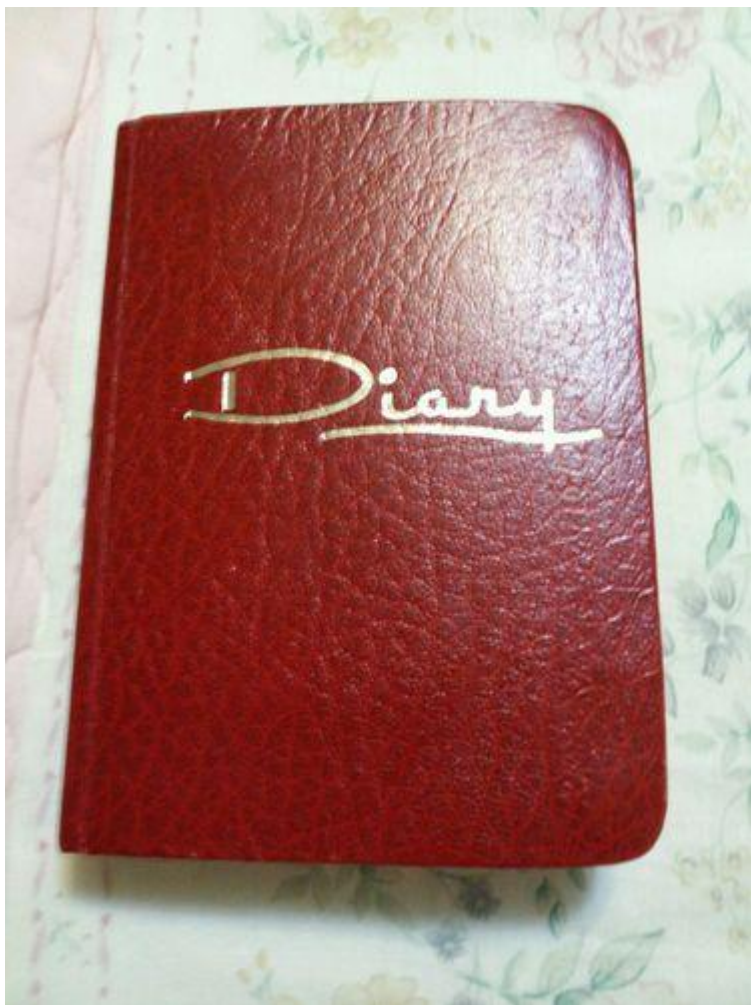


Diary 1982: Nosy, opinionated, 71-year-old resident of an apartment block in Jackson, Michigan, USA

Diary of a senior citizen, female, set in Jackson, Michigan. This diarist has an insatiable appetite for gossip and rumour. She is very, very nosy, and records everything that she notices, hears, smells and feels about her neighbors, to the



point that they will sometimes put things in the way, to block her view of their windows or house.

She is extremely outspoken and always happy to scold her neighbours and others when the mood strikes her.

Our diarist lives alone in a duplex or apartment complex where, we learn, she is not in control of her own heat. She often complains about the heat or the cold or both. She turns 71 years old in 1982. This is a very active senior citizen. She

drives her own car, cooks, and complains with phenomenal energy and thoroughness and something very like *joie de vivre*.

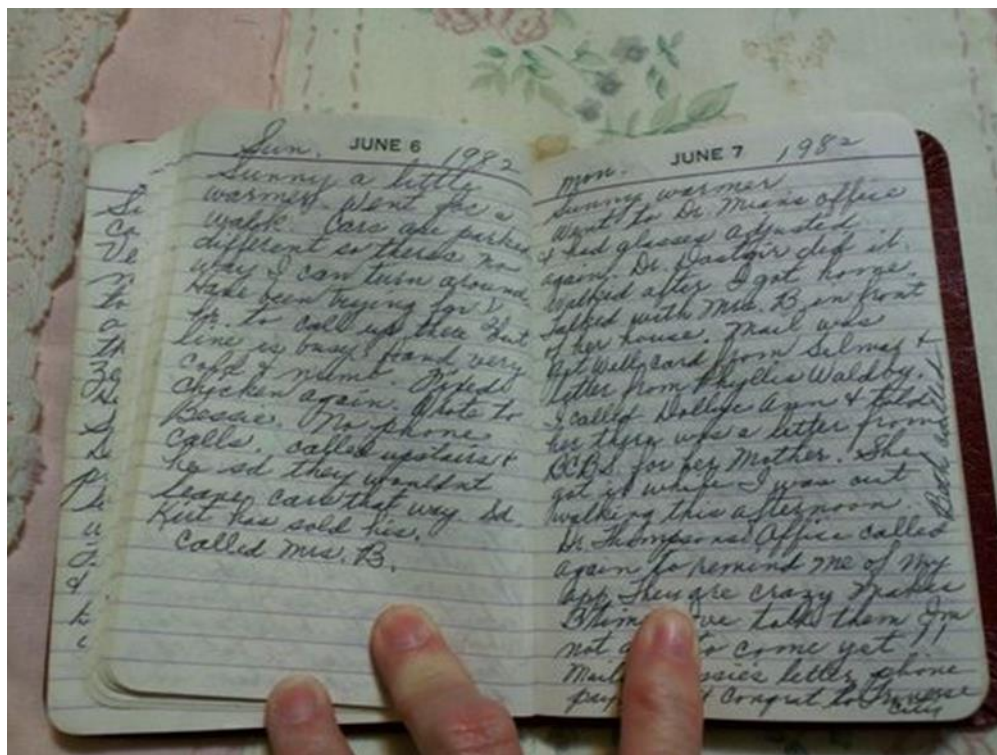
Some excerpts:

Sun shines beautifully. Carol from across the st. came with that Jones boy to use the phone. She called 3 people to see if Bingo was on today. Still have diarrhea today. Had stouffers

tuna casserole, I could smell liquor on her breath.

Carol came in & bought a stamp. She sure needs to bathe.

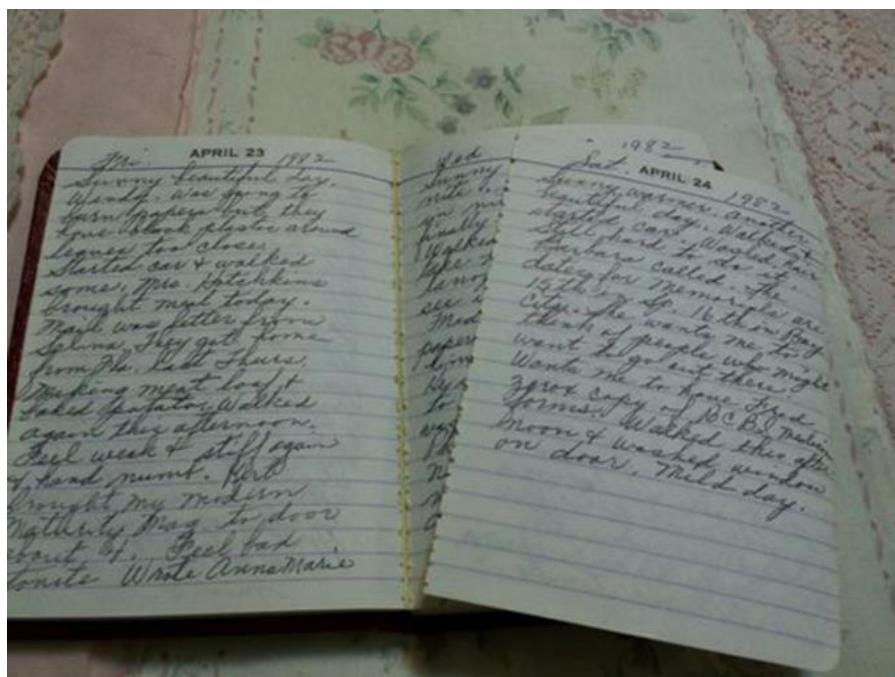
Sunny cold day. Carol & her hus. came in just before 7 to use phone & sat here about 45". I hate it & am not very cordial. She borrowed 2 colors of thread.



While I was out trying to clean walk the young punk came back & went up the drive to back door. Saw his tracks where he left this a.m. Don't here [hear?] the bro.

Billy the boy next door shoveled walk. I pd him \$4. Was told not to let Larry's dau [daughter] in here that they have kicked her out of their home & that the man who drives the wrecker is her sugar daddy. Wayne Flanders died.

That drug ad [addict] - is in back apt. with those girls. Cats don't like cheaper cat food. Steady stream of young men running to Beckys all afternoon & at 7:15 a colored with his 2 dogs there. Think he's the one who stole from her. Hope he does it again!



Cloudy, warmer. Doris called about 8 & asked me to meet her downtown for lunch. I'm not able to do that yet. Makes me angry she would think I could.

This is a page-a-day diary. All except 15 days of 1982, when she is hospitalized with a stroke, are packed with observations and concerns. Once out of hospital, she makes a full recovery, it seems, and the diary returns to full form and vigour.

This is a fascinating, faintly unpleasant but unguarded and honest record of human curiosity and an unusually vinegary view of a small world and the people, and cats and dogs, and neighbours in it.

This diary is handwritten in ink and comparatively easy to read. Some April pages are loose.