

Wed. ⁵
Saturday, June 8, 1963

159th Day—206 days to follow

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	CLEAR
<input type="checkbox"/>	CLOUDY
<input type="checkbox"/>	RAIN
<input type="checkbox"/>	SNOW

Dear Liff, By tomorrow I will have completed this semester at S.U. Soon I will be a Junior. Work is getting more intense and time is passing far too rapidly.

This day, really last night, I felt empty, a hollow shell. I thought, I reasoned. Dear Al, a man I respect and told firmly within the heart and spirit of this form, and who for the past 5 months I have grown to love, has a heart that is too big. Yes, a heart so emotional and filled with memories that as a part of him today, that I ache all over for to find pleasure in embracing the thought of a girl, Judy, whom he ~~will~~ must through a lot with. No one is to blame, but I need the strength to think clearly what I must do for her this sake.