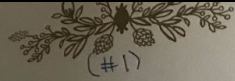
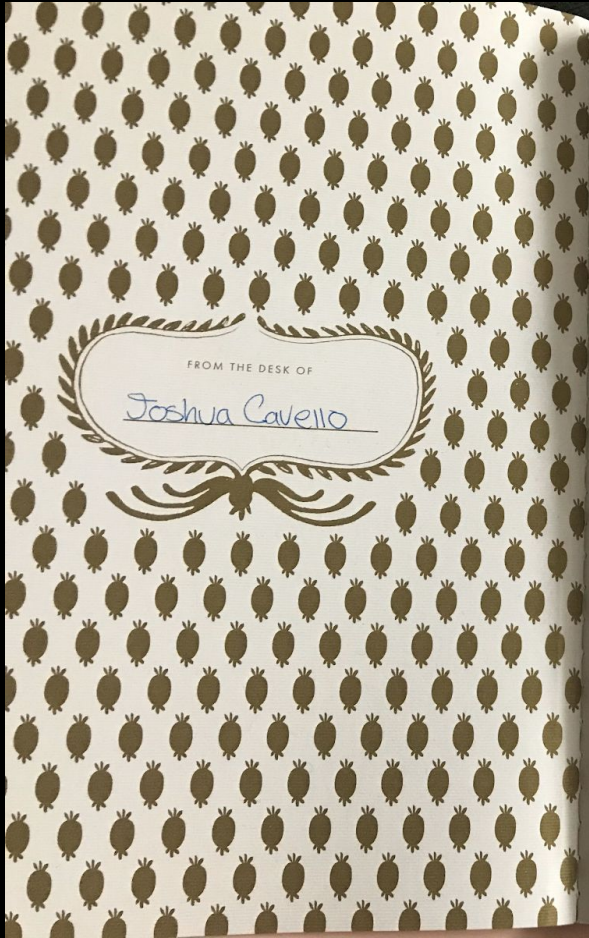




RIFLE PAPER CO  
NOTEBOOK  
RULED PAGES



(#1)

Felix said that it might be a good idea to try to keep a personal log - on top of the notes we're supposed to keep on file for professional business. I figure I'm already stuck pushing pencils at Cecily's party overnight anyways, so what's the harm? I've given her this notebook - she bought it in a pack of three and decided that she was only real partial to the mint-green one. She gave Anthony's girl the pink one out of the set. It fits over nice for sprawling over the backs of my knees - the diner tables can get real cluttered real fast when you're eating at late at night and the maniled folders you hold out of the accordion style carrier he suggested on account of being familiar with that sort of accoutrement - finance guys, men - even with Felix being chief of them technically. I just don't get it. The carrier is admittedly blundy, I suppose. It's really sweet of businesses locally to give





at discounts to us officers - but I'm well aware its got more to do with us being more elderly in our cruisers than out of some feel good community generosity. That's alright. Usually end up tripping the difference as it comes - it don't feel right - so many of these businesses are run by familiar faces at the PTA meetings, neighborhood council members - these folks have a particular talent to be having particular in all of those sectors over the years without raising a fuss or complaint: not a peep of protest to be heard at all. Dyanne tries to look out for its best, at the least - and maybe its on account of the fact that we know it could so easily be one of our heaviest and cleanest, and we'd want others to pitch in similar - but folks try that effort matters.



Just last night I'd been over at the pumps to refill up our tanks. On account of the fact that Felix was behind the wheel. I love the man, but sometimes it sure does seem like were his reading glasses not attached to his face - the man wiggled up one last time for a good thing for all of us that he is + Jan for us. :-)

I got Amie a blue slushie right before coming home - didn't want it to melt if I snagged it either on the shift, and I shucks it in the freezer - since she was asleep, or at least I mean enough to feign as much - real lap. I don't quite like lemons, but I have a love affair with them, but she's been getting on to be a 'big girl' these days and Antonette and Anne were right on next door so that's alright. Jan's a real MVP - there's no one, really - I don't



know what me and Anthony  
would have done without their  
help over the years. Family is  
invaluable. Makes a man  
grateful for all that he's got -  
family is what you're made of  
it, after all - and they certainly  
have been a boon in learning  
how to be a parent to that  
wonderful rascal of a girl. She  
reminds me so much of her  
sometimes - its sad but true  
in a sense, comforting to know  
that a little piece of Violet  
lives on in her smile and exuberant  
antics she gets on into. Seems  
like just yesterday she was  
jumping around, firing paint  
withing, dangle, dangle - and  
newses grown to be a fine  
young woman every bit as headstrong  
and determined as her mother  
was. I'd like to think - feel like  
night by then. Been thinking  
didn't know how to keep her at school



the woods though - but I  
cheerful, the particular view of  
nesting, perches by the bluff is  
still intact - and its a real  
even story to go over without  
her meaning, a mockery of her  
mother's face at of the full  
mirth of some mischievous episode  
of a Singapore one of these  
days - they catch thought one -  
who would witness to her best  
known moments, and fill it for  
all its worth - rather than being  
taunted by snippets & eardrops  
in that rickety wheel they take  
flight. Sometimes I wonder  
could hear Lara's among the men -  
but I don't dare try to tell  
Anthony. He would not get  
all take it well. Speaking of the  
man - I haven't seen him in  
a little while, but Maxwell said  
he's been a little under the  
weather. Seems to reason that  
hard knuckled, I suppose. *Go*