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miss Annie and Becky Moore,
1118 Villanova Drive,
Davis, 95616,
California,
U.S.A..

Ackworth School,
Pontefract,
Yorkshire,
England.

P.S.

Thanks for the lovely presents!

Love, Debbie.

Dearest Ampsterdam and Becky,

29, January 1970

I wrote you both an aeo-gram, but believe it or not someone fucking stole it out of my desk, with another letter sealed and addressed to my parents. It is so maddening to have people do such lousy, mischievous things like that! Anyway, I decided I'd have to write you now, instead of waiting and seeing if my letters would turn up somewhere.

Phil (Brutus) and I broke-up two weeks ago. We began quarreling over petty things and I began looking at other boys. I'll always think he's a great bloke and I'm sorry it had to end the way it did. We don't talk to each other much, it's hard to do, after having a relationship like ours, that lasted almost 6 months.

I met this new boy anyway. He lives in the local town; Pontefract. His name is Michael King, but they call him Mick.

I probably never mentioned it to you before, as I had no reason to, but we, the students at Ackworth are not allowed to go out with the local boys. Not even speak to them!

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I guess you might say, my relationship with Mick, is a "behind the scenes type thing. He is 6'1", black hair, beautiful accent very good looking, but slightly hard. He is so super. You would call him a "rocker". Someone who digs the scene, but who will fight if forced to. A half hippie (with his hair the length of Pats before he cut it) and a half hood. Not the ugly American type hoods though !!!!!!

I will be going out to see him for all day Sunday. It will be a leave weekend and I will try to get out on someones leave slip. I know it sounds terribly risky, but I'm safe. Just don't tell your parents about my "scandalous nature".

School is fine. I hate school, but I am trying hard. I received an A, B++, B++, B++, C++ for the grades I have been getting in my English course. I got the A on an essay I wrote about, The Age of Majority, The B++ in my poetry project, B++ on another essay I wrote on a relatives "get together".

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The next B+ on another essay I wrote on who is my neighbor and the C+ on an essay I wrote on a book we read. The book is Fair Stood the Wind for France. It's an okay novel. It's fiction, a story of an escape with a love story beautifully wound through it. I shall be getting a term paper back today, that I wrote on Lord of the Flies. That book is damn good and if you haven't read it, I'd advise you should do!

Scott Porter, a guy I used to go with in the States, he's 6'4", wrote me a lovely letter. He is so great. Boy, I do miss you all so much. Sure, I've got lots of friends here too, but they do not make up to those far away.

There was a dance on Saturday night last week. I worked behind the scenes (as I have been doing lately) with the records, sound, lighting etc. I worked on the records half. It was a nice feeling; Being responsible for peoples fun. It was an experience.

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29, January 1970

The time is now 9.50 am. I am excited about Sunday, and for that matter on Saturday, coz I will probably see him then too!

My friend here, Anne Luscombe is going home to the island of Mallorca, Spain for Easter. I may be going with her. Isn't that super?! Damn I hope my parents agree.

The only stuff I have had since I've come to England is Cannabis. But I am no longer taking it, because it began to affect my studies and ability to control myself. Well, if you don't know what it is, look it up in the Encyclopedia, coz it is good to know about drugs etc.

The weather is real cold now. The snow has seemed to stop, but the iciness of the morning, iced roads etc. still prevails. I do wish summer would come early this year. I miss the warm summer sun.

I better be going now; Love Always and Sincerely,
Debbi-doo.