

184 BOLTON STREET
PORTLAND, MAINE

June 20, 1942

Dear Daddy,

I sit heretrying to write a poem,
At home.
Is this wasting the visit,
Is it?

Can I express my love so terse,
In verse?
Or, really, should I compose
In prose?

My mind is bursting like a crater,
Pater,
To show my love, appreciation, and
devotion true
To you.

My thoughts o'erflow my mind
I find,
And so I can't refuse
The muse.

So a very happy Father's Day!
Many more is my wish for you today!

Love,

