

**Hotel Whitcomb**

W. F. BREWSTER, PROP.

1317 THIRD AVE. OPP. P. O.

Seattle.

Wed. Dec 15 - 1915

c/o Mr. Haight, Haight Bldg.

Dearest Mother,

I am more than eager to hear you plan for giving a place on earth to the strivers of the Pac Coast.

The same men walk on the different docks at different wages. They come down to the waterfront hungry and shivering. They file into the first dock, a fifty cent pier, and stand waiting to be selected. Failing this, colder and no less hungry, they try a fifty foot or thirty cent company.

They are of course late at these jobs and their chances have been reduced, but there is always hope to a hungry

**Hotel Mitchell**

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man, that what keeps the poor fool  
 alive, and they sometimes do get a  
 day work on a dock where they call  
 late. And then ships come in at  
 all hours and if they fail to get with  
 a fifty cent company they often have  
 time to get on with one of the others.

What I'm driving at is that what  
 with the winters emptiness lying on  
 their bellies like a stone, and thousands  
 of them, the necessary plan must be  
 pretty good or I'll get killed when  
 I mention it. However, something  
 must be done. I'd rather be a dead  
 human being than a live longshoreman

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**Hotel Ellipton**

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under the present curriculum, and I speak from the experience of being a live longshoreman.

Thank you, darling Mother, for the ten spot. I found it very pleasant.

I sent Bernie a rather poor story of the Olympics with the request to turn it over to you in case it wasn't what he wants. It has some vivid description, I know, and I caught the feel of the air in the mountains but you afraid the little thread of narration will bore Bernie. It was of course pure auto-biography. I had no need to draw on my imagination. Also I have

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on hand thirty six pages of typewritten  
 mass of the story of our trip out to  
 sea in the little thirty footer last year.  
 It is told by the kid on board and  
 reads like a sea-going Hank Snow  
 who lacks the depth and breadth of  
 him we all love. What it has the  
 motion of the boat in it and the  
 idea is good. The execution must be  
 pardoned; I'm learning, but I'm learning  
 fast and if I can keep the wolf where  
 he belongs I'll finally write a novel of  
 an American with the failings and some  
 of the virtues of his race, unaffectedly  
 doing everything from golf to gold  
 prospecting, being in the jungle and in the

# Hotel Whelan

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cities, being everything from a high class  
 bond man to a heel counter for lost legs,  
 a toughshoreman till eight at night, and  
 a guest at exclusive dances till three  
 in the morning. It sounds nutty but  
 it is America, and here it is so natural  
 to do anything the spirit suggests  
 without people batting an eye that  
 I can't understand why people have  
 written books about just some plain  
 fellow like your young set, not very bright,  
 nor very able, nor very anything except  
 perhaps very incredulous, who at the age  
 of twenty seven has done a couple of thousand  
 things but hasn't found a job that

**Hotel Helium**

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suits him, that who looks like a complete failure but who is convinced that nothing can keep him from being, in time, a great man. He America and with all the rottenness of a cheesy administration and the bullying of a lot of poorly eyed moneyed venetians I love the fool country and feel that the most unconsquential and really useless part of it is the government.

my dearest love to Ko and his and tell him not to embarrass me by spending money on me for Christmas. I've been a rotten Santa to my small nephews and nieces.

your loving son John.