

MEMORIES OF A COLLEGE STUDENT
AT
MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE
EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN

1931 - 1935

Jon L. Young

Vol. I
1931 --1933

A personal note

College records show my name as John Leon Young.

There were three John Young students in my freshman class. One was in a wee bit of trouble from time to time.

At the suggestion of the Registrar, I dropped the "h" from my name. Another John Young went by his middle name.

Volume III includes a few photographs between pages 22 and 23

Quite obviously an apology is due for my typing "skills".

Jon L. Young

MEMORIES OF A COLLEGE STUDENT
MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

by

JON L. YOUNG

1931 - 1935

These memoirs comprise summaries and extracts from my diaries from 1931 through 1935. Certain days and events we remember all our lives. Still vivid in my mind's eye is that gray mottled pink and gray dawn of September 23 1931 when I awakened in the house on our forty acre farm a few miles south of Mason, Michigan. Leaving home for college wasn't the wrenching experience that many must feel leaving home for the first time. After all, I wasn't going more than fifteen miles and we had moved to the farm on September 15, 1931 from our home in Lansing on Herbert St.

Mother and father were in the kitchen when I came downstairs for breakfast. Father had already loaded the trunk and part of the rear seat of our Willys-Knight two-door with a bushel of potatoes, several heads of cabbage, three dozen eggs, and two dressed chickens; sort of a dowery for my future land-lady. Excitement mounting, I hurried through breakfast and we finished loading the car with my gear.

Dad's silence during most of the drive to East Lansing indicated that he felt my departure was sort of a break with the family. We stopped in front of a battleship gray rooming house at 262 W. Grand River Ave (present location of Arby's Parking lot). Here I was to live and work for my room and board.

Mrs. Ida Baker, a rather frail woman, with a kindly face in her mid-sixties met us at the door, gratefully accepted the produce and showed us to my room upstairs where we deposited bags and boxes.

When ~~Dad~~ clasped my hand after I had promised to keep them informed he said, "This day marks a turning point in our lives." My step-mother kissed me and they drove off.

Joining Mrs. Baker in the parlour where she sat in a comfortable rocker, a large gray cat on her lap, I was introduced to Horace. Because of a green eyed rather malevolent stare I decided not to pet Horace and sat down on a ~~sofa~~. "He's very spoiled," she said. She went on to explain my duties. I was to help prepare the evening meal, wash the lunch and dinner dishes, help tend the furnace, make the upstairs beds daily, change the sheets and thoroughly ~~clean~~ the four student rooms and bath on Saturdays. In return I was to receive my room and board, have laundry privileges and make myself at home.

The rooming house was built in the early 1900's. A medium sized living-room was entered from a long narrow front porch. Off the living-room to the right was a comfortable parlour with a large window facing Grand River Avenue. It was furnished with a piano, comfortable chairs, rocker, sofa and occasional tables covered with vases, lamps and family pictures. The dining-room was to the left of the living-room with a sturdy oak dining table, eight straight-back oak chairs and a sideboard of oak. The kitchen was rather small. There was a gas range, a window that looked out upon a fair sized garden and playing fields beyond. The sink with a pump piped to the cistern was in the center. An ice-box was near the range and there was ample cupboard space. Mrs. Baker's bedroom and bath were off the living-room to the rear of the house. Laundry tubs, a hand propelled washing-machine were in the basement. Beyond was a full coal bin, furnace and cistern. Upstairs were four bedrooms and a bath. In each bedroom was an iron double bed, two wooden study tables with single drawers, a tall dresser and small closet. A plain student desk lamp was on each table. There were two wash basins, a toilet and tub in the bathroom.

Howard Bingham, senior, Ag. major from upstate and Norman Rousseau from the Isle of Pines, major in engineering, shared the front bedroom. Howard of medium height, a thick thatch of black hair, well trimmed moustache was pleasant, rather quiet and engaged to be married. Norman, slightly over 6 feet, blond, well built, took me under his wing which later proved most agreeable to me. Larry Bassett from Detroit, had a medium build, black hair, friendly brown eyes. He was a business major, a junior and rather handsome. He roomed alone as did Stewart Meyers a sandy haired slightly built junior with very thick glasses. A physics major, he was very studious and loved to play chess.

My room-mate, Clarence Bos, from Grand Rapids would have made two of me. He had moved in the day before I arrived and much to my dismay I found that he had covered the four walls with pictures of his high school friends. He seemed to know his way around, bragged about his sexual exploits, and didn't seem much interested in college. "I finally came because my folks insisted," he explained. We roomed together only a short time. He moved to the Hesperian Fraternity.

A shared room with board cost \$7.50 per week. Single room and board cost \$9.00.

Other costs were:

Deposit for R.O.T.C. uniform	\$10.00
Athletic ticket, including admission to debates, and the lecture series per term	5.50
Union fee, per term	1.50
Student Council fee, yearly	.50
State News per term	.35
Class dues per term	.35
Matriculation fee per year	5.00
Tuition per term	35.00
Gym suit	4.50

High school students were advised not to enter college without sufficient funds to cover the first year.

I often wondered how Mrs. Baker could make enough money to pay the rent and support herself considering the table she set. Board included three meals per day except on Sunday when only dinner was served. She was an excellent cook. Meals were ample, well balanced. We helped ourselves at breakfast to toast, dry cereal, coffee, pitchers of cold milk and rolls. Sometimes she made pancakes and on Saturdays served bacon and eggs.

Through the help of Mrs. Ella Robinson who lived with her husband, Will, at 123 Albert St. in a large frame house (Dooley's bar is located there today) I obtained my job. A cousin of mine had married her favorite niece and over the years I had come to call her Aunt Ella. She was a large, jovial woman with a broad smile and a faint moustache. Husband, Will, was a slight sandy haired draftsman employed by the Reo Motor Car Company. They owned five houses west of Peoples Church on W. Grand River Avenue, all painted battleship gray and all rented to tenants who took in roomers. (Only the house next to Peoples Church exists today).

In time, I was to become very fond of Mrs. Baker and corresponded with her long after she went to live with her daughter in Virginia.

Torn between law and teaching, I had enrolled in a Liberal Arts program. Lack of interest in high school chemistry, convinced me that science wasn't my forte and I decided to meet my science requirement by taking a year of botany. My instructor, Edward Woodcock, Phd, was a thin, competent man and a dedicated exacting professor. Classes were held in the Forestry Building. Even though I received "A's" a year of science was enough for me.

La Dore Irland was my instructor in General European History. She also taught economic history. Plump, serious, sometimes a bit offish with her colleagues, I found her demanding but very fair. We maintained contact for many years after I graduated. Winter and spring terms I had Harold Bond Fields, instructor in History. Later I took Latin American History from him. He was a slender man, wore steel rimmed glasses, possessed a wry sense of humor. His teaching abilities were generally recognized. Our friendship still endures. History classes were held in Eustace Hall.

Walter John Muilenberg, assistant Professor of English, was my freshman composition instructor. A tall, lanky Linsolnesque man with a mild manner, his stature increased when we found out that he had had several short stories published. He encouraged me to write short stories and free verse. Winter term I had, Kenneth Randall, assistant Professor of English. More prosaic, somewhat drole, he wasn't the least impressed by my creative literary efforts. Spring term I was glad to return to Muilenberg. When I informed him that for my term paper

it was my intention to write about Queen Elizabeth, George Washington and either Distaeli or Frederick the Great, he gave me rather an odd look, shrugged his shoulders, in sort of a I give up attitude, smiled bleakly and said, "Go Ahead." All I recognized at the time was the green light.

Two years of Military Science were required of all freshmen and sophomores. Classes were held in the large red brick Armory, or Demonstration Hall across the Red Cedar River. The building had been completed in 1885.

Having had some riding experience, I was looking forward to being selected for the cavalry. The course included map reading, sketching, pistol marksmanship, cavalry weapons employed by cavalry, equitation, the selection care and feeding of horses.

About 60 horses were boarded in stables behind a pine covered ridge at the rear of the Armory. We rode most of the time inside the Armory in a large amphitheater, also used for livestock shows and polo. In front of the Armory was a large drill field where the infantry drilled and parades were held in the spring. We were issued our R.O.T.C. uniforms at army supply. A \$5.00 deposit also entitled us to be issued an overseas cap, coat, flannel shirt, and leggins all furnished by the War Department. The college furnished a leather belt. Brown lace-up shoes, provided by students, had to be approved by the Military Department.

Classes were held three times a week. There were 40 in my class. Horses were brought to the arena by stablemen. Much to my surprise several in my class appeared to never have been near a horse and upon command approached them with considerable caution. Several dropped out of class after their first order to mount. They preferred the infantry or the coast artillery. Some of the horses left much to be desired. Woe to those who found themselves astride an old, stubborn slow-poke on test days with the expectation of receiving an "A" or "B" for the course. Most of us looked forward to spring weather when we could ride out-doors along the Red Cedar in column of twos.

Parades involved a lot of spit, polish and sweat. The first spring parade held on a very hot day resulted in a depletion in infantry ranks when several infantrymen fainted.

Gym classes were held in the building referred to today as the Woman's Gym. Required freshman physical education included a term of swimming, boxing, games and calisthenics. Having swum the back-stroke on the swimming team in junior high and continued swimming in high school, I was elated when the swimming coach asked me to try out for the Freshman swimming team. The elation proved short lived. Most of my spare time required working at the rooming house or chauffeuring for the Robinsons.

The most fascinating aspect of French class was the teacher, Margaret L. Miles. Although the girls in class reminded the boys she had big feet, we found

her dazzling not only because of her abundant golden hair, but because of her general allure, sophistication. She inspired in our breasts the desire to rise above worm status to which she seemed to have consigned all males. Not the slightest dent was made in my esteem when a girl in class informed me that she had gone to France last summer a brunette and returned a Goldilocks yellow. How I envied my long time friend, Irving Silverman, who seemed to find favor in her eyes. She praised his guttural French pronunciation and accuracy in translating English to French. Classes met on the second floor of the wood-shop building near the power plant.

Before setting foot on campus the first requirement was to purchase a green felt cap called a pot or beanie. All freshmen were to wear their pots whenever they appeared in public or on campus. Another requirement was keeping coats buttoned at all times, all buttons. Freshmen were warned by signs to be seen and not heard. We were to be in our rooms by 7:30 at night and never to date. The first day of classes I headed for Hurds Men's Furnishings on the corner of Grand River and Abbott to plunk down \$1.00 for a pot.

On the second day of classes I had no sooner crossed Grand River to enter the campus when three Sophomores nailed me near the union. My pot was snatched off and I was ordered, along with several other luckless freshmen, to kneel and start scrubbing the side-walk where some one had scrawled "35". I scrubbed, soon wore two holes in my pot and was finally told to put it on and beat it.

At noon enroute home I was seized by several sophs in front of Beaumont Tower and told to mount a wooden box. Each victim captured had to stand on the box and sing the first verse of the Alma Mater. Succeeding, he was released. Failing, he was immediately marched off to the Red Cedar and tossed in. Most victims were thrown in the drink. I managed to struggle through the first verse coming out stronger on the chorus. But I wasn't to be let off so easily. Some one in the milling crowd demanded that I sing another verse. Confessing ignorance, my garters were fastened around my neck, my coat turned inside out, put on and buttoned down my back. "Now get to hell out of here," yelled the ring-leader. "Go home and learn all the verses of the Fight Song and the Alma Mater. I did exactly as ordered.

On Oct. 3 the frosh held a big snake dance after the M.S.C.-Cornell football game. During the half time some of the Frosh had tried to leave the game, but had been turned back. After the game about twenty were nabbed and thrown in the river; Irving and I took a very round-about way home.

The CLASS of 1935 numbered 787 men and 391 women. Total under-graduate enrollment of the 1931-32 school year was 2,124 men and 1148 women. In graduate school there were 224 men and 63 women.

It wasn't long before the Class of '35 learned to travel from class to class in groups. In groups we were seldom accosted.

One morning enroute to the Armory a large party of us met about twenty Sophs just as we were about to cross the bridge spanning the Red Cedar. After a series of threats and name calling we clashed on the far side of the bridge. None of us made it to class but 15 Sophs became well acquainted with the Red Cedar. Thereafter, I seldom left the house alone.

On Oct. 15, the Sophs, still smoldering from their dousing a few days earlier, plastered signs on every telephone pole warning the Frosh to stay indoors the following day designated as BLACK FRIDAY. "You vile stinking turds BEWARE!" we were admonished. The black letters dripped red. About ten that morning my room-mate dashed upstairs with some thirty signs which he and some cohorts had town down. He hid them under our bed. Two hours later he returned with his hand bandaged having been involved in a brawl and received a severe cut requiring several stitches. That put him out of commission as far as any protection for me was concerned.

The next morning I headed for class with Norman. In front of Peoples Church about 50 Sophs were attacking outnumbered freshmen. Norman and I crossed the street and headed for the Union. Suddenly some one from Fremont, Michigan where I worked summers, spotted me and let out a whoop. We were soon surrounded, the leader flourishing a long black hose. Norman stood close to me and tried to argue them out of grabbing me. The chap from Fremont hanging back never let on he knew me. Suddenly some one pointed at the sleeve of my military uniform. On the sleeve were corporal's stripes indicating one year's service. When the uniforms had been cleaned some one had forgotten to remove the stripes. "Renegade, imposter, snake, turd," yelled the menacing Sophs. Suddenly Norman lunged at them shouting to me at the same time to make a run for it. I bolted for the Home Econonice building Norman close behind, the mob at our heels yelling. Gaining the entrance, I rushed into the nearest classroom and sat down at the back of the room. The lecturing professor, smiled and continued. Outside I could hear running and cursing in the halls while my fingers tugged madly at threads fastening the gold stripes.

At noon I learned that many Frosh had been carted off campus. Some had been taken to a barn and locked up, others had been marched to the river and dunked. Some, locked in box-cars, had been carted off to Jackson. Those tied to trees in the country had been stripped of their clothes.

As soon as I reached home I removed the incriminating insignia. Few Frosh would venture out to attend class that afternoon, but Irving and I had made a pact to attend French class. Accordingly as the meeting hour approached, I headed across campus in the direction of the Wood Shop. In front of the gym a car load of Juniors hailed me and advised removing my pot and turning back because the Sophs were nailing every Freshman. I thanked them, hid my pot in my pants and continued on with a false jaunty air. Most of the Sophs were milling around Agricultural Hall

I found Irv already in class. We were the only two boys in class that day 7. and for the first time Miss Miles actually smiled at me. The effort seemed worth it.

Looking out the window after class, Irv and I saw about 100 Sophs in front of the main entrance. They nabbed every boy that left the building and rushed him to waiting cars. Suddenly we heard angry howls. Looking in the direction of Ag. Hall we could see some Frosh on the top floor pouring pails of water on the Sophs below. We cheered. I yelled "Yea '35" just as Irv. grabbed me by the neck and drew me back from the window. Hearing angry yells below we fled our class-room to be joined by Harlan Clarke, another freshman. Darting into another class-room, we set the lock and rushed to the rear of the room. Up the stairs thundered the Sophs mad as hornets. Soon they began to pound on the door. A yell startled us and we looked up to see a head sticking through the open transom. Springing to close it, there was a near capitulation. The yells outside became more threatening, then died away. We were sure they were still outside. Escape through the windows was impossible because of a glass roof below. After about an hour we thought they had gone and ventured out. We soon found a janitor who informed us that every door was guarded and escape would be impossible. We secured a promise that he wouldn't open any doors for the Sophs. Looking out a window we could see half a dozen Sophs seated in front of the entrance. From their conversation we decided that the Frosh in Ag. Hall had been captured and carted away. At seven p.m. we were still prisoners. Finally, I decided to phone the house and see if Howard Bingham would come after me in his car. Irving phoned his brother and both agreed to come to our rescue. The janitor showed us a small door at the rear of the building. Howard arrived first and kept his car running at the rear of the building while I made a dash for it and safety. Later Irving and Harlan were able to make their escape in the same manner.

For days afterward tales of Soph hazing floated around the campus. Kenneth Butterfield, a high school friend, who lived in Lansing, was one of the victims taken from Ag. Hall. He lost his pants. Tied to a tree in the country, it was after mid-night before he reached home.

On October 27 the Class Rush was held. At eight that morning Freshmen began to gather on the far side of town. We greased our faces and painted them red so we could tell one another from the Sophs. We won the flag rush handily but really came to blows in the football rush. More than once I thought both of my legs would snap as we fought in the rain and mud. Many of us lost our paint and were sometimes struck by our own men. My nose bloodied, I rubbed some of the blood on my cheeks for identification. Most of my clothes were torn.

The tug of war across the river made our victory complete by pulling the Sophs into the river. By nightfall there were twelve in the hospital.

On Monday when it was reported that Jim Brakeman had been jailed after hitting a Freshman over the head with a jack-handle and another chap had suffered the loss of an elbow cap, the College Administration cracked down. Hazing of freshmen including fights, brawls, and tossing in the river was forbidden. Violators could be expelled from college. Sophomore-Freshmen rivalries henceforth were to be expressed in orderly games.

Thus came to an end the hazing of the Frosh. Many had ruined good clothes. The college came in for some sharp criticism by the "State Journal" in Lansing and some state legislators. The "State News" felt that hazing was a part of college life and should be taken in stride.

Freshmen welcomed the ban and from that time on we walked about the campus without fear, wearing our pots only when we felt like it. The majority did continue to wear them in keeping with tradition.

I never saw such physical violence committed again. To be sure, many found themselves in the drink from time to time and I witnessed more fights but to my knowledge no one landed in hospital.

Even so, many retained mixed feelings about the ban. Some thought it a fun adventure that added zest to college life and helped to stimulate class organization. In later years when many freshmen simply refused to buy green pots, upper classmen often were heard pining for "the good old days".

With friends I looked forward to attending the football games, concerts and lectures. Peoples' Church served as the principal auditorium. Irving and I were much impressed by Louis Graveure, college voice teacher. We went back stage after one of his concerts to thank him for his rendition of "Sylvia" and "Song of India".

I participated in the Extemporaneous Speaking Contest held in the Wood Shop by Prof. of Speech, Joseph D. Menchofer, a great hulk of a man. Spoke on the Education of Gandhi. He wasn't impressed but suggested that I might try out for debate. I wasn't impressed.

During fall term I had very few dates. Most of the girls I dated were girls I had known in high school in Lansing. One night Norman came home and told Larry Bassett and me that we were going to a party at a swell home up in Kensington Hills, "a ritzy section" in East Lansing. It was the first time that I had been out on a date or party with the fellows at the house and I didn't want them to think I was "slow" so was determined to make a good impression. I was paired

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with Alice, a plump blonde not too bad looking under the soft lights. We danced for awhile and finally landed on a sofa where she very willingly came into my arms. We had a pretty good time and I could see that Norman was going pretty strong also, but Larry was trying to keep up a conversation. He must have made the best impression, for several years later he married one of the girls at that party.

I took Marjorie MacDonald, a girl long admired in high school to the military ball. I had been infatuated with her since I saw her in her senior play. She was a very attractive girl, very proper too. I never knew of a boy that touched her until she was married. The man she married seemed almost too clean-cut and well scrubbed to think of such a thing.

On Nov. 11 Clarence moved to the Hesperian House, a local fraternity, on West Grand River and Albert Goodell Tracey, a junior in Engineering became my room-mate. Blond, well built, rather plain appearance he was generally likeable. But we did have one hellava a fight over whose high school was best. It didn't last long though. As I remember we were partners in bridge later that same evening. He went with an albino girl, much his junior, who lived in Jackson.

Having been involved in many high school activities, I found graduation from Eastern High School in Lansing a somewhat wrenching experience in January, 1931. The scarcity of jobs resulted in about 60 out of a class of 101 returning to Eastern for a post-graduate course the second semester. Aside from maintaining friendship contacts one of my main reasons for returning was to continue membership in the Travel Club and join in a trip to Washington D.C. spring vacation. But first I had to convince my parents that valuable time would be spent getting started in French, taking a course in economics and improving writing skills. "What about your math skills?" asked my father. I quickly changed the subject.

Efforts to become more integrated into college life might have been greater had I been further distant from home base.

Freed of kitchen duties on Sundays, I frequently thumbed a ride home. Increasingly, I noticed my parents were facing a financial pinch. Dad's hours at the Reo Motor Car Company had been cut drastically. He tended to brood and during those periods I'm sure he was wondering if he had been prudent to trade our house and lot in south Lansing for the 40 acre farm on Tomilson Rd. just south of Mason. A generous widow farm neighbor let him use a horse and farm equipment so he could raise corn, cabbages and pickles. In return he did her chores. My two younger brothers and I were assigned to pickles and cabbages. From the

sale of pickles at the pickle factory I hoped to defer my college expenses. My younger half-brothers, Paul and James and I were responsible for getting cabbages and pickles ready for sale.

To bring in additional income my step-mother (my own mother died when I was four years old) a graduate from the University of Michigan nursing school occasionally left to care for home bound patients. Her light-hearted Irish spirit frequently buoyed up the family. "We have a nice home, plenty to eat and our health." she would remind my father when he wondered how he was going to meet farm payments.

When the American State Bank in Lansing, where we had our family savings, closed its doors on Dec. 22, my father became increasingly worried about the future.

Winter term had begun after Thanksgiving recess and I was feeling financially strapped. Produce from the farm to help pay for my room and board was sharply reduced. Thankfully, Mrs. Baker proved very understanding and urged me not to worry. She let me do my laundry at night on Mondays in the basement. I learned to iron shirts and mend socks without creating too prominent ridges.

1932

Jan. 4 Classes began today after a two week vacation. Botany seemed the same as usual. I wonder if I'm going to like Prof. Harold Fields; a very mild mannered man. Still have Muilenburg. Am reading the "Life of Marie Antoinette" by Hilaré Belloc.

Jan 5. After botany lab, bumed home this morning. Had excellent luck. Got clean clothes. Had lunch with mother and dad, was was back in East Lansing by 1:20. Fellows at the house are playing bridge tonight.

Jan. 6. Enjoyed boxing. Only I wish Irv. and I weren't teamed together. I think we are reluctant to really let fly at each other. Mr. Muilenburg a very fine man. Went with Melba to the YWCA party tonight. Irv. not feeling well.

Jan. 7. Missed French class. Pooped.

JAN. 9 Sat. Enjoyed attending my high school senior prom last night. Miss Carrot gave me a ticket. Worked at the house. Later went to a movie with friends at the Capitol Theater and then to Mathews for ice cream.

I started writing my diary in very simple French about the middle of January. I didn't especially like the subject, yet it seemed that I was acquiring a semblance of culture and a certain exclusive form of expression. Our teacher, Margaret Miles, continued to fascinate me.

I dicided that I was much better in wrestling than boxing and felt I could more than hold my own in any scuffle at the house, especially with Tracey.

Feb. 6. Did Saturday chores and ironed the clothes washed yesterday, including 5 shirts. What a job! I wish this depression would end and things would pick up. It's terrible to be without money all the time. I sometimes wish I was through college and had a position. There are so many things needed. Have been firing on the range in Military Science.

Feb. 7. Howard and I went to church this morning at Central Methodist. Dr. Involstead's subject was "The Mania to Destroy." Very good. Made another chart for botany this afternoon and started to write on the character of George Washington. Bill Betts is writing his term paper on The Defense of Nero.

Feb. 10. Had a coughing and choking spell this morning. Saw Dr. Olin. He told me to stay in bed. Slept most of the day. Ended up in the College Hospital tonight. Two fellows in the same room with me.

Feb. 11 Watched a squirrel from my window. A pleasant view with President Shaw's house next to the hospital on Faculty Row. This Victorian brick hospital with an mansard roof was built in 1873 and was the president's home for many years. It is surrounded by tall majestic Norway pines and a spacious lawn sweeping down to the street.

Feb. 12. Mother came to visit me this afternoon. Irv. sent me a poem I'll always treasure.

Feb. 13. Dr. Olin didn't allow me to leave the hospital until almost noon. Feel quite weak.

Feb. 14. Home for a delicious chicken dinner. Got a ride with Mr. and Mrs. Shuter. All well at home.

Feb. 19. Irv. and I enjoyed our horses today. Riding is fun when you know how. Impressed by Theodore Dreiser's, "The Lost Phoebe".

Feb. 22 Sun. Read this morning. After dinner I went down to Henry's and we cut each other's hair. He nearly ruined me. Later we went to see Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in "Daddy Longlegs". Janet so lovable.

Feb. 22. Washington's birthday. Born in 1732. Went with Fines to take son, Francis, back to Ann Arbor. While they went with Fran to his fraternity house I went to visit Aunt Mae briefly on Cheever Court. Later I was very much impressed by the Law Quadrangle and library; Gothic. Must resemble a European setting. Hope to attend this Univ. some day.

Feb. 27 Finished my long term this morning. Cleaned house and then went downtown to buy shoe-strings, paper and Noxema. Later went to a party with friends. Good eats.

Feb. 29 Wrote a theme on Rufus King. Drilled in Cavalry. Cut botany.

Mar. 2 Wrote a terrible bluebook in history. Enjoyed cavalry. Had a spirited horse for a change. Saw Dr. Olin about my back. Went with Henry to hear Lewis Richards play the harpischord, George Barrère the flute and Michael Press the violin. The Lindberg baby was kidnapped early this morning. \$50,000 ransom demanded. Lindberg has promised to pay ransom.

Mar. 3 Borrowed \$42.70 for tuition.

Mar. 5 The Lindberg baby still in hands of kidnapers.

Mar. 7. Corrected my term paper. Somewhat disappointed in my grade Recd a B- on Rufe.

Mar. 8 Tonight Irv. Henry, Tom and I went to hear Louis Anspacher, distinguished dramatist and orator. A captivating speaker. He works in the fields where I long with my whole being to work. Drama to me is the greatest of the arts.

Mar. 9 Tracy was initiated into the Tau Beta Phi today. Visited with Aunt Ella this morning. Certainly am enjoying cavalry. Must study French more. My pronunciation is very poor.

Mar. 10. Saw a robin. Very cold. Lindberg baby still missing. Raid at the Ford Plant. Four killed.

Mar. 11. Botany quiz? History 87-B. Rode this afternoon. Made up two hours of military science. Colonel Rodney, head of ROTC at Michigan State and I fired on the range. He is a small pleasant man and very kind. I ? his marksmanship. Remained home tonight and played the piano and read some books on writing short stories and fiction.

Mar. 12. Worked around the house all morning. Uncle Will and Aunt Ella drove downtown this afternoon. We shopped at Arbougs and then drove out to the farm. Dad not feeling very well. Paul swam against Battle Creek Friday. Mother is quite well and very jolly. Met Henry later and we dropped in at the Silver Slipper on Michigan Ave, near Cedar. Rather a tough place.

Mar. 15 Went with friends to hear Will Durant tonight speak on The World Crisis. Probably the most interesting address I've ever heard. He made us think about unpleasant things. What a crisis we are facing now! Where and to whom shall we turn for help. I say God will help us but we must do our own part.

Mar. 16 Received a letter from Mary inviting me for spring vacation. Military and boxing exams today. Finished French blue story book. Went to see a French movie tonight: "Jean d'Arc." Very different from our American movies being mainly a study of character.

Mar. 17 Read the life of Louis Napoleon III. Sort of a comic character in some respects. Saw second cousin Kenneth Young at the library tonight, He is in vet. sci.

Mar. 18. We drilled with rifles today. Wrote on the life of Nap. III.

Mar. 19. Cleaned house. We had a song fest tonight as the fellows gathered around the piano while I played.

Mar. 20. Wrote on Marie Antoinette. Had a chicken dinner. Tom and I went to see "Mata Hari" with Greta Garbo and Ramon Navarro. Paid Henry the last of money owed.

Mar. 22 Went over to M. Sage's house tonight to study French. Met some fellows from the Tick House and a couple chaps from France. Exam in Botany not bad. Expect a B.

Mar. 23 Ireland renounces the King of Great Britain. Bad tornado in Ala., killing over 100. Cardinals, juncos, chickadees, sparrows come to eat apple bits and crumbs on the ledge outside my window. Snow still quite deep. Reading "The Immortal Sidney" by Dinkinger. These French verbs will be my Waterloo. I dread the French exam.

Mar. 26. Cleaned, scrubbed, washed windows. Went to Lansing and bought some note books and paper for next term. Stayed with Henry.

Mar. 27, Easter Sun. Had Easter dinner with Mrs. Ripley and Mrs. Baker. Van and Arvilla Vandugteren (she's Dad's cousin) brought me to "Fairway" tonight. It seemed so good to be home again; to relax and chat around the warm fire. Peers were there and Maude. We always seem to have a house full of company. Tonight we played and sang. Paul plays the trombone very well. It has been a fine day and like heaven to be home again.

Mar. 28. Mother washed this morning and then left to go on a nursing case. After dinner tonight I took the dogs and went for exercise. Gretchel, the tawny great dane, is so beautiful. She has a great time with Colonel our Boston Bull. We roamed across the golf course, just across the the road. I spent most of the evening discussing cities in Europe with Mr. Stafford who has traveled widely.

Mar. 29-April 3 Visited my Aunt Harriet Bailes in Battle Creek.

April 4. Spring Term begins. Irv. in most of my classes. He is bursting with energy and joy with the approach of spring. I shall miss equitation this term. Think I will enjoy Mr. Fields in European history very much. Conferred with Miss Johnston and Prof. Hughes on a suitable book of French literature.

April 5. First military parade. Obtained "Men of Art" by Thomas Craven.

April 7. Hard rains. Gym tests. Ran the track in 14.4 seconds.

April 10. To church with Tom Morris. Heard Rev. Haines-"You pay the devil for living with him, but the Lord pays you for living with Him."

Rain.

April 11. Rain all day. Met Virginia Winger at the library and walked her back to Mary Mayo. I like her.

April 12. Rain, cold. Military drill. Spent most of the evening arguing with Bingham about war and government.

April 15. Irv and I went to Eastern tonight to see "Will O' The Wisp" presented by the Honor Society. It was about a year ago that I directed their annual play, "The Mystery of the Third Gable." Esther Mastrovito who played Marion opposite me in "Pirates of Penzance" sang Madame Butterfly very well.

April 16 Chuck Campion and I left for Albion at 1 o'clock, arriving about 3. Attended a track meet between Albion and Adrian College then went to Frat. house. I went up to the library for an hour's visit with Dwight Large, Don's brother, and former honor student at Eastern. He looks fit and is making splended progress. Later we had dinner at Brown's Acre; a charming big old house surrounded by spacious lawns and majestic trees. After dinner we played soft-ball and then returned to dress for the party. At 8:30 we got the girls. Don, our host, took Elaine Rice from Detroit, I took June Briggs, reputed to be very beautiful and clever. She must have left her wits at home for I found her quite dull and shallow. Even so, we had a good time. After we took the girls home Don, Rus Runciman, Bob Doty, Chuck and I left for Narrow Lake dance hall. Danced until the place closed and then went to Death's Valley and then to Jackson where we stopped at the Tam O'Shanter for a bite to eat at 3 a.m. Returned to the frat house singing "O'Mona" and crawled between the sheets just as the roosters began to crow and robins sing.

April 17. Slept until noon. Dinner at the frat. After dinner Dwight, Don, Chuck and I, Betty Jeffries and another girl left for Kalamazoo. Stopped off in Battle Creek to see Aunt Hattie and heard that cousins Betty and Margaret and their husbands, Frank Shaw and Jim Conklin had been involved in a serious accident outside Ann Arbor. The boy driving the other car was killed. Frank is unconscious. Betty's face very badly cut. I hope there are no scars to mar Betty's beauty. Returned to Albion. Don moved into the Phi Tau house. Chuck and I left for Lansing about 7.

April 18. Cut gym. Four cuts now. Read the "Life of Disraeli" by Maurois.

April 19. Parade today. We passed in review before Col. Rodney and staff. Band in peak form thrilled everybody for a few minutes.

Finished Disraeli. Certainly a wonderful man. Mary Ann and Dizzy at Hugbenden come across as quite lovable.

April 20 Received an 'A' on my theme which was read in class. Raked the lawn and cleaned around the flower beds. Great weather.

April 21. Rev. Plews of Mt. Hope Ave. Methodist Church died today. I admired his intelligence so much and thoroughly enjoyed knowing him.

April 2. Mrs. La Dore Irland taught our history class today. A matronly pleasant woman. French went fairly well. Went over to M. Sage at his apt. on Oakhill tonight. He is planning with Lois Manning and Louise Abbey to sail for Europe on the "Ile de France" in August. Says the rates are very cheap.

April 23. Home for the week-end for a long talk with mother and dad about finances, the farm; hanging on to it. So often discussions get into assertions and I'm ready to drop out. Finished the piece I was composing for the piano. Paul and I played it.

April 24 Went to church in Mason with Mother, Jim and Paul. Jim has a lamb and we have 200 baby chicks. Paul has lined the drive with large whitewashed stones and the lawns are emerald green. Mother prepared a delicious dinner. After dinner, Paul, Jim, and I played ball and golf. Grandmother Aldrich has an editorial about her in the Ingham County News entitled "Famous Women". Quite a tribute and well deserved.

April 25. Admired the Oriental rugs at Silvermans during dinner. Irv. took me in the Reo Royale to see "The Great American Tragedy"--Dreiser. Odd and uncomfortable.

April 28. Wrote four applications for a summer job at a resort up north.

April 30. Norman, Gutherie and I played golf this afternoon. Norm and I went to the baseball game later. Mrs. Doris McIntire died this morning. She was a dear friend to our high school gang and we have spent many enjoyable hours at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McIntire. He is band and orchestra, and vocal music director at Eastern. She leaves behind a two week old baby. Tom, Irv, Henry and I attended a funeral service. She will be buried in Iowa.

May 1. Tennis. Went to Central Methodist church to hear the Madrigal Choir from Eastern sing. Saw many former teachers. Miss Carret, dear teacher and friend, brought me home after a short drive during which we talked about religion and the fellows.

May 2. Practiced golf (slight improvement) Got theme in and played indoors in gym. Norm and I went to the library tonight. Read about Alfred Dreyfus--a brave man.

May 2. Tonight Tom and I went to hear Fritz Kung speak on "The Perils of a College Education". He said that a college education doesn't integrate life enough. College students don't learn the significance of life because they are too busy studying its elements. The Western world is presently making discoveries that India knew centuries ago. The Western world becomes absorbed with the scientific and material things forgetting about the real beauty and the cultural and the love of life. India will soon be free and we shall receive her Eastern civilization. Indian people have learned the real art of living; that there is more to life than simply

the atom and elements of matter. He pleaded for us to make science our slave and not our master. Tom and I met him after his talk which we felt was quite remarkable. I had never regarded the Indians as all that advanced. May 5. Lt. Massie and his accomplices were freed today in Hawaii after having been convicted and sentenced to 10 years for manslaughter. They served one hour of a ten year sentence. No doubt Mrs. Fortescue's money talked. Perhaps a victory for Darrow after all.'

Talked with Dean Austin this afternoon about future courses and a choice between teaching and law. He advised me to attempt both. With my funds that seems impossible. Both fields are crowded but I'll make room. Austin is a pleasant, frank man.

Military parade today for the Junior Farmers. It rained during the entire parade, but a parade there must be for our young tillers of the soil. May 8. Mother's Day. Tom, Irv and I went for a hike this morning along the Red Cedar to gather wild flowers for our mothers. Birdsong accompanied us and the ducks were having a quacking good time. We found an abundance of trilliums, violets, dutchmans' breeches, buttercups, etc. Tom and I then left for Fairway where mother had a fine chicken dinner for us. Had another chicken dinner at Tom's folks at five plus strawverry shortcake. Later we played tennis. A great day topped off by a movie at the Orpheum.

May 12. The body of the Lindbergh baby has been discovered. Murdered. The public is sorrowed and hopes for a swift apprehension of the criminal and speedy punishment.

May 15. Tom, Phyllis Hooten, his girl friend, and I went to the Prudden Auditorium to hear a talk by Congressman Blanding on prohibition. Very good. Returned to the college and walked through pear valley and along the river. Later to Mathews for ice cream.

May 16. The premier of Japan has been murdered. "A" on English B.B. Got in some tennis and golf yesterday.

May 27. Uncle Harry in Fremont has married Rosa ?

May 31. Still thinking of happy week-end at home and with friends.

Read parts of Larry a wonderful book of a college chap; his diary and life. Killed when a sophomore.

June 2 Cap Night. The freshmen in their pajamas paraded around the campus. Then honors were presented in front of Demonstration Hall where a huge bonfire was built and the freshmen threw their pots into the fire. Pajama tearing started next and many fellows in the buff escaped to the gym. Afterwards we went to the dance at Dem Hall. Very warm, big crowd. Met an interesting gal.

June 3. Three fellows fainted during parade today. These damn hot uniforms we were highly commended for our splendid platoon. Dr. McCune talked to our gym class about sex and morality. Keep your fly buttoned.

June 5. 'Great Expectations' the sermon this morning. God must be a definite, real part of our lives. We must be as sure of Him as the mountain we see in the distance and know is there.

Mrs. Baker went on a picnic so I got dinner. Albert made some lemonade for lunch and we made our own sandwiches.

June 6. Parade at 8:00 this morning. Wolf and I chewed gum to keep up our spirits or keep cool? Colonel Rodney again commanded our platoon. Enroute to the library tonight stopped to watch Senior Play practice in the Forest of Arden. Not impressed. There is a lack of interest here in dramatic art. The misquitos must be glad the play is going to be given in the Forest of Arden. Preserving traditions sometimes uncomfortable.

June 7. A letter and check from Mary today. What would I do without this kindred spirit? Have been busy reading about the World War. "The Russian Empire" by Walsh is good.

June 8. Tonight Larry and I drove out to Grand Ledge and went to climb along the ledges in the park. We tramped along the river and across the glen to the ledges on the other side. A wonderful evening.

June 9. Uncle Bill came down from Fremont today to let me know I will have a job working for the Gerber Canning Company this summer. He is a big jolly red haired man, one of the superintendents of farm operations for Gerbers. Am mighty pleased and fortunate to have a summer job in these hard up times. Faith is a great thing. Sure will miss my friends.

June 11 Henry and I went to the Water Carnival tonight. We arrived in time to see 8 floats; all delightful floating majestically down the river. Across from the stands on the opposite bank on a throne sat the King and Queen of the Carnival. A big crowd.

June 13 Parade at 8:00 this morning. Saw and heard Major General Parker. At 10:30 I went to Commencement. 400 odd graduates. Dr. Glenn Frnak, President of the University of Wisconsin, spoke on The Renewal of America. Very good. Economists, business men and politicians should be animated toward one common cause for the good of America. What this country needs is a real leader and followers. We as a people spend half our time getting a leader and the other half killing him. Individualism and freedom as defined in the 18th Century and still retained is no good for we can best understand freedom by the fruits of freedom and we know that there are fruits which have been unsatisfactory. What this country needs is a suicide political pact in which politicians would turn in open conspiracy against petty politicians and party interests and ~~turn~~ their best efforts toward

that remedy of the great economic crises. It now seems that

we are a nation strangled by our own success. We have created a machine by which we fail to conform and establish the proper standard of living. We do not want a government like Europe and capitalism is in danger of a complete and drastic change unless the evils are destroyed. Let us not as a people continue to bobble along and expect to muddle through this depression. It can't be done. Let us find a leader who is an executive, an exemplar. A great responsibility rests with the educated youth of today. The Renewal of America rests upon their shoulders. Such is some of what I remember. I hope that the youth of America shall answer this call. Today we cannot look with pride upon many of our so-called great men. If they have been successful, the fruits which they leave behind are very bitter indeed. We realize the great problems that confront us. I trust that with God's help we shall be able to solve them for the betterment of mankind. I hope I can do my part, be it ever so small.

June 15. Well, Bingham and Bob have gone and it seems rather vacant already. Mr. Cook and I studied history tonight at the Faculty Club in the Union!

June 17 History exam yesterday long, but not terribly difficult. Got up at five to study for Botany exam. Not half as bad as I expected. Everyone gone except my room mate and me. Tonight eight of us went to Pleasant Lake where we had a wonderful evening dancing, strolling along the lake shore under a bewitching moon. It sure was hard to bid fareweel to my friends

June 18 Up early, cleaned and left Mrs. Baker's at noon. Home in time for lunch. Mother gone on a nursing case. Packed. Got groceries for dinner tomorrow. Looking forward to seeing Uncle Bill and Aunt Martha and their children. Paul, Jim and I went for a walk across the fields and through the woods where cranes have a rookery.

June 19 Up at five to do the washing. Got breakfast and cleaned the house and started dinner. Fremont folks came about 1:30. We ate and left for Fremont about five, stopping to say goodbye to Mother. I drove to Fremont. Arrived at nine and went up to Grandmothers to stay the night.

June 25 Received my grades today: History A, Botany, A, English B, French B. Gym B, Military Science C. Started work at five at the pea viner where peas are brought to be threshed.

Note: From June 19--Sept. 18 working in Fremont. Sept 18-22 in Battle Creek with relatives.

Sept. 22. So happy to be back at Mrs. Bakers. Phoned friends. Ate supper at Aunt Ellas and they drove me out home. Good to see Mother, Paul and Jim again. Dad not home.

Sept. 23. Lined up today to enroll. Quite a large enrollment this fall after all. Bob Guthrie is going to be my roommate. Have to accept what comes!

Sept. 24. Finally enrolled. Taking psychology, English History, Survey of English Lit, French and Military Science. Hope to take Debate also.

Sept. 25. 'Live today as if you were going to die tomorrow. Learn today as if you were going to live forever,' said Dr. McCune in his sermon this morning. Big crowd in church. Irv. came out this afternoon. As we strolled along the river admiring fall colors, he said that he was going to be a doctor. I'm pleased. Will miss him when he leaves for U. of M. Tonight we went to hear Sgt. York at the Prudden Aud.

Sept. 26 Instructors: Survey of English Lit. Wallace Moffett. I know I'm going to enjoy this man and his course. Psychology--Martin De Haan, I have my doubts about him and his course. Military Science! Capt. Voorhies, conceited, cockey. Hope the horses are better. British History, Dr. Kimber. They say he's direct from Oxford. Drole. French; Harry Barnett. Hope he takes mercy upon me.

Oct. 1 Defeat--Grief State-0, Michigan 26.

Oct. 2 Met a charming girl in the library, Evelyn Hart. We read Beowulf together, but I'll be damned if I can remember anything about it.

Oct. 4. To the Pi Kappa Delta meeting at the Union tonight. Forensic plans outlined for the year. Later went to see "Ben Hur". Much impressed.

Oct. 8. My legs are sore from riding. Bill Betts and I went to the Coop (Morrill Hall) tonight. Got dates and rode around. Ice cream later at Mathews.

Oct. 11. Felt rather inspired after a talk with Dean Austin today. Went to Debate meeting tonight. I doubt that I will have enough time to put in on debate. The competition is keen.

Oct. 19. Gave my report at debate meeting last night. It wasn't very good. Used sabers in cavalry today and nearly cut my ear off. Tracey put a hornet in Carl Jorgenson's pajamas tonight. Stuck it on with gum. Poor Carl, he rose out of bed as if he were ascending rapidly to heaven.

Oct. 21 Psychology terrible. Why am I so dumb? Got to thinking about Jean d'Arc astride my horse today with saber extended long after everyone else had returned theirs to scabbards. Will never become a good soldier. Tonight Irv. and I went to a party at the Coop. June Redman, petite,

lively, a very good dancer. Later we went for a drive around the campus and for ice cream. She is a distant relative, something like a third cousin from Alma.

Oct. 22 M.S.C. 19, Fordham 13. YEA STATE! What a game!! The crowd went wild at the Union. Went to Emma Jane Gring's party tonight. What a memorable day!

Oct. 27. In the dumps. Way down. Received terrible grades on my bluebooks. A "C-" in English. Worst ever received. A "D" in Psych. Need to get busy. Hope to show a marked improvement. Things can't go on like this.

Oct. 28. Tonight was installation of Company Sponsors. I got Carl a date and we wore our military uniforms, belts and buckles, buttons all spit and polished. The co-sponsors looked elegant in their formal and the ceremony was impressive. After the ceremony we went to the dance at the Union. June is a fun gal.

Oct. 29. A cold rainy day for the Class Rush and a poor turn out by the Class of '35. The best event was the greased pig race. Catching four greased pigs in a muddy field is a challenge. Wore my room-mate's sweat shirt and nearly ruined it. We won the tug of war. Pulled Danny Wreck across the river.

Oct. 30. Irv. and I went to hear Edwin Markham read his poetry tonight. Appreciative audience.

Oct. 31. Halloween. Norman paraded the street in his white pajamas tonight.

Nov. 1 Turning much colder. Went to hear Daniel Fohman tonight. Poor speaker. The President not much better. He had memorized his speech, but forgot it.

Nov. 2. Rode inside Dem. Hall today. Those wonderful autumn rides along the river may be at an end. Read that Yale has refused to allow anyone to work his way through college. The veil that shrouds the aristocracy is becoming quite badly worn. These pampered genteel sons of America wouldn't issue such a proclamation had their forefathers not toiled for their bread. The spirit of these young upstarts is a discredit to their country.

Nov. 3. Hoover finally appears to have come to life! I hope that he will win the election. I can't help but feel that a man who has struggled from the clutches of poverty has a greater sympathy with the common people than a man who was born sitting on a silver plate which he often complained was much too tarnished. Roosevelt's attacks upon the present administration are false and his promises unsound according to the press.

OVER

Nov 8. Roosevelt President. I wish him success.
Comstock - GOVERNOR.

Nov 9 Talk of the election peppers every conversation
Most college students throughout the country
voted for Hoover.

Nov. 15. Shakespeare's Love Sonnets are getting me down. Who is the dark lady? Lady? Cold. Roosevelt and Hoover are to confer on the national debt. Roosevelt is sick. Wouldn't Garner make a wonderful president?!

Nov. 16. Of all the horses I ever had today's was by far the worst. I hope when he gets old they kill him and make glue out of his bones. Of course, the horses are all "little sweets" and we are the big dumb "meanies" according to Capt. Voorhies. I couldn't make my horse gallop.

Nov. 22. Irv. and I went to hear Bob La Folette, leader of the Progressive Party. Quite an effective speaker. If we had more conscientious and zealous leaders who have the welfare of the people and the country at heart as he has, our country might be much prouder of its government.

Nov. 28. "D" in Military Sci. I must be a terrible horseman. Did the best I could. The Capt. is a regular tyrant. I will be glad when my stint in the military is completed. Kimber doesn't even know my name after all this time.

Dec. 1 Greatly enjoying Milton. Would like to find a friend who enjoys the simple things in life.

Dec. 2. Received an "A" in cavalry! How I must have improved!

Dec. 6 Went to hear Mr. Baker, Consul to Japan and China, talk on "The Conflict in Manchuria". Reading "Paradise Lost".

Dec. 14. Concert tonight most enjoyable Fred Patton sang. Michael Press and Alexander Schuster violins.

Dec. 16. An attack of pleurisy put me in the hospital.

Dec. 22. Got out of the hospital today. Have missed finals. Left for home.

Dec. 31 Another year has passed. I'm perplexed and disgusted with life in general, even though I know it's an unhealthy outlook. The charm, the beauty of life has become like a bouquet of faded flowers. How much my outlook has changed in a single year! I suppose one can live to be an old man and never discover the true meaning of life. Ahead lies a road so uncertain that I shudder at the thought of starting out the new year. There is a conflict between my soul and the things perceived. I have lost some of my friends; my greatest treasures, even some I sought to keep. Others have drifted away, their paths often lying in different directions. I have tasted happiness at times, but rarely have I tasted or felt love.

I don't like to criticize our government, but the repetition of false promises and deceptive practices have aroused suspicion. Youth's present perception of government may prove a challenge,

but peel off the skin and within there is such filth and corruption that the situation looks hopeless. God, save this democracy. Teach man that money and greed are the symbols of destruction and disaster. The concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a few ~~is~~ dangerous.

Gov. Comstock took office without ceremony or flourish of any kind. "This is no time for that," he claimed. "We have a big job facing us. We should take this attitude at the beginning of the new year."

Is a civilized society such as ours really a happy one? I sometimes ask myself this question. It seems we arrive here as babes, pink and innocent, dumb. We grow up unmindful of the sorrow and the exactions confronting us. In former times no job was too big, the world appeared rosey, the future bright with promises. Then we arrive at college and suddenly we fall like a dead weight to the depths of dismay where ^{we} become entangled in a mesh of vague ideas, startling truths, religion and life in general. We are caught up in a current that baffles us. We are brought up short with the fact that, after all, we are very ordinary, average, possessing no hidden talents, no great powers to lift us up. We sacrifice nearly everything for a college education (including our health), hoping to get a degree if the money can be found. We emerge with a degree and we are quite a different product than when we received our high school diploma. What does it all mean anyway? Then we fall in love, get married, have children, worry about bills, quarrel and still remain a slave to the conventionalities of life. Well, time spells out our fates.

Besides the food that I eat, I couldn't exist were it not for two other factors; a faith of some kind and a hope that serves as a continual tonic for the soul.

I refuse to believe, really, that life is as vain as it seems. Perhaps these years mean more to us than we suspect.

Back sorrow, back hate, back despair.

Let me stand free

Upon life's span.

Come faith, come love, come hope,

I'll stand with thee,

And vow, I can.

1931-1932

1932

Jan. 1 Celebrated the New Year and ringing out the old with friends at the Masonic Temple Dance. Always enjoy a date with jovial and good dancer Marjorie Holiday. Thought my legs would drop off. Spent the dawn at Silvermans. Irv. and I had dinner together and later went to a movie. How can one say "Happy New Year" with a true heart and see the present condition? World wide depression, two wars in South America, and one in Asia?

Jan. 4 Classes started today. It seemed queer not to be attending. I felt sick inside. Have arranged to take my make-up exams. This afternoon I went to see President Shaw about a loan for my tuition. In his austere office with a bowl of polished apples on a sideboard, a single beard of wheat in a bud vase on his large desk, he peered at me over the top of his steel rimmed glasses with a somewhat hawk like appearance. Robert Shaw has been President since 1928. An article in The State Journal stated that he looked and dressed rather like a well dressed stock farmer. My room-mate said he reminded him of a startled turkey. Our meeting was brief.

"What does your father do?"

"He's employed at Reo Motor Car Company"

"In what capacity?"

"He works in the enamelling department when there is work."

He pursed his lips. "Well, I can do nothing for you. Go talk to Secretary Halladay."

I went down the hall of the Administration Building and after an hour's wait was ushered into his office only long enough to be told he could do nothing for me and to go see Dean Emmons for advice as he was in charge of student loans.

Dean Emmons wasn't immediately available. As I walked outside classes were passing. My spirits were at low ebb.

That afternoon, Dean Emmons, a tall, spare, greying man informed me that a large number of students had already applied for loans and since I was only a ~~sophomore~~ I could hardly expect a loan when upper-classmen needed them. I agreed and asked his advice.

"I think you best consider dropping out of college for awhile and finding some work." He must have known that jobs were scarcer than hen's teeth.

"I do have a job now for my room and board," I told him.

He asked about my father's employment, my family background, my present living arrangements and grades. Finally, he said, "Well, I'll look into your case. Come back tomorrow. However, don't be too hopeful. I

can promise nothing."

Jan. 5. The first thing I did this morning was to seek out Dr. McCune at his office in Peoples' Church. As I stood outside the door I could hear him practicing his sermon. Entering with apology, I told him my plight and asked if he would pray with me. I sat down and he offered up a prayer that myself and others might be helped.

As I walked into Dean Emmons office at three this afternoon and realized he didn't recognize me at first, my hope began to evaporate. I looked at the gray skies through the window beyond him and wondered for a brief moment if there was a God. Then he handed me a note for my tuition and smiled. I tried to smile back and shook his hand in gratitude and breathed a prayer of thanks as I ran down the steps into the open air. Arriving home, I found \$5.00 from cousin, Mary, and a large box full of gifts from my aunt and cousins in Battle Creek, including gloves, books, ties, handkerchiefs, cake and candy. Keep the Faith!

President Coolidge died today following a heart attack. Saw Dr. McCune tonight and told him the good news.

Jan. 6. Overjoyed, high spirits I returned to my classes this morning. No one at the house except Mrs. Baker knew of the anxiety now behind me. I know I shall enjoy Dr. Mitchel in Principles of Education. He has a good reputation, one of the few in the department of education who has that distinction. Studied for Psychology exam which I surely dread.

Jan. 8 Dr. McCune's sermon was an inspiration: "A Portrait of a Happy Life." "Happiness is not found in what we can acquire. It seems to come as the by-product of the things we do in life."

Jan. 11. Everything seems to be going fine.

A hungry man is at my door, what shall I do?
My fire is warm, my loaf is sweet and I have you.
Sufficient unto my needs--but oh.
The wind is cold.
The hungry man is at my door and he is old,
And he is weary, waiting to be fed.
I cannot live until I break in three this bread
I thought was mine.
I cannot rest beside my fire unless I share
Its warmth with him and find a cloak
That he can wear.
This done--and he upon his way along the street,
I find a warmer fire--my loaf grown doubly sweet.

Jan. 12 Moved today across the hall to live with Lawrence Basset.

Guthrie seems delighted and I don't mind the change myself. Larry is well liked and we should get along.

Jan. 13. We need a great awakening in religion. We seem to have lost certain essential influences of cultivated thought; the Bible and its examples of beauty, literature and philosophy; its great fundamental human wisdom.

Jan. 15 Greatly impressed by Bishop Edgar Blake's sermon this morning. He was formerly Bishop of Paris. "It's easy to weep with friends but not always easy to laugh with others....Inject happiness into your friends. If you see some one happy never destroy it. God take away our jealousy and envy, let us rejoice when others are happy. The simple things in life are ours. We are sons of God, not servants. Let us upon arising each morning say, "Good morning sister Sun and at eventide, "Good evening brother Star."

Jan. 16. Mrs. Baker got her clothes washed early so I did my laundry and ironed--not one of my favorite tasks. Got a "B" on my history exam.

Jan. 19 Gov. ^{Conn. Took} has defied the law in refusing to file an account of his campaign expenses. How can people be expected to obey the law when the Gov. openly flouts it?

Jan. 20. "B" in Ed. test. Grandmother Smith sent me 2 pr. of socks, and \$5.00 and stamps. Read some of Will Durant's philosophy tonight and later joined Mrs. Baker for a visit. I played some hymns and we sang together. Sometimes she reminds me of Grandmother. She long ago won my devotion.

Jan. 21 After the usual Sat. chores went to the gym to exercise. Bassett and I will be alone this week-end. Made the honor roll. Out with friends tonight. When Bassett returned from his date we talked until wee morning hours.

Jan. 22 A typical March day. Wind, rain, lowering skies. The sermon: "Marching Forward with God" from Psalm 68. "Does God sometimes get tired of waiting for us to catch up?--Come on Charlies....We are like little two year old Charlies." Studied French this afternoon and read about Roosevelt's boyhood--written by his mother. Reared at beautiful Hyde Park Estate, surrounded with luxury, can he understand the troubles and problems of the common man? I should read the Bible more. The present whereas and wherefore congress is a disgrace.

Jan 23. Pains in my side again. Washed windows on the outside tonight after school. "B" on French quiz. The 20th amendment to the constitution passed today (Lame Duck).

Jan 24. Went to hear author, Robert Reynolds, tonight (Borthers of the West) A young man of thirty, he has a kind, compelling face. Spoke of An Universal Adventure; the quest of discovering the soul-- Bridging from realism to realities. "How often youth desires to become great; to mold his brain into a mighty force of energy, but there always remains the hours of work that one must endure; that desert of lonely wilderness that we must pass through alone. The human soul, what an unweeded garden of desires. How are we to know which plants to cast aside, which to nourish?"

I stand on the corner of a street in a large city. Above me tower gigantic structures of steel and granite; cold, grim. Traffic flows by in an endless stream and I hear the raucous roar of the crowd. I hear the song of birds in the country and watch a droning bee bend down a clover blossom. Life, what are you? Within my room I peer into the shadows of deepening gloom and wonder. There is hunger and longing within that food, shelter, or warmth cannot satisfy. God help me to find that hidden something that I may bring it forth and mold it into shape. There is a deep wide chasm between our life of realism and the quest of our soul. Life's great adventure will be to bridge that chasm and explore the beyond

A "C + " on my paper on Swift. Told that it wasn't naturally done. Jan 27. Three blue-books today. History was easy. Tonight was the big college formal. Larry was so excited that he could hardly control himself. What a time Norm had with his tie. He wore my black overcoat and looked very well turned out. Would like to go to a formal in a tux some day.

Jan. 30. Hitler made chancellor of Germany.

Brought home Vol I of Francesco Petrarca by Latham. Must buy an English book soon, can't bluff much longer.

Jan. 31 Military training here is sure the bunk. What soldiers we would make on the battlefield! It seems simply the age old custom of instilling in youth a philosophy of militarism which never prevented any war. Surely there is a greater need for money than this. Congress appropriates money for such foolish things.

Feb. 2 Heard Norman Thomas this noon. An impressive speaker. Addressed a large audience. "America is to look for either socialism or a dictator" I wonder. Roosevelt's economy program; \$50,000 for White House swimming pool!?

Feb. 5 Should we pray to God to end the depression? No. We have brought it upon ourselves. God has not taken away our resources, there are no great plagues or epidemics. There is an abundance of food, yet people starve. For years we were warned of the coming crisis. Dynastic America foretells this period. A Chicago banker said not long ago, "I could gather at a small table in front of me the men who control the wealth and resources of America."

Il Duce has crushed liberty in Italy. He has applied rigorous standardization behind the whine of nationalism, but hasn't conquered unemployment. I think Germany will pay a high price for Hitler. Much in a daily newspaper makes it one of the most sobering, painful studies one can find.

Feb. 6. The end of Russia's Five Year Plan found the Russians hungrier than they had been in several winters.

A "D" in education. So disappointed. Dr. Mitchell was confused in the presentment of his statements although my low grade is due more directly to lack of preparation. "Nous finissons La Mare au Diable aujourd'hui. Un examen demain!" Read some of Burn's poetry. Rather like it. Blake seems shrouded in romantic mystery. I like to derive my own interpretation from his poetry. After all, we must have some thoughts of our own. School doesn't teach us to think. We can barely stand upon our own intellectual legs without being propped up by text-books.

Our ships of Truth and Beauty that we build and set sail on in High School and College often go off their course and run aground on shoals. I'm wondering if I will ever be able to paddle my own canoe.

Feb. 9 14 degrees below zero! 93¢ for a new French book.

Feb. 10. O.K., on test in Education. Rather enjoy the new French play, "Le Fils de Giboyer" by Emile Augier.

Feb. 11 Still very cold. Enjoyed Wordsworth's "Michael" and "Tintern Abbey." His utter lack of a sense of humor sometimes renders him pathetic.

Feb. 13 A young man should know the following: how to swim, handle firearms, speak in public, cook, typewrite, ride a horse, drive a car, dance, drink, speak at least one foreign language well, and have an appreciation of the arts. Most schools are too formal in presenting education. Much of our education should come from outside the classroom.

Feb. 14. Governor Comstock has ordered all the banks in Michigan to close. It can't affect me much as the bank I'm interested in has been closed for a year. Amusing enough since this bank has evaded the law, it has been open to pay out money for pay-rolls and necessary emergencies.

Feb. 15 An attempt was made to assassinate Pres. Elect Roosevelt while in Miami, Fla, where the Astor yacht has docked. The Pres. elect was unharmed although others were hit. "I am well, I will go to visit the patients at the hospital tomorrow," he said. Cermack, mayor of Chicago, was among the injured. Things are certainly happening these days!

Feb. 16 Military test was awful. This knowledge of military tactics and sight estimation is of little importance. I don't care how I get it. So much more of importance to learn.

Feb. 18 Home. Mother and I visited most of the morning. Delicious bean soup for dinner. Dad has managed financial affairs quite well. Our debts small compared to the majority of people. ^{to LAUNDRY} met Virginia Halleck and walked home with her.

Feb. 24 History test was very long. Thought I'd never finish. French is going better. Excited when Prof. Moffat read my paper to the class in English. Buds outside my window have begun to swell and birdsong awakened me this morning. Oh, June come not too soon!

Feb. 26. An excellent sermon. How necessary that we put our trust in manking. When we doubt men, we should remember that Jesus had a greater cause to doubt than any man, but he died asking forgiveness. Science, education, philosophy though they have done much can never satisfy man's soul completely. There must be a superior force.

Feb. 28. Reading "The Public Mind" by Odegard. Revealing and interesting. Have become acquainted with John Dart, son of a prominent Mason family, banking, mfg., etc. He is a most unusual conversationalist and appears to have a brilliant mind. He reminds me of Samuel Johnson.

Mar. 1 Three reasons why we go to college: Bread and butter, a prekindergarten, cultural.

Mar. 2. One thing education must combat is the control of school textbooks by such large organizations as the Public Utility companies. We learn their principles rather than the true necessary knowledge.

I like Lord Byron's concept of nature. Dad phoned tonight. Paul has small-pox--the only case in the State. Family quarantined.

Mar 4. ROOSEVELT TAKES OATH OF OFFICE. Banks in New York and Ill. close. Roosevelt asks for war time powers. "In this dedication of a nation we may humbly ask the blessing of God. May He protect each and every one of us. May He guide me in the days to come"---his closing remarks. May confidence be restored to the people and may we all join hands to overcome this great world-wide economic depression. Give us faith in our new President. May we emerge from these dark years a new people, a new nation with a richer and fuller life for all.

Mar. 5 Holy Communion. Attended a concert and lecture given by Arthur Farwell on "Orpheus. Music superb.

Mar. 6 NATIONAL BANK HOLIDAY DECLARED BY ROOSEVELT FROM MONDAY THROUGH THURSDAY. Mayor Cermack dies. Business is at a standstill. An extra session of Congress has been summoned to relieve this situation as soon as possible. How Shelly raves in "Prometheus Unbound".

Mar. 7. Dr. WILLIAM DURANT. My but he is a big little man. I was so impressed I find it difficult to express my feelings. His first four words made me feel as if I were listening to an old friend; a great friend with human understanding and a man of intellectual power. He was brown as a nut contrasting sharply with the winter pale skins in the audience. He possesses a remarkable stage presence. A subtle man, simple, direct, never minces words, forceful in speech. He saw a great deal during a three week trip to Russia.

the President by Proclamation continues the Bank Holiday until further notice. History in the making!

Mar. 9 Thinking about Will Durant. Saw John Yale who is making a name for himself in debate. U.S. is 157 years old today.

Mar. 10 Grand Opera, "Orpheus" at the Prudden Aud. with a cast of 200. This evening will long be remembered. The beauty, grace and talent of the cast and the stage settings merit the highest praise. Scenes amazing; especially the Gate to Hell. How lovely the Elysian Fields. How impressive the tomb of Eurydice and the Temple of Eros. The M.S.C. departments of music, art, drama, dancing and others deserve the highest praise..

Mar. 11 "Fixed habits often need fixing. Advice that is pleasing is the kind we accept but usually the kind we don't need". Earthquake in Calif. 100 dead, thousands injured.

Mar. 18. I think I'm the only one in our old crowd without a steady girl friend. Have been reading some lovely Chinese poetry, very delicate, very soothing. Larry came home from a date about midnight and the gang gathered in our room. Several ridiculed poetry. We joked and joshed each other. Then we all quoted some poems learned in childhood. Finally turned out the light when I found I was quoting poetry to myself and Larry had dozed off.

Mar. 20. This damn military science. Why don't they assign me a horse with some pep?

Mar. 22. Education exam was a pipe. So easy I don't think it will count much toward final grade. Expect at least a "B", and an "A" in history.

Mar. 30 Home after spending spring vacation in Battle Creek with Aunt Hattie, Uncle Bert and cousins. Paul looks good considering recent illness, but his hands and feet are badly scarred. Surprised when I returned to the house tonight to find that Mrs. Baker is planning to move and live with daughter in Virginia. Must find a job and a new place to live.

April 1 Marks: Eng. Lit= A, History=A, Education= B, French= B, Mil. Sci=C. Upon advice of Aunt Ella went to see Mrs. Janet Perry, two houses toward Church at 244 W. Grand River. Got a job making beds and being janitor in exchange for room.

(The big yellow house has disappeared. A car wash is located on the site)

April 2 Spring term begins. Instructors: Sci of Ed.= Asst. Prof. of Ag. Ed., Bronson Walpole. Conceited, odd. Told he likes to get every girl in his classes to cry at least once. Eng. Lit= Wallace Moffet (continued), French= Hughes, good. Eng. Hist= Dr. Harry Kimber. Last term when he didn't appear after the first ten minutes of class a group of us got up to leave as he walked in and said, "I know it is the custom if an instructor doesn't appear within ten minutes after the hour

you are at liberty to leave. For an assistant professor, you should wait for 15 minutes, for a full professor, 20 minutes but for me I expect you to wait the whole damned hour." We didn't know whether to laugh or remain silent as we edged into our seats. For Speech I have Egbert King, Assoc Prof of Speech. A white man, generally respected, sense of humor. We meet in the top of the Home Ec. building. Last term of military science. No tears.

April 4. "I touch God with my song
As the hill touches the far away
Sea with its waterfall"

No horse in M.S. Must march with the freshmen. Bah! Parade in the rain. The "Akron" world's largest blimp has crashed into the Atlantic 20 miles off Jersey coast. 73 killed.

April 5 Went before the Committee to request a loan for tuition which was granted. Not impressed with tall, spare Dean Elizabeth Conrad. Dramatics promises to be enjoyable.

April 8 Larry and I moved today to Perry House. The big yellow house can accommodate about 20 students. Three floors. Plenty of work! Glad Larry and I will still room together.

April 9 To Mason to see house on ~~Jefferson~~^{St.} where the folks have moved. It is a fairly sizable house near the standpipe at top of the hill. Paul and I hung curtains and pictures. Mother having upstairs papered. She is caring for the convalescent owner, a widow, at \$35.00 per week. Dad has rented the farm. I fear we will lose it if he can't continue to make payments. Larry and I began eating at various restaurants. Larry not impressed.

April 11. Began eating at Wells Hall in the basement commons. Board \$5.50 per week. Don't miss doing dishes or fixing the fire! There are more beds to make what with seven bedrooms, including two on the third floor. Halls and baths to clean too. Thankful to have a job.

April 12. Time speeding. Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University" interesting. Dislike Science of Ed. class. Walpole is too much of an utilitarian in his ideas about education. He certainly has a good opinion of himself. While he gets under my skin at times, his views seem to have some validity.

April 15. Saw "The Sign of the Cross" Impressed with Claudette Colbert; Elissa Landi and Frederick March. Roman history is very interesting. Thankful that Dad came and gave me a little money. Badly needed.

April 19. Saw George Bernard Shaw on campus the other day. His flowing white beard impressive. If he says or twists anything to sound clever it seems forced. He would make a clever court jester for George V

Many college teachers could take a course in the techniques of good lecturing with profit. You press a button, then fight for 5 cents of information. Moffet is an exception.

April 20 Enjoy some of the fellow at the house. Among them, Fred Bentley from Lapeer. Have played some bridge with him. Sherry and Frank Jones who tends "Joanace"

Apr. 28. Uncle Bill wrote that I can work for Gerbers again this summer. Dread the thought of June coming all too soon.

Miss Carret in the hospital for an operation.

Apr. 30. Alone most of this dreary Sunday. Studied, slept. Browning puts me to sleep. We popped corn tonight when the fellows returned from their week-ends out of town crammed with raw humor. Pain in side again.

May 1 Hot. The pr. of shoes Irv. gave me pinch my feet. Bummed home. Spring has begun to knit green blouses for the trees. Have started smoking a pipe. My room mate is so deeply in love time barely exists for him.

May. 8 Learned Miss Carret has cancer and recovery unlikely.

May 9 Test in Sci. of Ed. Walpole not there again.

Paraguay declares war on Bolivia. Hundreds return to work in Eastern mills. Talk of inflation. Hope I can go to U. of M. next year.

May 10 Went to the International Relations Club meeting tonight. Mr. Sage spoke on the French people. Very interesting. I was put on the Nominating Committee. After the meeting I went for a drive with Mr. Sage and he told me about his trip to Europe last summer. His descriptions are so vivid.

May 13. Mrs. Perry is away visiting so I ate breakfast at the house. Spent so much time on French blue book I was late to drama class and got locked out. Missed the mid-term.

May 17. My mind is filled with doubt and little hope as I view the Geneva Conference. The crisis of war in Europe can't be averted so easily. The League of Nations was based on the mis-conception that there was a universal desire for peace and a similar readiness of all nations to subordinate individual national purpose to collective judgement. Designed to be the executor of the moral and political will of an international society, the League has become the battle ground of two European groups seeking to operate the League in the interests of their own national objectives. Peace in Europe means the realization of purposes which are mutually exclusive and can prevail only after conflict. I'm also doubtful of the success of the Economic Conference being held in London.

May 20. Went to the Frosh Frolic with June Redman. Jerry Schroder's Orchestra. Enjoyed every minute. Ice cream later at Matthews. She sure is a keen girl and a swell dancer.

May 21 Went home. Mother away. Dinner with Dad, Paul, James, the nurse and Frances, the housekeeper. After dinner Paul and I played some new pieces. Many bouquets of flowers. Dad a real flower lover. We had an interesting visit about foreign affairs, economics and education. No matter how much education I have acquired, Dad will always impress me as a man who is not

only well read, but able to express his ideas based on sound logic. He is working hard to keep the family's financial head above water.

May 25 I'm afraid this international council at Geneva is built on false hopes. Whatever our intentions toward Europe may have been as a people, capitalists have caused us to be left without friends. We have been swayed by sentimental pleas.

Shouldn't we recognize Russia? Her 165,000,000 people offer the greatest potential foreign market. It could take the entire surplus of our factories. Trade should be encouraged with Russia and South American countries.

The House of Morgan scandal has been a shock to the nation.

Is Roosevelt really representing the desires of the U.S.?

May 29. Downtown with Fred to buy a pr. of white shoes for him. Supper and beer. Bah! Don't like it.

June 1. Dress rehearsal tonight. I think our play is going to be good. We have a good bunch.

June 2. Our play went off pretty well. Received many comps. King excused me from a toast.

June 2. Miss Eva Carrett died tonight. I have lost one of my most loyal, intimate and dearest friends. She was a friend to many and one of the greatest teachers I have ever known.

June 7. How I wish it would rain. 94 degrees in the shade. Our room is like an oven. Must leave for Fremont on the 18th and how I dread it. At mid-night a group of us went swimming at the gravel pit. A big moon shone through the dense mist hovering like a blanket above the water. We found a raft and had great fun with it. Posed naked in the moonlight.

June 12 Cooler. Fred and I got up and went to military parade. Saw General Parker. My last day of military forever. Our platoon was perfect in the parade. Everytime I think about the end of the school year I shudder. It seems only yesterday that I had to leave. Will miss the gang here at the house very much.

June 14 In Memoriam To Miss Eva Carrett.

When I think of you/ I die too/ In my heart bereft/ Like yours, of air/ no sound is left/ nothing is there/ To make a word of grief.

June 16 This marks the end of my Sophomore year. Last exam this rainy morning. Larry left, then Fred and Harry, Jones and Shorty, Dick, Bill and Deke. I'm alone. The house vacant, silent, lonely.

June 17. Looked for the folks all morning. Wrote to Mrs. Baker. Mrs. Perry packing for her Texas trip. Jim came after me about one.

June 16 through Sept. 9 Worked for Gerber Canning Co. in Fremont, Michigan
Sept. 11 - Sept. 17. Attended the World's Fair in Chicago with cousin, Mary, and her friend..

Sept. 18. Returned to Perry House yesterday. Spring Term Grades: Sci. of Ed=B
 Eng. Lit=B, French=B, History of England=B, Advanced Play Production= A, Mil Sci=C
 Disappointed in history grade. About what I deserved in other courses.

Sept. 19 Up early to help Mrs. Perry. Then went out to scout for roomers. Great seeing old friends. Dwight Large is going to Yale Divinity School.

Sept. 20. Up early again and off to the Union to scout for roomers.

Sept. 23. Great time at the Frosh Frolic. Everybody seemed present but the freshmen. Not difficult to guess why. Saw ~~June~~ Redman. Cute as ever. Frank Jones has returned. Registered Sept. 21. Classes: School Administration=Evertt Austin, Acting Dean of Liberal Arts, Prof of Ed..Tall lean, efficient, steel rimmed glasses. English Comp= Peter Devries, Ancient History= Ruth Johnston, Latin American History= Harold Fields, National Gov't= James T. Caswell, Asst Prof of Hist., Advanced Dramatics = Egbert King.

Larry and Fred arrived today. Irv drove out from Lansing this afternoon. He looks rather wan after his operation. We drove into the country to enjoy autumn colors and catch up on each other. I sang "Stormy Weather". He wants to learn it.

Sept. 24. Costs: Note paper .25, pants cleaned .35, map .10, play book .35, hair cut .35, toothpaste .10, ~~socks~~ .30, tie .25, tie rack .10. Received \$9.00 from Dad.

Sept. 28. Eating at the Green and White Cafe; new boarding club at 207 E. Grand River, upstairs. Cost \$2.50 per week. Better than Wells Hall!

Sept. 29. Play practice--"The Gay Pretender", I'm Stephen Drexel, the young wild son of a millionaire. Fun to pretend. Fred and I double dated tonight and went to Coral Gables. I took Margaret Baird, pretty auburn hair and good dancer.

Sept. 30. Become an expert bed-changer, etc. Helped in the garden.

Oct. 4. Tonight Jones, Fred, Buz Bartling and I went to swipe some grapes. We were picking rapidly when some one got scared and ran. Fred and I stayed to pick some apples. Arrived home looking like two pregnant women. Stolen grapes seem to taste better.

Expenses: Time sub. \$1.00, coat-\$5.10, sheet music-.35, soup bowl-.50, stamps-.15, lunch-.10, car fare-.10, meal ticket-, \$2.50.

Oct. 5 The acquisition of an education often leads to discouragement. It's a question whether one works in college for the mark, which may be valuable in terms of money, or for the love of knowledge and a fuller appreciation of life. Better puzzle this out and try to understand life.

Oct. 6 Another week has zipped past. Where does the time go? Lovely autumn days, brisk with the tang of fall leaves. The Red Cedar stippled with yellow, red, brown and orange. Blue moonlight nights, shadows, walks across the campus meeting strangers yet feeling a common bond. Went home tonight. Mother away. Paul, Jim, Dad and I went to a dance in Mason Knew quite a few and had a great time in this rather rural setting. Paul and I drove home late. He is so grown and only a few years ago I was taking care of him. Good to sleep in my own bed. We have a new housekeeper, fairly young.

Oct. 7 Left this morning early with the car. Arrived at the house before most of the fellows were up. Larry and I went over to the gym to take a shower. Then I took a car load of friends to the game in Ann Arbor. Michigan got three touch-downs in the first quarter. The rest of the game proved exciting. We scored in the 4th quarter. Ate in Howell on the way home. It grew very dark and someone suggested we jack up the clouds and lo, and behold, we saw a beautiful sunset!

Oct. 8. Took the car back and enjoyed Jim's birthday dinner.

Oct. 10. Went downtown with Fred, Frank and Larry to a 10¢ movie and could have kicked myself for doing it. Had my theme read in English class. King says I'm doing quite well in the play. Must improve.

Oct. 11 Prof in English read some of my poetry today to the class. He liked it and wants to see more. Sorry I threw away all I wrote last summer about 20 pages.

Oct. 12 Stopped in the office today for a chat with Mr. Towne^{Librarian} about Germany. He is rather pro-Hitler claiming the persecution isn't so bad, but more a turning over of government jobs. "Germany has a new complex because it^{is} hemmed in by unfriendly countries. Hitler is the natural product of a people grappled by hoops of steel longing to break forth".

Oct. 15. Received an "A" grade for "A Pail of Peas". Wish I had a talent for writing. Went to the library tonight and also to the tea dance at the Coop. Dad gave me \$2.00,

Oct. 17. Play rehearsal tonight. These slap-stick comedies give me a pain. One can't go very far in dramatics here. Ancient history with Miss Johnston, an excellent teacher, proving most interesting. She inspires me to become a teacher.

Oct. 19. I'm enjoying Prof. Fields very much. Feel very fortunate to have him and Miss Johnston. They put flesh and blood into historical characters and history becomes alive.

Oct. 21 Finances running alarmingly low. My poem, "The Duck" severely critized and justly so. John Yale's, "This is the Dawn", splendid. Play practice takes a lot of time and there is a lot of grief in acting. Rather disgusted with the Prof and some others.

Oct. 28 STATE 27, Syracuse-3. Home-coming. A great Day. Fraternity and Sorority Houses gaily decorated. Many alumni returned. Went to the game with Irv. and fellows from the house. Jock Neller, an old friend from grade school days, is a good yell-leader. Many parties tonight. Felt the need to study so went to the library. Not many there. Fred came home sick. Missed the bath-room stool. Put him to bed.

Oct. 29. Indian summer. Play rehearsal this afternoon. Went for a long walk alone; a relief to lose myself and try to forget some of the worries that seem to beset me and some of my disagreeable traits. Low on funds.

Oct. 30 Frank and I raked leaves tonight and had a big bonfire. I have a snoty nose. Still no word from home. I can't understand my family sometimes.

Oct. 31. Saw my old friend from High School Days, Melba Rooker, She used to be school secretary. Thinned down and beautiful; wonderful soft hair, lovely teeth. We chatted about all the scandal and tried to catch up on each other's past. Tonight we initiated some of the boys at the house. Baytling was the instigator. Had a Kangaroo court. Nose rolling, airplane ride during which Curtis ripped a light fixture loose. Guessing games, 20 questions and the "holy water" drink followed by pop-corn. Oct. has gone and so have autumn leaves.

Nov. 1 Well none of us can afford to join a fraternity so we have formed The Mystic Knights and two of us have decided to put out a broadside called "The Knightly Tattler". Play practice until ten. Wish we had a radio here.

Nov. 2. Cut Poly sci. so I could finish my paper in English. Had a paper, "On Going to China" read in class. Didn't think much of it. Mrs. Perry's daughter came from Minneapolis to visit. Paul came in today and I let him take my blue suit for a party. He promised to return it on Sat.

Nov. 3. Education courses are a disappointment. Content over-laps, profs, for the most part, are mediocre at best. Too many are too busy messing with politics and committees and making speeches around the state at Rotary Clubs, high school assemblies and commencements. Text-books seem to be selected in a haphazard manner. Too bad these are required courses for anyone who wants to become a teacher. Don't consider Dr. Austin much of a teacher.

Nov. 5 Big bull session tonight and touch football at which I'm not very good. Bliss came home very late with 5 gals of cider for The Mystic Knights. Out of bed jumped everyone to guzzle.

Nov. 8 Dress rehearsal tonight. Disgusted because they have me listed as John Wood on the playbill. Curtis Rogers a nut. Had a set-to with Prof King over comp. tickets. He gave them to his favorites. Us lesser lights found it out and let him know our feelings. Damn campus politics. Downright rotten. The "Uppers" put their heels in your face at every

opportunity.

Alan Brightman, high school friend and classmate at M.S.C. until he left on a merchant vessel to sail up the Congo, returned home today. After dress rehearsal attended a party at his home on Fairview St, in Lansing. Tall deliberate, tanned and in fine physical shape, he seemed older than most of us. Envy him and long to hear of his experiences. Nov. 9 The Charming Pretender presented in the auditorium on the top floor of the Home Ec. Building--our class room. Lines were forgotten and the action poor. Keenly disappointed. Friends told me I did well, but I know better.

Nov. 10 So tired after the play it was a chore to attend classes. Dad brought in my over-coat which will have to do for another year. He said they were going to move. The farm has been lost as he simply couldn't make the payments. It has been a real struggle for him, working what few hours he could at the Reo Motor Car Company, trying to supplement with farm produce and helping out Wilfred Jewett who lives on the farm next to ours. The N.R.A.! Well, what good is it anyway? I feel sorry for mother and dad.

Nov. 11 Enroute home from library tonight heard music coming from the Union ballroom and wished I were there dancing.

Nov. 12 Jones and I went to church this morning. Sermon: "Satan Let Loose." "The war clouds hang heavy over Europe....where are the ideals of yesterday?...Too often we build God within ourselves." To church again tonight to hear a chalk talk on "The Song of Hiawatha". Had a song fest with the fellows tonight. How we can sing!

Nov. 14 EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. She was wonderful as usual. Her energy creative strength seem to vibrate. With this auburn haired poetess, I lapsed into memories of childhood, dwelt in the realm of love, felt strength when I couldn't find it. How I would love to know her, to meet her alone to talk for just a little while, but life is ^a strong net and we try in vain to surmount the walls and enter into companionship with another whose soul seems a kindred spirit.

Jones and I post first issue of "The Knightly Tattler" a single sheet of news, satire, jokes about roomers at 244 W. Grand River, known to us as The Mystic Knights.

Nov. 15. Bridge tournament began at the house tonight and we are planning a stag party.

Nov. 16. Were it not for the few dollars sent my Grandmother Smith, Aunt Alr Uncle Bill and Mary I would be financially strapped. Did my laundry tonight and ironed thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Perry.

Nov. 19. Paul came after me. I like the stucco house on Ash St. which the folks are renting in Mason. It's an ample duplex owned by Mrs. Henderson, a widow who lives on the other side. Mother pleased too.

Read some things I had written to the family after dinner. Not much response. Paul brought me back to East Lansing and I went to the library for some much needed study.

Nov. 21 Actors in the play I'm directing are getting into their parts with more feeling. Attended the International Relations Club..

Nov. 22 Quite a visit today with John Yale. Read some of his sonnets. They are good. Many analogies. He paints quite well with oils, walks on his hands and now plans to become a minister.

Nov. 23 We acquired a radio for the house today and fixed up one of the rooms as a den. Our news sheet, "The Knightly Tattler" is now officially recognized and the Mystic Knights have a constitution. Went dancing tonight with Maurine King. Wow! How she has changed from our high school days.

Mar. 25 To the Fall Term party tonight at the Union with Isabel Champion. Ball room decorated with branches of colorful leaves, shocks of corn, cornucopias with harvest bounty. Irv. seems distant. He is socializing more now with Jews than gentiles. Henry Fine did the same thing. I miss his friendship.

Nov. 26 Served supper in my room. Bob Allman from Saginaw arrived then Buz Bartling and Larry Bassett. Allman got some liquor. Soon Jones and Bartling got in a fight with Buz getting a black eye. Fred and I put an ice pack on it and tried to calm Jones. Jack Hammon hid in his closet and kept uttering "Who...Who, I'm a night owl." Allman was feeling no pain. What a night!

Nov. 27 No money for lunch so took my flat iron and placing it upside down between two chairs put a can of tomato soup in a pan to heat. With a piece of bread and jam fell to with gusto. Borrowed 50¢ from Larry to pay on board bill.

Nov. 29-Dec.3 Thanksgiving in Battle Creek with relatives.

Dec. 2. Reading Anthony Adverse by Hervey Allen. Much impressed.

Dec. 3 Good to be back at the house again and enjoy the companionship of the gang as they return. Jones husked some pop-corn tonight and Jack got tight.

Dec. 5 Allman and I went to the library to study tonight. There is an imposing marble bust of Socrates in the upper hall. Allman stuck a cud of gum on his nose,

Dec. 6 Registered for Winter Term: Tests & measurements with Prof Elijah Grover, often referred to as "Old Chalk Dust" and reputed to be about as interesting. Alas, it's a required course. The Grovers live next door. He seems a sober, pleasant oldster. Mrs. Grover noted in the Garden Club for her tulips and roses. House is a pin-neat white.

310K - English Lit contuing with Moffat.

312 d. - English Composition with Peter Devries

407 b Ancient History with my favorite, Ruth Johnston. Looking forward to the Greeks and Romans. If anyone can resurrect them from the past, she can.

408 b. Latin American History. Pleased to be continuing with Harold Fields.

301 b. Political Science--State Government. No one teaching it but Caswell. A pleasant rather easy-going sort.

In School Administration Dr. Austin exploded as usual about the deplorable state of education. Why don't the powers that be do something about it? He admitted that the text which he ~~originally~~ praised so highly early in the term should be consigned to the sewer!

Spent several hours in consultation with the players.

Dec. 7 Trying to finish a sonnet but still in the dark. Play rehearsal takes up so much time. How rapidly the rosey ideals and ideas have faded these last few years. It's no relief to be snared by reality; to be brought to earth from dreams. Childhood should be a happy time. Much of mine wasn't.

Dec. 8. Bartling and I had dates tonight. We took our girls bumming. Walked them all over downtown and around the capital, in it, and opened our lunch box on the back porch of the capital and fell to. Then we raced downtown, bought the girls some loly-pops and took them to a 10¢ show and bummed home. The guys that picked us up were also picking up red lanterns at construction sites and gave Virginia one. for her room. I wonder what Gov. Comstock will think when he finds egg shells all over the Capitol steps?

Dec. 9 The Sat. chores, then went home with Paul and Jim who came after me. After dinner Paul and I played some new music. It's hard to study at home. A good discussion with Dad about economic and political affairs. He is very up on current affairs and very strong for Roosevelt.

Dec. 10 Tonight Allman and I went downtown in falling snow. Rode in an open car and were covered with snow when we got out. He is a good chap. The world is beautiful, but, oh, so cold.

Dec. 13 Dress rehearsal. My sonnet wasn't one!

Prof. Randall likes my diary on a trip ["]Down the River of Doubt. Suggsted I might sent it to Boy's Life. Have been reading about the Amazon during spare time for background material.

Dec. 14. THE MACKROUPOLIS SECRET presented in the aud., top of the Home Ec. Bldg. It was a success! Charlotte Pike as Emilie Martv was excellent. Dean Austin congratulated me which meant much.

Dec. 15. Jones and I published "The Knightly Tattler" again. The guys getting quite a bang out of it. Received many compliments about the play. The cud of gum is still on Socrates' nose and looks like a permanent wart.

Dec. 17. Studied at the library most of the day. The gang all descended on my room tonight for a bull session. I threw Bob's slippers out the window so they took my pants off. A scuffle ensued with Jack on my side. So this is the way you spend a Sunday evening! Cold out.

Dec. 18. Last classes today. Dreaded exams tomorrow. The library crowded tonight.

Dec. 19. Tonight I presented my play. Looked all over for a horse's skull. Dr. Floyd Young, Prof. in the Vet. Dept. and my second cousin helped me find one. He has certainly advanced in recent years., The skull was just the right color and dirty too. Alas, the play turned out only fair.

After the play went to the Lamba Chi house to study with Dick, Don, and Jerry. They sure have a wonderful house. Real ritzy, but I don't especially like some of the fellows and their campus activities.

Dec. 21 Christmas vacation began today with the same old ache of seeing the boys leaving for home and sitting quietly in a big lonely empty house. Jones and I papered today covering up the ink-stained walls. It peeled off almost as fast as we put it up so had to mix a new batch of paste. Bob and Bart went to Detroit. Jack Hammen moved out. Sorry to see him go; a clean-cut pleasant chap. Fred Bentley may not return. Couldn't find my proofs so my picture will not appear in The Wolverine. Ate at Hunt's Food Shop this noon, but having paid 39¢ for lunch didn't enjoy my meal. Jim came to take me home tonight.

Dec. 28 Returning to college next term. THANK GOD!

Marks: Latin American History-A, Education-C, Dramatics-B, English Comp-B, Pol. Sci.-B, Ancient History-A.

Dec. 31 I come to the end of the year not as one whose chin is still fastened to the cloud of day dreams and walking obliviously over the ugliness of life, but one who sees life's realities, its cruelty, its beauty, love, hopes, sorrows, faiths and the struggles among them buffeted often by uncontrollable forces. If I have grown up now, then I'm disappointed for life still seems a game the rules of which I have yet to learn. It's a mystery too, too deep to fathom. Some friends of yesteryear seem to have drifted away. I welcome new ones and it's high time I cut the umbilical cord with Eastern High School. My greatest desire is to write something worthwhile.

Roosevelt seems to be trying to gather up the fallen reins of this sick old world and to harness our nation once more to the wheel of prosperity. and infuse new life into a people grown sick and dangerous. Toward

many regard as corrupt and undemocratic. He seems to have grasped the helm and if he can pilot the ship of state safely, he will rank high among our presidents.

War doesn't seem so near at present. Most of the people want peace.

I feel I have learned much more about history and geography with interest heightened and sustained.

Financially I'm worse off than a year ago, despite last summer's labors.

Spring and fall of this year were happy times. The summer seemed endless. Caring memories will abide with Grandmother in church, my thoughts garnered while reading "The Sea", mornings on the lake fishing, lying in the hay mow listening to the rain on the barn roof,

The World's Fair was interesting, but I longed to share it with a strong, close companion. Mary was wonderful, but I wanted some one to love in a different way. I wanted a girl, but that desire faded soon after returning to college.

Religion doesn't seem as important in my life as it did. I still want to believe, but I don't dwell much in the realm of religious thought.

These have been rough times for the family; the loss of the farm, moving to a rented house in Mason, a falling off of work for Dad and a greater dependence on mother's nursing as source of income. Paul and Jim have grown rapidly and I enjoy their companionship. Separation from family has inevitably meant a drifting apart.