

2nd
Aug 26, '68.

of work and sacrifice providing ^{besides} ^{providing} reasonable good health,

The Retirement Blues.

One of the saddest sights in America is watching the hordes of retired people who spent years providing for their retirement but who along the way forgot to learn how to play. I speak not of those ~~who~~ retired people who are poor, sick and bored -- that is too sad a story -- but of the lucky ones who, have adequate pensions, social security, medicare, bank balances and stock portfolios, the whole bit, but who do not know what to do with their days. All over this country they wander about aimlessly and on their faces is written their great disillusion -- that the anticipated heaven of retirement has become a hell of boredom.

I know a man in our town who, before his retirement, rarely took a drink. Upon his retirement he rapidly discovered that he didn't know what to do with himself so he took to wandering from bar to public bar in search of companionship and conviviality. Today bartenders and customers alike wince when he appears ^{and it} because he has become a dreadful alcoholic bore. It is a rare day that he is not inebriated and stoned by the time most people enjoy their first drink. Not only is the poor man lost and bored but he has himself become a dreadful alcoholic bore. ^{It is not alone.} Now I'm not against drinking, heaven knows; it can be a great friend and adjunct of relaxation and play ^{my only point is that} but it is a damn poor substitute.

I know another man, a retired widower,
who in his retired anecdotalism -- to steal Woodcutts'

for him -- ^{what's that about} a full for ever Jackass? --

now I don't ^{reciprocal} downgrade romance, either, but

(Another lost soul, a retired widower,
~~had~~ fancies himself an irresistible Romeo.
He nourishes the illusion that every widow
in town, both grass and cemetery, is panting to
get him in bed with her. ~~He~~ ~~to~~ ~~hide~~ ~~some~~ ~~may~~
fant, most He phones them and sends them
boxes of candy and lures ^{outside} around late ^{at night} under
the street lamp. While ^{a few of the ladies} ~~some~~ widows may ~~indeed~~
possibly fant, most ~~at times~~ have been phoning the ~~father~~ ^{empress} ^{empress}
police, who don't ^{quite} know what to do with the ^{forlorn} ^{old} ^{coat}.
And so it goes...

amorous notes ^{with}

1st
8/24/68.

spent years providing

The Retirement Blues

One of the saddest sights in America is watching the hordes of ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~retired~~ ^{retired} people who, ~~provided~~ ^{provided} for almost everything -- but ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~forgot~~ ^{forgot} to learn to play. The country is full of them. They have -- the lucky ones -- pensions and social security and medicine and all the rest bank balances and stock portfolios -- the whole bit -- but ~~they~~ ^{too many of them} ~~wander~~ ^{wander} about, ~~and~~ ^{from pillar to post} on their faces is written the great ~~depress~~ ^{depress} disillusion; ~~that~~ ^{that} their ~~heaven~~ ^{heaven} of retirement ~~is~~ ^{has become} a hell of boredom.

When I was a boy

that ^{most} amusement and entertainment in our country has become a spectator thing rather than a participatory thing is one of the big reasons, ~~of course~~ for this national ~~malaise~~ ennui, of course; we have become voyeurs of play, ~~receptions~~ ^{receptions}, ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~standers~~ ^{standers} at ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~making~~ ^{making} of fun. Commercial Television, the ^{handing} national whipping boy, must bear its share of guilt, true, but it is not the whole story.

I have no statistics and I wouldn't trot them out if I did, but I would guess that not one in a hundred retired people ever learned really to read -- to choose a book, say, not because a million ^{other} people ^{were} ^{are} ^{reading} the same book but because they are ^{genuinely} interested in the subject matter or the style of the author, and read it slowly from cover to cover. Their ~~batting~~ ^{batting} average at golf is doubtless higher, granted, but even here there is too much ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} enough satisfaction

be seen in public wearing

As a people we are too conformist
too timid, too afraid to be thought amateur or
eccentric. Any male population that can be induced
to buy much ~~and~~ ^{less} the ridiculous monkey hats
that are being thrust upon us

like so many others,

wandering about
incoherent and

I am not against booze, heaven knows, but
and conviviality.

I know a ^{nice} man in my town who, before his
retirement, rarely took a drink. Since his retirement
when he retired he didn't know what to do with
himself so he took to wandering from bar to
bar searching for ^{in search of} companionship. Today it is a
rare thing not to see him stoned to the eyeballs
by five o'clock. Not only is the poor man bored
but he has himself become a dreary alcoholic bore
himself. He is not alone; his number is legion.

admitted

Alcohol seem to be an amiable friend and
of play but it is a damn poor substitute. I am
not against booze, heaven forbid, but I know a lonely
man in our town who, before his retirement, rarely
took a drink. When he retired he didn't know what to
do with himself, ^{like so many others} so he took to wandering from bar
to public bar in search of companionship and
conviviality. Today bartenders ^{and customers alike} wince when he appears,
and it is a rare thing not to see him incoherent
and stoned by five o'clock. Not only is the poor man
bored but he has himself become a dreadful alcoholic
bore. He is far from ^{being} alone.