

MAHAN THE GREAT

Have you ever heard of Mahan, the Great
A happy man is he.
He cooks his mush on a cobblestone
A 100 miles from the sea,
Seasons his mush with plenty of sand
Drops in an egg that busts.
The wind blows high from the desert sky
Loading the coffee with dust.

A fire burns brightly on the ground
While smoke gets in your eyes.
An honest man looks up from his mush
While a Joshua tree stands by.
No matter the rocks, the dust, the dirt
That seasons a cup of tea
When the wind blows hard on Shang-ri-la
A 100 miles from the sea.

The rich man dines in a palace of gold
But I'm happy to relate
I'd rather eat mush an' a busted egg
With Mahan, the Great.
This poem tells a tale I hope you enjoy
Am not so great as they say
But you are welcome to share with me
The porridge I have each day.

KINDELL & GRAHAM

Good old carnies still remember the name
In the early days it was Kindell & Graham
The biggest of all the west coast dealers
Sent orders open to the reputable spielers.

After the fairs, the big shots would land
In San Francisco and check in at the Grand;
Just plain carnies went south of the Slot
To the Howard Hotel with their coffee pots.

Down Market Street the natives do scurry
But old troupers are never known to worry.
During the rainy season some open a store
Selling hard-to-get slum that people adore.

Then one lovely day it's got to be Spring
For the grass is green and the birdies sing.
As nature cometh forth without any strife
The carnies all agree that this is the life.

Forty-milers are off for the land of hops
Old Art will look for the asparagus crops.
Even if they carney to the Mexican border
One can always depend on getting the order.

This old company is still in the Mission
And thanks to them the carnies go fishin'
They'll never forget the time-honored name
Even some owe a bundle to Kindell & Graham.

- Miles Mahan -

Miles Mahan

SCALES

I once met a fellow a real trouper on the go
Who travelled around with Pete Siebrand Show.
Now he's not a flattie nor a reader of mitts
But a well-dressed man who lives by his wits.

With rocks in his hoop, sawdust in his shoes,
He's a bit of a loner but likes to hear news.
On hot summer days and on cold winter nights
An old scale he works, suspended with lights.

Guesses your weight; two years of your birth,
State 'n home town, then chuckles with mirth.
On get-away day he puts the stuff in his car
Checks plunder to see if his guessing is par.

Thru the Midway he went like all fairy tales,
Gave out the dolls an' got rid of his scales.
No longer with it but he's known in the game;
Scales very often would guess the first name.

- Miles Mahan -

Thanks for letter ^{and} poems
Photos taken at Playland
at San Francisco 1936