

## August Munich

On Exodus: I envy them. How satisfying it must be to have a simple, clear cut cause to fight for in a simple, basic way. Imagine having something to believe in and throw yourself into whole-heartedly and dedicate your life to fighting for. No worry about purpose or means, no feeling of uselessness, confusion or meaninglessness, but one simple fact: this is my land I will fight for it to death. When I think of all the kids I know, both at home and traveling, kids with brains, limitless resourcefulness and ingenuity, kids bursting with energy, it seems so sad that we are purposeless. We have so much to give to causes but we don't believe in them anymore. We have the bodies and minds of the young but the cynical, disillusioned attitudes of the middle-aged. There is a pathetic loss for ourselves and for everyone. We sit around getting stoned or traveling to places just to move on to another place or making the fastest possible buck or going disinterestedly to school and we don't accomplish much of anything. Because we can't think of anything worth accomplishing. The people I find on the pages of Exodus are startlingly like the people I have met, especially the travelers, except for one thing. The characters in Exodus have a purpose and the travelers have none. They have the courage, the daring, the intelligence, the resourcefulness and the strength, but they lack the motivation. They have no place to channel their energy, so it remains frustrated or else it is dissipated. It is not our parents' fault. They have only educated us too well. They have trained us to be logical and frank, to reject hypocrisy and easy solutions, to question old institutions and ideals with an open mind, and in doing so they have lost us. They trained us to get rid of all that defends us from disillusionment and allows us to operate with blind faith, and it backfired. Too bad.

*[Omitted: More reflections on the planned book about travel]*

I feel totally stale. I feel as though I haven't had a fresh thought since the day I was born. I seem to be infinitely covering the same ground, thinking of the same things in the most boring way conceivable. My emotional-intellectual climate is static, and has been since Charlie died. I am ripe for crackpots and fad theories, for something that will freshen my outlook and rejuvenate me. I see myself rushing into (and out of) yoga, health foods, dope, isolation, gregariousness,

and all other manner of quick & quack cures. I see myself grasping at straws. I see myself as an impotent malcontent. I can see why doing this made Pat want to go home.

I try, more or less. I try to see the humor in things that go on, I milk every situation for its interest and stimulation. I fill up “miles of time like desert” with long, soothing baths, clothes washing, reading, writing, sketching, talking, riding on the tram, reading, writing sketching talking, clothes washing, bathing, tram riding, reading . . . what a hang-up. I keep thinking it must be my attitude or my approach that’s getting me down, that there is no reason why I should be so incredibly bored, that I should stimulate myself inside and the rest won’t matter. But it doesn’t work. I am weary of the same old outside stimulations, they have bombarded me for so long in the same places that I have become insensitive in those spots. My every day is the same routines acted out, over and over. The getting up for work routine, the work routine, the tram ride to the Heim routine, the sitting around the Heim routine, the tram ride back routine, over and over. I can’t seem to break the patterns and break out of the rut. Maybe the excitement of hitching & traveling that I had for five months has spoiled me for a workaday, humdrum existence. But I seem to be getting nowhere with no prospects of getting anywhere. Fuck.

I will now do the cigarette inventory. We carry 12 brands of cigarettes (counting the 100 millimeters types as separate brands). I must count up the number of each brand in stock, subtract that from this morning’s inventory to get the number sold, then tally up total packs sold & total income from sales, which are then compared to the number of signatures on the cigarette sheet and number of quarters in the cigarette money box. If all is well, I copy the new inventory onto another sheet for use tomorrow, fold up today’s inventory and signature sheets & shove them with the money into an envelope marked “Cigarettes.” Oh, and I also put down total income from cigarettes on the Game Room Receipts slip. Bleech.

I awakened halfway one morning last week; I lay staring at the Youth Hostel poster over the dresser and I realized why Charlie killed himself. It’s quite simple, I thought, and then I fell asleep. I’ve forgotten now what it was.

Elementary Psychology in Island by Aldous Huxley: form an image in your mind of someone you hate and fear. Then imagine him or her in different colors, with a new nose, in multiple forms or doing something ridiculous. Result: hate & fear dissipated. I think that must

be at least partially workable. I remember how we disliked, distrusted and (yes) feared Ahab. Until one day we conceived the completely laughable idea of Ahab checking into and coming to terms with a Youth Hostel. The two were so incompatible, the whole idea so ridiculous, that a good deal of our ill-feeling towards Ahab disappeared.

I want to get on the road again. I want to be free again, I want every day to be different again. I can't sleep at night anymore and when I finally fall asleep I dream exhausting dreams. I daydream of going home but the dreams are not pleasant – I don't want to have to think that far ahead. I had a dream when I was with Charlie, a dream of traveling forever the way we traveled, with him or without him. Being in different places, and working when it was necessary and then moving on again, taking chances someplace else. But the dream died when he died; it's as though his death proved it wasn't possible. That dream is what coming to Europe gave me and what it took away.

And now I have this lonely emptiness. When I was with him I was sometimes very happy, often hurt and sad, always in a state of conflicting emotions, but I was never empty like now. I had forgotten what it was like to be so unhappy. Knowing and loving Charlie undermined my happiness and losing him took away all that was left.

It's so hard to explain my state of mind now. Paranoid maybe. Because I feel uncertain, suspicious, untrusting and scared without being sure why. I have no confidence in life or people. As soon as I cease talking cheerfully with a friend, my basic mood of fear and gloom takes over. I am the grinning face that turns to anguish when the joke is over. Something's missing, something's lacking – is it Charlie, or the fact of Charlie's existence? It's as though before Charlie died there was a certain world and now that world is gone for good. It wasn't necessarily a good or happy world, but it held lots of promise, excitement and hope. Did. Now it's like opening my eyes to gray reality now, to army wives, tram rides, solitaire games, rainy weather, boiled potatoes and other things without magic and saying, Is this, then, all? But I thought there was so much more! I feel sullen and resentful towards life, as though it had disappointed me or cheated me. I don't want to put my trust in it anymore, which is wrong because that limits you so much – but I can't seem to fight it. So I feel frustrated and defeated before I begin . . . anything. It's like the opposite of existentialism: life is all defined now, unchanging and finished, completely settled without surprise or – magic. This is all.

And, oddly enough, it was what I thought I wanted. I wanted the answers, to know what I wanted and was, to know what to expect. I wanted to learn about life from hard, bitter experience. It's not much consolation that that's what I wanted. I guess when you aspire to something, you never bargain for the other things that almost necessarily go with it. I suppose you can't gain wisdom without losing innocence . . . but I never thought of that before.

\* "I been in and out  
I been up and down  
I don't wanna go until I been all around.

What's it all about?  
Anyone in doubt?  
I don't wanna go until I've found it all out."

- But I didn't want to pay the price, didn't even realize there was one, and, of course, now it's too late. I once thought I wanted "to find it all out" regardless of how bad or dull or sad "it" might be. I thought I could take it, I thought the sheer coming to terms with it would be rewarding enough. But somehow there is no reward, somehow it is stale and anticlimactic and the price has been so damned high.

Sometimes, on the other hand, I bore myself sick with my whining attitude.

But where is the freshness? Where are the flowers?

Alltheflowerswerekillednotoneofthemlived? Were you right, Charlie?

And what has happened to my great defenses against despair, my sense of humor and perspective? Death has defied and defeated them. There is nothing humorous about death and it is too mysterious and final to be put into perspective. Death has stymied me and imprisoned my thinking and feeling; my mental and emotional hands are tied, or perhaps I'm just wringing them hopelessly. But I didn't discover death, even death of a loved one, even suicide of a loved one – how do other people deal with it? I go around in circles and these are only half my thoughts. The others are pure Charlie. Charlie's eyes, arms, words and touch. Charlie life, Charlie's and my life. It feels so unfinished, so pointless, so

I can say, oh but sunshine is beautiful and so warm, music is still intensely moving, shared laughter is still healing. I can say that. But music was moving to Charlie, I remember the

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\* "NSU" by the Cream

songs, sunshine warmed him, I remember the sun, laughter healed him, too, I remember the jokes . . . and so what for sun, music and laughing? Life didn't cheat me, death did.

I am listening to Peter, Paul, & Mary for the first time (except one song in Greece) since I left home. It's In Concert and it's so young, tender, and hopeful that it hurts me and soothes me both. Their sound is the sound of belief, the most touching, wistful belief that we can Make Things Better. Blowin In the Wind. The Times They Are a Changin'. Le Déserteur. It is so fragile, isn't it, so somehow molten and humorous, and that's more of what I've lost, too, isn't it? And I used to listen to the sad songs, the songs like 500 miles and There is a Ship, with a wonderful kind of comfortable sadness and melancholy because I could enjoy all that sadness without any pain . . . it seemed so vital and interesting, my melancholy was like a rehearsal for life, a way to experience all the pains in life at a distance, safely. And that's over too, but I'm glad I had that time of innocence.

I'm crying now. I'm weeping young clear tears for Puff the Magic Dragon. People Believe So Hard, their belief is so beautiful. I'm crying for – what? My “Puff?” But these tears are such a relief . . . is it because I thought I was too old for such tears?

*17 August 1968  
München*

*Dear Family,*

*Oh, at last I heard from you! I couldn't imagine, as the weeks went by (and lengthened into a month) why you all hadn't written, and all sorts of disastrous reasons came to mind, but anyway you wrote and there was no disaster, save for crashing Sergeant Shriver's (?) elite party . . .*

*Glad to hear about Avery-Aviary (I favor Aviary) – but what about Eleanor? Isn't she still around. I was just thinking about her the other day. We saw quite a few cats in the Middle East and Greece, including (for some odd reason) Persian cats in Persia, but the Germans don't seem to particularly favor cats. There was one cat in a horrible greasy spoon in Istanbul – actually, there were about five or six – but this one just sat on the stairs staring and staring at us while we ate. I'll never forget that cat, staring at us expressionlessly and unfathomably sitting on the stairs over our heads. Then there were kittens who lived under the streets in Nafplion in Greece.*

*We used to sit on the curbs there and try to coax them out and make friends with them because Charlie thought they were homeless and starving, but being the cat-knower that I am, I thought they belonged to someone, and sure enough they did belong to a little old Greek man who owned some sort of shop.*

*Life is at an absolute dead end here. Work is incredibly dull and disgusting because of the characters of my customers and my superiors. The Middle East was one lesson in the more disgusting side of human nature, and this job is still another. It's incredible what morons are connected with the armed forces, whether they be soldiers or dependents or USO people – or people who run GI hotels. My bosses are such unbelievable CROOKS, I can't believe it. And above everything, the sound of the 12 slot machines goes on and ear splittingly on. Then there is always our food, which is pretty bad, and our living quarters, which are pretty worse (such as lettuce instead of toilet paper and no lights in the bathroom so you bathe by candlelight). To top it all off, this past week, I was treated with the honor of training a new girl who is the most irritating numskull it has ever been my honor to meet – but we all think she's sleeping with the boss, so what can I say? Believe it or not her name is Mary BEALL! She says the Beall family has a crest and that her family has a copy of that book we have but that they can't trace anything useful through it either. Anyway, how she could be a Beall I don't know because she is absolutely intolerable.*

*On other fronts, Laura (as I mentioned in the card) returned from Morocco and then left again a few days ago for Greece but will return at the beginning of September . . . then she will probably go home. She went to Greece with a bunch of guys from the Heim in their VW van – I don't know how they're gonna like traveling with her but at least it's only a few weeks in their case. Pete got a smallpox vaccination to go to the States. It seems he'd never had one before, as they aren't required in England, so he had an extreme reaction to it and now has – COWPOX. Which means he has big, ugly festering sores where he got the shot, a very sore arm, severe headaches, fever, and sweats a lot, which will last about two weeks, poor guy. He is going to the States September 17, and will eventually make it to DC, at which time please welcome him in every way as he is a wonderful person and I don't know what your elder daughter/sister would have done without him in times past. Seriously.*

*I don't know if I mentioned that the organization that runs the Heim is going to close it up forever September 15 and put offices here. I could go on all day about what a stupid, blind, idiotic thing that is, but there's nothing anyone can do about it (we've investigated all possibilities), so I won't. It's settled. The Heim is the best place in all of Europe, but they're closing it.*

*So anyway. My plans. I'm leaving Munich, by hook or crook, September 15 or thereabouts. I've given all this a lot of thought and decided the best thing to do is head East with Kitty. But not any further than Istanbul. I would like very much to see Greece again (and see some of the islands this time), and we will probably hitch down Italy and take the ferry from Brindisi to Athens, rather than brave Yugoslavia again. Then from Greece to Istanbul. Before all that, we may take a quick trip into Prague, Czechoslovakia to see the excitement that's going on there. Kitty wants to go further East, to Teheran or even India, if possible, but if she does, I will remain in Istanbul. Then, if it's cheap enough we may take a boat down to Israel for a while. Then we'll head back to Europe and up into England, and then home by Christmas (there's a flight December 18). The only thing is . . . I hate to do this, but I've thought and thought about it and there seems to be no other way. To put it bluntly – can you all lend me \$200 before September 15? I think that's the only way I can do it and still be able to buy my return ticket before taking off. If you could take out a loan for me, I could pay you back in less than a month after I get a job when I get home. If it isn't possible, then just say no and that'll be okay. Except I will have to get another job then after we get back from Greece and Turkey for the return ticket and I guess will not be back till a while after Christmas. But at any rate, with or without the loan, I simply must leave the Columbia Hotel by September 15 because I can't take it any longer than that, which I suppose is a cowardly thing to say but it's almost a matter of my sanity or something.*

*And when I get home, I will work again to earn some more money for school, to which I will return next fall. I must also see somebody about my writing. I've done a lot of thinking about it (which is one reason for this trip to begin with), and I do want to be a writer. And I've been writing here, stories and poetry. But prior to going on with it, I want to find someone who can judge, someone to show my writing to and say, "Here it is, here is what I can do. Do you think I have enough talent to make it?" I don't expect this person to start jumping up and down with*

publication offers or Pulitzer prizes – all I want to know is if there's any hope. (I'm hoping one of my former teachers can maybe put me on to someone who could do this). And if there is hope, I'm prepared to work on it, prepared to go to a college that can train me (as well as creative writing can be trained, anyway). If not – well, I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

It's interesting, and good I suppose, that I've found the things that I came over here for. Not that it's all been good or that all of the things I've found have made me very happy by any means. But when I left I didn't know what I was or what I wanted and now I have at least a basic idea. I have had to pay quite a price and it has taken a lot out of me, but I have found the answers – some of them – that I was looking for, whether they please me or not. And the whole thing has completely shaken up my whole picture of the world and of life, but I suppose that is the way you learn . . .

(Mama, suddenly I remember when I was very young when we were living in Morningside and you got a letter, I think, that said that Martha died, and you were so upset and we didn't understand, couldn't understand, but as I remember it now, I think I understand better and it's a sort of consolation to me somehow . . . because Martha has always been like a living person to me even though I never knew her, she's always been so real to me, and I have her name. I don't know, I can't explain this, but thank you for that memory.)

There was universal disgust around the Heim when Herr Nixon received the nomination and in the awful eventuality that he gets elected, we are already planning an Impeach Richard Nixon campaign. Which reminds me that since we are now working for the US Army, we should be able to register to vote, so do ask the registration people and send the forms if we can, quick before we quite the jobs. I must vote against Nixon, I must. Oh. Also, did you all ever send that package with my dress and shirts and purse in it? Because it never came and if it gets here after September 15, well, it'll just be too late.

I'm enclosing some various things. Pix of Charlie – one of him and K and L in a park by the river here where we all went one day, and one of all of us at the Persian parking lot here before we went to Teheran. The guy on the far left is Jim Hunt, a GI who was Charlie's best friend in Munich and also one of the most genuinely good people I've ever known (they've sent him to Viet Nam now, of course). The guy kissing Kitty is some idiotic Persian who decided to get in the picture. The guy between me and Laura is a guy from California named Ray Herning who went



*down to Teheran before we did (you may recall that he was the one I was originally going to Istanbul with). The one on the lower left is Charlie, of course. (I am taking pictures now with an Instamatic that a love-struck GI gave me). Also enclosed is an article about Munich's renovation (that tower thing is near the hotel), maybe a Brenner pass car sticker (Brenner Pass is mountains between Austria and Italy, which is the way Pat and I went when we went to Bolzano), and some other stuff, if I can find it. The article on Arab coke I'm sending since buying coke for about three cents a 12 ounce bottle used to be one of the few good things about Arab countries. The cartoon says, "Excuse me, do you have a free bed by any chance?" and is very typical of hitching life here.*

*I guess that's about all that's new except write soon since there isn't time to squeeze in too many letters between now and Sept. 15.*

*Love to all,*

*Tif*

Czechoslovakia

(21 August 1968)

The fish are dead.

There is a ship.  
And she sails the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be  
But not as deep as the love I'm in.  
I know not if I sink or swim.

I remember Beirut. I remember night, the moon, the Mediterranean. Immanuel. Charlie. Oh God and this song in my head. (This doesn't belong here).

Repetitions: I lost my faith in human nature. It was my belief that people were gods, that people can be good enough, strong enough, wise enough to defeat despair, loneliness, and fear, and all the things in the universe that deny human worth and hope, all the things that make us confused and terrified, all the things we don't understand. But all these things won anyway, they defeated me anyway, they defeated Charlie and he died anyway and I am left with this feeling of futility and impotence before what I must call the forces of the universe. We are not gods, we

cannot control these things. My tragic error was arrogance, innocent arrogance. But that's never an excuse, is it? Innocence? How could someone's actual life be so much like a Greek tragedy?

The river is wide  
I cannot get o'er  
Neither have I the wings to fly.  
Give me a boat  
That can carry two  
And both shall row –  
My love and I.

- that was the sentiment, sort of.

But he drowned.

Of course, it's much more complex.

Hört alles	}	Abend Zeitung
Sieht alles		
Sagt alles		

This night is one of the first in which I have had any peace (or happiness? Or contentment? Is it that there is no word, or that I don't know it?) It's Tim Hardin now:

. . . you lied straight faced while I cried.  
Still I look to find a reason to believe . . .

The tenaciousness of human nature? The unexplainable, incomprehensible ability to pick up the pieces and find some way to believe and trust and hope? We may have been given (by whom? Fate? God?) an absolutely hopeless, incomprehensible, inhuman human condition to live with, but we were also equipped with a fantastic flexibility, an ability to synthesize and cope. AND I HAVE KNOWN THAT FOR OVER A YEAR! Even as I have written these words, I suddenly remember something I once believed in, that I told to Kitty or Charlie or nobody or maybe everybody, and it's the answer: that no matter how ignoble and desperate the human situation, a human being can automatically cheat and defeat fate (or whatever), by simply accepting it with dignity and grace. How can I explain that? It's like being in the clutches of

your arch enemy, a fiend who subjects you to gross tortures and hideous indignities and you just sort of turn on him with a bored yawn and say “Oh, yes” (Charlie’s faintly disdainful English “Oh yes”) – and maybe smile wisely and indulgently and add, “Odd, but it somehow doesn’t bother me.” Something like the triumph of the human spirit over adversity, though that is trite as shit to say. And it’s the answer, the solution to every situation, no matter how intolerable because it doesn’t matter what happens to you so long as you take it; you are better than your circumstances. I knew this a year ago, I was almost saying it when I wrote in “Charlie” the desperate lines “Nothing can change the fact that he is dead, but death cannot change the fact that I knew and loved him” – but it wasn’t quite close enough, I didn’t quite grasp it. And this is a solution (nothing is an absolute solution; it’s more a source of strength). My only alternatives before (as I told Harold Bleich) were to either suffer always for Charlie or to completely repress & forget him. But this. This is different. In this I accept his death, I know he is dead, gone forever as I will someday be dead and gone forever, but I say, “All right, so what?” The fact that he did exist and was loved is no more erasable than the fact that he is dead. Is it? So . . . he is dead . . . but he lived . . . but he died . . . but he did live. If I accept the fact that he died, I automatically negate the negation of his death. Acceptance of it is automatically – by some incredible contradiction or logical impossibility – a triumph over or negation of it. Simultaneously with the acceptance comes the negation & triumph. Jesus God, this sounds sort of like the Kierkegaard leap of faith without the Christianity. But of course, it’s much more complex than all this. But oh wow, this feeling came right on the heels of my total, spiritless weeping submission to fate and despair, recorded in the entry before – just as K’s leap comes right after “despair”. I am not Christian, but this must be the sort of thing he had in mind.

And I knew this a year ago, but I forgot. And will forget again because, as K says, it is an emotional & not logical thing.

*28 August 1968*

*Dear Little Family,*

*“Psst!” – See that chicken on the fence?”*

*“Th’ one that looks like Leon Trotsky?”*

*“Very perceptive!!! She’s a Rhode Island Red!!!”*

*- what would we do without L'il Abner?? Who, after all, has been walking around all his life with a fortune under his hat?*

*One of the oddest things that hits me when I think about going home is when I think about walking into a store anywhere and buying a pack of American cigarettes. Without a ration card. That's really going to be weird.*

*The earrings are really beautiful – and totally unexpected. Blow my mind .... A tear came to your prodigal daughter's eye when she opened that little box (or rather, a drunk GI opened it with his pen knife since Kitty brought me my mail at work) and beheld that little card and that little box. Did you know they match the cameo pin Mamaw gave me years ago that I wear with that brown & black empire waistline dress? Plus I really need earrings, even despite the 2 pairs I bought in Teheran – since I sold one of those pairs to Laura and lost 2 other earrings out of other pairs.*

*Come to think of it, it's odd the things I have and haven't lost or sold since I left home. I lost my coat, but I still have my fingernail cutters. I've lost a least 5 combs, but cannot lose the broken & mangled comb I bought for 2¢ in Istanbul even if I try. The only clothes I have left that I came over with are a couple of pairs of underwear, my 2 dresses, one pair of jeans, 2 sweaters and that brown shirt. All the rest lost, sold, stolen or jettisoned. I have 2 wool hats – one found in the Heim basement by Pete & one found on the street by me. My coat is a cast off from a girl who went home in June (miles too big) and ditto for a tee shirt I wear. Another blouse comes from Mennahil in Baghdad. I still have the plastic window shade that I took from my room before I left – the broken one (and it has been very useful, too – Charlie & I slept on it all the way from Nafplion to Salzburg). In fact, everything about my wardrobe has a definite hand me down air. Basically Kitty and I are the best dressed bums in Munich. But there are many worse off. A girl that stayed at the Heim quite a lot got her entire knapsack swiped in Scandinavia & has traveled ever since with nothing but what she has on her back. And I have acquired (by hook or crook) many useful things: first aid kit, needles & thread, cigarette lighter, etc. Also Peter gave us these fabulous little ammonia capsules which are for people who are fainting but will be used by us to fend off dangers and/or amorous Turks. They're as effective, nearly, as tear gas bombs. You just break them open in your hand & anyone within 3 feet of you starts running – away.*

Remember Mike Basdovanos of “Mike & Larry” fame, who has been home now for several months? Well, blow my mind if he didn’t send Kitty & me a record album for no apparent reason except out of the goodness of his heart. It’s a double record lp, no less – *Wheels of Fire* by the Cream (I’m sure Janet has heard it or heard of it), and cost him \$1.10 just to mail it. Good old Michael – how nice.

(There is a tiny child in the game room now – I’m at work again – who wonders if I have a bed back here in my little cage. “A bed?” I said aghast. “No.” “Well, do you have a cot?” “No, of course not.” “Well, where do you sleep?” she demands. . . . Her concern is touching, actually, but I’ll have to keep her away from the manager or he might not think putting a cot in the game room for us to sleep on is not a bad idea.)

Peter got a small pox vaccination for his US visa and lo and behold, he had never had one before (as they aren’t required in England) – so it was much too potent a dose for him and he caught cow pox and suffered for days with fever, sore arm, and festering sores on his arm and lips. But now he’s recovered.

... heh heh, looks like K & I won’t be going to Prague now after all. . . some Heim kids were in Prague when the Russians moved in and had to leave fast by train. What has happened to the Czechs is a terrible, terrible thing. I think of Yugoslavia & Bulgaria and it seems incredibly bad that Czechoslovakia has to go back to that after the freedom they had. Well, now, I’ve done it again. I can’t even be consistently dishonest. For the second time since I started this job, I was \$5 over – and I reported it instead of keeping it, also for the second time. I just don’t know how I can do this. I certainly take no pride in my “honesty”, since I cheat the customers nickels’ & dimes’ worth all the time – but when it comes to rooking the management for \$5, I just can’t do it. Damn damn damn. And I could really use that \$5. It must be that I can’t resist catching the hotel cashier in a mistake. Sheer ego. Hmmph.

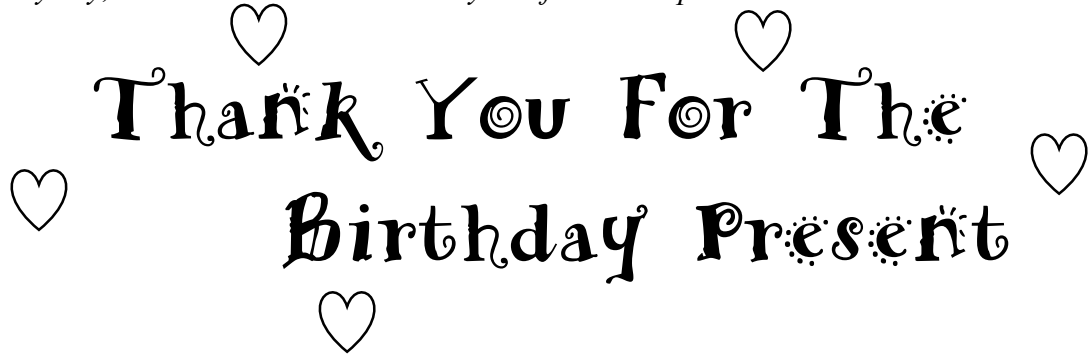
[little stick figure ← (Ballet dancer with no head (as there isn’t room to put one on)).  
drawn on side of paper]

Please save me a copy of the *Life Magazine* article about the American kids living in Europe! I didn’t get a chance to buy a copy last week, & I really, really want one.

*You'll never guess what sort of dog the before mentioned Mary Beall's family has. You're right. A Shetland sheepdog sable female. Too much. And so is Mary Beall (known to all who know & love her as Mary Sunshine).*

*Tell Jenny that according to Glamour Magazine, 75% of all American college men still want to marry a virgin so she better get to the altar right away if she wants a good catch.*

*Anyway, there isn't much more to say as of now except*

  
Thank You For The  
Birthday Present

*-- your loving 21 year old  
daughter in 4 days*

*ps I heard about Janet Bestpitch's marriage awhile back from Susan.*