

And our poverty was never sordid or grim.

What's more such a hackneyed approach as "poor boy makes good"—rags to riches—is not alone unoriginal but dull and vulgar and, in my case, devoid of insight or decaying of, I hate to use the term, "psychology." The appeal is the roughness and unimaginativeness of a Hollywood film centered on the life of Sam Pastner [?], Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, [xxx], George [xxx] et al. Because, in the first place, the correct [xxx] for psychological analysis of character just cannot be valid. And, from all the books I have read of my life, not one of them has any semblance of the true facts.

In the first place our poverty was never grim and sordid.

Such a prosaic, hackneyed theme as poor boy makes good—rags to riches, etc.

[Notes V?]

Note on Pegler [?] and his thwarted desire to be a story writer with his graduation from sports reports to contaminate [xxx] sneaky attitude by the cat and the bug psychology- throwing big names about and [xxx] pompous motives of cacoethus scribendi whose two-bit ambitions to become a writer got no further than a columnist on a Hearst newspaper. When [xxx] Hearst you made it and on the front page, too.

Depicting an [xxx], ragged and barefooted and beguiling, running about the street, which, of course was not so. I was never beguiling, ragged or bare-footed as a child. My mother would have given me her own shoes to prevent that. Never was our poverty grim or sordid or vulgar. Poverty was a refining, spiritual influence that made me thoughtful and observant and made me feel intensely about everything. Poverty can be a refining atmosphere and can create a gentility and a refining influence as the most affluent of our best English families.