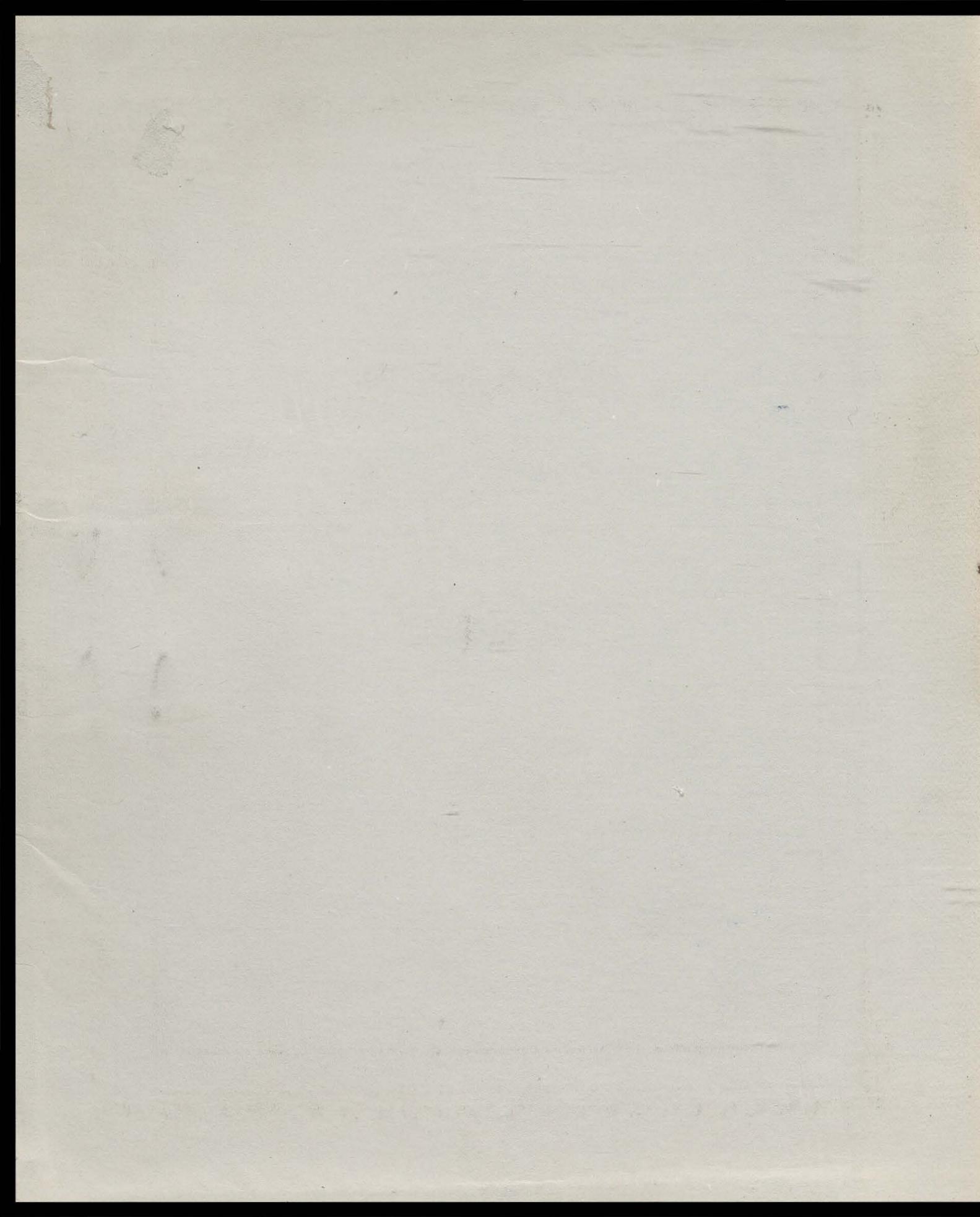


FIVE YEAR  
*Diary*

1966



For the Year

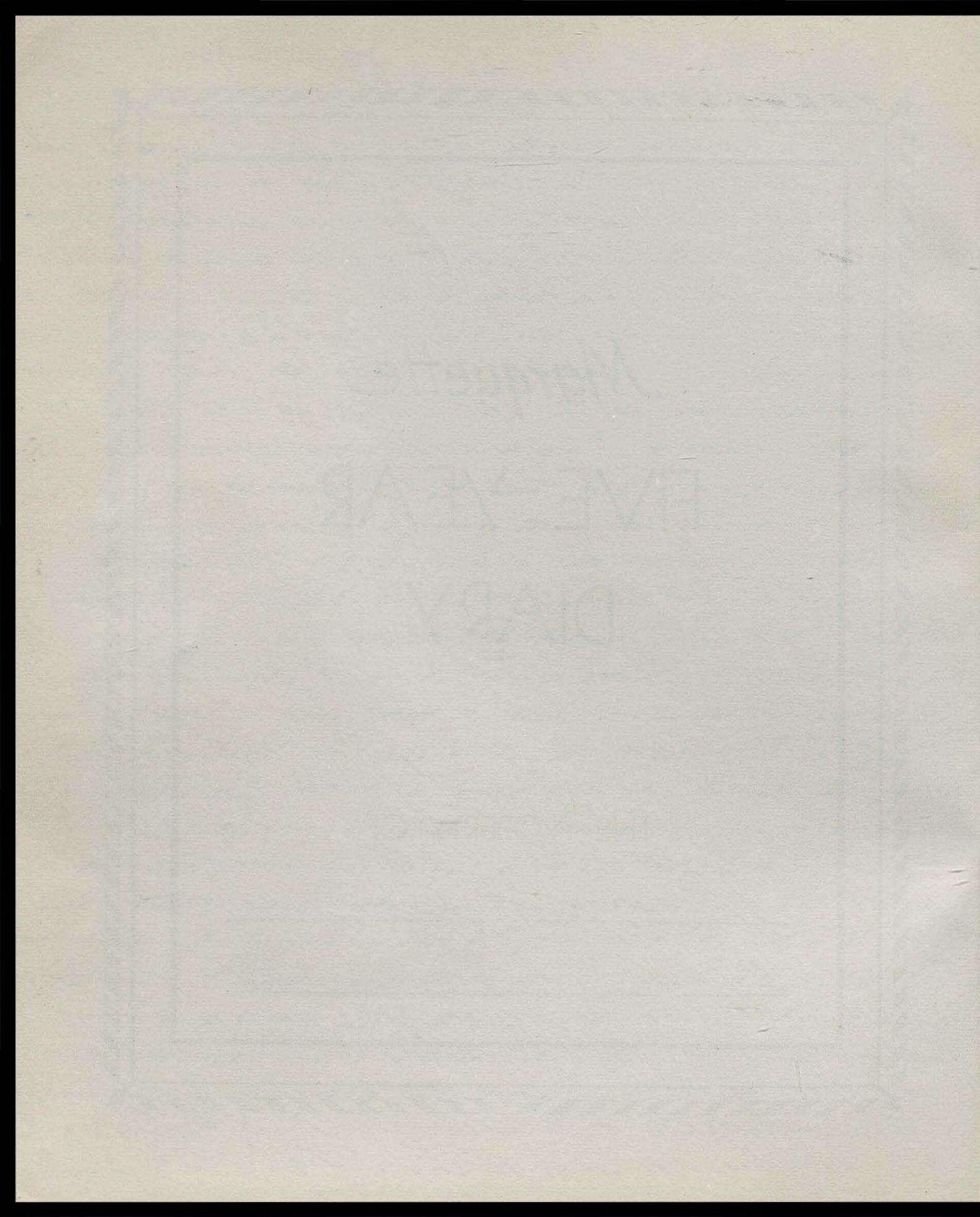
1966

Marquette

FIVE YEAR  
DIARY

THE PROPERTY OF

Keila Jean Sullivan



JANUARY 1

Dear Diane,

19 Well, hello! I realize you're a 5 yr. diary, but now  
 yer 1 yr. Ok? I hope you're not too hard to get used to with  
 all yer 19's all over. You can hold a lot more than me  
 other diaries. Well, went to church and sat around the  
 house all day practically going insane with restlessness.  
 Nothing to do. Listened to Bob Dylan, instead but

19 no fun. He called. His dad said he had to go somewhere  
 but I sensed it was a cover-up because they think he sees  
 me too much. Later in the afternoon, Mack called.  
 Excellent! Wanted to know how I was going with Lar  
 + I told him about when Lar said he wanted more. Mack  
 was astonished. He said he wished I lived nearer so

19 he could come see me. I told him I had called him  
 that night to ask advice on it. He said he probably  
 would have said I should break up with Lar and  
 go with him!!! That made me feel better. Today  
 I'm in a horrid depressed mood and I've felt very  
 steadily stimulated. Maybe it was better. I didn't see

19 Lar. It made me feel good that Mack had been  
 thinking of me. He said he'd been trying to call me all  
 week but never got around to it. Lately I've been  
 feeling Lar is growing cold towards me. I don't know  
 why, I just do. And I wish I could grow up physically.  
 I'm sick of looking like such a baby. The Beatles

19 were selected the group of the year again. I feel  
 sad I missed their Christmas greeting for last  
 year. Gee. 1966. I found the Beatles 2 yrs. ago.  
 God! Practically a lifetime! Well I hope I enjoy  
 this year. Hope I'll get as much out of it as last years.

JANUARY 2

Dear Diary:

19 What a day. Lars came over about 4pm or so. We went to the basement. Today's our second month anniversary... Anyhow we sat on the couch. I leaned back on the couch pillows and he sorta laid on top of me. He just laid there. He leaned about, 3x's put hugged. It was so nice. I had to hold him close to me. Well,

19 we got a deck of cards and played FISH. 2 games. Each won one. We kept laughing. It was pretty funny. He'd wanted me to put my swimming suit on & show him what it looked like but mom said no & dad she wouldn't let me as "it's bad enough you have to expose yourself in the summer than in the winter, too."

19 He called after he left & said he can't see me for 2wks. and could become over tonight. Mom said no. We saw each other already today. I tried to persuade her but no. I got so mad. Went upstairs crying and took a little doll chair of mine and smashed it. I had to crash something. After supper, Kath & Mom were 19 talking when I said something they ridiculed me and told me I didn't know, I was too young. Upstairs I wrote a 3 page Bob Dylan thing on how everyone judges me. I put - You say to me we gone through what you are, fine - you got through it now would you let me go through it instead of you trying 19 to go through it again with me - It's true! Mom said, her & my relationship was just physical attraction, that got me mad, too. Diary, I hope you don't think her & I are bad. I try to do only what I think is all right. I hope God understands us.

JANUARY 3

Dear Lucy:

Well,<sup>19</sup> John told me & dad about his dropping out of school since they're gonna kick him out for his hair. Dad's running around about how he & mom are gonna send him to a boy's home. Mom says she will. John seems to be laughing their threats off. I don't think they will. Because they could & stand it. Money problem

Dad<sup>19</sup> is running how Kath & I are "egging him on." Mom's just laying in her bed crying. Oh, I don't know. What a mess! Dad yelled to us that we don't believe in God. I probably believe harder than he does. He doesn't even know us and he judges. John wants to go to Tosa East High. I don't know what's best. Wish someone did.

<sup>19</sup> For coming home from school. We stood by the sidewalk and joked & talked & laughed. Then we kissed (just a little one) good-bye. I guess he's serious about buying me a bikini. I'm sure. I don't know if I'd wear it. Mom'd kill me if she found out, but she thinks any swim suit is terrible. I think I'm gonna

<sup>19</sup> go to Mr. [REDACTED] the guidance counselor at Pines who told John it'd be better if he left. I wanna ask him why he thinks John should leave. It seems such a big deal over such a trivial thing as a haircut. It's so little! But it's big to John and I understand it, but why is it so big dealish at Pines & other schools??

<sup>19</sup> doesn't make a person, hair, doesn't, so why is it so tragic? I wish mom & dad were more like the Beatles. They aren't very open-minded. Beatles were on TV for song, Paul has such dreamy eyes. Sorta half-open and misty. They haven't changed how they perform at all since 2 yrs. ago

JANUARY 4

Dear Diary:

Before school I compelled to make me take the mascara off my bottom lids. 1<sup>st</sup> period class An Duane came up to me put her hand on my shoulder and asked what the matter was. I was almost crying. I said family problems. She said think of something happy. She asked how her was I said good and she said well<sup>19</sup> then think of fins, I felt better. I was downcast all day, I was tired and sad. Went to hair's after school & he played drums & some records for me. He was very good & looked so hungry behind the drums. Yesterday I found the results to Seventeen Mag. Short Story Contest. I didn't really think I'd win<sup>19</sup> the 1<sup>st</sup> prize story was good, it was sorta okay (not too great). I hope Mr. [REDACTED] calls me now. Excellent! I guess mom called a boy's home & it's \$250, monthly. Mom says she'll get a job. I'm sick! She's working on impulse and that's not good. I think she's insane. Tomorrow I plan on talking to that guidance counselor. Going to 1<sup>st</sup> class in school, 3 girls behind me, said "Hey, there's that English girl!" They said it intending for me to hear, that. I'm glad. It's really a compliment! I don't like that Creative Writing class at all. It's purely wished journalism & newspaper reporting. I would rather ~~teach~~ speech instead. It sounds interesting & I don't know what to make outta men. She & dad said they're going to a movie tonite but I have a feeling that's not when they west

JANUARY 5

Dear Diary:

Went<sup>19</sup> to Keegert but he was gone so talked to Mr. [REDACTED]  
He was so nice and I saw that it is not that they  
don't understand, it's that he doesn't understand  
their point. He's so pig-headed. Mom said she'd  
send him to Wales I'm sure. That's a jail. I just  
am so mixed up. [REDACTED] was so kind.  
[REDACTED] said  
he'd<sup>19</sup> do everything he could. Mom says she's giving up,  
he can do whatever he wants. She's crazy. If I'm  
just up thought out I can't think. And to top  
it off - Lali's in a depressing mood and gourches  
at me and makes me feel down, too. What's this  
world coming to? I feel like crying but I'm  
not going to. I think I have to stick it out.  
I wish I could do something constructive on  
the matter. I wish John would see the real  
meaning to this. It is not the hair, it's the  
fact that he thinks he can get away with what  
he wants to do and he's got to be disciplined.  
We<sup>19</sup> gonna have a fine time in the army. Why  
do I worry so hard on stuff? All I worry  
about is other people. I wasn't gonna go to  
Keegert, but Lattei balled me out so I thought  
it better go. I'm glad she did. I think (I  
know) I want to drop out of Creative Writing  
class and go into speech class. Hope I can  
change right next semester. By tomorrow  
I'll be done with hair cutting. Maybe that  
will cheer him up. I think he just feels un-  
wanted & blah & needs a sign of love (mittens?)

JANUARY 6

Dear Liay:

At<sup>19</sup> 6:50 AM May started crying and screaming at John that she was through with him and now she only had 5 children. He stayed home from school. After school I went to Whalen. He said he called mom about 9am. I walked to Betty's and told John to see [REDACTED] He told me Tosa didn't accept him & he was going back to Pius. Very good. I feel very good & hope John has a reason for going back. He said he didn't want to go back because the teachers don't buckle down on him, they let him sleep in their classes. He wants authority but no one's giving him the chance to be buckled down on. I finished Lary's mittens. He's still depressed. It's because he's ~~so~~ bored. I feel pretty lame not being able to get him out of a mood, I told him to think of something that made him happy - that I thought of him when I wanted to feel better. He said there isn't anything that makes him happy Boy! Thanks a lot! Big dummy. Nice compliment to me. I'm on a health kick cause I'm ugly. Want my hair to look prettier and get a better figure. It's established all around that Thursday is fancy day. The boys hold the<sup>19</sup> boy's hands, girls send each other love letters, ect. It's really funny and silly & I like to overdo it. It's really pretty funny. Got an ugly space science Notebook due ~~tomorrow~~ Monday. UGH! I hope Lar really loves me

JANUARY 7

Dear Diary:

With a scream and a yell John got a haircut this morning and went back to Pino. See he didn't want to go today. He said Monday. He wanted everyone to think he fought it out till Monday at least. Went to plays at 7:45 PM and gave him his mittens. He had a big grin on his face and went upstairs to show everybody. He sat on the couch in his basement and I scratched his back & massaged his shoulders. He likes that. He played some pool with his nephew and I watched. He was in a good mood today. Yesterday on the phone he said he thought he was lovesick. Oh, well. It was a such a good feeling to feel him near me again. It seemed a century since I've hugged him. And so wonderful to kiss him. Kissing him now lately seems to mean more to me and feel like more. It gives me a loved feeling to kiss him. And you should have seen the softness in his eyes when he looked at mine. I'm starting beginning to look at Little through different eyes & see her as a sweet little kid. Before I saw her as a poor crippled kid. I like her. & guess bye-bye to Linda [REDACTED] in the aspect of her being my best friend. I really don't even relax when I'm around Linda. At least with Little I can be myself. Worked for 3½ hrs. on my Space book, & enjoy working on it. It's interesting but it does take a lot of time to do. Should've started earlier. Oh, sweet Harry. He sure is very cute. He looks more wonderful every day! 

JANUARY 8

Dear May:

Went downtown for about 3 hrs. got needed necessities. Worked on that darned old peace notebook all rest of the day. Lar had called just before I was leaving for downtown and I wasn't really listening to him and he knew it. I'm afraid I hurt his feelings. I hope I didn't. I don't ever want to. I feel so close to him, like he's a real part of my life, fitting right in with me. Sort of accepting life together, through each other. I love him. I love him like I loved Paul. But in a special way. I love him differently because I have him to call mine, to hold next to me. The feel of him, the love between us, the smiles, and little side glances no one else sees, these are a part of us. This is what makes us. Yes, I dare to say I love him like I loved Paul. Paul, the one who showed me the path of growing up through love and only by love. Without love there is no life and without life there is no person of God. And now Larrie is showing me the next step. Giving of yourself. Of your time and help and feelings. Giving of yourself to fulfill others, for only through people can one find God. And I am finding God in Larrie. I am learning to know life. God is life. My life is Larrie.

JANUARY 9

Dear Ray:

I'm<sup>19</sup> just about to explode! That goddam old science notebook isn't done yet. I took work & work but it doesn't get done! Lars came over and we drove downtown and back non-stop. Then we went to Chipp's and ate. We drove into a Sears + Robuck parking lot that is part<sup>19</sup> Jacobus Park. We laid on the seat in the same way we laid on the couch on Jan. 2. It was excellent. A gray dull day with railroad tracks about 100 yds. away & big dirty factory building. It was a perfect English setting. But something between us seemed wrong. Before we hadn't even touched each other. I put my hand out for his and he asked why should he give me his hand. I felt very bad and the tears came down my cheeks. Then before at Chipp's he said he wanted me to cut my bangs and<sup>19</sup> if I didn't he was gonna leave. He said we mustn't like me too much if he'd ~~possibly~~ jeopardize ~~me~~. Well, then he called about ~~to~~ 9:30 and ~~he~~ said I shouldn't cut them. I just don't understand that but he won't explain. He didn't understand when I asked him if he felt other people suffocated him. He didn't get it no matter how many times I tried to rephrase it. I'm so built with tenses, my head's spinning

JANUARY 10

Dear May:

Big fight. I'm wearing too much make-up and a big black line under my eyes. Well, Mom wants no nothing on my eyes except ~~400,000~~ of a speck of mascara on my eyelashes. She said 'cause I was it I couldn't see her for 2 weeks after school he came over but had to leave, mom said he had to go. He looked so so sad and said to me I wasn't the only one she was punishing. I watched him leave through the window and cried. Went upstairs, cried. Down for supper, up again, cried. Got another flash of having to catch something, I cracked my pencil holder on my desk, knocked over my chair, and pounded the bed with my fist & called Petting and cried and talked to her. I took off all bottom eyeliner & Mom said she still saw a big black line. Dad said he wouldn't see anything & they started about how they're not backing each other up. Finished my Space Book. Talked with Mom more. Came up, got my pajamas on, went downstairs and told mom I'd do what she said - BIG CHOICE! I don't wear any make-up now. Mascara - 3 layers - with no eye liner is it, I feel naked absolutely childlike and babyish. No grown-up feel. Clean old cleanly scrubbed skin! Mom said ~~now~~ I could see her Saturday I feel so sad. Sad tears down my cheeks. A promise is taken away

JANUARY 11

Dear Deary:

The <sup>19</sup> whole family stayed home - everyone with the flu. Scalled him + told him the not-seeing-him-for-2 wks. was off. He got funny + carious and blamed me indirectly for hanging up, I did. Father called + said it'd be a pain to call back - so did mom. Despite them, he called. I asked why he didn't stop me. He kept saying he <sup>19</sup> couldn't hear questions. I got mad, told him he didn't give a heck for me and I really said I bet when I hung up he'd laugh his head off - things like that. He asked to talk to John, I agreed about the band and said well, I'm talking about the most important thing, he might as well. He talked to John. Then he told me to talk to John + call him back. John told me he said he was leaving in a month and didn't want to hurt me, I was in a stupor shock, called him back. He said he was ~~try~~ being mean to me so maybe it wouldn't be so hard for us to break up. Suddenly I understood a lot I hadn't before. I thought it all over and said, "You really do love me, don't you." His "yes" came in the sad, down voice he has when he's sad. The tears came then. We talked about we would have & not go steady but we still were each other's. Why don't we stay on despite his leaving? He said "as you can't tell who'll come along. Mom + Kathy talked ~~too~~ twisting what I was saying to him to fit their talking pleasure. But he loves me, I do, and I love him. We live too hard for our own good.

JANUARY 12

Dear Riaji,

19 stayed home. Came up twice. With the flu. Just laid all day. Larrie said yesterday that he wouldn't call me today. I waited. And waited. No Larrie - and I feel sad. He'd said many times that if he didn't like me, he would not call me. He didn't call me. He didn't call me. He said that I answered my questions of did he love me. Maybe he doesn't. I am sad because he didn't call. There are a million "maybes" to it. But maybe's are guesses. I have guessed wrong before. If he is leaving and plans to support himself & go to school, I wonder when he plans to get his money for all this. I hope it is only one of big dreams. I need him too much for him to leave. He may be is disappointed because it wouldn't do things with him that are wrong in my eyes. But that is a maybe, a guess, that can't maybe exist, that which might not exist. I hope he loves me. I love him so very much. I have a horrible temptation for sex acts. I'd never do them with anyone, though. I do play with myself, which is supposed to be wrong. ~~but it's~~ But I don't see its wrong. I don't want it to be wrong, 'cause I can't help it. I'm afraid what could become of me - the way I'm going. And I don't want to be left without my Larrie. He's still mine. I have his necklace. Please don't leave me, Lar. I can't go on if you just don't love me.

JANUARY 13

Dear Diary

Stayed home again. My <sup>19</sup> Laije called me, he stayed home 'cause his dad needed him to plow the school out of the snow. We talked long and he was happy and we, laughed and joked. I asked him to play the organ for me. I needed that cause that's him. Without an organ or piano he's sorta half. And his music he makes up is <sup>19</sup> him. Ringo's growing a beard! For the time being. He hasn't been working for the past a bit and he just didn't bother to shave. He looks real neat is it. I've seen him in a beard before though. He's sweet!!! Pattie and I were talking on the phone (remember today's Thursday) and she accepted my asking her <sup>19</sup> to go "steady" with me on Thursdays. It's really a bit of a larf. Laije is begging his mom to let me come to their cottage with them. I want to so bad. But I don't know if mom'd let me. Mostly 'cause I've had the flu and if I go to school tomorrow I might have a chance to go. If I don't she'll say I've been home all week. Oh-woop! Bob Dylan. He has this song called 'The Ballad of Hollis Brown'. This man's poor and he's got 5 kids. They don't have food or anything and they're crying and his wife is screaming & this man goes into this crazy trance and spend his last \$1 on 7 bullets and shoots them all. The last lines - Seven people dead on a <sup>19</sup> South Dakota farm. Somewhere in the distance seven new people born. Very good. It has this monotonous beat that practically drives you crazy in the papa-dings brain of this man. Neat! Every little thing Laije does makes me love him so much more, I want him.

JANUARY 14

Dear Diary:

Stayed home. Mom told Lar's ma I couldn't go to the cottage with them. Poop! Lar called. He'd skipped school as usual. I worry about him. All he ever does is not ~~have~~ his homework or skip school. He was in another of his laugh-every-second moods and I was sorta in a deep-thinking mood. I'd been listening to Bob Dylan and I was concentrating. Anyhow - our moods clashed and it wasn't a very interesting talk. I got frustrated later and came to the conclusion that I was lost because I had nothing to worry about. The world's pretty sad when you get sick 'cas you're not worrying. I can't think of a thing for Patti for her birthday. Can't think of what she likes. What I like, I guess. (?) (?) (?)  
Boy, do I got huge ears. Stick way out of my hair and everything. Ack! TV makes me sick. It's the most boring jobby. I can't take any more of it. I guess [redacted] ~~will~~ come over the 30<sup>th</sup> for the day. I hope so. I forgot what he looks like & it's a fine thing not to even have any idea what a guy you write to all the time even looks like. Specially when you've seen him before. He's a great Bob Dylan fan and plays a folk guitar in a group, I guess. I'm getting sick of no ideas for stories. I have an idea but it's sorta a dirty story and I don't think anyone'll appreciate it but me. What's the use of a floppy story? Wish Mr. [redacted] call!!

JANUARY 15

Dear Diary:

A very lonesome day. Just sat about. Cranky and crabby and tense all day. Wishing and needing Larrie so bad. I can't wait much longer for him. Downtown & got 4 bars of English Lavender perfumed soap and an English magazine for Patti for her birthday. Played a lotta Scrabble with segments of the family. I'm in a weird kinda mood tonight. Absolutely blank mind. Sort of slow and romantic feeling. If only I had him here. I want to hold him close to me. I love the feel of him - so warm and soft. I am next to me. Something with feelings, that look out at the world at "everyone else" him the batter. Just like I feel he's someone else - he feels I'm that someone who is fulfilled by others like I am fulfilled by him. I love him. That he would leave me in the same way I love him. Never had him be near him always, maybe to marry. I wished he'd never said he was going to leave me and go away. I will be alone. Only part of the being I am now. Does he care? I want love. I need it. Please give it to me, Lar. I want it from you. I wished it was all right for us to undress and embrace. Maybe that's a horrible thing to say. But I want it. And I'm glad I can be strong and not do it. I want to run my hand over his back. I hope saying and wanting, this is not wrong. Why should it be? Well, diary, now you know what I wished I could do concerning him. But now I can't wait to just put my arms around him.

JANUARY 16

Dear Diary:

19 What a dull day. UGH! sat around. Mom & Dad were screaming about so I came up to my bedroom and played Bob Dylan. Bob Dylan's a funny name for him. It's so little boyish or something. You expect a Bobby to be sweet and carefree. Dylan's good for him though, it sounds like a drum crash when you say the 1<sup>st</sup> syllable. Kathy's laying at the foot of my bed right now talking about Bob. Her eyes're all shiny. Sweet. has called tonight and we talked about 1½ hrs. We were laughing about + everything. I said he should try to come over after school tomorrow. He said then think of something to do for us. I started a sexy laugh Kath + I have. He said what? I said who has to think!!!! Yeah. I'm so starved for his hugs and kisses Boy face hope he comes. Hug. Hug. Mmmmm

19 I'm sure wagging to school tomorrow and face all the work I'll have to make up. Thinking a lot about Mack. I wonder how we'd get along as boy + girl friend. Wish he'd call more. I wanna know what he looks like. Though he'd be ugly - I rather think

19 ugly boys are more interesting inside than cute ones. I don't take to popular boys. Looking at my first few Beatles books I ever got. God, do those things hold the memories. Two years. Yet so very very short

JANUARY 17

Dear Diary:

Jan<sup>19</sup> I go to Alfonso's car I was out of uniform and he said I had to cut my bangs. What an old bag!! Anyhow, I gave Pattie the two things and she was so happy. I told her in a note she was my best friend. She is. I could never call Linda [REDACTED] with problems and I still feel uneasy around her.

Week<sup>19</sup>, Lars came over after school and he played piano a while. Then we went in the basement. We were really laughing it up. We were pushing each other, sitting on the couch. I'd throw my arms around his neck and he'd wrestle me off. We were kicking and laughing. It was so so neat. We both were so happy to see each other again. It was so good to hug him again and kiss him. We were talking on the phone after school and there was a silence. I asked what he was thinking. He said of leaving. I said what about it. He said - "I'm scared." I knew he'd be sooner or later. He's seeing how much money it's gonna take. I asked him what he expected to find. He said the same as he found here. Nothing. He just wants to go so he can grow his hair out. I expect to find something to do. He said when he leaves for good he wants to go to some backwoods big town "where everyone carries guns 'cause they're scared their neighbors'll shoot them."

Funny. Wonder why he'd want that. Got a letter from Kathy [REDACTED]. Mom doesn't seem to approve of us writing. I love you harrie

JANUARY 18

Dog Diary:

Went to Alphonsa and she said they were still too long (my bangs). She said come back to-morrow. I'm not cutting them again. I'll just rat them up. Poop. John maybe a big nummy, but one thing he'll always do is let the girl go in the door, etc., first. He does to me anyhow. His sister! Pretty excellent. We're taking quarter exams and I think I'm going down in my weaker Hope not 'cas then they'll say it's 'cas I got my mind on her too much. (I do, but why should they know?) Ha ha

Wrote a story for Creative Writing Class. It's called "Patience." Something queer's been going on at school. Beachies of boys (not freshmen) say "Hi, Sheila" and "Hey, Sheila". I don't know why! Today I was walking in the corridor and a guy points to me and said to his friend somethin' like, "That's the girl that plays the tricks." I was so startled all I could do was stick my tongue out at him. What's going on! I'm sure!!! It's been sooo cold out lately. Below zero. Yesterday, Kar said no one would ever go near the mittens I bought him 'cas they knew he'd kill them if they did. And he only says that for his prime possessions - like his Pinocchio book. Better [redacted] and I usually have a lasting friendship going on -

JANUARY 19

Dear Dray:

I found out John's chummy with this one real  
cute excellent hunkie guy in school. I'm get-  
ting all flattery. But now I think of him.  
I wish I could see him more. When I see him  
I just melt in love and my eyes shine and  
I'm so so so happy. But he must be teasing me  
a lot about ~~the~~<sup>19</sup> not liking me that somehow  
I'm beginning to think he doesn't. But his gestures  
show he does and he thinks of me a lot. And  
when he does say he loves me he's so sincere.  
Oh, I love him. He makes me so happy. I was  
talking to him tonight and he asked if I  
could go ice skating with him tomorrow  
night. Mom said OK but he has to see if  
it's OK with his parents. He is so sweet. I  
like it when after he kisses me (I mean, we  
kiss) we both sorta go "mamm" kind of  
purr and snuggle up to each other. Thinking  
of all this I don't see how I can ever look at  
that other guy. Went to alphonse. Didn't cut  
me bangs but ratted them up so they looked  
shorter and she said "satisfactory" and as  
I left her office, I naked 'em back down with  
my fingers. When I got out I stayed laugh-  
<sup>19</sup> ing far said he didn't even know if he  
was going to leave. I don't know where the  
necklace he gave me is. We gotta search!  
He's so wonderful. Just noticed tonight that  
he's trying to please me regardless.

JANUARY 20

Dear Days!

19 Her and I went ice skating on 80th St. first. Skated about an hour and went to his house. Played pool and sat on his couch. He asked me to ask him the questions I want to know, I said I wasn't in the mood. Then he had to bring me hope. He said, after we kissed, "I love you" I said "I adore you. I love him so much. His arms around me make me melt into happiness and there's nothing in the world but him and me. Everything else is on another planet existing in a strange cold world of lost love." 19 Oh, if we could only understand each other fully - it would be so wonderful. I hate myself for doing little things I wouldn't do if I was acting natural. like he was talking to a girl he knows from school. I thought I'd make him think I was jealous and I skated away. Wouldn't he have been more proud of me if I would've stood and been gracious? I'm very ashamed. Sheila - look at yourself + face yourself. See what's in you and don't try to put anything else in it. because then you destroy what you are and you tamper with God's work. I'm going to tell him I'm sorry for acting like that. I want him to really know me.

JANUARY 21

Dear Diary:

19<sup>th</sup> Woke up to "Happy Wedding Day, George Harrison" on the radio. Yes. He married Pattie. I laid in my bed and stared out the window bleakly for about 15 min. and then the tears started trickling down my cheeks onto my pillow. I am so happy for him. I hoped all day they were in some better having a good time. Really! I know it feels so good and I want George to feel good. It's very hard to believe little George is a big husband. He'll be a funny daddy. George has always been the mystery boy - shy and quiet. And I don't know his as well as the others. My Paul is the only one left. I have no idea what I'll do when he gets married to Jane. He will, too. I won't be sorry he wed her, but I'll feel gone away from him. That she means the most to him now and his fans are not so important anymore. But George & Pattie are lovely together. Very lovely.

20<sup>th</sup> I went to his backyard and he worked on the snow fort he's building. I never saw anyone get so worked up over a snow fort. He just exhausted himself working on it. He's a character. When we got in his house, he made me put on a pair of his slacks 'cas mine were wet. I'm sure I wish I could see him more than 2 days. I love to be with him so much. Then called Longfellow School + asked for Mr. [REDACTED] She didn't get him, but maybe she knows if he still alive. Hope he still's interested. I love him

JANUARY 22

Dear Diary:

Talked to Patti on the phone til 2 am so this is written the 23<sup>rd</sup>. Talked to Linda [REDACTED] and now that I have Patti I'm seeing thru her. All she talks about is all her clothes and boyfriends trying to get me down, but this time I laughed at her and I am not afraid to open up and show her the real me. I'm not afraid she won't like me anymore. 'Cause Patti's my friend, so I'm gonna act and say just how I want to to her and tough if she doesn't like me. After I began opening up she said "you've changed!" Yeah, I guess so, babe. I'm looking through you... talking to Patti about sex and that, I guess when she was 12-13 yrs old she was in with the wrong crowd and had a lot of boys do things to her that weren't too extra nice. Didn't do a thing but sit about all day. Fixed my Beatles scrapbook and that, I was desperate for something to do all day. I don't wanna write this in you 'cause I'm afraid someone'll read it, but here goes. I play with myself. At night in bed before I go to sleep. Sometimes in the day I'll be reading or sumthin' & get worked up and play just for the feel it gives me. A good feeling. Guess I'm bad —

JANUARY 23

Dear Diary:

Sat about all day. Cut out my bell-bottoms. They're a pattern. Gonna make bell-bottoms and a vest out of orlon pile material. It's funny and so neat. When it's done it'll look like practically ~~an~~ a \$20 suit. Got two colors: dark blue & dark green. Can't wait til they're done.

Went<sup>19</sup> to Lois' at 7 pm. He left his snowboard with his 12 yr. old nephew & his 14 yr. old niece and I sat in the house & talked. She's real nice. She's that age we went to the movie with. Anyhow she's having a Valentine's Day Party the 15th and wants me & I to come. Very very good.

She<sup>19</sup> said Mr. [REDACTED] working at her school now. Talked about him. Dad's having another tantrum ~~about~~ tonight. Screaming he doesn't get any respect & he's gonna demand it. It all started when he had to pick me up from Lois' and Kathy from Junior Achievement. He says he doesn't know why he has to do all these things for us. What a crumb. How does he expect to get respect when he's like that?? He's running around and screaming "Damn it." I hate him. He really knows how to make someone despise himself if it weren't for<sup>19</sup> Mom, boy, would I be the neat kid!!

I'd probably run away from home and do everything I want to 'caus he doesn't care about my kids. Mom really is good. When we talk I understand her. Guess I love her (? ? ?)

JANUARY 24

Dear Diary:

19 <sup>19</sup> I <sup>19</sup>re called, & said Lar said he'd go. She said after the party the girls're gonna stay over night. Well, Lar's gonna stay overnight, too. If I told mom that she'd NEVER let me stay. So I just won't tell her that tiny part. Heh-heh. That'll be so neat. I hope I get along with all the girls, I won't know ANY of 'em except Irene, I think I will. The big thing lately is whether Patti's gonna confide in me or not. I'm sure. During school we exchange notes about 3-4 times. They're usually two school papers long. Well, this year my hair should be just exactly wonderful! Just where I want it. About 6 inches below me shoulders. Lively! Hey, John [REDACTED] comes this Sunday. Very good! I can't remember what he looks like. Not too great I remember, but he's such a Bob Dylan goes! Guerrrr. My goal! To save money from my job and get enough to spend about a month in a slum of Chicago or someplace. To go to a Cafe Expresso (beatnik hang-out). To write. These are my destinies. Larrie. I guess he'll be the one that haunts me through my teen years like Kathy and Danny. Oh, please don't leave me, Larrie. I have to think of something to make him want to stay. Please, don't go. I need you by me. What can I do? Be more romantic? Maybe. Maybe he needs love.

JANUARY 25

Dear Diary:

has<sup>19</sup> called and I got all depressed. We sit there and don't say a blasted word! It drives me wild! Anyhow I got all depressed thinking of his slowly not coming over very much and getting sort of snippy when I talk to him. He said he hadn't noticed and I was making too much out of it. When I said something he said I was too dependent he couldn't understand me. Maybe I am imagining it, but he isn't the sweet boy he was before. If he'd only just once out of the thousand say he loved me. He writes it in his notes, after he kisses me he says it, but I don't feel it. It's not in the atmosphere. His tone of voice sound annoyed. Why? John's telling me about all the fun he has in school. Anyhow, I think Lizzie is treating me more. I'm glad. She has such a thing on John! I'm sure! She said she's glad she's got me. Lizzie - Jamie - Lizzie. I guess I don't really love him. I can only get<sup>19</sup> worked up about him when he's with me. Lulu now - he seems so far away. I'm so sad. I love him so much when he's near me. But when he starts being mean and says he's not it makes me go mad I could scream. How can he deny it? I asked if he had another girl. No. I asked if he was dissatisfied with me 'cause I wouldn't do what he wanted me to. Yes. That hurt. My only conclusion: he's so dissatisfied he wants to rid me and get one who will satisfy what he wants. I'm lonely and I'm sad.

JANUARY 26

Dear Diary:

Was on the phone til 10:45 so I'm writing  
to you the ~~28~~ 29. The latest craze is  
the Batman craze. The TV show is on  
twice a week and it's SOOOO dumb that  
it's known all over for its dumbness.  
Batman's assistant, Robin (Boy Wonder)  
<sup>is</sup> always coming up with these stupid  
expressions like, "Holy popcorn" and  
"Golly gee, Batman." They always guess right  
and once when the villain threw all  
these long strips paper ~~and~~ confetti (it  
was so dumb) Batman sat there and  
wrestled with these thin strips of paper  
like they were iron chains! Patti is  
getting new leg braces. Her mom thinks  
her spine is curving back again. I  
guess Patti had polio when she was  
real real young. I think our friend-  
<sup>ship</sup> will be very lasting. I hope it is,  
'cas I like her an awful lot. And she  
make the ideal friend. I sort total  
her indirectly in a note that I play  
with myself. I can tell her things  
like that she's so good. And she tells me  
things she's never told anyone. I was  
reading in earlier diaries and I rem-  
ember that [REDACTED] much fun we had. His  
smile. The way he looked at me. So  
sweet and kind. He was wonderful.

JANUARY 27

Dear Diary:

I had a feeling Lar was gonna come today. He did! I was so glad - when I saw him I forgot all the meanness. He played piano and we went downstairs for half hour. We just goofed around & didn't get serious. We kissed 2 times. It was so wonderful to <sup>had</sup> him again. Well, Patti called all in tears and she cried her parents & everyone was on her and she couldn't take it anymore. I tried to comfort her. When she hung up about 2 seconds later Lar called. He was all frustia-<sup>ted</sup>. He's trying to make bell-bottoms out of an old <sup>19</sup> pair of pants. He ruined it and he was all mad. He was saying what was he gonna wear to Irene's party. I tried to help and reassure him. I said, "I'm willing to do all I can to help, I really am." I guess that hit him. He hung up and Patti called back. She <sup>19</sup> made up with her mom but still was keyed up. Ok! She hung up. Lar called 1 sec-<sup>ond</sup> after. We just talked foolishness and laughed and had fun talkin. At the end of our conversation he started talkin bout Sarah, a girl he went with and was engaged to last summer. She wrote to him the next time Lar gave me, she gave it to him. She wrote to get it back. Lar said tough she's not getting it. I felt sorry for her. He'd really loved her and she hurt him badly.

JANUARY 28

Dear Diary:

Was up till 11:30. Went babysitting again  
talked to her from 9:00 pm - 2:30 am. Went  
home and we talk 'till 5:00 AM. Well, he wants  
me to just touch him. He won't touch me,  
~~I~~ he should just touch him. He talked ~~to~~ about  
it from about 2:45 on. I said I knew I should  
not do it. Ruth was in bed so I could say why.  
Finally, he ask me if I ever got the urge  
to have intercourse, I said a lot. He ask what do  
I do when I have the urge. Then I said to him,  
"I play with myself." It was so silent. And,  
he said, "Show me one person that doesn't."

I was so relieved. I was waiting for him to  
think horribly of me. He said he played with  
himself and told his father. From then on  
I wasn't tired. Before I'd practically been  
falling asleep. I was happy & glad I told  
him. He said he was proud of me and felt  
good cos I trusted him enough to tell him.  
He seemed to become more understanding  
and sweet to me. I said I'd tell you  
tomorrow if I would or not. I shouldn't  
just know it. But I want it. And I want  
something new - I'm uneasy and unsat-  
isfied with what I already have experienced.  
But, if I do, I'll turn ~~into~~ into something of  
hate. A girl who does bad and knows it's  
wrong. And, even more, she leads the boy  
to losing control of himself. Oh, Harry

JANUARY 29

Dear Diary

Har picked me up at 2:30 and we went to Greenfield Avenue to try to find some bell-bottom patterns for him. Not a thing & we couldn't even alter him into a girl's pattern. We were both horribly disappointed. Went to his house and played a little pool. We sat out of the couch. I sensed it right away. He was giving me the opportunity to teach him<sup>19</sup> he said last night instead of telling him I should just do or don't. I didn't. Went shopping with his mom, and we looked at magazines for swimming suits for girls & he was telling me the clothes he saw & liked, etc. Went back to his house and played pool, he showed me the painting he's doing for Grandmother. Very good! As I<sup>19</sup> went to the store by himself, I talked with his mom. She asked if I knew any of Har's friends cause she wanted to get up a party for him. I'm gonna try to help her as much as possible. I hope it turns out real good. Anyhow we sat back down on the couch in his basement. He looked very sulky & I knew<sup>19</sup> then he was gonna say I guess your answer is no. He did say it. I kept saying I just don't know. He looked all sad. His parents drove me home & all the way there has said why, just try it, come on. I said I just don't know. Anyhow after supper Mom discovered the basement was flooded. Called John [REDACTED] and she told him not to come. DARN IT! Called Patti and asked her what I should do about Har. She said absolutely I no shouldn't 'cause she knows you lose self-respect that way. And I know I get completely worked up even THINKING about doing it. Har

JANUARY 30

Dear Diary:

We<sup>19</sup> said good-bye. Mom said what was troubling me & I told her about her. She said we break up 'cas she doesn't like her daughter being exposed to sex. I cried & said I try to be good, get good marks, don't hang out with bad kids, believe in God, I don't know what else to do to convince her I'm good. She said ok and more chance. If he does it again, tho. Went to her for supper & told him what Mom told me to: if he ever brings up us doing anything we're through. He acted funny all night. When he brought me home he said we'd better break up. I said why. He said 'cas of Mom. I said she's not making us break up, is it cas you want it? He said yes. There was silence. I asked if he'd call, he said probably. We didn't kiss. Came upstairs and played the radio, changed stations and the bass came down, it sobbed (or gasped) about twice. Called Patti, & told her. She cheered me up, & even laughed. I<sup>19</sup> m sad. He called before I called Patti, he called. He asked well what did you want. Said nothing. He then why did you want me to call. Said before I was going to fight it, but why should I? It was his decision, I had told him that before, he made it, and it was his decision. He - well I'll see ya. I said will you? Silence. He - I'll see ya. I said why do you keep saying that. He - I have to get my necklace back. Said oh. He said good-bye. I couldn't say it. I really tried. It finally came. Hitting up and cried then called Patti. I don't think he'll come back this time. He wants the necklace Good-bye

JANUARY 31

Dear Diary,

In first period gym class, the teacher made me write a 250 word theme cos I wasn't participating in class. He was getting me so down & just didn't feel like it. I began crying, leaning in a corner, cos he made me so sad. Everyone glared around. I'm sure that was the only break down I had today. He didn't come for <sup>19</sup> his necklace so I think he's just bluffing. I don't think he wants to break up anymore than I do or he did before. I think he still cares. In fact I'm so convinced it's not shaking me at all anymore. Pattie came to school specially cos she knew I'd need her to be there. That made me feel very good. She <sup>19</sup> so good and sweet. She can really cheer me up. Our water still doesn't run just a slight dribble'll come when they turn it on for us. So since we couldn't do dishes, we went out to eat. Everyone (the girls all) wore dresses but I wore me fury bell-bottoms. That made me feel cool. Pretty excellent. My hair's getting so long I can feel it real good on me back. I like that. Still writing to Bernie [REDACTED] in Liverpool & get answers. It's cool getting a letter from from England. Dang, we have to buy a new record player. No kids. Mom won't help pay for it. The old one ruined all our <sup>19</sup> records with the <sup>#C\*</sup> shot needle. And I wanna play Bob Dylan so bad. I found out who his love was. Her name was Sue. He wrote about her on an album back & he was engaged to her when he was 17 and she told him to get lost.

FEBRUARY 1

Dear Pray:

We drove up the driveway coming home from school, her was about 20 ft away. He turned, looked and kept walking that hard. Mom said she'd thought it over & that's it between her & I was so hurt. Tried to play Bob Dylan on that stinkin broken record player but no. Called the weather forecast and listened to her for about 10 min. Got my coat & hat on. I had to get out anyway! Walked went to branch library got a book of candy and walked around and went home. Mom called upstairs & asked if I'd seen her yesterday & knew she'd ask that. She said she knew I'd be taking it hard and she'd try to help me over it & I started crying. Talked with mom & Kathy at dining room table. We three went to the downtown library. Got a beautiful poem book. Went to Grandmother's to wash Kath & my hair. Mom'd said she'd bring Grandmother record player to our house so I left my records home. Then she decided at the last second not to so I couldn't play Bob Dylan. I want to hear him or bad. I know I should write about how I feel a lot now. This is a very important experience, I realize now he never respected me or loved me. He was just having me for his & working on me to get something out of me. I'm so heart broken. I feel so cold. All the notes he wrote how much he loved me and I loved him blindly —

FEBRUARY 2

Dear Diary:

19 Had a detention after school so didn't get home  
till 4:30. John said Kar had been there but left  
after waiting a bit. I don't know if I was glad or  
not for not being there. Grandmother, mom, and I  
went to Capitol Court. Wore my fur bell-bottoms  
and vest + felt 1,000,000 ft. tall. I got cuts

19 and compliments. I live both. Stayin over  
night at Grandmother's. Played Bob Dylan  
and talked to lattice all night. And I wish  
I could go away from here so bad. I want to  
roam off on my own just me and I'll have  
a love or two. But I'll move on... move on.

19 And my mind dwells on sex and I am stim-  
ulated by it's words and I crave for the ac-  
tions I cannot perform or have performed. I  
want to write and I want to be known over  
and understood. I want to roam and live  
love I want to love. I want love. I wonder

19 if he wanted to come back to me or merely  
came to take his necklace from me. If he had  
wanted to come back he could not have. If he  
wants to return, I will have to tell him he  
cannot. Either way I will say I wished you  
hadn't tossed me around like you did.

19 Why didn't you treat me like you should?  
you lost me again + again and why? Why?  
I do not know. All I know is that a love that  
once knew laughter and kisses now knows  
tears and loneliness. And wonders why.

FEBRUARY 3

Dear Diary:

He<sup>19</sup> called tonite. Didn't try to come back. Asked if I wanted to still go to the Valentine's Party. I said well we broke up how could we? He asked how Mom found out & I told him she asked me so I told her. He was all depressed 'cause I lied to him Sunday & told him I didn't tell mom. I was so sad. I felt crash again wanted to hold on to me & talked with mom why we had to break up. I understand why, but it's so hard knowing how happy I was with him and everything. Grandmother told me about keep, masturbation and about their sexorgan. I'm sure I even knew any of that stuff. Godz! Boys do get it pretty rough with that. Was at grandmother's all day by myself. Decided after listenin to Bobby Dylan to walk. So as I walked I decided to go to<sup>19</sup> Greenfield Avenue and have seen this to end, I felt so free. Wore my fury suit & as I walked among the factories ect., I felt & pretended I was a dramer and just came from Chicago. It was neat pretending to myself. I guess tomorrow I'm gonna take his record & necklace to his house when he's at school so I don't have to see him & treat down again. Mom insists he's using me for sex pleasure just by talkin about it. I don't wanna think that

FEBRUARY 4

Dear Diary:

I did what I can't be able to do again. Following under mom's directions, I took his records & necklace and put them in a box, plus the letters I wrote somewhere in the back of you. I put it all in a box, taped it shut, and as mom drove me to his house, I cried and practically sliced a million and four deaths. rang his doorbell, no answer, so I put the box between his 2 doors and cried so hard and walked back to the car. And as she drove me right to Patti's - I saw him walking up the street. I don't think he saw us, but I whispered, "Oh, God," and clenched my fists & began crying all over. It was so hard, oh, and how I died inside when I thought this is the last. Also in the box I put a note Could you get the poems I wrote back to me somehow, and I cried. And when I saw him walking on, I remembered everything we've every done - flash to my mind. And now I wonder if he cried, I wonder if he felt he lost something valuable. Now I hope he learns or at least is taught a little how he cannot act with a girl. I hope this benefits him more than it harasses him. I just hope he really knows I love him and how hard it was for me. Good-bye, Larice. Someday we'll meet again —

FEBRUARY 5

Dear Deary:

I feel very numb and void of sense. I have no thoughts in mind, I am not hungry or awake, I do not laugh or cry. I am inhuman and gone far far away into someplace very gone. And the strangest of all is I have no thought of him or any memories in my mind. It all seems so <sup>19</sup> faraway - like it only happened in a dream or one of my stories. But then I think - Glad, it was all true. I did everythin' I wrote I did. So long ago. Far gone. I am sad now. I wished. I don't know. Bridget & I took the bus downtown for the day. Very dull really, babysat tonight. I seem to be twirling around & around. This maybe because I don't have any secrets in me. Everythin's out in someone else's mind. What do I have of my own? I don't even have myself. It's taken away, I'm surprised he didn't call me & ask why I gave his stuff to him that way. I want to just die away if someone won't take me and hold on tight. My heart's rather shattered. Maybe that's why I'm such a vegetable. When I look at his notes, ect., I get no feeling, or memories, or starts, I just stare at them blankly. I accidentally stuck my thumb - it bled. I didn't feel that. Stalker. Damn it - I wish I hadn't opened so much. I'm all cried out

FEBRUARY 6

Dear Diary:

Last<sup>19</sup> about feeling kinda bored. Bought a new Bob Dylan album and played it. I'm always afraid to answer the phone. Everyone says he'll call. I'm afraid, you know - I don't think he meant it to go this far. He was just gonna scare me with another of his threats to leave me and his wanting the necklace<sup>19</sup> was just a step farther further to scare me a little more than before. But he's gonna have to see this is the last. And when I think of how we started this year with a kiss and only a month later say good-bye. I wish d was a boy! God, do I want so bad to ram. To go somewhere by myself and get an apartment, go to coffeehouses, write, and meet people they move on to other places, ect. But a girl probably wouldn't get away with that. Then look to modelling. Why should I look at the future so!? My first view is to live for life and to learn as much as possible. I'd better do that.

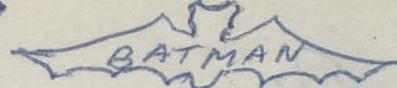
I'm<sup>19</sup> gonna keep myself a mystery more than I have, might find that best. Grandaddy's birthday party was today + the whole family even [REDACTED] and everyone were there but us kids in our family wasn't invited. I guess the whole family was pretty mad we weren't there or sumthin. Mom sure is going<sup>19</sup> She's wearin bit of make up and havin' her hair done twice weekly + she said if she diets down, she'll get contact lenses. I'm sure! She's snapped! Good time. Wish I could get outta this place. Go somewhere I've never been before. Oh, hell!

FEBRUARY 7

Dear Diary:

Talked ta Patti<sup>19</sup> on the phone. We got ta argue over somethin I began to say + didn't finish & she wanted to know what it was. We were silent for bout 20 min. straight then she got ta bawling me out how I'm just practically ruinin my life cos of her. And I began realizing it was true & pictured the boy walkin down the sidewalk with his hair in his face and his hands in his pocket and how much he meant to me and I began crying while Patti scolded me. Then one thing she<sup>19</sup> said to me hit - Before you used to care about people and now all of a sudden you don't give a hell anymore. That jolted me. It was true. And God I never wanna stop caring bout people. So I got put back to my senses and I gotta be myself and stop trying to get away. All the stuff we did now comes into a reality and I realize it all really happened to the little me way up on a cloud. She's in the thunderstorms now. But when it's done rainin, the sun has to come out sooner or later. This last week's been pure treachery ain't really made meself + everyone miserable, I wanna go back into life again that cloud was an artificial one made to teach me a lesson: DON'T BE SO PROB TO EXPOSE YOURSELF

See January 26 →  
FEBRUARY 8



Dear Diary:

Well, Pattie says I'm back ta normal, I guess all I needed was a little jolt. <sup>CRAASH!</sup> After school I listened to Bob Dylan & I decided every day I'm gonna play John's harmonica (which I have an he doesn't know) just a bit. Then I'll learn howta play it. Well, it's sumthin ta do. Dad got me this long <sup>19</sup> book full of empty pages. I'm gonna name it 'Her Epitaph Volume.' Her because I'll be writin it in I'm lookin at myself from the outside. Epitaph from a Bob Dylan written he named Eleven Outlined epitaphs. It means it's from me about what I'm feelin and thinkin. Volume cuz it means a book of collected papers. I'm gonna write in it all my finished writings - Bob Dylan writings is an account of what you're feelin and thinkin at the moment. So maybe someday someone'll find it and publish it into a book. I should be so lucky. I think one of the reasons I was actin so funny before was I <sup>19</sup> decided to be a Bob Dylan 'n I was going a little too far in actin like sumthin he's not even acted like the world was after me 'n I was dancin it ta catch me. Pattie suggested ta me that if I wanted a bigger top I should drink lots and lots of milk. So before bed I drink some and I drink it now instead of tea. I'm also actually doin my exercises in gym!! Wow ee. Pattie & I exchange at least 3-4 letters durin school days. Well, hope I don't meet her in the stores or streets. How would I act or should I say hi? I'm sure help!

FEBRUARY 9

Dear Diary:

Pattie is giving notes to John thru me and yesterday (her first note) he took, but today's (her second) he didn't. I told her so she wrote a third bout how she'd dumb fer likin' him. Well, han hasn't given me back my writin' yet. I sure doz it wanna have to beg him.

In<sup>19</sup> English class I sat, not listening, and stared at the things I wrote on one of my books: LARRY! Tears ran down my cheeks right in class. Pattie pushed the book away and I grabbed another to take my mind off him. He's drivin' me out of my mind. I'm goin crazy. I'm swearin a lot. - Shit, damn, hell. - That's about it. I know more, that's fer sure, but there's the only common every-day ones. I don't like to swear cos it sounds terrible, but it makes me feel big and masculine and tough. Why should I wanna feel masculine? Pretty dumb, hey? There's a senior guy with red hair and "companions" that laugh in whistles in say like "Oh, baby," when I get Pattie's milk for school lunch. Red [REDACTED] is the leader and keeps saying how beautiful he<sup>19</sup> thinks I am, laughin' all the while. I gave 'm my "card" with the name Claudia [REDACTED] on it. Made that up. Put my phone number and Pattie's. It's really a big day. Well. I'm very tired. Good night to Laurie

FEBRUARY 10

Dear Diary:

Went with mom + dad to register + chose subjects  
<sup>19</sup> for sophomore year at Peirce. All I know is 3 out  
of the 7 and they talked about me for about 2  
minutes and the rest of the 20 min. they talked  
to the man about John. I'll have to go to the  
guidance counselor and talk to him 'n find  
out what I'm takin' by myself. I'm almost sure I  
was depressed kinda all day. Pattiie wants to go  
to this big hood place where everythin's really bad.  
She used to go there but got smart and stopped.  
Now she wants to go back. She's practically beggin'  
me to convince her not to go back. I wrote her  
<sup>19</sup> real convincing (I think) note. Catch this!!!

Went to buy milk for Pattiie 'n d. This one senior  
guy was by the cooler. He'd talked to me before  
here. Anyhow ~~he~~ I was givin' the girl the money  
& he said, "No, I'll ~~pay~~ pay for it." And he did.  
I'm sure. He sorta has a sweet-lookin' smile  
<sup>19</sup> not a laughin'-lookin' one. It was pretty weird.  
Wonder if I might find a guy there. Doubt. Didn't  
tell you bout Davie? He's a junior I see in the  
halls at school. He's got black Beatle hair in  
thick black-rimmed glasses. He's thin 'n tall. I  
think he's ~~sooo~~ meat. His name is David  
[REDACTED]

He's never said ~~anything~~ to me 'n d to  
him but I think he realizes by now that a  
fellow him and think he's cute. Oh, heaven  
and hell. All I wanna do is write 'n write. But  
I'll prob'ly end up in COLLEGE. Ugh.

think of  
Him

FEBRUARY 11

Dear Diary:

Well, I knew it'd happen. Walkin' home from school 'n he walkin' west 'n me walkin' <sup>east</sup> on the same sidewalk. He stopped with a big smile. He said bout school in his dad. I didn't look at him 'cept about 4 x's. He said he was signin' for the draft this Wednesday. He'll be 18 <sup>19</sup> on Tuesday. He kept lookin' at me. He said "Are you mad at me?" I said, "No, not mad. I don't wanna be mad. I'm just frus- trated." He said he'd get my writings ta me. I said "Ya know, you're torturing me." "Why I'm not hitting you or <sup>any</sup> ~~something~~?" I said <sup>19</sup> "No, mentally." He started laughing it off, 'n sayin' "oh, my brain waves 're bittin' you." He kinda acted like nothing really happened. He smiled a lot. We looked at each other serious for a few seconds & then he started talkin' again. I hardly said anything. Mom drove up 'n called me so I had to leave. He said he'd be gone for the weekend so I think he went to Irene's Valentine's Party anyhow. By the way, he got big bell-bottoms. He was happy it looked. I only smiled about once but very short. Went up to my room, sat on Kath's rocks and two tears fell on my playes. Why did he act so happy? I felt weird. Got a letter from John [REDACTED] He tried so hard to console me 'n he even copied a song called CHANGES in hope it would help.

FEBRUARY 12

Dear Piggy:

Went downtown with mom & Grandmother in then to the library. Came home. Mom went to a funeral in cloud was in his room. I looked out the window longing to be outside. So I thought who'd know. Walked with Kelly around the block. Took her in the house. Brought paper out ~~so~~ I'm sad on the porch 'n wrote. The cars weren't on the road suddenly 'n Bluemound was quiet. I got such an urge. I ran out into the vacant road I got a sping of delight. The only sound was my heels on the cement 'n the only light were the dim streetlights I saw streetlights. I walked down the middle of the little street in front of 'n house. Then I swerved around a parking sign and back to Bluemound. I picked up ~~two~~ stones and then I'm in the air heard 'm drop. A car was comin so I ran back to the porch. I've always wanted to do somethin like that. Life was worth livin 'n life was so near. Death seemed to be every~~where~~ where. I saw the night, in the streetlights begin dimly on the tree trunks and the street. The night, the night. Well. Th. Friday after following Davie to his classroom he turned around and looked right at me and I was looking at him. Now I'm sure, he knows I follow him. I know it's all a hopeless case. But he's cute anywhere. Bye

FEBRUARY 13

Dear Diary:

Spent the day at Grandmother's. We just sat around. Bought the last of Bob Dylan's albums. Now I got all of 'em. There some kinda writing school calld Famous Writer School. You can write in & ask for a writing aptitude test form to see if you've got any talent worth developing. I'm sending in just for the heck of it. The Rolling Stones were on Ed Sullivan, I hope han didn't miss it. He just loves them. I told everybody that I hope he did miss it - but I really hope he didn't. I don't know why I said I hoped he did. Talked to Pattie <sup>19</sup> last night on the phone til 2:30 AM this mornin. Mom would kill me if she found out. She found out I was talkin to her 'til 5:30 that time and almost had a fit. She said she was gonna disconnect our phone next time I was on past 10 pm. I'm sure. When I don't gotta get up in the mornin the next day I don't see why I can't stay on til I want just so I'm not bothering anyone else! Phooey! Big dys. I don't see why I can't. One thing I have to do is get the confession. I don't know the last time I went but I think it was sometime in July. I'm sure. I haven't any mortal sins. That I know of. They're pretty hard to commit. I guess playin with myself is mortal sin. I don't know

FEBRUARY 14

Dear Diary,

No<sup>19</sup> happy Valentine's Day for me. No Harry, no nothing. No one to hold or kiss or care for or think of. Just my little old boring self. UGH. Read the written & put in the box when I gave Lai's neck-lace back to him, read it in Creative Writing Class. Everyone said it was very good & Sister [REDACTED] looked at me real wide-eyed and nodded her head! Then wrote another thing, an assignment about Jesus Christ and finding ourselves and Sister said it was good with a lot of important theology in it. She looked at me sorta praising. I was so so happy.  
Feb<sup>19</sup>. Went to the library tonite to have to go tomorrow, too. Yak. Bob Dylan. Oh, I praise him. I really idolize him. He is so excellent. I wish so bad I could do the things in my life he's done in his. But this is impossible, since I'm a girl. I can't roam around and mingle with anybody, good and bad. But Bob Dylan. He's developed himself. He's worked hard and I praise and envy him. Maybe someday I will be able to roam and meet as many people as possible. And find God and everything he wants and is. I really want to do that. I guess Mr. [REDACTED] isn't interested in me anymore. We called and he said he'd call back. Never did. I have to get going on my writing. It's most of what I'm living for. Wish I had a boy

FEBRUARY 15

Dear Ray:

at about 6:15 pm Lar rang the doorbell & handed Dad my writers, said "Give these to Sheila" and that was it. Didn't see him 'n anything. And today he is eighteen years old! I can't say it to him directly, so I'll say it indirectly. Happy Birthday Larrie. I loved you. Once I did. But you broke that love by your hate. I'm sorry it happened. I think [REDACTED] he stopped to talk to me the 11th to see if it were maybe possible I'd come back. But no. So I guess this is really the last and end. On his birthday, last nite in bed the radio played "And I have her" for Valentine's Day. I cried though it. Because of all the things that I have gone through with that song. One washes. I got two books on Kant's philosophy. Bob Dylan read his, so I wanna see how he is. Saw Steve [REDACTED] today and I felt sorry for what I did to him. It was very wrong of me to do. Very. And I'm sorry for it. I hope everything's all right with him. I'm so dang tired I could die. I have such a head-ache. I said to a real ugly freshman boy "I'm not as dumb as I look." He said "You don't look dumb." Help - another sober. No! Must go now 'fore I keel over  $\frac{4}{5}$

FEBRUARY 16

Dear Diary:

Well, nothing special. I really like that Davee. He's so cute. If only he'd do somethin' sumthin'. He looks like the type that'd go to Avante Gardo Cafe Espresso. Sorta the Bob Dylan kinda type. Mmmmm. Hunk. John [REDACTED] sent us his picture. Well now I remember how<sup>19</sup> ugly he was. Must say tho, that he does have an excellently neat mind. Pattie & I are known around as friends. Me without Pattie & Pattie without me just doesn't seem right 'n everyone asks if we're mad at each other. Sure! I think if I could talk Kath into goin' to Avante Gardo Cafe Espresso with me, mom'd let me. Cuz in the Kins paper there's a suggested list of places to go and the Cafe was among them. Ya know - so it's not like a strip joint 'n anything. Oh would that be excellent if I could go there. Oh, damn. We had a fellow in school about <sup>off</sup> symphonies 'n everyone was laughin. But I remembered the one I went to with her and how damn happy I was 'n the laughin & all and I felt sad. I just can't laugh at a symphony. They can be very good. How long does it take hair to grow? Gee. I've just about been waitin' for 2 yrs. and it's still all ~~33%~~. Darn. & Darn?? Aw, hair. Why'd ya have to do this ta me??

FEBRUARY 17

Dear Diary:

John said he talked to her on the street. He's gonna sell his motorcycle 'n buy a mini-bike (?). According to John that's all he said. I couldn't pry nuthin' else outta John. Big dummy. Somethin's the matter with me. I'm so lovey with everyone. Mom says I'm her brightney when she feels down. I've been huggin' Mary [REDACTED]

\*Patt. And DAD! I gave mom a

hi note to give ta Grandmother tellin' her I loved her. What's going on in me? I've sorta changed my views on boys as the time ticks on. I'm feeling indifferent towards hood guys (I don't wanna get involved with them) 'n I'm leavin' more to beatniks. Well, if that's what ya wanna call 'em. Sleep that think deep, I don't care how ugly they are. I kin even excuse

John [REDACTED] 'cuz he's got a neat mind. Bob Dylan kinda guy. I have a feelin' Davie's like that. I tried to say hi to him by the way but my plan didn't work out. We try harder. That Kant book is excellent, Metaphysics, that's what he goes into + explains. Very good!!! Thank you Bob Dylan. Kath's havin' problems with Bob. She doesn't know if she likes him just cuz he's good to her or what. It was just the opposite with me 'n Harris —

FEBRUARY 18

Dear Diary:

Ch<sup>19</sup> jy. It snowed again DARN. It'll never stop fer good. I don't really know what the matter was with me. I was in dad's room reading the paper and I got this big sexual accesion. I began writing pretty dirty things and I got so that I got real tired. I laid down on the couch and the sounds seemed miles away. I think, I blacked out in sumthin' for a few seconds. I've felt all like that the rest of the night. I hate that. I wish it would never happen. Talk about boys havin trouble controlling themselves - how bout me. God, how about me! I was happy the when Pattie called. It took my mind off it all. We talked til bout 2 AM. I'm really goin head-over-heels over Davie. Oh, God, if he isn't gorgeous! I'm so bored. I can't stand reading anymore. I'm goin outa my mind, I decided to go to a C.Y.C. dance next Friday even if there's no one ta go with. I'll go and sit by the aisle-lines. I'M DESPERATE! I've gotta do sumthin different. I'm givin up on that Kant book. It's very good but it takes you about a year to understand one line and I'm gettin frustrated with it. I've been thinking so much about Mack. I was gonna call him all week. But didn't. I think bout good ol Phil, too. These two guys are so excellent. I wish one would be mine.

FEBRUARY 19

Dear Diary:

We<sup>19</sup> finally got a record player! And I finally went to confession. I asked the priest if masturbation was a sin and he said a "very grave sin." SNIFF. I can't get any fun outta life. It's bout 1:30. Just finid tellin' ta Patti on the phone. I was lookin back in my old diaries about Mack. '71 all we said is everythin' Oh, God! All that happened! It's pretty funny - all stuff happens to me on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of the month. Mack, Las. Everything I think very much about Mack and and<sup>19</sup> more positive than ever that the guy I saw last Nov. 3 was Phil. It was very strange for him to stop like he did. God! I wish I woulda been positive so I coulda started talkin' to him. Oh, Phil. Excellent Phil. Now's thinkin' bout sending John to a psychiatrist. I rather agree she should. John has such a warped attitude bout life 'n he's so unhappy. No one here him help him so we gotta get someone outa here to come in. Well, about that mastur-  
19 sation. I don't know. Once I got the urge I just can't help it. Why do I ever have to get it? I just hate it so much. Bad. Wrong. It's drivin' me crazy I wish I had Mack or Phil for my own

FEBRUARY 20

Dear Diary:

Well, I asked Mom bout Ayante Gardo yesterday & Kath said it was supposed to be a O.K. place. But Mom doesn't know so she's thinkin bout it. Kath said she'd go with me if Mom gave the O.K. Would that be excellent! I hope so so bad she'll say yes. I'd wear me fury pants in vest.<sup>19</sup> Oh, excellent! Just like where Bob Dylan goes. A cafe espresso, very very good. Neatoovo just loafed around all day. Glufal boing, I just hate gym class in school. I can't do one of the things we're supposed to. We've gotta walk across this about 4 inch wide board that's about 2 1/2 feet off the ground. I hate that thing. I'm so scared of it. Once we had to walk across it as a test 'n I wouldn't walk across it. I got on the thing - jumped right off. You've practically gotta be famous to do the other stuff she expects. Big deal!!!

The <sup>19</sup> next aim in clothes for me I think is a pair of blue-jeans (preferably second-hand) and a blue-jean jacket. I probably would not be able to get the jacket second-hand. If I got all set up with those 'n a black pos boy sweater 'n small heels - I think that'll be <sup>19</sup> tough. That's the latest rage in Paris now. No lie. Someday I'll get enough "courage" to call Mack. I wrote to the Sunday magazine that comes with the paper, in asked if Bob Dylan was ~~writing~~ writing a book. I heard that

FEBRUARY 21

Dear Diary:

19 Dad saw John Drew Barrymore in a movie.  
Good, is he a hunk! Blonde - blue eyes,  
small build. Hmmm. What a hunk.  
Oh, yeah. I've talked Kathy into going to  
Avante Gaudi all night - with Linda!!  
She's decided I was too young. I told  
mom and she said I'd go if she had to  
go with me. But I kin only stay bout  
an hour. I guess it's terrible 'cuz col-  
lege kids go there. Big sin. What're  
they gonna do - rape me is sumthin.  
How dumb, I mean. I'm sure with  
Linda and Kathy yet. Old auntie Kathy,  
she's so ~~old~~. I'm almost sure. I'll  
never get anywhere. I think I'll just  
take a trip to the library is sumthin.  
Wow, excitement. I feel like cryin. I  
feel so bad. I'm so damned young  
19 for everythin. Make-up. Corp. Damn.  
I don't know how else to prove I'm not  
as dumb as I look. Gee. - I saw Davie  
in the hall. He looked right at me in  
I smiled good 'n hard at 'm. Take a  
hint, Davie? Pattie said I don't  
give guys a chance. When I can, I should  
strike up a conversation with 'm - even  
if it's a few words. They take a hint  
she says. O.K. Davie do yer stuff. Ha. I  
should be so lucky. I'm a loner.

FEBRUARY 22

Dear Deary:

This morning Kath said, "It George's birthday. Gee, he's 23!" Meavis Harrison. I was too tired to question it. 15 minutes later I thought - George's birthday's on the 25<sup>th</sup>. Nice shot. She got mixed up. I have to tell you somethin' I feel terrible about & don't wanna admit. But it was, <sup>19</sup>I sat in 2<sup>nd</sup> period in school. I began to write 'Paul' but discovered I wasn't sure if it was Paul or Paul, I felt like crying - I didn't even remember how to spell his name. My heart feels like somethin' was lost, I lost my "belief" in Paul. My "hope" and "trust" <sup>19</sup>in him. I felt I lost it. Did I? No please. Walkin home from school, a guy said to me "Hey, did a steamroller run over you'n sumthin?" I said, "Why?" He said, "Well, ya look like it." Why is it so conspicuous that everyone notices I'm skinny? I just answered, <sup>19</sup>clumsily, "Well, some people don't think so. I felt very bad in I still do. That never used to bother me very much. With my padded bra on I'm 32". Padded bra. I'm cryin now. Maybe it's about time I had a cryout. I wish I was all right in boys didn't mind if <sup>19</sup>I was "flat" I'm not. I guess I've needed a good cry and this was the last straw, I seemin' them. I want to be liked. But I don't seem to be worthly. No one looks deeper than the flesh. It can't understand it.

FEBRUARY 23

Dear Diana:

Yeah. Hello, I was in a depressed mood this mornin. Like one of those "sick a this kinda life" mood. But after talkin it over real good with Pattie, I felt better. She doesn't think I should go to Cravante Haude. She just doesn't think very high of the place. I'll end up aimin (if I go at all) with Kath & Linda [REDACTED]. Mom'll pick me up ~~in the~~ is an hour ~~so~~ while Kath & Linda stay the rest of the nite. Nice guy. Well, I wore my fury bell-bottoms & go to Herbst today and boy did I get the cuts. Some were meant for me to hear others were side remarks to friends, ect., ect. But those don't bother me at all. I don't mind gettin cut for what I do on purpose but when I get cut for somethin I can't help like my last size, well, it hurts to say the least. I was watchin about six little kids playin in the snow from the window during Algebra class. It made me feel sad. They are the people with true freedom and not a care to mess them up with. They've got everything and it all lasts only a short time. There's no way to keep it all. I wish I still had it <sup>left</sup>. That's what true freedom is. I got a birthday card for George. It's not very funny but I tried <sup>SNIP</sup>. It won't get to him on time, but well. One day maybe I'll once again find freedom - in my husband's arms.

FEBRUARY 24

Dear Diary:

Excitement! How neat? First of all mom had a car accident where a man rammed into her rear end of our car. So she comes home all ~~sooty~~. Then at about 10 PM everyone smells smoke in the kitchen & thereabouts. So dad calls the fire department and a big red hook-and-ladder fire engine pulls up with the siren and all. About five great big firemen come in. Big black raincoats, hats, and boots with these big red beam lights in their hands. No one knows where the smell was comin from so all they did was look about and sniff. Oh, was it funny! I found out Davie like Bob Dylan. He was walkin in the hall with his Highway 61 Revisited album. Patti<sup>19</sup> asked him if he wasn't able to get those if it was his. Yes. I've never talked to him but Patti has a few times. Oh, he's just so neat. I'm dying all over. He's so homely and thin and hunky. I feel all hollow. We (I mean I) bought George a birthday card. Last year Kath<sup>19</sup> n'd wrote all this funny stuff on it. This year, she didn't write a thing on it. I did it all. I feel so empty. She doesn't even care anymore and it just doesn't seem to me it was like last year either. They just aren't a big thing anymore. They're more of a memory or thing wonderful that helped me out —

FEBRUARY 25

Dear Diary:

Happy Birthday, George! Wow my Beagle  
just turned 6. Hardly anyone really  
KNEW it was his birthday but me. I  
wrote out a card and Patti drew a lot  
of the man on it. Well between 6-7 period  
when I usually follow Davie & left my  
room before he did. That wasn't hor-  
rid cuz I usually walk real slow then  
he passes me up & I follow him. But  
today, tho I walked real slow, he just  
walk slow too and followed me.  
& looked back & see if he was lost  
<sup>in</sup> somethin but he was one person  
behind me and lookin at me. I don't  
know what anymore really. I guess  
I should forget the whole thing cuz 3  
million to one he'll like me so I don't  
really got a chance - me bein a fresh-  
man and all. Well the Avant Garden  
thin fell thru. No one said any-  
thin or talked about it so I guess  
it was all forgotten and I didn't  
even really feel like going any  
more so I let the whole plan  
fade away. Maybe some other time  
huh? Talked wit about 11:30 AM  
with Patti. Discussin how findin  
a good guy was worth all the pain  
of waitin around without nobody

FEBRUARY 26

Dear Diary:

Went downtown with Grandmother. We walked to downtown's library & Grand. waited outside while I returned my book. I was coming down the steps and this man was comin' up. As we passed he mum-bl<sup>ed</sup> somethin' to me. I kept goin' so did he. When he was on top of the steps and I was on the bottom of looked back up at me, wondering what he said. He was lookin' at me & as I looked up he said in a kinda impudent way, "Come on!" I didn't know what to do so I kept goin' out of the library to meet Grand. Pretty neat, huh? Some guy tried to pick me up. He was about 25 yrs. old and kinda cute. Weird. I feel rather sorry for those guys. But well I guess they try to get most any girl who'll come with 'em, but it made me feel good. Got May [REDACTED] a confirmation present since I am her sponsor and all that. Down town I got a lot of satcalle, ect., for wearin' my fav<sup>er</sup> bell-bottoms. One guy bout 14 was with a bunch of bout 10-12 yold. They were laffin as I passed 'em I stared straight into the 14 yr old's eyes. He didn't say a WORD. He done.

FEBRUARY 27

Dear Diary:

Sad around all day at Grandmother's.  
At Mass I offered it and my Communion  
for that guy who tried to pick  
me up yesterday. Because I see  
what a mess he's got his life into & I  
was praying he'd figure why he's here  
and make somethin' useful outta  
himself. I hope my offerin' <sup>19</sup> will help  
me - if just a little. I was breakin' of  
the meat stuff I could've done when  
he told me to Come On. I could've gone  
up to him, kissed him on the cheek  
(because I wanted to) and said, "Don't  
do this to yourself" and left. Say  
that's somethin' similar to it. I  
wonder what that woulda done.  
I probably wouldn't have done that  
even if I'd thought of it at the  
time. But that would be what my  
story characters would've done in a  
situation like that. Sadaray I got  
an answer from that famous Writers  
School. They just said I'm too young  
to know if I really ~~want~~ want writing  
to be my career and they're sure I'm  
gettin' a good writin' education in my  
English school-class [oh sure readin' the Iliad  
Odyssey and King Arthur's story]. Well I read  
winces never gives up  
~~I tried not to be hard. I masturbated again today. I try so hard~~

FEBRUARY 28.

Dear Diary:

Well, <sup>19</sup> Grandmother came over to clean the house  
my mom's shoulder's pretty bad and the whole  
house was in an uproar. I guess maybe she'll  
have to be put in traction 'n sumthin'. She  
keeps callin me her "bright penny" and "the  
one who's gonna be her happiness in these  
<sup>19</sup> hard years." I'm caterin to her and un-  
derstandin her more, I don't know. I  
guess maybe because I'm carefree again...  
But I seem to love everyone a whole lot  
more than before, I guess before I was too  
wrapped up in lovin' <sup>19</sup> Mary, I hardly had  
the time for anyone else. John was talkin'  
to Kath bout goin' to <sup>19</sup> Juneau. I told mom.  
John was mad. Upstairs he told me I was as  
bad as Mary [REDACTED] he would never tell me an-  
other any more. Later I asked him if he meant  
it. (I had cried after he said that.) He asked why,  
I said cuz I felt bad. He seemed sorry &  
said he'd confide in me as long as I didn't  
go runnin' to mom. I guess he felt bad he  
said it then. I haven't written anythin'  
in a long time. Gimme til summer. ~~that~~  
Pattie and I sorta had a grudge between us  
& we acted rather coolly towards each other  
today but I think it's all over now. I  
sure hope it is. She's the one that ~~was~~ was  
mad at me. Better go - it's late. Pray for  
all the boys who don't go the right way.

CON'T FROM MARCH 12  
~~FEBRUARY 29~~

one<sup>19</sup> just stood or sat and some clapped after the songs. One guy there looked like how you expect Jesus Christ to've look but bigger and he wore a big blue shawl. The guys in band goofed about, one got on top of the other's shoulders. They were really makin it up. Finally the crowd died down and I got a chair. Stood on it leavin ag-  
ainst the back wall. I was so happy, I fel-  
l fitted in and I was happy. I didn't say  
'nythin but I was inside. I had a ra-  
ther serious look 'cept when I joked with  
someone. Bout  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. before we left we got  
meunes. Iced Coffee ?? Well. It was ex-  
actly what I expected it to be so I was not  
surprised. I'd dreamt of goin there so much  
it seemed I already had been there. I want  
to go there as much as I can. I hope I  
lose me. We got home bout 11:30. Called  
Pattie and she said her friend Charlotte (Char-  
from March) said she'd like very much to go  
there with me. I'd want to. Well - by a

CON'T FROM MARCH 24  
"creative around here". She said well  
I'll give you a call if anything comes  
up. ah if you think of anything  
else I might like doin I should give  
her a call. It was great all  
my dreams are comin true -

MARCH 1

Dear Diary:

Very warm today. Coldness melted. Little puddles of melted ice. Spring. I hope this time it's here to stay. Mary [REDACTED] Confirmation is today. Spent all night with it. During the whole Spring I thought about her cuz I decided it's safe to now. I won't cry anymore I don't think. All the stuff. The day he gave me the necklace, the symphony, the times after school, in his basement sittin on the couch, playin pool. Gamblin with our happiness. I think I him even read all the notes he gave me and not cry. I think I him. I'm gonna write a story usin our story as a quiple the same thin happenin. Gee. I almost shocked myself when I really thought I had myself a boy layin on a couch all mine. I musta been in a dream world the whole time I had him. Cuz it just doesn't seem really, tuy. Funny. I hope someone takes me for the summer. I don't wanna be lonely again another summer. No. Not like last. During which I think the love for Paul faded. That wasn't a friendly summer. Please not another. I'll go outta my head. My eye're burnin. I think I'm preparing to cry. Determined not to tho. I don't think I will. Times old cried over dat. They just don't seem real. What do boys do to me?

MARCH 2

Dear Diary:

One of Pattie's 15-yr-old friends got married and that started me to wondering if I had to get married before 19 yrs old if I would. I doubt very much. Mom's got a ~~big~~ plastic neck collar to wear from the doctor cuz of her whiplash ~~for~~ from the accident. We're re-decoratin' the whole house practically. Planning to move furniture, got some new furniture, lamps, clocks, curtains. New linoleum in the bathroom & kitchen. We're gettin' a new stove soon. We got money from collectin' from mom's first car accident from about 3 years ago. Also Dad'll be takin' over H & O Cartage so he should get a \$2,000 raise. I'm glad. I'm sure if we don't need it. Kathy & Linda [REDACTED] are goin' to Avonite Glade ~~I'm~~ <sup>my</sup> wife & want me to come (well, they asked me anyway). Pattie asked me to her house for the day. Don't know if I'll be going to Avonite. I want to badly but I don't wanna let Pattie down. Oh, I don't know. I'm gettin' new shoes. Big black <sup>19</sup> grandmas shoes. They're sold for old ladies but they come in my size & I think they'll look sooooo neat with <sup>19</sup> granmie dress. And other things too. Can't wait to get 'em. Excellent

MARCH 3

Dear Diary:

Out of uniform day at school. Got a buncha remarks on what I wore. Didn't get sent to Alphonsa. My oh my! But John got sent home to change what he was wearin. Pattie & I got in a big discussion on judgin people. Finally in a note she wrote "When I fight with you, you have something that makes me feel like an idiot!" so we forgot the whole thing. It seemed Davis was ditchin me so much today. No lie. I truly felt that way. I guess I better just hit him. I forgot that one too. Kath and I were lookin at lately taken pictures of Rings and we agree he looks more peppe<sup>d</sup> up and cheery since Maureen and Jake came along. We still have a picture on the closet door that's been up for two full years and another up about 2 years, never ~~takin~~ takin either down once. Our big blue picture is still on the inside of our door, too. Pattie invited me over tomorrow and Kath + Linda is going to Avant Yards. I'm givin up goin to Roanoke. I wanna go so damn bad! But I know Pattie'd feel like hell if I left right in the middle of the "party". So Kath + Linda has to tell me how excellent it was in till sit and hope + pray they'll go back again so I can go. I like Lucy very much. I don't wanna change schools. I just like Peas II too too much.

MARCH 4

Dear Diary:

No school today. Went to Patti's about 1 pm. sat around. Her friend Charlotte, who is a real laugh, came over about 7:30. We hit it off very well. Then her other two friends, Karen and Jill, who are big hoods, came about 8:30. From then to about 10<sup>19</sup> we danced and just goofed around. I didn't take to Karen for some reason. May be cuz she was a hood. Jill was a laugh too. All four girls stood watching me dance on the floor. They thought I danced real excellent & I was all happy. Was talkin with John Tonite. I said one of the main things in my life was to understand people. He said people don't like to be understood & said some need to be understood and I added, "You should know that." We said a few more things and he got up and said he was tired & left. I wish he'd open up to me. Kath & Linda went to Avante' Juletonite. She said, "It's about as big as our living room and you can't see a thing. They're these guys with real long hair and a negro with no teeth singing on stage. Everyone was just lookin at everyone else. It was sooooo neat! I can't wait to go there. Mmm. What a neat atmosphere. What a way to get problems off yer mind. I weigh 110, measure 31-25-31 $\frac{1}{2}$ , today. Those measurements may be off. Gosh I hope they are. UGH

MARCH 5

Dear Diary:

Spent all day helpin paint the living room and dining room. Mom & Dad were sayin how good I was doin and helpin. I tried hard not to and I just don't want to. But I can't find any reason <sup>19</sup> not to when I have to. Yeah. I masturbated again today. It's just so strong such a strong feeling. I see now it happens when I have nuthin ta do. Mostly on weekends. So I've GOTTA keep busy. It's a mortal sis I think. But I just can't see any reason why it's bad. I must be very bad 'n somethin mean. Oh. It's too hard. It's not so easy to stop. I've been doin it ever since about 4th grade 'n so. 'N all of a sudden I find it's a known bad thing. 'N I should stop within a week? No. I have to get someplace 'n somethin ta do. Avante Gaidé. I hope I'm able to go there durin the summer. Maybe three times a month or so. I hope mom lets me. I don't do "it" anymore when I'm in bed at night tryin to fall asleep. I always used to do it then. — I feel real good cuz mom's been askin me advice about how she <sup>19</sup> should fix the rooms. It makes me feel important. I'm just goin over my mind over Avante Gaidé. I guess those measurements yesterday are pretty well accurate tho I hate to admit it. A G H those 'n when I'm bared with no padded bra

MARCH 6

Dear Diary:

Painted all day again. It's all done.  
Kath told more bout Grande Grotte. She  
said there's real weird paintings on the  
walls (old men in swim suits-old suits). She  
said it's real dark, only one bulb is  
the middle of the room with yellow  
glass long fixtures with cast iron rods  
on it. Old lamps around with ball  
fringe on the shade. She said it's just  
an upper room of a house. Stained  
glass windows. Weird flicks (just  
soot!) ... named like La Pene which  
Linda says tastes like watered down  
iced tea with too much sugar in it.  
She says no one clears the tables of  
dishes until they're so cluttered  
they can't fit no more. Oh, it  
sounds so excellent. I can't wait  
<sup>19</sup> to get there!!! Oh. It just sounds  
like the moodiest places. I have  
mood. Well. This is really interesting  
to write. Think I'll just add this:  
I hate to bore people. I don't talk too  
much when I'm on the phone because  
<sup>19</sup> I don't tell whether the person is  
bored or not. I hate to talk on when  
the person listening wishes I'd shut  
up in quit talkin' cuz they hate the  
subject. Just thought I'd add that

MARCH 7

Dear Diary!

Well, Jessie & I had a talk tonite. She told me she felt for John as I felt for my boy, then I started cryin when I thought of what she's goin through. Exactly how I felt about Paul. It all came back to me. Since Larrie is gone he's all I can really fall back on. Good ol' Paul. He's great. Every girl should have someone like him. Well, today it was sunny and patches - small patches of snow was on the olive green and brown lawns. I was walking home from school feeling absolutely spry. If you know what I mean, I was smiling and bouncing like I do when I walk. And then I heard a car horn blow. As the car passed two guys looked back at me. I gave them a great big happy smile. Now I know spring is just around the corner. The boys are beginning to whip up their spring facials. I was so happy. Go Go Happy. It's been so long since I've been happy at. So Long. Now I know everything is all right and fresh leaves the sadness of my lost winter love behind me - and searching for someone else to love.

MARCH 8

Dear Diary;

This mornin' I looked and gazed out the class window. 'N I saw tiny tiny patches of snow - concrete streets very dry concrete and sidewalks open and free from snow, I saw lawns of faded green and brown and the sun casting dim shadows and the snow-free houses. It was a day in spring. Somehow I remembered a picnic. 'N a song kept going thru my mind - Time, oh, time. Where did you go? Time, oh, good good time. Where did you go? - The tears fell down my cheeks because you see the time went very quickly. I cannot even picture a summer, but I remember them. No one is developing. And, you see, I've left very much happiness with the winter. I've left the love I once had and held so gladly. He broke my heart. 'N now I am left. The memories of running thru the snow. 'N there is no snow. I am crying now. There are always tears to fall. Time, you're gonna travel on, you're gonna leave things behind. I must take that lesson from you. Love, oh, sweet, sweet love. Where did you go?

MARCH 9

Dear Diary:

Came home from school and sat in Kathy's room here in the bedroom and the radio was startin' to play a song "Baby, scratch my back." I wrote about it → And as I danced, throwing my hair around, throwing my arms round, I thought of war. And I thought of the young boy holding the big heavy guns and the hard helmets covering their eyes. And I looked at the sun and the shadows it made. The song told 'Baby, scratch my back.' But I danced. And the tears fell down my cheeks. ← Yes, I used to scratch Lar's back. The spring means the winter is gone. And when we used to throw the snow at each other. Kath & John were in here talking tonite & when I came in they shut up. That hurt and after a few minutes I asked, "Do you guys have somthin' against me?" John shot out with "Yeah, you think you know everything." That hurt and I quietly cried. John left the room. I went into the bathroom & cried. (John didn't know I was crying) Kath came in & put her arms round me & I told her ~~that~~ I want the smalls was basically. She finally realized that me & Bob and Lar & her and I <sup>CRY</sup> much the same. I cried so much today & was sad and hurt. I'm writing this the 10<sup>th</sup> so I can't capture how I really felt. But the spring was tearing at my heart.

MARCH 10

Dear Diana:

Well. Uneventful day. I'll get a special  
shirt outa following Davie. I know it's  
a hopeless case but when I'm by him I feel  
very relaxed and "secure" for some reason.  
It rained today. Last November 26 as  
we drove home from Sears and Robuck on North  
Avenue. Just wait. That day Lar & I and his  
mom & dad went to Sears. His mom & dad left  
us alone so we sat in the car in the parking  
lot. It was there he asked me to go steady.  
When we were going home we sat in the back  
seat. I was cuddled up to him resting on  
him. He very quietly sang a song called  
"Gina" but substituted the ~~the~~ name Sheila.  
It was beautiful. I played the record Gina  
today and two tears dropped from my  
eyes. That's all. So I sound like I'm ex-  
pecting on the part. The past suddenly  
it seems like the whole thing never was  
true. No. It never was. Those three months  
I musta slept on some hillside and had  
a long wonderful dream. Cuz suddenly  
I never was anybody's girl. I'm just fun  
my little Sheila. A girl at school said to  
me, "You know why I like you, Sheila?"  
You're always so energetic and happy."  
She said that today. Despite what I've  
been doing these last days. I hide it good,  
don't I? No one knows I'm always crying.

MARCH 11

Dear Diary:

Read thru some of the notes he gave me. I can see thru them better now. It seems I was like a page to him nothing better to do, call Sheila a mate - nothing better to do, call Sheila and go with her like that. Altho <sup>19</sup> by his notes I'm pretty well ~~con-~~ convinced he did it because he knew we were much to serious for our ages and we were gettin' more involved each day. He was so sweet in his notes. He's so cute - he didn't know how to spell busy'. He sent 'busy' then "I don't ~~know~~ know how to spell busy." Is he darling. When I looked at the picture of us and held the red scarf he gave me I cried a sobbing cry. I keep his notes, red scarf, picture, and the Christmas gifts he gave me in a box called "My Treasures" <sup>and</sup> my desk drawer. It took the spring <sup>19</sup> to fold into me the fact that he's gone AND into the fact that I once had him. The same guys that beeped at me on the 7th beeped today. Hmmm. Why don't they do sumthin' now! Like propose or something. No! I mean stop in talk. Well. I try. Boy. I can beep by a cupple a guys sure kin make ya feel good and cheer ya up when you're out to kill. <sup>19</sup> Oh it was rainy and wet and quiet

MARCH 12

Dear Diary

Artsite Elgarde. <sup>We</sup> John-Kath + I went about 8:30 we got there. It was upstairs a real dirty hole not It was so crowded John-Kath + I had to stand. We stood on the ledge over the stairway. Bob Dylan record played. It was very dark. John gave me a cigarette. There was an assortment of people - very colorful - very beatnick. Average age was 17 but there were some around 35 and some 14. Just like as on March 6. A guy next to me (about 24 yrs old) started talkin' to me. We joked around. There was a post next to me on the ledge. It was as tall as me with a ballon top over the light bulb. He took it off, offered me a cig and we put our ashes in the ball. Finally the band came on. They played very loud, you could hear it a block from the place & the God Truth!! It was mostly Rhythm + Blues and folk music. A lot of Dylan Harmonica amplified so much. You ~~couldn't~~ could feel the drum beat inside you. You couldn't see anyone, only their silhouette. The band's spotlight shone on the wall behind them. Many guys had real long hair. Girls too. Some guys had beards and wore real weird things. A folk singer came on sounded much like Dylan. Somehow you felt you knew everyone cuz you'd just talk to anyone. Had bout 4 cigarettes all nite. There was signs on the wall "Big Joe Williams" + other singers. There was no dancing. Every

MARCH 13

Dear Diary:

19 Sat around all day. Patti's havin problem, last year she was in with the crowd that were pretty crummy. The girls got picked up & necked with anyone. The guys got as much off a girl as possible. One boy that had kinda been her bari-liver for goin to the hangout - [REDACTED] liked her very much but she was too busy with other guys to notice. He was very sweet to her. Now she's outta that crowd and she sees he cared for her. Yesterday he called her and were just talkin. She said no when he asked if he could all her again. He asked why she said just because. Well he called Karen when he hung up with Patti (Karen from March 4) and cried & said he knew when he was given the bussh-off. Patti called me crying. She doesn't know if she should take him back or not. She said he'd loved the old her. Tonite I wrote her a note to give her tomorrow. I said I feel she should leave him behind with the old her where he was. I'm very sympathetic with that boy tho. I'd want to have a boy call me when he cries. All of a sudden I feel sad. Last again. I can remember how happy I was. I hope this summer is not a lonely one for me. I don't think I could stand it. My heart would crush in tears for him. The summer will be here in 3 months. Help me. I am crying. Where oh I turn?

MARCH 14

Dear Diavy:

There goes a beautiful friendship. Meas's mine. Boom. I ask if I can go to Claude's <sup>19</sup> Grade this Saturday. No. She doesn't want me in any "dirty beatnik hole" and hanging around in any "unlady properly veatilated room." Oh, God. So of course dad has to shed his 2<sup>nd</sup> worth of shit in, how it's probably a place full of homosexuals! Oh ~~forged~~ it. Yip. There it goes. I can be her best girl and work my fool head off for her and be ~~paloy~~ <sup>waloy</sup> with her and everything's fine. I can run about understanding her, and hear about how I'm so "adult-minded." But when I want something - go away KID. She can tell me how she should have appiled me more but when it's time for a favor - FERGOT IT KID. So I've decided she's got to face the facts → her daughter is a beatnik & there no gettin' from it! I think I'll take drastic measures. Take up \$75 a month & buy a folk song magazine. Tomorrow I'm wearin' my hair in girl beatnik style. These orange jail cell bedroom walls are poundin' on my brain. I'm locked in it and my eyes are a goin' crazy and my head's spinnin'. Where's an out???

MARCH 15

Dear Diary:

It's <sup>19</sup> very late. Well, boring day. Called Chaz and told her going to Levante was off & wore my pair in girl beatnik style at school today. Mom saw it, too. We weren't on the best terms today. She was yellin' at me after school. Kath is quitin' her <sup>19</sup> job after school's out. So I'll be gettin' it. It's kinda scary - gettin' a job. I mean it's so adult - like I'm already out in the world and workin' to live and all that. Gee. It's got responsibilities and it's all scary. I think I'll like it, though. Ya know, they say every kid takes <sup>19</sup> getting their own apartment at 18 yrs old but I really aim to. I'll save my money from my job and who needs a big fancy expensive one. Get up one's fine with me. just so I can write all I want. I really want this. I'm not afraid of life, I'm very ready for it and I am waitin' for it and livin' it, I care. But others and myself so I don't think I'll trip too hard. I'm tryin' to get a book of poems by E. E. Cummings. Beatnik <sup>19</sup> years. I've been tryin' for months but can't find ~~one~~ there's plenty of all cards. Well, I better go. Wonder how this trip bewtween mom & me are gonna turn out. ?? ← Question ??

MARCH 16

Dear Deary:

Well before, during & after supper I was feeling all shot <sup>19</sup>cug of hell. I went to mom and she just said if I'm gonna start acting that way I can just go away. So she starts screamin at me that I have to go to bed early or take a Midol pill (which is for menstrual aches) because I'm so crabby. I talked to her about Azraele Gardo. She gives me this big ball on how "unsavory characters" are lurking around and she wants to protect me from them. So at this point she points out somethin I never knew before: Unsavory characters are lurking around and if you talk to them you give them the wrong impression. No KIDDING. Listen, babe, I've already had experience with "unsavory characters" <sup>19</sup>goddamn friendly. But when they do they'll find out what they got from me. A good kick in the leg! There's "unsavory characters" downtown! Why <sup>go</sup> <sup>19</sup>there? She's full of hell. Then good ole Kath puts her 2<sup>nd</sup> ip on how I really am too young. I should wait. I ask you, mrs. wizard, what's in the meantime I'll be damned if I'm gonna sit around with nothin to keep me from cryin over her. Damn what do I get in life now!

MARCH 17

Dear Diary:

<sup>19</sup> written this, the 18<sup>th</sup>. John said he saw  
Lau and one a girl's friends at Betty's. He said  
Lau told him he ran away from home. He's a  
big liar. You hardly call it "runnin away  
from home" when you leave home after yes,  
'8! What a runny. And I'd sure like to know  
<sup>19</sup> where he's livin now if he's hangin round  
Betty's. (Remember: Betty's is a coffee shop restaurant)  
He always said if he ever went anywhere  
he'd go back to Edgerton which is away  
from Madison. So I'm sure he'd be stokin  
round Betty's if he didn't live near it!

<sup>19</sup> asked John how I was and John said  
I was "movin" or in other words - alive.  
Well enough on her the runny. Patti  
alled me up cryin today. Her parents were  
on her. The whole thing started when I was  
carrying her my books to her mom's car  
after school. The wind blew off my hat and  
grabbed for it the books fell. Her mom  
now claims I threw them down! So she's  
mad & when Patti tried to stick up for  
me her ma yelled she was fallin back.  
This all went on at her house. I wasn't there.  
Now they're yellin she's not like her sister  
& brother were, she's wearin too much make-  
up - and catch this - she keeps her bedroom  
door open too much. Oh, God, so I feel all  
sorry for her. She's my best friend you know

MARCH 18

Dear Diary:

Well. Dad got demoted. Uncle ~~Joe~~ Joe left H + O so all the positions were vacated. Dad was captain and the presidency since his vice president now, so instead of promoting him they demoted him and now he's secretary-treasurer and general manager while the guy that was just a grubby old mechanic before now goes to the vice presidency. And Grandad is still holding on to the presidency. He's only 80 yrs. old! Anyway Dad's all devious and mom + dad even put their arms around each other when they thought no one was watchin. I felt like cryin cuz I knew they did, too. So we're just hopin Dad at least gets a raise. Mom's occupying herself decoratin' the living room with fancy lamps + ashtrays + throw pillows. She's just all goin over it. Well, tomorrow I'll be goin to Parties. Her parents are goin to Sound Bend or somethin. I'm gonna stay overnight. Her parents know. So Parties + I'll be all alone. It's planned that Char + I are goin to Wain together since Pat die hardly ever goes + won't this stink. Better go now. 'Night

MARCH 19

Dear Diary:  
At 8 o'clock, came back at 4 pm after a big shopping  
on 5th. Bridget was a smartie off da mom  
dad again. God, she really must have a  
horrible life. She's not a damn bit happy &  
she knows and feels it. Layin in bed this  
morning and shot old me masturbating again  
I don't see anything wrong with it since  
it don't hurt nobody. I don't think it's  
hurting me. Anyhow, Chas come to Baffies  
and we all went to the basement. Bridget was  
tryin to get up the steps and she couldn't  
say her hip had been hurtin. I ~~felt~~ felt  
all helpless and frustrated cuz I could  
n't do anything to help her. - I'm writing  
this the 20<sup>th</sup> cuz I was so tired last  
night I just hardly could think of sum-  
thin to write or push my pen. And have  
informed you before my waist measures  
25<sup>19</sup> or over. Gah!! So I decided I better get  
it down. With a little fast dancing, in-  
cludin on the floor, I got to  $24\frac{1}{2}$ ". I just  
hope I kin keep it and I wanna get it to  
24 cuz that's even where the models have  
to get down to. I feel a lot at home over  
at Baffies. I kin just walk around and  
do things without permission like I have  
to get at Linda's. It's real cool. I like  
bein over there. I'm plannin to have her  
over here sometimes. Bye —

MARCH 20

Dear Diary:

Stayed at Pattie's til bout 3:30 &  
then had to come home cuz Patrick's  
~~boy~~ scout den or troop (?) had a big  
dinner over at Jude's. It was all right,  
I don't wanna hold a grudge against  
them. I really don't have no reasons to.

Had fun being a "nude, unco-operative"  
kid there. It was really fun. I'd like  
to be friendly over there not like the rest  
of the family is. I don't know bout Pattie,  
all she does is feel problems. Of course  
she's fun but she lets the little old

friends keep her up at nite to cry. She  
really isn't very practical about her  
family problems, ect. All she does is cry  
about 'em and not try to solve 'em. Well,  
I try to help her but she just says "oh, that  
is not gonna help". She's got a negative  
view of everythin. I don't know what to

do. Dylan's out with a new song. Called

"One of Us Must Know Sooner or Later."

Well, got my waist to 24 but then I  
went to that damn dinner and  
now it's back to 25 again. Damn  
it<sup>19</sup> anyhow, I just gotta call Mack one  
of these days but it never seems that  
I have time on the phone I'm out with  
Pattie so much. But Yer go. I'm all talked  
out I'm all lined out. Crash

MARCH 21

Dear Diary:

I<sup>19</sup> must be in love with Poffie or somethin'. She wasn't in school today and I was in terrible shape. I went thru the day like I was in a daze. It went so fast. When I came home, my stomach and chest were tensed up and I felt very depressed. I don't know what! I guess everyone is very serious about havin' the Beatles come to Milwaukee again. Of course we'll go see em if they do. I guess they want \$75,000 to perform here. I say they're worth every penny. Grandmother asked the man at<sup>19</sup> the Paradise Dry Cleaners if it would be okay to give me a try-out as the clerk after Kathy quits this June. He said sure, I can have a tryout. Mom's all happy and so is Grandmother. I am, too. By means of I really am grown up. I am now takin' my place in the world, and serving others. I know I'll especially like this job cuz all types of people come in from bums to lawyers. Seventeen Magazine is havin' another Short Story Contest for this year. Course I'll enter in<sup>19</sup> this one, too. I think it'll be the story of Kai & me that I intend to write. Mom bought me a paperback book of E.E. Cummings' beatnik poems. They're really crazy. Hard to understand.

MARCH 22

Dear Diary:

I feel pretty bad. I've been trying to help Pattie face and solve her problems and all of a sudden <sup>19</sup> POOF. She says she's not gonna tell me anymore bout her problems cuz it just frustrates me. Her problems don't frustrate me... it's that I've tried every solution I could think of to help her and do every one she just said - it won't work - or - I can't do it - when she says damn well she can. It's clear to me, putting everything together that she really doesn't want someone to help her - she wants someone to sympathize with her cuz she has a problem. She just wants someone to say Poor Pattie and my, how terrible. That's exactly what she wants. So I feel like a failure once more 'n' I cried. I cried becuz no one in this world can be helped - they have to be completely transformed first. I want very bad to call Jack as soon as possible. It's clear he likes me. He's called me and so many times I had to hurry and hang up. But now I can talk to him. He's always there. I'm gonna call him very soon. Maybe tomorrow. He doesn't even know last night broke. Should I tell him why we did <sup>???</sup>

MARCH 23<sup>rd</sup> Just nuthin at all  
to write!

Dear Deary:

Kinda boring day. It's been raining and  
windin real much here last few days.

-Continued-

From March 25 -

I'm terribly happy. It shows he still  
cares, it shows there's no hate between  
us. Oh. I'd give anything if I could have  
him back. Dear sweet han. How gentle  
he was when we kissed. soft. Warm. I  
didn't cry once yet. I told him I was  
gettin along fine ... in some things.  
He<sup>19</sup> said what do like what? I said well  
... I'm gettin good marks at school!  
That's the only indication I gave him that  
I didn't have a boyfriend. It's funny cuz  
I just had a dream bout him last nite.  
I dreamt he came back. He walked arms  
around each other down the street + we  
kissed. As we kissed dad drove down  
the street + saw us. I didn't see his face  
in the dream. 'N I remember that all in  
it I kept thinkin "Well tomorrow I'll tell  
him I can't see him anymore." But  
I never did. What I wouldn't give to  
have him back! Oh, you know I still  
care tremendously bout him. Poor boy.  
He's a doll. Poor han can't get a girlfriend  
and he still thinks of me

MARCH 24

Dear Diary:

Mom and Bridget had a big fight cuz  
Brid. went to the library (which was okay  
with mom) but she left it and walked  
in the dark to her friends. So Mom &  
Bridget were yellin at each other real  
much. Brid. came upstairs and I started  
started consoling her but she wrong  
way. She said mom's wrong cuz she  
not adjustin to Brid's way of doin  
things! I was on the phone with battie  
at the time. She let me off in I went  
down to mom. Before I went down I tried  
to make them see mom's side but they  
were convinced they were right. So I went  
to mom & she started cryin cuz she  
didn't know how to get across to Brid.  
that she loves her & wants her to do the  
right things. I wish I had a part  
in talkin to Brid., but they're con-  
vinced I'm just mom's big brownie just  
begun I understand mom has feelings  
too & that need to be catered to. I censored  
mom the best I could. I feel it's my  
duty as her daughter and I love her Eny  
to know she needs understanding just  
like any other human being. So I sit  
alone with the kids against me &  
mom sayin she loves me. I'd rather have  
it that way tho. I'm happy

MARCH 25

Dear Diary:

Guess who called? Himself!! at bout 9:10pm he called - he said guess who ya remember... Jesse... Larrie. I said oh yeah, I remember sum-  
one by that name. He asked how I was "gittin along". He said he saw me goin to a book a couple  
days ago. He also asked if we got a new car. I  
said yeah. He said he thought good first it  
was just company - but then he saw it for a couple  
of weeks. He kept on how he was so excited  
about the "flyin saucer" seen here in Milwaukee.  
He's all upset about it. I told him we were  
decoratin' n house. He kept all the little  
sayins and everythin just like before. One  
is "You devil!" and "You gypsy savage!"  
He says I'm real sexy. Anywho. He asked how  
my writing was doin - I asked how his organ  
is goin. He said he's writin a lotta song with  
lyrics. I had Bob Dylan on in the back-  
ground. I said "ooo" to Lar and ride of  
Bobby he said "ooo". I said "All ride, Bobby."  
Lar got all worried and said this isn't  
Bobby! I also told him bout Avante Grade  
he asked who I went with. He just so worried  
I've got another boyfriend. I should be so  
lucky. So we didn't get serious once!  
We just kinda talked on how things  
are. He can't find a girlfriend. Otherwise  
why would he call me again? I'm not  
sad - in fact - CONTINUED ON MARCH 23

MARCH 26

Dear Diary:

On <sup>19</sup> the phone with <sup>19</sup> Babbie and we got pretty deep. She's felt that there's somethin' bout me she don't know bout. She ain't kiddin'. Yeah - it's my "Bob Dylan side." It's the side that gives me a thrill when I see a mother tryin' to control 5 little kids walkin' down the street & some are fallin' loops. It's the side that makes me pour out my "Bob Dylan style" wails. It's the side in Avante Grade and it's the me lookin' for a look from anyone. I really can't tell her bout this part of me 'cuz I don't know bout it yet. All I know is <sup>19</sup> that it's what I want, what I feel is important. I don't know some facets of it but I know a few. Some are my wonderin' why the streetlights shine on the dark dry cement - and no one is there. I've found somethin' bout me. I've found <sup>19</sup> that I am willin' to be ANYONE's friend, but as soon as I feel they aren't willin' to be mine I forget it. I won't force myself onto them I did in 4-5 grade with the "in" group at <sup>19</sup> Judds. I forced myself on them and they told me there I wasn't for them I shouldn't try to be like them cuz I just DON'T FIT. That's stuck with me, I know. My mind's pretty muddled ate now, I've gotta find the rest of that "Bob Dylan side". But when? I think at A. Grade

MARCH 27

Dear Diary:

Well. The whole thing started when Grandmother and I got da talkin' bout wante' God's  
n what I want outa this "Bob Dylan" feelin'  
what I got. I could tell she didn't like the  
feelin one bit. My mind keeps askin' "Hey,  
what'd ya want outa this feelin'?" I don't  
know, all I know is that I got this feelin'  
see, n I gotta follow it cuz it's leadin'  
me somewhere. If I feel it's a drive God's  
givin me. It's His Plan fer my life. N I know  
that usfores tries to stop me from followin'  
this drive is interferin' with God's Plan.  
I was thinkin' so hard bout this that I  
came out with a 2 page (on both side)  
writin'. If I couldn't have written that  
I probly woulda screamed. I don't wan-  
na hurt mom or anyone - but I have to  
move on as soon as I'm on my own. I  
just wanna go on & I wanna go to New York,  
Greenwich Village, n all over. I wanna  
spend lots of time in cafe expressos and  
coffee houses & I wanna write til my  
hand ripples away. I wanna be aware  
of others & know them & have my friends  
that understand what I'm here for.  
Bob Dylan has a brief life story portrait in  
the newspaper magazine Today. He's one  
hell of an excellent person. I envy him.  
I wish I can do the things he has

MARCH 28

Dear Diary:

While waiting for Padric's dad for her to pick ~~her~~ her up we got in a disagreement. She was mad cuz I was "feelin' sorry for myself." That is how she put it. But I had this Dylan problem. She called on the phone later and we talked more. She doesn't even know it was Mr. Dylan that was botherin me. She thought it was the usuals of mine like havin no boy or girl friends, John's pig-head, ect. After she had lectured me she said "What you've gotta do is turn on Bob Dylan as loud as you can and open up the window & take a deep breath of fresh air." After we hung up I thought on this and then I came to the root of my problem. → The book I got on B.D.'s life story was tryin to tell me somethin. But I couldn't see what. Now I realize it's tellin me not to take life so serious that you think you have to know all about it. 'N that's just what I was doin. I was about to fall in this hole at the same time B.D. was tellin me look out for it. It's a very complicated story ... but thank you Bob for tellin me this. Your message is very valuable to me cuz it applies so strongly to me. Tomorrow I will open my eyes and look at the trees - thank you Bob Dylan.

MARCH 29

Dear Diary:

Well, guess who called at 5:30. No - not regular. Mack!!! I told him bout Lar and I breakin' up. He was all down and he said he was lonely and could I cheer him up. I said well it all depends on the way. He started tellin me bout this dirty book his friend gave in da read. He said it was the first dirty book he's read since June 2, '65 when he scared <sup>me</sup> by talkin bout it. Well. When I told him why Lar & I broke up he said "Boy, you must be pretty good lookin." I don't see why he draws that conclusion. If a guy thinks he's get somethin off a girl I doubt if she's gotta necessarily be good-lookin. I'm glad he called! After he started talkin dirty and goofin round I <sup>19</sup> got all worried & said "You know I was just goofin around, don't you?" Poor lad gets all upset. Pattie on <sup>19</sup> got in a real big fit in I really got mad. I didn't eat lunch with her but when I came back she was cryin. She <sup>19</sup> said she wanted to go home so I got a pass to get outta 5<sup>th</sup> period to help her. After a long time standin around she decided to stay and wrote her a letter sayin I was sorry -

MARCH 30

Dear Diary:

Wooooo! Hi. I'm sure. In English class we had a big talk on the housing project in the slums and there were about 5 kids really going at it (me, of course, among them) anyway, after class this Negro girl who was on the discussion came up to me and gave me a questionnaire on the civil rights movement. She needs it for a Religious talk she has to give & she said she'd like me to fill it out. I was all honored and I felt recognized or somethin'. I wrote a two page thing for her. I said I felt a lot of the problem is comin' from the old prejudices set in the elders of this generation and us kids will have to not let any prejudice grow in us cuz when we take over the problem - we should be open-minded enough to work it out intelligently. Bobby Dylan's out with a new song! It's called "Rainy Woman." I never heard anything bout the one he was supposed to have out on March 20. Well, can't wait to hear it! Kathie said it's terrible so it must be good. She don't like folk-rock by Dylan at all. Kathie's talkin' ta Bob about life and it's just gettin' so ~~old~~. She is so immature!! She makes Mom so mad.... Kathie tells her she would hate Mom's kinda life & HUH?

MARCH 31

Dear Diary:

Patricia & I had a big discussion bout her family problems on the phone tonite and finally I believe her family is one of these hopeless cases that can't be pleased. She was crying on one end & I started on the other. All of a sudden - I said her. I mean understood. I <sup>19</sup>realized she needed sympathy and love. I started crying becuz I was so happy at having "found" her. It was really weird. Anywho, I think we're pretty well up close than before. We're hardly like friends - we're more ~~like~~ like <sup>19</sup>pesters & sumthins. It's pretty excellent I'm typing out a bunch of William Blake writings I especially like from a library book. Gonna make my own books on the poets & writers I like. B. Dylan is speical da have come out with a book. I <sup>19</sup>gonna buy it - sure it'll be worth it. Told ya bout those seniors in the lunch room that always tease me. Well today one said I had good legs. I'm all <sup>19</sup>happy. Just <sup>19</sup>teasin' for sumthin' had to give in the idea. Wish Mack or I could get together. Don't think mom'd allow it. Anywho he lives way out in south Milwaukee. But wish we could at least meet n have a day together. I don't care if he's ugly anymore

APRIL 1

Dear Diary:

Talked to Patti on the phone & I boat 3 am  
I was tellin her bout my world & we were  
talkin. She liked my world & wanted to  
blong. Bob Dylan. He's king of my world.  
We were gettin so deep. We were really  
talkin ~~symbol~~ symbolically: people were  
pennies, the world that was confused was  
the ocean, the "realistic" world was air.  
She referred to my helpin her understand  
herself & the world as me fishing for her  
outa the ocean. It was real neat cuz we  
both knew what the other was talkin bout  
<sup>19</sup> though havin da tell what the symbols  
stood for. Anyway she said she felt  
she was seein herself. Near the end  
of the conversation I read one of Bob Di-  
lans poems. The poem told of a girl caught in  
the slums with crappy parents and all  
terrible and how she lives by pawning  
The last line is "i'm givin you myself  
& pawn." It's so neat. But Patti said  
she understands what Dylan's tryin to  
do. She wants to know him & hear him  
out. I was all confused - why could  
she see him so quickly when it took me  
so long. Then I knew i'd had ta understand  
him thru his records, books, poems. But Patti's goin  
me to tell her bout these cuz I already understand  
them & can analyze m for her — WRITTEN APRIL 3

APRIL 2

Dear Diary:

Went to Pattie's at 2 pm. listened to Bob Dylan & went in her backyard & talked to Chai's 12-year-old sister and Chai. Every once in a while we'd bring sennies-oceans-air into the talk. No one but us knew that we were talkin' bout. Then Pattie's 2 nieces & one nephew came over. We played with 'em for a while and I <sup>got</sup> dinner. Chai came over. Went in Pattie's bedroom or Chai & I goofed round. Pattie sat ~~not~~ talkin' advantage of the opportunities we gave her to goof with us. Went in her basement... played records, Chai & I danced. Pattie went to the little room & called me. Told me she felt excluded & that I was expectin' miracles of her. It was cuz of her braces or all. She was just bein' a spoilt baby. I told her she can do things if she wanted to. She got a few of my B. Dylan books so she knew I meant it. Went back to the big room. She stood & danced as best she could & joined on the "party." But she tried to exclude me. See → I usually like to live it up & be a laugh & keep everyone goin'. But as I did she avoided me. When she found somethin' to laff bout she just called Chai's attention to it. I pretended I didn't notice. It passed by I was gradually included. But it did hurt. Went home bout 11:30 PM. She called & told me she didn't know why she started that talk bout her being excluded. Then we talked ~~to~~ bout nothin' important til 3 AM. She said she was beginnin' now to feel little confused bout Dylan. Things'll turn. She said she wanted the life like I see it. Hope she's not lyin'. She'll be in fer hell if she don't — WRITTEN APRIL 3.

APRIL 3

Dear Deary:

Typed all of Bob Dylan's poems from his album covers. Wanted out as far as I can but talked to Patti on the phone. She was dying to hear Dylan & was reading over & over one article she has on him. So decided to surprise her with it tomorrow. Typed all the<sup>19</sup> poems into a book. I'm all proud of it. Can't wait - hope she likes it. Well. I took a step today. One I knew sooner or later I'd have to. For over 2 years now I'd have never had anyone else's pictures but the Beatles' on our bedroom bulletin boards. Took the pictures off one of the 2 boards and put all B. Dylan on. It's a step. It's kinda sad. My activated love for the Beatles is in the past. I still love them. All that they've done for me. They still thrill me - and Paul. Paul. Ya know all<sup>18</sup> he's given me. More is I can tell. But life moves on.... and one day Dylan's pictures will come off. Lately I have been masturbating very very much. I can't stop & I don't know what to do when while I'm trying to fall asleep at night I get the feels - and have to do it, I feel like an animal doing it but I can't help it. It's lowering myself. But I can't help it. Can't wait for Dylan book in album to come out.

APRIL 4

Dear Diary:

Patti<sup>19</sup> showed daday she understand god Dylan. Her 25 yr. old sister attacked him & she stood up for him. Patti, won't give me a chance to understand her. She won't open up & tell me all she feels bout Dylan and then she expects me to know she feels about him. She tells me she does but she never proves it. So we talked on the phone bout this. Not much tho. So I wrote her a letter askin her for a chance. I wish everyone in the world could see what I do when I walk down the street. I see so much. Beautiful nature. It's all mine. The grass and the bushes and trees. I want to run out and love them all. I will. Everyone is so enveloped in their lostness and emptiness. But if they could see love maybe they could feel it. I wish so badly I could get my writings published in a book. Maybe at least one person will find what I have thru me. If only one person did - all my effort will have been a success. I got mom wonderin why she won't let<sup>19</sup> me go to Avanté Upde. I'd like to go with Patti & I'd like to at least show her what I have found. Maybe she can enjoy it, too. I want to thank Mr. Dylan for what he has shown me

APRIL 5

Dear Diary:

Happy Birthday to Diane [REDACTED] at  
I think she's 20 today. God record  
carols today. Got an 88 average  
& I'm 11<sup>19</sup> in the class of 664. Mom  
was all happy so I made a deal  
with her. If she let me wear eye  
lenses on my top lid I would make  
any lines on the bottom lid. She  
said fine with her. I talked to  
some college girls at school a while  
back bout Bob Dylan. They "liked"  
him but they just think he's so  
"ugly" his hair is "just sticking out  
all over". That's what they got  
against him. I have this to say  
I think he looks damn good in it.  
He'd look terrible in a conventional  
haircut. An what the hell! If he  
likes it that way I'm all for it.  
He must take a lot of cuts for it.  
& haven't been washin' much lately.  
No stories, poems, nothing. I just  
have to feel it to write it &  
get out much. To feel lately I've  
noticed that a lot of things I  
say in my writings Dylan says in  
his. An idaint that I even saw  
him to before I wrote! We've got a lot  
of common feelin's

APRIL 6

Dear Diary:

Went with Luis' Political Science Club to a visit at the courthouse. Went as a reporter. First we went to a courtroom of Judge [REDACTED]. We heard two Huber law cases, one case where probation was violated, and to a murder trial. The trial was very excellent. The killer had shot his wife in the head twice. He sat with his hand over his face as the witness sat shivering trying to answer questions. I was so engrossed in it. We had to leave tho. We then went to the jailhouse. They cleared the prisoners out. It was morbid. They were cement cells with green (very dull) and off yellow colors. There was a toilet, a sink, a small shelf with books, and a cot. The cot was with no mattress but a board with thin padding and a small pillow. There was a smalllein ledge in the wall. The cell was small and low. It saddened me. We got a tour thru the morgue. The worst was that in a large glass jar sitting on the window sill there was, in formaldehyde, a small bent up baby that hadn't even been born yet. It was an olive green color. Ugh! I was so sick! On the window sill! Then we went to the identification offices where fingerprints is taken. It was terribly interesting. The kids were very nice & so was the man. They were seniors & sophomores. I'm pretty sure I'm gonna join the club for the last of the year. They said there's a guy in it that like Dylan & everything. I'm gonna join. May be a lot of fun.

APRIL 7

Dear Diary:

Weds. Talked to Patti 'till 1:30 last night. She is entering the Dylan kinda life like I'm in & feels maybe she's interference in my world. I put her straight that she's just joinin' it. Went with mom & Kathy downtown. Got my spring coat. Kath was applyin' for a job. Also got the book by Woody Guthrie. He's a folk singer, Bob Dylan's idol. Woody is 53 yrs. old now & lyrics from Huntington's Chorea. But, he put out many a song & came out with a book, & bought. When we were downtown, Kath kept callin' me. She was, I knew, <sup>19</sup> angry she felt all big cuz she was gettin' a job - all adult - and by callin' me like the typical adult, she felt even better & bigger. But I let it pass. Wrote a letter to WBZ radio in Boston to ask about a record I heard on there. I've been runnin' around tryin' to find it, but no one here seems to have heard about it. So the last resort I wrote to Boston asking information on it.

↓↓ Written April 8 ↓↓

Talked to Patti 'till 3:00 this mornin'. God! We were talkin' mainly bout her gettin' so mixed up on this Bob Dylan thing or as she puts it, her new look at life. A new view that she loves. I hope to sell more and more people bout my feelin' on life. Maybe if I'll "help" them like Patti says it helped her. Bye

APRIL 8

Dear Diary:

Read some of Woody Guthrie's book & found it terribly dirty. It began gettin me very bothered an masturbated. The book confused me so b'cause he said sex is always ok. Finally after gettin all jumbled & scared I went for a walk. I thought I walked an realized sex isn't a very stable thing. <sup>19</sup> Someday when you old, your husband'll die and you'll be old and there will be no sea, an you'll be left with nothing if you think sex is everythin. An as I walked I looked at the grey-blue-pink sky and the wet cement (for it had rained all day) an the leafless trees an knew that this was everythin. B'cause when there is no sex, there is still love. Love in God's beautiful nature. This world. This solid realistic world. B'cause the world will always be in my life & God's beauty will forever be around me so this is where your faith should be. I walked to Jades, went to confession & told my sin of masturbation, an came back home happy for I knew now where happiness really is. In God's nature. In my nature. In everythin God's made. An when sex comes I will use it right, for it is God's nature too. Too beautifel to make ugly. So when I have the urge to masturbate, I will make myself go an walk to look at nature an know that this is where I belong. I guess I'm really learnin lately. I'm growin up baby!!! D

APRIL 9

Apr 9

audience. When he'd ask you why he was laffin, he'd say just forced it. Dylan put his head on top of the back of the chair & said - yeah, it's stuffy in here - then started laffin. Hoot said you look very uncomfortable. Dylan - I bet I'm more comfortable than you are. - Dylan said how come your chairs is so uncomfortable. Hoot said well yes, most people complain about them. Hoot - did you ever meet ~~the~~ Joan Baez [who is the queen of folk music] Dylan - yes kiddin' and laffed. Hoot said well did ya. Dylan - ya gotta be kiddin', and laffed. After saying yes kiddin' more he finally said yeah. Hoot said well, said sing for us. Dylan - no, I wanna talk a while more. Why? Hoot - well, I was part of the deal. The audience wants to hear ya. Don't you? - The audience clapped. Dylan laffed & said didn't the audience think that! - He was usin the audience & the host to entertain himself for the simple reason

that he was been used to entertain them. God. I wish I could handle a situation like that as well as he did. I admire him so well. He knows when he's been taken advantage of, and he knows what to do about it.

Bobber go. I'm on the phone with Pattie now. It's 1:30 A.M. April 10. Talked to her last night till 4:30 am this morning.

WRITTEN APRIL 10

On phone with ~~Pattie~~ <sup>19</sup> April 10  
5:00 A.M. April 10,

I <sup>19</sup> say, my  
Mrs. Pottie's son. She had to color her mother's hair so ~~old~~ <sup>19</sup> sent. Then her ma told Pattie without me hearin' that she couldn't come to my house this Monday. We went to Pattie's bedroom & she burst out cryin. God I didn't know what the matter was. She finally told me. She keeps sayin how her ma yells at her says Pattie's smart off, but she really does smart off!!! So then I just stared off & Pattie said I wasn't very upset bout the whole thing. We got in sorta a fist guy I said well I don't cry when I get upset. Anyhow, her ma came in & I asked if she was sure Pattie couldn't come. I found out she's comin anyhow. I don't know. This whole relationship isn't very good, I don't think. It seems in the end we'll be hatin each other. We're just too close. — Bob Dylan. Pattie was tellin me bout when he was on a TV show in 1964. She said he sat slouched. The host would ask him why he was a beatnik. B.D. said I'm not. The host well why do ya wear yer hair so funny? B.D. — why do you wear your hair so funny? Host snickered, said — why do you dress the way ya do. B.D. I'm poor <sup>19</sup> He a millionaire I. Bob kept mumblein to himself an laughin. Host would get all frustrated cuz Dylan wouldn't include him or the

EASTER  
APRIL 10

Dear Diary:

Family went to mass at Judes'. No site either. I mean no yellin' as to what anyone was gonna wear. Anywho that Judes! They even have a priest sing the Gospel, his priest is a terrible singer. Throughout the day the family once in a while mimicked him. So funny! everyone went bout their business til we went on a ride in the country. Took Kelly & she was barkin' at the cows & horses. I sat by the window & dreamed how excellent I'd be to roam along the highway with a suitcase & guitar. No home. Could wash my clothes at a coin-operated machine, eat in cheap places'n just by a can a sumthin'. I could sleep in the fields where no one'd care. I could write & have the world & nature to write about. I'd offer coffeehouses for entertainment. An ~~try~~ girl I got a job singin' at one. But I'm terrible & playin' guitar & I'd have to do sing. Who wants sum dumb girl readin' her poetry? I'm where'd I at money otherwise? I wish I could save bout \$100 & take it along & roam for bout a month or so. I'd love to roam & ride. That's ~~only~~ my dream. It'd be very hard to come true, but I sure as hell is gonna try! Then I'd get an apartment. I realize it's bad for a girl to roam.... dangerous. But I'd dress like a guy while walkin'. Sounds <sup>crazy</sup> ~~cute~~? But I want it badly. Patti's makin' ready for her comin' over tomorrow. I wonder if such a close friendship is healthy. Hmmm could be it ain't. LUV YA BOB DYLAN HEY

APRIL 11

Dear Diary:

Patricia came over about 2:30 pm. Played until 10 pm. That dream I wrote about yesterday is driving me mad. I want it so so bad. College School says I'm college material so I should go to college. I don't think I'd be too bad. There are a lot of "beatniks" in college. They group together in coffeehouses. I'd love a guy who is like Dylan... knows what's going on. As I yearn so badly to go to Avante Garde. I want it so bad. I love the atmosphere (friendly) and the music and the people.

19 I love it. I feel like crying now. The radio is playing a folk song. Ah I want this so badly. It is far. Someday maybe I'll be free, free enough to take this... this life I desire. Ah Mom'll say go on Sheila I'll be here if ya need me an remember I'd always be there.

19 Oh, please let this be. I am crying. I am held from this. I know this is where I have to be - my yearning is so great. Something whispers say this is where God wants you. Ah This is where I want to be. Avante Garde. Avante Garde. Someday I may able to come to you... not just my heart. Cuz there's where my heart is now. And for a long time I've come I feel.

APRIL 12

Dear Diary:

19 Went to the library. Got Dylan Thomas books. Bob Dylan's real name was Bob Zimmerman but he changed it to Dylan in honor of Dylan Thomas. Also got Kant's philosophy. I'm gonna try to understand it once more. Well FINALLY Milwaukee got the new B. Dylan record.

19 God! Only took me 2 weeks! Haven't been writing much at all these days. Maybe cuz nuthin' very moving's happened to me. I've just been sittin' & like to get familiaris with the country as it's opinions & form an opinion on them. Like the war in Vietnam, the racial problem, ect. I

already have a pretty good view on the racial problem. But I know only that we're fightin' Communism in Vietnam. I don't know what I wanna do if I can't make a livin' off my writing. I don't wanna do nuthin' but write n live all my life. I know what I want... but

19 also know I might not get it. So I'm just going to sumthin' comes off my writing. One thing I'm doin' for myself is of hang around with some kids I don't like. Like one girl in my Religious class. She's a kind that gives to a guy & she delites in tellin' me all bout

19 Also Kathy [REDACTED] [REDACTED] She's awful dumb but we keep writing. I'm so glad to go back to school tomorrow for missin' it. & Get that No lie. I like school & I miss it.

APRIL 13

Dear Diary:

Written April 14. First day of school  
after Easter "vacation." <sup>19</sup>  $\frac{1}{2}$  days!  
Everyone else got off to have / sniff  
Well got this one.

[REDACTED] called me to her office. I knew  
it was guy of long bangs as I  
parted my hair in the middle &<sup>19</sup> combed the bangs underneath. I  
wore. She gave me a dirty look cuz  
hidden the bangs as she yelled that  
I have to come to school with no  
make-up (mascara) on tomorrow. Also  
that I have 2 tardies which means  
a 3-hour detention. I walked home  
& the tears would hardly be held back.  
No make-up! I'll hardly be seen by  
the family without any on. Came home  
called Padde & cried for bout three  
minutes. Didn't know what to do. I  
said I'd have to figure it out myself.  
Asked John (GET THIS) he said "Don't  
file it!" Heim of all people tellin' me  
not to file it! He says fixin' doesn't  
pay ... ya won't win anyhow. So I  
decided to just put just a teeny fib  
<sup>19</sup> just on my lashes (no line) and go  
by with it. Wish didn't feel I look any  
good in makeup ... save money if I  
didn't wear any.

APRIL 14

Dear Diary:

19 went to [REDACTED] I walked in and got an  
"all ride" from her that was bad! I felt  
terrible (like Walkin Death) all day. My  
stomache got cramps and I felt ugly as  
sin be. Patti called bout 8:30 n we had  
lunch. She wants me to come over Saturday  
19 Sunday! I want a little time to myself  
I think we're both gettin a little too much  
each other. So I said no, couldn't come both  
days. We started fightin cuz I gave strong-  
foundation as excuse fer not comin & I  
voided all her suggestions - then I fin-  
ally gave in when I saw the tide comin.  
She got mad wantin ta know why I didn't  
wanna come in the ~~first~~ first place. Cuz  
I couldn't tell her... so we fought. Now I  
feel terrible. The whole day's been a mess.  
She said she'd call if possible at least  
19 5 tonite so we try straighten this out  
she seems to feel I have nothin to feel  
bad bout or be nervous, ect., bout so I  
hope we talk tonite ta get this here all  
worked out. She seems to think cuz I kin  
be happy a lot - I never kin be sad. Oh  
19 my Dylan. I think you know what  
I'm a tryin ta say. Yeah - I'm a  
loner once girl n I need some love n I  
need somewhere ta clear my mind.  
You know what this is, too, Dylan.

APRIL 15

Dear Diary:

Written April 16. Well, [REDACTED] came into class & we went out in the hall. She asked if my co-operation only lasted one day. She said bout how only a fraction of the girls were so much make-up. She said yesterday she trusted me completely, but now she<sup>19</sup> knows she has to keep an eye on me. (If she trusted me so much, why'd she have someone check up on me to see if I was wear it today?) Anyhow, she was pretty nice bout the whole thing & made me feel like a creep for tryin' to sneak it on. She said I'd have to come in every mornin' next week so she could check my make-up. Grinned like crazy & smile. One of B. Dylan's specialties when he just began was to wear unironed shirts. Pretty excellent. On his doorway talked to Patti from 1 AM - 5 AM on April 16. I told her bout my failin' her avoidin' me on Apr. 2. I had to tell her cuz she kept insistin' I had no feelings of hurt and didn't care if ANYONE rejected me. We had a big "fist" and ended up us both cryin'. When she saw I didn't ever have anythin' to feel hurt about I told her bout Apr. 2. & thought maybe she realizes I had I'm at least a scency but human.

APRIL 16

Dear Diggy!

Yesterday I went to Herbst + walkin back  
this one guy in a little truck told me do get  
in. I said "You have a evil mind!" an I  
kept saying that as he kept askin me to  
hop in. He looked all rejected cuz I  
wouldn't. Pretty funny. Came over to  
Pattie's at 7pm. Char came over + all three  
of us walked to the corner of the block n  
stood watchin the boys in the cars go by.  
then went in her basement + acted out some  
Beefle songs with the guitars + she whole  
bit. so. Hoo-hum. Bought 2 Bob Dylan  
records. Can't wait for that job to haul  
a little more money in. I don't really  
mind not wearin real much mascara,  
that's all the make-up I wear, by the way. In  
fact, I like it! But I'd like to wear a tiny  
bit more than [REDACTED] will allow. Wish  
the spring would start swingin on. It's  
so dead for spring an I'm so anxious for  
the summer. I've got plenty planned. I  
know many will be unallowable by mom.  
But I ~~do~~ hope someday I'll be able to  
wear them. I love them... like going to Avante  
Garde, an to the lakeside to write. I  
wear them ferribly. Very ferribly. Oh  
Avante Garde, my love. When can I be again  
with you? You are callin me an my heart  
lives in you — Avante Garde

APRIL 17

Dear Diary:

Went to Char's with Patti & J. (She lives next door to Patti) Ended up at her dining room table using cards to spell words. We got deep & poor Char didn't know what Patti & I were talking about. Came over to Patti's and we two branched off<sup>19</sup> on the deepness. Suddenly I left thinking "Isn't there any room for happiness here?" & "Is this hell?" & remembered how happy - no cares I was before I met Patti. I saw that she couldn't see anything to be happy about. I realized it beat up her environment was from within. She lives with her grandparents & the place is pretty grubby. Char's family of ~~5~~ live in a 2-room house.... very grubby. I realized how really lost they are for security. That's why Patti cares so much for me. I began crying & Patti held me close. She said she was proud to let me "let off my frustrations" with her. I feel so sorry for her. I'm on the phone with her now. She's telling me how she went to her parents & ask how their "trip" was. (They went outa ~~the~~ down). She'd never held any interest in them & said she was so happy & understood her that she just talked to 'em. Hope her happiness lasts.

APRIL 18

Apr 18

an Bob said I didn't want to  
take a shower anyway. He  
sat down on the step step.  
I came up and stood on  
about the fourth step step.  
I said tryin to get away  
from it all? He said  
yeah. I said I have a  
friend who wants to get  
away but she can't. FADE  
OUT. That was the end.  
He looked very depressed  
and tired and sad. The  
stairway was dark  
and moody. It was like  
he was includin me

and wanted to share his sadness with me. at first in the dream I was afraid of him, but at the end he seemed very close to me. The dream makes me sad when I think of it. Now I dream of Dylan. It is sad.. I used to dream of the Beatles - now, now Dylan. I feel like crying now. When he was on the steps - he looked very lonesome like he wanted someone to love him. & would.

Dear [redacted]  
Neil Patrick had a big fit with her mother tonite. Reported to [redacted] whose only words were "that's much better." I'm all interested in what I heard on the news : A 16-year-old boy beat [redacted] to death his mother, sister, & grandmother because his mother wouldn't let him go out to see his girlfriend. God, would I like to know what went on in his mind while he was doin' it. Can you imagine the craziness he was feelin' or the mental disturbances an collisions.  
19 God! That drives me mad... it's so damn excellently interesting! Still working on my book Her Epitaph Volume. I just love the kind a writing I put in it. Not conceit, nuthin' but it's thought writin'.

↓↓ WRITTEN APRIL 19 ↓↓

19 had a dream: B. Dylan came in our back door + sang mom + I a song. He went into mom's den brought out a giant silver tube of toothpaste, sat on the living room couch and brushed his teeth. He squirted some toothpaste at me. I flew come at him + ran into mom's den. He ran after me and squirted some down my blouse. Faded out. Then I heard him walking up the upstairs steps. Dad yelled he was in the shower (n't on paper)

APRIL 19

Dear Diny!

Had dream about Bobby Dylan <sup>19</sup> bothered me all day. I feel sad and depressed. It seemed so real like it truly happened. I remember so distinctly how sad he looked when he was sitting on the steps. It was so depression. I wish I woulda slept more & still had the dream. Maybe I'll repeat it tomr. Hope so. I feel sorry for him in a way. He's a very lonely boy... he's written in when he wrote bought his life on a album cover. I wish he had a real close girl, someone he loved & would love him. His birthday's May 24. I'd like to send him a note or somethin. - Got a pair of blue jeans. Now gotta find what goes best with 'em. Like da get some small high-heeled boots. - It's so beautiful out. It's up in the 60°. It's warm an the sky's clear and soft & the grass is very very green & pink blanckly of far. I wonder if he's got another girl or still thinks of me at all. I guess it really doesn't matter anymore... but I still care about him a lot. I'd prob'ly go outta my mind if I saw him again. I'd hit the trash-ing me - now it just seems like somethin I made up or dreamed one nite or somethin. But if I saw him again - I'd kill me an I'd prob'ly start crying and the whole thing snif

APRIL 20

Dear Diary:

had a hard day. Still reporting every morning to [REDACTED] After school I went over to Grandmother's for about 2 hrs. She was all happy I came. This whole thing with Debbie is sorta gettin' me all mixed up... I mean... I hardly move n she's all over an everything. If ya wanna know, the truth it's like I'm tied down to her. I just need a long vacation from her. I mean I see her all day in school and from the 6 hrs after school til I go to bed... I spend 2-3 of them on the phone with her. I loved the ~~old~~ carefree life I had before with no one holdin' me down. I wish I could gently shake her off a bit. It's not that I don't like her anymore - it's just that I'm not free anymore. Luckily her ma said I <sup>19</sup> can't come there this weekend. I'm gonna plan to be gone all day so's she can't get me all day on the phone. I want to be free from all bonds - except those of love. I hardly have time to read or write or just take a walk. These are <sup>19</sup> things I love an they're been taken from me an I'm not likin' it one bit. Lord, she even has a pet name for me! It's Boobie. I think it's cute but gee. This is gettin' a little far for now, hey?

APRIL 21

Dear Diary:

I'm getting kinda bored in school lately. Nothing happens to me... everything's a copy ~~of~~ of the day before. Patti Lee said when I get to be a junior I should run for Student Council of the school. I told her I hated to have ~~responsibilities~~ responsibilities such as that - havin' to go to meetings or that. Ugh! I don't mind a certain amount 'cause I don't wanna be a leader of 2,600 kids in school. Help! Didn't dream bout Bob Dylan again sniff. It was pretty neat tho. I was so tired today... moon was too. We think it's spring fever or somethin' like that. Patti Lee's grandma had a slight heart attack so I sent her a get-well card in the mail today. I don't know if she lives upstairis from Patti. Nopthin' new bout Dylan is been out - wish his book or his new album would come out soon. It'd give me somethin' new to do. Sometimes I think I was ~~intended~~ to be a boy. I can feel a boy's feelings sooner than I can a girl's. I can understand a boy more than a girl. I'd rather be a boy than a girl. I don't like these too big (ha-ha) things stuck outta my front. Ugh. Gah! PU!

APRIL 22

Dear Diary:

19 I had a good cry. Robbie & I had a serious discussion. I was told I was a liar, I was immortal, and have no feelings. I was immediately on the defensive. Had this talk while <sup>abysmal</sup> home. Kath was all depressed cuz one of Bob's priest teachers was found with a prostitute. I told her not to let it bother her.... she called me a cold fish. I started crying. When she asked me the matter, I told her nothing. I grabbed my Beatles pillow. Kath came back & I told her the matter & she explained to me why she was so depressed cuz of the priest. I thought on this all & came to these conclusions: Many of the things I've had feelings for were shattered (Beatles - Far - Avante Grande) - that instead of gettin' upset, when I got hurt I sprung on a defensive. also that I have to look at things a different way... I don't know that way yet. There's some valuable information on this paper about me. I have to get rid of my defensive. But then I was "forced" to it by the cuts & get & by my now belongin with "crowds." This world is a mess... I have to get one of those shattered loves back. The only one I can get back is Grande. I need to go to the courthouse to listen to trials. I need to do all the associations with people of glam. Please mom - don't hold me back!!!

APRIL 23

Dear Diary:

W<sup>19</sup>nt to the Holy Angels' Senior Play, "Ok-  
lahoma." The lead boy held the girl so  
close an he nuzzled into her neck. I began  
to feel tears runnin down my cheeks. I  
am lonely an no one wants to talk to me.  
Once I held me but that is gone for-  
ever. → You have a love, you have a love, pre-  
cious in this world... But not every girl has  
a love, I know... I know, for I'm a girl ← I  
am so lonely. I see, two lovers on the  
street an remember how d once was a lover  
an I envy them so - d cry. Last night cry  
the phone talked was so somethin. See  
book and a dope needle she'd gotten from  
had crummy place & told you she once  
went to. I told her to "put that damn  
thing down." She did. I said "I hate  
these things with all my might, Dope  
I made her promise to shoot it out. She'll  
keep her promise, I know. Why do I hate  
them? They take the humanism out of  
a person an leave only vegetation. She  
also had some marijuana. Promised to  
get rid a that too. I am very puzzled,  
but what, I don't know. Maybe bout what  
I wanna be now. Like now what do I  
really have to be. I don't know & I gotta  
find out soon.... so I kiss rest. Let  
him be happy I want to be happy

APRIL 24

Dear Diary:

In phone with Patti. She accidentally scratched herself with dope needle she took out at bout 4:30 AM. the dope got in her. It was horrid. She read the instructions & cautions on needle card but it was blurry to her. kid more than to blackings out could be fatal. She blacked at 7X's. I had to whisper-shout into phone to wake her up if out more'm 3 min. is fatal. She kept havin lung, chest, stomach pains. This all went til 7:00. Then she started wantin to take more, so it'd "kill the pain." I talked sharp & firm & she put it down. Then she started whisperin like a baby sayin bout blue sky, green pastures, & her floating in loud + a big flower in her room. I kept tellin her to stop actin so dumb. Then she started sayin she was playin sic-bo-toe askin me to play along. I said no. Said she was gonna tell her mommy. I said go on. She whispered mommy I said louder, this happened more times. Then I said louder, she said I'm not <sup>19</sup> insane. Then she put a neutralizer in her & woke up. I was so scared I started cryin. I couldn't understand what was going on. — Went to her house today on a bus. Walked about + an old lady stopped to talk to us for bout 15 min. She talked of how "Nazi" hit her in a car, now she has a broken spine now but can't pay the \$8,000 bill. She was tellin us a big story & I felt sorry for her. She lived alone + she was so lonely she had to impress someone to talk to ~~her~~.

APRIL 25

Dear Diary:

Went to the dentist. Almost fell asleep on the chair. Kathy has been so mean to me lately. She yells at me when I'm on the phone - she pushes me out of the way when I want to use the bathroom sink - she smarts off to me when I talk to her. She acts like my<sup>19</sup> authority and supreme ruler. I wish she wouldn't be that way. I always loved to be her friend & I loved talkin' to her. But I can't even open my mouth and SNAP! I don't want to leave school. I love it there. I love to walk between classes and look at all the kids - their faces & I love to smile at them. I love Mrs. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] And Mr. [REDACTED] I mean love, too. These are the 3 things I will miss the most. I cry when I think I will maybe never see [REDACTED] + [REDACTED] again, thinking of 19 wishin' to [REDACTED] once in a while during the summer. Maybe. But I loved all this & treasure them. — Pattie was [REDACTED] thinkin' bout takin' more dope cuz her cramps from the other dosage are so bad. She hung up to decide for herself if she would take it<sup>19</sup> or not. She called back, not taken it, & proved to me she's all right. Somehow this seems to be made up or put on by her cuz dope seems as far outta our reach. She isn't that dumb as to want to take it! —

APRIL 26

Dear Diary:

Pat<sup>19</sup> birthday. Grandmother came over & we ~~walked~~ watched some of our old moving pictures from '61 to '64. Last night in my letter to Pat she I told her I loved her so a ~~f~~ person loves a very close friend. I do, too. Well, Kath told mom I've been on the phone late. Mom wasn't mad just annoyed. There was a big thing on how I got in late to the phone! I protested since I pay per part of the bill. Then now it's him use the phone bad when Kath comes in the room - I have to say "I have to hang up," my sister just came in." I'm sure. So I had Kath a spay. So I'm supposed to be sleeping at 10:30 but, then Kath comes to get ready for bed as she plays the radio till 11:45 pm. So mom got mad & said that's gonna be all the radio left for Kath. So now Kath has to suffer too. Ha-ha. She admitted it & broke her promise not to tell mom. Got a new hairdo. Zowee. This freshman asked me what I'm doing this weekend - asked me to go downtown with him. I had to say no. He's bout 5'8" (I'm 5'6") and is real fat and typical giddy freshman. If I go he'll think I like him & I think I'd get sick if he got near me. He'd fall behind my back too -

APRIL 27

Dear Diary,

19 Wore my hair a different way. Cutted a top section - smoothed it & tried to - an fastened it in back with rest of hair hanging down. kinda floppy Patti said. But I liked it that way. I was hanging out on fallin & everything, but I thought it was excellent! Patti's ma was yellin at her cuz of me again, her ma's mad cuz I didn't say hello to her & I was all depressed & I called Patti twice. Why God! I don't feel I have to say

19 1115 [REDACTED] It should be understood Besides she didn't say Hello Sheik to me I was depressed simply cuz it was a dreary day & I called Patti twice cuz... well, everybody calls everybody larvae. It's just sumthin ya say. G.D! I

19 read in the paper how American soldiers captured a Vietnamese man & his son. They wouldn't admit they were part of the Vietcong army so - to try make the son talk - they shot his father. My God! said the boy cried (he was 12) and it was terrible. On they say the Vietcong are cruel we're supportin this kinda crap. Why do we fight? Can't nations be settle humbly? All we're provein now is who has a better army. What stupidity!

APRIL 28

Dear Diary:

Slowly... slowly the Beatles leave me. Yes, the bulletin board may holds Bob Dylan when they had held them. It held them for 2 yrs. At <sup>19</sup> beside I absently removed the pictures from above my bed on the wall. Bridget asked why'd took it down, don't I love the Beatles any-  
more? I answered it's not that - it just doesn't have any meaning anymore - after 2 yrs. I've found somethin else. — Bob Dylan. The Beatles. Paul... Paul. How I used to cherish that name. How I cried over it. I think the real thing that stopped me from them for good was da.  
An <sup>19</sup> Bob Dylan completed it. An now I really don't have any feelings like I used to for them. They have their own lives & now they're just people. All but Paul have wives now... they seem to be fulfilled now & happy & now it's all over. I'm glad I had a <sup>19</sup> day then - it's the main means of my findin' why I used to love them so. An now there is a life for me... oh, an I'm willin' it. I'm waitin' eagerly. An I want to write beautiful meanin' things. Not of love... tho' I once knew a little of it. But of life & the world I live in & love. of people. I want to live among people - real people. Not put-ons. I want to live in slums where people can't be put on. They're forced to be people. I love & need people

APRIL 29

Dear Diary:

I doubt if I'll have a love this summer. <sup>19</sup> I sure doesn't seem very promising. I guess the only "love" I'll have'll be Avante Garde (just that... but that looks a little promising) and the court (very promising) on the lake side where I kiss wife (possibility fair). Oh, I hope I won't cry this summer. No, no, no I pray there'll be someone to stop me from crying. I'm black & blue now, I used to do that a lot. I wish I wasn't so tied to Patti so much I'm with her. I don't like it. I am taken from my reading, my writing, my dreams. I can't tell her I want a weekend so myself cuz she'll just say sorry but she just had to or wanted to talk to me — all day! There's a song out now called I Am A Rock — the last lines go: And a rock feels no pain — and an island never cries. — I think I'll buy that record. It is me. I'm a rock. The words fit me very well. Every line is portrayed well in it. I haven't been writing well lately. I haven't been workin on it, Patti — how can I tell you. Leave me be once in a while! I feel like cryin. Cuz of all this here I've writing. She's callin me again in & hr. I wish she wasn't. I want an evening so myself — completely to myself. I need people — but I don't need my life ruled.

APRIL 30

Dear Diane:

We'd go buy new shoes with mom & this little ugly 13 or 14 yr. old started heckling us (or me) 'cause I was wearin my fancy bell-bottoms) an' mom got all mad & started makin back to the girl. Mom got all upset & I felt bad cuz I knew she felt bad & I caused it. ... So I tried my hardest to cheer her up. Think I succeeded. — Went to Patti's. Her parents left & Patti started cryin. See - a few hours before she'd told this Danny guy she didn't want to see him & it'd never worked out & he cried. He has big eyes & tears were runnin down his cheeks - It was a pretty heart-breakin site. So she was layin on the bed & cryin. I was holdin her & pettin her hair & squeezin her. She was almost sleepin so I got up & did her dishes. She was real depressed & my doin what I was makin her feel better. I think we got rather close. ☺

A LAR called! At 12:15 - 12:40 noon. Just a how's school & that. I said it was funny hearin his voice & his dad's again. He said how long's it been now. I said bout 3 or 4 months. That's really all the serious stuff. It was so neat. I was tellin him what an exciting life I've been havin. He talked bout his broken TV set, his skateboard, how he finally got a job, his parents yellin at him. He still makes those silly noises —

MAY 19

Dear Diary,  
Went with Patti to her brother's wedding shower. We took money & I changed it (practicing up for me job). Then there was a chicken dinner & the bride-to-be opened her presents. Then all the relatives talked & Patti & I went outside a bit. It was at a restaurant called The Vagabond House. Afterwards we went to Patti's & I was kinda drunk cuz of the punch (it had vodka & champagne in it). Anyways, at Patti's we saw were in the bedroom, Bobby D. in the back grounds as usual & Patti's started crying again. I held her like last night, see I know how she feels, except she rejected him. But she had so cuz he was so serious about her & it<sup>19</sup> was pretty bad. Yesterday when her called, I lied on like I was havin a real excisin life. (In Pius paper it reported bout that him on April 6 & said I kept saying I wanted to see how the murder trial turned out). Told her I was so busy I even had my name in the school paper. Also I said I had a dope addict friend. A friend he calls again. It cheers me up. Patti can't understand why it don't depress me.

MAY 2

Dear Diary:

Peace be to thee, brothers! I say that in my benefit, cause I'm just about giving up in Patti's <sup>19</sup> hey Anna. They're constantly fighting with such stupid reasons. It's just so crazy & Patti's gettin' upset & I'm gettin' frustrated.... oh, wrong! Hey, wanna know how good in I am with my homewrm teacher (& science teacher - one in the same). Well, she broke her hand & now she can't turn up her hair & her neighbor is sick & her husband'll be gone... so she asked Patti & I if we'd stay after school <sup>19</sup> Wednesday and turn it up for her! Wild, hey? Pretty sharp, I mean, I'm really gainin' gray on this folk music thing I got. Folk music's just drivin' me insane - I love it so much. Gee!! By the way - English teacher Ms.

Giles gave me an A- for a report on one of Bob Dylan's writings. Pretty good, hey? I'm prob'ly gonna blow my <sup>19</sup> barkyall this summer, on records of folk. Patti says she wants to read some of my writings... I'm proud of them all & I love it when someone else likes them, too. Makes me feel like I'm ~~not~~ really too crazy. The things I'm wishin' for these days... Lordy, they GOTTA comes my way one day -

MAY 3

Dear Diary:

Wong & Poshin today. Blah. Danny, the guy Patti's told she didn't wanna see anymore. Anyways, Danny's friend Dennis called Patti & said he didn't know who she was trying to prove cuz Danny's eatin his heart out. Patti's all mangled up now. I'm mad. God, I was just gettin her sofa it & calmed down & he ~~so~~ has to start it up again. Told Patti that since friends're gettin in on this to tell Dennis to call me if he calls her again. This whole thing, god pac mad. Good 'n' mad! - John [REDACTED]  
an I are still writing. He used to write to both Kath & I in one letter but now he's just writing to me. Once in about 2-3 months he writes to Kath. Makes me feel cool. We have a lot in common. He's crazy on folk music an coffeehouses, etc. We talk bout that & people, etc. Pretty neat.  
Yeah, I'll be at the courthouse this summer with Patti. We're goin to the Art Center too. She's never been there we gonna try to go to Gramat, the only thing holds us back now is her mother. Wong! Wong, If I don't get there soon. Oh, I just loved it with all my heart. STICK

MAY 4

Dear Diary:

I was on the phone at 10:10 tonite (my limit's 10) an' Kath runs down 'n tells mom. So mom started yellin'. Tomorrow, I'll hear bout all what she's gonna do to me now for defying her! Well, I am gettin sick of bein her "pal." All I'm doin is givin to her an when I reward a little somethin, she accuses me of bufferin her up so I kin "do what I damn please." The hell! I'm sick of bein taken advantage of myself! From now on she's not gettin a cent outta me. I know she needs a friend & I want to be that friend but she's only workin' this friendship one way. I'm gettin sick of always givin & gettin a shove in the mouth for it. Piss! Tried to pick out a folk song on John's box guitar & I got a small blister on my left pointer finger, I got it down (The song) pretty good tho. I might have some hope yet. Folk ain't hard to play! I read that a 15 yr. old boy was sentenced to 15 to 40 yrs in prison for killin his parents & tryin to burn down their house. Bop. There's one life shot to hell. I can't wait for this summer. I want the courthouse & Avantie Grande & the lakeside. I think I might have a bit more freedom this summer. I sure hope so. I want to get out.

MAY 5

Dear Diary

Bud<sup>19</sup> & Mary [REDACTED] came today. The family went to visit them at Grandmother's. Uncle Bud talked very intelligently and I took to him quickly. He didn't hate me and felt bad. He just avoided me. But Mary Ann & I got along well and it was good. I couldn't see why Bud didn't like me. They also brought Patti Lee [REDACTED] along. I didn't know what to do so let Bud know I wasn't a stupid teen-ager. But he never looked at me. I felt sick, rejected.

↓ CONTINUED FROM MAY 7 ↓

handful of grass. It consoled me. Went back. Went for my dinner plate there was no room at the table so mom said I should go eat by the phone. Ha-ha. My eyes welled with tears I went to the bed room. Mary [REDACTED] came in & we ate together. We talked talked. She was very sweet & kind. I love her. I felt better. Tonight I learned Danny's got a few internal injuries - but he'll be all right. I'm so glad I was worried. Mary Ann helped me & I want to thank her some way. I said she had to get away too. I wanted to thank her for loving me like that.

MAY 6

Dear Diary:

Left glorious today. Perfect weather. I felt happy & fresh and summery. In fact I was so happy that in algebra class the tears came down my cheeks. I guess it was just the beautiful weather & my hair was pretty, my new shoes. I felt great! After school Patti's mom took me over to Patti's house. Patti and I babysat with her sister's kids. Bad lather at first, she started crying about Danny again, I was getting frustrated & cry all <sup>it<sup>19</sup></sup> seems she's doing is crying & she can't see it's end the end of the world an do look on so what's in store for her to come. We laid on her bed an put our arms around each other. She cried. Guess it just didn't go <sup>19</sup> right for me. I guess I was getting a little neat feels outa holding someone. But maybe it's normal. I mean always feel like that in someone's arms. Anywho I left - came home. I'm writing this the 7th cuz I got da boat I AM. Just want to say again, hand what Mary [REDACTED] did for me the 7th. She was the only one who gave a fell & felt bag. Even mom, but Mary [REDACTED] & I have a lot in common.

MAY 7

Dear Diary:

Went with our whole family but Dad & Kath, and with Brad, May [REDACTED] Pattie & Grandmother, ... to the zoo.

We looked around there. These four guys (they looked like bout 19 to 22) were lookin near us all the way.

They were real neat lookin. Sorta folksy lookin, I mean the kind that'd like folk music, ect. Later everyone said they were eyeing me up but I never caught them doin it. After the zoo we all drove downtown so Brad & Maybry could see where they used to live and St. John's Cathedral where they were married. Stopped at Radio Doctor's so I could buy "It's Over" Went to ~~Grandmother's~~ home, Pattie called. Danny'd been in a car crash & was in the hospital. She was cryin & Mom was yellin to get off the phone, cuz we gotta go to Grandmother's for supper. On the way there she yelled at me that Pattie's problems weren't mine & my relatives come before my friends & I was cryin I just burst.

When we got there she was still yellin. I walked outta there, went to Blaine school next door & sat on the steps cryin. I grabbed for a oo to MAY 5

MAY 8

Dear Mom:

The whole family, Bud, Mary [REDACTED] Patti & [REDACTED]  
Grandmother went to mass at St. John's  
Cathedral. Went to Grangely's then + talked  
etc. They left to go back to Pennsylvania  
about 5:30 they started, and I didn't wanna  
see them go. I thanked Mary [REDACTED] for yester-  
day, I'm gonna write to Mary [REDACTED] + I think  
I'm gonna write to Mary [REDACTED] Thankin her again  
+ tellin her how much her comin in Grangely's  
bedroom with me really meant to me.  
Patti called ... said Penny was going into  
surgery. Later she called + said he was  
in the recovery room but went back to  
surgery, I cheered her up ... got her from  
cryin to laffin. I had song - It's Over - is  
an excellent folk song. Has fabulous  
folk guitar work, just fabulous!! This  
guy sings it so neat. He's got a man's  
voice + sings it how it's felt. I just  
love the song. I just wish school'd be  
over. My summer plans: 1.) Do go to Avonle  
Gardens 2.) Do go to the courthouse + hear trials  
3.) go to the lakeside + write 4.) go to the  
Art Center with Patti + alone. These four  
are the plans I have so far. I pray I  
ll be able to do them all. Mom is  
gonna try to hold me from the lakeside  
She claims I'll be picked up. The hell! I  
want all these plans

MAY 9

Dear Diary:

Pattie went to hospital<sup>19</sup> & now Danny & her are going steady. I was so happy when I found out that I cried. I'm so glad. I've gotta give a 3 to 5 minute talk on a national problem in English. Taking juvenile delinquency. I'm sure I know so much 'cause I had been studying it per-what - 2 years? I'm sure.

We had snow flurries this morn but they all melted away, soon as they hit the ground. Sure! Bagged weaving in Home Ec, stamping in gym after school is May 1 G.O.D.!!! Everybody's sayin' why would that guy wanna go steady with Pattie with her crutches an all. I don't know, I guess when ya really like someone - it don't matter. I wish Mr. Bob Dylan would come and with somethin' new. Spozed ta've had a book out in November. Sure haven't seen it! Guess I'm not going to any summer school this year. By the way... into the clear blue sky Mary [REDACTED] said yesterday that I'd make a good model... I walk good an everything, I'm all proud. Still waitin' for Boston Store

MAY 10

Dear Diary:

Bonny went into shock & they got him under an oxygen tent. Patti went to the hospital after school & saw him start gasping for breath. Guess it was pretty horrid. Patti's gettin' physically sick from all the strain this whole thing is<sup>19</sup> puttin' on her. I'm startin' to read Crime & Punishment by Fyodor Dostoevsky. It's real weird an excellently worded. Readers good mood & you feel part of it. Some of my favorite authors are Leo Tolstoy & Bronte & Salinger. Bout 16<sup>19</sup> more days of school. Sure hope we get to Avante Garde soon. Patti's ma's dead set on not lettin' her go but Patti says she's not givin' up yet. Gettin' antsy for a letter. Expectin' ones from 4 places & I feel maybe the mailman slipped up<sup>19</sup> cuz I sure should be gettin' replies by now! May be cuz everyone's gettin' the last days of school an just don't have fer written now. There's this sophomore that looks much like Dylan except his hair's straight, & stickin' out while Dylan's curly & stickin' out. He's real hunky negeet... his ~~name's~~ name's Fred! John knows him, says he has a great sense of humor, is in a band & plays bass guitar. He's so hunky!

MAY 11

Dear Diary:

Pattie's went to the hospital & Danny <sup>19</sup> is out from under the tent but is unconscious now. John's talkin again bout leavin Pius. I talked to him, told him he better decide quick <sup>19</sup> 'cause she down-payment fer next year has got to be in by the end of the week & he's got his future danglin He may not get into the engineering college if he goes to a school less beneficial than Pius. Good Luck, John! <sup>19</sup> Gave da talk in English Class on Juvenile Delinquency an got a A- on it. All proud. I feel sick. <sup>19</sup> I'm gettin sharp stabs in my stomach & chest. I hope they're growin pains (specially in the chest HA) Anywho. I guess it's pretty possible that Danny <sup>19</sup> will die. He keeps hemorrhaging an he's so much unconscious. His right arm's also broken. Imagine how MONGED UP I am from tryin to keep Pattie's spirit & hopes up. I'm prayin to God myself! Can't wait for summer, <sup>19</sup> Kain don't got nothin ta do this Friday & Saturday so I'm tryin to get her to go to a dance with me, maybe. Shall go now since it's obvious I'm runnin outa lines

MAY 12

Dear Diary:

Pattie told me this morn that Danny was gettin worse, they'd brought a priest in for him. I got scribbly signed & then I really felt he might... yeah... die. At bout 10 AM in Home Ec I started cryin - just tears down the cheeks. He was too young to die. Please God don't let him die. At bout 11 AM I cried in Algebra class. He can't die! What'll it do to Pattie? Oh, he can't! He's only begun to live. Please don't take him. At lunch I began weirdly not feelin like cryin. At 1:30 PM a sudden flash of newness came on me. Wrote Pattie's note & told her somehow I knew he was awake, talkin, & alive. My heart felt like it'd been rainin out all day & it'd started to dry up. The sun began peekin out. The feelin was so strong, I just knew it! After school Pattie went to the hospital. She called me<sup>19</sup> bout 5 PM. Danny was sittin up & awake - happy & well!! I cried I was so happy. He all turned out well. He's conscious. Pattie asked when he'd awaken. Said he'd up no, sometime this afternoon. Lordy! that feelin. Was it from God? God!!! It<sup>16</sup> awful scary... like I'm psycho'n sumthin. Wrote a letter to Mary [REDACTED] Oh, I want to be a part of Pattie & Danny, I love them both so much! Oh, I do! I love them both so much!!!

MAY 13

Two little babbies did  
something to me so  
I could put my head  
up, quicken my pace,  
an even smile an I  
headed for home.  
Turned the radio on  
for a while then called  
Pattie at 9:30 - she  
didn't talk much,  
I tried to make up but  
I was snubbed again.  
Hung up. She called few  
seconds later sayin'  
she hardly knew if her  
what she did to me.  
We talked it over &  
she said she figured  
it was just for good  
for me up she had

a ring on her finger &  
was Dappy [REDACTED]  
girl. She was young  
call back at H. Linda  
[REDACTED] called tellin me  
about her boyfriend. I  
started actin like a  
pure bred beatnik &  
she began laughin at me.  
I said ya know what  
I'm laughin at you  
harder than you laughin  
at me. She started talkin  
talkin fast as two  
goin to Claude & she  
said she'd dress like  
me & act like me. I  
said they'd know she  
was a phony the  
minute she'd step  
in... Ya gotta FEEL IT

I told her we'd talk about  
it sometime later. She  
knew I didn't wanna go  
with her then. She said  
I was completely different  
from when she met me.  
Even from the last time  
she talked to me. Said  
she thought she knew me  
in 5, 6, 7 grades but in 8  
she wasn't sure. I said  
for as long as we've "known"  
each other we don't even  
know each other. It's true.  
I kept nailin her for every  
this ole said, she laughed  
at me, sayin Are You Cuck!  
Then she started thinkin she  
act like me, but I nailed  
her fer that. Father's called

downstairs at 11 but I  
didn't get off with Bence  
till 11:20. Patti was mad  
& we had a "fist". For  
everythin she said I  
said somethin back &  
she got madder. I asked  
her why she didn't nail  
me, she said she couldn't.  
I said I wished she'd put  
me "in my place." She said  
no one can - I said Bob Dylan  
could. I'm lookin for some-  
one who knows more'n me.  
Anyway she convinced me I  
was part of her & Danny &  
we made up. All's fine  
now. We made up. Talked  
till bout 1:45AM. —

MAY 13

Yesterday Danny wrote a  
little note to me. Very  
short - just sayin hope  
he meets me soon. Patti's  
been tellin him bout me &  
I sound really cool. Then  
he said the nurse didn't  
want him to write no more  
so said good-bye. It made  
me feel accepted by him.  
Patti gave me the note  
today. I wrote one back.  
Patti told me he wrote  
another one to me. It was  
personal. Can't wait  
to get it. I feel a lot  
better. I feel accepted.  
Danny told Patti he's  
glad she's got me out.

if Pattie had to go to him with all her feelings, they'd get so close they'd wanna get married. An they don't wanna.

In Back is what I wrote at 8:30 before I went for that walk

Dear Dr.

Pattie went to the hospital, didn't call afterward & I got worried. Called her an she kinda snubbed me off. She told me little bout Danny we hung up at 8:30. I was hurt I felt bad. I sat with a seasy thing an went out to take a walk in the rain. There were hardly any cars on the streets all I could hear was the click + scrape of my heels on the cement, began cryin a couple seconds. Walked to Jefferson Playground's after mailing my letter to Mary [REDACTED] Ran my hand along the fence, went in the playground up to the little sections where I played when I went to kindergarten there. Had my head down all the time but lookin into houses maybe to see a person, anyone. But I was the only one I could see anywhere. It was cold + wet + empty. I thought I walked... I was once one, then two now one again. Meanin I was alone, then Pattie joined me, now I was alone again. Pattie had Danny an I couldn't stand in their way... there was no need for me anymore. So now I was alone, I walked to talk to someone I never talked to before. Bout 9:00 two boys (bout 12 yrs. old) started walkin behind me talkin to each other, laffin, goofin around. I said nothin to them or them to me but those

MAY 14

Dear Diary:  
written May 15. Sat about. Poffie went  
to the hospital to see Danny. He gave  
her another letter for me. Went to  
Poffie's at 7 pm. From there we went to  
her sister's, Bev's, house to babysit  
while they were out. We played  
<sup>19</sup> cribbage & played Dylan on their stereo.  
She gave me Danny's letter. Quotable from  
it → "Did she ever cry when you were around?"  
She once lied for me and I think that was one  
of the things I liked about her. I'd love to  
tell the world about how I feel about  
<sup>19</sup> him. He's so sweet. Poffie's really got  
a gem. Just hoping Poffie loves him as  
much as he does her. While at Bev's,  
Bev started crying saying she was scared  
if they would have been alone for 15  
more minutes this morning, yeah.... She  
said she loves him so much & doesn't wan-  
na break up. I told her to tell him she's  
scared it might happen. Just tell him  
she loves her enough to understand. She  
was all thankful. I mean, gee, that  
wasn't such a hard problem to solve.  
<sup>19</sup> When I got home at 1:45 AM Bev  
& Mel (her husband) were out  
til then. So.... I'm so happy for  
Poffie. Danny's so so sweet. I  
really think he truly loves her.

MAY 15

Dear Diary:

Just 9 more days of school! Wed  
to Pottie's. I had gone to the hospital  
this mornin' & got another note from  
Danny. Quotefrom it → "Every time  
I look at her my heart skips a few  
million beats. She somehow gives  
me<sup>19</sup> the courage I need to be what  
I am. Just look at her right now.  
That's the girl that has my ring. The  
girl that is mine. The girl that  
takes me along where ever she  
goes. The girl I love" ← Oh, to be  
loved like that! I started cryin'  
bit after I read that. But I made  
a mistake. I've been readin' them in  
front of Pottie & when I read to it,  
she gets upset thinkin' it's some-  
thin' bad. I can't do that anymore.

Anyhow Danny's worried bout John.  
He said "I got another worry now, just  
the gleam that comes in her big brown  
eyes when ever I mention his name. It's  
enough to break my heart in a million  
pieces." I have to assure him as  
best I can. Poor lad! Well, I'm all  
wrapped up in those two. Tryin' to  
help 'em understand each other. Oh,  
it sounds like I'm indugin' but it  
don't feel that way, they're comin' to me!

MAY 16

a little lark. We looked  
at each other knowingly.  
After a while he said  
knowingly, cuz ya  
have my guts. I said  
well that's one reason...  
...Then I said no it  
isn't I don't have  
yer guts. He was puzzled.  
Once I kept looking at  
John as if he had  
had sex with me. I  
could see him outta  
the corner of my eye.  
Whenever a guy went  
by us in a car'n a mot-  
ocycle I'd turn around  
& look at the guy. Poor  
kar. We all stood there  
from 4 to 4:45 PM.

MAY 16

After that Paddlee called  
to say Danny was up &  
walking. He went to  
see him after that &  
called. He'd grabbed her  
an tried to do things  
& began gettin excited.  
Paddlee screamed & his  
nurse came in & pulled  
him off & gave him a  
~~the~~ sedative. Poor sweet  
thing. Told Paddlee his father  
beat him & his ma & she was  
locked up but got out &  
still did, he's a drunk.  
Paddlee loves him... I know  
for sure becuz she stayed  
by him & said she could  
never leave him now.

Dear Diary

plus 2 boys were caught drinking beer at a treat. Today they had to get up at an assembly in front of all 2600 students and have a big discussion about it. It got me sick. They just askin them why they did it... oh, I just got sick! I didn't even look at it & I wanted sweaterin & hated it! The whole thing as none of our damn business an do have them stand up there & cut themselves & drag em down in front of all those kids. Run em so they can't even hold their heads up. don't see why it was any of our damn business, isn't it better to help them instead of humiliatin them? — On the way home from school I saw John & ~~as~~ standin in front of our house albin. I stopped. Lar had on striped pants - darker striped suit jacket and checkered shirt!!! I hardly talked to John & him tried to outdo each other with their stories of their gettin in trouble, things they see & do. I beat Larin(almost) at lar. They started albin bout druggin the draft. Lar said commonit kari-kari. I said let me, said after a few minutes why. I said various reasons an I think you know them. He said no & don't. I said well if ya don't know by now, it's

MAY 17

Dear Diary:

Pattie went to Danny & he cried & said he'd never do anythin like that again. He said he expected never to see her again. I guess it was a very touchin thing & now they got it all straightened out & hope. He<sup>19</sup> gave Pattie a note for me yesterday & I got it today. He's so funny! He spells Sheila in everypossible way & even impossible, so please me bout my funny name. Just in today's he had all these: Shlia, Shala, Shela & Dhla. Funny! I told him last time I loved a guy as much as he love Pattie & I got him in the end. He said, quote "I can't imagine any guy to leave you." And in my opinion (ardon the language) he's a dumb ass whoever he is! Gee I'm<sup>19</sup> all flattered. Hey, Lar, did ya hear that? Yet a dumb ass!! This guy at school that looks real much like Ringo asked Pattie who I was, where I lived, & where I used to go to school. He said he thinks he knows me from somewhere. In Algebra Mr. [redacted] (I can't stand him) started beatin up this guy cuz he wasn't payin attention. I hate him more now. He's such a fool! Such a damn fool!

MAY 18

Dear Diary:

Pattie corrected me that I should let the nuns out of the elevator first before I go. I said oh I'm sure...as this all developed into a fight. We fought from ~~about~~ 8:15 - 8:45. She, being up & she talked to Danny on the phone. See, I don't think nuns have anything above my anyone else, so I feel they should be able to go ahead of me. Pattie & Danny had a big thing - Danny told her to apologize cuz she was wrong. She called me at 9:15 as we fought & "straightened it out" till 10:30. wonder bout that Danny. I think he's <sup>19</sup> rather neat. He's got a neat mind. He wrote me a letter & got concerned May 16, he said I probably hated him now just like Pattie probably does. He said he's lookin out the window now & seein the love he could have had. He also said had me in tears. I wrote tellin him it takes awful much for me to hate someone. I reassured him & think - okay now. This is gettin kinda weird. Kisses, I'm afraid I'm gonna end up lovin him myself. He has all the qualities that's attractive to me in a guy. And he's been flitterin round with me & complimentin me. It's kinda nowo!!! In Pattie, I don't think she really realizes what she has. Oh, if only he was mine! Never

MAY 19

Dear Diary:

Slept all day. Got gold yarn to knit the sweater we're doin' in some ec these last few days. Since it's Mack's and my anniversary (I called him one yr ago) I called him. Someone (I think his sister) answered & said he worked til 1 am every weekday but maybe I could get him before noon on Saturday. Since wanted to wish him Happy Anniversary. Lynn who, son of Mary [REDACTED] came in, sat down & asked me for some suggestions of what I thought she & her friends could do, I used to have so many things to do when I used to play with them. We talked for bout 45 minutes about things we used to do & I suggested a few things to her. We were sayin' good-night & she started cryin' sayin' that Bridget on her were cuttin' me down sayin' how "queer" I was. She asked how I can wear weird things & not care what people say .... I said I agree it's cuz they don't even know me & they're laughin' & they look even funnier in my eyes. So.... She I wish Mack woulda been home. Works til I AM! Poor guy. Dylan's supposed to have a new album out soon —

Dear Diary.

MAY 20

On the 21st <sup>19</sup> ~~evening~~ I talked to Patti & Darry at 2:30 AM. Went to Patti's at 2:30 AM. had a lot of fun. Watched a movie on TV called David and Lisa. Bout a mentally ill person ages, David would go into fit if anyone touched him an Lisa wanted everything said to rhyme + she wouldn't stand anyone who didn't rhyme. They became friends one day David yelled at Lisa. She was away from the institution. David found her + said come on back, she said okay + she didn't rhyme what she said, David was real happy + said Lisa, take my hand. stretched out his hand + they had a close-up of Lisa putting her hand in his... the 1st time he let anyone touch him. That was the end + I cried. The endis was so powerful. After I left do come home, Darry called Patti & he watched it + was crying lead off. Patti doesn't like energetic guys (I do) an she got mad at him. love sensitive guys. They have to be sensitive + sensitive. They have to appreciate love + nature. They have to know sorrow + pain. Patti & Darry we been quarrelling ~~an~~ smartin off at each other lately. Patti's all upset cuz she doesn't know why they keep fighting. I think it was ~~was~~ Monday

MAY 21

Dear Diary:

Went downtown with Bridget & we spent 3 hrs. There. Went to Patti's & we went to her sister, Ben's, again to babysit. It's 1:45 AM now. At Ben's, Patti said she felt so jittery so she got a cigarette from somebody else. She stuck it in her mouth & it struck me so funny I had I cracked so laugh a lot. She lit it up & I thought it looked so DUMB that I laughed again. Got up, told her to tell me when she finished it or I'd laugh her outta house & home, & I left. Went to the other room & danced to the records we were playing til she was done. When she was, I re-entered & we played chess. We sat in silence & she took some whisky so did I. She asked if she could make a toast... yeah. "I promise never to smoke again." We both drank to it. She said I have a very weird way of making people feel it was disgusting with them. Yeah. Anyways... I hope she sees how senseless it is to ~~smoke~~ smoke. Lately I've got a headache now. Gave Patti some more of my wafers & she said she was crying as she read them. Said they were very good. I love it... Kath & I both cried when they read them.

MAY 22.

Dear Diary,  
Pattie & I talked till 4:30 AM. Wake up  
& 10:45 & went to Mass at 12. Sat about  
her house & played games. Came home  
at 5:30 PM. Well, Puddie & Danny had a  
talk & straightened out Monday.  
Danny told Pattie the reason he got  
<sup>in</sup><sup>19</sup> that car accident. He'd gotten  
together with some guys - got good 'm  
hunk - took some dope - an the guys  
tured him to smash his car into a  
tree. He did. He said he felt real  
guilty now. Yesterday when I was  
<sup>19</sup> downtown I met up with a girl I  
know from Pius. Her name's Gail  
[REDACTED]

She'd run away from home &  
got caught with a guy doin what  
they weren't supposed to so the chil-  
dren's court "sentenced" her to Pius.  
They kicked her out few weeks ago  
say she'd been ~~skip~~ skippin out. Last  
time I'd seen her she came runnin  
down the hall told me she was kicked  
out, swearin like everythin. I saw her  
yesterday. We talked a bit, gave  
each other our addresses & we're  
gonna write. Maybe I can try &  
help her a bit. Didn't tell Pattie  
cuz she doesn't like Gail & well, she'd  
get all mad

MAY 23

Dear Diary:

Written May 24. Got to school at 10:30 cuz I went to the dentist in the mornin. Both sides of my mouth were swollen an' numb & pretty funny. Anywho, I'd given Patti some of my wisdom an' she said it was a "monstrous" wisdom. Patti's brother, Ken, is gettin married June 11 so her family wants me to come to the wedding with them. It'll be up North. We'll be in a hotel an' everything to be babysitters with Bev's kids & stayin' about with Patti. I think it'll be neat. They're drivin' up there. We'll be gone bout 3 days & start work June 1<sup>st</sup>. It's a bit scary. I can't wait till Patti & I had a "fite" on the phone & we were on at 11:15 p.m. Tom started yellin' & a big thing. It started when I told Patti I didn't wanna come over to her house this weekend. I want to watch the summer bloom. I've been remainin' all month and wanna stop & take a look at the world I live in so much. The leaves're already on the trees & the apple tree's blossoming.

MAY 24

Dear Diary:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BOBBY DYLAN  
He's 25 today, hardly, he's gettin' old. I hear his new album is named BLOND ON BLOND. Mom's off her nut! I'm banned from the phone for a week cuz I was on so late yesterday. So to keep me off the phone, she took a chair, wrapped it around the phone & receiver, and locked it with a small lock. She gave the key to Kappy. When I caught a <sup>19</sup> laffed ride in my's face. I'm still laughing at her cuz it's so dumb! Kappy thinks it's funny, I went to the laundromat & called office on the pay phone, told her about the dragon. She laffed so hard! She said she'd tell Danny & he'd probably go in his pants from laffin so hard. Well, I'm sure. I'm thinkin' I had sweater for some Es... & hope it turns out okay. I'd like to wear it. Kappy's got some books of work by T. S. Eliot. He's supposed to be real good, so I think I'll go ride now, stick my nose in the book, you see what he has to show.

MAY 25

Dear Diary:

Pattee told me my hair was lousy & I <sup>had</sup> complained. So she took it & was very mad she corrected me. She wrote me a very nasty letter. It hurt pretty bad & I looked out the window and tears came down my cheeks. They ran, too, as I walked down the hall. On when I went to the class I sat next to her in. She gave me another letter saying it was a misunderstanding on her part, she was sorry I haven't said one word to her about how I felt about it at all. So she can just think about it. Tomide asked me again if John & I could go to Cleveland on Friday. She said "I suppose." Yeah! Can't wait! Oh, I'm comin' back Avondale I'm a-comin' on back to ya! My love, my home, Avondale Fairide! Oh boy I've waited for you! Well it's been hot an sticky & tomorrow at school I wear pigtails. I want to take some colored pictures of the views from the school windows. They're spectacular! And I walked along this afternoon & looked back at some of the things there that I love.

MAY 26

Dear Diary:  
It was mornin' ma said I had to babysit on Friday cuz her & dad were going to Kath's graduation so Avangie's out for Friday, so we're egggin' Saturday. This one boy at school (Fred [REDACTED], nicknamed [REDACTED] with) God, what a doll. He looks lot like Dylan 'cept his hair's straight & blackin' out while Bob's curly. He always wears big baggy sweaters that he looks like he's drowning in, he's real skinny, and he always has a real worried look on his face. I just think he's so sweet. When he's at his locker I bump into him on purpose, he looks at me, I look at him & smile. I've done that twice. He knows I like him. He's so so cute! He wrote a little article that got printed in last year's freshman calendar book. He's a sophomore this year. Oh, I wish I had a chance with him. Ma & I had an argument, ended up with me crying bout the phone. She said if Taddei & I learned our lesson she'd take the ban off the phone Saturday. I'm startin' work this Tuesday. We should get our yearbooks tomorrow, can't wait! I wanna find that Tom and record the Earth's for going. I just love it.

MAY 27

Dear Diary:

had day of school's regular raisins  
Got our yearbooks today. I'm gonna  
miss the place but I'll be back in  
three months. I think the reason I feel  
so close to Tim is because I was so close  
to Mrs. [REDACTED] + Mr. [REDACTED]

They were  
both so sweet. And I'd never 've been  
close to them without Paddie cuz she's  
the one made me open to them.

Kath graduated today. She's all  
proud. Before she left to go for all  
the ceremonies, I helped her with her  
dress an' she hugged + kissed me  
+ I felt like cryin from happiness  
myself! Got a letter from Danny

Lately Patti's been actin like a  
big stuck-up hood. I told her to  
either explain it or leave me  
alone cuz I have no room for  
pestons. I called her a bony pest-on.  
One minute she smiles + laughs, the  
next she gives me a conceited look.  
I just fed up my whole self  
this letter fellin her all this.

Then she's fellin me "someday is  
botherin her... deep." John's (I hope)  
me an sayin he's got a cold  
an can't go to Grande with me. Showed  
him how ta get ridda his wave an he said he mite  
decide to get better tomorrow

MAY 28

so I cleaned the front  
rooms so make them take  
us. Mom stayed away from  
home today cuz dad  
got her so sick from all  
the full he had on last  
nike at Kath's graduation.  
So I had to battle it  
by myself. We had a  
bunch of complainin  
colleges about us.

When we got home  
Peffie called against the  
phone rules again. She  
told me she might be  
pregnant. It happened  
May 17. She wasn't sure,  
then she started telling  
me bout how she thinks  
she learned somethin  
as she went to church

MAY 28

This morning as how she looked to the sky an was happy. She got me so so so sick with all her talk about what she did I started crying real little bit. She thinks now she has join in my world. I said now she never could say she had no respect for herself. Me being up, I was sick for bout 15 minutes then I cried very hard. I wanted to back her & lost all care & hope for her. I didn't know what to do. I cried myself to sleep.

Written May 29

Dear Tracy,  
Frank Gandy John & I got there (second one's here) it was like out. I ordered tea, John iced coffee. We got a table. Small bout [REDACTED] 3 ft sq with light brown coarse tableclothes, dirty, ours had big patch on it. We got there at 8pm started to sit bout 8:50. Band came on at 9. same as last time... The Unit. Loud harmonica. Bout 8:20 guy walked in. Matt! (Before I thought his name was Dave. [REDACTED] "it's Matt" [REDACTED] sunglasses, light brown suede suit coat, black shirt, light brown pants. God! Did he look tuff! Anywho... all night everyone is a while I'd look at him & find him lookin at me.<sup>19</sup> Had bout 3 cigarettes all night. When the band took a break John got up to go to the bathroom an while climbin over chairs, knocked over his iced coffee glass. It crashed an went all over the floor. A bunch a kids yelled "Twenty-five cents." I was so embarrassed. When the waitress found out<sup>19</sup> John asked how much he owed her, she said "I forgot it - she'd tell them she busted it. I wasn't as excited this time as last. I wore my hair no bangs panned to the side with my round glasses, black poor boy sweater, white Levi pants an sling backz with no stockings. In a long gold chain with dad's army conduct medal around my neck. It took hell to make dad drive us there. I had to reason with him as he ran around tellin what damn lazy kids we were

MAY 29

Dear Diary,

sat in par shock all morning. At 1:30 P.M. Eddie called Ellis & Danny called her, this is how it went - May 17 Eddie fell asleep at the hospital with Danny & when she awoke Danny told her he had intercourse with her. Today he told her he was just laying cuz he wanted to see her reaction... he was crying. Eddie got mad at him & told him to just leave her alone for a while she huggs up in his lap. I tell you, I don't know what to think anymore. — Hell's Angels, a motorcycle cult from California, are here. They're a bunch of rowdies from what I read & hear. I guess about 40 are here & they expected more. MONG - Sat about all day. Knit that sweater, went shopping with mom, — Yesterday got cleaned. Gave & felt relaxed VERY see ... I'm not fully what I want to be yet. I want to be what David has. To be casual but know what I am - what other age - so have principles an be able to voice my opinion on everythig that I can. I want to be liked by those I respect an by those who have the things I'm striving for. I'm trying to understand why I like to smoke. Here cuz it do have false security.

## MEMORIAL DAY

MAY 30

Dear Diary:

No school, sat bout. Finished  $\frac{1}{2}$  of my sweater. Now just have to knit the front piece an sew them together. Yowee! I figured Mack'd be home from work on Memorial Day but I called an no... not home, I wonder if I should just write to him. Just mete. Really boing. Cold & I didn't wanna go out. Blah! May 28  
I bought a Tom Rush album. John wrote an said the album was fousy folk-rock blues. I buy folk-rock blues so I bought it & found it WASN'T folk-rock blues but rock an roll. YICK! One side is Elvis Presley rap, the other side is good folk music. John is ~~as~~ Kat's best ridg now tellin me I'm gonna grow up to be another Grammies becuz I disapproved when Bridget came home from her friend's wearin eye liner. God that Bridget's the crappiest old... just hate her. She is so conceited & if everybody don't agree with her life & dislikes they're "queer" like she told me I was foolqu. She's so stupid yet she thinks she really knows what's comin off in life. She's under the influence of a crowd of friends. If they don't like sumthin... she'll say she don't either - even if she does. I respect things an people like that.

MAY 31

Dear Diary:  
Second last day of school an first  
day of work. Outta school at 11:30 &  
inda work at 1:00pm. Grandmother taught  
me as we went along. She gave me  
a key to the store an she ~~had~~ boss  
gave me a work permit to be signed  
by<sup>19</sup> school. Gee, I'm not nervous.  
I'm not scared 'n nuttin' — I'm just  
not sure of what I'm doin' b/c I  
catchin on quick. Grandmother's  
gonna stay to help me about the  
first week an a half... then I'm  
on<sup>19</sup> my own. — Paddie + Danny 'n  
gonna break up. Paddie is glad an  
from Danny's letters to me, I figure  
he isn't emotional load id but he's  
ready to accept it. He sorta put  
Paddie in my cage. He wrote that ~~as~~  
her<sup>19</sup> idol. But, but I still wanna  
keep in contact with him. I wanna  
ma write letters to him in the  
mail an have him write to me but  
I don't know if he'd want to. I  
sure wish he would. I like him a  
lot an wish I had a chance, &  
don't tho. Jim + his dad hate  
each other. His dad usually isn't  
home... when he is, he beats  
Danny. I care about Danny

JUNE 1

Dear Diary:

Last day of school. Pattie & I hung around. Talked to Mrs. [REDACTED]. Told her yell with her in she even gave us her address. Went to Mr. [REDACTED]. He told us his number was in the phone book, told us his first name. Said goodbye to Mrs. [REDACTED]. Told Mr. [REDACTED] we'd babysit for Pattie's 19 yr. old sister (we found out he's 26 yr. [REDACTED]). Said isn't she a little old to need a babysitter? It was quiet. Pattie & I turned to leave & burst out laughing. We said we'd better leave if just that. Then we left the old buildin' .....

Went to work at 2:00. Grandmother don't have to come out into the store with me anymore. I can do it alone. I'm all proud. Pattie said her sister pointed out a bugged-off glasses wearing guy & said she should marry him. Pattie said "oh, ick, Gods! She said Bev, why do you condemn long-haired guys?" In Pattie, I'd like to ask you, why do you condemn bugged-haired guys? I'm gonna mail a letter to Danny. I care about him. I may be skinny, ugly, in weird, but, Danny, I care. I really care about you. If you still care to write to me, Dangy, I'll be twice as happy to write back

JUNE 2

Dear Diary:

Went into work at 1:00 or so. Grandmother & I worked til 6:00, then hopped the bus downtown where we ate & shopped around til 8:30. The only thing I'm not sure of is giving out change, I get all MONGED-UP!!! I got fumbled up anyway... I think by this Wednesday I should be able to handle it myself without Grandmother's coaching. I hope so.

WRITTEN - JANE

Hello, really pleasant found nothing important to write. Yesterday (June 1) I wrote how I felt about Danny. He's like my story characters. He's a poor, mired-up, love-starved kid and I feel so sorry for him. I wish I could put my arms around him and hug him and love him so hard. I'd want to make up for all the love he's been cheated out of. That's how I feel. But I guess I'd have no chance at all. I wish I did say... well, last night before I fell asleep I cried over Danny. I feel so sorry for him... he's been hurt so much. Is there any way people in this world will stop hurting others?

JUNE 3

Dear Diary:  
I had today at work at 1:30. Getting a bit  
more confident with everything... includin  
the cash register. I just love the job.  
It don't even seem like a job. I  
guess because Grandmother's there  
it just seems so much like not  
a bit of a job at all! When I'm  
alone on the job it'll probably seem  
more like a business place but I  
don't mind! Actually I'm workin  
illegally. The law says under 16  
ya can't work more in 8 hours  
per day... but if I'm workin 9 hours  
on Saturday. So on my time card  
I mark 8 to 4 on Saturday... then  
to make up for the last hour I  
add  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. on on Mondays & Tuesdays.  
S. this page is WRITTEN JUNE 6. I'm  
slippin up. Ya know... usually  
when people are concerned over  
world matters ... it's group  
problems like Vietnam and  
civil rights. But I'm much  
more concerned in individual  
problems. I want every body to  
see what a really a wonderful  
world we live in. Like my  
friend Bobby Dylan says: How  
many times must a man look up before he can  
see the sky?

JUNE 4

Dear Deary

My first Saturday on the job. Grandmother came... thank God. But I went to wait on the customers alone & you asked her for help if I needed it. I even ventured to take a few phone calls "Paradise Cleaners, Good Morning M&A(G) Any road, there wasn't real much business and worked on my sweater knitting in the spare time. I have so get more to do here since I'm ~~over~~ going to be stuck here with so much spare time.

JUNE 6: Wow... better now than never, hey? Any road, tonite I was supposed to go to Patti's but #1... no one was here to take me and #2... I was so tired I just didn't feel like goin. My feet were killin me up & just wanted to sleep. So I said I can't make it so she got mad & we had a fit. Damn! Stayed overnig at Grandmother's. That Patti... she's so unconcerned bout other people. She wants what she wants an she don't care if others keel over... just so she has what she wants. That makes me so ~~so~~ mad.

JUNE 5

June 5

I realize now that Patti's  
is a typical teen-ager.  
She is. She's very  
self-centered and  
unconcerned about  
others. Example: Her  
grandma is hard of  
hearing and can't hear  
good. Patti's gets real  
smart alecky when  
she can't hear what  
she says the first  
time. That gets me  
so mad! It makes  
me hurt her grandmother  
when she says off  
after she says what  
she does. Patti's also  
thinks she knows  
people at first  
glance, judges them.

If they aren't doin  
exactly what she  
wants them to do,  
Pattie think they're  
goin' aginest her.  
Today I sat with  
my elbow on the table  
& my freeleg in my  
hand cuz I had a  
headache & was  
dired. Pattie said  
I was "gettin' drama-  
tic." Oh, lord! We  
really don't get  
along too well once  
ya get down to it  
sometimes she acts  
actin like a real  
slinkin' hoodlum  
girl that gives  
everythin da eye

She wanted it.  
She begins on how  
she's gone steady  
with 5 guys... bout  
as far as she's gone  
with them an it  
just sickens me. An  
she begins on Karen &  
how she's goin' steady  
with two, three guys  
and think bout the  
hate. How all it is is  
gotten all yr kin  
outta someone an ta  
maul over their  
bodies. So zigzag  
tellin' Pattie how  
I feel bout her.  
What a slinkin'  
little slut she

"This aren't doin  
is an Karen is. I hate  
her so much cuz she  
knows better. Then  
she tells me how she  
understands Dylan  
an today ... when  
she started acting  
that way ... she  
took a Dylan album  
to play. I said why  
DON'T YA PUT THE BEA-  
TLES ON OR SUMTHIN?  
She asked why but I  
didn't say. Go  
ahead, Paddie. Mis-  
use yourself. I've tried  
ta show ya what it  
is ... but just  
don't ya try use  
Mr. Dylan. Don't  
you DARO!! JUNE 5

Dear Dray,

WRITTEN JUNE 6: Well maybe now  
his god caught up! Went to Paddie's  
at 2:00. We baptizat at her house  
for Ber's kids. Then they had a  
quadruplet party for bout 35  
people. The Beatles were on Ed  
Lullivan in color. Paddie's got a  
colored TV so we saw 'em in color  
in GOD! NEET! It started when  
they were sittin on a table & Ringo  
said sorry they couldn't do the  
songs in person but they were  
busy with "all the washing  
and everythiz." He was so cast!  
They sang their fav new songs  
Paperback Writer and Rain. And Paul,  
no kiddin ... I got a singin feelin  
up & down my back when I seen  
him. Oh ... I guess the feelin's  
still sleepin in my heart an  
once in a while it wakes up.  
Now Paul. You're still the same,  
all the others left their hair  
now couple inches longer but  
not Paul. It was the ~~same~~ same  
weird way. He kinda looked at  
me... Oh, Paul. Thank you for  
everythin you gave me. A love  
that I haven't found in others

JUNE 6

Dear Deag

The<sup>19</sup> fresh is out an GOD what a fresh. Terry sumthin -n- other came to Paffie's & told her that Danny was goin steady with her (Terry) for 6 months, that Danny had gotten her pregnant (but she took pills) an that Danny never had family trouble. So they<sup>19</sup>, Terry was a real raggy sluttish hood. She told Paffie this an that Danny was still goin ta Villiard. Danny came after Terry'd told her this, caught the two together, lapped at Paffie an called her a sucker... I'm heart-broken. After I heard this I went outside an cried. Danny.. what 'n ya doin ta yerself? Paffie's pretty sure she's pregnant. She hasn't had her period for a week an she's ALWAYS on time. also she's havin sneezin fits an her sisters did too when she<sup>19</sup> was pregnant. What am I gonna do? Oh, God, don't let her be! I wish I could run away from all this. I can't bear it. I hate it so much. Aw, I love life too much for all this worry an pain. I want to be<sup>19</sup> happy. I wish I could ditch everythin an go away. Danny, I want to wish hell him to stop ruinin his life. I want to straighten her so badly. Oh, God. Help me!

Dear Diary:

JUNE 7

Open June 8 - Dennis called Pattiie an they walked it over bout Danny. He said Danny's dad & Danny are close... becuz Danny's dad's drunkard & he gets booze for Danny. Danny Dennis fought - Dennis told him just what he thought of him an they fought, Dennis took a bottle & went after Danny an cut his arm, they whipped out switchblades - Pattiie had given hers to Dennis. When Danny saw Pattiie's blade in Dennis' possession he thought Pattiie was two-fifths tipsy with Dennis. ~~Pattiie~~ Dennis played along. <sup>19</sup> Danie at bout midnite <sup>he called</sup> an said he wanted to see her to straighten it all out - she slapped in his face. He asked her if she was pregnant, she told him to shut up & bring up in his face. - Dennis told Pattiie Danny was now goin steadily with 2 girls. An that I was gonna be the 6th. He planned to play me, too. I want Danny's address to write to him & tell him to stop ruinin his life & that there really is such a love as the loving reayed to have for Pattiie, that happiness is in this ~~the~~ world just waitin for him to find. I feel I have to try to help him Dennis get out of Pattiie <sup>↑</sup> Dennis had he was on dope. — This life Dennis

JUNE 8

Dear Diary:

Well, every mornin when I wake up, <sup>19</sup> the last few days I've been masturbating. I just can't help it, I want to stop. I'm just too weak to. Work is comin along fine. I've been answerin the phone an waitin on customers alone. This page is WRITTEN JUNE 9. Pattiie an I talked on the phone til 3:30 AM. We had a big discussion on this. I say that all Criminals are Hoods, but <sup>19</sup> Not All Hoods Are Criminals. She says that was impossible an we had a <sup>19</sup> big thing on it. I told her that I feel Danny has a criminal mind. That he has great possibilities of bein a convict. This mornin bout 10:30 Pattiie was outside. Danny drove up, grabbed her & pushed her against the door an said "You just better not make any trouble for me." Pattiie started strugglin, she got free, he pushed her again, an said "Look, I mean it." She struggled more an he slapped her. <sup>19</sup> He had another one of his rings back that one of his girl had. Dennis was suposed to see Pattiie but he never answered his phone all day - gone all day.

JUNE 9

Dear Diary  
Next time I write in you I'll be in [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] 350 miles north of here.  
Pattie's brother - Ken - is gettin married &  
Pattie's family's goin to it. It's in this place,  
Greenwood an they're takin me along to  
keep Pattie company @ Babysit for her  
while she's about an help her with her  
kids. Danny came to Pattie's an said  
she'd better not make trouble or she'll  
never see Dennis again. She was worried  
Dennis was gone yesterday & today.  
She finds out Dennis's at his aunt's.  
While I was on the phone with Pattie, Danny  
walked in her room. Pattie asked him if  
he wanted to talk to me but he wouldn't.  
You know I have perfect grounds so  
not believe there is such persons as a  
Danny or a Dennis. Never seen nor heard  
them. But I guess I have to believe it  
my Pattie isn't that good of an actress.  
Danny, Danny, Danny, right fast  
Danny. I wish I could show him what  
real love is. Somehow it's terrible &  
silly hard to believe Pattie could  
be pregnant. I'm sick of guessing.  
I'm gonna forged it till I hear  
the death. Well, goodby go. But I  
still wish I could cuddle Danny.  
Mother insisted, I guess

JUNE 10

Dear Diary:

Well, at 9:45 AM Patti's dad picked me up. We were off at 10:30 for Green Bay. We arrived about 4:15. Debbie, Patti's niece + Bev's daughter, slept in the car, her head on my lap. I remembered when Lar laid on the couch in his basement with his head on my lap and almost fell asleep. Sweet Lar, little foolish lagger Lar. Well, like it, said, we arrived at 4:15 at The Star Lodge Motel in Royal, Wisconsin. Patti & I are sharing a small room - one double-bed, desk, an chair, bed table and another chair, suitcase holder, and a TV. Also a bathroom with a small sink, toilet, an shower. Very nice. I can see now Patti's isn't the ideal roommate for me. She expects me to be her maid, fix everything while she uses everything first... like the bathroom right now. Because I refuse to wait on her she thinks I'm mad at her - could be 1 AM! Babysat for Bev's kids as everyone went to the re-creation. It was terrible + I'm starving to death. Any road, I'll deserve every bit of sleep I may get tonight. Everyone slept in the car but me + the driver, Patti's dad. Heaven help me!

JUNE 11

Dear Diary

Up at 8:30! Wide awake after I fell asleep at 3:30.  
of wedding at 11:30. When Patti as bridesmaid came  
down the aisle I started crying & then when Ken came out  
of Kathy - wow... I really cried. The 8-month-old, Bev's son,  
ran up on me in church. Continually caring for all 3 kids.  
After the dinner I was exhausted & Patti's dad came up  
and yelled at me cuz I was eatin' & bein' no help to Bev.  
He's runnin around tryin to be helpful & sat down & the  
tears fell, I felt so tired & sick & tense. After caring for  
them more we came back to the motel & I rested in peace  
for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. off again but this time the kids slept & were  
good. Drove to the reception after the supper in the  
church hall. Mel, Bev's husband, was goofin around &  
relaxed. He's a very serious distinguished man. He's  
weird. I'd like to have a serious talk with him someday.  
At the reception the kids ran about & I was ready for a  
little fun. When the band was about to begin, I was  
sent up to care for ~~the~~ 2 of Bev's kids who were sleepin.  
I felt so bad cuz I wanted to have fun. I was up in  
the attic while the party was in the basement & once  
more the tears welled up. I was alone with 2 sleepin  
kids, sittin in the dark - alone - hearin the faint  
sound of the band & the juoz. They finally left went  
one with her kids & Patti & I sat ~~in~~ in the basement  
watchin the party for bout 20 min. A little fan  
for the day. Then, at 11 pm we drove back to the motel  
in the rain. It's still raining out. No lights in the  
distant farm fields. Flashers of lightning light up  
the sky ..... Good is love. ... mrs. m

JUNE 12

Dear Diary:

Up at 7 am for 10 am Mass at small farmer's church. Noticed how the active participation was so tremendous. All the farmers & their wives & dirty little kids sat their heads off. From church we went to the motel, packed up, & went to the bride's family home. A farm, Paddie & I went to the chicken coop on by the grazing cows. Talked to one of the farm girls sayin how empty & big the city is. She said she never really thought about it. But she was so cramped in the city. From there we drove the 232 miles home. Looked out the window & thought how the letter would go if I wrote to Mr. [REDACTED] my old grammar school teacher. Thought of a poem on a story idea. Got home an was so happy to see home & the family. Soya don't believe me. Had bout  $\frac{1}{2}$  hrs of sleep last night & bushed. So tired but don't feel like sleepin. I'm exhausted, kind of tumblin around. Probably sleep like a rock tonite. It's good to be home. Guess a hometown girl. Didn't realize how lonesome I was til I called mom from Paddie's to tell her I'd be home soon. When I heard her voice I wanted to go home so much. I guess I want to travel but the way I want to... then I won't be so lonesome that way.

JUNE 13

Dear Diary:

oh boy, you'd never believe it! GOD.  
She told me she made this whole Day-  
y thing up. There is no Danny. But there  
was. She worked this all up outta nuthin'.  
I even told her so. All the letters I thought  
were from Danny she wrote. She said I could  
<sup>19</sup> never take ~~John's name~~ for all her names in them  
I'd have know how she feels bout John. I was  
sayin' & sayin' how could she make such a  
fool outta me, how could she let me cry an  
pray over nuthin'. She played me for <sup>1/2</sup> a  
month. She doesn't know why! She said  
<sup>19</sup> he was gettin deeper & deeper in it an she  
didn't know how to end it. She went to  
priest an told him what she was doin'.  
He told her she musta been fun in her child-  
hood to make up love. I kept cryin cuz  
she didn't respect me at all, not even enough  
to not make a fool of me. I wanted to hate  
her so for what she did but I couldn't  
an I felt so sorry for her. She made  
me exist in a dream world an I  
knew dream worlds cuz I exist in one  
myself. I can't understand why she  
<sup>19</sup> did it to me. She says she'll do <sup>1/2</sup> anything  
I say now... even stop communication  
with Karen. In one of those Danny letters,  
she wrote - You're her idle believe it or  
not, Sheila.

JUNE 14

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN JUNE 16: I'm workin' by myself now. Did yesterday, too, & like it. I feel the whole store is mine and feel all independent an' big an' businesslike. I enjoy it real much. I haven't had one<sup>19</sup> slip in the cash, everythin' comes out real perfect. I ironed forma all day. I spose I'll be doing that for chores this summ'r. I like ironin'. I got my first pay check yesterday. Was for May 31 thru June 5. So that adds up to 16 hrs., so after all the fares were taken off it comes to \$15.23. Oh, my first pay check! Big deal. Cashed it at work. I'm sure.... who wants to keep it. Gata Writin' this while Paddie in I've havin' a fit, so used to that. I have had a fit all THE TIME. We don't have ANYTHIN' goin' for us. For one thing: she has nuthin' to offer to me. She has nuthin' at all to give to me. All<sup>19</sup> she wants is my help, my com-pañionship, my ears, my under-standin'. But she does not ever even give me one of these she way d'd like them.

JUNE 15

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN JUNE 17: Broke all day & went  
work alone again. Great - I love it!  
After work is Dad's big idea... the  
whole family (after a big fish guy Brid-  
get didn't wanna go) hopped in the car  
in went to 2 movies ① Heroes of Tele-  
mark ② Flight of the Phoenix. What'd you  
know! The first two movies I've seen  
all year!! The first was a dud, but  
② was real good!! About an airplane  
crash in a desert an how the men  
built the plane back together. There  
<sup>19</sup> was this real cute guy that got his leg  
crushed in the crash & finally slit his wrists  
as he thought his wife died (he was headed  
to the hospital to see her). Anyhow, we got  
home bout 12:30. Called Debbie bout 15  
min. an off to bed. On the way home from  
the <sup>19</sup> movie everyone sang Happy Birthday.

— FROM JUNE 16: —

While waitin for dad to bring Grandmother  
over for cake, John threw some mashed  
potatoes at me. I picked it up to throw  
back at him but he ran away. I  
chased him up we ran all the way  
up the block about do Hochmuth's  
place. We used to chase each other  
while goofin round a lot. It kinda  
set the day. Real neat

JUNE 16

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN JUNE 17: Good day! Happy Birthday! Woke up & ma fixed me bacon, lettuce, & tomato sandwich special for me. Went shoppin with ma Mary [REDACTED] & bought some of my presents. Went to work alone again. Everyone gave me<sup>19</sup> my presents after work: swim suit pattern & material, transistor radio, pencil holder, rhyming dictionary, stamp, lipstick, an array of pants Kath selected & bought herself for me! We ate Grandmother came over for cake. Mom, u Grandm. Mary [REDACTED], and I went to enchant the ponds cuz they didn't fit in drive & Southgate to look around. Talked to Petkie til bout 12:30 AM then. I'm 15. It's a lot better in 15 I'll tell ya. 14's so skimpy' sumthin. 15 seems a lot<sup>19</sup> bigger. Kath drove along to pick me up from work. She said she remembers when she was 15 & she hopes I'm as happy in the time to come as she was. I was happy. She was so sincere, so the day was great. Can't make the<sup>19</sup> day perfect Petkie 'cause I had a fit. It seems to be all we know how to do in & wish somehow I could get rid of her so I can really be carefree once more.

SEE JUNE 15

JUNE 17

Dear Diary:

W<sup>19</sup>th morn off to Southgate to get some of  
Patti's birthday presents wrapped. Then to  
[REDACTED] 's where Kash's surprise  
party will be tomorrow. (Guess who else's  
birthday it is tomorrow?) In the car I heard  
Bob Dylan's new song "I Want You." Good,  
got an answer from WBZ Radio Boston  
about that Tom Rush record. It is  
called "The Urge for Going" an it's not  
available for sale. They referred me  
to the record company. I like the  
record so much I'm gonna write  
there an try my damnedness to get  
it. Got my full 19 hrs. pay check  
it's for \$17.60. Closed my account at  
Wauwadsee Bank & opened one at West  
Elis Bank side across the street from  
andie Cleggers. So far I got \$46.16  
in the bank. To Patti's they bout 8pm  
I gave me part of my present (a book)  
posed to be a surprise but Patti's  
ma spilled the beans about her  
new Beatles album Patti's sending  
it for the rest of my present. So  
no real flag day and gotta get up  
early for work. Had a real  
hell gookin around customer  
today.... Tom [REDACTED] He's  
real nice

JUNE 18

Dear Decay:

Pagli's <sup>19</sup> birthday. But the feelin' is lost. There is no joy, no special feelin'. But look at May 24. I guess the love I now have for God an' nature I had for <sup>19</sup> Paul. He's 24 an' Chicago radio station WLS had a special where they played his solo recordings & interview w/ him. It's the same Paul but a little different, Sheila. Paul, I want to thank you becuz of the great part you played in my life. This <sup>19</sup> sounds like a farewell. No, it isn't. Only a kind of good-bye as I thank you for the two most wonderful years I've spent. And ever tho he will never really know this that I'm sayin I'm sayin it, b'cuz I feel someone will understand everything Paul has done for me. — At work at 8 AM. Grandmother coming with me til 2 PM and worked alone till 5. Mr. [REDACTED] (the boss) calls me "the little one from paradise". He's a real old man but very good, great sense of humor, a comfort when you all keyed. Hectic day & I missed yet more 7 hrs of sleep Friday nites.

FATHER'S DAY  
JUNE 19

Dear Diary,

But what's father's day that every day  
shouldn't be? A ~~long~~ lonely day  
was for me. I was in a confused  
state of mind, an everything I looked at  
seemed to be only a misty shape or form  
and seemed to exist in a dream world.  
<sup>19</sup> But somewhere in the depths of my  
own mind, this is how my day went  
in kick bold ~~as~~ ma I was on the phone  
till 3:30 AM this morn (which I was)  
so the phone gets chained up at 10 PM  
every night from now on. I felt so  
<sup>19</sup> lonely, I kinda need someone today,  
just a voice to keep me in contact  
with the world because I am so lost  
today. My mind is not working. It  
is at a state of rest or emptiness.  
But I'm cryin now, I'd almost give  
<sup>19</sup> anything to talk to Patti tonight cuz  
she can snap me back into reality  
for a while. Now I can't even have  
that. Loneliness. Bob Dylan knows  
it all writes of it. An example is the  
piece of writing of his in the Telephone  
Numbers section in back of his book.  
He is lonely too, I guess maybe one is  
when they really can't communicate  
with everyone. I really can't with Patti  
anymore but I just need a voice

JUNE 20

Dear Diary,  
Went downtown by myself! Bought make-up, some bracelets, an the new Dylan record "I Want You." It was weird alone there. You know, two years ago when way out styles just came out, I wore them and laughed at<sup>19</sup> Now - two years later everyone's wearing them and now I blend in. So's kinda rotten. Mom said the phone's off at 10 PM cuz she wants me to get my rest so I can "get around" During the day I said yeah an when I wanna get around I can't. Her reply: All you wanna do is sit in a dirty old hole Avant episode. If that's a dirty hole then I belong in a dirty hole cuz Avant is like a home. Well, so I wanna go to the coffeehouse too. I wanna look like what I am but I don't know what someone like me looks like. I mean when people look at me I want them to think "There's one of those people that seems to be a philosopher, that has her own interpretations of happiness" - that's what I am.

JUNE 21

Dear Dixie:

Mopped about the house, ~~watched~~ watched TV  
bit, an walked to the Wells Branch  
library. Mom asked if I called Party  
from my phone. God! Went to work  
early for Grandmother. Work is comin'  
along fine & only call Grandmother  
when I need a piece or see a wrong  
order or something. I write her a  
letter every night that she gets to read  
the next mornin'. Stayed up to watch  
Jane Eyre on TV. It started at 12:15 AM  
June 22. Stayed up to watch it and  
was <sup>19</sup> spooned to do the dishes. Went  
upstairs to get my pj's on & when  
I came back down Mom'd cleaned up  
everythin'. Then she started yellin'  
& me cuz she had to do 'em. She wouldn't  
let me explain & she was real mad.  
Started cryin' cuz I felt so mopey up  
in the kitchen & I pay most of all.  
I felt so bad for Mom that this  
masochistic, dying & so cold  
really bad. Lateh (twice) I've  
stuck my fingers up myself. Oh,  
God. I pray to him, I help me. But  
I can't think when I'm doing it.  
All I know is that I want it. It's  
a great feeling, as I repeat it and  
think of anythin' else.

JUNE 22

Dear Diary:

Spent a <sup>19</sup> hot day out. Talked to Father. He's decided that I will have no rides whatever on the upstairs phone or I can talk to anyone on the downstairs phone. So Eddy, the delivery boy, and <sup>19</sup> Ziggy came around so when he comes, he comes about 5:00 and he jibes around. He's got a big black eye from a fight he was in. Guess he was in the hospital and off Anyways. Came over to Father's about 8:00 pm. Everyone's getting up the swimming pool in the back yard. Pretty funny. Anyways came here and we had outside an oysters, a foot had some fun. Charlotte <sup>19</sup> came over too. So now I'm stayin overnight here. You - you! On Thursday!!!

JUNE 23:

I know that I am some variety of a <sup>19</sup> masochist. I also know I masturbate. I want help. But where? I went to the priest in confession, told him I masturbated and he said I should go to a doctor.

JUNE 23

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN JUNE 24: See June 23 page  
that's what I wrote about today.  
Woke at Patti's we went to the library,  
got a book called Crime And the  
Mind. It discussed sex crimes,  
but as I became aware of this maso-  
chism deal I've scratched my back to  
make welts as I've taken a ~~leather~~  
leather belt and whipped myself in  
satisfaction. The talk in the book  
made me so aware I felt so guilty  
so afraid. I wanted help so much  
<sup>19</sup> how could I go to mom? Doesn't  
she have enough problems with  
Bridget & John? The priest is no  
help... go to a doctor... without  
mom knowing? Impossible! Where?  
Once I get stimulated it's too  
<sup>19</sup> hard to resist. I think "this is  
wrong" but I can't stop. Today  
I was in & thought of Dylan.....  
and stopped!!! Maybe he's just  
more than "my hero" ... he's also  
my "savior." Thank you Mr.  
<sup>19</sup> fly, Dylan. Thank ya, thank ya,  
thank ya. For what? Being what  
you are... bein' good... believe in  
life an loving it... an for just  
bein' Mr. Bobby Dylan

JUNE 24

Dear Diary:

Layed in total darkness & silence in the basement alone last night from 10:30 PM to 11:30. Thought about Bob Dylan, & an found the life I want. Came upstairs & fell asleep about 2 AM. Woke this morning at 6 AM & couldn't sleep. Read Men and 2 Women by Eleanor Duffey, ex-warden of San Quentin prison. Up & around at 9:00. Ironed all day. Went to bank. Already have \$61. 96. Pretty good, hey? Eddy, the delivery boy at Paradise, handed an envelope arranged with me few minutes. We laughed around. I guess he's getting sure of me. Guess I sorta had to "prove" myself in the beginning. Business is real dead at work. I will mention John quit his \$80<sup>a</sup> a week job at H + O cuz they want him to get his hair trimmed...but it gets me so sick and disgusted with John I could die. Farlie is reading Hope for the Troubled, a book I read way back when. She said it perfectly described her & my relationship now I'm tryin da help her, get, she said she was so happy she started crying. Think we're gettin somewhere.

JUNE 25

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN JUNE 26: Grandmother owed me two hours of work so she worked for me from 8 am to 10 am then I took over. The day wasn't very long. I knitted, read, played radio an Dylan on the record player. About 8:15 PM dad drove up on his brother's motorcycle. Down by the street John talked to him. I stayed up by the garage door where I was before he came an acted very unconcerned. Bout seven minutes later dad came running up an caught me over. He looked real fuzzy. His hair was all wind-blown an he had sun-glasses on. Same old lar, said his brother was gonna join the Outlawz. Gak! I stood very unconcerned. He does nothing for me any more. On the phone with Pattie mom started screaming. We hung up an I was about to burst. I asked mom what I should do. She said take a pill an lie down. I looked at her unbelievingly an walked outa the house. Walked around for bout 15 min. barefoot. Came home, then upstairs an began a rough letter to Bob Dylan. Told him I had to get out an tell the world my philosophies an also that I respected him so much he was telling the world what I wanted to. Wrote mail it

JUNE 26

Dear Diary:

The whole sex thing with me is gettin' me sick. Just sick. I'm so fed up with myself I can't stand it ~~an~~ more. I masturbated all over again today. Just makes me so damned mad with myself!

John had two of his friends over to ride on. They were goofin' around playing baseball an basketball. They annoyed me an once we played bridge after dinner so Bridge an her friends, & got depressed. I am writing an addled, on do my letter to Dylan that I was rejected an I wanted to belong somewhere an the only place I could was Milwaukee's cafe espresso bar my parents wouldn't let me hang around there. I'm <sup>19</sup> very seriously drinking about sneakin' up on John, while he is sleepin' an pullin' his hair. It's bushy & he was fired from the job at H + J cuz of his hair. He's kicked outta school an the pool hall got accosted anywhere! He told Linda [REDACTED] didn't wanna eat it cuz the guys "respect" him for buckin' everythin off what he "believes in." Well, this whole hair bit is so drugged out

me → My next guy I  
will choose and finally  
he'll accept me.

..... I was dappeling  
around looking for my  
purse → My purse is  
sort of somethin that  
I can hang on to as  
it'll always be there

..... I called Pashka...  
tried to get off but she  
wouldn't...she did an  
I never did find all  
of my purse → Pashka  
found me at school, I  
tried to shake her but  
she held on. Now she  
stop holdin, I hold now  
too. She is part of my  
security, not just my purse.

Now I will try to interpret my dream:

..... Lar was dancing  
an showing off → Lar  
will always be the  
sweet guy I'll remem-  
ber

..... Lar hasn't changed  
a bit → I'll always  
remember him happy

..... Lar was sitting on  
a couch by himself  
→ He is the only guy  
that's had me

..... the rest of the party  
on another. A boy next  
to me... I had my arm  
around him. Then I felt  
his arm slip around

JUNE 26

Dear Diary:

The whole sex thing with me is gettin' me sick. Just sick. I'm so fed up with myself I can't stand it ~~no~~ more. I masturbated all over again today. Just makes me so damned mad with myself!

John had two of his friends over tonight & they were goofin' around playin' basketball & basket ball. They ignored me an once more paid little attention to John & Bridge & in her friends, I got depressed. <sup>19</sup> Long waiting an ended on do my letter to Dylan that I was rejected an abandoned to belong somewhere on the only place I did was Milwaukee's cafe espresso bar my parents wouldn't let me hang around there. I'm <sup>19</sup> very schwashy thinkin' about snatching up all John's wife he is sleepin' on just in his hair. It's bushy & he was fired from the job at H & J cuz of his hair. He's kicked out & ached on the pool hall not accepted anywhere. He sold kinda [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] didn't wanna eat it cuz the guys "respect" him for buckin' everythin' for what he "believes in." Well. This whole hair bit is so drugged out

my arm around him. Then  
I felt his arm slip  
around me. The next  
scene... I was dashing  
around lookin for my  
purse upstairs. I called  
Pattie to see if she knew  
but she said no an  
kept talkin. I tried  
to get off but she  
wouldn't hang up.  
Finally she did an  
I never did find all of  
my purse.

The End

I had a dream the  
nite of June 27. It  
went basically this way:

Linda Gillette, a girl  
that lives on our block  
an with whom I went  
to grade school, was  
having a birthday party.  
The first thing I remem-  
ber was Lar dancing  
and showing off an  
everyone watching him  
an me standing looking  
at him an thinking  
Lar hasn't changed a  
bit. The next scene  
was Lar was sitting  
on a couch all by  
himself and he  
read of the party  
on another. A boy sat  
next to me.... I had

JUNE 27

Dear Diary:

19 Didn't do nothin bad today (sex-wise) Mom called the Wanwadosa Police Dept ~~on~~, Juvenile Division, an told I'm bound John an his hair. John had an appointment to go to the place, an talk to a Mr. [REDACTED] He was gone from 2 pm til 4:30. John had an made himself since all day. He didn't eat with the family. Everyone went for a ride to Oconomowoc but John had disappeared. He was back again at 10:30 pm. Mom said out her everyone's gonna mind her an be good or she's leaving. I got all upped an as poorly I got pa roundin headache. On the ride, everyone was laffin an havin a ball, cept mom, who bought some saddals today while I was in the store from regd some of the Dylan writings I typed out. 19 So is they were real "cute". Nice adjective for it. I love Dylan. He is so powerful in his mind! He's skinny an frail on the outside (his body) but he's a white Colonial masterpiece inside (his mind). Boy 19 respect him. The letter of the writer to his is so bad. I'm tryin to say a million things in a couple of lines. Dylan, thanks fer everythin. Really — Thanks

JUNE 28

Dear Diary:

John's decided not to cut his hair <sup>on</sup> & take it to Juvenile Hall. This morn there was a drunk man laying in front of our house by the tree by the street. Mom called the Rescue Squad. They came & but the man insisted he lived under that tree! Guess it was pretty funny. I ironed a lot today. Some of John's friends came over & mom told them to leave but they just snickered at her. She told 'em to leave few more times then she called the cops. They were gone late, the friends already left. I see very clearly what a mouse Dad is. Very cowardly & won't speak up, afraid of. Then later mom caught Budget at Gilles' with a buncha girls an boys. Budget got <sup>to</sup> was ~~upset~~ sponged & be grounded but she'd sneak out. Mom gave her a strapping like she needed. I've been thinkin bout this. When I was about in 5th or 6th grade, while talkin of a nun, she says (<sup>the nun said</sup>) to me "You love life, don't you?" They ways before I even knew I loved it. I guess it shows. Mom said I always did love life.

JUNE 29

Dear Diary:  
It's right now, she's takin off her  
shoes. Mom + John went to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~coffee~~ <sup>coffee</sup> shop. I guess Eddie would like to  
talk to John about this whole business  
an so she wants him to stay over  
by her house a week or so. I shall  
soon find out all that ~~happens~~  
happens. So far at work I've had  
a perfect record with the cash register.  
Eddie, the delivery boy, is getting  
real friendly. One of the customers today  
was asking me about my ring (Mr.  
████████) Any road, I write little  
notes to Grandmother an she just  
appreciates them so much. She's  
so sweet. Mom keeps tellin me what  
a "bright penny" I am in her life.  
But if I'm so extra special why  
can't I have the special privileges  
I want so much: ① to wear ear-  
rings ② to go to Avant Garde  
③ to have ~~upstairs~~ upstairs phone  
rights again. That burns me up.  
She's always tellin me how great  
I am an how she relies on my  
cheerfulness ... pooh! It's a lot  
of bull once ya get down to it.  
Well ... I wanted to write a few  
things on something but I forgot what  
it was

JUNE 30

Dear Diary:

A <sup>19</sup> third of the summer gone, an I haven't done any of the four must listed on May 8, I gone to get some of them. Linda [REDACTED] called me. She had a friend over, they were both having a good time, sayin a word or two to me once in a while. Linda got on + John asked if I told Linda bout this, hair deaf. I said no. Linda said tell me what. I refused to tell her so she hung up in my face. I called back an said simply "Stop using me for your entertainment" an hung up. She called back demandin "What ya mean?" I said I think it be better if you just thought about it + found out for yourself. She said "You're crazy." I said no you are. She said no <sup>19</sup> you are. An I said not on my terms I'm not. She said what're you tryin to do. I said I'd just tryin da da anything.... you just think about it. She said ok goodbye. I said goodbye + we hung up. My heart was beatin fast & guess this is it but I was gettin tired of her bein my "friend" whenever she pleased to. An being so two-faced an not caring really if I lived or died. I got Parlie now.

JULY 1

Dear Diary!

John excluded out of his hair, the family  
went, for a fish fry on a side down by the  
lakeside. We stepped up & sat by the  
sand & watched the moon glister on  
the gray waters. The sky gray too  
sat in love with it. As we left I  
said I'd like to stay there forever as  
Kathy turned to Bridget remarking  
"Shh! That sickening?" He drove fast  
want youafe & she said "Bettley hold  
onto them, she'll jump out. On second  
thought, let her go." There were laughs.  
Bad I sat, sad. It hurts when the  
things I love are hacked at so bad.  
Yes, Kathy... I love the world. Am I so  
you don't hurt me when you cut it  
you only show how small an un-  
aware you are. You only leave me  
to wife things like this about you.  
I saw Dylan's new album. It's  
a two LP record. Prices are high  
now, I'll have to wait til they go  
down. It's great. Really great.  
Maybe someday you'll understand  
what I stand for. Maybe I'll show  
more people too. I know I can help.  
Tatlie has seen it & she cries she's  
so happy. She is only my first &  
want to show others happiness too.

JULY 2

Dear Diary:

19<sup>th</sup> To work alone this morn I opened  
store in all. Mr. [REDACTED] came in, Grand-  
mother was in by then (she came to  
use the ~~old~~ sewing machine). She  
came back noon & Mr. [REDACTED] came  
then. He asked [REDACTED] grandmother who  
she was sewing & she said, a bikini  
for me (which it was). He teased me.  
He's my most favorite customer. I  
like him so much. Then a, My [REDACTED]  
came, He stood around - talked to me for  
about 2 hr. He's from Yugoslavia  
and has this deep accent. He kept  
saying how old he was (he's 28) and  
teased him. He's been all over the  
world, he's really lived!!! He said  
that if he saw a dead person just  
layin' there it wouldn't affect  
him in the least.... out of the way  
when he was 7 years old there were  
just dead people layin' all over an  
God!!! He was so neat but he's  
leaving for Egypt, + ~~far~~ they land  
of his. Over all others. I said that  
if anything would hold me back  
from travelin' it'd be Mom being  
lonely or something. He said  
yeah his mom cried when he left (Mr.  
[REDACTED] shall go now)

JULY 3

Dear Diary  
Ber saw the Freud book I had an started, telling me this isn't the kind of book for girls my age - that if I want a philosophy of life I should also read Dr. Thomas Aquinas. I said I had read many other books by other authors. She said if I read books like Freud I always read things in the same bracketed. We severely protesting we got off on a two hour dis-<sup>19</sup>ussing match of sorts. We got WAY off the track & began gotten annoyed up. Parke & her mid life crisis is we talked about food, adults, and experiences. She tellin me analyzing people is wrong... then analyzing me. I pointed this out... she stumbled off on another track. Her branches of her basic point was logical. Finally they left the room Patti saying she believed Ber. I wanted to run out of that house & throw my arms around a tree & cry. I went to Patti's bedroom & we two had a fight, "me crying then stopped. Why was I crying? You three ber had a good point if I was only reading Freud stuff, but I wasn't so she "was completely justified" I was happy. Ber was right! But I haven't done anything for her to prove wrong! I feel dumb cuz I was too annoyed up then to point this out

JULY 4

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN JUNE 5: Just didn't feel like writing. Woke & I started a beginning. Let's go on a picnic. So after a few hours of getting the family going we got to Wisconsin. We had an had a ball. The whole family <sup>19</sup> picked up our own special way. We didn't take us to the park we wanted to go to cuz there was a million people there. So as we drove to this park we were said jokingly thanks a lot dad! And let's go home. Funny. No kids except <sup>19</sup> Ruth went to the swings and made a real rumpus. Everyone was looking like we were juvenile delinquents. It was so funny. Then the a lot of families played baseball. Looked fun. We <sup>19</sup> hope & everyone went in the pool <sup>19</sup>. By far in the pool this year. My bikini is glad <sup>19</sup> Ruth keeps telling me he likes it <sup>19</sup> much. All <sup>19</sup> except Ruth & John went to City Park for fireworks. We even saw them shoot off the gas ones... better watching than the fireworks. It was smoky + orange when it went off and sparks were all over. Excellent! I <sup>19</sup> just saw it go off then heard it & just loved it.

JULY 5

Dear Diary:  
I<sup>19</sup> felt very weak all day, fell down the  
upstairs steps. GOD!! Mom, Grandmother and  
I went downtown after work ate and  
shopped. God Dylan's new album  
Blonde On Blonde has two records  
to it. Some are very good, some pretty  
crummy. He gets me so frustrated.  
Now that he's changed from a folk  
singer... he doesn't "reveal" him-  
self in his records no more. He's like  
Bobbin himself with songs like "I  
love you and don't you forget it  
baby." Stuff he don't even mean.  
He sounds terrible with that voice  
of his! He has a raspy scratchy voice  
good for folk but when he starts  
whining around ~~etc.~~. Ah, Dylan  
come on. Please! I'm getting irked...

John [REDACTED] hasn't written for a long  
time & I'm afraid he's stopped writing  
again just like he did for Kathy. I  
don't want that. I like him too  
much. I gotta eat more or do some-  
thin'! I feel so washed up and dead,  
up<sup>19</sup> yeah up & don't - carish like.  
I have feelings like this. No pep in  
nuthin' in me. Blah & that's it.  
Help help, I'm drowning. Glub glub  
glub glub glub 9/15 Glub Glub

JULY 6

Dear Diary: WRITTEN JUNE 8:

<sup>19</sup> Played Dylan's album and listened to it carefully. Something was wrong. Dylan wasn't simply bound himself on his findings and what he believes are loves. He was betraying someone. I was getting scared...when I don't understand someone. Dylan doesn't seem to not understand myself. I couldn't sleep so I got up early in the AM...about 1 AM or 2 July 7 as began reading the little pocket book I have on Dylan...and read. It quoted Bob in saying they is some shiz, ok an ride about it. Then I began wondering. Could it be Dylan recorded  
<sup>19</sup> one gummy song for kicks? I rested, yes, because it was only one whiny song I thought Dylan you big my gummy jam fell asleep. My thin like this is to guess what someone's doing. I guess I am learnin on Dylan do words a "protector" or "guide" do my own steps but that's ok & wanna be like him anyhow.

JULY 7

Dear Diary:

W<sup>19</sup> JUNE 8: Today is Reijo's birth-  
day but I didn't remember. About  
1 AM June 8 Kapp heard it on the  
radio and told me. That's pretty  
bad when you forget their birth-  
days, Lousy! Went to the store and  
bought a couple folk albums that  
had some of Dylan's writings on  
em. I'm gonna copy them and take  
the albums back. Mom's ingenious  
idea. The writers are just great,  
really great. Grandmother and I  
took a bus downtown after work  
today. We ate + shopped around. I  
got two long necklaces. Blago  
brought them for me. Patti<sup>19</sup> called  
me and said she read that  
Bob Dylan is married in Sixteen  
Magazine...and I have never enjoyed  
Sixteen Mag or sell a lie. So I  
guess it's true. I'm not sad tho.  
Now she ole boy kin have some  
fun. all I kin say is I wish  
he was married. She better not  
hard him tho. She's a model  
she might say. So she must be  
pretty...but she better have some  
fun in that head a hers. She  
better be good to Bob

JULY 8

Dear Day:

typed these Dylan writings. It worked.  
was regular bout last in you. Gee, Work  
is dull an every once in a while I make  
a mistake. Oh well. Gimme time yet.  
Kathy & mom are babbling it out  
lately. Kath smart off on me tells  
her if she don't fix it she can move  
out. Coffie and I're gettin along very  
well lately. I'm leadin a very unevent-  
ful life lately. I plan on going sight-  
seeing to the courthouse or the paper town  
some day next week. Probably rea-

<sup>19</sup>lly has been "attacking" me. Boy  
I'm gonna get rusty if somebody  
don't make me use my defensive  
July 5 when mom & grandmother  
separated from me a few minutes  
a snappy dressed man of about  
<sup>25</sup> approached me an asked what I  
was doing. I said nothing, actin very  
indifferent towards him. He asked  
if I wanted to have a Coke with  
him and I said no. He walked across  
the street with me. I asked if he  
<sup>19</sup> didn't have anything to do  
be social no. He said ~~then~~ well  
bye. I walked on. I got lots of think  
of a good come-back that I make  
guys like him I HINK

JULY 9

Dear Diary,  
Saturday so I worked. Patti's stopped by the  
house and gave me my beloved birthday  
present... Bob Dylan's album that I got all  
wrecked. Finally got a letter from John [redacted]  
[redacted] only two pages. Rather dry. I've de-  
cided to go to the courthouse this coming  
week. Pretty sure I wanna do bad all  
alone by myself. I have been sick down  
with Patti... havin my weekly planned out  
for me. Can't it just be a friendship  
in not a relationship or an attachment?  
I'm glad I don't have friends as  
my father's gettin me sick little by  
little this summer's slippin by gone  
gone.... an I don't want it to go  
way. Wish somehow I could lessen  
this attachment between Patti & I.  
finished that sweater & was kickin.  
Finally. It looks nice for like Lya's  
sister wearing... if I ever get there.  
No one to go with. John's grounded  
til he gets a haircut. Kash fastey  
me. Who? who? Oh, avant garde.  
sing on. But this week I plan to  
very carefully gone. Go on  
the road. If only I had a big life  
had. I guess I have, what the folk  
singers call the highway blues an  
she calls ANTS IN THE PANTS

JULY 10

Dear Diary:

To<sup>19</sup> mass & all in the pool. Got a sunburn. Not too bad. Convinced Kathie had just left her in the pool. Scheduled for this Wednesday at 1:30. afraid that Mack might call me upstairs one day & Kath will answer it or nobody'll answer it. Any he won't be able to get me if he tried. Thinkin bout mifkin him but I'd want him ta write back an then Mom'll have a big thing. Don't wanna lose him as a friend. Heard on the radio yesterday that to Dugg Bros. (the guitar place where Phil work ed) was robbed. Made me think of it feel wonderin if once he really did like me. Sometimes I'd try to get in touch with him for bus. I'm sure he does, I bet he would even remember me! Shila, who what hell. Lookin ta really like my new Dylan album. Real much. Or popp. I know of anyone write a phi osophy book of all my philosophy. Wonder if I'd get as far as last do HA HA HA I forgot it. No really. Maybe I'd be someone good. Well beautiful dreamt

JULY 11

Dear Diary:

I am lonely. I sat outside in the dark  
for about a half hour... thinkin about (it  
seems funny, but) Dar, Larrie. Feeling  
what I needed an loved him so much. But  
for love's sake I have him no more. He  
comes around to talk to John and I sit an  
look at him as if wish I could put my  
arms around him an love him so hard.  
But I have no one. Not even anythin  
or anyone to share my love of life with.  
Sharing. Yes it is a part of loving.  
Loving is makin' him of everlastin happiness  
if there is no one to share the love  
with. In them like yesterday I think  
of Mack, Phil.... but they aren't even  
here or even there, I guess I kin just  
be a loner for so long an then ya just  
need people an life so badly. Is there  
a place I can sit to watch others share?  
Even that would make me feel better.  
Laugh laugh an cry cry. Where?  
where? Love love. Not hin' makin'  
Where does somethin like me go an be  
able to go? Is there anyone out there  
who wants to share? I know Dylan  
has known loneliness but where has  
anywhere to go. No mama to save  
him. Mama mama. If I don't need  
your bullet-proof glass no more

JULY 12

Dear Diary:

WRTBN JULY 13: Mr. [redacted] came in today. We were talkin' bout him as a higirls. He couldn't believe I didn't have a boyfriend that I was alone. He then started off smoking sayin he thought girls that smoke were creeps. I told him, after been asked, that I didn't smoke a cup of my life philosophical type. He says he have a reason for everything I do and I shouldn't bring ~~eye~~ good reasons to smoke. Told him last <sup>19</sup> I searched up got real mad when I cornered her when asper her why she did an he lapped his head off. My first <sup>19</sup> seen course lesson at Boston Lodge, takin the course for girls 15 to 18. Pretty dumb so far. Practically all the girls are clucky fat, frizzy hair, crappy clothes, chewing gum. They looked at me like a fool. My head is sumthin, the teacher said I had very interesting eye brows an I shouldn't be I have like everyone else does cuz they'd lose their individuality. Gee, you think! Interesting eyebrows! Wow! pretty scary (? sorry)

JULY 13

Dear Diary:  
Pattie came over an John carried her out  
the pool. He came in, too, an carried  
her back in the house. Pattie was all dressed,<sup>18</sup> up an oh Goo! That was the  
whole day. John John John. Sorta sick-  
ening. Someday...someday!!! I'm  
<sup>19</sup> gonna leave her an the family an  
Milwaukee. I'm gonna go out ta where  
love. Find what I want. Ya  
know sometimes I imagine if  
real the feelin someone is holdin me  
love. I create a feelin of love as I feel.  
<sup>19</sup> sad guy I'm creatin it. No love for  
specia. Just loneliness. Bobby Dylan  
knew how I feel now what he got  
married whenever that was. I  
guess Dylan had only a few girls.  
My [REDACTED] yesterday said I have  
time yet for boys. Yeah but I need  
them now honey now. Tippin' feels  
ya just wanna be caressed so much.  
Carol for. Been thinkin of her lately  
readin bout him in you & in last  
year's diary. Good ole day. He  
still comes around. Lately she  
been havin dreams of what &  
expect to happen the next day.  
Kin ya know jd never turns out  
the way I dream it

JULY 14

I had a dream as I  
slept the night of July  
4.

A girl ordered me to  
go and bring her break-  
fast to her and I said  
you go order it off  
I'll carry the tray  
for you. The girl  
left. Mom came in  
and said what's  
the matter. I said  
nothing. She said  
I know what. You  
haven't gone to con-  
fession... That's why  
you haven't been to  
Communion so long.  
I said no that's  
not it but she

insisted it was.

# The End

My Translation:

The girl at the beginning  
was ~~Patrice~~ up me  
getting sick of being  
"ordered" to wait on  
her.

The thing about  
confession. Well this  
masturbation bid  
keeps bothering me an  
the only place I can  
think to go to is con-  
fession but  
even that's no  
help.

Dear Deary:

Made up at 9:30 but fell back asleep  
<sup>19</sup> Dreamed of her. Close up shot of  
us kissing and holding each other  
real gently. Kath an Bridget were  
sittin with their backs towards  
us. Then Bridget came up on her  
yelled at her to go sit back down  
for he gave her a spanking! Check  
that! Sooth moodly an depressed all  
day. Frobby guy yesterday was such  
a disappointment to me. So very  
good with mom as grandmother  
an <sup>19</sup> terrible with Kath. A real cold  
war between us. I think they kids  
feel I'm just tryin an actin real  
nice ta get in good with mom.  
Pat an Mary [REDACTED] have been stickin  
around Mr. M. [REDACTED] is on the kick  
of wantin to let her nails grow so  
I helped her with that. Pat & I just  
play around once in a while. He's  
always out & on the go with his boy  
friends. Herecomes little Shelly  
storkin on in the middle. What's  
ya <sup>19</sup> been doing lately? What's the  
latest philosophy? Really wanna  
know? Well here goes  Look at  
what you have now and find the  
best in it

JULY 15

Dear Diary:

I got an anonymous phone call from a girl. She asked over and over how I was talked to her about 5 minutes my defensive double-meanin talk. I know who, what, where, or why. Oh well. I feel very trapped. Not exactly trapped but as if I'm doing something wrong. I've felt that way since July 3. Sounds crazy but it's true. What had next? That's how I feel. What people like me do to be happy. I AM happy but I'm also mangled-up when I think hard on it. Can't understand why. Wanted to write a book of my philosophies but now I'm not sure what they are! Bad dad. It's the truth, I feel so bad. I don't even know what I believe anymore. I think pretty many of my philosophies have just become such a part of me that I don't even realize what they are. I wasna go to the courthouse!! Boy oh boy! I'm gonna look in my wildins in you, my writing, and I'm gonna ask teacher for the notes I gave her during school. She saved every one of 'm. Maybe I have yet to the bottom of me

JULY 16

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN JULY 18: Worked all day  
Mr. [REDACTED] care is a little  
while. We talked about the  
recent murder of 8 nurses  
in Chicago. I began writing  
a thesis or my philosophy  
and ideas on Capital Pun-  
ishment. As you've probably  
guessed already I'm abso-  
lutely positively inclined a  
suggestion off a doubt against  
it. At I feel I've got a  
pretty good argument op-  
posite. As usual Grand-  
ma came in. After work we  
went to eat at [REDACTED]  
Avenue and slept over at  
Grandma.

19

WRITTEN JULY 30:

Hey you stupid alegy Squen  
cutting down that old  
ugly SHIT UP! On your  
face pointing out you "up"  
way somethin so point as  
I'll do a dance for you.  
Please send some tea and  
sugar this way please

JULY  
17

time off for yourself  
and then look for a  
job." Dad added, "You  
remember we have indoor  
toilets. Don't forget  
diggin' one of them  
darn holes. An don't  
throw your beer bottles  
over the fence, our  
neighbors don't like  
that. An you'll have  
to remember our neighbors  
are early sleepers so  
you'll have to keep  
the kids quiet after  
midnite." Rich said,  
"Well, are ya sure  
there's no laws against  
this here in Wauwadousan?"  
Funny! The little  
wife came running  
out with the hose  
an moved way over  
to the fence to clean

an when everyone started talkin' quiet, she moved closer an turned down the hose.

were looking Funny!!!!

Boy, our neighbors can't stand our six kids much less someone else's added five! Our family has the greatest way of goofin around! I love it.

Whoopeeee

Dear [redacted]  
SITTIN JUNE 18: Rich an Ellie come over with their 5 young kids. Bridget an her friends were talkin behind Aug's back in she heid it up & hollered around with her. Up to the neighborhood of Giffles an stayed for walks. Dad talked them kinda stayin overnight so they had up their 10-man tent in the backyard. All our neighbors were outside so Dad thought we'd play a game so he started sayin real loud "Now just don't you worry, Rich. So ya lost your job. Ya kin just pitch yerself here its our backyard in life here until ya kin find another job or if leavin the three oldies kids with us, his folks doesn't work now, his bring them here too, after all what're friends for?" They all laughed & they'd planned to leave so Ellie said "A hat's sick Rich. In fact, you deserve vacation." Mom said "In fact why don't you not look for a job for a couple of weeks an take some

JULY 18

Dear Diana

Slept in <sup>19</sup> Dick & Ellie's tent with  
their five, Pat, & Mary [REDACTED] Did it the  
rugged way, no pillow, now I got  
a sore neck! It was fun anyhow  
they left here this morn, with  
our promise to come ~~back~~ here  
weekend after Labor Day. After  
supper I went to sleep over at  
Grandm'. She took me boat once  
when I was about three yrs. old.  
I painted my leg an lay on the  
floor. The kids came runnin' up  
<sup>19</sup> to Dick, Grandmother I was sick and  
couldn't ~~were~~ <sup>more</sup> my leg. She game runn  
down prnickly. It was the time of  
the polio scare & she thought I had  
it. She picked me up, yellin' Oh God  
her legs all black an blue. I was  
layin' like I was dead in her arms  
but I looked up an said cheerfully  
I put that there! Grandm'  
said I had the greatest imagi-  
nation. That's when I was  
also on that Lassie kick. When  
mom was drivin' me to kindergarten  
I screamed cuz I said mom I  
slammed the door on my Lassie  
my imaginary collie dog pet.

JULY 19

Dear Diary:

WITTEN JULY 20: Went to Chappa School  
when the lady saw my bony  
walk she laughed and asked me if I  
always walked like that, I said yes,  
she tried to make me walk right but I  
kept stumbling and it was really funny.  
<sup>19</sup> Bought mom a scarf and two fudge  
bars an grandmother a half pound  
of her sugar-free chocolate. They were  
both very pleased. Eddy, Paladisi's  
boy, came in puffin a cigar. I  
tasted him. He said here take a puff  
I did, not coffee or chocolate by  
mistake. I handed it back to him  
he said I didn't like the taste. He  
looked rather surprised that I  
didn't choke on it. Funny!

10 summer is just goin so fast  
fast an it's just a big flop.  
Every week it's seemly so I  
can't get to the court house &  
myself admit tho that a long I'd  
know what I have to do if I want  
to hear a trial. That's fine we just  
walked in an sat down. No place  
ya kin just do that. Well I'm  
stubbonly determined to get there.  
Now it seems Father's ma won't let her  
go so I want Gande

JULY 20

Dear Diary,

Brought a Simon on ~~start~~ <sup>19</sup> land, I  
picked up a folk-rock side  
Very good. One selection of especially like April Come the Well. It's  
real soft and quiet and gentle some  
have a new nutty get-up: My  
black rain-hat, sunglasses, my  
blue and black striped dress, long  
black necklace, black textured  
nyloons, and my black shoes. Look  
real right. Also, of course, my  
black shoulder bag. There's a  
stink about Jilles' and there's a  
possibility of it closing down.  
There's cops all over. See, 150  
people signed a petition <sup>19</sup> they  
didn't like the kids showin'  
their junk in their yards or the  
cars or everythin'. So it's been  
watched now. man got a work-  
ing ticket for havin' her birth  
lifes on in the car. Dylan got  
the front cover of a long  
white-up in the Saturday  
<sup>19</sup> Evening Post. Haven't had time  
to read it yet. Dylan, baby,  
you son of a gun, whatcha  
tryin' to do... bomb the world  
Well then GET TO IT

JULY 21

Dear Diary:

Work is really dead these days. I undertaken the job of sending out 30-day notice cards to people that leave their things at the store over 30-days. We got some here left since 1964 or even earlier. Just love my Simon & Garfunkel album. Day called John, & John went to his house all afternoon. What's this?? Yup, it's true! They're both hard up for a friend. Well, I guess it's okay... it's Thursday! Day does not move me anymore than any other guy I see anymore. Kath went on a date tonight with a guy who tried to pick her up. I guess he tried to talk her into doing stuff but she wouldn't so he brought her home. I guess now Kath also like a real daring big shot. There was a "Podernanny" program on today with Joan Baez. The other half I'll be on next week. pretty good except for some old man who came on to play his bagpipes.

I wish I could play guitar folk style. But I guess I'll get my guy on if I'm lucky he'll play an with music, & writer Eric an baby we got a good thing goin

JULY 22

Dear Diary:

I feel weird like I have to prove I'm different like I've gotta show someone what's in my head. I don't like <sup>19</sup> magazine stations or records. I don't like movie magazines. I'm getting "old". But I know if this is "old" then "old" is the only thing for me. No, I could never be like them. They seem angry. I like records that they have never heard. And that they cannot understand simply becuz they have never seen in life what I have done. The writers of my records have, Ah, but they don't appear to be as happy as I am. They have to be what I am because if I <sup>19</sup> do it's not like they can see any feel the falseness of it. And I got sick. I am so grateful for life. I thank God so much for making me alive. I love life more than any <sup>19</sup> thing. I wish everyone could see how lucky they are just merely to be living. My motto: Love life and <sup>19</sup> live it. I love you

JULY 23

Dear Gary:

I picked outta bed last night an put  
in Bridget's rock bed without a pillow.  
I hardly got any sleep as I was in a  
weird mood all day. Work was pretty  
busy, I just say. I didn't wanna  
read. I read a special on the speech  
monsters, case an suddenly it hit me  
that it was real an began cryin,  
thinkin why do things like this have  
to happen? I just wanted to get  
a lesson da vision & fulfilled  
"Ashley's Song." I was on edge ofa  
19. get home from work. Oh well. I can't  
really dwell on it cuz I'm writing this he  
24th Now I'm sittin kind of lone  
some, lonesome for "my people." I mean,  
people that share my feelings like,  
etc someone I can be with. Ya know  
if I had someone like that I'd be  
helped enough to fulfill myself. I  
mean. I'd know where my next  
step is. I'm sorta just rollin along  
now but courage from someone else  
can push me to step hard in  
the direction I'm goin. instead of  
just floppin there. Companionship  
is what I need. Not like that big  
someone that can pull me not  
just me helpin them

WRITTEN JULY 25

JULY 24

Dear Diary:

The <sup>19</sup> doctor came this morn after  
Grandpa complained of chest pains.  
Dr [REDACTED] rushed him to Misericordia  
Hospital, sayin he had a coronary  
heart attack. Ma felt weird  
as Grandmother was worried. I  
had to reassure mom it wasn't  
her fault she didn't feel any  
thing for Grandpa. Anyway it's  
Bridget's birthday. Big deal.  
After cake I went to stay over  
nights here with Grandm cu<sup>19</sup>  
she wasn't feelin so high up  
as it's lonesome sleepin all  
alone. I've made a major  
decision. I've decided to  
let my bangs grow out an  
wear my hair Joann Baer-style.  
Grandm said she liked it cuz  
ya could see my eyebrows an  
mom said it was OK esp just  
so I could take care of it. I  
feel this is one step to lookin  
the way I feel. So it's a way I  
can maybe have people look at  
me an get accus to Shelly "yeah  
there's a different one. She's not  
like the rest. There's somethin  
different about her."

JULY 25

Dear Diary:

Keepin' eyes at Grandm again.  
Went with her & mom to see  
Grandpa at the hospital. He's  
engaged, or an there's a possi-  
bility it wasn't a head attack  
after all. The family except Lott

<sup>19</sup> Dad went to Lucille's for  
the day. We ate there on Sun-  
day's new house. Had fun.  
I'm wearing my fair Dean-Barry-  
style with my bangs mixed  
in with the rest of my hair. They  
<sup>19</sup> rip back a lot but I hope to  
train them to do otherwise. Public  
tried to stand a fine position up  
not doing enough stuff together.  
She wants to go SHOPPING. Not  
for anything in mind "look around."

<sup>19</sup> told her I didn't want to  
and thought it was stupid to  
look at stuff you not gonna  
buy. She didn't like I had  
so well. She told her in a  
letter that I don't want to  
<sup>19</sup> get involved in her cuz I don't  
want to be attached when I decide  
to leave. I also hate being part  
friendly friendship. I think she needs  
it spelled out.

JULY 26

Dear Deary! WRITTEN JULY 30

To <sup>19</sup> Chapman school an hour's sleep away  
My hair is my own baby & an  
honest she made the impression  
"There's one of them that stayed  
this business in the south." Good  
guy of course. I'm protesting  
all kinds of things an I'm  
happy about it. I walked all  
those streets where the light was  
heavy. Went into a restaurant  
as ordered coffee, an ragazzo  
I am going to go into a dirty  
little coffee shop next week.

<sup>19</sup> You see I'm a beachnik ... an  
esthnic. Walkin' one boy says  
poligogis ad me of another  
"hoof ad thad!" Course he  
got a long Dylan look. I'm  
a completely new person. I am  
happy an now I've got some  
big fat hell the world an  
that on the roof tops. Boy  
if I only could. This is my  
own wish to be able to tell  
the world what I want

<sup>19</sup> to be I'm a weirdo ... I'm bi  
sexual you know I got  
engaged this in my heart  
had everyone there but

JULY 27

Dear Diary:  
Just finished watching a movie. It  
portrayed an ex-convict that ~~had~~ had  
been kind of an the motto to give. He went  
out into the world and gave and gave and  
then the law was after him for breaking  
parole by not reporting every month. So  
<sup>19</sup> his cop chasing him, the convict had  
many chances to kill him but he  
didn't. The cop remembered this ~~an~~  
~~background~~. The convict  
prayed now Lord you take what  
you will... and he went out and  
found the cop and drowned him-  
self and left him free. Well,  
give. An you, you don't stop  
givin'. An I know... I know,  
you'll get in the end. Sacri-  
fice everything... an all will  
be repaid to you. Oh, if only  
everyone KNEW this! I want  
to scream it from the roof  
tops!! Love Give love love

Maybe someday I'll be able  
<sup>20</sup> to sell the world. I'll be able  
to maybe make another see that  
givin' an lovin' are the only two  
things there are in life  
**LOVE** as you will be loved

JULY 28

Dear Diary: WRITTEN JULY 30

19 To night I spoke with a Negro girl  
talk tellin her that she  
never do you could be like  
friend of mine. She said  
she's felt friction between  
us since she come over.  
19 told her I've been doing what  
impor<sup>d</sup>ant stuff we don't  
wear & grow of they weren't  
made or fash<sup>n</sup>. We were  
explaining an both of us were  
sad. But it was the truth  
19 we'd better admit it.  
I said I didn't believe she  
ever wanted to go to the  
library with me or like Bob  
Dylan or wanted to go to  
Brand every single time  
19 many things happened.  
I guess I really lost a  
big fight when I found  
out she played me for a  
fool. I lost a lot for her  
when I found out she  
could never be close to a  
white. She admitted off  
right I wanna go to the library  
she lies to me to satisfy me  
but it just chips out friendship

JULY 29

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN JULY 30: When Pat & I were  
supposed to call me & left the  
house for work so she quickly  
over the expressway I watched  
the cars zoom under me, am a  
few cars beeped at the green  
19 drivers waved. People felt  
down my cheeks to think that  
they cared enough to say  
Pooh that little effort to  
acknowledge a stranger. I  
have been there watching all  
the cars under me than the  
fences. I got some in called  
Pat & I am she said she was  
wishes to Dylan asking him  
how do we save the friendship.  
We both care for each other  
an 19 love each other but  
hard exists every once in a  
while you we're so close that  
a hand pushes us away a  
little at a time. See I need a  
years ago "help my friend  
the world" to ~~the~~ share in  
my dreams they mean so  
much to me. But sometimes she  
means somer so to me so  
I could not "drop" her as Bence

Dear Diary:

JULY 30

WRITTEN JULY 1: My first full day of working on Saturday with my grandfather's cousin in [REDACTED] I conversed John [REDACTED] since Dylan. Chucked in my talk on topical songs... John [REDACTED] is knocked him an say in how dumb he is. On an on he did. Finally I wrote him to leave Dylan alone as if he'd know what Dylan was all about he'd see he was a great guy. John had just knocked him twice that and got a letter from him off a 27th quote "What do you think on Dylan on Blonde? It's great - He says sooo much and means sooo much more. It's a new Dylan and a great Dylan." Boy oh boy! What a change since last time. He also wrote "Do you think we could get together for some Sunday for the day? I'd like to see what you look like now that you're a whole year older and two years more mature. Thank you sir!"

JULY 31

Dear Diary:

WRITTEN AUG 1: Lar an John are so faddly baddly lately. Catch this: Today Lar was enjoyed ta bring John & a girl from Paris he likes of Avant Garde ... sort of a date. Well at the last minute Lar called he couldn't get the car. They had to call the whole date off! Funny! He came over.. I was sittin on the platform with back in my bikini. He seemed just to even 've noticed me. I felt kinda hurt. John hopped on the back of Lar's motorcycle an they were off. Me (Mom, Grandm. & I) saw Lar on his cycle with a girl on the back the other day. She didn't look anything special rather plain actually. Oh also, Steve Sohmer from summer of '65 keeps comin over once in awhile an flangs up talk to John. I don't know what these two keep copin over. I all do John for! Good couple 'a years! Hopefully it really wish Lar would stay away so I didn't have to remember evrythin .....

Written Aug 5  
AUGUST 1

Dear Diary:

Well, the family including Kath and I set out <sup>19</sup> for a go fishing at Pewaukee lake. It rained before, earlier, in the day up everyone thought it was nuts to go but we all dressed in the crappiest of our clothes up off we were. As soon as we'd gotten all the poles out an every then it began pourin' in buckets. We made a wild dash for the car an got home. It was really funny — mom was screaming an yellin' at Dad an oh boy! Every ride since July 24<sup>th</sup> I've stayed over at grandmothers. It is lonely for her to sleep alone in the big house an well and I'm kinda gettin' sick of it but I feel it's the least I can do for every<sup>19</sup> thing she's ever done for me. It is kind of an act of mercy or charity or somethin'. Kath is disgusted with the way I am. I ate normal teen-bee stuff. The teenage music at Clothes, (I've always hated that) an action an just everything. I'm maturing fast & I love it.

AUGUST 2

Dear Diary:

WATSON AUG 5: To charm school an then  
I went up bought the Joanie Bay album I've been dying to get. I thought  
like if it cost me \$5 — and do I do it's  
real good. She has a beautiful  
voicing... like an opera singer singing  
folk. She plays good folk guitar  
too. In the combinations is very  
pleasing. She doesn't write her  
own music up I know so she started  
a "Non-Violence School" (so says him  
where they take the children out  
into the meadows an forests an  
teach them about nature, ect.,  
these sound good to me. Any  
who I love the album & I'll probably  
end up buying more of hers.  
<sup>19</sup> also, I now see she participates in  
protest marches an picket lines  
an that for Negroes an I figure  
that she believes us ... like that.  
I think I'll look more into her  
to see what she's all about.  
<sup>19</sup> Today I walked into a broken  
down ole coffee shop on 1st Street  
an had tea. It was weird the  
waiter asked me if I wanted a  
"meal" with it I shook my head

Written Aug 5  
AUGUST 3

Dear Diary:

Today I went to the courthouse - an Bridget asked to go along. I thought maybe I could show her some of my life to show her how pick her was in comparison an maybe get her outta this rut, she's in with me. So we went on down by bus. An off into the court house. The place was quiet with nothing goin on so we decided we'd eat an come back. We did an caught up the beginning of a stupid traffic case where nobody knew nuthin an it was so <sup>19</sup> borin we left. We found another traffic case where nobody even knew who hit who so we stayed til that one finished an we went to that coffee shop it went to yesterday. We got lemonades an from there took the bus to the paradise. I was disappointed in the court... but at least I know there ain't nuthin ta do ta get in... just walk into one of the courts an sit down an behave an no one says nuthin ta ya. Looked in the paper an saw there a murder trial Aug 23 'll be goin like yesterday the family packed a picnic supper an went fishing afterwards. Very good, an fun to get together like that.

AUGUST 4

Dear Diary:

Not successful I feel lucky. Finally  
I've found whatever it was I've been  
lookin for these last few years. Now I know  
what I will do when I become 18. I will  
leave home an go somewhere to get an apart-  
ment. An I'll travel, on. I'll write, tryin ta make  
a buck here an then with them. An right now  
I think I'll start tryin ta show others my  
writing. I wanna write to the Chicago  
papers an tell it how stupid I think  
this riot business between the Negroes an  
the whites is. I wanna send in some of  
my <sup>19</sup> poetry to a Folk magazine an talkin about  
folk magazines I wanna subscribe to one.  
Maybe I can circulate my works this way.  
I will go to Newport Rhode Island to see  
the Folk Festival they have there annually.  
Somehow I'll try, ta make myself known...  
but I just hope what I have to be  
made known will be understood an taken  
seriously simply cuz it is. An what I'll  
be waitin for mostly will be the one I  
love. He will sit an play Folk guitar  
an me I'll stand by his side with my  
hand on his shoulder an sing my heart  
out — like Ian & Sylvia or the  
Farcinias. An we'll love each other so so  
much. This is my dream — an I pray oh  
I pray it will come true

AUGUST 5

Dear Diary:

Yes this is how I print. Don't try figure me out. It's impossible any "normals". Well, nothing spectacular today. I'm goofin around a lot with the customers at work. Some of them go around right back an I get such a kick outa actin weird art funny. They look at me in utter disbelief - includin Eddie. But it's a lotta fun.

CONTINUED FROM AUGUST 13

of<sup>19</sup> my thoughts, that I could express. Byd the only thought that fills my mind is that Richard is dead. I wonder what intense force drove him so relentlessly that a violent, meaningless, end was its final outlet. And I keep telling myself that his words can still live through me (and other me's) but I find death very difficult to accept, and b<sup>19</sup>ecuz I'm so concerned wif life as he was. I hope Mini is eat in som Big sur wind tunnel finif swallow and confrivng some celebriations to ease the pain of a gray day

AUGUST 6

Dear Diary:

Worked all day. I'm writin a book of my philosophies an I wanna try get it published. I'm thinkin of sendin it into a Salk magazine or maybe Post magazine where they want opinions on the war, capital punishment, an civil rights, etc. Like that I read my chapter on capital punishment to Patrice an she said it was really great. She an I have been gettin along qd salutqly famous lately an I feel like I just lost love for so much. Just lately. Look about a week ago we were wanderin how the hell we were ever gonna get along. But we've been seemin each other, laffin, really great an I'm glad I found what's got over me lately. I think it's that I now know what where how an when concerns my future an I see it does also you. So Patrice, my mom, grandmother, an grandfather very much. An I'm very happy too. My bangs aren't co-operatin an stayin on the side nice like they should. Wish they'd hurry an grow out.

AUGUST 7

Dear Diary:

Darin Pass, I felt a little faint so I went outside. Mom said I looked green an I felt as if my knees were gonna buckle under me. Then like I was walking on clouds, I got home an laid on the couch an Mom was all papicky giving me milk an everythin. She says she's gonna get a doctor appointment for me. I wonder if I should tell the doctor about my masturbation. I've been very much lately. I haven't been to confession for ~~six~~ months but I know what ya say "I masturbated about 1,000 times I'm sure. I feel so embarrassed an it's just horrid. I know something's wrong with me physically cuz once in a while down there I get a tinglin sensation an itchin an I gotta touch myself to relieve it. Anywho I know I gotta pick up my health an start eatin meals otherwise I won't be in good healthy shape. I go out an convert the world an all that kinda stuff.

AUGUST 8

gar Diary:  
I went to Chicago with Tattie an her parents  
to the Museum of Science and Industry. On  
the way drivin down, the expressway was  
hopelessly crowded and jammed. Trucks  
surrounded us an everywhere ya looked was  
a busy road I loved it. Then we drove  
down thru the Negro district. I dug  
the broken buildings an the dirt an the  
crowded narrow sidewalks. The old  
rottin stores an the crowds of kids.  
I dug the confusion, Chicago is a city  
built up an I dug it. An I'm a-  
goin back yes I'm a-comin on back  
Chicago. Cuz yer what I feel an I  
gotta be by ya an around ya an in ya,  
part of ya. Chicago's big an mighty  
an its got life. It's what's happenin  
in my mind. It's gotta be what's hap-  
penin ya my body too. The Museum  
was dull an boring. We drove home on  
the lakeside. But where we were, that  
stenchy air, the fumblin buildings an  
broken windows, the ragged children an  
that's where life for me is. There's  
no other place. I will come back  
Chicago. I will. An I'll only leave  
ya ya only come back on my way  
round. Cuz for me life is the glooms  
an the castle's in the skies

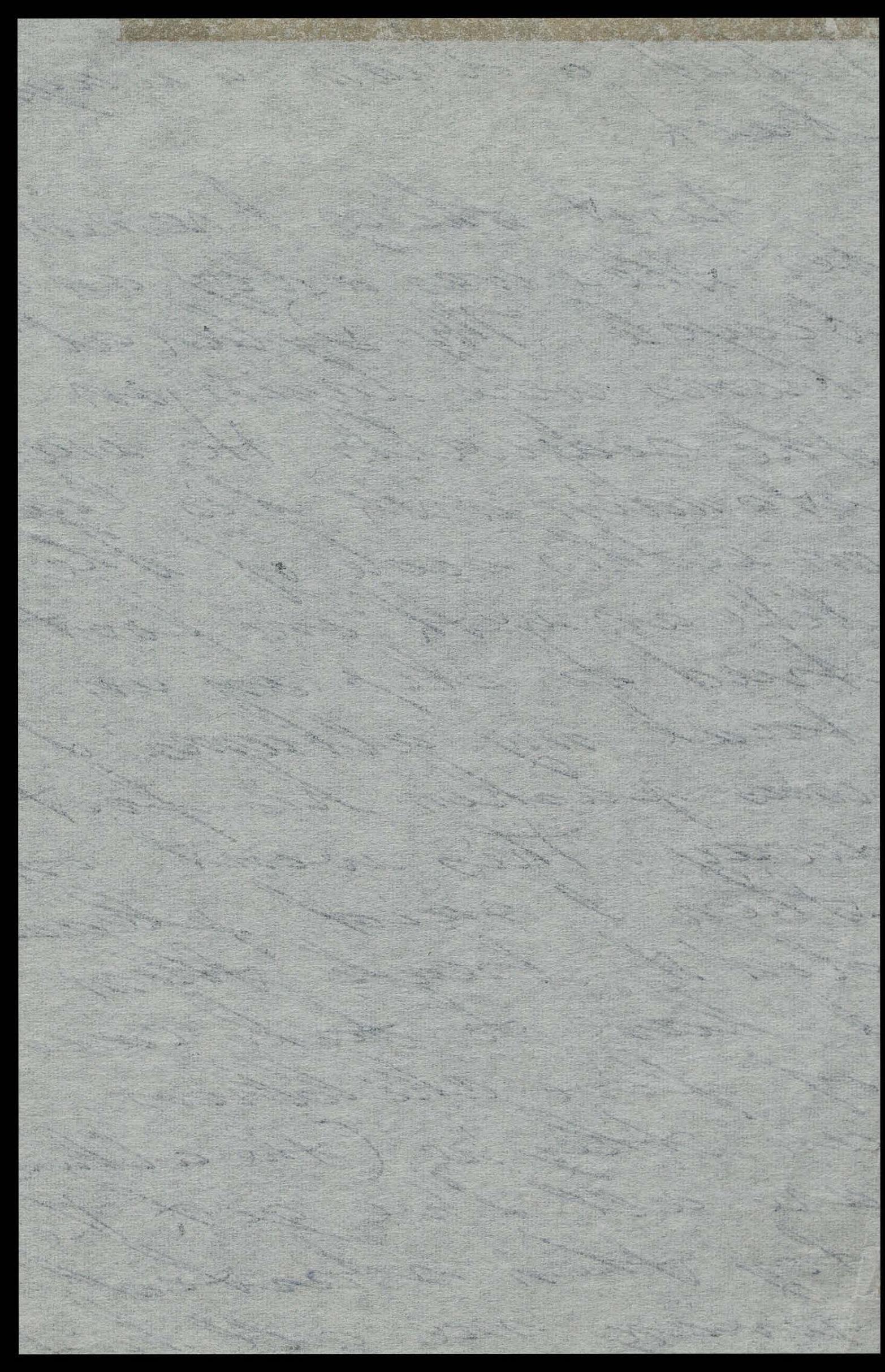
AUGUST 9

Dear Diary:

Yes,<sup>19</sup> I am a dreamer. But my dreams  
not so unreal. They can be fulfilled  
as one already has been. To find what  
I wanted....an I have. An all, it is now  
that I need is opportunity...a chance  
to have my dreams fulfilled. An that will  
come in time. For my independence is not  
too far away an yes when it comes, I  
will softly walk away - leaving only a  
memory for the ones I love. An there  
will be the love an the world of trials  
starin me in the face an I'll say ok I  
can<sup>19</sup> beat you too. An I'll reach for my  
shiv an cut at the hates an trials an  
I'll allow no strong grasp on me. I ain't  
leavin the track cuz it ain't worth the  
lonely road back. I'll stroll along the  
shore an laff with my friends an cry  
when I know hurt will be tossed at me  
many more times to come. An when he  
comes along my heart an his, will join  
ta create sumthin too solid to destroy  
an only death will put an end to  
our songs, our love, an our happiness-  
ses<sup>19</sup> Oh yes. A dreamer's thoughts. Ah,  
yes, I am a dreamer. But many a  
dream has been fulfilled in the past,  
an many a dream for me shall open  
into the world an cry out.

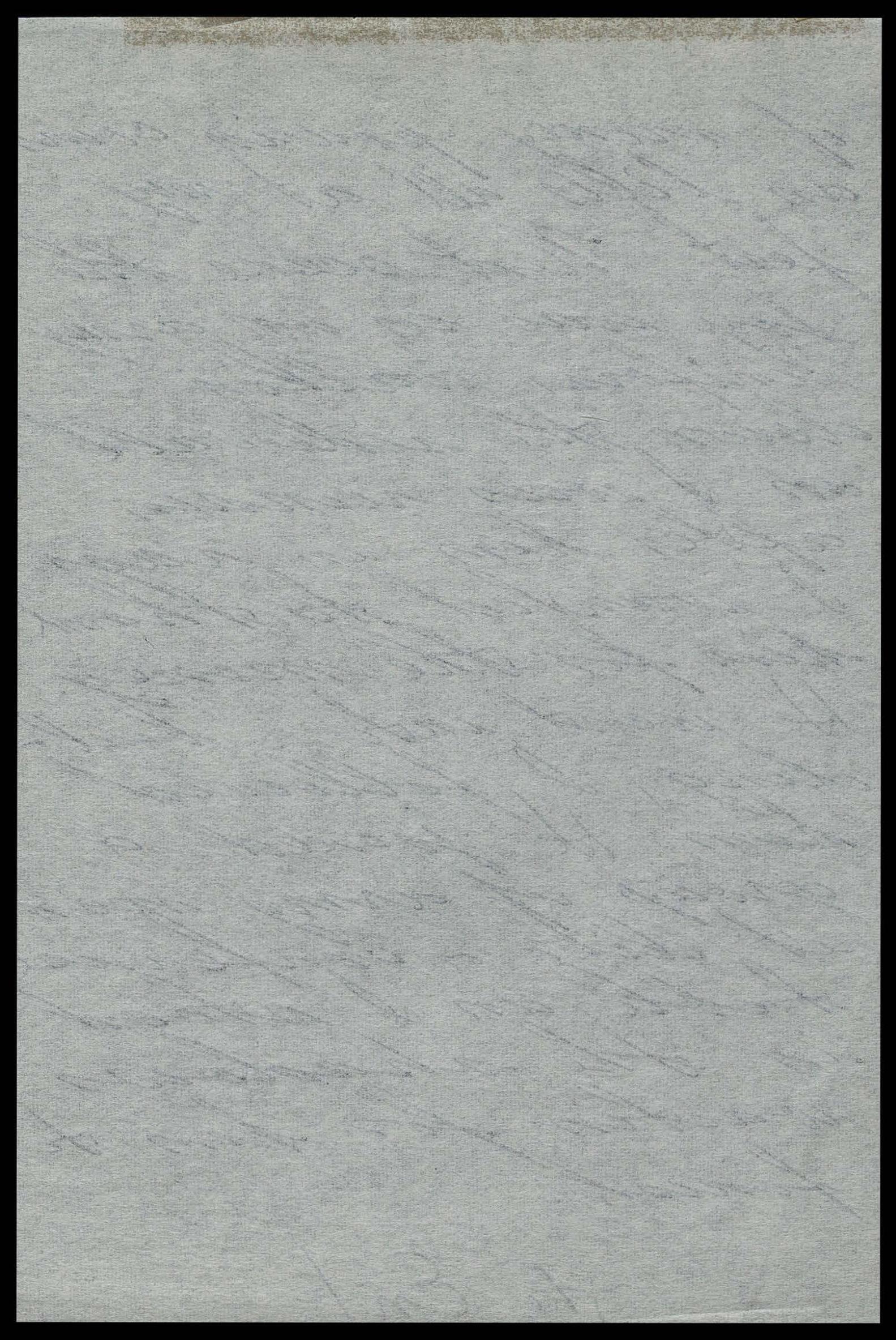
I had a dream a ways back:

First thing I remember there was a boy on a bicycle. My Dylan's arms were laying on the sidewalk. He was standing with his legs like on with one foot tried to step on and break my ankles. I was pushin his foot away. This went on then I said please don't break them I have to take care of five children as they're (the all) are all live good. The boy then started giving me all kinds



of money pouring coins  
in bills all at my  
feet. Next scene the  
boy was in an army  
uniform walking  
down the sidewalk  
as I was running  
after him in rags.  
I wanted to thank  
him for the money.  
He went into a build-  
ing, I followed  
him. He joined a  
group of army men  
at like a conference  
table and stood  
waiting for him to  
finish.

The End



AUGUST 10

Dear Dany I  
I'm reading a book "The Death Penalty In  
America." There's two chapters-one giving  
arguments for the death penalty, an one  
givin arguments against it. Those argu-  
ments for it are really sunny. Yesterday  
I sent a letter to the Milwaukee  
Sentinel saying I was writing a chapter  
against capital punishment an I would  
appreciate letters agreeing but  
most of all disagreeing with me. I  
hopin to get replies. — lately since  
I have found myself I have been  
unafraid of things. Unafraind of new  
places... I walk into little coffee shops  
I've never been before. Yesterday I went  
into one a few blocks from work. An I  
also discovered one near the bus stop  
that takes me from downtown to work.  
I'm more adventurous, an I want  
to discover. I sure wish ma'd let  
me go to Avante Claude alone. Gee  
there's no one to go with so I'm losin  
out on goin. Also too yesterday ma got  
me a winter coat. Neegel Brown got  
dunoy  $\frac{3}{4}$  length with brass buttons  
an a belt. Just luv it. He got an  
album by the Poco-Seco Singers — a  
folk group. Really great. Sure startin  
myself up a record collection.

AUGUST 11

Read in the paper of a 17 yr. old, get  
that 17, who shot and killed a 20  
yr old guy and choked an hit the  
guy's girlfriend (but didn't kill her). This  
even funnier → this 17 yr old had been  
sent to Wales' Boys Home twice, paroled  
twice and sent to Green Bay's Reformatory  
try an paroled from there an then this  
happens. Gross out one ~~dog~~ for our  
reformatory. That's really funny.  
What's a reformatory dog? It doesn't  
reform & I have only 3 points out  
here that our gas chambers are  
better equipped than a refor-  
matories. Nice, hey? This bad boy  
really got cleaned ticked off by Boy  
& somebody don't do nothin'  
about this man I guess it's  
up to me an boy I'm ready an  
will go out there an fight.  
By god I will!  
I'm sayin over here at Pale's.  
Big tease she got mad, cuz I was  
thinkin about this deal & not goin  
around with her. But I think she's  
"gettin over it". She must learn to  
like me the way I am or forget  
it. An there's a kinda weird stuff  
in me ta like baby

Written Aug 13  
AUGUST 12

Dear [redacted] Park,

[redacted], Mary [redacted], Mary [redacted], Tommy [redacted], and Parthic [redacted] came. They're stayin at grandmother's. [redacted] an I hit it off good from the start. She's a little too fancy tho. She uses some words I don't understand, an she likes to interpret things aloud. At least I keep my interpretations to myself. But she says, aloud Well most likely you're like that, because.... She kept sayin well you'll see when you're a little older. I finally said see what. She said well you'll get hurt an then you just won't give a heck about anything anymore. I said I have been hurt an told her about Lat. She said oh, she didn't think I ever had the experience cuz as she said it usually doesn't happen til yer 17 or 18. At the last minute I asked Bud if he believed in capital punishment. He said yes, Mom was pushing us all out into the car so I didn't find out why I'm realy disappointed in him. I thought he ~~#~~ was real smart. I let mom read my thing on the death penalty and she said ~~she~~ <sup>age</sup> agreed with me, I'm gonna ~~test~~ let God read it too and then see what he has to say.

AUGUST 13

Dear Diary:

Worked an' Party, was it a busy day,  
I'm really gosh I've been thinking  
lately... lately I have<sup>19</sup> been listening  
or even wantin' to listen to his album  
I sure wish he hadn't changed to  
Folk-rock. My tastes have quickly  
reach<sup>19</sup> pure Folk and it's really  
what I like now. So Dylan well  
it's sorta fur-platched with him  
for me. Boy, can he really did so  
great as a Folk singer. August 4  
I mentioned The Farinas. Mimi  
an<sup>19</sup> Richard Farina, a two-some Folk  
singin' group. I often had looked at  
their albums an they really look great  
an happy together. That's all I ever  
heard of them until I read in  
August Sing Out Magazine.....  
Richard Farina was in a motorcycle  
accident and was killed. They  
had some kids write in tributes  
an one made me cry: I'm trying  
to find some kind of meager  
solace in the knowledge that  
I once had a ope-way minor  
friendship (I know you but you  
don't know me), that every  
word of his every song is a par-

SEE AUGUST 5<sup>a</sup>

written Aug 15  
AUGUST 14

Dear [REDACTED]

Today the [REDACTED] family an mom, M. E., an  
I went drivin down the lake front an  
around downtown. I love it downtown  
I guess I'm sorta the busy type. I  
like somethin goin on. I could never  
just could live for a long time on  
a farm or way out some where. I  
guess that's why I like Chicago so  
much, confusion an everythin goin  
on at once. I guess I got that  
way from home... there's never a  
loving moment here. I talked  
to [REDACTED] an she said she's sure now  
folk is for her. She wants to buy  
an album an everythin. I'm waitin  
for the letter from John [REDACTED]  
cuz I asked him what folk mag  
was a good one. Try a subscription.  
He writes so uno [REDACTED] in  
not gonna let Uncle Bud read  
my thing on capital punishment. He  
said today people like he  
you - so I heat led say "an then he  
made a real squeaky mimicking  
voice an said "lets reform them!"  
I lapped off but I decided  
we should of a little kid an  
again I'd come up with de'd  
off a

AUGUST 15

The [redacted] family came to our house today an Mary [redacted] an FO game up to my room an played Folk records. She said our tastes were somewhat alike cuz she don't like much stuff too. I [redacted] a lot like Kath in the sense that she doesn't know what she wants, she feels the world's somethin' terrible that yer doomed to go through. Everyone feels, sayin' an ideologist, we may be [redacted] we're they'd be happy too. I was wearin' my new blouse one I saw a picture of Joan Baez wearin' it as usual my hair parted down the middle an Bridget popped up out of thin air an said "Joan Baez" that made me feel good. I'm typin' one of Bob Dylan's writing out for Father as a sign of approval an he's left. tonite Mary [redacted] is sleepin' over here cuz we're goin' downtown tomorrow. I wasna goin' to the Folk Fair just to bomb about Dylan once travelled with a carnival when he was younger.

written Aug 17

AUGUST 16

Dear Diary:

Mary Kay and I went downtown on the 19<sup>th</sup>. We went everywhere as she said, she felt I was the city mouse, as she was the country mouse or sumthin'. Well I took her all around, she bought a gob of stuff an that's that. I had typed out a book of one of Dylan's writings and mailed it to Patie. Later that night, she & I were in my room an she picked up an began readin my thing on capital punishment. When she got to the part where I said capital pun. was unreasonable, an murder, was also unreasonable, she said killin' can be reasonable. Like if ya knew you were in yer dad's will an ya needed the money an ya killed him — that'd be reasonable. I disagreed, sayin' I don't care how reasonable there is no good reason to take a life app. money compared to a life is nothing. I got the last word of the fight an she left on rather cold terms. Earlier she had tried to sketch me. For kicks I posed with a Bob Dylan look an she said it was a "rather wicked sneer." Yeah, that's what he spozed to be baby. Waa hoodoo

so so happy. I looked  
up in the phone book  
the number he gave  
me an the place was  
the Correctional Service  
Federation Wld 526  
W Wisconsin Avenue.  
I decided I will as  
well go down there with  
away tomorrow. I'm  
so happy. This is just  
be the "break". I need  
at least the judge  
to really get off going.  
It gives me the full  
power to send it all

AUG 17

out to places trying  
to get it published.  
The man was so nice  
and just wish I'd  
been awake enough  
to hear all he had  
to say.

To stop things off  
he left from John [redacted]  
saying he'll be  
able to come here for  
a Sunday on Aug 28.  
He said the only rea-  
son he's coming down  
is to see me.

Dear [redacted]

At 10 AM the phone woke me up & a  
man's voice asked for Sheila Sullivan  
I said "this is she" as he began talk-  
ing about this was the Correctional Com-  
missioner. He explained what the agency did &  
who they worked with. He said that  
they have a library with books on  
capital punishment, saying you  
wrote a letter to the Milwaukee  
Sentinel asking about capital pun-  
ishment. His office has all the facts  
of state offices, as anything else  
I'd need to help me with my won-  
derings. He said I could call or come  
down in person to consult their  
library. Actually I didn't get all  
he was saying off & was half  
asleep but later I began waking  
up. He gave me the phone no. of  
the place, I said "thank you"  
as we hung up. I told mom an  
everyone did was so happy, they  
I got the thinking of doubt if the  
Sentinel had forwarded the  
letter, so it must have been  
published in the agency anyway  
it. Called back an they looked  
up yes it was in the Sentinel.  
They ran out an bought a sen-

AUGUST 18

Dear Diary:  
19 To the WCS (Wisiongen Correctional Service) and the secretary took me to  
the man that called me... a Test [REDACTED]  
assistant director do the place.  
Took me to an office with shelves of  
books, introduced me to 2 more of the  
staff, an him & another man offered the  
books findis staff. They agreed when  
the term paper was due as I said it  
wasn't a term paper - I was doing it on  
my own as a personal interest. Then the  
man told me there was voluntary work  
open to people of all ages and I should  
think about it. They left an let me  
go thru the stuff an copy things I  
wanted from their book. Then I "took  
out" 2 more books. The man asked what  
grade I was in & I said sophomore in  
high school. He gave me his card &  
said he'd call if he found anything  
else. He gave me a lot of pamphlets.  
I think I'll sign for some voluntary  
work as it won't interfere with my  
job & school. It was really great  
We<sup>19</sup> all talked intelligently & got  
a postcard in the mail answering  
my ad. One a lady agreein capital p-  
is wrong & a man asking me to send  
my argument & he'd send an argument in  
opposition

AUGUST 19

Dear Lucy,  
Bout talk about unfair. Tonite our family & Bud's family had a gatherin' an the topic turned to capital pun. everyone was for it - all talkin' at once an only twice did I get to comment an defend myself. It was really bad an I was sittin' there unable ta get a word in edgewise to defend myself so it looked as tho I was defeated. Quite the contrary. John & an kith are really at me back cuz I don't especially care for the Beatles anymore an I do believe they really have me for it God. It really was hard. — I've been thinkin' bout the books I read by Clinton T. Duffy, ex-warden of San Quentin Prison. He was the one ta tear down the "torture chambers" an the inhumanity<sup>19</sup> is San Quentin, an he really did an excellent job ta bring the prison up-to-date an more better for reform. He did a marvelous job on Bill Sands, an ex-convict. An Duffy is completely against c. punishment. An say I'm all <sup>19</sup> for him. the little kids me an na went to State Fair. I don't get a kick outta those places anymore. Just like Christmas & Easter I'm gettin' old I guess.

# August 20 Gaithersburg

so bad. So we walked up to  
Big Boy Hamburger Coffee Shop  
an called dad ta come 'n  
get us. We stood outside  
ta wait for him an this  
cop walks up to us an  
says "Either go in or get  
movin an I mean now.  
Not five seconds from now  
but now. I'm not gonna  
have any loitering around  
here!" ~~He's gonna shoot me~~

~~Last Friday I saw a man  
go out of a bar at the bridge  
station?~~ Aug 20 OVER ↓

And if ya don't get going I'll  
take ya all down to the station!"

As we strolled inside Mary

[REDACTED] mumbled "Whadda ya  
think we're gonna steal  
the sign 'r sumthin?"

AUGUST 20

Dear Diary:

At 9:00 pm May [REDACTED] called. She decides that she wants to go to Avant Gardner cuz friegd's girl said it was reah neat. So we pushed about an got there bout 9:40. John + her got a table, but I told 'm I wanted to sit on the window sill an I did. Wore my green combat shirt, wrangler jeans, an Johns bluejean jacket. I felt great - put my round glasses on too. The singer was pretty shot. He was OK at the guitar but every song he sang sounded like the one he sang before that. An guess who<sup>19</sup> was there again. Matt [REDACTED] Oh! He wore the same as last time. When I'd look at him I noticed a few times he was lookin my way. I like him so so much. Curled up on the window sill, the stained glass window opened, bars on the window. I gazed out the window a lot at the 19 streets. That street is sorta a cobblestone effect an it really was so great. I fell in a deep mood. John ordered iced coffee for all of us pointin to the waitress that I was with them. She brought mine an I sat content with it an happy waitin to stay there til the "wee hours of the morn" as quoted by an almost lost friend - Bob Dylan. It came to be 12:30 an I figured if we stayed til 1:00, it'd sound real late but 12:30 don't sound

AUGUST 21

Dear Dary:

Bad + everyone left an I say good riddance. Yesterday I got two more letters in reply to my newspaper ad. One was a typewritin thing abt this one kept quotin the Bible - he was for C.P. - "Who so sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." man was made to the image of God. Well, I say then whoever wrote Gen Chapter 9 Verse 6 is nuts. So, the other was a little 1/4 page newspaper with a story usin Mother Earth son, Democracy as their enemy. Despot as characters. I asked dad if it mite be a Communist propaganda thing an dad said he knows there a man by the name of Lawson who a Communist but he dunno if it the same Lawson who wrote this paper. I'm a mood today. Dunno why. School is comin in a little monen a few weeks. First day Sept 7. Yippee!!! Also got some literature from the Correctional Service sent me. Wrote to that Mr [REDACTED] who sent it an told him I wanted ta look further into this voluntary work an my job would be the only thing mite be in the way.

AUGUST 22

Dear Diary:

19 morn the WCS called on the lady said that it'd be best if I came there talk about this voluntary work I said go infa. She said I should come wednesday at 2. This thing is gettin me excited an makin me so happy. <sup>IS</sup> Everyone was as happy as me - wow!! It's a dream come true. I've wanted so much ta be in somethin like this an I thought I'd have ta wait til I was 25 or sumthin. Let me explain some of the services the WCS performs written in some of the pamphlets

[REDACTED] gave me : ① Promotion of more adequate legal service for poor defendants ② professional social worker counsel for the prisoner & his family ③ work towards reducing idleness in prisons via work programs, recreation an study opportunities. ④ assistance in writing pardons an commutations of sentence deals. ⑤ job placement, lodging help an financial help to the ex-prisoner ⑥ programs with voluntary agencies for unpoliced crime prevention, law enforcement, & treatment of offenders. I hope to maybe just abit help in the modern plans of reform - an I'm so so happy

AUGUST 23

Dear Diary:

19 We went to the Safety Building  
see a preliminary hearing of a  
murder trial. It lasted bout 3 minutes  
as ya could hardly hear cuz of the con-  
struction goin on outside an they big  
hammers were crashin an screamin. So  
I got so discombobulated that we left  
an walked around the building. Now  
I'm stayin overnite here. He bought  
a Joan Baez album. Didn't  
get any mail today answerin my  
newspaper ad. So far I got ten  
replies countin WCS. I guess  
that's about as many as there'll be  
today enuff to get. Lately, I've  
been very disappointed in Dylan.  
He's gone very rock an' roll sop  
singin songs with no meanings  
"Don't let me down, I won't let  
you down, no I won't." I can't  
really love him as a folkie  
but he's gettin ta be nuthin  
with no goal. It's sad when he  
writes it's great ~~but his~~  
19 best songs are for the birds.  
I guess he's write fa him an  
tell him he is a big god an he  
outa open his eyes an  
go back to where he belongs.

AUGUST 24

Draft Diary: For that meetin, First Mr [REDACTED] took me an he fumbled about summarizing the work I could do in the W.C.T.U. (I think that's [REDACTED] then the Mrs. [REDACTED] (her name was) took me to her office. She said I could do stuff like babysittin' a woman who wants to like visit her husband in prison an couldn't afford a babysitter for her kids, be a "Big Sister" some girl takin' her around for a Coke & thin an they think the girl'd open up someone around her age than like a social worker. She said I could work around the offices sortin' papers & staff like that... or tell my friends about joinin' her voluntary work. I said if I tried I could maybe get somethin' in the Plus Journal about the organization. I said I'd be most interested in the direct contact w/ the people - like this "Big Sister" deal. She said a couple a weeks ago this lady called with this problem that she was really a lousy housekeeper. They went down there an she said it made her ill to see those "darling" children with their clothes all torn. She said asked if I drew an I said no but I wrote poetry + stories. She said they could use someone

AUGUST 25

Dear Diamy, I wanted to  
Downtown with Mary [REDACTED] & we wanted to  
go to a "Cherub Girl Fashion Show" so  
we went. Afterwards, we went shopping.  
She was so grateful and happy & took  
her it was really sad. Then mom and  
grandmother and I saw ③ Patch of  
Drug ④ The Chase movie. It was  
about a blind white girl who fell in  
love with a Negro. Very good. #4 was  
about a ritzzy little Southern town  
lookin for an escape convict. I cried  
my head off durin that one. One  
thing I can't bear ta see an if's a  
handcuffed man killed, eggs shot  
or stabbed to death. That's really  
gotta be the most sickening site. Well,  
5 blocks from here there's a big  
protest now. Some thousand people  
19 picketing Judge Cannon's home cuz  
he belongs to the Eagles Club and the  
club don't allow Negroes to join. 5  
people were arrested yesterday an if's  
a big thing. Bought another album:  
Joan Baez in Concert. Kath was big  
dealin it on sayin she's a Communist  
an a pacifist. But she (Kathy) is a  
capitalist! I'm a pacifist! Boy am  
I! I think Kath's been talkin to  
some big wigs at the VFW.

AUGUST 26

Dear Diary:

I had a dream last nite that I wrote a sign that said: Black Power on one side an Social Equality on the other an went to that picketing line I took of yesterday. If it weren't for mom holdin me back I would go there too. We all have an I had a bad misundestrstanding about her. She didn't think I appreciated her. It was a big hing but I think its pretty well straightened out now. Oh I kin hardly wait John [REDACTED] comes. I've just been I-skin-hardly-wait-ing all week! He's just so much like me that its funny an we get along so well! I like him so so much!!!! sometimes I think of him in the place of my "dream-guy". . . such is August 4. Oh, I can't wait! Took down from my bulletin board the Bob Dylan Pictures an put up all pictures of cities, of deprived hungry little children, of a convict takin his son off a walk, of trees, of a subway when its pure dark an one light shinin, an of 3 of my favorite exerpts from Dylan's writings. All the pix are overlapped an crowded an it looks very confused, I love confusion. Kath said it looked terrible, uncreative, an uncolorful. But I love it. It expresses the things I love — For all these things I

written Aug 29

AUGUST 27

Dear Pam:

1<sup>9</sup> day at work Mom + [redacted] they  
kept callin bout John [redacted] they  
said when he called me at 7 on his  
wife I should ask if possible he  
should stay overnite Sunday. But  
he was takin his parent's car so  
they needed it Monday morn. They  
called again + again. The day went  
past [redacted] once. Then he called at  
7 am + I said well, what'r ya  
doin tonite? He said goin to a drive  
in. I said how about Sunday night?  
Then he told me bout the car situation  
asked him when he'd be on down  
here. He said between 10 AM - 10:30  
An his parents wanted him to leave  
early but he was gonna leave late. An  
he said "an if bring my guitar  
and we'll go ta Santi Gade." I  
ok kid then we'll be seein ya. He  
said oh, how're the riots over there?  
I said well, they're still goin  
strong, ya know whippin chem up  
around an everything. He asked  
he said well, go the go for this  
call costs me a fortune (he was)  
callin long distance from Rockford  
We hung up an I'm all jumpy  
an can't wait

He stopped at his  
bro John's from Yonkers  
in the car back. I was holdin' on  
to John C's guitar & I liked it so. When we'd been out  
walkin' before breakfast he  
played an he's really  
great. His singin's bad  
but he really can do a  
walkin' blues an sound  
folk. He played great  
too. On the way home  
from the wrong  
turn an couldn't find  
our way to Avant. We  
drove all over, talkin'  
radio on, really whoopin'

it up. Finally we found  
Avant locked. I walked  
with his guitar slung over  
my back. I got back in the car after  
standing by Avant a while  
as we went to the art museum.  
We all looked so funny  
John C., me, guy John in  
black corduroy pants, vest,  
an big long long hair, Kath  
skell, an square wooden  
earrings. People were just  
lookin at it was funny.  
I well had the guitar  
on my back and

all day I go when we  
hit where the painters were  
over a loud speaker "there's  
no smoking in the gallery,  
SIR!" talkin to John - oars.  
People looked! They were  
actually faggin us, standin  
as though agape staring!  
I felt 20 ft high left  
there & drove out, two  
old ladies in a car seen  
by us very lookin at us &  
leppin at us as we faggin  
right in at them & leppin.  
then we followed their  
car on out John cried  
out the window one of

his insane - soundin  
eyes "Oh-ho Grumma"  
He rolled over & in grumma  
an all four of us were  
physically rollin on  
the floor from Laffer,  
disbelief! We kept talkin  
an went we very fast  
stopped at a little & began  
strummin John's guitar  
an singin Honey Just Allow  
Me One More Chance an John  
yelled "Oh-ho Grumma" &  
Kath & John C. Laffered  
so hard soon we lost  
them

AUG 28

wow. We drove to a drive  
in an got hamburgers. It  
was about 4:30 pm. All  
the people were lookin.  
John C went back to get  
some cheese on his plan-  
burger an he said ta the  
girl somethin bout how  
he didn't have lice. I  
yelled out "Dust bed bugs"  
Boy!! Kath Laffer!!!  
was walking round  
with the guitar an we  
looked so weird finally  
we got outa there. On

The way home suddenly  
we spotted the two old  
ladies again! We started  
pullin' over an John yelled  
"Oh, Grumma!!" They  
looked over wide-eyed  
in fear & disbelief. We  
stamped high-tailin' it  
after them in a 25 mph  
zone. We were goin 40 or  
50 an they were beatin  
it WAY ahead of us at  
about 60-70! We were  
leffin so hard & my  
stomach was hurtin  
so bad. ~~Then~~ They  
had ~~to~~ take an

AUG 28

we turned off ya go  
back — we chased them  
from 70<sup>th</sup> to 35<sup>th</sup> an  
as we turned off we  
saw me again but before  
we could catch up they  
we beatin it outta there.  
then we came home to  
a grandis-yil yard  
decker. After that we  
all went to the base-  
ment, the Johns played  
cards, I listened to records,  
Kath watched TV. at 8pm  
we went to Grandmother's

so we could see John. We  
left there. Wore my beige  
woolkin shirt, Levi's, sand-  
als. We drove to Avond.  
Got a table, ordered iced  
coffee & John C Turfish coffee,  
20 soya. Oh of course  
Maddie [REDACTED] was there.  
I sat & stared,  
kinda gradually separated  
from them. They all talked  
& laughed. At the break I  
went in & on the win-  
& the guy said again John  
& kinda you're special

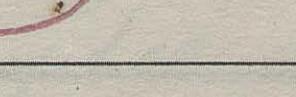
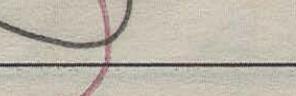
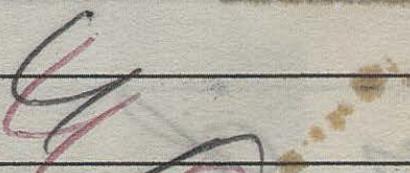
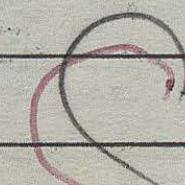
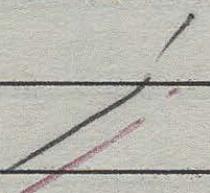
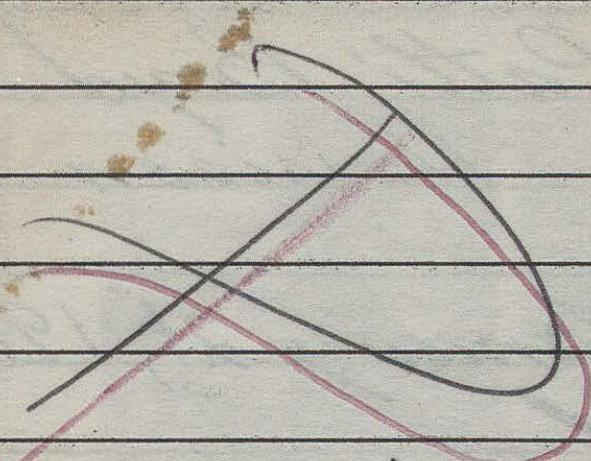
attention. He said to Kath  
he could never drift with  
me "she prob'ly only talk  
drivis on the way to church  
on fenders of that'd be  
it" I said oh a talk but  
I just don't talk bout  
normal things of course I  
we started talkin an I  
showed him my Bob  
Dylan book. He said  
"you're so smiley yer  
life." That made me a  
little happier. As the

singer sang a slow sad song I felt tears fallin down my cheeks. Didn't know why. I was in a deep mood. Left Arvada about 11:30 in went to Pizzeria Pizza. Ordered one pizza an John C. told us of the one ticket he got for drivin. He said the cop pulled along the side an yelled Pull over ya damn cowboy, that let me drove us home. He shaked my hand but I couldn't let go as he had ta pull away.

AUGUST 28

Dear Diary,

Woke up at 20 to 8 AM, washed my hair  
an had dad rush me to St. Dides for  
early Mass. John [REDACTED] drove up at  
about 11:00. He jumped outta his car an  
was instantly proud of him, he looked  
so great. Oltagop sun glasses - small  
19 - yellow shirt, levi pants, Lt brown  
cowboy boot an a dk brown beat up olg  
folk guitar over his shoulder. I al  
most died he looked so stuff. The group  
was John C., Kath, our John, an me. We  
sat around an talked, jokin' laffin,  
19 happy. We all ate breakfast an the  
whole family went to church but me,  
John C. an me... me in my green combat  
shirt, chain necklace with dad's good  
coralized medal from the army attached  
to it, levis, an black slouch back...  
walked up to Kohl's. John laffin  
and was hopin everyone saw us cuz I  
hated him so much & thought he was  
so stuff. We went to the gas station nex  
to Kohl's, got some matches for his  
cigarettes, an walked back. People  
were lookin so hard at us as if we were  
an we waved for 'm an laffed as they  
stared in disbelief. Got back home an  
played some a the records he brought  
until the family came home. Then we



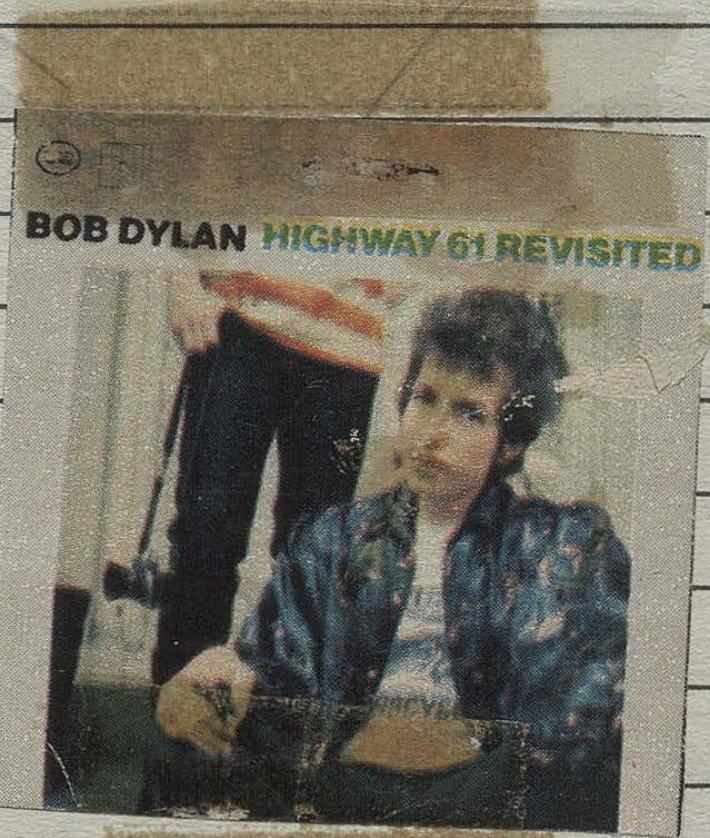


Patti Boyd  
Harrison

January 21, 1966



Cover of  
One of  
Dylan's  
Albums





Picture of Me + Grandmother  
Downtown Taken by A  
Street Photographer



Picture of Me Taken By A  
Street Photographer Down town

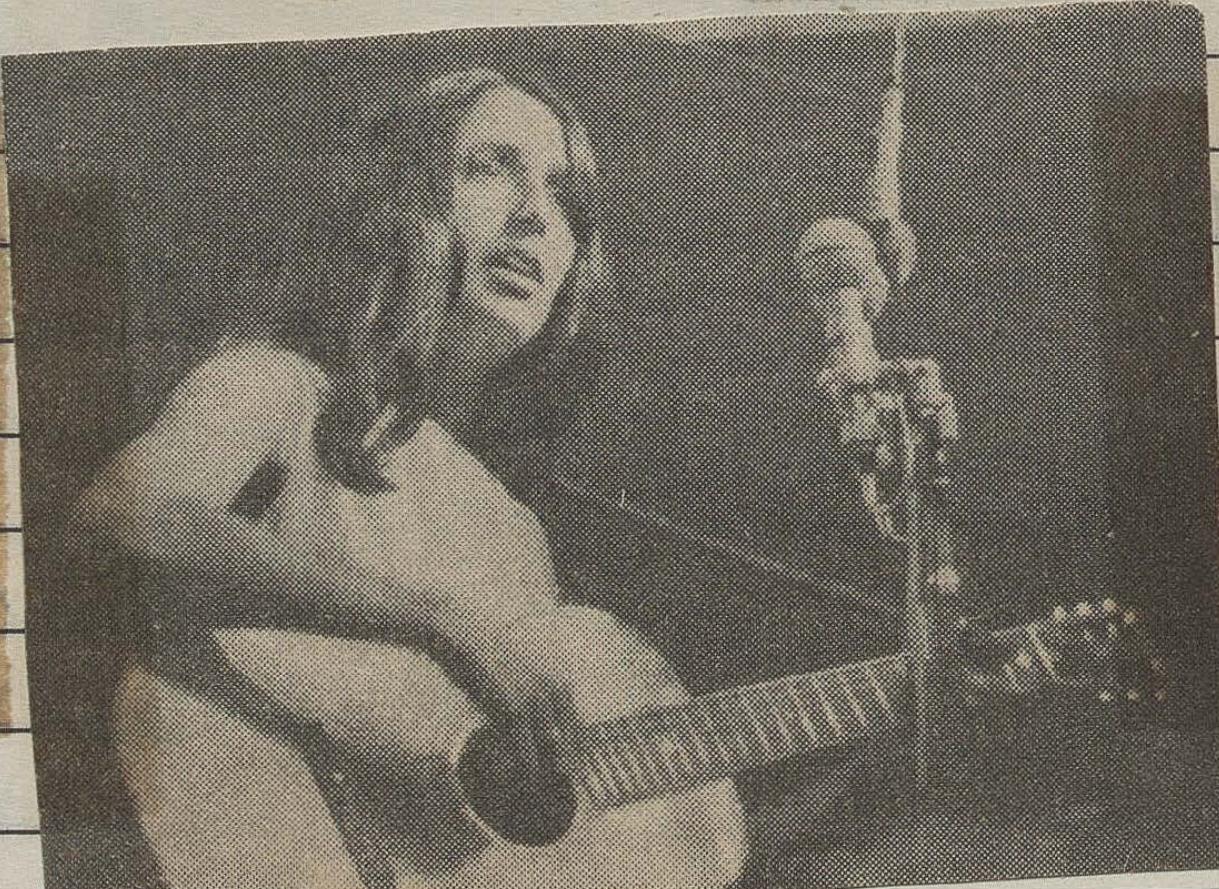


Who else? Dylan in  
action at a recording  
session.  
Aw Dylan.



Bob Dylan

Jean Baez - "queen  
of folk music" —  
Friend of Bob Dy-  
lan an a very good  
singer. She's plain  
an simple but her  
words are strong,  
and meaningfilled.





Pattie



Taken in her home

August 7, 1966

## **Wants Opinions**

To The Sentinel:

I am writing a paper on capital punishment, which I hope to get published. I am thoroughly against it in any form and for any reason. I would like to hear from any of your readers who agree or disagree with me, but I am especially interested in views which disagree with mine.

SHEILA SULLIVAN,  
7100 W. Blue Mound rd.,  
Wauwatosa, Wis.

Printed in the  
Milwaukee Sentinel

Aug 17, 1966

## 'Deterring Crime'

To The Sentinel:

I'm writing this letter in disagreement with the lady who was against capital punishment in any form and for any reason..

I think there should be capital punishment for many reasons. A planned or brutal murder or a mass slaughter as happened in Chicago are reasons for having a capital punishment law. Even a repeated sex deviate should be considered.

I can see no sense in life imprisonment. If a person isn't fit to live with other human beings, I don't see

why he should be put away at the expense of decent people.

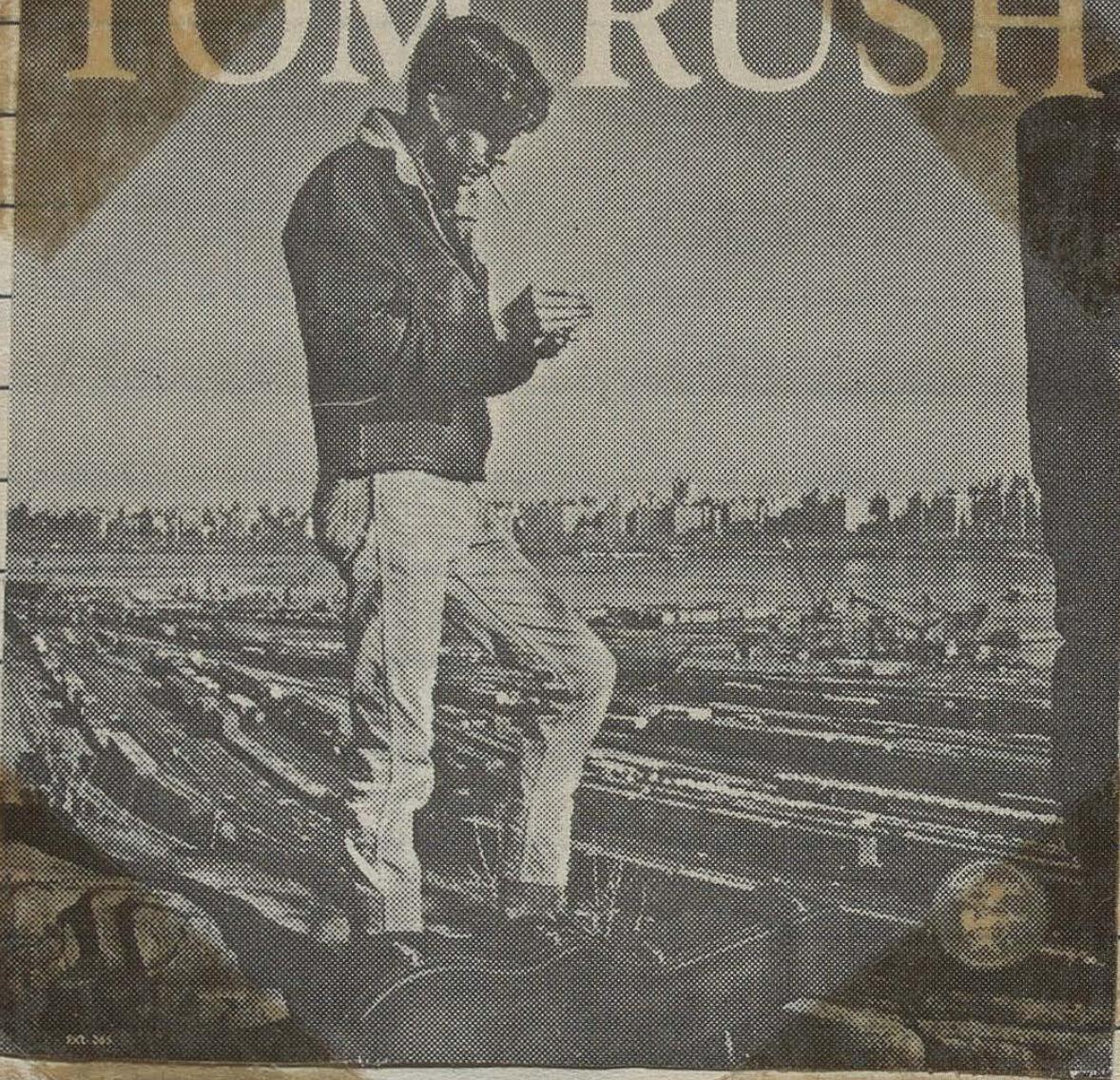
I think our punishments should be more severe. It may make the ones who start with petty crimes think twice. We should be a lot stricter with the first offenders, too. It would help to "nip crime in the bud."

MRS. BARBARA KUBIAK,  
2422 S. 31st st.,  
Milwaukee.

In the Milwaukee Sentinel

Sept 2, 1966

# TOM RUSH



His

name is written on the sky.

Picture from the album  
cover I bought Sept. 12

# Joan Baez Plans Trip to Grenada

San Francisco, Calif.—AP

Folk singer Joan Baez says she will go to Grenada, Miss., on Sunday to bring nonviolence back to the civil rights movement. "When little children get bumped in the head with rocks, it's necessary to do something," Miss Baez said here. "If I can protect one little colored kid, I will feel I have done something." She said she also would attempt to "combat this 'black power' thing."

"The only power that can do any good is the power of love," she said. 'Black power' can win or conquer, but it does not bring change. It is as bad as 'white power.'"



Miss Baez

Sept 18, 1967  
The Day  
September  
18, 1967

## 'Abolish It'

To The Sentinel:

In regard to Sheila Sullivan's letter pertaining to her anti - supreme - penalty viewpoints, I would like to point out one outstanding fact. Since the beginning of history in the United States, the only ones convicted and sentenced to death in this country were the individuals who could not afford the best competent counsel.

Research in this area will bear out the verity of the above statement. This should be proof enough that immediate steps should be taken for the complete abolition of capital punishment in the United States.

LE ROY C. ADLER,  
5963 S. 32nd st.,  
Greenfield, Wis.

The  
Sentinel

Milwaukee  
20, 1966

The  
Milwaukee  
September 20, 1966

Guess Who?

Good ole John  
Lennon did it.

I think he  
looks great!  
He looks like an  
English poet.  
He looks like  
the type that  
has a brain,  
which I'm  
feelin more an  
more he has.

Like the poets  
that were at  
Avant Garde.

I wish he'd cut  
the rock 'n roll bit con go to  
folk — he's written some folk  
already.



Beatle John Lennon has made the ultimate sacrifice for a movie. He had his hair cut. In the ~~above~~ picture, he donned glasses to look over his new hair style for a role in a comedy, "How I Won the War."

—UPI Telephoto

## PASS

Date 10-291965

8:40 to

Time 12:20Please { Admit  Excuse Sheila Sullivan

(Name of pupil)

To From Auditorium  
Classroom  
Library  
Office

- To help  
  
 Pat Wentland  
  
 to & from  
 rooms.

Recorded:

Time \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs.

Signature

RETURNED

Time \_\_\_\_\_

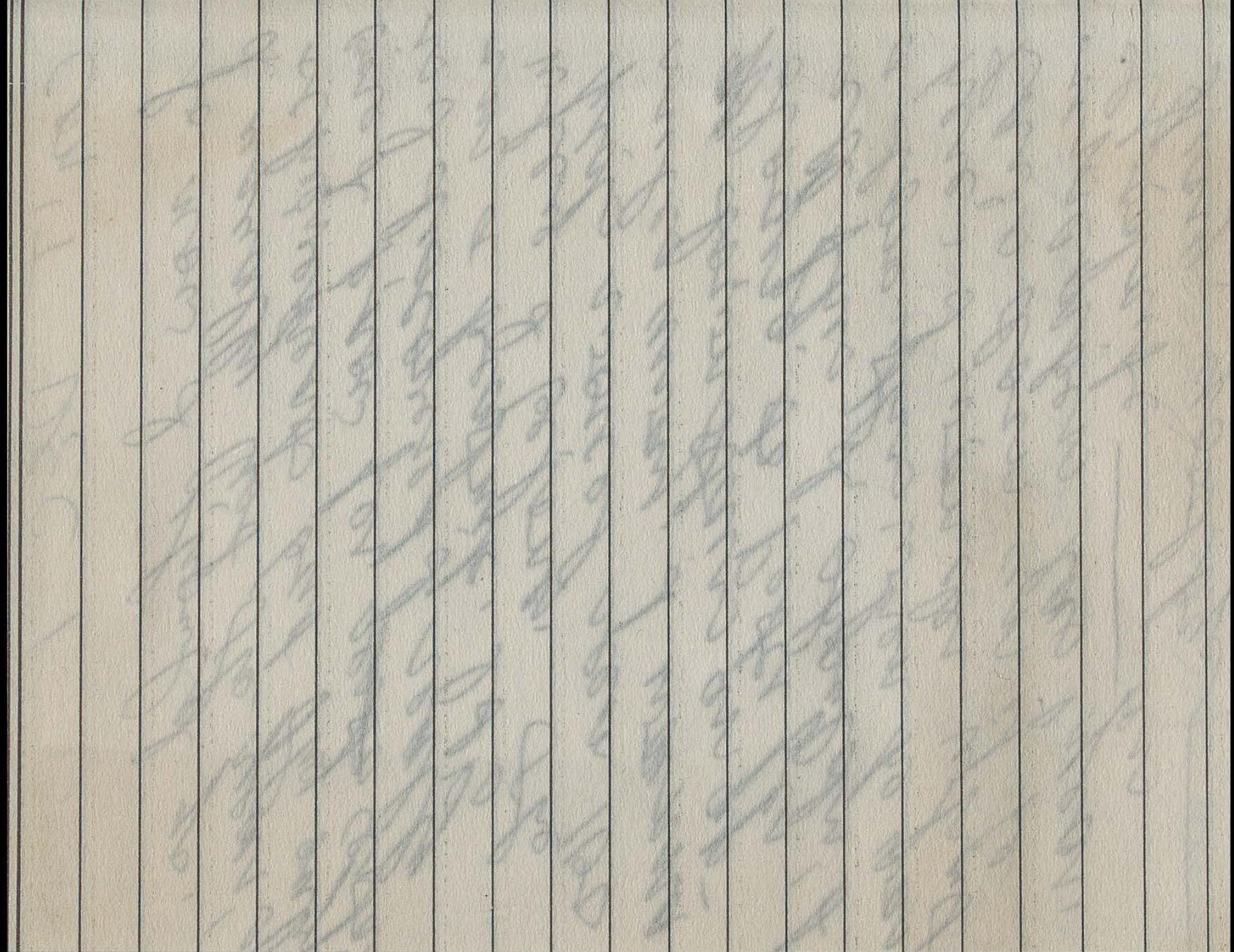
Signature

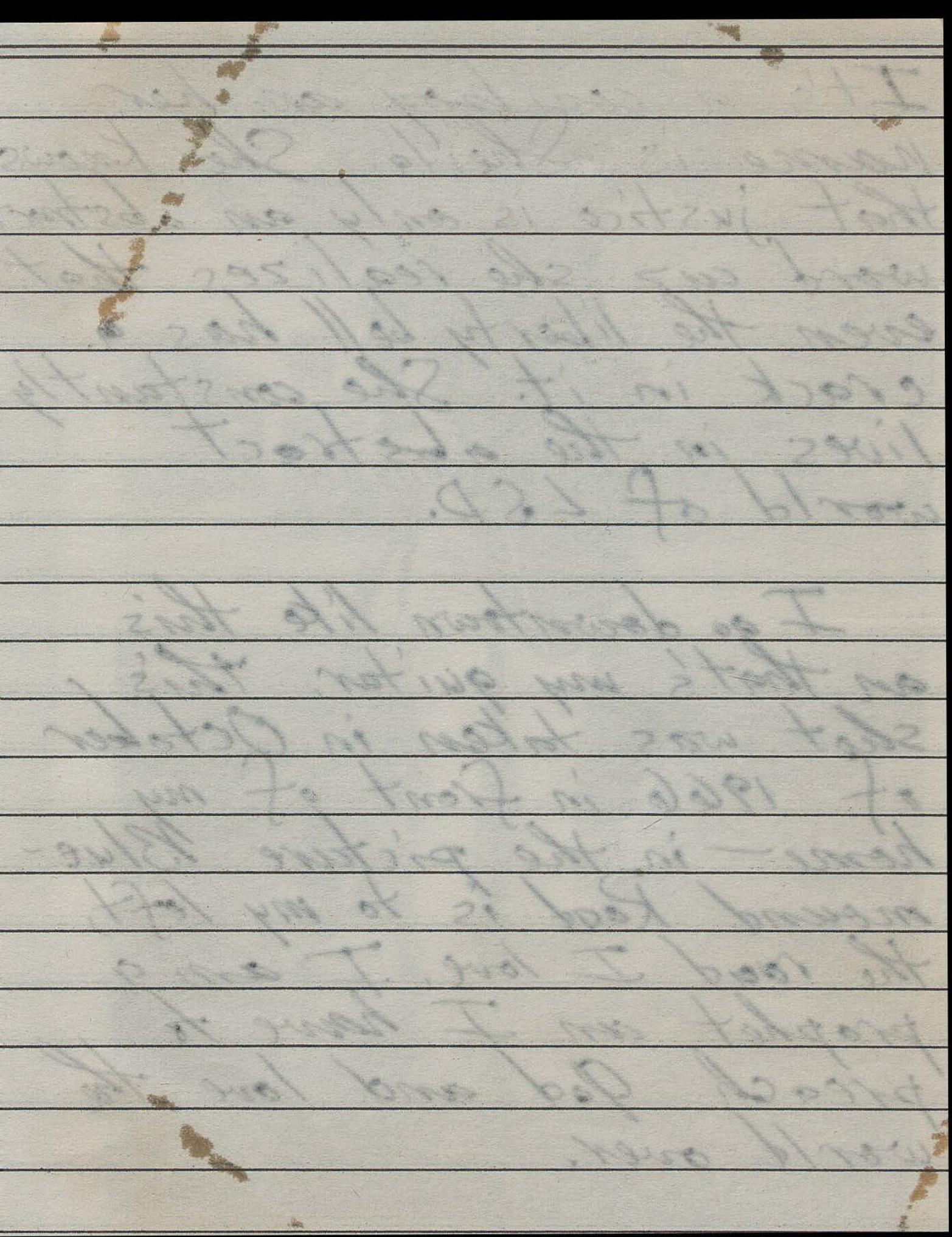
©NATIONAL SCHOOL METHODS, INC., 1616 W. GLENLAKE AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.

A pass from Pius  
to carry Pattie's books  
to and from classes

con't DEC 1

so now I should go.  
I equally list the year's  
achievements, but the only  
one I know for ~~fact~~ certain  
is I discovered I really  
am a bestnik. It's  
where I belong. The  
kids voice seen 100  
miles away. I wanna  
go downstairs and ap-  
ologize to Peter for  
all this. I shouldn't  
have done this when he was  
here. I wonder what  
Lars down air if he  
new papers has year.  
Goodnite ~~ans~~  
Lucy, goodbye

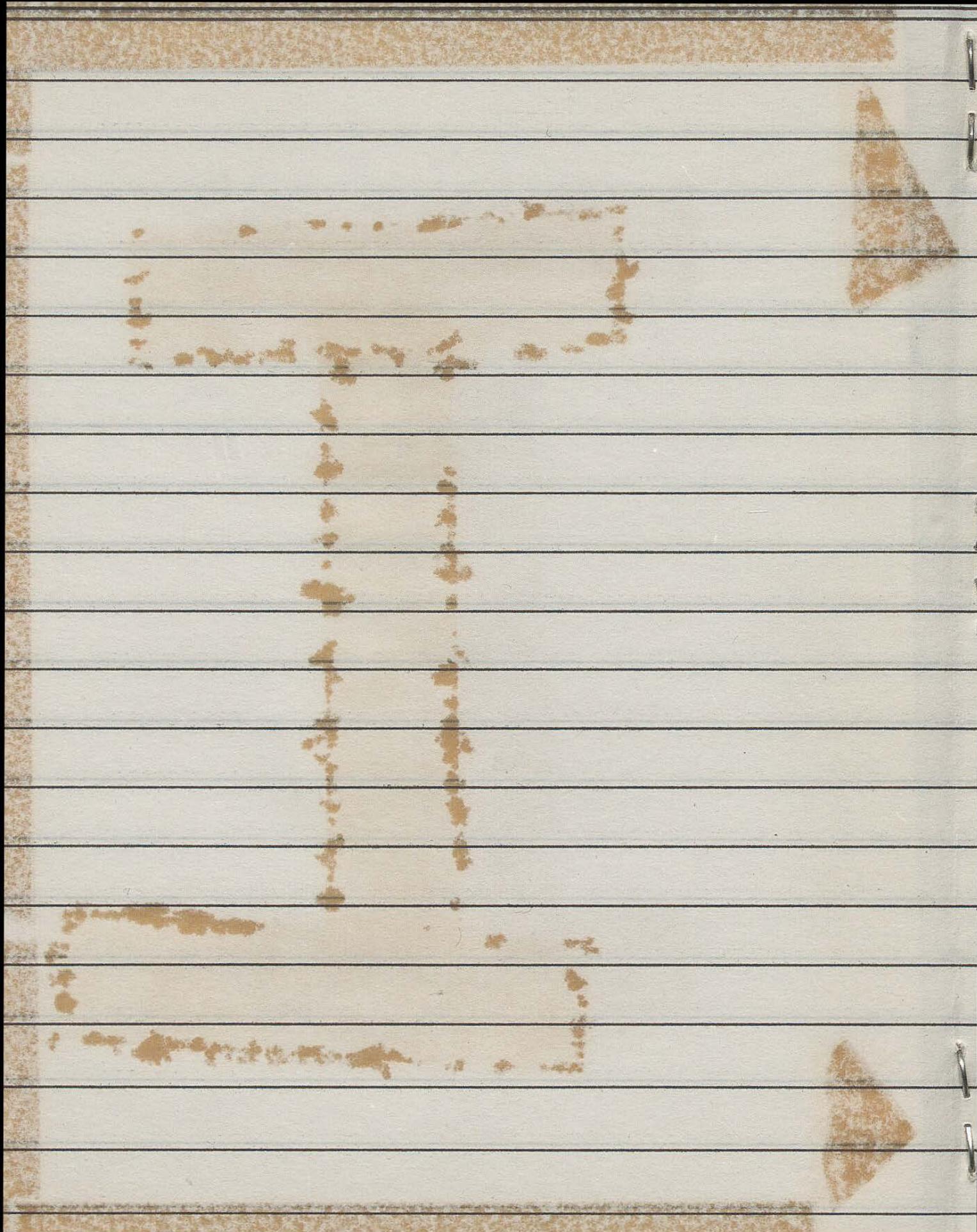




It's a cowboy on her  
name is Sheila. She knows  
that justice is only an abstract  
word cuz she realizes that  
even the liberty bell has a  
crack in it. She constantly  
lives in the abstract  
world of LSD.

I go downtown like this  
an that's my guitar. This  
shot was taken in October  
of 1966 in front of my  
home — in the picture Blue-  
mound Road is to my left,  
the road I love. I am a  
prophet an I have to  
preach God and love the  
world over.





Dear Diary

AUGUST 29

written Aug 31

Tomite there was another of them  
lanned picked lines. Dad drove  
to Hagan's and went along staying  
in the car. It sickened me. The  
streets were packed on both sides of  
people were coming to "see the  
show" bringing little children in  
their strollers and kids holding on  
to mommy's skirt all come as  
if it was a circus or a Christmas  
parade. My hate boiled, I  
could see no sense in it. National  
Guardmen stood in pairs on every  
corner of every block all the way  
down to our block. They were  
mostly young boys in green  
army fatigues, rifles with  
bayonets on the helmet way  
over their eyes. They stood  
expressionless as my sympathy  
went to them. Why did they  
have to put up with such  
trash! Why can't the leaders  
of this business have a meeting  
to discuss & settle this like  
humans. As people sat on their  
lawn chairs in the front yard  
to watch the party, I sat and  
tears trickled down my cheeks.  
WHY?

AUGUST 30

before you...  
"Sarcasm, yet?" By the  
way - teeny boppers are the  
teenagers that go along  
with the in trend, like  
the hit records cuz  
everyone else does an wears  
the same as everyone cuz they  
don't wanna be different.  
I wasn't really actin'  
weird I acted ~~normal~~  
but normal for me is  
weird for them. They here  
asked why I was here  
an I said there was  
no riotin' so just so  
there was nothin' else  
ta do. — The riotin' was  
aug. 30

called off cuz the leaders  
are havin a meetin. - They  
asked if I'd been to the  
restin and said some last  
nite! Well, I WAS! So  
at 10:45 they asked if I  
wanted a ride anywhere.  
I shook my head. Just  
before they left the food  
that has any of their  
work an'd like ta read  
it?" Hell! I didn't  
have a thing an' I  
later told the man &  
was ~~an~~

To kinda make up for fine  
they had a very clean-cut  
lookin guy play folk on  
guitar. He musta really  
felt bad cuz no one was  
appaudin him or even  
lisstenin ta him. But  
he kept singin an  
playin. Well, he sang  
one song that hit me  
an'd liked it very  
much so I said an  
~~clapped~~ clapped, the  
only one. I clapped

long, loud as alone.  
An that guy looked  
at me an that guy  
played the song again.  
An he sang it for me.  
This page is written  
Nov. 30. I remember this  
cuz I was sorta in this  
same situation the 29<sup>th</sup>.  
An I learned my lesson  
cuz I now understand  
the plight of the clean-  
cut guy.

31

Dear [redacted]  
To 19 Followed [redacted] alone! There  
was supposed to be poetry readers.  
I sat stairs an weird. Two  
guys came up an asked if they  
could sit with me, I nodded.  
The one - Roy - was the big hearty  
singer while the other - John -  
was silent, wistful, an he  
sketched abstracts. I sorta  
gave Roy the shock cuz of acted  
like I was real way-out. But I  
gave John lots of approval an I  
complimented his work. The poets  
were sorta okay. Roger [redacted], a  
great beatnik poet that came to  
Poetry for an assembly, was supposed  
to be there but didn't show up till  
after I had to leave, he offered  
me a cigarette but I said no, I  
couldn't find a reason to an I  
have to have a good reason for  
everything I do. He just agreed his  
mouth an flicked his lighter, a  
few id out. He said "you're  
a 19 bishler. Why?" I said it was  
only first impression, I kept re-  
markin past the "Scaryboppers"  
there. Some of them left an I  
said they probably have to be home

AUGUST 31

Dear Diary

Went downtown in my beige shirt,  
is an chain with dad's good conduct  
medal. I just bombed up and down the  
deserted crummy streets other than  
Wisconsin Ave, an you shoulda seen  
the people look. My act was that I  
pretended I'd just been let outta  
jail after servin a month for distri-  
butin Communist propaganda when  
it really was only my philosophies.  
I luv actin an sure wish I could  
be a boy so I could be an actor.  
I<sup>19</sup> can act like a boy better than I  
can a girl. Yesterday I had to  
register at Pius. To Ted, about  
with Pathe - carrying her junk, ect.  
We met [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] again.  
They both said my how I've changed.  
To Mr [REDACTED] I made a big change over  
the summer. He said "for better or  
for worse?" I said for better. They  
both were so great ta Pathe an me  
last year. After yesterday's expe-  
rience of not havin my poetry an  
ruinin a great chance I copied  
some of my best an stashed it in  
my purse in place of some make-up.  
I wear no make-up, absolutely none.  
I've got natural beauty HA HA HA

ones and giving them  
some love it certainly  
must have brought  
God's grace to you.  
The world needs  
people like you in it  
and you gave a lot  
of effort this world.  
Our Lord needs you  
to do His work here  
on earth. Maybe by  
using your talent  
could open some peo-  
ple's eyes & help are  
so blind to the  
needs of others.

Sept 1

I had writin her a note  
sayin I think these picketins  
are so dumb cuz the Negroes  
the people, should be  
concerned over wouldn't even  
have enuff to pay  
dues. They should help the  
Negroes deprived of food,  
a job, an a home an not  
those deprived membership  
in a big wifg club. An the  
mothers takin their kids to  
see this picketin should  
take them home an kiss  
them an love them instead  
of shootin them th' hat in  
this world

SEPTEMBER 1

Dear Diary:  
First day of Sept an first day of the  
autumn months. Autumn is my favorite  
season. Kath an I went shopping downtown  
together I guess I'm not her favorite type  
company. She said "you judge people a  
lot by the way they look don't ya." I  
and basically yes cuz if you have some  
creativity it'll show in yer clothes an if  
you don't have a mind of yer own yer  
gonna wear the type of clothes everyone  
else does. I believe that. — I love the  
factories. I love the crude, raw truth  
the soot that it holds. I love the  
hard metal sound of the machineries an  
the greatness of the tall black chimney  
pipes. I love the tall hard dirty brick  
that stands so tall — a building. An  
I love the call of the whistle an the  
horn of the tug boat. This is the  
city. In god I love the city. I want  
to live among the factories. This is a  
dream an love of mine. About August 29  
grandmother wrote to me: I remember one  
picture of our Lord sitting all by himself  
weeping over a city. And I feel when you  
are sitting on your front porch weeping because  
those striped mothers were rushing by with  
their little ones to witness civil rights demon-  
strations instead of thinking of a

Written Sept 3  
SEPTEMBER 2

Dear Diary

Well, John ~~decided~~ decided he's goin back ta Pius an get his hair cut. Nobody kin believe it! An also last nite Shirley Ann [REDACTED]'s baby was still-born....dead. Life isn't easy kid. But ya kin learn ta live with it. I wonder why John's gonna go back. See, he made a big stink 'cause he was gonna go ta Tosa East. He went to register there, they took one look at his han' an clothes an threw him out on his ear. It was 29 after Pius an John couldn't make an agreement on hair length, he came home with two guys, Ralph, an two girls. If "girl" is the word, they were huge, tite, sweater's short, short skirts, hair ratted up about a foot. Their hair looked dyed black, chawin on gum an smokin. Make-up thick an from ear to ear. It sickened me. I hate girls like that. I have no feelins for them. The shithouse sluts. When I see girls like that downtown I give them one of the longest dirtiest looks I can create at the time. Like "I kin see right thru you baby." I feel so sorry for the sluts, they're so low. See John with them hurt so bad I cried. I love John an don't want him hurt or gettin mixed up with filth like that. So after me gave him ANOTHER lecture on life, marriage, ect., he jumped up an said "call Pius I'm goin back." — Boy - can't really tell sometimes

SEPTEMBER 3

Dear Digny:

I went fast at work. I'll make it okay now I know. It just took gettin used to. I am partin my hair where the normal part is. I will decide now which to use. Centre part or slightly to the right. Only three more free days left. I guess I'll be glad ta get back in the "old Joe college rut" as John [REDACTED] calls it. He wrote us a thank-you note for last Sunday. It had → "Sheila - keep thinking, 'cause it looks so good on you" I was glad he said that cuz I was beginnin ta think he didn't really like me much. I wanna buy a pair of cowboy boots but ma won't let me. She says I should dress more feminine an those boots are "bad enuff on boys!" But I keep ribbin' her maybe she'll give in. I think I know why I not into that mood when J. [REDACTED] was here. He was everythin I wanted to be but couldn't. He<sup>19</sup> was a boy, played guitar, dressed an looked like a cowboy, talked an sang weird. An I was jealous. I wished he'd love me but never could that be. An I didn't want him to leave. I'd cried after he'd left when I was about to fall asleep. I sent in my subscription for<sup>19</sup> Broadside — a folk magazine that comes out every other week<sup>20</sup> yesterday. I think I'll be very happy with it. I'm tryin so hard to play folk guitar. Heard that "Urge for Gain" will be ~~recently~~ released soon see April 7

SEPTEMBER 4

Dear Diary:

Well well Sept 4 an I didn't even realize it til this second. But now I look back an think - so it's Sept 4. Big deal. I've snapped my teeny copper life an I'm glad. Well, guess who was over for bout 20 minutes. Lar. Wow! He was<sup>19</sup> dressed like a kahgee. & pretty scary! Got the copy of "There But Fortune" an John's chord book an flat guitar an learned how to play the song I do pretty good for a beginner. Maybe I will be able to play after all. Kida. Went to confession August 29 an told the priest bout my masturbation. He said I should PRA ~~Y~~ <sup>SSSS</sup>. Great heh. Ya know as if prayin's gonna dis tract me when I'm all hepped up. What a help he is! I could go to South Africa an become a religious fanatic an still get myself excited. Some people! Well I gave up feelin like a sinner so I went to Communion today. I dunno if I believe in it or not but, as I dunno. I did loads a wash an ironin all day fer mom. So that augh hold her. Pattie n I were talkin bout war tonite. If in I was a guy I don't think I'd go to fight. Killin just isn't fer me I guess.

a "ham dinger Soltsinger".  
Suddenly Linda Gillette an  
Karen [REDACTED] came down  
the sidewalk. The four of  
them talked bout all the  
"neat" guys around an  
who's goin with who on  
the whole gossip. Then  
Kathy & Mary Lynn saw 2  
guys they knew in a car  
across the way so they  
left an Karen & Linda  
walked on. Before Karen'd  
said "I saw you the  
other Sunday with a  
boy with blonde hair an  
cowboy boots." I [Sept 5

said "yeah, the cowboy  
boots an the octagon glasses  
an the fuzzy weird blonde  
hair? Yeah, he's a friend  
of mine." They all looked  
with their mouths open.  
Thank you Johnny [REDACTED]

Well they couldn't  
get over how WEIRD I  
was. Pretty Savvy. As  
John C. says "I  
really grossed 'm out."  
An I'm glad. Doin' I  
didn't mention the WES  
to 'm. Oh, baby!

SEPTEMBER 15

Dear Diary:

[REDACTED] an Mary [REDACTED] from 8th  
They stopped by to "see me". Actually they just  
wanted to verify rumors about how I bleached  
my hair. They asked if I'd been goin with Steve  
[REDACTED] I said a couple summers ago but I  
got ridda him. Told m bout lar they asked  
we broke. I said well, ya know, we thought  
we'd better cool it. They started sayin Oh an  
snickerin. I said no I have principles an  
high morals. Told them this summer I've bee  
hoppin downtown onto Bryant Garde... where  
my kinda people are." They were tryin ta act  
tough an they said gee yes ma let's ya  
go there alone? They said there'd been rumors  
that they were tryin ta close the place cuz  
dope pusher was sound there, they asked  
if I was a beatnik an I said sure why  
not. One of m asked why I didn't fightin  
my pants an I said why, ya want every-  
one ta think I'm like you? They said boy  
you sure have changed since Judes I said  
well you haven't. They both got me sick.  
Both had bleached blond hair, gobs of  
make-up, tight pants an Mary Lynn said  
she'd been drinkin an boy she smelled it  
thru my cats. I let them know I wasn't  
like them an didn't approve of m. They  
asked if I was still on the Beatle  
kick an I said oh no, that was

SEPTEMBER 6

Dear Diary:

The <sup>19</sup> last day of summer vacation - and I am sad. I feel as tho I were a deer being taken out of the forest... or a rabbit being squandered from the meadows. At work I cried... for once more shall I run the open fields of life, never again <sup>19</sup> hugs them and smile. To don the clothing the rest will don and to walk the same roads they will. No I cannot be happy in a maze that only has one passageway. I cannot be happy as a lonely rabbit thrown into a cage of lions. I must ramble - my feet must know the unbound trails of a Western world. I come from up Wisconsin way - a tree-filled city-filled world, the only this world I can exist in. Only in the wild fields can I know happiness, they will try to teach me facts I do not know. Facts of biology, and of Speech, English, Latin, Geometry, Religion. But none of these can compare to the facts of Life, the facts of just plain old living. The fact that this mornin outside of the Downtown YMCA - where I was today visitin Kath - a man shot and killed himself. Took from himself the greatest vi fact ever... the fact of living. No, I will not be happy within those walls, the sky is the only wall I understand

SEPTEMBER 7

Dear Diary:

The <sup>19</sup> day teared at my heart an mind. The uniform  
hunged on my body. I carried the books. But my  
mind carried the Big Sur Wind an the gray foamin'  
ocean dashin against the stones. I wanted every-  
one to know this, but I looked an saw physically,  
the same girl of last year an I am, sad. Is there  
way to conform an also to yell out you are not  
like them? To yell out no, I do not understand a  
routine life or clothin that stereographs... stereo-  
ypes. I looked at all the content faces of all  
the teeny-boppers (teeny-boppers) - teeny-boppers - an  
it sank in a nowhere world. My arms want to  
hold in them the cold ocean, the hidden horizon,  
the leafless, bare an brutal trees, but they  
held books that tell me ~~to~~ equals nd an that  
were is plural an was is singular. An as my  
feet walked the linoleum floors I could only  
see the large bricks of the corridor walls,  
an an forever, an my eyes, craved the site  
of natural real life. Again tonite I could  
not help but cry. The ocean is callin me,  
why can't I too have the Big Sur Wind?  
But as a sit in a bed unmade, I  
try to tell myself I will.... when I am 18  
able to say yes I am sure. Only then  
will they believe I must be out on that  
wild wind, blown away out into the salty  
sea, where me an mine float an laff  
at where loneliness crashes an cries

SEPTEMBER 8

Well the carrier of  
lighting when do I  
see eggs. She told me  
directly across the street.  
I just caught the bus and  
pitifully asked the driver  
if my transfer was still  
good & he did & I pay to  
pay again; He let me  
pass. I ran down an  
empty street along  
few blocks away so I  
got off and walked home.  
I didn't know what  
area on the lake I was  
so I hopped aboard  
until I finally did  
know. I got by the 988

War Memorial an went  
to the lake from there,  
and stopped down the  
street of convertible  
with 2 guys in it  
went past us, one yelled  
"Hi ya boy." Well ya  
can't blame 'm. That's  
what they do go an I  
did have on tick pants.  
I walked along the  
lakefront alone singin'  
Dan Baer songs to  
myself. I got off the  
wall ride behind the  
Memorial Ceter an work  
an neglected an used  
cuz I was so happy.

I sang out loud SEPT 8  
softly. Then I walked  
up an I got lost. I  
crossed the street from  
the War Memorial an  
tried to find downtown.  
I'd walked & talked  
to myself "Really big  
young in a city ya  
don't even know." an  
"Help I'm lost." &  
walked past a car with  
an without saying a  
yelled "Nice try."  
Older middle-aged

people looked at me  
he'd walked with the  
song of Tom Rush in  
my head. Past a building  
with rooms for Rent on,  
at & I thought of you  
in an aching kind of way  
a room cost but I was  
runnin' outa time and  
didn't know how long  
it'd take me to find  
somethin'. Finally,  
the wrong way, I made  
a turn an' there was  
of me. So I walked  
on up Main Street 8:15 pm

SEPT 8

so I kept walkin' til  
I got to 16th street.  
I hooked my thumbs  
in my pockets like I  
have been lately. That's  
what ~~cowboys~~ cowboys  
do. My hair was dirty  
an' saggy, my  
pockets dirty an' I  
felt as tho I resembled  
a waif. ~~of~~ A few men  
walked slowly past  
me & grumbled. I think  
they wanna pick ya  
up but I ignored

Was camping in town  
them. On 16<sup>th</sup> I sat  
on the grass by the  
sidewalk, leaned  
against a wall an  
wood. People walked  
past an looked at me  
an I looked at them  
with sad eyes. I still  
played the way big all  
night. Finally got to be  
9 PM and had to be home  
at 9:30 so I hopped  
the bus. I sat next  
to a lady who looked  
at me in a motherly  
way. I was so happy!  
I had the greatest mate!

Dear Diary

So <sup>19</sup> lonesome for downtown that after work  
I hopped the bus there after changes into  
my levis, black leather, an one of John's  
old abandoned shirts. Had the mornin  
sentinel, my purse, & a paper bag ~~for~~ with  
some brownies in it. Got downtown,  
wearin also my sunglasses an went to a  
little side coffee shop by Johnny Walkers.  
There was all old old men sittin around.  
The waitress asked me what I wanted  
and said begin as that I'm desperate  
since this beef sandwich \$1. I  
acted as she'd was really starvin  
<sup>19</sup> not eaten for a couple days. When she  
brought the food I gobbled it quickly  
down. I was very involved in my  
game an I eagerly glanced around  
me, as I chewed vigorously. As one of  
the <sup>19</sup> men made a phone call I watched  
him frighthfully, as tho he'd recogn  
ized me an was callin the cops.  
I scrounged in my wallet an gave  
her 90¢ for the 88¢ meal. She gave  
me the ~~2~~ an I left. I walked to  
Girrels an Plankinton & Wisconsin  
where I was spoyed to get the bus  
that takes me to the lake front.  
I didn't know where on Plankin  
so I went into Toll and Buff an

SEPTEMBER 9

Dear Diary:

19 school an already I'm poopin out in Biology  
an Geometry. Last nite ~~for~~ goin ta bed I  
wrote a letter ta mom. See, when I got home  
from downtown she wanted ta know what  
I did an where. She'd kill me if she knew  
I was at the lakefront. She looked worried  
an<sup>19</sup> disapprovin of me. I told her in the  
letter that I was writin, thinkin of the  
slavery in children in Brazil an the fact  
that they still use a whip in an Arkansas  
prison... an I had been. Before leavin  
for school I put the letter on the ice  
box. When I got home she kissed me an  
said the letter was a real "tear-jerker."  
She said, she understands things a little  
better but she wishes I wouldn't eat in  
"dirty little holes where the bums go."

-BON'T SEPT 19 -

own guitar an I'm still in shock bout  
the boots. My stomach's bite with  
~~the~~ nerves. I'm afraid if I fall asleep  
tomorrow when I wake they won't be  
shape. I'm so happy. Kathy's REAL mad.  
She's jus DISGUSTED with ma fer lettin  
me get 'm. I have conditions were If I'll  
can + can't wear 'm but ma said she'll  
probly get used ta m + let me wear 'em  
all around

SEPTEMBER 10

Dear Diary;

Work went moderately. Grandmother wrote me a note sayin' she was "proud" of me, cuz I didn't leave her so come downtown with me Thursday. Boy kiss ya see her with me then. What a laugh! Anyway I felt like stay over night at her house so I did. Watched my new premiered TV show. It's a Western called Shane. The guy playin' the part is really great. Then, tall, thin, red shordish hair, an' terribly piercing eyes. He goes a Bobby Dylan look even better in Bobby Dylan does. He's really great. So think I'll be watchin' that one <sup>19</sup> old fistic we've just gotta stop this immature goyleis about at school cuz it makes us both look like childish fools. So <sup>19</sup> he homeroom there's four boys that rib me awful. I dunno how it originated but they call me <sup>19</sup> Sea-dog an' then bellows like a sick cow. They just sicken me. Then the boys in my homeroom were wise-crackin' but they didn't really bother me.

SEPTEMBER 11

Dear Digny:

I went to the telephone with Grandmother & talked bout the cowboy books I want so badly but ma says I can't have any — see Sept 3 — Grandm. says I should just go buy 'em anyhow. Well, tonight I once more told ma I wanted some an <sup>10/19</sup> had a two-hour discussion on them. I told her how I disliked being a girl & all girls want is to throw their bodies around an get picked up an I hated it when people held sex over everythin' — even God. She said well that's how things are, you just have to live with it. HAH! I'd sooner DIE than beastin'kin' sexy piggy girl. Well, I told her I didn't feel part of this family or that anyone really cared whether I was dead or alive. <sup>10/19</sup> As it's true. Just the other day I was thinkin' ... boy'd live in a house with 7 completely strange people. Weird, man.... weird. So as it looks I have a 60% chance of a yes answer to if I kin get the books. But I'm not expectin' anythin'. I egish & could say somethin' intelligent & ride, now hit it to past 12 midnite an' loosely I'm tired.

SEPTEMBER 12

Dear Diary:

The joke's on me. Tinged the boots  
Ma told me, drivin' ta work an' made  
I had a big sob fit which lasted  
till 4:45. Crazzy. Then I told her  
I was so mad an we hugged an  
all like so. She promised ta take  
me downtown to ride so we picked  
up Grandm. (I announced please no  
one mention of the boots) an we  
went on down. I bought Tom  
Rush's first album ~~expended~~ cleverly  
<sup>19</sup> TOM RUSH. Also bought  
a folk magazine and a \$2 book  
called Prison. Got bout 70¢ da my  
wallet now an man Grandm.  
birthday is Thurs. After my gave  
me a big talk on how she's  
clamping down on everyone in the  
<sup>19</sup> family from all weird stuff  
Bridget got permission ta put a  
red tint to her hair. Da my I  
think somewhere along the line  
I'm gettin a few end. Well,  
she said she weren't gonna  
wander my "dreams" of going to  
Greenwich Village cuz she feels  
it'll pass on. Well, tell ya this  
if I find it not to my likins it  
will pass on

CRAZY!

SEPTEMBER 13

Dear Diary:

It's a new pen with a nylon top an I like it! Gettin a little most used ta school. Lord, those first few days were hell. Tomorrow I give a speech on the Milwaukee picketin. I volunteered. That's for Religion class. I said I ain't a-got much time for pleasure with havin a job an school. There really ain't much time to goof off. Haven't gotten a Broadside yet. It's been 10 days since I sent it in. I'm a-gettin nervous baby. Felt tired an down all day. Really weird, man. How ya like that beatnick talk? Ain't been writin much lately. Been sorta listenin to my folk records an wantin to write words like they got. Ballads an stuff. there's a certain sunshin I like bout 'm. Hell, I'm so tired I can't write no more. I'm a-goin ta bed Fare thee well

<sup>19</sup>  
-Written September 14 ✓ -

The nite of Sept 13 I listened to people givin their opinions on Vietnam. I will say here that I feel war is wrong but since it's goin on I cannot comment cuz it's so mixed-up with principles an politics that it's impossible to have one view. We cannot get outta Vietnam cuz we'll lose our stamina an we can't stay cuz it's murdering our country

SEPTEMBER 14

Dear Diary:

Back again. School's already borin me. It's so eventless an dead an routine I've had very little leisur time it's terribl. Get up, eat, do school, directly to work, eat supper, do homework, go to bed. Hippo! — Ya know once in a while, when I'm at school or walkin home or sometime when I got time da think, I say to myself 'Ya know it's at this second, there's a man sufferin in a prison cell, there's a child starvin, there's a soldier out on the battle field.' Weird but true. Crazy world, baby crazy world. But what righ I do? I'm thikin a tryin to find an honest orga nization to help the starvin kids where I kin send money. I hear the train passin us bout a mile from here, & leavin for it every night. I love its sound. Rugged baby. Guess I'm stuck goin with Faddie ta babysit for her sister, Bea's, kids, sure hope I don't get stuck sleepin overnide but probably will if Faddie kin help it. Tomorrow is hers an my official first anniversary —

SEPTEMBER 15

Dear Diary:

Office says today's our anniversary.  
One year ago, when Patti had done  
sayin she like The Beatles, I went  
by an slapped her on the back  
an said "I like you back."

[REDACTED] She gave me a folder  
of stationery paper with dumb  
sayins on it. (Oh God) an a package  
of envelopes. I plan to get her a  
small, purple stuffed poodle she  
wanted when I go downtown this  
Thursday. Also, Grandmother's  
birthday. Went to her house with  
the family excluding Dad to give  
her presents an then we all popped  
an over to Ace foods for sundae.  
We all looked so scruffy. Really  
great. We had a lof' fun. Boy

some of my classes are in  
PRESSURE! My biology teacher  
covers one chapter in bout 2 days,  
one story covered a day in English,  
an Geometry BORES me so that  
don't even listen at all. I  
do the written work as best  
as I can on the spur of the  
moment an help with it  
don't think I wanna go to  
college - WORK & PRESSURE.

Written Sept 19

SEPTEMBER 16

Dear Diary:

After work ma, grandmother an me went to see the movie ⑤ The Ten Commandments. Very good. Bout Moses an everythin. I said ta ~~me~~ ma what this world needs is a Moses today to lead the people outta the world's modern corruptions. I'd like to be that Moses. Get a blanket-robe like he had an a staff an be a modern prophet. The world's corruptions → Atom bomb, Birth Control, the War, LSD drug, penal systems, racial rioting, starving people in Asia. Boy this world really needs reformin. We stayed up til bout 12:30 AM an I was really dead. I've been thinkin' of little phrases for my writings.

- ① Even the liberty bell has a crack in it (concernin' injustices)
- ② Some women take their kids an d'th bombs, some swallow bombs to destroy their kids (meanin' the Vietnamese are tryin' to save their children from the war bombs while some women take birth control pills to hinder child birth)  
Man, I'm gettin' ta be a real weird "beatnik" like I'm not like even regular normal beatniks

SEPTEMBER 17

Dear Diary:

After work - grandmother worked for me from 8 to 12 noon so I could rest up from last ride - went to Pattie's to baptize for her sister's kids again. The 10 month old boy crawled up to me as I sat on the floor, with my legs straight out, set in on my right, had him grasp my hand & pumped him up and down like a porsey ride. He laughed in delight and in a few minutes had the other two, too. After we got in to bed, I picked up the paper, not knowing it, Pattie walked outside for a "walk". When I put it down I looked all over for her and began getting scared and didn't know WHERE she was. In 2 hours she was back. I sat on the living room chair ~~and~~ unmoving, not talking to her. This continued all night so she called one of her other friends on the phone and talked to her. They see-ed me off. We had a big fight and I must have wacked up but I began laughing and cried when she was in the other room. My explanation: I'm drunk on bombs. Atom bombs - H-Bombs

SEPTEMBER 18

Dear Diary:

In<sup>19</sup> the back you see an article I found in the paper today. See the thing going on in Grenada is that they have desegregated public schools an the white people are protestin' it. They am gathered at the school an beat little kids tryin' to get in, the colored kids. It was reported that adult white men beat ~~a~~ kids with pipes an chains as ~~the~~ the police stood by doin' absolutely nothing. A 12-year-old received a broken leg in the battling. Mom said she thought the article on Joan was great an she agreed with her. I wished I could go ~~and~~ and be with her. I feel the same way she does an I wish I could show it. All I kin do is write a letter 'n sumthin' meaningless like that. Tomorrow in Speech Class we have to make a speech. I took the subject Our Courts an Penal Systems. Thanks to everything I have pretty much info on it from the WCS, ect. Hell, I wished I had time an the will an mind to write but I'm jus so tight for TIME

SEPTEMBER 19

Dear Diary:

For supper Ma & I went to Penney's Og & to see about the \$10 folk guitar she saw there. We bout a \$16 one an I asked er if they sold those "unmentionables" meanin the cowboy boots. We went by where they were an jus outta curiosify I slipped pair one. I walked up an back with m lugged 'm so much. Ralled 'm off, me grabbed 'm an asked the sales lady the price.... \$5.88! She looked at me an I said come on let's put 'm back but inside I said please mama please! She <sup>look</sup> 'm an said come on. I couldn't believe it - I went into a complete state of shock. I said yer kiddin, 'r you sure?!??!! She said I better quick buy 'm for she changes her mind. We did an when we got back in the car I asked if I could wear 'm now. OKAY! We went to Treasure Island to buy strings for the 3 string guitar. Nylon ones for 2.78. Drove to Grandmother's to show her my stuff an discovered the guitar peg was missing. Went to Bihoff's Music Shop an they said it'd cost bout \$6 to fix. Drove back up to Penney's an bought a \$20 guitar & took back the \$16 one. I can't believe it! I feel so great bout havin my very

SEE SEPT 9

SEPTEMBER 20

Dear Diary:

Yesterday in speech I talked on courts and I said that I believed every person who commits a capital crime must be insane and not locked away but put under psychiatric care. Well my teacher started in and said she disagreed with me. The whole class started commentin' an attackin' what I all said and I stood in front of the class defending myself. My 3 to 5 minute talk turned to be a 30 minute argument. Well she brought it up today in my English Class and the same thing happened, I was stickin' up for myself while everyone put in their unknownin' 2% worth. This ended to be a 35 min. argument. I still believe what I did. I'm so happy with my boots and guitar. Can't wait to wear 'em Thursday downtown. Tuff I'm a real humdinger folk singer, baby. The other day Kath told me & me she really liked my bulletin board (Aug 26). I wish she weren't so two-faced. That's the problem with so many people. They say one thing meanin' another. They're so caught in a rut, so deeply caught. Well, better go if I intend to get any shut-eye. I plan in my life to say ~~loudly~~ what my beliefs are — boy am I gonna!

SEPTEMBER 21

Dear Diary:

W<sup>18</sup>esened to the radio last nite. They're havin a public call-in on the discussin of drugs such as LSD, marijuana, and dope. These kids all in (aged 15-19) and tell of how they use this crap. It sickens me, Fools! I could never be so disrespectful to life as to ever become under the influence of stuff like that. I feel very proud of bein able to control myself, what I think, how I act. An to have somethin like this controf me, I'd feel very abused and shamed. An I feel those who have to escape reality by takin drugs, who have to "solve their problems" (HA HA HA) by takin this, is gonna have plenty mental problems in the years to come, cuz if they can't learn to solve their problems, they'll become dependant on have so many problems — it's crazy!!!! I<sup>19</sup> love life too much to abuse it. I'd feel unworthy to live ... to face life cuz I'd know how I down-graded it. I put life high on a pedestal. Takin drugs to numb it's natural works would be like shootin a rotten egg at life. An I could never again face reality if I'd done that. I feel sorry for anyone who takes this stuff an I pray they will be able to face reality again. Morals for me are high — I'm not

SEPTEMBER 22

Dear Diary:

At<sup>19</sup> boat 3:15 got downtown. Wore my tan army shirt, levi's, cowboy boots, an chain with dad's good conduct medal, sunglasses. Teacher's Convention so no school an I saw my Religion Teacher there. Bought a book, guitar string (I busted one, they were so cheap when I tightened it, it cracked) an looked for a stuffed toy for Patti. She gave me somethin for our anniversary an I didn't. Up to Gimbel's. There was 3 men clerks bout 40 yrs old talkin. When I passed one, yelled out "Looks like one<sup>19</sup> a the Outlaws Ha-Ha-Ha" I said back "Be surprised." He said "Got yer motorcycle parked outside I guess?" I said "Why not, babe?" That was that. I gave him a REAL dirty look. The boots began hurtin. When I went to the girl's room I looked, the skin on my back heels was rubbed off an raw. I could hardly walk. I did tho, sufferin thru, walkin funny cuz it hurt so bad. Bought bandages, put 'em on my heels but I didn't help. Called ma who picked me up<sup>19</sup> on 70<sup>+</sup> Wisconsin after I got off the bus. My feet is now veri<sup>y</sup> sore, & my heels'd developed blisters that broke an gobbed all over. Ma says won't be able to wear 'em for bout a week HELL

SEPTEMBER 23.

Dear Diary:

Woke up at 4 AM with painful heels. Went to the bathroom walking with pain, limpin. Finally fell asleep this morn they feel fine but looked terrible an hurt when touched. Grandmother insisted on workin for me today + tomorrow see, I can't wear shoes. They rub an hurt. Didn't washin an ironin all day. Played my guitar. I feel so bad cuz we finally get a vacation from school and have to sit home. HELL. I just feel so spot. I'm not a beatnik I guess.

Beatnicks are dumb, take drugs an have no meanin in life. Babe, that ain't me. So I spose I'm somethin else. Hell if I know what. Crayy. wanna go to Avant Garde soon but wanna weaz my food there.

I guess I'll go this Saturday (not tomorrow). By then I'll be able to at least get in on. Still haven't heard from Broadsides Magazine. I hear a strain in the distance. I hear it bloop. Well. It's a wild weird world. Crayy. Wonder if this me sittin around is a message from upstairs that I should be knockin down an within all the things I intend to in my life

SEPTEMBER 24

It started July 6 when I bought his album. Bob Dylan was leaving me. They are playin his songs on the hippy feeny-booper radio stations. The magazines (folk magazines) say he said "it didn't at all bother him (the way) and how young men dying in Vietnam in battle was not his concern."

His songs are meaningless: "Early in the mornin, early in the mornin, I'm callin you to, I'm callin you to please come home. Well I could make it without

Sept 24

you if I just didn't  
feel so all alone." "Then it is zipped up  
with oo-wa-wa...  
poop-deak beep bop  
swing bingo. But  
it's pro that he don't  
CARE no more. He's  
gone into rock'n'roll  
for the money. There  
isn't anythin else in  
it. He disregarded  
everythin he "believed"  
in. His greatness to  
me has been cast ~~in~~  
to the wind... an I  
watch it leave  
with tears.

The dream <sup>Sept 24</sup> I had on  
August 10 was a  
proof that it's true.  
The boy tryin to  
burst my albums was  
this feelin I have  
towards hippy things.  
I liked, admired  
and idolized Dylan  
so I didn't want  
the albums broken.  
I cannot yet ex-  
plain the rest of  
the dream.  
I cared for  
you Dylan. You do

me were the best.  
You had everythin'.  
Your move was  
sacred. Now you  
move so love of  
fame and money  
among the unknow-  
ing. Now I cannot  
admire you. I  
look at what you  
have now and  
move away from  
you in search of  
the ~~land~~ better.

And I have found  
it. It is whad  
you left, Bob.

Dear Diary:

Grandmother insisted on workin' for me tho'  
I said I could make it. Sat about  
til I couldn't no more an went to  
greenfield Avenue with ma. Been  
workin' on my guitar an so far I  
know by heart all of one song "There  
Butt for Fortune", main portions o f  
two others. Came to stay over night  
at Grandm. — Let us now go to  
John [REDACTED] I may sound here as tho'

I love him. But I really don't personally  
an deeply know him. He jus' reminds me  
of<sup>19</sup> the one I do love - whoever he is.

John likes me I think. Quote from his  
last letter: Judy and I are gettng  
along finer going around like a pair  
of one. She reminds me of you a lot when  
she wants to she can spread all the  
happiness of the world among everyone  
she meets but at other times she is  
so quiet it kinda rocks your soul  
until you are caught up and lost  
in her silence, maybe a part of a  
voiceless world. Maybe its because  
she reminds me of you I like her  
damn much. I dunno?? Oh, jus'  
what does it mean, what does it  
mean. I care very much for John.  
But how do you say it, how, how, how, how

SEPTEMBER 25

Dear Diary:

Bought of John [REDACTED] as his grandparents  
came over to visit grandmother as they  
said John works at the railroad on  
Sundays. John, John. I'm going crazy,  
it's what I'd like to be. A boy working  
at the railroad. Tough. Hard. Solid.  
Real. Talked to Kath an John. John said  
I don't have what it takes to go out  
an "conquer the world." I asked why an he  
said "One thing yer so sheltered an ya  
never go out an do things!" Well baby!  
only have to go to school an work all  
day every day except Sunday... but what  
goes on Sunday? Kath said "Yer trying  
to bring life after death into this  
life." An she also said sex an money  
are the 2 most important things in  
this life. I feel sad guy she don't  
understand me. Lord will they be  
shocked when I DO go out an make  
it. I may not make it with society  
in fe at all known but I only want  
to be loved in the group of my  
people. There'll be bout 6 to 10  
people sittin in one room, on the  
floor, some on chairs. An we'd talk  
I'd want to be loved an admired  
in this group or among mine an  
I will be satisfied

SEPTEMBER 26

Dear Diary:

I <sup>19</sup> feel alone an sad. I want the roamin life  
The life at nite, sittin in a room of friends,  
Singin, talkin, laffin. At school there is a  
very large crowd of ridiculers of me. In  
my class some boys snicker Sheila oh Sheila  
an laff away! In Patti's class they call m  
names. In my Speech Class they call out  
How's capital punishment these days? -  
while someone way off in the distance die  
.... of starvation, lack or loss of love,  
or becuz of their mal formed minds. It is  
not teasing, for lately it has become the  
pastime of the "crowd." I cannot pretend  
to laff with them. My life is too much to  
me and I do not consider myself an  
my dreams funny. I was to the point of  
writin to Joan Baez. Where can I go?  
What must I do to ignore them? Why

<sup>19</sup> must I stay? I cannot apply myself to  
my "studies", they are boring an meaningless.  
Thru the lessons I think of the  
ocean, of the world, of my dreams, of  
songs. I cannot help but want to run.  
I want to run away from here. From  
any <sup>19</sup> contact with the hippy crowd. From  
all their jokes. I want to be loved so  
much. Where here can I find love? There  
is no place for me here. An somewhere in the  
distance is someone who would love me

SEPTEMBER 27

Dear Diary:

<sup>19</sup> first nite I dreamt of Lar. I remember us walkin' s a bridge an meetin' up with each other. We were ly on Grandmother's bed an I said 'Even if you purple hair an green skin I'd still recognize from yer walk an yer smile.' I know more happened but I can't remember what. Why do

<sup>19</sup> keep thinkin (?) of Lar. Is it becuz he's the only one that made me feel so totally good that I stopped suckin my thumbs at nite. I do now tho. Vigorously. I guess it's becuz I'm really emotionally un happy. It's cuz I don't feel loved or cared for an when

<sup>19</sup> was around I did. But now when I start feelin bad I think of what John [REDACTED] wrote — see Sept 24 — an I feel maybe I ain't so terrible after all. A boy in my homeroom, one that keeps pestrin me, hit me on the head with a pen. I looked at 'im like I was gonna fly an I think he felt guilty. Why do they have to keep on me! Why why why do I have to sit there an take it? Why can't I go far away where I kin sit an be in peace. Why do I have to go to school to "learn" that → chloroplasts are food in cells, portem means garden in Latin, soccer balls 'r kicked, What does this matter to me an my life. I wanna learn of the people of today. the problems of today. — BUT I CAN'T

SEPTEMBER 28

Dear Diary:

Routine jus like every other day. Gave Pathe a little stuffed purple possum for our anniversary which was <sup>19</sup> September 15. Wore my cowboy boots a little. Mom bought some heel cushions for inside them as they don't hurt at all. Guess I'll be free to go downtown with m tomorrow after all. Lipper. Got a teensy letter from John [REDACTED] Honestly, I don't know where that guy gets the paper he writes letters to me on from. The one I got today is a beige color with blue lines with one end <sup>19</sup> torn off an folded like a drunker hillbilly. He's so sweet. I jus think I love him he's so sweet. We wrote an essay on why or why not should Mass be required by the Church. I said it shouldn't becauz: the priest's going <sup>19</sup> thru the same actions every week sends do bore people and soon it becomes meaningless, a sort of "have to do" thing like going to the bathroom. Rather weird comparison, hey? But how TRUE. I read that the Vietnam war is costin the US 2.5 billion dollars a month. Crap. Oh tell me what we're provin by the war. That our armies can fire a big deal! I'm anti-war AND anti-Johnson

off but Rich I let on a little,  
then he pulled more, over powerin  
me an I shoot him off too, a  
wild mad glint in my eye. I  
guess they got scared so they  
left an I sat back on the  
wall thinkin of Rich. I  
started to cry cuz I felt so  
sorry for him an suddenly I  
got the great great urge to  
find him. I started walkin  
an yelled "Rich!" three times  
fore he said "Here I am."  
He ran up an said what  
the matter, I said I don't  
know why, I just wanted to  
talk to him. He said okay an  
told the others to "go get"  
some girls up the way. They  
asked if I changed my mind  
an he said "No she jus wants  
eet. Sept 29

"to talk to me." I said what were ya doin an he said makin a fire. With my matches. We walked together an I said I jus wanted to tell ya to stop what yer doin cuz it isn't worth it. He said you know what yer askin me to do? <sup>go</sup> to heaven. I said what's wrong with that. He said hell's where the action is, I said no it isn't. He said are you a Catholic? ~~where~~ who got this all in yer head? I said nobody I jus thought of it myself, it's my own religion. He looked interested, curious. I said do you think this'll all pay out in the end? He said I'm not crazy I'll stop when I'm about 18. I said it isn't all that easy. I say yes I'd been in court, I've gone to observe (before the group'd asked if I'd been to court an Rich said he was twice) I said I wrok an he asked if I drew, I said no I've tried but

Sept 29

I can't. He said don't tell anyone but I'm an artist. I smiled an said oh, that's great. He seemed real proud an said if ya got time I'll teach ya how an I said no, I don't have the time. I said I was different, an showed him my glasses, he smiled. I said you've ever been to Avant Garde. He said what's that I said a beatnik place, told him where it was, he said he'd go there. He said he'd jus been on his way back to apologize to me for the other guys an the way they were actin, "they don't know how girls think" he said. The others came back then an I left with him, us two walkin together the rest behind us, they said they'd seen some girls an wanted Rich to

get them for them. As we walked I took his hand we walked hand in hand. He asked if I'd ever had a boy-friend I said once an I think you know why I got rid of him. He said did you get ridda him or did he stand you up, I said no I dumped him. He put his arm around my shoulders an said you don't mind, do you? I said no & put my arm around his waist. We walked a ways ahead of the rest an lost 'm way back. As we went thru the park he told me they'd knocked over the benches. Suddenly we saw a cop. We sat down on a bench, the cop asked if he was with that group, he said yeah. the cop said well, I don't know if you knocked these bencos over but I have my suspicions. An they'd better behave & he'd

Sept. 29

bring the old man down an they'd pick up the whole party. He made us sit an wait for the others, when they came we all left. Soon the cop came buzzin over on this little motor cart an said do you kids have school tomorrow. They said yeah he said well then ya better get on home. We walked on an one of the kids said let's go back an Rich said you crazy? Hell be followin us we better jus keep on. the kid said yeah what kin he do if we run away Rich said are you nuts? he'll shoot you down. The kid said oh! (like I'm sure) I said that's no kiddin... I've seen it done. Rich said have you? where? I said all

around. Well I had to get to my bus for home so I told him where Avant was an he said okay. We all stood talkin bout it an I said you had to be REAL to get in 'r they'd spot ya out. He said you be down here again tomorrow. I said no next Thursday. He said by the lake an I said yeah bout 8 PM. He said ok we'll see ya then. He leaned over an we kissed each other in a split second.

I hope I did the right thing. I pray to God. I want to help Rich. Please God, help me do the right thing

Dear Diary

I don't know what I did but I'll tell ya how I did it. downtown an to the lakefront, walkin over to the lake a group of 5 boys came up. One was bout 16, the rest were between 10-14. The 16 yr old sat by me on the wall asked my name, age, where I lived. The rest were standin around smokin an swearin like nobody's business. They kept sayin, let's push her over, fuck her, an boy you name it they said it. But the 16 didn't. I asked his name "Rich." I acted like my solitary moody self. He said he liked my boots an chain. I handed him the chain an he put it on. He liked it. They said let's go I said no, I came to see the water an the moon an that's what I intend on doin. The little kids said push her over but the 16 yr old say stay off her, leave her alone, she's okay. I said I was a good girl, I answered yes I wouldn't have it any other way when they asked was I a virgin. ~~The~~ Rich looked at me like I baffled and interested him. I liked him. He wore blue jeans, black boots, a grayish patterned shirt an a leather ~~vest~~ jacket. They asked for matches, I gave em some. They said they wanted to go "where the action" was, I pointed to the waters with the moon shinin on it an said that's where the action is. They looked at me like I was nuts but Rich looked in my eyes wondringly an I looked in his. They said well let's go I said no but they kept on so did I. Rich grabbed my arm an one ~~an~~ grabbed the other an they pulled me, I pushed the other

SEPTEMBER 30

Dear Diary:

thought all day of Rich. I was in a dream <sup>19</sup> the day. I remember a few more things we said: when we left from talkin to the cop the first time, he said they'd knocked down all those benches. I said why, he said once you start lettin off steam, ~~you~~ you can't stop. I said then how do you plan to stop when yer 18? He looked at me, I at him. Then when the kids came back to get him to "get" the girls, one said "Come on, yer not gonna get anythin off that virgin." Rich looked out at the lake an said to himself "No. <sup>19</sup> I think the first thin I'd like to get him to do is keep drawin. I'm not romantically involved with him, it's jus that I wanna show him a little of my world to show him how much more he could get outta life for free. I didn't want to but I've gotten to the point where I think I'll cry if he don't show up Thursday. Las nite when I was jus dozin off on Kath's radio "the urge For Going" played...my Tom Rush song. They said it'd be released soon, I cried thru it. I don't remember any-<sup>19</sup> more what Rich's face looked like. All I remember are his eyes that seemed to want to know more. I can't wait til next Thursday. Oh, please let him show up, god I care about him very much.

WRITTEN OCT 2  
OCTOBER 1

Dear Diary:  
At work Mr. [REDACTED], a customer, gave me a neckface. It has a finished nut with a face on it. He said his friend works at a warehouse an he got a few of them so many so he gave some to him an he thought he'd give one to me. Didn't speak much of Rich. Went to Avant Garde about 9:00 PM. Occupied the window sill an the band started at 9:20. Kallege kids were pickin in an it was pretty bad. A few beatniks came but left after bout 5 minutes. The Unit (the band) started playin hip songs to adjust to the majority of the audience. They popped up an down, I couldn't look an then I started laughing. I had to get outa there. At 10 I left an took a 50 mile ride to the Art Memorial. I played the game I was very hungry, had no place to go an was very cold. I wore my cowboy cap (sum all I wore thurs). On the way back to Avant, a car stopped. Guy came out an said they were havin a party an did I wanna come. I really rad on my act an he said what's the matter? I said I'm happy. He said oh boy you should see the food we have! Then I think he felt embarrassed an they left. When I got to Avant, dad was there to take me home.

OCTOBER 2

Dear Diary:

Mom, Prof. Mary E., and I went to Treeney Island an Spartan-Atlantic Discos store. I got money happy. Got: a Peter, Paul, and Mary album, a man's wallet, a combination change purse + key case, and a \$27 jacket with matching pants. The jacket is the western kind, brownish suede cloth with the fuzzy lining. It looks so great with my boots, I just love it. The pants are of the suede cloth kind just had a FIT when she saw the ~~the~~ jacket cuz it's really the style men wear, any cowboy's Ma's beginnin' to let me wear the pants all around jus not to church or school. I wouldn't wear 'em there anyway. They look horrid with a skirt. UGH! Well bath says I'm a disgrace to the women sex an she won't even look at me or talk to me an she's actin like I don't even exist. I wish she would be like Shag. I wanna be her friend. Oh, well, I guess the world I'm in holds its joys an sorrows jus like any other. It's friends an enemies, happinesses an disappointments.

OCTOBER 3

CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER 9 —

He<sup>19</sup> said you must not think very much of me. I said it's not that. I just have my principles. He said what're they? I said, have a reason for ~~all~~ everythin' ~~of~~ ya do an make sure it's a good one. I added If I had my way I'd go down there an pull those two apart. Janet's told her parents us four were goin' to the zoo. Charlie said Yeah it's not love, it's lust. I said it's makin' fun of love, if they really loved each other they probably would be at the zoo. We sat in silence for bout 15 minutes. Then we began talkin' bout anythin' an everythin'. He told me bout his cats, his uncle's cabin where he'd like to live. Stuff like that. I ~~sit~~ sorta leaned on him an soon we were cuddled in each other's arms. We talked of things we liked an laughed, were happy an hugged each other in our happiness. He kept sayin' I was so "cool." — "Not made up like [REDACTED] Looks like someone took a markkin' pencil ta her eyes." We laughed. He liked my hair an we kissed on an off. He's the type the kisses gobby.ick. We sat here in each other's arms an talked til bout 5:45. Then I said I had to get goin' so we got those two outta the basement an Charlie an I left. We walked ta my house an he came in.

CONTINUED OCT 8

OCTOBER 4

Dad, Dappy's

19 school, cuz a sonthin' n other.  
Read in the paper that an 18 yr old  
soldier in Vietnam was court-martialed  
an given 2 yrs hard labor for gettin  
scared and "freezing" on the fire line.  
I got moody, put on my Peter Paul and  
Mary record and began crying. Some thin  
was pullin me out an I put on my  
boots an coat an walked to the bridge  
over the expressway. I watched the  
white headlights dashin below me an  
I thought. If I could get all  
those people to write to their congress-  
man, that kid could get the justice he  
deserves. I'd read two letters to the  
Sentinel sayin they believed an injustice  
was performed to him. One said they wrote  
to the boy's congressman. — Becuz he didn't  
wanna die, becuz he was afraid to die. Becuz  
his country said go out to die an be brave, an  
he was afraid...an he didn't want to die. He  
will now waste 2 yrs in prison, becuz he  
went temporarily insane out there as bullets  
flew by him. He will rot becuz of sumthin  
he couldn't control...becuz he couldn't  
help himself. We all look past this. We  
go about our lives sayin how just an free  
a country we live in...while he sits in prison  
.... becuz he didn't want to die

OCTOBER 5

Dear Diary,  
thought again all day of that soldier from  
yesterday Private Edward Connors. In Religion,  
as the class talked of prejudice, a tear fell  
down my cheek for him. Pattie an I've decided  
to get a petition goin. I cannot see the  
justice they feel, was done to him. I can't  
see<sup>19</sup> their reasoning. — Tomorrow I see  
Rich. We agreed to meet the same place we  
first met at 8 AM. Today I got a very  
vivid image of his face for about a  
minute, I thought then I loved him, but  
I only care for him. I pray he's there,  
I think he will. Pattie's the only one who  
knows about him cept you, diary. I  
can't tell mom cuz she'd be afraid and  
worried when there's no reason to be. I'd  
tell Rich an company I wasn't afraid of  
them. An I'm not. She wouldn't under-  
stand what I plan to do with him an  
she wouldn't see the fact that I am  
earnin from him. I am, learnin from him  
more than I've learned all week from  
school. He is life. Their books are not.  
All I want to do is live to the best, an  
accomplish somethin in life an help  
others so, also. I don't care bout  
nothin else. So I plop thru classes an  
put my all in everyone I meet an all  
the challenge I see in natural life.

OCTOBER 6

Dear Diary:

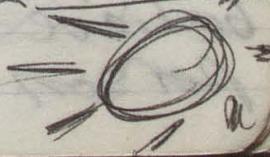
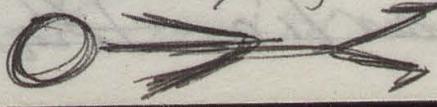
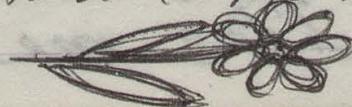
Downtown bought a purse. At 7:30 I was by the lake to meet Rich. I car drives up an he jumps out. \* We walked an he showed me a bottle of beer in his pocket. I said 'I thought you said you were smart.' His friend who'd drove the car soon came an he stood around. I think he was a little mentally disturbed cuz he talked real funny an Rich said "He does what I tell him to do." Rich was actin real stupid, laffin 'n everythin. His friend went back to get the car an we walked up aways. I told him he wasn't different, he was like all the rest. (His last name's [REDACTED] He said don't try to convert me to be a beatnik. I let him know I was disappointed in him. But he kept actin real stupid. His friend came an they drove me to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Rich said he'd draw a picture for me an see me next week, I left. Kind of mad. We were together bout  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. Wore my whole cowboy get up. Remarks here n there "Ride 'm cowboy" an "Howdy Clem" I yelled back to ~~one~~ "What's a matter, teeny-bopper, shock ya?" Look for guitar books. On the bus, met a guy who knows Lat an we talked. He had an accent from Wichita, Kansas an he dressed way-out. He had two large fingers on his left hand an that was it. Deformed

OCTOBER 7

Dear Diary:

Out of yannies today. Wore my gray "reform school" dress. Kathy's talkin' of goin' ta Florida for college. All she needs is someone to borrow her bout \$800, THAT'S ALL! If she kin get it, she says she'd be gone February. I'd miss her 'uz I remember missin' her so bad when she went ta Canada those few days. Wild. Really wild. It's lonely bein' weird. There's this one boy in my homeroom that keeps tryin' ta make a fool outa me while he makes one of himself. — Ya know the guy I saw on the bus yesterday? His friend is goin' steady with a Jane [REDACTED]

I know in school. She came up to me an said he'd liked me an wanted to know where I lived, ect. His name's Charlie [REDACTED] He's an extreme teeny-bopper but he thinks an that's a good sign. If my road she said she wouln't doubt if he called me. (He didn't) Anyroad, while drivin' ta work I saw him standin' at the bus-stop an we waved. I hope he told he met me. Nya! I saw Lay the other day. While walkin' home from school he passed by on his spiffy-keeno motorbike (rick) we exchanged smiles. Oh, baby, it's a lonely world. But it kin also be a happy one. I'd rather be physically lonely for a few years than mentally lonely forever.



OCTOBER 8

- CONTINUED FROM OCT 3 -

Mary [REDACTED], Bridget an Mom were home. We sat in the livin room. He made me play my guitar. He couldn't play cuz of his deformed hand. We watched TV. Ma had to leave ta get Kath an Dad wasn't home. Mom let him stay tho but the little kids had to be in the livin room with us. We stayed there watchin TV til 8pm. Then we went outside. I pulled part of my coat over his shoulders cuz it was cold an he had none. We had our arms around each other an we had ~~on~~ all the other times we walked together. We jus goofed round. He "sang" me some Elvis Presley songs an we were laffin. We went back ta my house an ~~we~~ we kissed good night. When I ~~looked~~ look at him I think of Lar. It's horrid cuz I feel like Lar's come back to me an we're continuin in our love. I hardly can see Charlie for himself. I hate it I can't think of it as a whole new friendship — Charlie an me. It's like the old Lar an me. I can't think, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, I think Lar, Lar, Lar. I have to lock away all thoughts of ~~Lar~~ Lar... I have to open new ones to Charlie. I can believe there actually is a ~~a~~ whole new person Charlie that likes me.

OCTOBER 9

Dear Diary:

At 11 AM the phone rang. Charlie. He asked what I was doin, I said nuthin so we made a "date." Him, Janet and her boy friend would come get me after Mass an we'd go to his house. I was happy an ~~were~~ got all flingy. Walked to church with my hair ~~blowin~~ in the Friday Summer's Wind. I was flith round so that the guy at the gas station gave me a long sexy whistle. I was so happy tears wetted up. After Mass came home in put my cowboy get-up on. They come bout 30 minutes later. Janet an her guy walked behind us an Charlie an I together. He had on this straw hat, with the top chewed off an a flocked Christmas tree branch stickin outta it. I teased him bout it. Got ta his house. His parents weren't home. We went in the basement.... which was his bedroom. Turned on records. They sat on one bed an Charlie lay ~~I~~ on the other. After goin round a while, Janet an her guy began peckin. Charlie was pullin me closer an tryin ta kiss me but I managed to keep 'm away. Then he finally got me an kissed me an I pulled away. We sat in silence for bout 10 minutes. It got late an said, Wanna go upstairs? I said yeah. We did an sat on the couch. Go to OCTOBER 3

written October 11  
OCTOBER 10

Dear Digny;

On 6<sup>th</sup> Period I began cryin. I realized I didn't care bout Charlie an' still loved Dar. On 7<sup>th</sup> I refused to go in front of the class to impersonate someone so I flunked it. When I got home I cried an' cried. At work I had a <sup>19</sup> lot to do to keep my mind off it. I felt terribly an' wanted Dar back so bad. At 1:30 he came an' we left an walked down to Miller's Brewery all quagmired there. He talked an' talked ~~—~~ <sup>19</sup> bout how he got drunk at the Reiley Stages an' senseless stuff like that. I think he's a Methodist. He kisses all gobly an' it gets me sick. When I walk with him I'm so happy cryn it's like I'm walking with God. When I see Charlie I feel lost. He keeps sayin' how "cool" I am an' I know it's not true. He said, "Ya know honey I think I love you." I laughed an' said you don't even know me. He said I think I do. He's got a lot to learn. Even Debbie admits she still doesn't know me. I don't know about it all this, I just don't know.

OCTOBER 11

Dear Diary,  
Charlie game back 8pm. I felt ok  
all day an decided I wanted to  
buy a new dog. That's weird cuz  
I'm such a "boy." Well, we took a  
different route but ended up at the  
same place we were yesterday. He  
seemed the same as yesterday, I  
bout pushin' him. Asked him what he  
wanted to be... "I dunno" Asked  
him what he thought of religion  
an capital punishment. "I know  
to both. At the end of the evenin I  
said yet a typical steppas, you  
know? He said yeah I'm stereotyped.  
He was proud of it. When we kissed  
goodnite I'd rather have kissed  
Kelly. Now I just finished cryin' cuz  
I don't like him at all. I wish as  
well admit it. He has nothin' to  
share with me an he is too "jimma-  
tue". He doesn't care. All he wants  
are "kicks" an him. That's all I  
am an he'd be twice as happy  
with some little scatty bopper!!!  
<sup>19</sup> I'm gonna tell 'm tomorrow I  
can't go with him cuz I'm grounded  
an maybe I'll soon get enuff courage  
to tell him I don't care for him.  
I feel so bad. What can I do?

OCTOBER 12

Dear Diary:

When Charlie called I told him I was grounded tonite an tomorrow nite. He sounded all crushed. AWW, So I'm actually glad I won't be seeing him. Believed to say the least School to me is the most borin I've ever gone thru. None of the classes interest me. I lazy thru them ap durin my write notes ta Patrice if it's \$ safe. The receipt for the check I sent to Broadside Magazine came back. If I don't get one by<sup>19</sup> Oct. 21 I'm gonna have ta write 'm a nasty letter. I told John [REDACTED] if they didn't hurry I was gonna write tellin \$'m I'd call a bomb scare in to their head-quarters if they didn't hurry up, I don't wanna meet Rich tomorrow, I jus wanna be alone. Completely alone an sink deep in my loneliness. It'll feel good after these last few days. I'm sure I wouldn't feel this way if I were among people whose company I enjoy. So far J. [REDACTED] is the only one I know, that's pretty sad. To be the only one by one of yer kind you kin be w/o th.

to be an end to it." I said yeah. He asked what would you do if I hadn't shown up? I said well, I guess I'd be sittin' here by myself. He was complainin' he said he had a cold an I said well no wonder, it's freezin' an ya don't even have a coat on. (He only had a shirt an sweater on) Not even an undershirt. He asked where was my chain an I began plowin' thru my purse to

Oct. 13

find it. I discovered  
it was under the lining  
so I unloaded the whole  
thing tryin' to get it  
out. I couldn't. He took  
it tryin' to figure out  
how to get it so we  
were laughin. He finally  
got it. I put it on him  
an' reloaded my purse.  
He laid down on the  
wall an' put his head  
on my lap. He laid side-  
ways with his ~~the~~ nose  
to my stomach. I  
~~put~~ put my hand on  
his shoulder an' with  
the other, petted his  
hair. He asked if I  
had a boyfriend. I

Oct. 13

said ya mean one I  
really cared about? He  
said yeah. I said no.  
He asked if I ever did an'  
how long ago. I said  
about a year now. He  
said anyone else? I  
said well there's this  
one guy followin' me  
around but that's it.  
He asked why did I  
break with the guy a  
year ago an' I said  
he wanted what I  
wouldn't give him.  
He mumbled "Sounds  
like me." He asked if

I had a girlfriend an I  
staid yeah but she's  
got polio. She walks in  
crutches. He said they way  
you walk you should  
too. We laughed. He said  
will you be my girl  
friend? I said sure,  
why not? I like you.  
(said kinda unromantic but  
I was flabbergasted outta my  
senses) He gave me his  
phone ~~number~~ number. He  
asked if I knew what hell  
was an I said yeah,  
nothing. Yes ~~never~~ forever  
of nothing. He said  
Yeah... But what's  
heaven. I said I didn't  
know. He asked if I  
were Catholic. I said

Oct. 13

yeah. He said ~~me~~ then I  
guess you'd call it a  
mystery. He laid quiet  
a long time. Then got  
up. He sat with his legs  
on the opposite side of  
the wall. We put our  
arms around each other  
an he cuddled under my  
coat. We jus sat there  
an he hummed. Once in  
a while we'd say somethin.  
Soon it was time for  
me to go. He walked  
me to the stop light.  
A few times on the wall  
he gave me a pecky  
kiss on the neck. By

The light we gave  
each other a short kiss.  
An parted. Called him  
when I got home. He was  
painting an told me  
all bout it. It was an  
autumn scene with a  
person walkin thru the  
leaves. Very little was  
said. I was happy  
I dunno if he was but  
I sensed it that he was.  
Couple minutes it  
seemed he had to  
go cuz his grandma  
was yellin.

Charlie gets when  
he kisses an he keeps  
kissin. Rich don't.  
I think he likes me  
a lot.

Dear Diary

8:00pm sat on the wall by the lakefront.  
hen was walkin there of heard "Hey, Shooka".  
(that's Rich's name for me) I called "Where are you?"  
no answer. Sat on the wall and the figure  
walked towards me an sat down. Rich. He  
said "ya got a comb?" I did. He said  
it. After a long silence he said "How  
you know I wasn't actin like myself  
but like the crowd?" Another silence.  
"Well, cuz that's what the crowd does,  
just like you were doin," He said, "The  
crowd doesn't paint like I do" I said  
well then paint an don't drink. We  
both sat with our legs over the wall  
by the lake's side. We looked out at  
the fog, the black waters, the moon-  
less black sky with faint gray  
clouds. They were us like in there  
was nothin. He asked if I were, rais-  
in that picture what would I call  
it. I answered "God." He mumbled  
"Yeah guy God created it an all that"  
I said no, cuz that IS God.  
"I said that's where God is, I've  
looked all around for Him an that's  
where I found him, an if that's not  
where He is, I'd sure like ya know  
where then. He said, "I'd call it  
Eternity." Cuz there doesn't seem

written Oct. 16

OCTOBER 14

Dear Diary,

At 19820 Charlie came with his hippy records. I put on an <sup>old</sup> record and sat on the couch. While I cleaned up my <sup>old</sup> self and about what I had to do. He kept saying "What's the matter, honey?" I said "We gonna forget it. I can't see you anymore." He <sup>19</sup>said why and I said <sup>old</sup> guy I just don't care bout you. I was holding him an crying hard. He seemed shocked. He said "I could tell from the start." I said I guess I never really got over her. I said "He used to sit over there at that piano an I'd sit on the chair next to him an he used to smile at me an I'd melt all over. An on New Years Eve we had a glass of champagne an we frank to laugh other, an a month later we had to break up." He <sup>19</sup>said he knew how I felt <sup>old</sup> guy he never really got over a girl he had before. Meanwhile it was past 8:30 when I was <sup>supposed</sup> to call Vick. HE CALLED! He sounded mad an asked why I didn't call. I said Charlie was over an I didn't know how to deal with him I didn't like him. I said I'd call him back in 15 min. Well, I'm telling Charlie he better go now. <sup>old</sup> guy he kept sidling around. I couldn't

Written Oct 16

OCTOBER 15

OCTOBER 17

Dear Diary,

At 10:00 called Rich. He sounded  $\frac{1}{2}$  asleep I told him I could come tonight as he was all glad. He said tonight he'd sell me his bond "Marilyn", his age, on his life. We talked, made Sonish's arrangements in hand up. The workin day went very quickly. Watched my fav. favorite am only TV show I watch... a cowboy show called "Shane." Lyt on my black turtleneck, blue army shirt, levis, an cowboy boots an Western jacket. Dad drove me to town with John. They were both goin to Hammie's to play cards. I walked into town, an when they drove away I left in started walkin. Got to the lafefont at 8:25 PM. It was very cold an Rich said we were goin to ~~the~~ his boy friend's house. I was a bit afraid. He said this friend, Bob, had been tryin to convert him to stop his wild way of life for 4 months an was mad cuz I'd done it in one hour! Rich carried his canvas and carried the bag of oils an brushes. We were goin round had a lookin for. I gave him a cigarette I'd robbed from John. Rich was 25 years old. When I heard that I felt better. Hell, I figured I had to take my chances. I had to be such a

an so we left about 20  
after. We'd never make  
it to Grand. I was so  
scared Dad'd catch  
me & I prayed so hard.  
Lick said I'll make sure  
ya don't get in trouble,  
don't worry. We tried  
to wait for the bus so  
we'd get there faster  
but King flew away &  
didn't come. He left  
me 5 block from Grand  
an it was already King  
for Dad to be there. I  
said aloud "Ok, God,  
I'm on yer side ride?  
You got me here safe  
an I'll continue yer  
work. Please." I got  
there, running & Dad  
Dad never came till  
15 min. after I ar-  
rived.

SEE NOVEMBER 6

me feel so sad! His  
parents were divorced  
and he was living with his  
dad or grandpa. He has  
a long police record and  
he's supposed to be in 10th  
grade - but he's in 8th. He  
said he did real bad in  
school, not cuz he's  
lame, cuz he just doesn't  
care or try. I told him  
I lived a very boring life  
just reading psychology  
books all summer & began getting  
disgusted with Melvane-  
bee. He seemed disgusted and  
sad when he told me  
what he did. I felt so  
sorry for him. Oh, Rich,  
so we went back into  
the studio, he continued  
his ~~by~~ painting. It was  
getting to be 10:00 now

October 15

little boy. It was so  
real it haunted you and  
you felt scared to look  
at it. It was marvelous.  
So Rich set it all up on  
what he called "Wind  
over the sea." It was  
good. Bob and his friends  
sat on the living room  
floor beachick-style. They  
played classical music  
on the stereo and talked.  
It was really great.  
Rich and I then went  
into the kitchen and  
sat down. He told me  
he would be 16 ~~in~~ on  
February 16. On ~~May~~  
Marilyn was the girl he  
was goin' with. he said  
"I have one of her nylons  
in my bedroom so you  
can see what kinda  
guy I am." He told me  
the story that made

Leave and am about this  
whole relationship I'd  
have to go thru with it.  
When we got there we  
discovered Bob wasn't  
home. He lived by him-  
self in a 6-story apart-  
ment. We sat on the  
steps inside the building  
on Rich and his  
chalk on Laurin's paper.  
He drew a picture of a girl  
— not me — an it was  
great. It was so ugly id  
was real. Well finally  
Bob came with 2 guys and  
a girl. ~~The~~ the girl looked  
like a beatnik very good.  
When we got in, Rich an  
I went in his (Bob's) stu-  
dio. There were a lot of  
paintings ... an Rich pointed  
out his. There was one  
5' x 5' about oil paintin's  
of a woman an two

October 15

get rid of him. 25  
min. later Rich called  
asking as I told him  
Charlie wouldn't leave.  
He said let me talk to  
him & said no... I'll  
call you in 5 min. So  
I went & gave Charlie his  
coat & gathered up his  
rewards. He left paying  
he still wanted to see  
me an "get to know me  
better". I kept saying  
no if you won't work.  
But he wouldn't leave  
till I said ok call me  
tomorrow so he left.  
I left yesterday an  
called Rich. He sounded  
real mad but I was  
tryin an I said I had  
to get rid of Charlie any  
I liked him (Rich) so  
much. He asked why  
me an I said I don't  
October 14

know. Well, I can't remember what we all said but I know I was so happy after Falkin let him a while. He said he would wait till Thursday to see me as was there any possible way of ~~any~~ could get away there tomorrow. I said well the only way would be to "go" to Grand Raife. He said well if he told his dad he was going to do a dance he could be out till 11 pm. So, he said he'd bring his painting stuff so we could paint. He said call him tomorrow at 11 am, no make it 10:00 am he'd be waiting for my call.

OCTOBER 16

Dear Diary

Kick called at 12:10 an we agreed to meet by the lake at 3 pm. Went to Mass an wore my gray dress, corduroy coat, featured nylons an shoes an sunny day I looked pretty cool. Walked to the lake. I heard one sailor comment "Greenwich Village, Milwaukee." Neet! When Kick saw me he said whatcha come lookin like that for? I said well I can't wear my boots every time I see ya 'n you'll get so accustomed to 'm you'll NEVER be able to accept me any other way. We walked by Bob's house again. He scared me all the way thad he "had to get me outa public" an "how could ya do this to me?" At Bob's he continued on his paintin an Bob made some suggestions to him which helped. Soon 2 girls came over. We were introduced. They sat on the living room floor as the three talked. Kick worked on the picture by him. Later we went to the kitchen to make coffee. We sat an he put his head on the table. I put him down on his back. He got up an left. He called so I went an he was layin on the bed. I joined coffee for everyone an sat on the bed nex to him with my legs over the side. We

OCTOBER 17

Dear Diary:

never gives up! Charlie gave Janet M. a note to give to me so he said he still doesn't see why we should cut an he's going call tonite. Rich called an said he talked to Marilyn an she was with another guy last nite. so he got mad an hung up. He called back an he told me he began asking her da stop ruining her life, that she'll have plenty time for that stuff when she's married, etc. He said some great philosophies,...an I was proud of him. I told him to stop even I think I love him, the big robbery. We were glad, he said "well, you convert one half the world an I'll convert the other half." He agreed, laffin. He asked me what size ring I wore. Hmmm. So Charlie called. I told him in a little more detail that we weren't made for each other. he's a "normal teen ager" an that's not what I'm lookin for. We argued on it for 15 min. I think I FINALLY got thru to him - but only time can tell. So Rich called about 10:30<sup>19</sup> an said he's been "freezin my ass off" waitin to get thru at a phone booth. He asked for instructions to my house an I told him he's comin bout 6:30 TOMORROW!

Talked an goofed around.  
I went to get his cigarettes  
an the 2 girls (about 23  
yrs. old each) asked me what was your name? <sup>Oct 16</sup>  
I told them. They seemed  
to like me, so Rich an I  
sat in the bedroom an  
talked an goofed around.  
Bob came in an said we  
better "break it up" they  
the builder's junior girls  
came for a minute. We  
went into the living room  
an talked with the two  
girls. One worked at  
St. Charles' Home for Boys  
an Rich + her discovered  
they both knew a guy  
there. Rich told her to  
say hi to him for him  
When the panties left we  
2 went back in the  
bedroom an talked an he kept teasing

that I couldn't French  
kiss Hooey. But I didn't  
take his dare as only  
kissed him regular. He  
was gettin all frayed  
so our last kiss today  
was French. Well, the one  
girl had a car so all  
5 of us piled in an she  
dropped Bob an Rich off  
at a restaurant for sup-  
per an drove me to my  
bus stop. The 3 girls  
talked an I said I'd  
been writin poetry for  
2 yrs. The other, who  
was a sculptress said  
she'd someday like to  
read some of it. I  
told 'em I hoped we'd  
meet again an  
good-bye. Well,

Oct. 16

Later Sonie Rich called  
an we talked. The door  
bell rang, Charlie! I  
told my [redacted] to tell  
him I wasn't comin'  
down, later David told  
me he'd told Charlie  
that we didn't have  
anythin' against him  
it's just that I don't  
have anythin' to say  
to him. Rich heard all  
this, so Charlie left.  
Rich an I decided I  
would tell my mom it  
was "the guy I met  
at Lynn Jade." So I  
told her his name,  
~~the~~ Catholic - which auto-  
matically helped me to

take to him - an' that he  
drew. I told her he  
wants to come over an'  
she's all kepped up.  
I'm so relieved she  
knows now. At least  
that he exists to me.  
So, she's happy for  
me. Reich called at  
10:30 for bout 5  
minutes an' he's also  
glad she knows  
bout ~~me~~ him.

Oh, everythin'  
is great. Thanks,  
God, yet a pal!

OCTOBER 18

Dear Diary:

Thought all day of Rich an at work I was all hepped up. Called him an asked if he was still comin. He said yeah.... a guy he knows knows me an he said I was ugly, Rich told him to go fuck himself. Met Rich at the busstop at bout 6:45. Went to ~~my~~ my house an introduced everyone. He'd brought his painting an I showed it to everyone. He drew a bit as we listened to his records. He played piano, guitar, and our autoharp. His good in sound. We walked to Herbst an got a coke. We walked around teasin each other an having fun. We sat on some steps of a house. He put his head on my lap an we kissed a few times an talked. He said he loved me — then a few minutes later said there wasn't such a thing as love. I dunno if he was jus tryin to get me frustrated or what. I told him I'd mail him a letter. Dad had to go buy some booze for Grandaddy so he drove Rich downtown. I went along, of course. We sat in the back seat holdin hands then he left. — Blom says he's a very nice boy but rather "shy." She keeps asking what school he goes to — how kin I tell her he's in 8th grade? Everyone thinks he's real cute. I wish he'd level with me, he says opposit stuff an I'd like to know which he mean.

tears well up in my eyes.  
He'd hurt me when he  
smarted off. Called Pattiie  
an she said she didn't  
like ta say but she  
~~she~~ thinks he was with  
someone when he called.  
He's never smarted-off  
at me before. I was  
so hurt. Then I began  
gettin on the defensive  
I was mad. Hang up  
with Pattiie an called  
Rich. His grandma an-  
swered. She snapped  
in a real old bitty  
way "Would you bot call  
here anymore? Rich  
is not to get any  
October 19.

more calls, those are  
his father's orders."

I hung up.

I feel sorry for  
him now. I jus pray  
to God he's not playin  
me. Oh, Rich. Please  
don't play around  
with me. I want the  
truth all the time....be  
it happy or sad news.  
But I'd rather be  
lonely than played.  
So either love me for  
real or leave me for  
ever.

Sheila

Dear Diary,  
He called an said he'd been grounded cuz his  
dad said he stole some money he was spozed  
to give at school. He said he didn't. I told  
him I mailed my letter to him. — I wrote a  
quotation from my "Meaning of Success" book  
describin love. I wrote maybe I was  
ugly but I'm tryin ta, jus make my ugliness  
kin-deep. Becuz I held m'nds far above  
hoodies. I wrote I loved him. I called him  
an hour later like he told me to an he said  
he couldn't talk but he'd call me back.  
He did. Rite now I wish he hadn't. He said  
he couldn't talk long. ~~He asked~~ I said you  
know where ya slugged me yesterday? I got  
big bruise there. He said you deserved it. I  
asked why? He said jus makin conversation.  
I asked if I was his girl an I said I  
dunno...you always say opposite things an  
I don't know which you mean. I asked why he'd  
said there wasn't such a thing as love  
yesterday. He said jus makin conversation.  
He said well if ya don't have anythin to  
say don't say anythin at all. He said  
real smart-alecky "Well, ya want me ta  
hang up?" Someone then asked him for a  
cigarette. He said to them "Here, it's my  
last one." He said he had ta go an he'd  
call me tomorrow. We hung up. I was  
mad. I think he's playin me. I felt

OCTOBER 20

Dear Diary

October 19, yesterday, my Broadside Mag. arrived! It had a little thing on Tom Rush's "Hippie for Going", the song I wrote all over to find out about, they're gonna publish the music to it in a later issue. Besides that I got my seat changed in my<sup>19</sup> homeroom. There was a group of boys around me before and they constantly used me as a ~~center~~ for their jokes and cuts. A few times they hit me, pushed my desk around, and threw stuff at me. I couldn't read or write in<sup>19</sup> privacy cuz they read it out loud over my shoulder. It's all because I'm not a scency-bopper, cuz I'm not like them. Cuz I don't like and agree with them. So after school I asked to have my seat changed. The teacher said yes, she was gonna ask me if I wanted it changed. I'm very happy in my new seat. God, if anyone knows what persecution for being different is, it's me! Talked to Rich, his teacher I called his grandpa and she slapped him and threw some juice at<sup>19</sup> him, he was almost crying when I talked to him. He said he wanted to go out and kill someone. He couldn't even leave cuz he's grounded. He said he stole some money, but not

SEE TAPED ON

OCTOBER 21

Dear Diary:

Worried all day bout Rich, prayin nuthin happened to him. He called bout 7 pm an when I said hello he said I love you. I said where were you las <sup>19</sup>nite an I told him how I worried. He was in a pretty good mood. He said after he'd hung up with me he'd gone to bed naked. (He was laffin his head off tellin me this) At 2:30 AM his dad started poundin on his bedroom door an Rich got so excited he put on his pants backwards. He laughed so hard. I said it took a nut like him to do somethin like that. We laughed. He said he showed my letter to his friend an he (the friend) said I must be pretty serious bout him. He told me he showed it to 3 guys. He wants me to write more an gave the sunkey excuse he had no paper to write me back. So we said how much we wished to see each other. He had to go then. I wrote him a letter containin a bus ticket an 3 pieces of paper for him to write back. Went to buy a pair of shoes. He called bout 9:45 an told him bout the letter. He was still laffin bout his pants. He's grounded all weekend so I won't even be able to see him Sunday. Monday he's comin over. I care about him so much. I notice how wary I am of him. I don't wanna be hurt like with Lap. But I don't think he'll hurt me. I don't know if I love him but I know I'm very concerned for him an I care very much bout him.

October 20

the money he was supposed  
to give to school. I asked  
if he needed the money  
or just wanted to take it.  
He said he needed it. I  
asked then why didn't he  
ask me for it... I'd have  
given it to him, no  
questions asked. He said  
I'd never have the amount  
he needed. God! Anyhow  
I didn't know how to  
make him feel any  
better. I told him to  
calm down an not do  
anythin crazy cuz I  
don't wanna cry again  
tonite. He said he  
wouldn't cuz he loved  
me. He said if his  
father come home an  
beat him, he was  
gonna run away cuz  
he couldn't take

it anymore. I told  
him if he were with  
me I'd squeeze him so  
hard. We both said  
we wished we could  
be with each other. He  
told me to call him at  
9:30. I called at 9. His  
grandma answered and  
answered no when I  
asked if Rich was there.  
At 9:30 I called on the  
same happened. They'd  
better not have done  
anything to him. I  
hope they didn't hurt  
him. I'm so afraid his  
father beat him. Oh,  
God. Help him. Please,  
God. For his friend.  
Help us both.

Written Oct 23  
OCTOBER 22

Dear Diary

Work was boring. Called Rich at noon as he told me to. His gramma answered and said he wasn't home. When I got home did washing + ironing. Rich called. He said my letter was stupid (he's type of humor) Then he told me he'd lied to me about sum things. I used my defensive approach and said we'd better straighten it out then or say good-bye. After a while he told me. He's still 14 yrs old. He says he ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> everyone believin' he's 15 but he just couldn't ~~lie~~ <sup>19</sup> to me. I said I didn't care if he was 10. Then he told me he'd stole \$5, ~~then~~ the money he was suppose to give to school. Then he said he was no good and should quit him cuz he'd get me in trouble. I said no he wouldn't. I said he had good intentions if he'd ONLY use it. We ended happy. I want to help him so much. He needs my help. It's wild what's developed in the past 4 days. I hope he really cares about me. That'd be great if he really loved me. I CARE about him. But I don't know if I LOVE him ... yet

Oct. 26 was Mission Sunday. I put \$5 in the envelope written on it: I am a baptist. God is love and he who abides in love abides in God and God in him.

OCTOBER 23

Dear Diary:

19<sup>th</sup> to 10:30 Mass an off downtown. Met Rich  
12:15 an we went to Bob's apartment. We  
rang on the door but no one answered. So we  
sat on the steps an talked. We banged again an Jim,  
Bob's roommate, came. We two sat on the floor in  
the livin room with records on. We kissed. Then  
19<sup>th</sup> began wrestlin. It was pretty funny. I bit  
him a few times, then he laid there an I  
scratched his back. He liked that. Gool, he looked  
beautiful. Dark brown floppy hair, dk blue eyes,  
thin face an a ~~#~~ light blue shirt. Grrrrrrrrr  
We jus laid there on the floor with our arms  
19<sup>th</sup> round each other an almost fell asleep. I  
noticed the time an Rich had ta be gettin goin  
so we left an went our separate ~~ways~~ ways. Well,  
bopped on around downtown a bit then went  
home. He was spozed to call at 9:30... but didn't.  
Rich. I'm so happy with him — John +  
19<sup>th</sup> are here now an us 3 r talkin bout life.  
Both claims I'm the most unhappy kid in the  
family cuz I'm persecuted. She claims I'm  
frustrated. I wish I could prove how I'm  
so in love with life. "I love life, so I want to  
live An drive of life's fullness Take all it can  
19<sup>th</sup>. I love life Every moment must count... To  
glory in its sunshine an revel in its fount.  
I love life I want to live I love life." "Words  
to an unknown song I say for Dr.  
la... # Words I mean

OCTOBER 24

paint on everything, I said  
go ahead. Show it to some-  
one who knows really  
an they'll say "good", but  
you show in what you  
back yer pictures up with  
an they'll show ~~it~~ it  
in the light as fresh it.  
You aren't any different  
than all the rest, Mack  
an Gary were the same  
way, cept Mack saw he  
light an Gary, I don't  
know what happened  
to him. He said oh yeah  
an Darry an Timmy an  
Jerry. I said no Darrile  
was a typical guy, he  
wasn't too bad off. Tim-  
my an Jerry, well, I  
never heard of them,  
you must be will  
readin those "Go Go Go"  
books. I said I haven't  
had many boyfriends

an I don't need them.  
He said what grade is  
you in school and I said  
sophomore in high school.  
He said what level... I  
said top third of the  
class. He said well I  
hear different... I said  
then you hear lies an  
if you want proof if...  
an I said if it is we  
ever see each other  
again I'll bring my report  
card. He said "Special  
C class" I said "Yeah?  
Who told you that?"

He said a little birdie.  
I said well it must  
be a pretty dumb

birdie cuz I got proof  
he's wrong. He said boy  
you got the life... you in a  
beatnik place... I'd like  
to see the beatniks take  
over the world!! I said  
I would, too, the world  
don't seem to be doin'  
so good with the people  
who's runnin' the world  
now. I said I'm sure  
when you go with the  
Angels you won't be  
seein' Marilyn or pickin'  
up other girls, huh? He  
said no, I said oh,  
Noooooo! I kin see that-  
tell me more! He said  
you jus don't know  
what you talkin bout

OCTOBER 25

Dear Diana,  
about 7:00 (my eyes) won't happen again. I went  
for we talked to see  
me. He left  
drive to the  
men. I p  
came back  
talked bout  
the same u  
and laffin  
of I live quite  
passed out  
was on he  
said of hope  
wend, hub  
and asked  
dream bout  
to come an  
sp every tha  
wid yeah  
us remina  
se him I  
silence; a to  
him by try  
quiet. I loo  
down my go  
wiped them

We sat squeezin each other  
as he drew me back an we  
kissed. I never meant a  
kiss more. Never. We held  
each other an I rubbed  
his back. I said remember  
when I used to scratch  
yer back? He said yeah.  
I said an when we were  
buildin that snow fort...  
he laffed. We sat that  
way not sayin anything  
for a real long time.  
I said I wished it could  
be like it was 9 months  
ago. He said he had to  
get goin. He got up an I  
said, "well now jus what  
did we prove? You'll go  
to Dixie an I'll wait  
for Rich's call an that'll  
be that. Jus like that."  
He said don't be so sure,  
all nite he'd looked at  
threw my arms around hisn. He put his  
around me an I cried pretty hard. He  
said maybe he better go an I said no, at

I said yeah, you really  
tellin' me! I said if ya  
don't think I do I'll  
spell it out... Yea a  
little boy who has to  
show the guys how TUFF  
he is by kickin' people  
around - it doesn't  
take anyone TUFF ta  
do that... it takes some-  
one TUFF ta stand up  
like a man an that's  
jes what yer NOT  
doiin'. I said now you  
tell me what yer  
tellin' bout. He said  
you want me to be  
myself well fightin'  
is myself. I said no  
it isn't. It isn't  
anyone's... Hey jes

get ~~a~~ too ignorant to  
stick up fer what they  
really are. I said fine  
you like fightin' so much  
that's jes what you'll  
be doiin'. Yuh'll get some  
creepy girl cuz no one else  
I found you. Yuh'll have  
five kids an start  
fightin' an you'll be  
cheatin' on each other an  
then you'll be real  
happy cuz yuh'll be  
able to fight the rest  
of yer life. He said he  
didn't care what I  
said and said ok  
go ahead - we'll com-  
pare lives in 20 yrs  
an see which one come

out better. He said he had to go, goodbye. I didn't say goodbye so he hung up. I called Pattie an told her all bout it. In a hr after we hung up, Rich called. He was at the phone booth. He said he'd cried the to hr. I said I meant what I said. He said I thought what do ya have if ya don't have Sheila... all I could think of was killing myself. He said he wouldn't call for a few days. I said I loved him, that's why I said all I did. I said all right, Rich, take revenge an don't call... get back at me, it will make ya feel better. But call soon. I love you.

Dear Gary:

Mon<sup>19</sup> bought some wine I grabbed a glass an  
WOW! Beforehand I talked to Rich a while. He  
was in a mood. He told me some dumb  
dirty jokes an said he was gonna join  
the Crayles again. (The group he was with 29)  
I was rather mad. He said call at 9 an  
9:19, get the wine an called Pattie; we  
talked on him another rounf. I didn't catch  
Rich at 9 an at 9:30 I did. I asked why  
he was gonna go to the Crayles again. He said  
cuz it's his life an they NEED him. I was  
going cuz a the wine an I said yeah, they  
<sup>19</sup> really NEED you to show them how  
to be crumb... They really need you to  
help them in jail. He said we won't  
get caught.... I said you talk to the  
1,000 men in Waupan, they didn't think  
they'd get caught either. He said I'm  
smart I said yeah like get fiscione. He  
was one of the most brilliant men  
in the world an took where he ended up  
I said fightin isn't yer life, it's  
a cover-up for what yer life really  
isn't. I was afraid to admit the  
truth, he said an yet not afraid  
of nothing. I said, I wasn't afraid  
of you when a friend met you big  
tuff guys an I'm not afraid of  
you now. He said I'll still

(my eyes) and I'm going  
We just squeezin' each other  
as he drew me back an we  
kissed. I never meant o  
kiss more. Never. We held  
each other an I rubbed  
his back. I said remember  
when I used to scratch  
yer back? He said yeah.  
I said an when we were  
buildin' that snow fort...  
he laughed. We sat that  
way not sayin' nothin'  
for a reg<sup>o</sup> long time.  
I said I wished it could  
be like it was 9 months  
ago. He said he had to  
get goin'. He got up an I  
said, "well now jus what  
did we prove? You'll go  
to Diane an I'll wait  
for Dick's call an that'll  
be that. Just like that."  
He said don't be so sure,  
all nite he'd looked at

me with that look of love  
that melts me. I still  
do. He wore the mittens  
I knit him, & grabbed them  
an said I wouldn't give  
him them so he told me  
why he came. He said why  
do ya think? I said ya  
wanted to see if I still  
loved you. He said "yes an  
no. I had the dream an  
I had to have my dream  
come true." He stood in  
the backhall an I told  
him to take care of himself  
cuz I didn't want him  
sick. He said I'll be  
seeing ya. We kissed. He  
left.

I still love him. I  
probably'll never stop. I  
love him so so much.  
An I can't even think  
of Rich.

Dear Jim,  
about 7:00 Lar came over... to see me. I went  
we talked a bit. He said he jus wanted to see  
me. He left with John, who Lar was gonna  
drive to the pool hall. He said he'd be back in  
min. I ran around all dressed up. When he  
came back we went to the basement. We jus  
talked bout what's happened lately. He was  
the same way - with his stupid sound effects  
and laughing. They're movin to the fourth floor  
Milwaukee. He told me he & his brother  
passed out at his brother's weddin. The phone  
rang an he said I hope that's not Diane, I  
said I hope it's not Rich. He asked yes boy-  
rend, huh? I said yeah. We sat in silence  
an I asked why he came. He said he had a  
dream bout me last night an he jus wanted  
come an see me. I said I suppose Charlie told  
you everything that happened that night. He  
said yeah. I said I couldn't help it... he  
just reminded me too much of you an I couldn't  
see him & kept seeing you. We jus sat in  
silence, & tried to explain it was dumb for  
him to try to stir up old cobwebs. We were  
quiet. I looked up at him... an tears started  
down my cheeks. He looked at me an as he  
wiped them away I bursted out cryin an  
threw my arms around his. He put his  
around me an I cried pretty hard. He  
said maybe he better go an I said no, at

OCTOBER 26

Written Oct 27

Dear Diary:

Thought of her all day and was happy an' mangled-up-like, I was so happy. Told Tessie I bet her don't live up for another 3 months - she said she thinks he'll live a few days, I just still couldn't think of Rich at all. I felt crappy then but soon of course her was the only occupant of my mind. In one place I stayed out the windows at the golden autumn leaves an tears fell down my cheeks. I thought of her spring when the sun was jus beginnin to show it light once more on the dry nothing streets. In I had thought of the snow an her an our love, an our happiness, but now I was looking at the silent sparkle leaves an the cage back. I couldn't help the tears. No one called sonnie an I felt lonesome. Tessie called an told me all bout this boy her friend had call her, I guess Tessie an hem hit it off good. Her belly this made me sad. Called Rich about 5 to 10 an he said he couldn't talk an he'd call me tomorrow. I asked if he was tryin to get rid of me. He said no.

OCTOBER 27

Dear Diary,

Ma called at work. at bout 4:45 Far came to the house lookin for me. Ma told him I was at work so he called me at work an asked if I was gonna sell my fuzzy bell-bottoms. I said no. We hung up. Then ma called + said he said he'd be comin over one q these days.

Oh<sup>19</sup> han! You wife come back. Maybe we can still love like we did last year. I'm so happy. From work went downtown with my cowboy outfit on. Lately I down there's been 2 murders an a couple a rapes. They ~~for~~ haven't found anyone yet. So I wasn't gonna go to the lake to see if Dick was there but 'coz I knew it my feet were headed down there. He come runnin up an I asked why he come. He asked if I was mad. I said yeah cuz he didn't call an he really had no reason not to. He started sayin bout how he's goin to a party Saturday night. I said sryng there'll be booze hef? He said no. I said oh sure. We just stood there as he said well leave his one's happenin you an he walked away. I called him an gave him "the Evening of Success" Book + bought for him. He gave it back but then took it after he said bye an I said "Tee like that had?"

OCTOBER 28

Dear Day

Out of unripe day at Picq. Wore my green  
pleated dress and got bout 1,000,000  
compliments includin' a Negro girl who  
wants the pattern number. Felt all  
pretty all day. Topic at work I saw  
a guy who got hit by a car on his  
motorcycle. His pants' leg was torn  
an a ambulance took him off. He  
was queer. Dick said yesterday he'd  
call for it. He didn't. The Success  
book I bought for him is one of  
the greatest philosophical books  
I've read & explains many of  
my philosophies of life. I figure he  
won't take my word for my philosophies  
so he'll have to see it in  
published black + white for he'll be-  
lieve it can exists. I think in one a  
days Babs's album was a leaflet  
advertising a book with all her songs  
an its music written in for 4.00  
I was gonna send to New York for  
it til I found they're sellin' it at  
a funky music store downtown  
can't wait to get it! It's got one  
a my favorites of hers "Babe, I'm  
Gonna Leave You." Broadside'll  
soon be publishin' the music to  
"Urge for Join". Tuff'n in hell man

WRITTEN NOV 3  
OCTOBER 29

Dear Diary:  
Work all day. Went rather slow.

October 29-30 I felt numb. I sat at work and stared at nothin' and sat at home in the dark starin' with no thoughts no feelins no ideas. I acted mechanically towards everythin'. I'd look at things without opinion and gawk stupidly. I didn't want to do anythin' as often I'd feel and think sex. But that is all. October 30 I did housework all day, <sup>19</sup>watched television, sat. I was desperate for things to do and I know as soon as I'd sit I'd get sexually excited and masturbate which I did wildly. So I did wash, anythin' to keep my mind off sex <sup>19</sup>an on what I was so mechanically. No thoughts. No feelings. Like a robot with nothin' human.

Ya know two years ago  
when I was wearin all  
those English clothes.

Well, they're all popular  
in Milwaukee now!

Corduroy skirts are all  
the rage. Grandmother  
made me 4 of 'em  
2 yrs ago! English  
hats are all "cool".

Funny nylons are  
all hip. I was wearin  
all that stuff long  
ago an everyone  
laughed. So. Maybe

in two years  
from now everyone'll  
be wearin'  
cowboy boots.

Heaven

Amen!

---

---

---

CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER 5  
OCTOBER 30

and jails with their interpretations an  
rewrites of bible passages it's a great  
book. Got it for John for his birthday.  
Walked an walked til I came to a  
White Tower an had some pie. A guy sat  
next to me by the counter an kept looking  
at<sup>19</sup> me. I was hoping maybe he'd talk to  
me. No. Got on the bus an home. Called  
Rich about 5:30. He said he was back with  
the Angels an Marilys an he was happy.  
He sounded guilty. I said I was glad  
he was happy. He said he don't go for  
any<sup>19</sup> a that "holy shit" anymore an I  
said it's not "holy" an I never said  
it was guy I can't stand the word. He  
said he wasn't any guy for a "nice"  
girl like me an I had a "holy face".  
I said well there's no reason we jus  
can't be friends. He said okay. He'd  
call me sometime I said promise? an  
after thought he said yeah. Went  
to Puffie's apt, an played records  
in her dark room. So that was my  
day. Day of a lonesome beatnik,<sup>20</sup>  
so<sup>19</sup> lonesome an weary an I need  
someone to ~~rest~~ rest my head on, I  
only want to talk to someone who under  
stands me and I'll help me get  
outta this rotten depression

OCTOBER 31

Dear Digby:

I realized these past few days I've been in a deep mental sleep. It happens to me about every four-five months and it lasts about 4 days. My mind goes to sleep and I have no thoughts in feelings, so here's my explanation. Called Rich at <sup>19</sup> 8:30, his grandma said he went out. Called at 10:15. The roofer answered, sayin' yes, he was there... Then came back and said "His grandma said he wasn't here, I didn't know that." Sure! He went out like cowboy foots it's comin in! I've decided now if he don't call by Wednesday I'm going send 'm a note sayin' Be at the lakefront Thurs. Stop been so afraid a the truth. I dunno why I'm pursuing him. A smart alecky thinks she's - <sup>19</sup> - great girl said to me at school "I met Rich the other nite. Is he neat!" Grrrr! He's really neat! Bout as dead as the city dump. Sure outside he's a real fumb but his "neatness" is barely skin deep. Haven't heard anythin from you. Oh, I pray he'll show foot. What's with me lately - wantin boys so much, I better stop and become an oldie. I CK!

NOVEMBER 1

Dear Diary:

Well, no school. Went downtown about 10:30  
an bought a "Joan Baez Songbook", a book  
with all her song's music in it. Bought  
an unpadded bra. 30 AA. If I don't  
wear make-up, why should I put on a  
fake bust. Was very cold out. Walked  
down to the lakefront. It was beautiful  
the gray water, the lit gray sky with  
dusty white clouds sleepin' in it, an  
the sun tryin' to hide behind a  
cloud but still shinin', glimmerin'  
on the waves. An the water splashing  
<sup>19</sup> off the stones along the wall  
where I sat, there were about 30  
small children playin' in the grass  
an only the water's splash an the  
children's cries of play were heard.  
This is where love is, where happiness  
<sup>19</sup> is. As I was the only one ther  
to see it. This is where God is an I  
was the only one ther to visit Him.  
I an I walked along the water...  
an we loved, truly loved. This is  
where love is. There is no better  
place, no grander a church than  
the innocent waters, no hate is  
within the waves, no death and  
no killing lingers here. Love is the  
only thing it holds.

NOVEMBER 2

Dear Diary!

Today one year ago It snowed today.  
the sun shone. The leaves fell and it snowed.  
large soft flakes but they hit the ground  
and melted instantly. And I remembered  
the mittens I knit and the snow foot and  
the snow balls. One year ago... and it  
seems like Sept. I remember the cold we kept  
each other from. I remember our tears are  
coming to my eyes. I loved him so much. I  
loved him so so much. Xarril. The symphony  
we went to... the hamburgers at Robby's,  
the times we played pool, the Christmas  
dance. I'm crying now. He doesn't even  
know that it was a year ago today  
we kissed for the first time. It was  
bitter cold, but I walked home in a  
dream... trying to recall all that went  
on over when I walked home last year.  
But this time there was no boy standin  
by the sidewalk, no letter, no joy. An  
realize we really could never be any  
more. — I guess I have to just  
popper into the life I have now an  
forget the past — altho I wish the  
past could be eternity. But someday  
love one day will come along on my  
way an I may do it "Okay we'll try  
it again" an smile an wish the boy  
by the sidewalk loved me again

NOVEMBER 3

Dear Diary:

Today is Thursday and I begin to go down town. I have a feeling which was at the lake at 8:00 as usual as I wasn't there. He hadn't called in a week and we've had no communications whatsoever. I hope he reads the Success book and a little brain penetrate into his numb skull. If so, maybe one day he'll call but as of now, I hope he comes to realize life as it is. To find himself, and wife upon I am casting our relationship to the wind! — We had quarter examinations today at school. I wasn't sure of any answers I gave in biology, I skipped 2 of 4 parts in the Latin test, and I never handed in my Religion test.

But I got 3 wrong outa 65 Geometry questions and did well in English. But, the worst of it is I just don't care. I don't care if I ever enter that or any other school again. I wish I could be taught something

special to my life ... Current Political Events, Psychology, things I need in my life, I wish I could drop from school today and hop a freight train an LIVE

NOVEMBER 4

Dear Diary:

The other day Pattie and I were teasin this one boy that was in our homeroom last year. He dumped my purse all over the floor and he ran out. The next morning he came up and said he was sorry & did he bust anything. I said no. (He's Johnny [REDACTED]) He gave me two little doll erasers. See no reason, I asked if I could give one of 'em to Pattie, & he said no. Pattie says she thinks he likes me. He's been gookin round with us since last year and we're all friends. Well, han hasn't come in contact with me since Oct 27. I'm readin a book "The Theory and Practice of Communism". Yesterday in front of school a guy was passin out papers tellin bout an organization "the November Mobilization for Peace" at UW-M and how they're havin a demonstration against ~~Vietnam~~ Vietnam the 5<sup>th</sup>. It was pretty great. Later someone told me a scasher chased him away. The paper invited all to participate and it stated all signs will be provided. Wild! I'm gettin very interested in how the country's run - like this Communism stuff, bout the way, stuff like that. I see how, shot everythin is an' wish I could do somethin bout it - but I'm too much a beginner <sup>rite now</sup>

NOVEMBER 5

Dear Deary;

As yet done hearin' Urge Fer Join' an it's  
hearin at me. Grandmother worked as a favor  
so I could have the day off. Went downtown  
about 11:30, popped around. Met Putter for  
lunch an she left. I was all excited bout  
gettin' to that demonstration an I got  
there bout 10 minutes before they broke  
up. I ran along behind the line as  
we walked around bout 6-7 times.

A car drove past an someone yelled,  
"Why don't ya go to Canada, ya bums.  
The signs we carried proclaimed 'No  
Draft For Immoral War' and 'Abolish  
Compulsory Military Service'. It was very  
depressing, the silent walkin, an I  
felt bad. After it broke up I bought  
a paper from a man and walked  
down to the lakefront. Three little  
Nigro boys came up runnin round  
an goofin round. They asked me for  
some money so they could get some  
on the bus. I gave 30\$ to them an  
we hit it off well. They thanked  
me an I left sayin "See ya!" an  
the next day I was very sad  
Dunno why. Crying the marchin &  
goin. Anyways I bought a book  
"God is for Real, Man." It's written by  
boys in detention homes SEE OCT 30

I'M AN EXTREMIST, A NATURALIST, AN IDEALIST,  
NOVEMBER 6 AND A PACIFIST

Dear Diary:

I am damn proud of it

Hello, hello. Croppy day. All I did was  
misfortune. Shoot! Patti said has nite  
~~she~~ I looked so great an I were accomplished  
lookin like a boy. She said I really looked  
like a boy a lot an she had kinda an  
"attraction" so me an she wishes I  
weren't a girl. She said has nite when  
I ate over I really looked starved an  
when I left her ma said she felt sorry  
for me cuz I looked so grateful for the  
breakfast she gave me to eat. Yesterday  
when Patti was walking to the restaurant  
she was goin so slow I scared her an  
sat down on the sidewalk & leaned  
against the building. She said I  
looked like a pauper. — October 15

when I got back from running to  
the judge I sat on the sidewalk an  
leaned against the building waitin  
for dad. Four kids asked if I wanted  
a ride home 'zummin. I said no I  
was waitin for someone. They said "you  
sure? We'll give you a lift somewhere.  
You look so sad sittin there." I assumed  
them. They walked away but one of 'em  
came back sat next to me an asked  
if I had any problems an sometimes  
it helps jus ta talk bout them. G'D!  
I guess I really looked pitiful

NOVEMBER 7

Dear Diary:

Well, ma & Kathy had a big fight. See Kath invited 2 sailors & Linda [REDACTED] over for supper ~~on~~ Saturday without gettin' ma's consent. Then she tells mom bout it 3 has for they're due to arrive. After supper the four sat an necked an didn't clean up their up (ma had to clean beforehand too) an told Bridget to clean the table. Then they left. Kath stayed overnight at Linda's an didn't show up all Sunday so ma just left all the dishes for her. Sunday night Kath called up asked if someone'd pick her up from down town<sup>19</sup>, ma said she should jus take the bus so ~~she~~ Kath told ma to go to hell an hung up. Kath went to work til Peter [REDACTED] stopped work an he drove her home. Ma & her had a big fight when she got home an it was pretty bad. This morn the fight contin'ued & Kath told ma she was raisin' a buncha weirs & the better start straightenin' us out. Kath said if she had the money she'd move right away an ma said good riddance, & during how it all came about but Kath threw her lunch bag at ma & hit her in the arm an stormed to school. Well, I guess Kath's big talkin' bout gettin' a room in houseplant so then my bedroom'll become all MINE an I kin fix it like I like BEATNIK

NOVEMBER 8

Dear Diary:

Bought Joan Baer Volume 2, it's playin now as I like it. Well, I'm gettin a "D" in Religion cuz I ain't a-handed in none a the assignment cuz I'm too happy ta waste time on stuff I don't believe. Like Christ is the host an full like that. So. Nannie said iff'n I don't hand in assignments nex quarter she's gunna flunk me.

Oh, mama, can this really be the end! Well when I went shoppin with my mom she even let me wear my cowboy boots. An her an me were the ~~the~~ only ones went.

Man'll I love havin this room all fer my own. Aw, I'd fix it so great. Got ridda all Kash's furniture an have big pillows on the floor, no chairs an the bed pushed sideways 'gainst the wall so it dues take up room. Got a big record collection goin an have all along the floor an wall. I'm gettin mosta these ideaz from Bob Reich's friend's apartment — See Oct 15. Ya know the appearance of wanna give when I have to look like a girl — I wanna give a classical impression. The dictionary define classical → concerned with the humanities, the fine arts, and the broad aspects of science. I think Joanie Baer has a classical look to herself.

NOVEMBER 9

Dear Parry,

Yesterday I got my 2<sup>nd</sup> Broadside. It was pretty bad. There's ONE song in it & the rest is a buncha funny reviews all bout staff in Massachusetts - that's where the mag's published. Sometimes I wish I woulda jus paid the extra 50<sup>c</sup> an get the Broadside published in New York, they're 2 different mags. Well, I send my cowboy picture to John [REDACTED] ...wrote on the back:  
Justice is an abstract word when ya realize that even the liberty bell has a crack in it.<sup>19</sup> But me an mine 'll always be singin' out an this 's ta one, a them. One thing I don't understand is that they say God is in the host an in Church. Well, if that so ... if ya destroyed all the hosts & Churches in the world, there'd be no God no more. Right? So if God is everywhere then even if ya burned the world, there'd still be the atmosphere where God is. I dunno. I believe my religion 'fore I'll believe anyone else. Well, <sup>19</sup> I'd be going. Wish I had time for writing. Rush rush to school to work to homework to bed. Lord, lord I'm a-bound ta die tryin'. Babe I'm gonna leave you B&EE

NOVEMBER 10

Dear Diary,  
This <sup>19</sup> part is the picture of me, the cowboy  
in the back of you. Notice the complete  
character change ~~&~~ (NOT REALLY COMPLETE) from  
the pictures taken by the street photo-  
graphers. Recently in the newspapers it  
says the Beatles are headed for a  
break-up. Now they're practically all  
in different countries, 3 of 'em are  
married and they have no plans to  
be anywhere together in the future. Well,  
now they ain't live on what they earned.  
I'm happy for them. I just hope John Len-  
non <sup>19</sup> keeps writing serious stuff. Didn't  
go downtown tonite cuz I had to take a  
bath for once and do homework. I take a  
shower bout every  $1\frac{1}{2}$  months. And  
gotta wash my hair every other nite.  
Ya know I wish I could get a booking  
to sing somewhere - like at Avant or  
some coffeehouse. When I'm 18 and I'm  
young take the money I saved from  
working at Paradise and go somewhere +  
try to get bookings and sell my writings.  
I hope da make a livin' that way. I  
pray I can. They say you can tell  
what God wants you to be by what  
you yourself wanna be. I wanna be  
a prophet, a philosopher, I wanna  
convert the world to love.

Written Nov 12

NOVEMBER 11

Dear Diary:

Sept. 4 a 10 yr old girl was found stabbed to death in a vacant lot here. She'd been sexually molested. Oct. 16 an 18 yr old girl was stabbed to death near downtown. November 11 an 11 yr old girl was attacked and stabbed in the shoulder on her way to school.

At 1:55 today a 23 yr. old man was stopped by police, put under question in an admitted to the murders and attempted murder. He was put before the judge who filed the warrants. The man is a small build man and during the "hearing" his wife who is pregnant sat reading a prayer book. He's a co-operative prisoner and all his neighbors say they don't believe he did it as he was a good man.

19 In Arizona an 18 yr old boy went into a charm school, forced 5 ~~girls~~ girls to lie on the floor and shot them all to death and injured a 3 yr old baby. He's a small, good-looking boy. He said he did it to make a "name" for himself and he'd thought of it for about a month. He got the idea from 2 fairly recent mass murders — includes the Speck case where a 23 yr old killed eight girls in their dormitory.

NOVEMBER 12

Dear Piggy!

I'm not too happy to write in you, but seeing  
as part of wanna keep an account of my  
life & spouse I have to. Thanks to my  
friend Joanie Baey Sometime I'm doin'  
beautifully - I think - on my guitars and  
wanna keep goin' an do better. I'd like  
to be Joanie's counterpart or a very  
bad imitation of her. Today is John's  
birthday. Gave him a book I bought  
Nov. 5 called "God is for Real, Man". It's  
a collection of excerpts from the  
Bible written in modern day form  
by boys from detention homes, jails,  
etc. It's a great great book an I  
think I'll go buy another one for  
myself when I get rich. Talkin' bout  
rich ... I'm beginnin' to think I've  
completely failed with him. I can't  
think of what to do now, but I  
ain't givin' up. I wish he'd under-  
stand me. I wish I could HELP him.  
Anyway ... at work one of my customers  
gave me a cigar. He's an oldish man  
an we tease around a lot. He  
called me "mother" once. So there's  
the facts ... so in case yer readers  
try to find out what  
all us beatniks are 'bout  
here it is in a nutshell  Grrrrrr

NOVEMBER 13

Dear Deary:

Today John & I took the bus down to the War Memorial an heard a classical guitarist, James [REDACTED]. He was good at fingerpicking but his rhythm was ~~kinda~~ kinda faulty. Ya know sometimes I feel jis once more I'd like to just <sup>on<sup>19</sup></sup> the make-up, wear bangs, and not my hair up an be the way I was bout a year ago, Carefree. But it's hard to be carefree when there's such things going on as all these days... including all I've written Nov. 11. That's jus' a few things, then I read in Pakistan they're adapting public whippings for narcotic users... an they might abolish the lash in English prisons. They STILL USE IT! That's no hard to accept when we know, so <sup>19</sup> much bout criminals these day I kin see in the old days when everyone was so scared of criminals all they could do was chase 'em away. Ya know I ain't afraid of any one. That's a truth. I wasn't even a scensy bit scared of Rich an his gang when they first came. This is no braggin. I mean I was kinda afraid they'd push me over but I wasn't afraid of THEM.

NOVEMBER 14

Dear Diary,  
The day I thought of that 8 year old in Arizona who killed those 5 women. The papers say he was a loner, no close friends, and physically, unable and weak. He said he wanted to see his name in the headlines before he died. I'm nearly positive Arizona has C.P. (capital punishment) but I don't know if they may plead insanity. He's got to be insane, if that's not insane, I can't imagine what is! I'm getting very used to myself. The cowboy excitement is "givin'" on me, and I feel very natural bout it. Yesterday I drew a picture of a sad girl an' it looks pretty good. The only thing is the left eye. I can't get it good! I did it in black charcoal. I wish I could develop any talent I may have in drawing. I'd like to really put out somethin' good ~~but~~ but it'd take time an' knowledge I don't have. There's a customer at work, a Mr. [REDACTED] He's bout 24, married, an' the hunkiest guy I've ever seen. He always looks like a bearish he has dk brown hair, parted in the middle an' combed down, an' he always is the perfectest form. His wife is good, too, but not as good.

Written Nov 16

NOVEMBER 15

Dear Diary:

Well, durin 3<sup>rd</sup> period today I realized why I was such a mope these last few weeks. It was cuz ~~it~~ I was sorta failing useless cuz I couldn't find a dammed way ta get thru to Rich. But I understand now I never will get thru to him unless he wants to be gotten thru to.

As he don't go to trials as well ferget it. All I kin do is hope some day he gets good an sick of livin the way he is, looks at that success book, and calls me. But I'm afraid he might end up in jail before that happens. Hell, so I'm a little more up an about mentally. Oh, I wish I had damned guy would LISTEN to me. I wish there were some way to get thru to him!! Should I call him again? It'll look like I'm chasin him. I don't wanna write a letter cuz I'm afraid he'll show it around to all his friends an make a joke outa it. Oh, hell! Well, I guess I gotta play it all by ear.

NOVEMBER 16

Dear Diary:

<sup>19</sup> Average nuthin day. Routine thin  
an thru



WRITTEN NOV. 20 \*

Got my first quarter report card from school. Highest 92% on Speech and lowest 78% in Biology. From highest to lowest: Speech 92 — English and Latin were both 87 — Geometry 86 — Biology 78. And I got a D in Religion cuz I never handed in assignments, and I'm the 229th highest among 617 students in the Sophomore class. But I jus don't care. There's so much I wanna do, but I can't cuzza school. I have no time to write or play guitars or read or anything. School ~~consumes~~ consumes so so much of my time an then work doesn't help either. And I don't care about 2/3 of what they teach me cuz I could be learnin so much more by being out among life an its inhabitants.

written Nov 20

NOVEMBER 17

Dear Diary:

Well, went downtown tonite. There was really nothing ta do an nowhere ta go so I walked all around lookin at part of downtown I'd never been in durin the nite. I squinted on over to Wells Street Restaurant an ate. Bought nylons at a discount store an walked down to the lakefront. I went to the place where I met Kick an he buffer that was there had been taken out for the winter. <sup>19</sup> Considered this a symbolizin. Kick would leave for a while but would come back when theizin was out. I sat on the wall there for 20 minutes then got up an walked up to the busstop. I don't think I'll go downtown much any more. All I got there is my lake front an every that's hurtin me. When I go downtown I feel lost an lonesome so lonesome I wanna cry. And I'd love ta have someone anyone come over to talk to me. But maybe I should go over and talk to them like the old men that sit lonesome an tired on the park benches.

Written Nov 20

NOVEMBER 18

Dear Diary:

after work I went to Greenfield Ave  
an bought 3 paintbrushes, pad of  
drawin paper, box of tempera paint,  
a drawin pencil and eraser. Came to  
\$4.93. Well I felt real big as I went  
along, bought the stuff an carried it  
around til mom picked me up. When  
got home I wanted to start right in  
as paint but I have to go to work  
tomorrow an I gotta go sleep. But  
I'm gonna take it to work an see if  
I can get somethin in there. You  
know I said yesterday I probably  
wasn't goin downtown much no more.  
Well, see its my cowboy get-up I just  
don't fit no where. I mean, somethin  
like me walkin into a high-type  
even a low-claes store jus' right  
out. All I fin do ~~is~~ is go to the lake  
an then I get forclosure & depressed  
an who needs it? I dunno why or  
how I got the urge to paint.  
Maybe because Rich paintin, Lar  
paintin, an guy I wanna see if  
maybe I have any talent to ex-  
press myself in pictures. I've ~~ever~~  
drawn pictures of cool looking  
girls an boys an I'd like to do  
some in paint

Written Nov 20  
NOVEMBER 19

Dear Diary:

Work. I did painting at work & drew a girl from the shoulders up on a tree. Grandmother took mom & I to eat at when we got home I was all in the mood. I got a discarded plastic table cloth, a discarded bowl & spread the table cloth on the floor in my bedroom, got Kelsy's wooden tub & an old Bridget's easel on it in a position where the light best shined on it. I got the temperas in everything &<sup>19</sup> began a picture of the lake-front. It's a view as lookin' from the water to the wall where I always sit. I drew 't' midnite. I felt so important & great an' so happy. The little kids (M.E. and P.) clammeder'd around me an' every John came up an' said I was doing good. When I was done I showed it to mom an' she said "maybe t' do have some talent w/ it." I went to bed half dead an' satisfied. But I think there's somethin' missin' in the picture but I'll fix it tomorrow. Maybe I won't have to pay \$400 for a decent picture fer my room.

Written Nov 22  
NOVEMBER 20

Dear Diana:

I'm supposed to have a 3-5 minute speech concerning pure FACTS and to be completely memorized for Speech Class but I didn't do it. I just can't keep my mind on it. I told mom up she said it was too bad but didn't try to force me to do it. Oh I wish I wouldn't have to go thru this damn school bit — Today mom and I picked up a guitar for Fattie. She's gonna pay us back. — This whole stupid thin bout das was funny. What a farce! Comes back and shows up once more when I ain't there and never shows his ~~big~~ face again ORRRR — I decided what was missing in the picture on I put gray in the sky. I also ruined the winter prints to darken it but I fixed it. I think maybe now I'll add a little black to the sky and kinda looks like a kindergartener's picture but if you put a frame on it, it'd look as official as any other picture. I think Ruth's beginning to appreciate my artistic talents. (HA HA) She says I could take the stuff off her bulletin board and put whatever I want on it. GOLLY MOSES

~~Written Nov 22~~

NOVEMBER 21

Dear Diary:

CONTINUED FROM NOV. 29

frustrated coolie guitars begins going  
outa tune ride in the middle of  
my song an so I sat a real long  
time fixin' it. I joked around  
about it, "This is what happens  
when you buy a \$20 guitar!" An  
I was actually in a sense "takin'  
over" the class. It was really  
great. Well, it was gettin' late  
an I said okay now we're gonna  
have a sing-along. So I played  
Kumbaya and sang an so did one  
sophomore by an Memoir said "Come  
on, everybody, sing!" So pretty  
many started singing. <sup>19</sup> For it  
was so cool. I felt like Joanie  
Pop. Oh, if only I could be like  
her. I'd love to perform like that  
all the time. But that Memoir  
got me mad. That was pretty  
cruel to make everyone do work so  
I felt ignored. But my guitar  
is <sup>19</sup> my good companion. An I'll  
keep it... Guy Pattie says we all  
that guitars are gonna go a long  
way together someday — I'd like  
to believe that.

NOVEMBER 22

Dear Piggy:

19 Lord I really been layin here las few weeks (?) look how behind I am in you. What a good fer-nuthin layin hem! I began my new paintin, it's an imitation of a \$400 paintin I saw at the War Memorial. With black background and 3 comet-like shapes of colors - blue, red, yellow - jettison out of it, I usually doin' to take to abstract paintin but this one just kinda took to me. I guess cuz it was so sharp off like comin from a dark lost world, but up bin come forth like a real paintin to ya want to. Hadefy I been thinkin Rich's friend Bob. I'd 've liked ta get to know him better an be his friend. He seemed like my type of people an there ain't many of them around. It's just that once you find a half-way decent PERSON ya wanna latch on to him. I'm so starved fer companying a guy type I have pinned one up, I wish it was 3 yrs from now, I wouldn't have to thru this damned, warden waitin waitin days thru school... a waste of so much time... I'll get to what I'm gonna do with my life

Written Nov 24  
NOVEMBER 23

Dear Diary:

Talk bout God on my side. In Nov 20 I explained how I was sponged to have a speech. Well yesterday the teacher told me she was gonna call on me today to make my speech. Well, I didn't have it today as class started. She called on one boy an they a guy who used to be in her class 6 yrs ago came in an took up the entire class tellin bout college. Oh? said Boy. God an me, we got a spicin girl. Him an me, we're close as written on a paper. Thanks, little Man Upstairs. I do little favor for him, like spreadin his word an he'll help me out. Who could ask for a better friendship?? Not me! Mom keeps buggin me to tell her what I want for Christmas, Nuthin! All I'd like is a suede cloth jacket an a album. I'll end up with the money but I can use that more in getting. I mean when leave I'll need money that's for sure, and instead of have it an when an if Kahl ever moves I'll wanna re-do this whole room an Lord knows I'll need plenty of that green stuff.

NOVEMBER 24

Dear Diary:

Would you believe it? RICH CALLED! No kidding.  
I am listenin to WBZ Radio Boston  
on <sup>19</sup> they just played "And I love her". And  
cried. Every love I've had, I've heard this  
song while thinkin of him or been with  
him. It was Paul's an my song. Yes, I  
will write to Rich. I answered the phone  
an he said "Happy thanksgivin" and said  
I didn't think I've ever hear from you  
again. I told him I'd bought the art  
supplies an drew a picture. He told me  
Marylyn would kill him if she found  
out he called me. He told me she'd lost  
a \$25 ring that was a family heirloom  
he gave her. Now that I think of it, it  
reminds me of when I lost her's neck-  
lace for those few days. An he said to  
me "I'm readin a book." I asked, "What's  
the name of it. An he answered "Success."  
November 5 he told me he'd read it  
when he was 25 yrs old an not until  
then. Rich. Oh, Rich. If only I could  
help you up we could be. If only I  
could make you understand what  
book is. Maybe he really wants to know  
but his pride (?) is keepin him from  
givin on. I think his callin was a slide  
beggin fer me not to stop tryin to help  
him. Rich, I won't

NOVEMBER 25

Dear Diany:

Well, lookie here. I finally write in my diary twice faithfully in a row! Well, I had the scare of my life today. At work I had the weird feeling someone was in the store and didn't hear 'em come in. I walked out a few times to see if anyone was there. Bout 2 minutes to 6:00 I walked out again an as I turned the ~~the~~ corner from the partition, Patrick jumped an yelled "Boo". I threw my hands up to my face an screamed, I knew it was him but my mind numbed an I screamed an covered against the door an trembled an continued screaming for about a full 7 seconds. When I stopped my stomach muscles ached, an trembled an began cryin'. Pat was really scared cuz my continuous scream scared him bad. I sat down an took an aspirin. For about 10 minutes after that my mind was a complete blank. I was so badly shook. Well, Pat was really scared an sorry as he did. I know exactly how to take it. I spent the day downtown Christmas shoppin'. I saw my fav. High school teacher an we talked a few seconds.

Written Nov 28  
NOVEMBER 26

Dear Diary:

Worked all day after work went to Patti's. We watched the show "Shane" on TV. It's the only show I watch faithfully. It's about a cowboy who used to be a big gunfighter but gave up his rowdy life. Now he's workin' for a widow and her <sup>19</sup> 7 yr. old son and their grandfather. He has so constantly protected the family from everyone and it's a great show. Shane is very ugly, so ugly he's the most beautiful thing. The story is very emotional and symbolic and Shane is very good at. Bob Dylan looks (god rest his soul) well, I played a buncha guitar songs for Patti and her mom and they were both very impressed. I was all proud and happy cuz of it, can do, and do well, sometimes I like very much. Her and drew and painted a bit and played records. Oh yeah. The other day I asked Lester Habel — Kath's boyfriend now — about Judy Collins, a folk singer he likes. So today at work he stops in and gives me all her albums so I'm seen so. I especially like 2 of 'em and probably get 'em for Christmas. Talkin' bout that, I can't think of anythin' I want for the life of me.

Written Nov 28

NOVEMBER 27

Dear Diary,

Had to go to the library all day practically to get information for my speech I never did, & I'm gonna talk on the origin of the guitar. So I got some books on wrote out information! Did you know the first form of "guitar" was the bow of the bow & arrow set? Ancient man found the stretched sinew made a pleasin' sound. How NICE!  
Anyway I've been listening to WBZ Radio in Boston, hopin' to hear "Life for You". Anyway they play half-way decent songs on there which is 100% more in kin say for Milwaukee stations (Boo! HISSSS) In about a week or so I'm gonna write a letter to Rich. He showed me he wanted to keep up with me by callin' the 24th an ~~—~~ so I'm gonna show him I do, too. I'm really so happy he called, I can't see why he did unless he really wanted my help but was too proud or what ever to ask or accept it. I hope I can help him. I DON'T wanna be his girl, I jus wanna help 'm

NOVEMBER 28

Dear Diary:

Well, gave my speech an afterward everyone asked me questions about the guitars of which I knew all the answers well. They asked if I played guitar any social year. Miss [REDACTED] asked and told her I took about 2 months worth a lesson on guitar for boat & month up an then began fidgellis round up taught myself the songs I know now by sheet music on records. She asked if I'd bring my guitar tomorrow an play for the class and unhesitatingly agreed. Golly my first public appearance! Peeeeeeeeeeet! I'm so glad. The class is all freshmen 'cept for 3 sophomores. I'm all excited bout it. I'll show 'em I ain't as dumb as a cook! Do you know that one reason being's school is bcz kids can't find a nuttin BETTER to do! My lord, I could raffle off a list like you never saw before! God! Funky excuse. I find I like nylon guitar strings much better than the folk guitar silk + steel. the sound's more pleasant to my ear.

NOVEMBER 29

Dear Diary:

I was as nervous as hell, but I sat in front of my Speech Class and got third House Carpenter. I was gettin' worse. I sang a few more and began to feel better. The kids were enjoyin' me. [REDACTED] asked if I knew any popular songs. I said no, mostly old English ballads. She began grippin' around but one of the boys said "Keep playin' yer ballads." That was great. One of the sophomore boys tapped his foot as I played. [REDACTED] made the kids do home work when I played and I felt annoyed. I mean, I felt like no one was listenin' [REDACTED] yet me so mad. They clapped a couple times. I played for 45 minutes. I played the most "popular, recent" song I knew there but For Fortune. She kept sayin' "Doncha know anythin' we know?" I said well the songs I know the general people don't. She snapped well who DOES know the songs you know. I answered happily, "My friends!" [REDACTED] was makin' all these kids work but she wasn't a <sup>19</sup> sophomore girl I like. She was sittin' up an listenin' closely. [REDACTED] said "Don't you have any homework to do?" She said "Well, I'm listenin'. That was great. So my SEE NOV 21

NOVEMBER 30

Dear Diary:

And the end of another month. This  
morn at 4:45 AM I shew up. Again at  
6:30. Stayed home from school. Since  
with me. Ma says I stay home tomorrow  
too. I don't know why all of a sudden  
I think of August 30. I kin ~~just~~<sup>19</sup> picture myself in the position of that  
guy...an at the time I'd been gettin'  
satisfaction outa his misfortune. Boy,  
I'll never do that again. My Seal ~~T~~  
Ya know, often I can see myself as  
I'd like to be in bout 10 years. In a  
<sup>19</sup> little room singin' the songs I wrote,  
in a big concert hall singin' to all  
my friends ... whether I've met 'em  
or not. Sittin' in my room early  
early in the wee hours of the morn,  
writin', writin'. An then in bed with  
my husband lovin' him so bad.  
All the things I think of. Ya know  
if I got good enuff maybe in a  
couple years I'll be singin' up  
playin' at Avant. of the Teeny-bop-  
pers ~~do~~<sup>10</sup> quit takin' over it. Or  
someday I might open up my own  
"Avant Gaiety". In it'll be a great place.  
TEENY-BOPPERS ALLOWED. I'd make  
sure none got in... somehow. Oh, that'd  
be such a cool dream come true! -

Written Dec 2  
DECEMBER 1

Dear Diggy:

Finally, has this year GONE! Stayed home sick, & haven't been writing much lately. If I ever got to be a professional singer I think I'd have to gotta my own music. I haven't found what I wanna say in any of the songs already written so, if jis gotta have someone help me write, the music pad - the words & kin do but the music feaged it! The last few couple a nicks I seen kissin' da WBZ radio Boston but haven't heard Ode for join yet. Blah day muddin' da say I'm a poet, I know it, those I don't blow it

1 CON 17 DEC 8

I resolve never to get high in public again any more. I discovered what it's like & don't wanna make a fool outta myself no more. I'm gone. I've found out now, I appon't get high no more in public my resolution.

SEE PICTURE SECTION

DECEMBER 2

Dear Diary:  
Spent time again today. Not really that  
sick but I figures I might as well take  
me more off anyhow. Today in the mail  
John [REDACTED] sent me a folk song book  
of Peggy Seeger that cost him \$1.95. He  
gave me it. Lord, that's what I call a  
present. If wish there was somethin' I  
could do for him in return. That's just  
gotta be the greatest thing. It's a  
good little book too. Don't think for  
one minute I stopped maderbating. Not  
enough! I've been a lot lately. bout Judy  
Collins & listened to her albums and  
especially like two of 'em which I'm askin'  
for for Christmas. I never heard Tom Pax-  
ton yet but [REDACTED] said I'd like him  
so what kin I look but 84. \$4.50 & I was  
thinking a some of the cool things in my  
childhood." When ma got the sand for  
the sandbox... the swing set... playgs  
cowboys on how I really FELT it. I found  
out dad finally got himself in a  
band — one of his big wishes. The  
groups called Thee Third Estate. Sort  
a<sup>19</sup> a hard name. Well seeing as  
that there aint much that I  
gotta et else say

Bye

Written Dec 4  
DECEMBER 3

Dear Diary:

Got home tonite late as I went to  
Pattie's sister's house to babysit  
with her. I kids with Pattie. I  
missed "Shang"....that's my cowboy  
program I love so much. Wore  
pants today to work cuz it was  
<sup>so<sup>19</sup></sup> dang cold at work. They don't  
hardly got no heat in there an  
they really froze out. Got the  
Broadside with large feet going  
in it. I tried to plunk it out  
on my guitar an it came down  
<sup>19</sup>sounding NYTHIN like the Tom Rush  
version. I hear it's out on a  
45 RPM record but they cut  
it shorter cuz it was too long  
for a 45. I hope he puts it  
on his next album if he has  
one. I wrote the words in  
the back of my book it's  
such a beautiful song and I  
've loved it for almost a  
year. Tom Rush sings it slowly  
slow and he mumbles the words  
very sadly and as tho he's on the  
peak of tears. I've never heard  
a more expressive song than this  
and Tom does such a lovely  
job of it

DECEMBER 4

Dear Diary:

I have an idea for a story well,<sup>19</sup> in fact I've had plenty of ideas for stories that involve sex and mostly homosexuality. I seem very obsessed by the latter. But I never commenced to write any of those types of stories for fear someone reads them and I'm in one hell of trouble. But I figures... I'll just pack 'em away and why I'll know. Anyhow things like this homo stuff does happen and maybe someday I'll be able to use some of these q stories. So today I started my first story. About a male 17-year-old whose father is afraid of him sexually because the boy has homo tendencies & strong ones. So the father takes to abusing the boy which gives him (the father) sexual pleasure. He makes the boy strip and the father beats him with a leather strap. When I think of stuff like this, I get all kinds of wet stuff in my underpants. I know what it is but I once read in a magazine that the stuff emitted in ~~secretion~~ masturbation wasn't harmful.

DECEMBER 5

Dear Deary:  
Lar's in the hospital. John talked to one of Lar's patients in his band and he said Lar had a nervous breakdown Saturday and was in County General Hospital. I made mom call and ask if they had a Larry [REDACTED]  
Yes, Room 7D and his visiting hours are from 2 to 7.  
I began crying. Oh, Lar. Dear sweet Lar. I remember the so many happy hours we wish they were back. John and I're going to visit him tomorrow right after work. I'm going to take him a flower. I hope he doesn't mind if I come. That new girlfriend of his must not be too good to allow him to get a nervous breakdown. I blame a lot of it on her. If she can't feel him enough to avoid something like that. Oh, poor Lar. I really wish I was there with now, cuddling and kissin him. I still love him I guess —

<sup>19</sup> Mom and went shopping tonight. I bought a dress that looks like a sunflower sweater knitted to the knees. Oh, ~~say~~ my Lar. Once my Lar. Sweet dear Lar —

was gonna commit suicide. So he went there. He told of how a man ran down the halls screaming and the guards had to wrestle him down to give him a shot to calm him, and they all laughed. But I cried and tried to nonchalantly brush away the tears. And once while he was tryin' ta tell us somethin' he began laffin', hysterically, an' couldn't stop. The others laughed becuz of this, but I cried harder, an' in my mind I pleaded for him to stop. He told us his brother was also in another hospital in the psychiatric ward. All of them smoked but me. And Diane got me sick. She wasn't worried and didn't seem to care about if he's in

or out. And once, he had looked at me for about 2 full seconds. I asked him "boyfriend" was. I said we never were on a girlfriend-boyfriend basis, we were only friends and hadn't seen him lately. That's all he'd said to me, all I said to him. And then it was, end of visitin hours and he kissed Diane hard, I couldn't watch. He shook John's hand, his friend's, an he put his hand out for mine. I grasped his hand an he whispered thanks fer Comin an I squeezed his hand so hard, smiled as a tear fell an slightly nodded.

I cried as we all went downstairs an when we got outside, Diane said "Kin I talk to you a min-ute?" I said sure, an we moved aside. She said I know you used to be ~~to~~ Harry's girlfriend. He told me about the first night he saw you. I just want to make sure there's no hard feelings 'n anythin." I said no, ~~but~~ you jus be good to him. She said "Oh, I will. He's one of the sweetest guys I know." I got in the car - dad picked us up - an broke down cryin. I felt awful for bout an hour an a half. Now I wish I could

DECEMBER 5

Dear Deary:  
Lar's in the hospital. John talked to  
one of Lar's partners in his band  
and he said Lar had a nervous  
breakdown Saturday and was in  
Country General Hospital. I made mom  
call and ask if they had a Larry  
[REDACTED] Yes Room 7D and his  
visiting hours are from 2 to 7.  
I began crying. Oh, Lar. Dear  
sweet Lar, I remember the so many  
happy hours and wish they were  
back. John and I're going to  
visit him tomorrow right after  
work. I'm going to take him a  
flower. I hope he doesn't mind  
if I come. That new girlfriend  
of his must not be too good to  
allow him to get a nervous break-  
down. I blame a lot of it on her.  
If she can't feel right enough to  
avoid something like that. Oh, poor  
Lar. I really wish I was there with  
now. Cuddlin' and kissin' him. I  
still love him I guess.

19 Mom and went shopping today.  
I bought a dress that looks like a  
puffover sweater knitted to the  
knees. Oh, ~~say~~ my Lar. Once  
my Lar. Sweet dear Lar

help her as I pray,  
Diane is good to him.  
I realize Lar for me is  
no more. When I cried  
while there, John looked  
and then whispered a few  
times Don't cry an he  
put his foot on mine  
as a sort of private  
support.

I am very tired  
now and want  
to sleep. I am sad  
an lonely... an I  
realize I was meant  
to be alone,

jis God an me

DECEMBER 6

car Diary:

After work, John and I went to County Hospital. I didn't get a flower. And we found one of Lar's friends and Diane, Lar's girlfriend, so we went off together. It turned out he was in the psychiatric ward, behind a large locked steel door. The guard questioned Diane first for age - you had to be 18 to get in. She told him she had special permission. He didn't question John or me so I guess we looked old. Well, Lar was in the visiting room with his parents. We all sat around the small table. He wore an undershirt, brown baggy pants and slippers. His hair was very long. He looked his normal self. His parents decided to leave so ~~they~~ Lar walked them to the door. Meanwhile Diane told us he wasn't going steady with him but and this's what I thought she said) she was going with another guy Lar didn't know about. But John said that's not what she said... she said a guy was trying to spread that rumor. Well, Lar sat directly across from him and stared at him, watching him, of wore my dark glasses. Hat of friend I needed them for more than looking cool. So they talked, joked off lapped, I cried. Lar said he was there becuz he kept sayin he

DECEMBER 7

Dear Diary:

Well of course, Larri was on my mind all day. But I can't even do anything to help. I remember while at Judd's we all used to joke about "top floor, Cognac Hospital" cuz that's where the mentally insane are locked. Larri is only two floors from the top. He's probably sleeping now... it's 12:10 AM Dec 8, I couldn't fall asleep last night so I layed in bed in the darkness and played my guitar. Then I layed it next to me on the bed an crawled next to it... not far from sleep. I felt it was one of my closest best friends an I needed comfort, I didn't wanna ~~move~~ move or talk, just snuggle next to somethin' an be happy. It gave me a little comfort as I got my life to live, he's got his. Take care well, Larrie, We'll meet ya on the road again maybe sometime.

Once more I am tried an want to sleep badly - I won't write no more cuz I'm mentally an physically exhausted.

Written Dec 10

DECEMBER 8

Dear Deary:

W<sup>18</sup> school so at 11:00 AM I buzzed downtown. Not in my cowboy stuff. Went Christmas shopping and got in a pretty good haul. All I got left is Grammies & Grand-daddy. I'm sure I know what they want. So on the moon and I went to Krenney's Castle and Jindels. I got a \$6 suede-cloth jacket that looks real good with my ~~cool~~ cowboy stuff. Mom let me wear my boots tonite <sup>19</sup> also got the book case I want and bought myself a suede-cloth jumper for \$5.

CON'T DEC 31

buy some wine ones in a while. I get drunk off & I'll really be able to with it. Think of what I've done when I was higher. Just maybe 5 min ago and don't remember it. maybe I just brained it. Drunk isn't any good unless you do it yourself. I'm d�hamed. I just stayed so dumb. I went back here for a while. Prunkey is no good unless you do it yourself.

DEC 11

DECEMBER 9

Let me out on the  
secole an drive around  
an they come back  
an get me, cuzz this  
isn't agrees too  
well with my apple  
pie." (I had pie at Lee)  
Well, then he stopped  
an began drivin  
back. I said "What's  
the matter, was Diane  
busy smile?" He said  
no, I jus wanted ta  
see you. She's baty-  
siddlin bad I coulde  
seen with her right  
now makin out with  
her. I jus wanted ta  
see ya. Then after a  
while he said "Don't  
think I came cuz I  
felt sorry for ya cuz  
ya cried at the  
hospital." I f. dunno  
how he even thinks  
he should feel sorry

for me. He's the one  
needs someone to feel  
sorry for him. He  
said, "You don't have  
to think over the last  
one on the list?"  
I said no, maybe second last.  
So anyhow I was  
sorta giving him a  
bad time but we  
changed the subject  
and got back to jokes.  
Well, then we drove  
up my highway and  
sat there talkin. He  
said he wasn't gonna  
push himself any-  
more so he ends  
back in the hospital.  
I said well he

~~got up off his chair  
and went outside~~

better buckle down  
theo. He flunked senior  
year last year on his  
is his second try. He  
said well, once he  
makes it again in  
playin the piano,  
he won't need a job.  
I said yeah an yes  
chance for makin  
it's about 18 of an  
inch. Well he tried  
to hedge around so  
he's got ~~the~~ wild  
dream he believes in.  
Well, I had to get  
going so I got outta  
the car an he fol-  
lowed me to the  
back door an  
said "Don't I got  
a good ride here?"  
I said yeah, now  
that no one's  
around you'll

"kiss me, heh?" He said "what'd ya mean?" I said well, if you not goin steady with anyone an ya don't favor anyone, why did Diane get a kiss ~~at~~ at the hospital an I didn't? He said oh. He looked guilty an looked down an said now I know what you mean. I said "oh you big dummy" an put my arms around him. He hugged me real hard an we kissed. I said I forgot how that feels. He said well, I'll be seein ya an I said yeah well don't wait around fore

ya show up again. He smiled an said okay, I'll see ya within a month... an that's a promise. We kissed again an he left.

I went to bed as usual awake thinkin. And what I felt Dec 6, I felt again "far far me is no more." The things we shared an loved before I have left behind me... but now I had I've found what I really want I could never go back to what I

loved before. Dressin  
fancy... dancing...  
feeny-boppes music...  
carefree, laffin at any-  
thin, everythin, and  
the carefree hugs and  
kisses I loved him  
with. They were all  
dag outa me with  
the coldness he left  
me with in the  
snow of February.  
I could never chase  
him in the snow, or  
see him in the snow  
capped lake. He proved  
~~to me~~ there is no  
such love anymore  
for me.

Dear Diary,  
Grandmother and I locked up at  
6pm and turned around on the  
staircase BAR! My god! He said,  
he went to my house and they said  
I was goin downtown but he didn't  
know Grandm. was too. Well, so  
we agreed we'd go downtown as  
planned and meet her at Ace Foods  
at 8:30. And so it was. From Ace  
Grandm. called mom to come  
too. So they sat together and I sat an  
me at the table next to 'm. He asked  
me why I cried at the hospital and  
said cuz I didn't like to see him  
like that an it just upset me.  
We just joked around. At 9:30 dad  
and got in his car. (He bought one)  
Well, he drove to the LaFerentz  
and we sorta joked around and  
I sensed him bout being a feeny-  
bopper. He got down to the John  
Clark's parkin lot and began  
drivin thru puddles an makin'  
sharp turns an drivin around  
in a circle like an idiot. I  
asked "Are you drivin' & impress  
somebody?" He said "no, I like  
to drive like this." I said,  
"well, I'll tell ya what. You'

Written Dec 11

DECEMBER 10

Dear Diary,  
At work I thought bout Lar an how  
much I coulda loved him if I'd have  
not charged. I burst cryin' a few  
seconds. But that was it. Read in  
the paper that Spider John Koerner  
was gonna be at Avant Garde so at  
the last minute John an I went.  
Were my cowboy stuff. The Spider was  
marvelous. He sounded a lot like  
Tom Rush an he sang blues type q  
stuff. Teeny-boppers were there but  
there were eight or few decent  
<sup>19</sup> people that didn't goof round  
an acted like they knew who  
Spider was an what he was  
talkin' bout. I enjoyed Spider was  
so good I'm thinkin' on lookin'  
<sup>19</sup> up his album. He usually makes  
albums in ordination with  
snakes Dave Ray who was at  
the Garde Aug. 20 and 28. I didn't  
like him too much cuz he sorta had  
hoarse voice an didn't seem to  
feel the song like Spider. I really  
enjoyed it but I could hardly sleep  
it with those boppers there actin'  
like 2 yr olds. Every time I go to  
the Garde I swear it's the last  
time ... but I always go back

DECEMBER 11

Dear Diary;

19 Sat around sorta day. Listened to records, cleaned my room, played guitar, stuff like that. Had a dream last night: A woman was teaching Adam & Eve to a bunch of kids, I ran up and screamed, "It's a lie, it's a big lie!" The lady chased me as did a big mob of people but I ran an ran. They almost caught me but I ran into the crowd and ran over them and ran into the bathroom and locked the door. They rattled the door trying to get at me but they never did. That can be easily interpreted. When I wrote off the religion, it was me selling the world my beliefs. When the people chased me, they didn't accept my beliefs and wanted to get rid of me. When I ran over their lead, God was helping me get from them. Or when I was locked in the bathroom, I was alone and free from their intentions. We'll see if this dream is a foreshadowing of my life up the future running out lines so better go, heard Uge for you today

DECEMBER 12

Dear Diary:

Saw a documentary program on prisons on TV. It was the story of a 22 yr old guy who was charged with burglary and given 19 yrs. He fought and smacked off the police and they were constantly wrestling with him. He was sentenced to 3 to 19 yrs in prison. When asked if he had anything to say he said, "Yeah go to hell." So he got into one of those rotten prisons. He stayed for 3 yrs and when reviewed by a parole board he said he was interested in photography. The men said well, he can't just think board stuff <sup>18</sup> interested in, he's gotta take up somethin' that has available facilities. He <sup>19</sup> answered well, I sure wish this place had some course in photography. They reviewed his case and told him they didn't think he was ready to leave. They showed his face when he was being held that on his eyebrows ~~were~~ wrinkled in hurt and his eyes displayed hurt and rejection. They told him they'd review him again in 6 months and hoped to see improvement. They asked if he had anything to say. He sat and looked with a little child's rejection at the men and slowly got up and walked out. It showed him ~~sitting~~ walking down the prison hall ~~into~~ an

Lean against the wall,  
his head down, lookin  
close to tears. The guard  
prodded him to go into  
his cell but the guy  
shook him off. The guard  
began wrestlin with  
him an shoved him  
into his cell. The guy  
kicked over his table  
an turned around, ran  
at the bars an shook  
them...an screamed.....

Then they showed  
a sketch of him as a  
child, wide-eyed an  
~~frightened~~ frightened.  
Then they put on the

credit with his child  
picture in the back-  
ground.

Tears fell down my  
cheeks. Dad said how  
lousy it was for those  
poor guys in those  
jails. I asked him if  
he still believed in  
capital punishment.  
He didn't answer

DECEMBER 13

an she said, she meant it

Dear Diary:

Frigid. Got another Broadside. I decided for Justice's birthday I'm gonna get her a year's prescription to Broadside. Wearin' my hair drawn back with a barrette down neck level. That's how Deedie Collins wore her hair before she got it buzzed. I dug me a pie, can't get into the Christmas spirit. The sun was shinin' brightly an' we ain't got even a smell of snow anywhere! Happily mom's really been feed off with Kathy an' she takes advantage of this place an' don't even clean her own mess. Mom says if she keeps smartin' off she's gonna kick her outta the house after the holidays. Mom an' I get along famously. We got a give an' take relationship. The other day I cleaned the kitchen, as a surprise when she went shopping an' I did ironin'. I do all wash. We get along well an' see eye-to-eye on many subjects. She said after I leave when I'm 18 I could call ANY time an' say "mom I'm comin' home for a beef dinner" an' she'd break all her plans to make me one.

DECEMBER 14

Dear Diary:

After work bout 7:00 us four, youngest an mom an dad drove downtown to see the Christmas windows. We had a real good time. We sang, joked, an all stopped at a Walgreens for a hot chocolate. The kids took out our little rubber dolls an played with them like old times. It was so fun. Didn't have my speech today fer class. Suddenly in the silence I felt she would call me. My eyes unconsciously an by mistake hit the crucifix in the room an I stayed. I knew she'd call me. An she did. The feeling w<sup>t</sup> strange. My Broadside has an article in it bout that astrologer's are sayin a savior will come soon to the earth. It was a convincing article an I thought how weird it'd be if I was this "savior" an my teachings would help the world. Wild, hey? Can't wait fer Christmas so I kin have that hoodie. It's gonna be so great. I know it sounds bad but hope Kath moves soon so I kin fix this room like the "dream apartment" I have. I'd love my own room. Like I was already 18

Written Dec 17

DECEMBER 15

Dear Diary:

19 Went downtown Christmas shopping.  
Looked for some for his, of  
friendship or Grandmother, but  
didn't find nothing extra  
special. Walked down the  
street alone. A car stopped  
19 at the curb and the guy asked  
if he could drive me anywhere.  
I said no, why else should you?  
He said well I'm drivin alone  
or you walkin alone so we  
met, as well get together. I  
said tell ya what, I'll have  
a coke with you. He said at  
big boys? I said sure. I walked  
there and he drove. It was  
about 22 yrs old. When I asked  
he said he just wanted to meet  
me cuz I look cool. I told him  
basically bout myself. After the  
coke we walked down the  
street, he tried to hold my hand  
but I dug my fingernail into  
his finger. I pulled away when  
19 he put his arm round my waist.  
He gave me his phone number  
not that I wanted it. Then he  
came out with I'd make a good  
man. I don't like him. GCK

Written Dec 17

DECEMBER 16

Dear Diary,

After school Patti came over and she stayed with me at work till 6:00. We hadn't had time planned but grandmother popped up and said we could. We ate at my house and went upstairs and played records, talked, and at 7:45 we went to a Junior Class drama play at Lincs "Rebel Without A Cause." I was disappointed in it and it was terrible... the actors were very bad, Johnny and 3 of his friends went, too, and they were really goofing off all thru it. They were wooden per the hoodlums in the play. When they were finished they clapped and whistled. At the end when the hoods took a bow they got the biggest hand. pretty funny. Then we took Patti home. — Man, going to school is really really getting me down. I just hate it. I don't care bout my studies. My biology teacher called me to his desk and told me I better get my grade up. My Latin teacher told me I should try to get that grade up, too.

Written Dec 19

DECEMBER 17

a ray of life from the  
door opening. I was  
comforted but still  
crying. Then someone  
completely shot the  
dog. Total darkness.  
I felt as tho I were sin-  
kin deep into another  
world, insanity. My  
mind whistled and I  
felt as tho I was going  
to die. So close. And I  
was gonna scream. In  
a few minutes I'd  
begun screamin un-  
til I could never stop. I  
was so so scared.  
If I went insane now  
all my plans in life  
would be ruined.  
I ran out of the room  
and clutched mom an  
pleaded with her to  
call the doctor. I felt  
the insanity I was

goin thru. I told mom  
I was goin crazy an  
please call the doctor.  
She got scared an told  
me to stop it. She  
~~put~~ put me on her lap  
on the rocker, bundled  
in a blanket an I  
held a wet cloth to  
my forehead. She gave  
me a nerve pill. An  
I rested on her bosom  
and she rocked me  
an softly began singin  
a song I remembered  
from it so long ago.

"I heard a physician  
cryin . . ." I rested  
an slowly began  
comin back to

reality. I felt as tho  
I'd have to learn the  
entire map of the  
house over and get  
introduced to everyone  
except mom. I ate  
some soup an I  
watched "Shane" an  
I had the chills.  
Mom said my skin  
looked blotchy. I  
was back to life  
an really and I  
hope I never will  
have to experience

insanity again.  
Once is enuff. But  
now I know what  
it is. **I WAS**  
**MY STORY**  
**CHARACTERS.**

I was in the world  
of fear, horrible  
fear of the unknown  
I was goin thru.  
I have my story  
characters in me.

Dear Diary,

Long day at work. Felt lousy. Stomach  
hurt a lot. At bout 4:30 began  
thinkin of Grandmother. How happy  
an fun she used to be an now, now  
she's sorta moping about like she  
was gettin old. I began cryin.  
I cried an cried when mom called  
I cried an told her I jus didn't  
wanta go to father, but I had to  
cuz I was babysittin for Mr. Moon  
made me call father an tell her I  
wouldn't make it. Father said  
I <sup>19</sup> HAD to an if there was ANY  
possible way she could get some-  
one else she would. Called mom  
back, mom called father an told  
her definitely wouldn't be there.  
Then I was tryin to figgur out reason.  
I <sup>19</sup> jus cried an cried. Dad picked  
me up an I cried all the way  
home. I told him how I hated  
school. I jus cried. Got home an  
mom an I went into her room an  
I told her bout my teacher's tellin me  
I'm gettin low grades. She cuddled  
an comforted me. I was so tired an  
still cryin. She laid me on her  
lavepost an ~~ever~~ covered me. She  
left. It was dark. Cried for

Written Dec 19  
DECEMBER 18

Dear Dicky:

I stayed close to mom. She took care of me. Her, me, John, M.E. an Pat went to Treasure Island to shop. John an me stuck together. I called him a scenny-bopper as he was really upset bout it. Then we shopped at Kohl's department stores. I wore my cowboy stuff all day. Picked out a book I'm gettin fer Christmas. Called "I Couldn't Smoke the Grass on My Father's Lawn" by Michael Chaplain. Charlie Chaplain's son who ~~is~~ is a beatnik in the "non-washin type" of the word. So he's a big rebel as was constantly in duddy with his father. So we all had fun together. I looked back on Saturday without opinion. Tried to get WBZ on fer near I was fer their Hostengunny Hours. John an I've been hangin together a lot lately an he's been reading my folk books, tryin to play guitar an his guitar, ect. May be that I have another convert. Time will tell.

DECEMBER 19

Dear Diary:

the study-hall teacher an coach of the football team at Sims died Saturday. Well in speech today I was assigned, as were others but equal with a different subject, to give a 10-minute speech on the effects of Chinese claims to Indian Territory. That does it. Told mom, dad, and grandmother an I've decided to get transferred from that damn class to a study hall, & could get up my other subjects. Tomorrow I'm makin' an appointment with the guidance counselor to get changed. Oh, it's gonna take so much off my mind. I'm gettin' a lousy '14 of a credit for all that misery. Fergit it. Mom's been takin' good care of me. She's makin' sure I don't do much work an she's gonna help me get breakfast in the morning. I only got a cup of coffee every school day until 12:20 PM. So we're changin' that. And got my period today. Job all over. I hate it. Clap of been a damn girl.

DECEMBER 20

Dear Diary [REDACTED], Pigs' guidance counselor. Told him speech class was pis too much on me so he gave me the papers, an it was over in 5 minutes. Had to get [REDACTED] my speech teacher's approval. Told her an she asked why I was drop-ping, I said cuz I'm flunkin Biology an Latin an I need the time to get the grades up. She said if I give you that 10-minute speech she'd give me the 1st semester credit. I said no I'd rather drop it away. She said oh, we're gonna miss you in the class (I'M SURE). So she gave her approval, so I'm out. So relieved. Sent out my Christmas cards. One to Parke (Kathy friend), Rich, John [REDACTED] Mack [REDACTED] Bernie (my English penpal).

Brought d'd try to see how Mack's doing an wrote a little note askin him to call his wife. Our first real snow fall was yesterday. I wrote my feelins bout it. Our Christmas tree went up Sunday. The four youngest kids, all mom put it up. We played Christmas records an sang. Had a lot of fun.

DECEMBER 21

Dear Diary:

Went to Payfair with mom an finished my Christmas shoppin. Also put in my order for prescriptions sunglasses. I picked the frames an he said they'd be ready next Thursday. They'll cost \$25.50. Oh well. They better be good.

After work went to Latte's an we exchanged presents. She gave me a J. Baey album. Good. Sang her some songs. We made a deal for next Thurs. I stay overnight an play an sing for her an she'll ~~s~~ scratch my back til I fall asleep. I'll stay overnight. Wrote J. [REDACTED]

I'm invited him the 27 + 28... an haven't had an answer from him yet. I wish I could ~~want~~ write songs. When I get out on my own I'll want to sing my words as my message but I ~~donno~~ how to write music. Not that I've really tried. Sometimes I think, man, how am I gonna survive on my own. Sure, I'll have so much <sup>19</sup> bid what when it runs out? An if I fall thru singin an no one wants my writing? I'll fall into thru. Sure I know always come home but I wanna & have to do somethin'

DECEMBER 22

Dear Diary:

Today Patrick and I walked to the Alle's Charnmers' freight yard. There was no one there but a lonesome snow-laden freight train. She was cold an sleepin'. Pat an I watched some construction men build a building. we didn't know what the building was to be. When we started freezin' we headed for home. Before we got to the freight yard we stopped at a little coffee shop an had coffee. I always wanted to go here but not under these circumstances. I had my cowboy stuff on. Well, this comin' summer I'll dress up cowboy one more an ~~I~~ go on over there with my guitars an mount. I dream I'm thinkin' by next summer I'll be all changed an never get to fulfill the above dream. But I hope I don't change an I seriously don't think I will. — I'm in a wild mood to day. All wrapped up in that one unfinished story "We can go around this way." I dunno why but that particular story is botherin' me. Not exactly botherin', But it's playin' at my mind. Keepin' me in mysterious thought.

DECEMBER 23

Dear Diary,  
I read in the paper of an 11 yr old boy who  
will spend Christmas in a Georgia County  
jail. He was arrested for shoplifting &  
his mother's in prison in Florida an his  
father is unknown. Georgia has no  
juvenile detention hall. I put <sup>19</sup> heard  
on the radio he won't spend Christmas  
in jail, his grandmother was located.  
But there's still no love, an love's  
all that matters. <sup>Bout 11:30</sup>  
AM ~~MACK~~ called!!! I'd sent him  
a Christmas card, he got it this  
<sup>19</sup> morn. He said he'd <sup>19</sup> got back  
on leave from ~~Afghanistan~~ California  
now. He's enlisted in the Air Force  
He sounds a lot more mature than  
the old Mack. I asked how his love  
life was, he said lousy. He asked  
how mine was, I said lousy. He  
said well, of course seeing ya before  
the 11th when I go back to Calif. I  
never seen even a picture of him,  
yet. I gave him my address so he  
could write one from his base but  
he didn't have his so he'll send  
it to me. I'm very happy he still  
cares bout our friendship. I  
still don't get an answer from  
S.C. if he's coming in now

Written Dec 26

DECEMBER 24

Dear Diary:

Very dull day at work. After we went to Grandmothers, ate Turkey dinner as opened presents. We had fun, and I brought back without feelin on what I was doin for Christmas eve. Then we got home an Santa Claus was here! Hurray. My book case is beautiful & I can't wait to get it upstair. Anyhow. (#Kathy's havin a fit, makin like a dead cow cuz she wants the life off fast on her) Anyhow it jus didn't seem like Christmas an I feel like such a drag. a day of every feel like I want to feel Christmasy like I felt wanted to last year. So, it's jus like any other day to me. But presenty, Well, we all ended up goin by midnite Mass where I slept fine if all. We went to Indigo yet an I got ma to let me where my sunglasses. After Mass we went to Grand-mothers for coffee an cookies she baked. Man, I was deejef ficed plus a little cocked cuppa pink champagne letin (Kash's flame) brought. So I was really all an all.

Written Dec 26

DECEMBER 25

Dear Diary:

Woke at noon or layed about til 2:30 when we had to start cleanin up. Wore the dress Grandmother made & gave me. The family went to Grammies' where we with the [REDACTED] opened gifts. From there we went to John Ernst Cafe to eat. John & I were determined to gross out the kids as we did. After eatin I had a big intellectual argument with Ned an had on the changes of<sup>19</sup> the Catholic Church. I grossed Ned out good with my crazy ideas. So after this we went to Ruth's daughter's house where there was a big B. S. 'd Sullivan's reunion. Well, they tried to shove me in the basement where the sleepy-boppers were eatin popato chips an drinkin soda, listenin to bopper records but I kept comin back up. All night I sat alone, givin the place cause how tired I was which I really wasn't at least 11:00. At home I plopped right in bed. Man, I was beat.

country boy's an  
carryin a guitar or a  
mandolin or a auto-  
harp. Crazzy. He said  
yeah, boy everyone'd  
go to the moon if  
he get away from  
us, he A bond'd be  
a relief! We hopped.  
He asked how Lash  
was an I said oh,  
she's gonna get  
married when she gets  
outta school an they're  
not havin kids for  
4 yrs an they're  
gonna travel round

Written Dec 26

DECEMBER 25

Dear Diary:

Woke at noon or layed about til 2:30 when we had to start cleanin up. Wore the dress Grandmother made & gave me. The family went to Grammies' where we with the [redacted] opened gifts. From there we went to John Ernst Cafe' to eat. John and I were determined to gross out the kids so we did. After eatin I had a big intellectual argument with Ned an had on the changes of<sup>19</sup> the Catholic Church. I grossed Ned and good with my crazy ideas. So after this we went to Ruth's daughter's house where there was a big B. S. 'd Sullivan reunion. Well, they tried to shove me in the basement where the sleepy-boppers were eatin potato chips an drinkin soda, kissin to bopper records but I kept comin back up. All night I sat alone, givin the excuse how tired I was which I really wasn't at least 11:00. At home I plonked right in bed. Man, I was beat.

the world. He said  
beautiful dreams an  
asked who the flame  
was this week. I  
said Peter. He asked  
how John was an I  
said a big Kenny-  
bopper. He said he was  
so lookin forward to  
goin to the War Memorial  
an givin people out.  
He laughed an said  
I swear they thought  
we were gonna steal a  
paintin 'n slash  
one 'n somethin. I  
told 'm Spider John

Kaerner was at the fande  
an I was all on him  
til I read a article  
on 'm in the paper. He's  
such a phoney. He said  
all 3 of 'm were phonies  
an the Kenny-bopper across  
the street from 'm has  
their album. J.C. approved  
of my gotten Judy Collins'  
albums. An Tom Paxton.  
that's all I can think  
of we talked bout cent  
picky stuff like I  
told 'm not to feel  
too bad bout not

Written Dec 26

DECEMBER 25

Dear Diary:

Made at noon and layed about till 2:30 when we had to start cleanin up. Wore the dress Grandmother made & gave me. The family went to Hammies' where we with the [REDACTED] opened gifts. From there we went to John Ernst's Cafe to eat. John and I were determined to gross out the kids as we did. After eatin I had a big intellectual argument with Ned and dad on the changes of<sup>19</sup> the Catholic Church. I grossed Ned and good with my crazy ideas. So after this we went to Ruth's daughter's house where there was a big B. S. 'd Sullivan reunion. Well, they tried to shove me in the basement where the crazy-boppers were eatin popcats chips an drinkin soda, hispin so bopper records but I kept comin back up. All night I sat alone, givin the excuse how tired I was which I really wasn't til at least 11:00. At home I plopped right in bed. Man, I was beat.

been able to come  
but he should make some  
hot chocolate and go to  
bed. He laughed and said  
he'd raid the liquor  
cabinet.

I brought my  
bookcase yesterday. It's  
beautiful. I gotta get  
more albums tho  
but I got good stuff  
books.

that Chaplin book  
is gotten better. It's  
just like any other  
coal guy really

Dear Diary:  
Washed and ironed all day. Called  
J. [REDACTED] long distance. He's supposed  
to come over tomorrow. So ~~he~~ an  
hour later he called back only to  
say he couldn't come. His parents  
won't let him cuz the roads are  
slippery <sup>19</sup> (it hasn't snowed in about  
4 days). Well, he began the conver-  
sation. He asked how school was.  
We talked 35 minutes! He com-  
mented on my picture & sent in.  
It's the same as the cowboy one in  
the back of you. He said what  
long fabulous legs I had up how  
sexy they are. I told 'm I'd will  
in to him when I die. He said  
aw, then it's too late. He said boy  
if you were any farther away  
than my 3rd cousin... I said  
3rd cousin is still safe! Then  
we started joked on how we'd  
occupy some uninhabited island  
and have crazy kids an eventual-  
ly take over the US an anyone  
that didn't wear cowboy boots  
we'd ship out the country. He  
said boy I bio just see the  
overzealous convention an we  
laughed. Yeah, everyone's

Written Dec [redacted] 29  
DECEMBER 27

Dear Diary:

Went downtown with my cowboy stuff on  
bopped around. All these cop-cars  
started signing by an old kind  
people gathered round the sides of  
the street like a parade. I figured  
it was a car accident an kept  
walking I'm sure I'm gonna stand  
there like a big Chuck lookin an  
gawkin at whatever happened. I  
read in the evenin paper there was  
a big stick-up but the guy got  
away. Gee! Anywha went to the  
lakefront an' man it was cold.  
The lake was froze over an  
everythin was so silent. Just the  
wind whistlin thru the snow  
laden naked trees. Snow was  
all over, so I jus left. Got my  
Tom Paxton album I was supposed  
to get for Christmas. I guess he's  
another one a those kinds ya  
got to get used to. One thing  
bout him: his songs always have  
a refrain. Not many folk songs  
do. Well, S. [redacted] wouldn't had  
a suff time of it if he'd a come  
anywe'd a bar marooned in the  
house all day an' nite cuzz ya  
the snowstorm

Written Dec 29  
DECEMBER 28

Dear Diary:

Spent all noon an loafed the  
rest of the day ~~&~~ away till  
work come round. Finished  
the rest that Michael Chaplin's  
book (Dec 18) an I got so engrossed  
up when I finished. See from  
his ages 15 thru 19 he was  
this big beatnik lookin' fashish  
an got an earin' a "beard".  
Then he got married now now  
when he's 21, he cut his hair  
an shaved his beard, wears a  
tie an greased pants an has a  
normal steady job! But in the  
book all he says bout his  
character change is that he don't  
~~&~~ know why it come about!  
Well, all I could think was that  
when he was this beatnik, he  
psych-analyzing jis changed him.  
Chaplin said he was goin' to one.  
Or maybe he changed for his  
wife's sake, I dunno. But the  
book had me dayed when I  
finished. Grandmother is gettin'  
old an tired. She really is. If  
yours I have to accept it. I  
hope she always stays young  
at heart deep down tho.

Dear Diary:

DECEMBER 29

Went to get my prescription sunglasses.  
They're really good, they're costin' me  
\$25.50 <sup>19</sup> But they'll be worth it... I'm  
sure. It's weird to be able to SEE an  
look decent all at once! Anywho,  
hooked around for a long, scarf.  
Could only find a <sup>19</sup> good one.

John [REDACTED] wrote he had a  
 $7\frac{1}{4}$  ft one an I told him, I was  
jealous an was gonna knit a  
longer one. Well, I haven't gotten  
the yarn yet so I've just been  
so, I guess I'll just end up buying  
one as maybe stand besides when  
I get yarn so I'll have a long  
one next year. I'm staying over-  
nite with Debbie Tonite. We were  
playin' one a Dylan's old albums  
and I discovered I'm afraid of  
him. I mean if you know this  
person did, <sup>19</sup> they'd be scared of  
him. Why? I dunno. He's so so  
marvelous and great I feel so  
inferior to him. I mean he was  
like an idol of mine till he went  
hippy but tho he did go hip, I  
don't think he's changed his  
principles. I praised him so much,  
if only I really understood him -

DECEMBER 30

Dear Diary,

My yie! I rockie this<sup>19</sup> second las day  
of 1966 an I think losly mama! Where?  
What? yet hidden, already? Get out!!!!  
Bad gold an brown, your cuy iss  
for somethin tu do I'm gonna find  
a cay for myself! I could jus as  
well, buy one but so I don't  
get bored at work. But I should  
do my English homework a great  
big notebook and memorization  
of a poem. I'll do it Sunday. I  
HAVE to. The book at least.

Peffie keeps sayin she feels so im-  
perial, next to me cuy she iss a  
"cool" like me. She says there's no-  
thing I can't do. I feel when she  
says that. She's the greatest an  
best friend ever to me an I love  
her very much an I don't want  
her to feel like a creep next to  
me. I think maybe I should just  
leave-cuffin her down, I always  
do. She knows it's in fun but  
maybe it really hurts. I should  
have more respect for her or be  
outside & say so her jus before  
we fell asleep in bed, as  
nice & gotta do sumthin ta  
make her realy I love her -

DECEMBER 31

Dear Diary:

as you can see I am pickled.  
But I'm not that bad off cuz I  
found you, diary. RITE Anyways  
today was a biggie one. I  
mean, I bought [REDACTED] yard so I have  
[REDACTED] and I cut a bale longer than  
[REDACTED] Well, ok so here's some  
we played Royal Rummy, mom  
dad, but, M.E. an me. I won  
8 & 1. The most of anybody.  
However I bought a whole  
bottle of champagne an  
I had 3 glasses all down  
in bout 3 minutes. I wanted  
to get drunk so I could really  
get drunk. And my parents are  
tryin to put me to bed an I know  
I'm makin a real fool outta myself  
but I can't help it. They tried to put  
me under the shower. I wish I  
never acted like this cuz I'm really  
makin an ass outta myself. I  
can't remember anything I've done.  
Not for this hour at least an  
it's 1:05 AM 1967. I wanna  
write in today. This is our last  
year together. Then I get older  
an move out. I'm gonna  
DEC 8

(Read February 4)

## TELEPHONE NUMBERS

I ain't tellin ya what ya did was wrong  
I'm just tellin ya I hope ya don't do it again  
To whoever you meet on the roads  
Cuz it ain't the thing to do  
To someone who don't know ya steal  
Like I didn't each time ya smiled  
Blinded by love while ya toyed  
And then I felt the last  
It's goin ta hold on ta me hand  
Til I find a way ta shake it off  
So I can keep on with the life I was given  
You contributed to it I thank you  
You showed the hurt of the world to me  
And you showed me how I'll die a little  
Although my life as I walk it  
And ya showed me I have ta look out  
For robbers of hearts, chippers of minds  
Yes, you contributed this all to me  
I thank you for it all... everthins  
Maybe I won't be so happy to accept  
Everybody that says he'll stay forever  
Like you said ya would  
I hope your road ain't hard to walk  
Enough people have hard roads ahead I'm

It's Over by Jimmie Rodgers  
TELEPHONE NUMBERS

See May 7+8

If time were not a moving thing  
And I could make it stay  
This hour of love we share would always be  
There'd be no coming day  
To shine the morning light  
Make us realize our night  
So over (second time) .... It's over)

When you walk away from me  
There is no place to put my hand  
Except to shade my eyes  
Against the sun that rises overland  
I watch you walk away somehow  
I have to let you go  
Now it's over

If you knew just how I really feel  
You might return yet  
There are so many times  
That people have to live and then forget  
Oh there might have been a way  
I have to force myself  
To say it's over

So I slung my pack, turn my collar to the wind  
Move along in silence trying not to think at all  
I send my feet before me  
Walk the silent street before me  
It's over

Repeat First Verse

(Read May 13)

## TELEPHONE NUMBERS

He had nowhere to go  
But walk the streets  
The rain wet streets  
Silence in the nite  
And emptiness in the streets  
No one on the streets  
But him  
And the rain drizzled  
The rain dropped  
He was alone with the rain

Continued From the Next Page

it's easy to stand here  
more lovers pass  
on motorcycles  
roped together  
from the walls of the water then  
i look across to what they call  
the right bank  
an envy  
your  
trumpet  
player

By Bob Dylan TELEPHONE NUMBERS By Bob Dylan

for francoise hardy  
at the seine's edge  
a giant shadow  
of notre dame  
seeks & grab my foot  
sorbonne students  
whirl by on thin bicycles  
swirlin' lifelike colors of leather spin  
the breeze yawns food  
far from the bellies  
of erkhardt meetsis johnson  
piles of lovers  
fishing  
kissing  
lay themselves on their books. boats.  
old men  
clothed in curly mustaches  
float on the benches  
blankets of tourists  
in bright red nylon shirts  
with straw hats of ambassadow  
(cannot hear nikonis  
dawg bark now)  
will sail away  
as the sun goes down  
the doors of the river are open  
i must remember that  
i too play the guitar  
← other side of this page

By Sheila  
Sullivan

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

By Me, Sheila

## Ballad Of An Outcast

He walks the street  
Feels cement beneath his feet  
Feels stones being thrown in every way  
In his pockets go his hands  
In his ears he hears the brands  
An he never knows just how to get away

He's kicked an he is scorned  
He's cut an he's torn  
He looks up at the people in the crowd  
He sees smug grins  
But his eyes pierce like pins  
An he never finds a one who'll let him out

They give him one more call  
But it don't make him fall  
Cuz he knows that they're caught  
worse 'n him  
But he kin look up to the sky  
Cuz he knows the reason why  
An he hopes that someday love  
will be with him

Teacher asked us to write an essay

commentin bout the class

## TELEPHONE NUMBERS

This is concern in May 17. Written to him June 1.

(By Sheila  
Sullivan)

[I liked the class] except when any teacher takes so physically punishing a student. The teacher ~~student~~ may think in that way he's showin authority and demanding respect - but he'd better think twice! Teachers down-grade themselves and make themselves real fools when they hit, ect., a student. Other students hate this from a ~~student~~ teacher as they continue on to hate the teacher. Actually, Mr. Teacher, before you let ~~yer~~ temper an emotions take over ya, ya better think of what you're here to teach us. Aren't ya spoyed to set an example of Catholic living ... is Catholic living mistreatin ~~yer~~ fellow man? You show us how weak ~~you~~ are ... not how mighty ~~you~~ are. You show us just how much control ~~you~~ have on ~~yourselv~~. You show us how WELL ~~you~~ handle situations. No, Mr. Teacher - that's not the way. Sure ... we all have tempers - but it's yer duty to hold it. So, no matter what a student does to you ... let's see if you can handle it like a Catholic adult is supposed to an not like some big hot-tempered animal. Think about this, Mr. Teacher ... before you make a fool outa ~~yourselv~~ in front of another classroom full of kids.

ADDRESSES  
Quotes And Stuff From Bob Dylan

i can't believe that i have  
+ hate anybody  
an when i do  
it will only be out of fear  
an i'll know it

yes it is I  
who is poundin at your door  
if it is you inside  
who hears the noise

"when will he open his eyes"  
"who him? doncha know? he's a  
crazy man"

he never opens up his eyes"  
"but he'll surely miss the  
world go by"

"nah! he lives in his own  
world"

"my my then he really must  
be a crazy man"

"yeah he's a crazy man"

ADDRESSES

Linda [REDACTED] The first time I went to  
Grand Garage, told me she had called  
there to have me paged, this's how  
the conversation went, accordin' ta  
her:

GUY: You rang?

L.B.: Yeah, ding-dong

GUY: (snapping attitude) What'd ya want?

L.B.: Is it packed inside?

GUY: No but it will be.

L.B.: How'd you know?

GUY: Man, I just feel it

L.B.: Could ya page someone  
for me?

GUY: Man, this place's packed!

L.B.: Page a Sheila Sullivan for  
me

GUY: Man, it's so packed, I  
couldn't see a pinhead

L.B.: Thanks anyway

GUY: Sure babe

By Sheila Sullivan

ADDRESSES

When I was younger  
more carefree  
Oh I remember this place  
cars of all makes  
an colors  
every type a people in m  
was forever buzzin  
~~up an up an down up an down~~ the street  
in our front yard  
the roar a the big truck  
huge wide an silver  
with twelve wheels  
black smoke chokin  
from the exhaust pipe  
a roarin on the cement  
that put me ta sleep  
ya couldn't hear yerself talk  
when they passed  
yeah it was  
a weird sight then  
ta see the street empty  
it never was  
we lived in a middle-class  
residential area  
streets were lined  
with tall stately green trees  
everyone had  
a fairly well-kept lawn  
but I didn't care  
con't

ADDRESSES

I was a little girl  
bouncin playin  
"the ringleader"  
my dad said  
I never really knew  
what he meant  
He ringleader

I remember the games  
I was so wrapped in them  
ready for fun  
I'd go to the library  
gettin a book of games  
There weren't many kids  
none really  
to play with  
so me an my two  
younger sisters  
we dress up  
in the holsters an hats  
an guns  
make up names  
we played on it hours an hours  
day after day  
week upon week  
an I loved every bit of it  
I was, [REDACTED]  
gunslinger

can't

ADDRESSES

a few years later  
me I looked  
at my older sister  
she was three years older  
liked the boy next door  
bought movie magazines  
an painted her nails  
man, it was different  
so I pick up her magazine  
an looked at a star  
Lord was he ugly  
I stopped at polish  
like a tomboy  
stared out the window  
at my sisters roller skating  
an sadly asked my mother  
if big girls could roller skate  
an that was the end  
of growin up for me

couple years later  
I guess ya can't play forever  
ya start findin things out  
learnin bout things  
there are no games  
school was still  
only a place to  
get away with things  
an a challenge to see  
can't

ADDRESSES

how mad  
ya could make the teachers  
an bluemound road  
was gettin tired  
a big express way went up  
an the cars went there  
an now there are only some  
that travel the road  
in my front yard  
only a few  
that come to visit me  
an sometimes  
the road is lonely  
an bare an silent  
an I wonder  
where it has gone  
an if it will one day  
come back

our neighbors have moved or died  
the old man  
who loved our family  
an lived across the road  
has died  
the couple next door  
who never had their keys  
but used ta have  
an attic full of big lady clothes can't

MEMORANDA

have died  
an the empty lot  
we called the mountains  
has died  
it was there  
where we buried  
the dead birds we found  
has been leveled down,  
an three homes are there  
sometimes I look there  
tryin fa picture  
how it used ta be  
the tall weeds an grass  
an dandelions  
bluemound road  
isn't the same no more  
an neither is  
the little girl  
the gunslinger

but I have realized  
how I loved bluemound road  
an how much I loved  
the gunslinger life  
somewhere

back in my memory  
will always be the picture  
of little Bobby [redacted]  
little Davie ~~Crook~~ Crockett can't

MEMORANDA

an the silver trucks  
an I have vowed  
ta always be  
the bouncin playin  
lover of life  
cuz for me  
there is no other life  
an if you asked me  
this minute  
to don  
a holster an hat  
an gun  
an ta look at when  
The name [REDACTED] is yelled  
you couldn't not in yer whole life  
find a better gunslinger  
of a happier one  
So I have learned  
that there is nothin more beautiful  
nuthin more sacred  
than life

the end

MEMORANDA

Mary Ellen wrote a theme for school about me. She gave it to me to read an it made me so happy I copy it here in it's very way she had it:

My friend is kind, understanding, gentle, she weighs 105 and is 5<sup>1/2</sup> and is fifteen years old. She influences me very much. When I have to talk to someone about something she is always there being very understanding and never tells anyone. She is part of my family, and there is a saying you don't choose your relatives, but you can choose your friends. She has a gift of seeing good in every person. And her heart always goes out to thos in need. She wants to devote her life in a career of Social Work so she can help thos with a problems. anyone who needs her help is anyway will find her to be a true and loyal friend.

# URGE FOR GOING

## MEMORANDA

1. I awoke today to find the frost perched  
on the town  
It hovered in a frozen sky, then gobbleed  
summer down  
When the sun turns traitor cold  
And all the trees stand shivering in a  
naked row ~~—~~ I... —CHORUS

CHORUS:

get the urge for going  
when the meadow grass is turning brown  
and summertime is falling down  
and winter's closing in

2. I had a girl in summertime, with  
summer-colored skin  
And not another ~~man~~ in town my  
darling's heart could win  
But when the leaves fell trembling down  
And bully winds did rub their faces  
in the snow  
She got the urge for going and I had  
to let her go  
And she ~~—~~ CHORUS

## MEMORANDA

3. Now the warriors of winter give a  
cold triumphant shout  
And all that stays is dying all that  
lives is getting out  
See the geese in chevron flight  
Flapping and a-racing on before the snow  
They've got the urge for going  
And they've got the wings to go  
they — CHORUS

4. So I'll fly the fire with kindling, pull  
the blankets to my chin  
I'll lock the vagrant winter out and  
bolt my wandering in  
I'd like to call back summertime and have  
her stay for just another month or so  
But she's got the urge for going, so I  
guess she'll have to go

CHORUS FOR 4TH VERSE:

She gets the urge for going  
When the meadow grass is turning brown  
And all her empire's falling down  
And winter's closing in  
And I get the urge for going  
When the meadow grass is turning  
brown  
And summertime is falling down ...

written by Joni Mitchell

MEMORANDA

1100 feet above sea level

Phillip Smith

**1965  
CALENDAR**

JANUARY	APRIL	JULY	OCTOBER
S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -----
FEBRUARY	MAY	AUGUST	NOVEMBER
S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -----
MARCH	JUNE	SEPTEMBER	DECEMBER
S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -----	S M T W T F S -----1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

**1966  
CALENDAR**

JANUARY							APRIL							JULY							OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	--	--	--	--	--	--	1	--	--	--	--	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	--	--	--	--	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	29	30	31	--	--	--	--
FEBRUARY							MAY							AUGUST							NOVEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	1	2	3	4	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	--	--	--	--	28	29	30	31	--	--	--	27	28	29	30	31	--	--	26	27	28	29	30	--	--
MARCH							JUNE							SEPTEMBER							DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	1	2	3	4	--	--	--	1	2	3	--	--	--	--	1	2	--	--	--	--	--	1	2	3	4	5
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
26	27	28	29	30	31	--	25	26	27	28	29	30	--	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

**1968  
CALENDAR**

JANUARY							APRIL							JULY							OCTOBER								
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
--	1	2	3	4	5	6	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		
28	29	30	31	--	--	--	28	29	30	--	--	--	--	28	29	30	31	--	--	--	27	28	29	30	31	--	--		
--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--		
FEBRUARY							MAY							AUGUST							NOVEMBER								
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
--	--	--	1	2	3	4	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	6
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	25	26	27	28	29	30	--	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		
--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--		
MARCH							JUNE							SEPTEMBER							DECEMBER								
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
--	--	--	1	2	3	4	--	--	--	--	1	2	3	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	--	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	29	30	31	--	--	--	--		
31	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--		

**1969  
CALENDAR**

JANUARY							APRIL							JULY							OCTOBER								
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
--	1	2	3	4	5	6	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		
26	27	28	29	30	31	--	26	27	28	29	30	--	--	27	28	29	30	--	--	--	26	27	28	29	30	31	--		
--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--		
FEBRUARY							MAY							AUGUST							NOVEMBER								
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
--	--	--	1	2	3	4	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		
23	24	25	26	27	28	--	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		
30	--	--	--	--	--	--	30	--	--	--	--	--	--	30	--	--	--	--	--	--	29	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	
--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--		
MARCH							JUNE							SEPTEMBER							DECEMBER								
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
--	--	--	1	2	3	4	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		
29	30	31	--	--	--	--	29	--	--	--	--	--	--	29	--	--	--	--	--	--	28	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	
--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--		

**1970  
CALENDAR**

JANUARY							APRIL							JULY							OCTOBER								
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
--	1	2	3	4	5	6	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	--	--	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	13	14	15</																				



