

P. S. - We hope to get a telephone call
the latter part of the week saying
that you can come home - Huh dear?

Watsonville, Calif.
Nov. 21, 1938.

My dear little Mother:

Just a few lines as I promised
would write to you tonight. There is not
much news as I just saw you but
maybe I can scare up some gossip.

I went up town this afternoon with
the car and left it at the garage as
starter wouldn't work so Bobby and I
had to walk all over town to do our
shopping and then walk home. It takes
quite a little while when walking a
little Sonny Boy's feet go so slow and
take such little steps. I saw Gladys
dawn Cox today and she fell in love

I guess we will receive the chupans
tomorrow so I will buy a little
paragus fern and put with them
and take them out to the cemetery.

Anna Belle came down after school
today and will stay now.

We got your loving letter today. You
told me how long it took me to
get home. From Sacramento it
took from 12:20 to 3 o'clock & from
Sacramento to Watsonville it took from 3 to 8.

Well honey, I will close now and
put my little man to bed. Love and
good night to our dear Mamma from Anna
and Bobby. X X X X X X X X
(over)

with Bobby. Also saw Corinne Beck and
Mrs. Baumgardner (Ethel Cornell.) Remember
Reuben Tuttle's old girl?

Coming home on the stage I met a
boy that I had not seen for several
years. We rode from Sacramento to
Tracy together so I had some one to
talk to. He came on to Salinas. Do
you remember the two boys we met at
the Promas dam one year when we
were at Seely's and they came out
to our camp or rather walked home
with us from the dam and one of
them left his bathing suit? Well
this is one of them. He used to go
with Audrey Bennett.

Sorrow.

Mama wrote this in
Sacramento 1928 after
Bobby's Daddy's death 7-20-28

We all have troubles, be they great or small,
and it oftener happens that that which
hurts the deepest we shrink from uncovering
to any human eye. This little poem by Alice S.
Howard tells us that there is One to whom we
may always speak.

The sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth
His sweetest, tenderest care.

He places His hand on the wellspring,
The quivering lips refrain,
And the eyes smile forth in defiance,
His love unfolding the pain.

He knows where the hurt is the deepest,
The tears of night and of day,
And whispering softly, "I love you,"
Brushes the teardrop away.

The sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth

Commission.

It is not the thing you do dear,
'Tis the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

Blessed Are They That Mourn.
Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pitied man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest
But joy shall come with early light.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

Nance

Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Jesus, tender Shepherd hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb tonight;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day Thine hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

If my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me, when I die to heaven
Happy ^{with} Thee to dwell.

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over a continent or sea

If the petaled white notes of a violin are blown ^{a mountain} across
A city's din; If songs, like crimson roses,
Are called from thin blue air,
Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayer.

Faith.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away Be wholly Thine!

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire,
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love for Thee
Pure, warm, and changelike, - A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread
And grief around me spread, Be thou my guide,
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray, From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream, Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul!

Blame not the times in which we live,
Nor Fortune frail and fugitive;
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at school;
But blame thyself, O man!

2.

Although both heaven and earth combined
To mould thy flesh and form thy mind,
Though every thought, word, action will,
Wash framed by powers beyond thee, still
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave it free,
Feeling its own sufficiency;
In spite of science, spite of Fate,
The judge within, thine soon or late
Will blame but thee, O man!

Mania