

Graduation Day [1922-64, Astoria, Portland, Helena MT. My parents' story]

A number three daughter from Helena, Montana
Down by Reeder's Way and the OK Café.

Someday she'll say, "We're on our way. It's Graduation Day."
Picked out her penny candies, proudly walked up to pay,
The Parrot Confectionary turned that child away.
Someday she'll say, "We're on our way. It's Graduation Day."

From the Wong side of the world to the Lee side of the wind,
We know just where to go; we know just where we've been.
On a slow boat back to China, family boarding on that ship,
She was told to stay behind, and she never made that trip.

Meanwhile...

A number one son from cannery row,
Thought bullfrogs and slime lines might be all he'd ever know.
Someday he'll say, "We're on our way. It's Graduation Day."
He went off to war, when it finally ends,
He saw the world through a wide-angle lens.
Someday he'll say, "We're on our way. It's Graduation Day."
From the Wong side of the world to the Lee side of the wind,
We know just where to go; we know just where we've been
He fixed her in his aperture, he focused right in.
He knew she was the one; she was not so sure about him.

But eventually...

The sorrows and joys of those three little boys,
Brought tragedy and ecstasy, camping, books, and toys.
Someday they'll say, "We're on our way. It's Graduation Day."
They both enrolled in college, GI Bill of Rights,
Taking classes in the morning, working late at night.
Someday they'll say, "We're on our way. It's Graduation Day."
From the Wong side of the world to the Lee side of the wind,
They knew just where to go; they knew just where they'd been.
Photography, biology, time to take care of the house,
Take care of the boys, take care of the spouse.

*Today we'll say, "We're on our way, it's graduation day."
At last we'll say, "We're on our way, it's graduation day."*