now, an object of charity of his daughter and her~~  
husband, he had ~~been~~ <sup>lay</sup> in bitter thought and condemnation,  
cut of himself out of his predicament, his luck, his  
~~rough~~ <sup>ill</sup> luck.

It could not be said he lay in condemnation of  
Providence, because he loudly proclaimed that was none.

at one time, perhaps he ~~may have vaguely~~ believed there was  
a God. That was when he was young, ~~even possibly~~ when his wife was  
deceased and their daughter came to them.

This self-same daughter had sought to comfort and had  
generously given, that his suffering might be lighted. And  
when her child was born and minutes drew on and ~~the~~  
she saw the tiny hands fasten themselves on his heart  
she hoped - silently, that he might see and believe  
again.

Still he lay and nourished rancor. "Through experience  
~~it~~ - ~~after~~ bitter experience - not books or theory - but  
experience I have become an atheist. God - he sneers,  
a God - I can't even raise my hands, unless I care  
that I might unite and feel <sup>the need</sup> what years or 2

He had taught me. The only reason I want to believe  
there is a God is that I could curse him!"

~~to her husband, to others who knew about the boy, and to herself,~~  
Giles was my father - ~~he used to say to himself~~ <sup>and</sup>  
~~to her husband, and to others who knew.~~ "Yes my father,  
and for that - if anything else, I shall give him care."

With that almost as much for her baby's welfare  
did she take a house in the country for the four beautiful  
months of the year. It was suburban to the City, her  
husband daily made the trip to and from his business.

On the sun-porch on the upper floor one late afternoon  
Giles, in his play-pen at the bed-side the tot held  
his baby toads. all seemed well - as well indeed that  
the mother told of her intention to depart hurriedly to the  
village to meet the train + bring the father home.

Through those months ~~that would not~~ <sup>that would not</sup> ~~detect~~ <sup>was</sup> even the  
scent of flames, what was that now coming to ~~the~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> - smoke? ~~it was smoke.~~ <sup>What in hell!</sup> he called; no  
response. Was he sure - wait - yes it's smoke - "Ellego" be  
called again. Then a few moments of waiting. "Ellego - help -  
anybody - help - help!" With heavy heart he waited.  
"Baby" he said - "baby go" - The thought that the child  
not even get out of its play-pen rickened him, sick he

said "Baby <sup>take</sup> get dolly - ~~out~~ - Away go - down stairs," James  
from the rear of the house could now be seen looking up the  
walls & nurse centring about the house. He called - he  
shouted.

"Oh - God - if there is a God hear it now. Give the baby  
strength and intelligence - to climb - to understand -  
to go. If you exist - help me somehow - just enough  
to get that baby out. We stammered - he struggled - he  
shouted -" <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~ah~~ - I knew you wouldn't. I knew there  
wasn't a God - I can't move a muscle - I -"

James <sup>was</sup> reached the sun-porch. "Oh - yes - oh yes  
there is - don't take this baby - I know - I know what I've been  
told - yes - I know God. God let me move. ~~let me~~ let me move  
just enough to get the baby out - then I don't care - I'll burn  
I'm willing to ~~burn~~ <sup>burn</sup> ~~here~~ <sup>in hell</sup> - here - anywhere - in hell - I'll  
suffice in hell - may I - -"

Far down the road ~~where~~ her husband saw the smoke.  
A wooden house was near they could not mistake the  
smoke for anything. Madly they darted - at least - the gate - up  
the walk - on the front steps - "Cared it be - yes - yes -  
Baby - baby - safe - <sup>very</sup> safe. <sup>Some - a night</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup>  
~~the father~~ they looked - up the road stairs - case -  
if there - with flames leaping - they saw a figure -



6. For appearances sake you mocha talked me into  
purchasing a Vice Presidency into your little hole, and  
giving you a desk you never <sup>would</sup> ~~could~~ occupy, //

Well + thank goodness I don't owe  
out of the stock holder's pockets, but, my own, I  
put you on salary - a good one - a damn good  
one. Salary isn't the word it was just a damn big allowance //

Last night your mocha gave a hell, a big hell  
that's another thing that's a right!! Invariably I  
mean. About 750 hundred guests, you + your English  
account!! That damn English mother you brought back  
back asked me if I would have a Scotch + Soda - sure  
I wanted one but I went down as the kitchen  
+ Tom knew what I wanted. He ~~got~~ <sup>mixed</sup> me a high ball but  
was ~~down~~ damn good //

Now, here I am ~~headlines in the newspapers~~ J.C.  
Campbell head of a 36 million dollar Corp. + my body to keep  
well I have a diff. Scotch + Soda, a bit of you and Bourbon Scotch  
that comes in his jacket that says pure Bourbon and as  
good as the unspiced Scotch, I want a drink of  
myself + I want a diff. Scotch + Soda - it's 3 fingers  
of Bourbon + it's a delight //

Now you coming to my point!! //

So we'd get ready to tee off + the radio says they were  
going to pick off. So we'd wait. If you were a bird any-  
thing more, you spoiled a lot of good golf games  
kept - there was a small basket to the basket - long  
walk to the flat, forward passes to the plate +  
belly often to the handball, Pursuit of Candace,  
head of a 30 ~~million~~ million corp. I was just the  
father of Dan Candace. It was the finest I could  
I'd ever had.

Then what happened? You fluke, or drunk or flunk,  
or what ever it is you do + out of college!!!  
No one must know about that!! Hear us!!  
You make a saint out of it! She took you to camp,  
She kept you there months, you went from hell to ~~hell~~  
breakfast, you returned with every account on the  
map. Now that brings us up to last night. Or let's look  
at 6 months before last night. When you got back from  
Europe, neither you or your mother credit little <sup>ambition</sup>  
I didn't like it, but I let it go. I couldn't understand you.





"The person moved quickly, feel the sting of resentment.  
I repeat, it is a term of affection, but I do apologize  
sir."

Anyone watching J.C. would have noticed an expression  
of surprise and then scarcely discernible, his eyes  
softened for just an instant.

He followed immediately however with the  
caustic remark "This is not a convention on  
conventionality, it's a business conference,  
Proceed young man!!" and Judge Henderson  
didn't have to be told who that remark was meant  
for.

The sincerity of Black's apology and the graceful  
manner in which he handled the incident  
impressed everyone in the room. At the word from  
J.C. to proceed he re-returned to his subject just as  
though nothing had happened to interrupt.

A short time after the meeting J.C. sat alone in  
his office. He was gazing off into space. Black's words  
kept coming back to him; coming back pleasantly.  
He repeated to himself several times - "a term of affection,  
a name by which I am affectionately known."

Poor old J.C. <sup>young J.C.</sup> Black had uncrossed for him that

3. J.C. was so intent on what Black was saying that he might not have noticed it had it not been for Judge Henderson.

The judge's title was genuine, as he had at one time served on the bench before coming to the Campbell Co.

He was a stern advocate of proper precedent and dignity, (sometimes to the annoyance of J.C.) By reason of his age, the importance and prominence of his position he was the only one ~~known~~ in the Co. who addressed ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> in any way other than 'Mr. Campbell.'

He spoke to Black sharply - "Black - Black - please take cognizance of the fact that you are addressing Mr. Campbell!!"

J.C. glared at Black <sup>partly</sup> ~~intently~~ because he thought he should do so on general principles, and <sup>partly</sup> ~~possibly~~ because he felt he should give the judge that much moral support.

At the interruption Black stopped & his attitude was one of humility - "Oh - he said" "I beg your pardon Mr. Campbell. I'm sorry sir. I meant no familiarity. It just sort of came out naturally. That is the name by which you are affectionately spoken of by your entire organization sir. <sup>Indeed sir</sup> I should say any one in the Co. touches it with the slightest disrespect, that

1. (Dassal's apt)

G.C. exploded! Well it'll be damned! What do you think of that? he said to Black:

"I think it was great" said Black.

"Great? You think it was great?"

"Yes sir"

Well it'll be double damned! My son <sup>shouted G.C.</sup> stands up here & calls me most of the things that are not in the dictionary & you stand there & tell me you think it's great. What you look to me like that young man. Reminds of I pay you a big salary & job. Let's yours aren't found every day.

"That's what you pay me the big salary for G.C. -- to tell you what I think -- that's part of the job" said Black quietly.

"In legal matters yes, but not ~~about~~ where my family is concerned."

"Surely G.C. said Black pleasantly, "you don't think I mean to do the latter, but I still say I think what Oswald did was great."

"You're fired!" Shouted G.C.

Black jerked. "Fired? he stammered in crestfallenness."

"Yes fired!! You're through!"

In a moment Black recovered his composure &

"Effectors when?" he asked.

"Immediately - right now!"

Black looked at Campbell steadily and in a quiet, almost soft, but firm tone said -

"OK G.C. if that's the way you want it - that's the way it is - fired." Then he turned & walked out of the room.

2. Young John Black came to the Campbell organization shortly after he had passed his bar examinations and had been admitted to practice. He soon attracted the attention of old Judge Henderson, head legal counsel for the Campbell interests. His ability, hard work, even bullheadedness caused Judge Henderson to "mark him for his own"; and under his guidance it was not a few short years until this just young lawyer was taking on much of the aging Henderson's work among the legal fraternity, and in the Campbell organization he was always spoken of as "Young" John Black.

J.C. admired him too, but an incident took place almost immediately after he had been admitted to conferences and even Board meetings. <sup>that</sup> touched J.C. ~~and~~ Black was still a very young man. He had been called into a meeting and was asked some questions about the matter under discussion. He was familiar with the subject and ~~highly~~ <sup>highly</sup> ~~able~~ <sup>able</sup> in his logic, ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> albeit his youth, his enthusiasm, oratory and just personality that was drawing down the admiration of all. During the warmth of his discourse he unconsciously addressed Campbell as "J.C."

greeting  
D) Donald's show shift on the cars was from 7 in the morning until 3  
in the afternoon.

after work one day he was down town & as he passed a rather  
run-down bar, whom should he see coming out but Gray Seal!  
Donald stepped up to him & with genuine enthusiasm clapped his  
big hands on the fellow's shoulders. "Gray Seal! You old rascal!  
if it ain't you! Glad to see you! What's the news? How's my  
father? How's my mother? Ah hush, caught you coming out of  
a bar didn't I!"

Gray Seal, surprised, but equally pleased gawked - "Mr. Donald!  
Mr. Donald!! It's really you! 'ow nice you look sir," and thank you  
for your cordial greeting sir, and I might say so sir, the  
sight of you is a delight to me eyes sir!! You see its  
me day off sir & I dropped in for a bit of a <sup>business</sup> ~~chat~~ <sup>plan to go to a concert</sup> ~~talk~~ <sup>at</sup>  
answer your questions ~~there's no news sir~~. Your father is - is  
well 'e's just fair sir - and your mother is traveling - just  
now she's 'aving a month in Florida, and she plans  
Palm Springs & is 'oping your father may join her there! The  
last, I don't say much if he will do sir."

"You'd have to tell me everything in a few minutes. But say -  
you don't look quite the same. What's the matter? Oh!  
I see your side-burns are gone. How come? Getting Americanized."  
"Ugh - your father cut them off sir!"  
"You mean my father made you have them cut off!"  
"No sir - he cut them off himself. With his own hands. I  
mean 'is own razor sir."

Donald looked at him in astonishment. "Gray Seal - how many  
kiss balls did you have inside?"

2) 'Only one or two sir, but on me word that's the truth sir.'

"What's the truth - the number of eyes balls you had, or about my dad prunning you whiskers?"

"Both Mr. Darned!"

"Well Sir be damned! Since as shooting something's the matter, I'm going to find out what it is. Come on back in here & I'll buy you another drink & you tell me all about everything."

"Oh, but Mr. Darned sir, it's quite unconventional sir!"

"To keep with conventionality. No body's going to know you're on butter & what the devil they do!"

His loyal, servant heart palpating with, pleasure, for he truly loved Donald, Graybeak walked into the bar & him & they selected a secluded booth in the rear of the place.

The steward appeared & Donald said to Graybeak "another eye ball?"

"You don't mind sir!"

"Guns all for me" said Donald, meeting the steward's inquiring glance he said - "Yes - Graybeak - jugs all."

He practically on the wagon. Haven't had half a dozen drinks as many men do. - Now - you show old man - shoot the warts - tell me everything - First, what's the matter with my father? You said he was once fairly well."

"Physically & seems quite fit sir, but - but is very

4. 7:18 o'clock. Sometimes no ducks at all seen.

~~One Sat. I came out about 4. The autumn was  
advancing, it was a bit blustery outside.~~

The other Sat I came out about 4. The autumn advanced  
- it was a bit blustery out side I knew I'd not had  
any golf. I asked if I had a turn at the club. I said  
"no" & dropped into his chair & attended to feet & his feet  
I brought in the Bunton. His skin seemed to rest on his  
chest & he just stared into the fire. Every few moments I  
peeped in on him. The Bunton was untouched - it  
scarcely touches anything now since July, I  
presented the picture of a lovely old gentleman - a  
lovely old gentleman with his millions - I could  
not explain - & yet it seemed to amuse him.

1. This one I don't know on I got it in - but something  
led me right up to him & I spoke.

Mr. Campbell in - in contact - could I ask just a  
moment in? I lifted his eyes, under his long eye  
brows & scowled at me. "~~The answer is no!~~"

I know what you want & the answer is no! - He!  
I want raise your wages. What I ought to do is just  
you & I in you & that damn French maid my wife  
brought back from Paris. I moved, away she is  
someplace - someplace with my wife.

Donald saw that a lightbulb had unburned



3) much depressed sir."

"Damn it Grayson stop 'sir-ning' out!"

"Yes sir - a-a yes Mr. Donald!" To begin with, as you know Mr. Donald hasn't been much entertained."

"Yes, yes, see all about it in the papers."

"Your father talks it sir - I mean Mr. Donald!"

"Good!"

"I might be permitted to say so sir - I'm not totally blind as to what goes on in - if your mother would be a good more with your father - not so much entertained -"

Donald spoke sharply - "Leave my mother out of this Grayson! She's my mother!!!"

"Pregging you pardon sir?"

"Well, been here ten minutes - Grayson, all you've told me is that my mother isn't blonde, my father is depressed. Now for Christ's sake tell me something!"

"Speaking of your father being in the deficit sir - he has been constantly so. I've tried to help by suggesting he dine at his club; as you know he was never much of a club man. Then I'd suggest he ask guests to dinner - but. Occasionally he'd ask Mr. Black. I seem fond of Mr. Black. I had one or two pleasant evenings with Mr. Black."

Other than <sup>that</sup> Mr. Donald comes in + just sits + stares out of the window, or if its foggy, cold he toasts his toes at the fire place, sometimes not arriving his dinner until

5.) Grant's town. Not an unfair bargain by  
body or thought in his mind - met - Donald ordered  
another drink for the latter.

I approached him, Mr Donald & said "Mr Campbell -  
Mr Campbell - it's not in walls at all sir."

I said - It had better not be, because if I knew what  
it cost to <sup>bring</sup> me, <sup>bring</sup> names that trusted ~~was~~  
waged, unscathed chef (broom cooks - as said from  
Emmet) or else I'd never open my mouth again.

It kind of not sir to ask him speak if it were  
in London myself sir, because as you know I  
presented me as a <sup>gentleman</sup>, my recommendations to  
you & your mother when you were in London - that  
few could could recall. Your father calls  
in my record of crime sir."

Overes when I said I wanted no money - <sup>agreed</sup>  
he interrupted me & said - I didn't give a damn  
about the money if -"

I spotted it - Mr Donald - I spotted it & I finished  
his sentence for me & I said - "If Mr Donald were  
only back."

I stiffened - Mr. Darned - it stiffened & shot a glance  
at me - then his face & eyes seemed to soften & said  
"small? Why do you buy up Darned?"

That mellowness in his eyes gave me more  
courage & now that I see you again in the  
things as I knew they should be & I gained  
boldness & I'm glad I did see you & continued -

5) which ~~had~~ be wanted, but did not know be already possessed. and until young John Black had told him, he did not know how sweet it was, no realizing how ~~badly~~ he <sup>had</sup> wanted it.

Always he was supposed to take it for granted. Donald - his wife - enjoyed. They hadn't told him. They didn't bother to tell him. They just went on supposing he knew. Perhaps he did know but it seemed very far away. Donald away <sup>prep. school</sup> at ~~College~~ - his wife traveling a great deal and entertaining most. Donald - Donald - his wife - yes - they were his, they were his family - yes - he supposed they had affection for him. They were a part of him, and still not a part of him. Very little, by way of affection had been shown him since Donald was a little boy. He just was supposed to take it all for granted.

and his employees - hundreds of them - they had an affection for him - they even had a name for it. Black - Young Black had told him so.

All his business life he had been so direct, so definitely on one side or the other. Now he seemed for the first time to be caught right on the

6. Border-line. No one told him of any emotions, and was one of those individuals who cared not express kindness of find outlet for it in words. The fighting heart of a lion - yet a soul as tender as a mother's. There was only one way J.C. knew. That was action. When he wanted to express what was in his soul he acted. He was not on the border-line then. He was direct and as definitely on that side as a human being could be. Yet, never did he want his benefactions to have the light turned on them. Being thanked, embarrassed him.

He devised the finest most generous plan whereby his employees were the beneficiaries, that was known. Yet he insisted on giving someone else the credit for it. The day before it went into effect J.C. took the longest vacation he ever had. He went on a 3 weeks hunting & fishing trip with two of his friends. Childishly figuring that when he returned it would all be blown over & a lot of <sup>committees</sup> department heads would be coming in to express their appreciation of everyone.