

whee boy what a holidays 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
full of crap.what doyou think about i i say.....

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



he will later wanted to write and son of abitchin, 'couldn't.

u
p

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 is it sad netarious ain't the wor d for
left was the bone of contention and everyone knew it it was an open secret so
where oh where has my little girl been oh boy.here we have the river sein
it's pretty big long and deep and runs to the sea which should make you
happy; for what reason i don't know and can't tell in a thousand
the day was deep and sear and the millitarious convolutions of the autumn leave
caught up in the icy wind

who knows what consequences may lie in the act of violence? i have known many men and they all 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 impotrtaant thing it wasn't of course thiiiiiiiii this is becomming nonsensical we never know the thoughts are an nonsensi iiii... 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 typi is concerned oh yes. you must get the feeling and ryhgm 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 confiden 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

what was the crux of the matter with them all they thought too much of them
selves and i know that its true for he told me that it was.
day after day night after long night he worked on the chapel walls and
elling when it was finished it was good and stood as a monument to his life
t the age of 89 he died his last words were I am sick unto death and can find
no rest he died and was buried and long live his work.
a found patronage with the medloch and was able yo work uninterupted for long
periods at a time. heningway is like him in a way and cellin. rembrandt is much
different. i have never seen finer work and in all probably never will.
listening to a classical piece on the radio and moving. should like to
begin a diary it for no other reason . than to keep up my typing.
cday was like no other day but not really. Guess who just hit town! marjorie
cringslar and sam spade, and boy do they make a lovely.

lish count, how does it feel to serve?