

All in fun. In B.

Ontario Cal.
7/8/1907.

My Dear Friends; one and all; small ^{and}
 little, big and large. I know why you
 wouldn't take me to the beach with you. ^{I'd like to go to the beach with you. I'd like to go to the beach with you. I'd like to go to the beach with you.}
 it was because you never wouldn't
 get a chance to talk if I was along, as I
 would monopolize all the time, ^{and besides I would}
 eat all the tarts but no blackberry pie.
 By the way, the blackberry pie, is all
 for Frank, every bit of it, to make up
 for all the mean things I must, of
 necessity say about him. If you can't
 and won't hear me talk, you must hear
 this read. I have for a long time been
 thinking and worrying over some of the
 shortcomings of you all and the other
 day I had a warning that I must
 speak to you of them. ^{Mr. Snyder, you must learn to speak}
 Mr. Snyder, you must learn to speak
 in a sweeter voice, and I think you will
 agree with me when I tell you the