q

whee boy what a holesdayes it is the thing to do that is the idea what fun yo ho and away we go and i din't mean maybe.

ike said maybe we ought to sell it if we could get someone to buy it and i said that i really sincerely thought that ike was and still is

but warm and alive with light shimmering moving come and fill my night.

his hand is hand he could feel his hand change something was happening it was cast in some metal he could feel it and knewit what was that great swirling silver sound whoever said that it could not be he felt ote presence of some great glack emtiness of some wandering soul incorporate screaming yearning to be filled "vast and empty vast dark and empty wait ing to be filled waiting for the presence of light oh pitiful candle oh great lifeless palace come and fill her with your feeble glow delicate oh so delicate



what do you want me to do screamed josh man alive i don't know ho to tell you the sad news boy oh boy and lead nefarious ain't the wor d for the sad news the bone of contention and everyone knew it it was an open secret so where oh where has my littly girl been oh boy here we have the river sein it's pretty big long and deep and runs to the seza which should make you the day was drear and it know and can't tell in a thousand the day was drear and it know and the multifarious convolutions of the autumn leave caught up in the toy wind

who knows what consequences may lie in the act of violence?i have known many to tell the truth and now we come to that time of day i had never known anyone quite like her and as time went along i came to unde

along the road to obscurity they trudge with heavy leaden tread and downcast eye. \* # time for them is nothing but a gown or suit to be worn and in the end their,'s was a life to be lived and no one could change their destiny but the selves. the t was the most impotrtant thing it wasn't of course thiiiiiiiii this is becomming nonsensical we never know the thoughts are an nonsensi that was the thing and evertbody knew it i have never seen a better football game and probably live to see no other like there should be a free and easy way of flow about the thing you might of course say that this was a hall of g at fame and then again you might not now is the winter of our dis content and all that came before or afterwards was just a farce trees in the distance hung with great folds of moss and half obscured in the gloom of aproaching darkness....night why should there be the fascination with the idea of night and then i seem to look within too often to much of the introvert about the writing the this is a good exercise this is what is needed as far aw the typis is concerneed on yes you must get the feeling and ryhhm of the thing that is ndnecessary thagt is all that i know god this is too much trouble ha ha. there is much to learn and now i I must stop and ge removr thre roast from the freezer so that it may partially dddefrost , for maude ellen will be here with: the hour .i've never been in love before and i don't know i am losing confider in myself but must not for that would be bad bad bad .what have i to work with? what is my potential or possible scope in the long run?

> the rutting season began at noon heralded by the piper's tune an evening of recreation please keep the syncopation 'causethat's the way its best done and really even half the fun

hat was the crux of the matter with them all they thought too much of them slves and i know that this is true for he told me that it was.

Isy after day night after long night he worked on the chapel walls and say after day night after long night he worked on the chapel walls and stilling when it was finished it was good and stood as a monument to his life to be died his last words were I am sick unto death and can find no rest he died and was buride and long live his work.

I found patronage with the medichi and was able yo work uninterrupted for long stoods at a time. hemingway is like him in a way and cellini. rembrandt is much liferent. I have never seen finer work and in all probably never will.

I flerent. I have never seen finer work and in all probably never will.

I stening to a classical piece on the radio fine and moving .should like to again a diary if for no other reason .than to keep up my typing.

I spose

J sam a spade, and boy do they make a lovely.

olish count, how does it feel to serve?