ROBISCHON

POST CARD
THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE
THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE
SAN FRANCISCO CAL
JUL 15
1910
the nights are strangely quiet here and sometimes i can hear myself breathing, but one night i thought i heard the sound of clapping. i wondered if it had anything to do my breathing and sat up in bed and said aloud, "am i missing something?'
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