


Aug. 19, '57

1:08 PM

: On route to Los Angeles,

We are now traveling the  
Fresno, which is surrounded  
by great majestic yet conquered  
giants, the mountains. The  
layers of stepping stones. careers  
their sun beating faces. I  
can hear the heart beat of this  
high world, pleading, crying, yet  
commanding <sup>m</sup> us little people to  
forget our worldly scorn, take  
up the stone of wonder and  
dwell in the thought of the  
beauty, God's gift, nature.

We are now on Sepulveda  
Boulevard, on our way to the  
beach. A little dip will refresh  
us all. 



Many a highway have traveled  
on roads with characters of all

Only Those who guide the trade  
deserve to hold courteous pride

a little beep of the horn  
a wave, a wink of the eye  
are only friendly debts untorn

little flower rare.

draped in white array  
reaching each petal to the sky  
displaying pollen so bright  
smile this day - sleep tonight.

- Thy mother seed  
accented beauty as thy beaute  
and bore a life  
to be endured with obedient  
~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~open~~ ~~for~~  
~~moments~~

For eternally will clasp  
gently the drapes of sleep  
on thee.

leaving thee only five  
moments which to  
breathe the air,  
to bow thy head when rays of sun ~~and~~  
begile thy fleeting form.