

12:30 A.M. - Jan. 1, 1930

What a hell of a new year! As the year entered was paying the cashier at the Northeastern Lunch. Ten cents for tea and toast. I was cold from walking all over the city - looking for what? I don't know. Excitement maybe, trouble - most anything out of the ordinary just like the hordes I passed - some laughing young couples - they looked the happiest, or the more elderly couples - out seeking a return of the youth from which they had drawn away with the passage of days - days which had turned their temples grey and slowed their steps. Gay young fellows in bands and small groups, yelling, playing, making believe they're having a good time, men and boys drunk and puking all over the side walks - noise, taxicabs, streetcars, lights, whistles - all a jumble, all moving, crowds in front of the theaters, a few quietly entering the churches, a sign on one church "Where do we go from here" by Rev. Mr. somebody. I wonder? Wished the boy at the counter in the lunch room a happy new year, but expressed regret at being at that particular place just then. He returned my greeting with the rejoinder that it wasn't such a bad place if the Northeastern never flipped me; then he thought my bill was 15 cents. I corrected him - a few words - I paid a dime. That's how my new year started - with words over a nickel. All signs tend to point out that this whole year and few more right behind it will be spent

in this way.

Today I have not been hungry, I was well dressed,
 I am not sick and have had no great sorrow yet I have
 felt poverty today as I have never felt it before, I have a
 dollar. - Tonight I wanted to join the merry making in
 some form or another so bad that my very heart ached.
 I couldn't go far on a dollar, not even alone, and solitude
 is the only thing I enjoy alone. But tonight I didn't want
 solitude, I wanted companions, gay companions, girls and
 fellows, music, laughter, food and soft words, maybe
 a stolen kiss in the middle of a dance when soft arms
 are around my neck, when my breath itself is drawn thru
 the aroma of brown curly hair, or black hair or blonde
 hair or any kind of hair that's soft to the touch and
 sweet smelling, when flickering lights of delicate hues
 play in the depths of brown eyes that have that merry
 twinkle in them that you believe is for you alone, or
 black eyes that intrigue, draw you into their depths but
 tell you nothing, holding you in the ecstasy of expectancy,
 or blue eyes, clear, appealing, like the angels must have or
 any kind of eyes that ~~are~~ ^{are} kind, or mischievous or luring
 that look into your own and pause to linger awhile. My
^{own} tonight should hold close to me some warm, vibrant body

whose touch would thrill me and make me forget that a
thousand miles lies between me ^{and} the dearest to me. No, but
this can not be so. I have a dollar - I am afraid to
spend it - tomorrow I must eat and the day after,
and many days after that. How? Who knows. For days
now I haven't been sure whether I'd eat or not. Tomorrow I
know I will because I've been invited to dinner but the next
day - ? Yet I find no bitterness in me - just a touch
of sadness, a sort of infinite yearning, but a smile always
breaks thru. When beggars stop me I enjoy it, perhaps
I feel the attachment of a brother, I smile I don't know why,
perhaps because man is so vain and their assumption that
I have money is such flattery that I can't resist the
temptation to feel inflated. When prostitutes stop me I
believe that the look or answer is kind, for they, like me,
have nothing, I sympathize with them, perhaps even
envy them that they have ~~something~~ to sell while I have
nothing. Once from my virtuous pedestal of ignorance I
hated prostitutes, had no place in my idealistic world for
for such persons considered them lower than beasts, earth's
vilest and most despicable lot. I still fear prostitutes,
fear them for the harm they might do my body that
I have cherished and taken such good care of, but
my scorn has turned to pity in most of their cases.

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Their crudeness, their dirt & still loath, but their souls I
no longer claim. They have missed so much of life that
is worth while they have seen so much that is not, they need
so much. Their dreams, imaginations hopes have either
been taken from them or crushed, why not sell what they
have left that is desirable to save the rest. Need is such
a tough mistress. Today I got a card stating that there was
a box for me in the post office. I didn't know what was in
it. I didn't know what my duty would be. The day before
Glady's had sent me a pair of bed room slippers that
cost \$3.13 to get them. It broke me, ruined my chances of
having any fun tonight. I didn't have any money to get
the package from my own family - yet I must get it
or it would go back and they would know that some-
thing was wrong. Where to get it? That is the question.
I never ask favors. It is one of the things I am proud of.
Rightly or wrongly proud I do not know. This I know
that this pride sustains me when other wise I would sink,
not only in the eyes of others but in my own. So Mrs.
Howson I am Mr. New, one of Mr. Cull's best athletes
and student, kindly, friendly, of happy disposition
but not intimate. That I must remain I can not bor-
row from her. My friends are home with their parents
and families. I took my traps and suitcases to the
furniture shop to get money to save myself from cur-

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harrassment if they should be duty in the goods. Luckily
there was none, so I got my tray and bag back. In the
end I had gained nothing, had just a little less money
and my outlook just as dark, but if necessary I can sell
both of them. If I should sell all I own and then
find myself hungry I have no doubt but that I would
steal. Hereafter my judgement of crime, my code of
ethics shall be more tolerant than ever before, because now
I know in slight measure what it means to be down-
hearted, worried, lonesome, even hungry. Yet my condition is
as that of a prince when compared to many that I have
passed tonight. For them even hope has been shut out,
faith long ago blotted out, ideals perhaps never born or
if born so ill nourished they never had a chance to grow,
underdeveloped in body and mind and spirit a hard
cold indifferent world shoves them to the wall and they
have not the strength to fight back. Like animals they
are treated, yet when they protect themselves and retaliate
in the only way animals can, they are put in jail or
made outcasts. No I condone lawlessness, or filth? No,
decidedly not, but I have come close enough to the causes
of some of it to become a little taken back in suffering
a little I have learned much, have learned to understand.
Truly a great prophet or wise man was he who said "With
"Get wisdom, but without all things get understanding."
How little we understand, how little we try to. It is not

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meanness, heartlessness, sometimes not even thoughtlessness,
just a ~~lack~~ of experience which could make certain ideas
comprehensible. My classmates today could not understand
why I wouldn't go to the dance with them tonight. When
I told some of them frankly that I was broke, they simply
thought that I had over-spent my allowance or my check
hadn't come in or something to that effect. They don't under-
stand that while \$10 to some of them will mean - well
just ten dollars and may be a note to Dad that to
me it means a whole weeks living, or from my father
it would mean an actual sacrifice for the rest of my family.
Even an offer was made to pay my way. The fellow couldn't
understand why as a friend I wouldn't accept it, especially
when I had both admitted that I was broke and would
like to go. If I accept gifts without the potentiality of
repaying them I give up a part of my independence, I
become indebted. My independence I must maintain, as
long as I am not obligated to any one in any way even
poverty does not make me humble, as a man, I am the
equal of any man I meet, I have to lean toward no man in
either fear or gratitude, no one can make my decisions
for me, when I allow myself to become obligated, I put
myself in a position in which my judgments may
become prejudiced by these obligations. Natural

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obligations, or ~~fast~~ if we choose to call it that, circumscribes
us enough, voluntary limitations of this already cramped
freedom are certainly contra-indicated.

I have wondered far in the three hours I have
been writing, many things I have thought are not put
down, many things written are not clearly so, for in
my mind I am not clear. So many thoughts rush
in, I am almost swamped. Why do I go on like I am?
Living harder than I ever did. I don't know. I only know
I must. It would be so much easier to do many other
things. I go up the chance to be the real leader in the
field of physical training and athletics for my whole race.
It is honor enough to gratify most men, money enough
to live in social position if I desired, and close proximity
to everything that I had known as clear and close to me.
Yet here I am, as stranger amongst strangers in a
strange land, broke busted, almost disgusted, doing my
family no good myself little that is now demonstrable.
Yet I know I must go on some how - I must finish
what I have started - though no sure reverses await
for me when I again go out to begin one more at
the bottom and work upwards. This series of steps up
to now are but stepping stones to reach the bottom round
of the ladder which shall lead us after many stages of
striving to that common resting place of all who

pass this way. This is not a beautiful future, yet this
is my life and my life as it shall be. I like to take the
responsibility for the finished products of this life by
thinking as some one has said that "Life is the final
expression of the universal Will" It is the inner meaning
of evolution. That "this Will be done" in me I suppose is
the final end of my daily aspirations and struggles.
To something like this I must attribute the urge which
forces me on, for I can not find in my conscious experi-
ence any inspiration capable of such dynamic power.

My family love me and I gloat in this love but they
can not inspire me to such efforts. They encourage by
every word and deed, they are proud of me and for me,
their prayers I know go with me, but I feel that some
other power drives me and would continue to do so even
if I should fulfill the fondest dreams of my parents.

Love of women or some woman has inspired some men.

I can not claim this motive. I have known many
women, many have held a big share in my heart,
no one ever had had complete possession. For this
I don't know whether to be glad or sorry. My
mind & belief has always played too big a part,
It has repeatedly inhibited my heart when there was

danger of attachments which might interfere with already
 existing plans. I have felt this inhibitory warning and
 have shied from love. Perhaps I am a fool to do so, but
 who can judge. The present throws this daily into my
 face, only the future can answer it for me. Many women
 have told me they love me, many of them I believe could love
 with all my heart if I dared. Together we would be happy.
 But damn it I can't take care of a wife and medicines
 too and as yet I haven't worked out any plan, besides I'm
 having as hell of a time with medicines alone. Many that
 two fold curse and reborn to man. Oh what's the use. Can't
 figure it out but I know it's not as it should be. I'm praying
 my strength all over the landladies sheets and all the
 desirable girls are either married, planning to get married
 or in attempting to be decent and wait around for a
 proper proposal are so repressing and sublimating them-
 selves or may be something worse that by the time I'm
 able to take care of any of them they won't be anything
 but brain left and that damn eth in its way. The
 hearts probably will be the seat of exact philosophic
 ratiocination instead of anything as gloriously foolish
 as love, while passion of any kind will have been sup-
 pressed in the name of virtue so long that it has given
 up trying, or has been so overworked with proper

care to prevent ¹⁰tabis that it is burnt out, or so per-
verted that it is unrecognizable as such. I guess I'd
better leave all this though till I can be more specific.
Don't think I'll have much trouble with the virgins how-
ever - I know four that I'd put in that class who
best bet is now the acknowledged mistress of a man whose
wife was formerly her best friend. So there you have it.

I'm getting sleepy now, so tab 1930 looks like
the going is going to be hard for you so far as I'm
concerned. Your birth was under an ominous sky,
your early moments most inauspicious, you don't
look a bit healthy but I'm going to try like the
devil to make something out of you. Maybe
your prognosis isn't as fatalistic as the present diag-
nosis indicates, but don't expect anything sudden
or big to happen. Got to handle you awful carefully,
I won't have to make many slips to make you count
for naught so if you have any good luck with you
spread it on thick or I might lose you. I'll check up
with you in twelve months. In closing I must say
again - this is our bell of a new years day.