

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

1931 - 1935  
JON L. YOUNG

VOL. II  
1934

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Jan. 1 Interviewed for a job at the Campus Hotel. Dinner with Mrs. Perry. Cleaned room, read from "Anthony Adverse" and then went with the old gang to see Smilin' Thru at the Strand. It was the first time we had been together since last New Year's Eve. Don has changed the most outwardly, at least. Chuck and Bea are very much in love. Hank the same easy-go and getting a little bald. Irv? I know it's the conventional thing to do, but I don't like celebrating the reunion of old friends. Each tries to impress the other with the worldliness he has <sup>acquired</sup> during the year. We laugh over old times and brush them aside to recall them later in bed at night and draw again in our mind friends as they were and are. In parting farewells we peek for an instant through the mesh of conversation.

Jan. 2 Didn't get the job and quite disappointed. The folks will be too. The fellows returned today, each with his Christmas vacation tales. If only one could acquire the art of listening, but we all tell our own "startling amusing experiences". Well, it's good to be back again and feel the atmosphere of fellow-ship permeate through the rooms. Glad Fred has returned.

"Anthony" and I did many things today, and I lived with him through the fever and chased the fleeting shadows of fish in tidal pools, felt the glow of the tropical sun.

Palmer Walker, a handsome, agreeable chap, has taken a room on the third floor.

Jan. 3 Winter term began today. Don't know how I can purchase so many new books. Will try to drift along for awhile. Mr. Waldo in Continental Novel seems interesting. The course looks promising. We meet in the Union ball room the class is so large. Noted Sarah Shaw, the President's daughter and Mrs. Wilbur M. Brucker <sup>the governor's wife</sup> among my classmates.

Had dinner with Aunt Ella and Uncle Will tonight and later got a job working for my board at the Grace E. Lyon Cafe near the corner of Grand River and Abbott where, according to the advertisement, quality food is served with quick service. ... For \$5.00 one can board for a week. It takes away a lot of worry to know I have a job.

Jan. 4 Enjoying Expository Writing. Continuing writing my South American Diary-Down the River of Doubt.

Began work as dishwasher. All the dishes are green glass! Washed dishes most of the noon hour. Mr. Lyons, the chef, is a spineless jelly fish the minute his wife, the epitome of a tyrant, enters the kitchen. Gone is the poise and charm she exudes as secretary of Peoples' Church. She rants at everyone, producing a high state of confusion.

Grace E. Lyons is a short stout plump woman with sandy colored hair. As secretary of Peoples' Church her sin is small as I expected water in the air. In this cafe kitchen her tongue is razor sharp and her hands squelchy. Husband takes many a lessoning as the chef.



Quite humorous in a way. Out front soft lights, tasty food, music, her essence of grace. Behind the scene her harsh voice, the clank of pots and pans, and me half hidden in the steam rising from a tub of dishes. Worked two hours tonight before heading for the library. The trees are encased in ice. Fell down on the way home. Meeting of the Mystic Knights. Way behind on my dues!

Jan. 5 Looking forward to the week-end. Had quite a chat with John Yale. *EAGER to see* what he has written recently. Harlan Clark, a very aimable, intelligent young man, is a waiter at the Cafe. Informed me that he is an ardent pacifist.

An article in "The State News" states that my acting in the recent play was somewhat more favorable than last time.

The girl-chase has begun again. Virginia has sent an article for the Tattler, but I'm so busy this term I think we will cease putting it out.

Jan 6. Worked five hours at the Cafe. It seems too much for three meals. Finished chores at the house in late afternoon and ended up washing dishes, pots and pans at nine tonight. Read a little history and some more of "Anthony Adverse". "Strong friendship begins with respect, traverses admiration and ends in trust and affection which continue to combine the first two. It finds its equipoise in the discovery that both parties have a belief and trust in some external relationship other than themselves."

Heard Admiral Byrd talk from the Antarctic tonight. He has recently discovered that what was thought to be land is now 20,000 sq. miles of Pacific Ocean.

Jan. 7 Tired out by the time I returned from the Cafe at 8:30. Most of the fellows had gone out. Jones and I popped some corn and Mrs. Perry gave us some home-made candy. Bartling came home and recited Annabell Lee for me before going to bed.

Jan. 8 Continental Novel is so interesting. Prof. <sup>Patrick</sup> Waldo seasons his lectures with quite a bit of philosophy. Enjoying "Cervantes" but not getting on very fast with "A Man of Quality".

Worked again until 8:30 tonight. Broke dish in the soapy water and cut my hand in two places. I'm glad the garbage cans are directly under the sink and the dishes are green. Pity the poor pigs that eat this garbage! John Yale is coming to wait table at noon hours.

Charlotte Pike said the director of the Detroit Theater said my acting in the last play was very good. John Yale and I were the outstanding male actors according to him. This rather pads the B received.

He is a blond, blue eyed man in his late thirties. Aguardle looking, and a bundle of energy. Regarded as the most popular figure on campus.

Jan. 9 Heard a lecture by Albert Edward Wiggam and got his autograph. His speech was a review of his "Marks of An Educated Man", padded a bit to suit the present situation. Did Michelangelo design St. Peters? I thought just the dome?? Damn those glass dishes. Cut my fingers daily. Educational scars!

Jan. 11 More money missing from our rooms. We called a cop. Suspicion thrown upon M., but we should all be under suspicion now. Some think M. must be mentally deranged to persist in stealing.

Jan. 12 Cut Education this morning. There are some days when I think I can't endure Old Chalk Dust for the rest of the term. Prof. Fields thought my contrast of Miranda with Columbus was very good. I wonder if M. took the last money found missing?

Bill, Bartling, Jones, Palmer, Max, Wolf and I went downtown tonight to a dance at the I.O.O.F. Hall. Reminded me of one of Waldo's "brothels", which of course, it wasn't. Had several dances with a pretty girl, Sylvia, in a green dress. Bartling copped onto a girl from Flint and got home at 3 a. m.

Jan 13. M's father came to take him home this morning. Feel sorry for the father. Reading Sapho by Daudet. Don't care much for it. It reeks with sex and prostitutes. Women make such jack-asses out of men.

Irv. wanted to give me some money tonight, but I simply couldn't accept it.

Jan. 14. Told Prof. Caswell what I thought of Dr. Austin and wish I hadn't. Worked four hours at the Cafe. Never feel hungry. Sick of food.

Jan 15. Cut Pol. Sci. I haven't a text and the one Prof Caswell gave me is very out-dated. Broke two dishes today. I don't blame Mrs. Lyons for being provoked. They will have to be charged against my over-time. Soap suds, making beds, studying, cleaning rooms are the warp and woof of days. Long to break free. John Yale, Harlan Clark and I somehow manage to rise above the dishes, pots and pans, and suds.

Jan. 16 Dad brought me some clean clothes but no money. I feel the folks could give me just a little.

Heard the beginning of John Yale's novel today. It's an unusual subject, rather effeminate in spots, but containing some excellent descriptive passages. I wonder if some sentences were coined.

Waldo says that much of Shakespeare isn't original and the ideas padded. What padding! Wish I had a room of my own. Made a map of Greece. Went to the lib. with Bartling, conceited, but likeable.

Jan. 17. Served 35 dinners tonight at the Cafe. Made 50¢ in tips. Paid off Fred and bought some note paper.

In Pol. Sci. class most students are for the abolition of many of our worn out institutions of government. Why do we keep them; these petty traditions that have long out lived their time and have no place in this complex civilization?

Finger-nails chipped down to the quick.

Jan. 18 Did some research on the Orellana River, but found little. We are studying the revolutions in Latin America which Prof. Fields makes doubly interesting. So much want to teach history. Just hope I can get a job.

Jan. 20. Mrs. Perry helped me with cleaning this morning and we nearly finished by noon. At the wrestling match one boy was injured in the ring but the referee shoved him into the match again. The crowd jeered and he continued until he fell overcome by the pain of broken ribs. When it finally dawned that he was injured he was carried to the locker room. There are those who seem to enjoy seeing others hurt.

Jan. 22 Many men stopping by these days at the house during the Short Course for Farmers.

Served a rather exclusive group at the Cafe at noon; the Peoples' Church Council including Dr. McCune, Miss Johnston, Dr. Hunt, Mrs. Halladay and the Nation<sup>al</sup> Church Sec. from New York. Mrs. Lyons exuded sweetness and light.

Jan. 23 Prof. De Vries read an installment of my "Down the River of Doubt" and it was criticized rather constructively, but left me discouraged regarding writing future installments.

Enjoyed reading about the democracy of Pericles. It was quite wonderful for the age, but not purely democratic. Had a chat with Harlan on religion over the dish tub.

The intervention of the U.S. in Cuba's struggle for independence shows how much people want war when they think they have been injured. They rush to have their heads shot off while the "uppers" watch from behind their curtain of propaganda. Fools! Will they ever learn not to lose their heads over a waving flag and blaring bugle?

Jan. 24 Visited the State Capitol today to get a copy of the constitution and a legislative hand-book. Thought once of going to call on Treasurer T.I. Fry of Fremont who was a great friend of my mothers and who wanted to adopt me after she died when I was about four. But the time seemed inappropriate so went to the gallery of the House



A representative was urging auto taxes be transferred to real estate taxes. When called upon to defend his figures and statements he flushed and amid general laughter edged to his seat. Have we advanced so far from the Age of Pericles? Tonight Larry, Palmer and I wound up the evening at Byrne's Drug Store with malted milks.

Jan. 25 Mrs. Lyons was on a rampage today. Poor Gus, her husband. She browbeats him to a pulp. Shouted at waiters because they didn't move fast enough.

Dad came tonight with clean clothes but no money. I wonder how he thinks I manage.

Prof. Caswell claims he's trying to teach respect for the law but it's difficult when such foolish laws are passed.

Jan 29 Prof. Caswell rather alarmed me today when he told the class that an A.B. degree didn't amount to much. Sometimes I wonder what value my study of history is doing me when teaching positions are so difficult to obtain.

The farmers are beginning to arrive. The house was full tonight as some sought rooms. Could use an assistant bed-maker tomorrow! Yale remarked how the farmers try to affect city ways as they entered the Cafe. One man came to the kitchen with a satchel with a large snake in it. The waiters crowded around for a look until Mrs. Lyons shooed him out.

Jan. 30 Walked to class with my English Comp. instructor, Mr. Peter DeVries. He told me that I wrote well, but I plan to give up on the South American piece. Must read some Voltaire.

An article in the New York Times states that the Russian Air Force is quite powerful and the next air battle will be a great one resulting in much chaos. All the chaps at the house claim they won't join up in case of a war, but I suspect if the bugle blows and the flag waving starts they will have a change of heart.

President Roosevelt was 52 today and birthday parties in his honor are being held throughout the nation. Proceeds going to the Warm Springs Foundation. I wonder how much money will actually get there.

Feb. 1 Somebody has posted a list of nick-names above the toilet seat in the bathroom. I'm Giggy???. Looks like Bartling's handiwork.

At a meeting of the Mystic Knights we collected money for the radio. I kicked in 45¢ past dues. Bartling drove everybody from the meeting when he gave his talk on "How To Make Bread" which he must deliver in speech class tomorrow.

Feb. 2 Prof Caswell going like a whiz in Govt. Rec'd a call from Prof. Nickel asking me to take a part in a play to be broadcast.

Will I ever!

So discouraged and in the dumps tonight after I finished the dishes I hopped a bus and went downtown to see "Tonight is Ours" with Frederick March and Claudette Colbert. Noted that Marjorie MacDonald is engaged to Russel Moore. She's a lovely girl and he one lucky guy. The news didn't lift my spirits any.

Fr. Coughlin predicts the next war will be between Russia and Japan. Japan will buy supplies from England and we will sell to Russia. If every merchant had to sail on the ship with his supplies the war would soon be over.

Feb. 5 Well, I have tried to look on the bright side of things today after reviewing all my faults last night. Would like so much to be more carefree, a better mixer and more fun loving instead of such a sober-socks ~~sur~~rying around most of the time. It's been a lovely day. Patches of sun on the snow are almost blinding. This morning a sugar-snow fell. At twilight all was still and cold outside as I listened to melodious soothing organ music over the radio. Hope our play broadcast tomorrow is a success.

I would like to write a book tracing a boy's development showing his talents and ambitions in early life and then the loss of his ideals and thwarting of ambitions; sort of a tempering of steel as he becomes a man who??

Feb. 6 Rioting in Paris against the government led by Royalists. The bankruptcy of the National Pawn Shop and swindling of \$60,000,000 and the sudden death of Stavinsky.

Enjoyed broadcasting today for the first time. Apparently we were a success.

Heard an ~~explos~~ talk tonight on the Arctic: "A civilization is any place where you can purchase a package of Wriggley's chewing gum or a box of Smith Brothers' Cough drops without too much trouble."

Enjoying Stephan Zweig's Marie Antoinette.

Feb. 7. Life viewed in the abstract seems an empty shell of existence. We wonder around in this shell building dreams, ideals, temples to the future, then die. The shell decays. But on the other hand to view life through faith we find a new light. In opening a new book there is a new chapter to life, a play, a well cook<sup>d</sup> meal, a new event all tend to help me view life as less a cynic. I seem to shift from one outlook to another <sup>several</sup> times a day. Suppose most of us do. Wrote a long letter to Mary revealing myself.

Feb. 8. Studied with Sophia Vankuiken tonight at the library. She is from LANSING, a large girl with pleasing personality, prominent nose

but on a well porportioned face. With her hair in braids on either side of her head, she reminds me of a Dutch lass. Very likeable but not lovable.

One of the most charming girls I have seen on campus is Eleanor Hubbard, apparently from a wealthy family, very popular and probably has never given me a thought. I sit next to her boy friend in Continental Novel and he stares at her as though bewitched most of the time. He and I have struck up a rather jaunty acquaintance. I wish he would introduce me.

Feb. 9 18° below zero today. Nearly froze my fingers going to class. All the pipes froze at the Cafe and burst so I couldn't wash dishes this noon. Went back to work until 8 tonight. Came home and played the piano downstairs tonight. Mrs. Perry always likes to hear me play in the little music room off the living-room. It's relaxing.

Roosevelt has cancelled all air mail army contracts--corruption.  
Feb. 10 From the sermon: Three things we should do to have firm convictions: Listen to the voice within, read biography, use the light that is given us.

Feb. 12 I'm beginning to wonder if democracy is the best form of government. To have a successful democracy we must have a people inspired with a solid foundation of high national patriotic ideals with the education to evaluate and put into action those ideals. Today there are so many straddlers of important issues with MEISM first.

Feb. 13 My poem, "A Pail of Peas" was read in class today. Although approved I was accused of imitating Robert Frost, whom I have seldom read and can only recall off hand--"Birches" and "Mending Wall".

120 slain in Austria today. It appears that serious problems are brewing in Europe. We will doubtless put a finger right in the middle of the stew if there is a war.

After reading Pericles' Funeral Oration, I wonder if Lincoln read it before writing the Gettysburg Address.

Purchased a ticket for Green Pastures today, probably an extravagance but desire so much to see it.

Feb. 14 Caswell gave a good summary of the present foreign situation. France is looking ripe for another Napoleon.

In Spengler's new book, The Hour of Decision, he writes "The U.S. is neither a real nation or a real state...it's life is organized exclusively from the economic side and consequently lacks depth. It has a social dictatorship which affects everything, flirtation, church going, shoes, lipstick, novels à la mode, food and recreation...its underworld."

The - with tabs are directly below a window near camp by cloud.  
often if head is cold, my hands iteaming.



The more biographies I read and the more history text books examined, the more disgusted and doubtful I become about the slanted writing. Too often historical characters have been wrapped in a cloak of majestic aura and set on a pedestal where we view them as beings larger than life.

Went to get Fred a malted tonight and myself one too. Jones upset it all over my pants. My cleaning bill will be painful. Got Charles Morgan's The Fountain.

Feb. 15: So excited about going to the formal tomorrow night that studying comes hard. Borrowed a tux from Mr. Schneider, the math teacher at Eastern.

Intellectually one may steep himself in the classics and build around himself an armor of sarcasm and skepticism; a protective coloring while beneath there may lie an emotion strong, ever surging against the fortress of unnatural man.

Marks are going to go down this term. Got a "C" on Political Science exam and have cut education class 4 times.

Feb. 16. Could barely wait until classes were over. Had quite a time getting into my tux. Some one swiped my socks, but finally, with Fred's aid, we were off to the formal at Mary Mayo. My date was Delores Tenders from Detroit, blonde, smoker, pleasing personality and a good dancer. She made it evident that she knew her way around. The orchestra was great. Later we went to Mary Stewarts for a snack. Then all too soon it was time to get the gals back to the dorm.

Feb. 17. GREEN PASTURES at the Gladmer Theater. Truly one of the most remarkable plays I have even seen. It left me with a greater appreciation of the concept of God. One forgot that the cast was negroes. Mr. Harrison, as the Lawd God was superb. Scenes were good, especially on the Ark and the march through Israel.

Feb. 18 King Albert of Belgium died today after a fall while mountain climbing.

Studied this afternoon and worked until 9 p.m.

Feb. 19. Left Lyons Cafe today to work as waiter at the State Cafe. Agreed to help out until they get a replacement which shouldn't be difficult. The State Cafe, in the middle of the block on Grand River across from the Union, is run by Greeks. Will probably have to bluff my way along for awhile but the hours should be better.

John Yale and I went to see Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "Queen Christina" tonight. Good. Wish we might see more historical pictures. Studied tonight. Up at 7:00 now every morning to be at work by 7:30.

Feb. 20 Spent most of the day studying for Continental Novel exam. Waldo kept us over-time in lecture. Guess I made out O.K. at the Cafe, except for serving butter once with pie.

Went to Stuart Chase lecture tonight on Trade with Russia. He is a slender unassuming man, not nearly as commanding as his books and not a very good speaker.

..Made frequent use of notes.

He cited six reasons why we can't look forward to economic expansion at the former rate: 1. decline of population 2. No frontier 3. Little sphere for expansion in foreign markets 4. Over-production beyond consumption 5. No great industry on the horizon to help us out 6. Unemployment. He said purification of the stock market was a waste of time and now we ~~were~~ going to clean the bankers' and industrialists' teeth. (Perhaps they will bite.) Very pro-Roosevelt.

Feb. 21. Cut education again. What a god-awful class. Gave a talk in history class to a small appreciative group. <sup>on Socrates.</sup> Glad Miss Johnston liked it. But when I came to write my exam in C. Novel really fowled up. Must put in more time on this course.

Spoke tonight at the International Relations Club--sort of a satire on international affairs. Took Jones' student lamp for a mike, wore a military tie and powdered my hair. Seemed to be well received by members and faculty including the Ryders and Dr. Hill.

Home to work on a short story and trim Fred <sup>in</sup> two games of checkers.

Feb. 22 Have been reading about homosexuality. Am somewhat puzzled. Don't exactly understand it, but some of the traits of homosexualists strike an alarming chord. I do prefer male companionship but not a sexual sense. I do like the theater, movies, writing. Suppose I'm rather romantic in thought and too idealistic which isn't quite the perception of the average male. I'm more interested in politics and international affairs than sports, except for football and tennis. Like to swim, hunt and fish. Probably would date more if I had the money. So often seek the company of my own sex because I enjoy their companionship and all entertainment that costs is Dutch treat. Don't want to fall in love now. Have worked too hard to become a good teacher to blight my goal with some foolish love affair. I don't know how others deal with their sexuality. Probably most of my friends take care of themselves. Exceptions are Tom and Don Large. We never get around to discussing one's private sexuality. Most of the tales of conquest are probably to impress and wishful thinking---I suspect.

Feb. 23 I think society is inclined to conceal its emotions. There isn't much display of them in public. People escape to the movies and find an outlet through other channels.

There are some homosexualists here on campus. Some appear rather ridiculous. Yet others who are suspect are certainly outstanding in theater, music and art. Their creativity is recognized above the whispers.

Tonight Irv and Tom came over and we got into a discussion about the value of history and the possibility of war between Japan and Russia. Nothing resolved as usual. Irv. brought me some apple strudel.

Feb. 24 Seems good to finish work at a decent time instead of scrubbing pots and pans far into the night. I work three hours for three meals and generally eat before meal times. Like the crusts of raisin bread and beef hearts.

Worked on my short story tonight. How I would like to improve my writing. So difficult to find the right words and manner of expression.

Feb. 25 Wish the folks would bring or send my laundry. Finished short story, but not

very pleased with it. Fred came home and sewed some buttons on for me.

Hitler can now proclaim himself sovereign if he wishes.

Feb. 26 Weary of going to classes and not feeling they are worthwhile. In Pol. Sci. we don't learn much. If we studied more the theories of government in relation to current problems and the present situations with some attempt at solving them, it seems to me the value would be evident. I like Prof. Caswell, but as a teacher he leaves much to be desired. I think he is in a rut using only mimeographed questions with no effort to delve into matters beyond the prescribed answers. Small wonder that youth is termed docile today. We aren't really learning, being hedged in by barriers. When we leave this greenhouse for the hard boiled world we often fail to cope. I hope the day will come when the whole system of education will be improved.

Spilt some bean soup on Minnie.

Feb. 27 Received a letter from Mary today. She seems in better spirits. Handed in my short story and poem.

The blind boy in our class wrote a good story as far as description goes, but was awry on his knowledge of loons. I marveled at his accuracy in detail and depiction of the people in a village.

The press ~~hints~~ of a possible return of Otto to the Hapsburg throne. Amusing to watch developments.

Time still sends me letters. Wish I had the \$5.00 to continue subscription.

Reading Voltaire's "Candide" Rotten, but clever.

Feb. 28 Didn't do as well as expected in blue book in Latin American History. Poly Sci. a gripe as usual.

Palmer claims Greta Garbo was in town a few days ago. For once she seems to have escaped reporters.

Would like to go home for awhile. It seems so long since I have been there and had some of mother's cooking--to relax and not fret about work, assignments, and a host of other things.

Wrote a sketch tonight about what it feels like to be in a barn when it rains.

Mar. 1 None of my papers were read today in English.

"Discipline can be used most successfully by creating an emotional desire to do a thing" The youth of Germany and Russia have instilled in them an intense emotional nationalism and are willing to sacrifice for the sake of making Germany and Russia greater.

Rousseau chose the setting for La Nouvelle H<sup>é</sup>loïse at the foot of the Swiss Alps, a decided departure from previous settings in novels. But in our society characters aren't caught fully and realistically. They are conscious of others and build up a protective coloring around themselves.

Mar. 2 Tolstoi wrote that all art should be contagious or infectious like a disease. It is the same in writing. You must create a canvas for your setting which is so fresh and vivid that it calls forth from the reader an emotional response.



In writing about a place with which one is familiar the author sees so much more than the reader. The reader embellishes the picture or impression often ending up with a different portrait or concept from that intended by the artist or author. I have often felt this to be true regarding the endless analysis and interpretations of Shakespeare's plays--and sonnets. We project ourselves into what we see--and hear.

Ancient History continues to be a joy except for the dates, dates, dates. Fields apologized to the class today for his anger last Wed. It was a very magnanimous gesture, but was felt unnecessary and I doubt he scored any points.

Aunt Hattie sent me a wonderful box of delights: olives, dates, oranges, nuts, candy, cookies, cheese, and \$4.00. A good letter from Mary.

Tonight Fred, Bart, and I went downtown to a show and then stopped in at a beer garden on E. Michigan Ave. for the amateur show. The owner asked us to leave because we wouldn't buy more than one *mg. of beer*.

Mar. 3, Sat. Got a needed haircut at Bentleys. Intended to study but the fellows came in my room and by scraping enough money together we all went to a 15¢ show.

Came home and feasted on my box of goodies.

Saw Helen Howald downtown. What a beautiful girl, but she would be married.

Great to have the bed to myself. Often look forward to Allman going home week= ends.

Mar. 4, Sunday Fred and I went to see "It Happened One Night" with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. Didn't have to work today. Studied late. "The Detroit News" had some interesting pictures against war propaganda.

Mar. 5. Monday Hurley and Holland landed jobs with the Civilian Conservation Corps. Wish I was through and could get a job. Their contracts call for \$1900 a year. Not bad.

There is a lot of graft in Federal aid. The C.C.C. and the C.W.A. hang like an asbestos curtain against possible revolution.

C.W.A.= Cash Without Labor.

Must try to gain a better standing with the Dept. of Education, especially Dr. Mitchell. Diplomacy is the key to gaining the good will of these men. Speaking one's mind isn't. Although I think the department as a whole is a farce, there are some good points about it---some place.

The pictures in Atala by Chateaubriand are very depressing. Descriptions vivid. ~~Mixed~~ day. Blizzard conditions this morning. Sunshine this afternoon.

Mar. 6. Tuesday My poem, "Siesta Beneath a Ragweed," was read in class today and I was advised to enter the poetry contest. Not ready. Need to find a style and I don't think I know what free verse is all about.

Heard Frederick Snyder, the famous journalist tonight. An engaging speaker. Hell= giving a woman 1,000 hats without a mirror.

Optimist= one who is willing to eat wormy nuts in the dark.

Pessimist= one who has.

"Your life is a window, if it gets dirty don't smash it. Wash it."

Irv. was there with Frieda. Rather miss having him go with me. We see less and less of each other. Inevitable, I suppose.

Mar. 7 Wed. Everyone seems to be talking about the Sophomore Prom. Wish I could afford it.

Calles of Mexico seems to be the power behind the throne. Rather interesting and apparently a unifying force. Clever. Probably Tejada will be the next figure-head president.

Tom Morris was elected captain of the swimming team tonight. Elated over his victory. Good to have one of our old Eastern crowd occupy the limelight for a second.

Can't get into Atala with any enthusiasm.

Mar. 8. Thurs. DeVries tore my short story to shreds today. He accused me of being too sentimental, making characters puppets, situations unnatural--purely a product of my imagination. Don't object to such criticism. Will try to be more realistic. detached like Manzani. Curious, most of the class liked it, but their judgment is questionable, to say the least. De Vries doesn't want us to write like the writers for pulp magazines, but to aim for something better. But what about writing for profit? Snyder riddled Anthony Adverse the other night. I still think it was a good yarn and it made Hervey Allen a bundle.

Mar. 9, Fri. Ah, Friday at last! The Knights at Perry House all treked off to the prom tonight. At the library to read about Mexico, I saw Betty Shutter from Lowell, where I was born. Went to the Society house with her for a chat. She is just the same; plump, chubby of jowl, red hair. Pleasant as a friend.

It's strange the mental picture one forms of a person before seeing him. Mr. H. B. Lees Smith not at all what I expected. Late for the lecture. He has a pleasing English accent. The English policy is to sit tight during the depression, but the Americans can't do that. Banks were the keystone of the depression. While the N.R.A. was O.K. for reform, he didn't believe it would help the depression because it couldn't be applied universally. Failed to understand his economic reasoning.

Mar. 10. Sat. To Coral Gables to dance with Lois Brightman, Irv. and Frieda. Saw many friends. Later we went to Mathews for a snack. Lois full of gossip about our mutual friends most of which went in one ear and out the other. Still like her a lot.

Mar. 11 Sun. Don Large, choice friend of high school days, son of a Methodist minister and now a student at Albion, came out to see me this afternoon. Between drags on a pipe he let me know that he was quite a rounder with the women, having had several affairs. Coming from one so straight laced only a few years ago I was rather shocked and for some obscure reason even hurt. He is very pragmatic. Ideals rather threadbare. We have both changed. I view morals quite differently too. Time will tell whether I'm more adult in my viewpoint. In some respects he seems disillusioned. Could it be most of the honors appear to have gone to brother Dwight while Don was always admired

for the comic relief he injected into a rather serious family? I suspect we will continue to drift farther apart.

Mar. 13. Tues. Enjoy reading about Alexander, the Great. Scanned "Quo Vadis" again. Not as well written as once thought. Is part of aging a change in our attitude toward certain books?

Saw Mr. Emmons today. He sounded less than hopeful about a tuition loan for next term.

Snow and sleet, but Bartling, Fred and I braved the elements for cokes.

Mar. 14. Wed. My job as waiter has made me realize the importance of decent manners. A simple "please" and "thank you" can mean so much. Last night a chap swore because he claimed the bread wasn't fresh. Seething with disgust, I managed a smile and got him some bread out of the new loaf. He continued to mutter and grumble that the State Cafe was a stinky place to eat. Felt like telling him where to go.

Mar. 17, Sat. Cleaned rooms, scrubbed hall, bathroom, stairs. Drew a chart of the State Govt. of Michigan. It would make more sense if the governor appointed all the heads of departments and had more direct control. His power of pardon and parole should be taken away and given to a board of judges. It makes him too often a target. And imagine him being an ex-officio member of 162 boards!

Rained. Fred and I went to see "Berkley Square" with Leslie Howard.

Mar. 19 Mon. Have been thinking about "Berkley Square". It doesn't seem too impossible to slip into the past. Howard describes the past, present and future as periods a man can penetrate. For instance, a man going down a river in a boat has passed a grove of oak trees. He can't see it now, but it is there--in the past. He is seeing some blue flowers in the present. Just around the bend is a pile of stones which he can't see. That is the future. He can't see the past, present and future, but a pilot in a plane overhead can see all; past present and future of the man in the boat. God sees all. Perhaps this isn't too impossible. I think of radio and the waves that can be picked up by thousands, millions of radios. A phenomenon, one of many, which I don't understand yet know exists.

Turned in last assignments before exams.

Mar. 20 Tues. No exams today. Have to be at work at 7 a.m. tomorrow. Bad cold. Snot runs continually.

A letter from Grandma Redman accuses me of being insincere. No use trying to fool her. Her smarts irritate me at times, yet grudgingly I admire her. Quite a student of philosophy, she too claims I'm too much of an idealist.

Mar. 21, Wed. Latin American History Exam not bad. Filled a blue-book. Exam in Education a little stiff, but think I pulled through O.K. The expository writing exam a sham.

Don Ruis' writing is forceful. He is the only one in our class with possibilities (except me???)

I wish I were an egg sitting in a tree



And when you went by I'd spatter you with me.  
Ha, I guess the yolks on me.

Will surely miss Fred when he moves to the Phi Tau Fraternity next term. He is so different but we get on well together.

Money out: Fred. \$1.10 Jones \$1.35 Bartling \$1.00

Mar. 22 To work at 6:30. Tired. Pol. Sci. exam terrible. So dumb on the cases. Can't hope for more than a "C". Ancient History very long and involved. Miss Johnston had heard about my D/C- in Continental Novel and kidded me about it. Rather small of Waldo, I think, to tell those in the History department. Hope I can redeem myself on the exam.

Lost my big toenail.

Mar. 23, Friday Irv. and Tom want me to go to the DeMolay party. Too tired and couldn't afford it anyway.

Wrote until 4 p.m. on Continental Novel exam and think I did fairly well.

Such a great feeling of relief to be through with exams and not to have to work tonight, not to worry about reading something with the sub-conscious guilt that something more pressing should be read. After Fred left took a long shower at the gym and came back to Lyons Cafe for dinner. Saw Mrs. Lyons. She said I could come back to work for them if I wanted to. NO Thanks!

Mar. 24, Sat. Finished work around the house. Dad came about 10 and we left for Mason. Good to see Mother. We had quite a talk about yesterdays, life in general. She is so understanding, so human, so wholesome. The old cat has three kittens. Jim is putting on weight. Paul looking better. And Dad. Well, best not to record my thoughts. Nothing seems to be going right for him. Delicious rabbit dinner.

Mar. 25, Sunday Jim, Paul, Mother and I went to Vandugterens ( Arvilla Young, Dad's cousin married Van) for dinner. It was Jeano's birthday (their daughter) Ate heartily of the roast chicken and small wonder after all those hamburgers and french fries at the Cafe.

We listened to radio programs tonight and I turned again to "Anthony Adverse." Wonder if I esteem this book so highly after all?

Mar. 26, Mon. Lounged about the house most of the day. Mother left on a nursing case. Some doctor, I guess, came to pick her up. She has a hired girl to do the housework and some cooking. Ilah seems pleasant enough. Tonight Paul, Jim and I went sliding. The snow is deep, the weather invigorating. Jim and I tracked Paul in the snow over the hills. Another Chicken dinner. Dad seems intent to fill me up on chicken.

Read an article by James Truslau Adams on "Rugged Individualism." "Our history clearly indicates that when government action has meant the loss of some interest the cry of rugged individualism is heard, but when government aid has meant a profit it has not only been welcome, but sought if not bought. We have talked of rugged individualism, but what we have too often meant was cash."

Mar. 27, Tues. Many drop-ins which mother thrives on. Her bouyant good nature and sense of Irish humor make her sought after by those with frets and personal problems. She ~~dotes~~ on an audience. I kept to my room most of the day. Tonight we went to a movie, "Gold Diggers of '33".

Mar. 24, Wed. Paul played his trombone at a local concert. The family attended. Later mother was called out on another case. After Jim and Paul went to bed I had a long talk with Ilah. It was an eye-opener. Surprised to learn about some of the capers Paul has been pulling, his smoking, hanging around pool-rooms, drinking, bedding a girl when he can. Has he bedded Ilah? Mother, never good at managing the family budget, has always doted on Paul and he can bleed her financially. Obviously Dad is aware of this and certainly this partially accounts for his short temper, irritability. And when he's angry he can make the air blue with profanity. Tolls of the depression. There must be times when mother brings in more money than he does, what with the few hours he is employed at the Reo Motor Car Company and what little he earns from the farm. These years have taken their toll: Gone the house and lot on Isbel St. Traded in part for our 40 acre farm just south of Mason. Scratching a living has been difficult. He often feels thwarted and defeated despite best efforts. Mother and Paul ~~rarely~~ have a good word to say about Dad. Paul and I have seldom seen eye to eye. He regards me with general disdain. My hopes are pinned on Jim. I had hoped that if the three of us pulled together, graduated from college, got good jobs we could make life easier for our parents. Paid Ilah part of what Paul owes her and finally went to bed about 3 a.m. to toss and turn.

Mar. 28, Wed. Left for Battle Creek this morning to spend the rest of my vacation with Aunt Hattie and Uncle Bert. ~~is~~ My own mother's closest sister, I have always felt a special affinity for my aunt. No regrets in leaving an atmosphere charged with too much tension, too many recriminations..

Received my marks: "A"'s in history courses, 'B's in English and Education, "C" in Continental Novel. Still on the honor roll. Sent a note for my tuition and await results.

Mar. 31 Sat. Returned to Perry House today. Fred has moved to the Phi Tau Frat. He will be sorely missed. Went to Lansing to buy a tie and pr. of socks for my Easter Outfit. Streets crowded with shoppers. Enjoyed lunch at the Home Dairy.

At Silvermans tonight celebrated the Jewish holliday. What an excellent dinner with excellent wine. Irv. very mellow after several glasses. He brought me home in the new Royale.

April 2, Mon. Classes began today. Read portions of "Ulysses" by James Joyce. Don't care for it. Dipping into the Journal of Gamaliel Bradford. How much alike we humans are.

April 2, Tues. Highly unsuccessful in getting any bargains on books. We had a severe storm today. Have never seen it become so dark. There is something about a storm that

tends to draw people closer together. An atmosphere of commonality and congeniality often permeates.

April 4, Wed. We began the study of Roman history today. Miss Johnston has that rare gift of taking us with her into the past. She will make the Romans and their world come alive. If only some day I can be as effective<sup>or</sup> teacher.

The Dalmeters from Albania have come to live with Mrs. Perry for awhile. They are familiar with the Balkans and Italy. Hope to learn more about these areas from them.

April 5, Thurs. Slipping into the academic routine again. Reading the Brothers Karamazov, or rather getting my feet wet with Dostoevsky. Realistic with many digressions. Writing like his will stick to your ribs.

Began reading on French Disarmament tonight. Main goal of the French = security.

Irving shares my impression of Bradford's Journal. We like him because his thinking seems akin to ours in many respects.

One presumes he gets to know people by what they wear, possess, spend, read, say. But we all wear facades. My initial impressions often mistaken.

April 6, Friday I felt after class today that I had been to Rome and shaken hands with the Romans. Miss Johnston told of her recent tour of Italy, the baths, cats in the Forum, shades of light, terraces, piazzas, the ~~Class~~ Maxima.

I'm keenly aware that daily recordings make rather dull reading. Need to be more selective. But as some one observed the other day, "Life is so daily".

A load of pigs is going by as I write. Their squeals are delightful. I'll settle for the pigs. After all, as Virginia Woolf said, "One doesn't meet a lion in the streets every day"

April 7, Sat. Met Bob Wilson in the library and we had a discussion about the upcoming Model League of Nations Assembly. We stopped at the drug store and he bought me a sundae. From a family of means, he plans to leave for the Orient after graduation. A Hesperian, he said I wasn't missing much by not belonging to a fraternity. Would like to know him better.

April 8, Sunday So many parading by in their light spring suits turns me green. Clothes can make you more appealing and inject a feeling of confidence and general well-being. Of course, if you have a beautiful body a stippled breech clout might do the *as much*.

The chef at the cafe is sort of a queer individual. Must be obsessed with the vagina. He often molds dough to form a woman's womb and calls all the help to see what he has wrought.

April 9, Mon. What a fine day. The sun flooded the campus, soon to become a green carpet. Tiny knots of buds are beginning to appear in the tree tops soon to become a lacey green. There is a new verve in students' stride. Blue-jays are becoming sassy and squirrels are having a ball playing tag.

Have Mr. Linton for History of Education. He is a big boned man, rather soft spoken, slow, deliberate. Some of his statements regarding the early Greeks are a bit startling. I don't think he's much of a historian, but seems to give credit where credit is due. A notch above the usual run in the Dept. of Ed. Harlan Clark and I got into an argument about the possibility of an Utopia. He's even more idealistic than I, if that's possible.

April 10, Tues. Saw "Death Takes a Holiday" last night with Frederick March. I think it would be more powerful staged. Unusual sets tended to detract from the thoughts expressed. Why do we fear Death so much? Perhaps beyond is, indeed, a more beautiful dwelling place for the spirit, whatever that is. I don't believe that death dies completely with the body and decays. There is something else, but I can't pierce the mystery, nor can I make the leap to a faith that would comfort and sustain me.

April 11, Wed. Wintry again. There is a woman in English class who arrives in her big black car driven by a chauffeur. Bundled in black fox furs, she always wears a black hat and veil. One can still discern dark sacs under her eyes and a sensitive mouth. Her braided mouse gray hair circles her head under her hat.

There always seems to be a hidden part in man's nature that only a crisis will allow to emerge. But I would be reluctant to empty myself completely to anyone I know. A crisis might prompt me to rise to unexpected heights of valor, but that doesn't preclude a full disclosure of oneself. Perhaps one could be more open with a stranger on a train, knowing you would never meet again.

I was looking through the bare branches of a tree today and could hardly see the street below. There are so many webs that obscure our vision and at best we see through the glass darkly.

Above my desk hangs a picture of two sail boats racing over the foaming blue under summer skies. When the morning sun strikes them I breathe deeply and jump out of bed.

Spoke at the International Relations Club tonight on French disarmament and have been elected to represent M.S.C. at the model League of Nations meeting at the University of Michigan.

April 12, Thurs. A conference on French disarmament with Miss Johnston this morning. Will have to pay \$1.00 registration myself.

A bit miffed because my boss wants me to work from 9 to 11 p.m. this week-end.

April 14, Sat. Went downtown, Lansing, to buy a pair of socks and a shirt. Looked in several stores for a button for Mrs. Perry. No luck. Tonight went down to visit with her. She told me about her trips east. We enjoyed reading about old New England church yards and some of the inscriptions on tombstones.

April 15, Sunday. Dr. McCune talked about the difference between right and wrong in church this morning. He said the war, prosperity, movies, and the depression made it hard to distinguish between right and wrong. He advised us to trust ourselves. Don't injure others and pray. Have heard him deliver better sermons.





Henry Fine, a friend since high school days came to see me, extending an invitation to his fraternity for breakfast. Felt I had to decline. We promised to correspond. My large room looked out upon a huge green lawn and a sorority house covered with vines. Met several frat men and saw several casts of jaws placed about the room. Noted that the men in this dental fraternity used Naval Milk of Magnesia toothpaste. A car called for me at six p.m. and took me to the League where we were to have dinner amid very pleasant surroundings. Met the delegate from Great Britain who seemed unaware of Edens latest report. Three hundred of us sat down to dinner. At our table were several girls from the Naserene College which we drew into our circle of conversation.

Dr. Reeves presided at the banquet. He ~~is~~ a large man with a robust countenance and possessed of some wit. Dr. Bishop, famous librarian, addressed the assembly. He had helped to supply books at the Vatican and had only recently returned from Geneva. He had a sharp pointed van dyke and a tuft on the upper lip. The main speaker, a Prof. from the University of Ohio, gave an inspiring message. In introducing him, Prof. said that while we were not an assembly of quantity, we were of quality and the buttons on my vest were strained. After the banquet we adjourned to lounges to become better acquainted with the delegates of other nations. Later there was dancing in the ball room to a good orchestra seated in an alcove surrounded by palms and flooded with blue lights. Quite romantic. Marian danced quite well. She thought I didn't want to dance with her, but I did as much as anyone. Dorothy nestles her head in my neck. I didn't dote on her tepid breath. However, she is quite a good dancer. First dance was with a girl in a white dress with rhinestones from Nazerene College. Her body was warm and sensuous, but we were cut and I didn't get an opportunity to speak with her again.

Back at the fraternity at 12:30, I visited with some of the fellows until one and then went to bed in the cold dorm. Up at 6:20 to work on my speech. Had breakfast with Aunt Mae on Cheever Court. A car deposited me at the League at 8:30 for a committee meeting.

At 9:30 I addressed the Assembly on French disarmament. Received many congratulations. I thought the most impressive speech was presented by a Chinese student representing China. In the afternoon Dorothy and I went shopping with Miss Johnston. At 2:00 went ~~with~~ Mr. Fields to attend a League business meeting. More speeches followed at the second Plenary session. Was again impressed by the China delegate. Marian also spoke very well. We left Ann Arbor at 5 p.m. arriving in East Lansing at 6:40.

And this French delegate shed his skin and reverted to a waiter. At the Cafe, Mr. Peterson, the Greek Owner, showed me snaps taken on his recent trip to Greece. Fred came over tonight and borrowed \$1.00.

Sunday, April 22. Bitter cold. The house like a barn. A perfect time for Bob and me to see the film, Eskimo. Excellent.

April 23, Mon. When I received only a "C" in History of Education from Mr. Linton, I questioned the answers to several question. I still think I am right, but he

arbitrarily over-rode all my objections. That's just the trouble with the Dept. of Education. In so many classes your opinion counts nil.

April 24, Tues. Worked all day on my theme for the water carnival, but ~~couldn't~~ finish it by the deadline, so delivered it unfinished. Was a fool to put so much time on it and still not enough because of the Model League of Nations Assembly. Found an interesting print in the New York Times by Robert, "Conscience Exiled".

April 25, Wed. Very pleased to receive a letter from the French Embassy in Washington expressing an interest in my representing France at the Model League of Nations meeting. The packet included several recent articles about France.

This from the Detroit Free Press:

"War is still in the air, as every breeze from Europe, Asia and South America reminds us. We may be attacked or we may be drawn into a foreign war in spite of all we can do to keep out of it. The number of young men who are opposed to bearing arms in either of these possible events is fortunately inconsiderable, when set alongside the number of those who still believe that the country that provides them with a living is worth fighting for. Yet it reveals how widely the seeds of sedition have been flung by those who, if war comes, will be found hiding behind the manhood of the nation".

Such an editorial labels anyone who seeks to resolve the enmity of nations by dialogue and understanding through the League of Nations as seditionists. How unfair to that segment of youth. Certainly we are patriots and would defend our country, but efforts toward achieving peaceful settlements for world problems instead of resorting to war ought not to be ~~scorched~~ by such a tarnished, vitrolitic pen.

I'm not in favor of Roosevelt's naval policy.

April 28, Sat. Had an interesting chat with Harlan Clark today. He is very broad minded. a pacifist in his thinking, he fears he might waver toward his philosophy. He is an intellectual notch or two above most of us. Think I will order the Sunday edition of the New York Times from him for awhile.

April 29, Sun. Wore my white shoes and yellow tie to church. Sat in the balcony and watched Dr. Fox pray. He moves his hands almost constantly, clasping and unclasping them, running his fingers along the grooves of the pulpit desk. Married three times but still regarded as a very devout man. Sermon, What Career? He didn't recommend none, but suggested a broad background of study.

Last night Irv. Frieda, Tom, Phyllis, Alan, Betty, Marvin King and I went to the De Molay party at the Masonic Temple. King is a great talker. I wonder what love is like? Glad Frieda and Irv. hit it off so well. She seems so natural.

Went to a peace meeting tonight with Harlan Clark presiding. The group wants to attack R.O.T.C. and military training in general by gaining exemption for a conscientious objector. He claims his conscience will not allow him to kill. The members want to launch an attack on his behalf. I advised caution and diplomacy at least until they were stronger. The radical element opposed me. A conflict is in the making. I felt the objector might very well change his mind if his country were invaded.

April 29, Sun. Warm. Bob and I went for a walk tonight. Streets crowded. Many students were bumming a ride down town.

April 30, Mon. Messed up on a blue book in Ancient History. Will never forget that Archimedes was a scientist. Miss Johnston's questions could have been better written.

May 1, Tues. There were several May Day riots today, the most serious being in Paris. where 4,000 communists entrenched themselves on the Left Bank and fought off several thousand police. Rec'd 96 on Latin American blue book.

There was also a "Red" parade in Ann Arbor. The demonstration in New York though large was peaceful. Ten were killed in Havana.

Will never forget "The Brothers Karamazov" Finished it today.

May 2, Wed. Went for an hour's ride with John Yale today. Such a character. He clabed with "hill billy" Walpole. Such opposites. He is trying to become a man of the world. Said he spent a week-end at a cottage on the river with a girl and another couple. Lots of gin and cigarettes. He informed me that he didn't like me very well in high school, but thought I had improved, somewhat.

Mother sent my laundry. Much needed. Glad she is home again.

Spoke at the International Relations Club tonight on the Model League Assembly. Have been nominated for President. Chuck MacClean said I had a tendency to lecture like Miss Johnston. Flattered. He leaves for law school next year. Money no problem for him.

May 3, Thurs. Had a visit with Prof Waldo today. Quite a charming ~~and~~ gentleman. We talked about Drama at M.S.C. and he showed me a sketch he had drawn for an auditorium. He plans to visit Mexico this summer. Said he enjoyed students and felt there ought to be a closer relationship between faculty and students.

Farmers' Week. There are about a thousand young farmers in town. Coming here is a wonderful experience for them. One chap didn't know what a menu was for at the Cafe.

Enjoying immensely the life of Leonardo da Vinci. So much to be gleaned from reading the lives of great men.

May 4, Fri. The trees are ~~developing a~~ fragile lacey green. Late this afternoon I lay on my bed in front of the open window and watched the bees working on the bursted buds of a young maple. Soon green leaves will appear and I will meet them again next fall before they begin to blush and die.

Walking home from the library last night I felt rather lonely and sad. Many of my friends now live in fraternities enjoying quite a different life style. I miss their companionship.

Talked on Leonard Da Vinci in History of Ed. class today. Passed around a copy of The Mona Lisa and The Last Supper borrowed from Mrs. Irland. Even Prof. Linton seemed to enjoy my talk.

Tonight a crowd of us, many old friends, went to The Dells at Pine Lake to dance.

It was opening night with Earl Hines orchestra. Irv. has another new car. Lois Brightman chuck full of gossip. Saw many old friends, some not seen for over a year including Gerald "Dubby" Little one of my very good friends in high school.

May 7, Mon. The masses have no interest in politics except as it concerns their pocket-books. Masses want the right to vote, but very few exercise it.

Have been reading rather extensively about Cuba especially since independence and the Machado Revolution. As sugar goes, so goes Cuba.

In desperate need of money. Wrote to Mary. I wonder if she will read between the lines?

May 8, Tues. Grandmother Redman's letters sometimes amaze me. She presents quite a plan for an ideal life. She urged me to do some original thinking for a change. Her pen can sometimes curry chagrin instead of much admiration.

Saw a shy oriole today. Such a pretty song.

May 9 Wed. Alan Brightman and I went to the band concert tonight, it having cleared after a hard rain. Pumped him about his voyages to Africa. Could almost see the little white church in the Canary Islands, the hills with caves where it is believed giants once lived, the deep green in the neck of Africa, sunrise and sunset from the poop deck. Refrains from the Student Prince, Song of Kashmir, Napoli provided the background.

Later walking home from the library, I somehow felt in the balmy spring night very close to the Everlasting. Once home Bob argued with me about atheism.

May 10, Thurs. Worked on my model stage. I sewed some tiny white pillows, cut up the leg of an old pair of pajamas for two mattresses for the beds and took a piece of coat for a rug.

Mary has been in Chicago. She is wonderfully kind to me.

Saw "Henry VIII" with Charles Laughton at the Orpheum. Had missed it first time around. Too much emphasis on Hank and his wives to suit me, although Laughton is a good actor. Banquet scenes at Hampton Court were lively as were some of the bedroom and kitchen scenes. A notch above the average.

May 11, Friday 28 degrees last night. Finished my novel, "A Friend of Caesar" and read about the Cataline Conspiracy. Frank is quite rough in his treatment of Caesar. Irv. wanted me to go to the Blue Key Party. Said I couldn't get a date. Couldn't afford it.

May 12, Sat Mrs Perry left for Hartford to spend Mother's Day. I asked for the week-end off, but was refused. Took a bath in the tub. Generally shower. Jones built a fire so it was nice and warm. Finished my model stage. Tonight Jones and I popped some corn.

Sun. May 13. Mother's Day Work prevented going home so wrote a poem and sent it to Mother. Church crowded. Strawberry shortcake served at the Cafe, but the help had to eat vanilla pudding. Eating next to a crock filled with luscious berries on one side and a bowl of steaming biscuits on the other, the vanilla pudding tasted like seasoned paste.

A russet haired Jew frequents the Cafe with a litany of complaints. Would like to dump a plate of beans on his head.

The cat in the kitchen is quite proud of her three kittens. Mrs. Patterson wants to get rid of them, Husband, Pete, refuses. She is an assertive woman with a funny high pitched laugh and bumpy chin.

Listened to "Ava Maria" tonight and thought of home.

May 14, Mon. Enjoyed watching children at play this morning outside Home Ec. Bldg. and was almost late for class. Childhood escapes us all too soon.

Again argued with Prof Linton over the wording of some of his test questions. He told the class how good he thought his completion questions were. I don't dislike the man personally, but as a teacher, UGH!

May 15, Tues. Finished history reports and turned them in.

Lilacs are in bloom. Their scent wafted across the campus tingles the blood.

Some women so catty and aloof. Take Eleanor Hubbard. In class she speaks but acts like a snob on campus. Too bad that such an attractive blond ignores those who admire her from afar. Of course, she is an Alpha Phi.

Enjoying reading Chinese History by Kenneth S. Lataurette. So often we fail to appreciate Oriental History.

May 16, Wed. Attended a lecture by Norman Thomas. He is a slender, tall man with piercing blue eyes, or are they grey? He speaks in a thunderous deep voice. Sometimes he stutters in reaching for the right word. He said we were in the age of a great economic struggle. His condemnation of military training won't set to well with Shaw. Not as impressed by him as I was a year ago.

A pleasing letter from Mother.

Was elected President of the International Relations Club tonight.

May 17, Thurs. "Casper Houser" by Wasserman having a profound affect upon me. I shuddered this afternoon when suddenly I felt on the threshold of sensing life as a whole force, but coming down the library stairs Mary Kircher babbled about her 16 page Chem. experiment and I was back in my old skin again. Stopped to smell a beautiful rose and again felt caught up in something higher than myself. Miserable with these moods because I can't penetrate their meaning. So much to learn about this business of living.

Tonight picked a spray of lilacs enroute home and put them in an empty olive jar on my desk. Some of the fellows thought it a very queer thing to do. Oh, Man, Man!

May 18, Fri.

Must buy Plutarch's Lives? Miss Johnston clothes the ancients with flesh and



breathes life into their very souls. She said that no government is stronger than the moral tone of its people..

Waldo's lecture on Tolstoi makes me want to read "War and Peace". He would have agreed with the author of "Merchants of Death". He believed in the nobility of labor. The greatest experience in life was creative work, producing and owning that which you produce. He would have despaired of the factory system. Have we built too many material temples without the spiritual urge to fill them?

Received a "C" in History of Education. Lack a text-book and have to borrow one. Don't really care all that much. Today in class I wanted to copy down some corrections of the errors received and Linton accused me of possibly passing on questions to ask about the test, so quit. Such suspicion!

While watching men dig a sewer along the main high-way and joking I wondered if the common laborer isn't happiest after all. Tolstoi would probably say, "Yes".

May 19, Sat. Bulgaria has been taken over by the army. No great surprise.

There has been a great fire in the south end of Chicago. I heard "Extra", "Extra" but was unable to buy a paper.

Increasingly disgusted with the League of Nations. Rajchman was sent to China proving himself an able administrator for China's finances and now Japan has requested his removal and it appears that the League will knuckle in.

Ford went to see Insull the other day. Why? The A.A.A. spent \$67,600,000 to reduce the U.S. wheat crop for 1934. God sent a dust storm. Now farmers are offered \$6,000,000 a month to help them get on their feet. We leave God out of the New Deal. He may very well have a Deal of his own.

Woke up to a pleasant task this morning. Some one had plugged the toilet, let it overflow in the bathroom. Excrement was all over the floor. Gagged several times cleaning it up, but consoled myself that I might have to perform dirtier jobs than this sometime in my life.

At the barbers it was all talk of baseball. One of the barbers waxed super enthusiastic in recounting the funeral of a baseball player's mother-in-law. "You know he thought so much of his mother-in-law he wouldn't play ball Mon. or Tues."

John Yale took me to see "There's Always Julie" by Amy Loomis. He is so fussy at times, yet can be quite enjoyable. He wore a pink pleated shirt with short white attached collar, grey tie with pink dots and dark gray pants, light coat, white shoes. He hides his cigarettes and pipe on the top floor of the Union, being afraid to take them home. The comedy was poorly attended. Later met Miss Loomis. An interesting conversationalist. Actors always attract me. Off stage she still seemed in character. John in his stiff manner failed to introduce me. He told me over a coke later that he plans to get a job in summer stock.

Saw Fred Bentley, now a B.M.O.C., leaving the Blue Key banquet. He seems different than when he lived at Perry House. Still irresponsible, likable.

May 20, Sun. It's only about 1 a.m. yet I feel the urge to set down some feelings. I'm

disgusted to the point of despair over some of the college faculty. So much bunk is served up I want to rebel. I'm prompted to write a letter criticizing the Department of Education and sending it to the State News. We have so many arid courses of duplication, Principles of Education, School Administration, History of Education, Science of Education, One good comprehensive course, well taught, would suffice. We could do away with glib tongues like Austin, the inefficiency of Grover (old chalk dust) in Test and Measurements, hill billies like Walpole ("I hope to make every girl in my class cry once"). Scholars are needed instead of a passel of Ag hacks. Oh, to be independent and be able, without recrimination, to take them to task.

Paul came to pick me up quite early and we took the back road home to more fully feast our eyes on the burgeoning green countryside. Good to see Mother. James was at Grandmother's in Leslie so missed him. Mother has a new washer. Played some ball with Paul. He is a good athlete.

Four additional chaps have moved into the house; more work.

May 21, Mon. Norman Thomas was arrested today in Taylorville, Ill. for trying to speak against the wishes of the deputy whose henchmen dispersed the crowd with tear bombs. A good example of our free speech in democratic America!

May 23, Wed. Fouled up on two questions in Ancient History. Actium was between Octavian and Mark Anthony, Phillipi between Brutus Cassius and Anthony.

Would like to study voice. I wonder if I have the vocal chords for such an undertaking.

Irv and I went to the band concert tonight. He stands first among my friends and I feel rich because of them. We discussed the House of Rothschild. I delight in his company, his laughter. He seems a bit doubtful about becoming a doctor, and I sought to bolster his spirits. Falconi played two splendid numbers on his Euphonium. Press conducted. Irv talked about this summer. He wants me to go camping with him in Maine. Ah, idle dreams so fair in passing, so regretful when recalled. We came home late from the library. Saw Dorothy Langdon. Irv likes her.

Broke two dishes at the cafe yesterday. Grabbed with a firmer grip today.

May 25, Friday The "State News" announced the results of the literary contest today. John Yale took a first with his poem, "Travail", Chester Maples second with "6 poems" I got honorable mention with "Siesta Beneath a Rag Weed" Judges: Prof Bernard Young former prof of Poetry at U. of M., Dorothy Shipman, librarian at Manistique, Rev. Kresensky of Algona, Iowa. Even this slight honor is encouraging.

There have been several riots in Toledo. The National Guard is defending the city. Two men have been shot, several wounded. The welfare of the masses requires immediate attention or else the riots will spread.

May 26, Sat. Enjoyed a relaxing swim in the pool this afternoon.

Yesterday Judge Sam Street Hughes of Lansing addressed our political science class. He is a pleasant appearing man with very red lips and teeth looking as though they had just been rinsed with gargle. Balding, his forehead is shiny. Voice well modulated. There is something about his mien that instills confidence. I remember several years ago when he was a poor struggling lawyer that I had a conference with him about studying law. In the pool this afternoon met Jim Davis and Mel Bosford from Fremont. A shadow blocked the sun as I thought how short the time before I head for Fremont to work for Gerbers.

Attended the Sigma Kappa party tonight with Dorothy Langdon, a reticent girl very freckled but with a charming personality. Her sparse red hair whirls around her head despite best efforts with brush and comb. We also went to the Mary Mayo ~~from~~ party for a look-see. She wants to enter the counselor service and doubtless would prove herself quite a capable gal.

May 27, Sun. McCune's sermon this morning was "And there is also human nature" He cited bad examples of human nature. Man, the animal of passions like the tiger and ape. Man with the intellect and spiritual side. Man, capable of anything. We should discover our own ideas about the possibilities of man. Buddies can occur in time of war in the trenches. Faith can occur on the flying trapeze. Man can be mean. He is like electricity. It can strike a house and kill every occupant, but most of the time it is a serviceable thing. In many ways man has improved, no more dueling to settle quarrels, child labor in factories a thing of the past., etc.

Went with the gang tonight out along the Red Cedar for a steak roast. Irv. brought a bottle of olives for me. Roasted the steak for Lois and she prepared the other food. By the dying embers we sang songs. I lay beside Lois in the hallow of her arm. So quiet and peaceful while Irv read to us from a volume of poetry. Looking upward through the leafy green we saw three stars, the handle of the Big Dipper. Moonlight diffused softly through the leaves scattering golden splinters on the river and bathed the open glades with a silvery light. Lois' face looked luminous. She is a good kid.

May 28, Mon. Congratulated John Yale today on winning the poetry contest. "Yes, I did get a couple points higher than you. It's always been my ambition to triumph over you since the time you won the Edison ~~essay~~ in high school. I vowed then I would beat you some day." "But you have far surpassed me," I replied." And what you have won is much more significant and rewarding." He smiled wryly and hurried on across campus.

May 29, Tues. Feeling rotten. Didn't go into work this morning. Walking to the library this afternoon met Henry Fine here for a few days to care for his mother due to father's absence. Good to see him. After a session in the library he took me for a ride in the country and we talked of old times.

Against better judgment agreed to go canoeing with Irv, Frieda and Lois tonight.

It was a balmy night. As we pushed into the river the moon hadn't risen, but stars were out and the water limpid ebony. We startled several ducks and with the rising moon saw a mother and her brood of seven in the path of the moon. In the midst of reverie Lois informed me her dress was wet. We had a leaky canoe and turned back. We drove around for awhile in Irv's new green car, winding up later with a dessert before the fireplace at Silverman's. Stretched out on an Oriental before the fire, Lois said I should have lived in the Middle Ages in a castle with all its comforts. Frieda said she doubted the comforts and would much prefer the modern conveniences. I was in a minority.

May 30, Wed. Cold much better despite the outing. Yesterday Mrs. Perry gave me a \$1.00. Much appreciated. She said she was grateful for all I did for her.

Received a letter from Mrs. Baker, my former landlady. She is happy with her daughter and grandchildren in Virginia.

May 31, Thurs. Read the Life of Nero by Weigall and wrote a character sketch of him. What a devious character! Hope to go to Rome some day.

At the baseball game Fager made a home run and Buzz got spiked. Last night Henry Lois, Phyllis, Tom, Irv. Frieda and Jean Ballard and I went to Pine Lake. Jean is a pretty girl with a lively personality and a good dancer.

Earlier talked with John Best, a waiter at the Cafe. He is a pleasant chap, very smooth faced, somewhat stand-offish until one gets to know him. Quite a pacifist.

It strikes me that people who are rather slow in offering friendship are more worth knowing than the more effusive, hale hearty-fellow-well met type. They tend to have something worthwhile in reserve not revealed in a Pepsodent smile and a hand grabber.

Tonight at 11:15 Bob, Clem, Larry, Roth and I went to swim in the gravel pit. Standing in the shallow water I felt the fish nibble my toes. Reaching down to grab one I found I had a bull head which stung me in the thumb. Enough gravel pit for me.  
June 1, Friday. Bob said he lost his virginity tonight.

Alan Brightman gave a party tonight. We played Cootie and enjoyed looking at baskets, carvings, beads and masks that he had picked up while in Africa. At dinner we sat around a large table with a boat in the center on a mirror. Around the boat were fish, shells and two tiny fishermen. Napkins were dark blue with stars. There was sea food and an abundance of olives. The punch served from a glass boat was excellent, the conversation lively. After dinner we played Murder having two murders. I gave a "sermon" on "The Coming Generation" and arrived home at one a.m.

June 3, Sun. A birthday party for Frieda at the Silvermans. Gave her a Japanese print. Irv. couldn't have picked a more lovely girl to become his wife. Among the guests were Joe Evans, Julius Stalberg, Esther Lieberman, and our usual gang.

I penned her this verse:

Complete be life as the bridge  
     this river spans;  
 Rich and full, a gift  
     from omnipresent hands.  
 May great friendships as a  
     ring of purest gold  
 Be welded strong into God's  
     all perfect mold.

(this at the bottom of the bridge with people passing over it= the Japanese print.)

Paul came for my laundry. He was all decked out in a new spring suit.

June 4, Mon. 93 on Ancient History blue book. Waldo gave a wonderful lecture on Hamsun and "Growth of the Soil".

June 5, Tues Tonight Irv and I attended the alumni banquet at Eastern; a very hot night for roast beef and escalloped potatoes and coffee. I sat next to Lois and next to her sat Druscilla Beach, rumored to have inherited a tidy sum from her aunt. She is now Mrs. Harry Buxton. He does art work for the Detroit News. Irv. gave Pauline Wise a lecture on morality. She is such a provoking girl at times and having a hard time finding a man.

Mr Rich gave an inspiring talk. His hair is flecked with gray. He was my idea of what a man should be when I was in high school. Again tonight he fired me with the old enthusiasm and my heart went out to him. Later at the dance during a brief conversation he said a military man had come to check Eastern out as a possible military base in case of trouble. Long thoughts about this later.

June 6. Wed. Irv, Frieda and I went to the Senior Play, "A Midsummer's Night Dream". We thought the play would never begin. It was held on campus, the audience of about 1,000 moving from scene to scene. The arrival of the fairies near the Forest of Arden was a delight. Children were fairies, elves, rabbits, sprites. One rabbit had trouble keeping his ears up and once he lifted up his tail. The Athenian workers drew many laughs and John Yale as Puck was just what one would have wanted. Flute, which I dropped, was well done. We progressed from scene to scene through an avenue lined with torches held by girls dressed in white. Act II was presented in a grove of trees in front of the library, Act III on the west side of Beaumont Tower provided a perfect setting.

June 7, Thurs. Finished Crime and Punishment and feel a little wacky myself. Worked until 2 a.m. this morning completing play reviews.

June 11, Mon. Tonight in Bob's room we were cracking jokes when two guys grabbed me. Irv decided to take my pants off. Then they took off my shorts and Fred Cook got some shoe blacking. After tying my feet and three holding me down, he daubed it all over my testicles and penis. It was useless to struggle, but suddenly I felt a burning and nearly went wild with pain. They were fearful of letting me go. I kicked Irv in the



shoulder, bit Bob and managed to struggle free and escape to the bathroom where I tried to wash off the shoe-black. Convinced I was in excruciating pain, the guys got towels, Norexema and vaseline. After a time I got most of the blacking off, but will remain a mulatto around the lower regions for some time to come. Now I'm known as Blackie or Speckled balls.

Quit my job at the State Cafe today. No regrets.

June 13, Wed. Thought I did terrible in Pol. Sci. Didn't have a text for the course and read very little from it. Surprised to get a 92 on the exam.

June 14, Thurs. Was the last to finish the exam in Continental Novel. If I don't get a B\* I will never forgive Waldo. Talked with him after the exam. He is all set to leave for Mesico.

June 15, Friday. Well, my junior year is over. I don't think I enjoyed this spring term quite as much as a year ago. Too many changes. The house is quiet now, all the fellows having left. I feel as if I could lie down forever and just let the flesh drop off my tired bones. Have decided to remain home. Dad has some land from the Jewetts to work on shares. We will plant cabbage, pickles. Hopefully I'll make enough to break even.

Tonight Irv ~~came~~ out. We went to the gym to shower and scrub each other's backs.

Frieda and I went to the Silvermans for dinner and scrumptuous it proved to be

Later Henry Fine and Lois joined us and we drove to Jackson in the lingering twilight to see the Cascades. They are beautiful, beyond expectation. They rise in a series of graduated falls until they reach quite a height. Colored lights and music lend much to the setting. Along the sides of the Cascades are a series of steps and balconies covered with vines and flowers. I was reminded of the gardens of some Italian villa and again the Gardens of Versailles. What a wonderful setting for a pageant. Later we went on to Pleasant lake for a launch ride around the island. We could see the colored lights of the pavilion and hear the tunes of Ted Lawn's dance band. What a fitting way to close out the college year!

June 16, Sat. Before leaving today I went to see Aunt Ella who has been ill and recovering from an operation. She has lost quite a bit of weight and looks weak. I feel so drawn to her because I can empty my thoughts and she quite understands my family situation. Paul came after me about noon and we left for Mason.

The summer of 1934 was the last spent at home. At that time my parents rented a pleasant stucco duplex house on Oak St., only three blocks from downtown Mason. The owner, Mrs. Henderson, an elderly widow whose husband had been a doctor and her sister, Mrs. Ingles, whose husband had been a consul in the diplomatic service lived on one side of the house while our family occupied the other. There was space for a vegetable garden and a fair sized lawn. On one side was a tea room in a rather rambling house, on the other the stately pillared home of Judge Whitemore.

My father continued to work when it was available at the Reo Motor Car Company nights. He preferred these hours so he could farm some land he had leased from Arthur Jewett during the day.

The Jewett farm was about 2 miles southeast of Mason. The widow Jewett was a friendly sort. Her spacious *home* was surrounded by a well manicured lawn bordered with peonies, roses and delphinium. The land was flat and just right, thought my father, to have a truck garden and raise some corn. He also did the chores for Mrs. Taylor another widow who lived just south of Mason next to the farm we had lost when Dad was unable to make the payments.

I never knew a man who could manage with so little sleep. Often he wouldn't reach home until 3 a.m., sleep for three hours and be ready to start for the fields shortly after seven.

Paul, Jim and I were kept busy for the balance of June and into July setting out cabbage, tomato and pepper plants while Dad helped us and planted corn. After working in the fields there were the chores to do and by nightfall we returned home with ravenous appetites to enjoy Mother's good cooking. Shortly thereafter Dad would leave for work. Although not much good at milking or handling a team, I came to enjoy this bucolic life, so different from that on campus. My vivid imagination helped. I was never on the *land* outside Mason, but rather at an English country estate or a peasant's farm south of Paris and at night I left the land for our town house.

In August Jim, Paul and I became peddlers, selling tomatoes, cabbage, peppers, and corn in Mason.

I was rather pleased with my marks which arrived in late June: B's in Continental Novel, Play Production and Pol. Science, A's in Latin American and Ancient History and, surprise, A in History of Education!

Mother, my brothers and I attended the Prebysterian church on Sundays and I taught a Sunday school class of 6th grade boys for several Sundays. I got all kinds of answers as to the location of Palestine (northern Russia, Ireland, China and England). We had a little map study every Sunday that we met.

To raise money for charities a young woman came to town to direct a play called "Henry's Wedding". I had the lead and mother played the role of a wealthy woman. She would have been an excellent comedienne. We had fun doing it in the old Adams Opera House and I developed quite a crush on the attractive young blond director who had a room at Judge Whitmores. After play practice we had long discussions on the front steps of the house in the quiet dark under giant elms. But in three weeks she was gone, and I took up with Winnifred Grant again who lived on a farm near Mason. Several times Paul would get a date and we went dancing at Pleasant Lake.

I maintained contact with my friends in Lansing, often riding in with Dad to work and returning with him in early morning hours. Irv had a job in a fruit market for a time, then went off to a summer camp. Tom was a life-guard at Morris Park Pool, Henry worked for a dairy and Lois clerked at Knapps Department Store.

I followed the news closely and was disturbed at the growing power of Hitler and the Nazi Party.

In August I spent a week with my Grandmother Smith in Fremont and another with my aunt and uncle in Battle Creek.

Sept. 25, Tuesday. Picked tomatoes all morning and started to pack for return to college this afternoon. Rev. John Adams brought me to East Lansing. He has been a good friend and I have enjoyed hearing of his experiences teaching at Robert College in Beirut, his travels in Europe. Sometimes I think he is a rather lonely comparatively young man living <sup>in</sup> with his mother. He wants me to keep in touch with him. I always feel something of a sinner in his presence.

Oh, it's great to be back! Mrs. Perry has a full house; 18 in all. The freshman class numbers 1300.

I'm square with the college now. Paid them \$104.00 today. Bought a meal ticket at the State Cafe. They want me to return to work. Feel almost guilty not accepting. Meal ticket: \$3.35. **Good** to see old friends again. Bob and I were awake until wee morning hours bringing each other up to date. His brother, Gordon, a freshman living at the house. Invited to the Phi Tau House for a welcome dance. Have many friends in this fraternity. Wish I could afford to join.

Sept. 27, Thursday Registered today. Received an appointment, thanks to Dr. Mitchell and Prof Lyons, to work in the History Department. So thankful. This will relieve me of many worries. Taking Europe Since 1870, American Foreign Policy, Economics, Adv. Comp, and <sup>Practice Teaching</sup> Education 409: 18 credits

Oct. 1, Mon. Classes began today. Miss Johnston to teach Europe Since 1870, Lyon, American History. **Both** should be good. Rather disappointed in the outlook for Practice Teaching, but it may get better. It seems wonderful to be back in school again, meeting old friends and making new ones. Appreciate having Bob Allman as my room-mate again. In general, although quite different, we understand each other and get on well together.

Oct. 2. Tues. The course in Short Story writing looks promising, although I have writer's block at present.

Mr. Haley Smith who will supervise me in Practice Teaching doesn't impress me as being much of a teacher. Perhaps I'm too critical.

Oct. 3, Wed. Began working in the history department today. My desk, in Eustace Hall upstairs is next to Prof. Fields'

Election of officers at the House tonight. Pres., Bud Branch, V.P.-Sec-Treas, me. Sgt at Arms, Zig. We all gave post-election speeches and promised to put out a paper on the morrow.

Oct. 3. Thurs. We did get a paper, THE KNIGHTLY TATTLER, out tonight. Corrected a set of Freshman quizzes today for Prof. Caswell. Have been trying to write a description of a puddle, but gave up after three attempts. Bored with this damn baseball. America is baseball crazy. Everytime you turn on the radio <sup>you</sup> get the baseball scores, the love life of School Boy Rowe. Their pictures are plastered in all the papers. Presently there is an oration about the Cardinals being broadcast.

Baseball is O.K., but why should it take precedence over everything else? Of course, I'm in the minority, decidedly, on this.

Oct. 5, Sat. I have the feeling that economics and ~~I~~ are going to clash. Worked for an hour at the office and then cleaning at the house. Went to the football game with Fred Bentley and several Phi Taus. State 33, ~~Corn~~ State 20. Passing attack good. Bob played very well. Caught a long pass. He deserves to get some good breaks this year. The Boy Scout parade extended around the track, 1/4 mile. The lanky scout parade leader had a baton as long as he was and at times it seemed the baton was in charge. Played cards at the house tonight.

Oct. 7, Sun. Rode home with Marion Spink, daughter of Mrs. Taylor. Loaded up on a chicken dinner and pumpkin pie. Rev. Adams brought me back to East Lansing. Bob and I wrestled around, which is like a pigmy tangling with a giant. I should know better.

Oct. 9, Tues. The price of books makes one wonder if there isn't a bit of collusion between the faculty and the book stores.

Tonight Bud, Chuck and I went to the Y.W.C.A. in Lansing to serve at a banquet. We had a good meal in the pantry. Later about 20 more fellows came to serve. During the banquet two colored women and a white crippled man came and sat down, a rather unusual sight. Chuck and I served them. I don't understand why there is such an aversion toward colored people. Ignorance and false pride contribute.

Some of the guys swipped some chocolate ice cream. I couldn't get any. Finally, we were grudgingly each given a quarter and left.

As soon as we returned home we decided to go over to the orchards at the east end of the campus and swipe some apples. We took a suitcase, etc. It's hard finding apples in the dark, but we did find a few. Chuck and Bud were up in the tree picking them and handing them to me. I gave them to Charles to put them in the suitcase. Suddenly, we heard some one very close shout, "Get to hell out. Come on men. Let's get them". I flushed from under the tree like a bird, Bud fell prone on the ground, Chuck ripped his pants sliding down the tree. We flew to Mich. Ave. and sought cover in the dark alleys. We tried to find Charles, but no luck. He had vanished with the suitcase and apples. Later we managed to fill our jackets with apples before returning home to a grinning reception. Leo and Tom confessed that they had shouted out in the orchard to give us a scare. Charles did bring home the suitcase, but it was empty.

Oct. 10, Wed. Given 290 quizzes to correct today.

Oct. 13, Sat. MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE 16 -- MICHIGAN 0. It was the greatest game I have ever seen and never will it be forgotten. I can now graduate with peace and honor. Bob was right in there and did himself proud. OH, GLORIOUS DAY!

Oct. 15, Mon. These are puzzling times for me. In sexual matters I'm afraid that I'm something of a prude. I have discussed sexual intercourse with most of the guys at the house. They take it as a matter of course. I can't. My morals won't permit it and I want too much out of life to risk it. Some day I want to have a wife and children, but only after I have become financially secure, got some travel under my belt and carved a niche in the ladder of success. Granted the sexual impulse is strong in all of us, stronger in some than others. Exercise, work, absorption in projects can alleviate some of the drive so that no great abnormality will develop and ruin a man's life. If sexual release must be found, I think a brothel the best place to go. The risk of injuring either party isn't all that great. Some of my best friends now engaging in sexual intercourse appear to be bored with life at times. They seem to find little enjoyment in the things we used to do together. There are times when I think Bob is troubled with this question. He has sexual relations with his girl, but must think a lot about it for recently he has become somewhat withdrawn and reluctant to talk. Our values are quite different. It's a puzzlement and I find it painful at times to be perfectly honest with myself.

On Oct. 9 King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Louis Barthou, French Foreign Minister, were assassinated in Marseilles by a Croatian, Petrus Kalemán. This brings to the rather shakey Yugoslav throne crown Prince Peter only 11.

A revolt is raging in Spain. Sunday's news reported 500 dead. The new republic is weak. Spain is ripe for a dictator.

Oct. 11, Thurs. Spent part of the morning consulting with Profs. Fields and Johnston on the International Club organization, objectives and program. Conferred with Jackson Towne, the librarian, about a place in the library for an international bulletin board. He was glancing at the "Sat. Eve Post" when I entered his office and appeared too busy to see me. I said that my purpose wasn't important and could wait, whereupon he begged me to be seated, saying that more and more was being piled on him every day. He liked the idea of a bulletin board devoted to foreign and international affairs and said that if the library couldn't supply one, financially, he would out of his own pocket. He is a bright looking man with piercing brown eyes, crooked teeth, small mouth, black hair. Some claim he often likes to appear harder worked than is actually the case. I thanked him and said I hoped he wouldn't put himself to any personal expense.

Stood during the lecture by Amelia Erhart tonight. Very interesting, charming with a fine figure.

Oct. 15, Mon. At a conference with Rollo May he agreed to speak on Affairs in Yugoslavia. We need something to pep up the Club this year. Flunked a test in Econ. Am in one of those lazy moods. My cold doesn't help.

Bob excited about leaving for New York.



Oct. 18, Thurs. Another year is rapidly drawing to a close. Have tried to include more in this journal, but have mis-givings about understanding the genre of keeping a diary. Too much what, not enough why and how.

Have been reading about Bismarck and his final rift with the Kaiser. B. had little concern for the welfare of the masses. An autocrat of the first water. Gross at times. His alliances and policies were made as though he would live forever.

Two chauffeurs sat across from me at the Cafe today. One had a cleft nose, sandy hair, a serious expression. Both soon demolished their beef stew.

Looking forward to teaching the French Revolution.

Mary, bless her soul, sent \$10.00.

Stayed up until one a.m. correcting long term papers. Bob left for NYC today.

Oct. 24. Wed. First meeting of the International Relations Club tonight. Pleased to see every member of the History Department. Rollo May gave an interesting talk on Yugoslavia. I talked about the club and its objectives. We are planning an international night. Sophia Van Kuiken to chair program committee.

Oct. 25, Thursday Days fly by so fast I lose track of time. Last week-end, rainy, dull, lonely. Spent hours studying for American History exam. Sat. night played two handed bridge with Bartolli. Went to bed wearing my room-mate's bathrobe, his mackinaw over the quilt. John Martin entered to offer me a glass of Applejack brandy. Soon had thrown off all the covers.

Oct. 29 Monday Mr. Lyon returned today looking pale and thin. He obviously took the death of his father very hard. Bob has returned from New York primed to the gills. Last night one of the fellows returned with a whole roasted pheasant which I warmed up on the small electric heater... Three of us picked the carcass clean.

Finding International Relations and Foreign Policy of the U.S. absorbing. We have an interesting class including a student from China who sits in front of me, Harlan Clark who wants to enter the diplomatic service and Dorothy Langdon intent on becoming a consul. Zarza, the big football player, has been tight-lipped about his plans.

Observing during Practice Teaching seems a waste of time. I hope I will never be as boring as Mr. Smith. He takes himself too seriously. At every meeting we are given two sheets of "busy work". Rather expected something more from Dr. Mitchell.

Got the highest mark, 93, in American History exam and a 95 in Modern European History. Almost flunked Econ.

Nov. 4, Sunday. Ticked at Bob for ridiculing Millay's "Wine From These Grapes". We are poles apart when it comes to being kindred spirits. I think his football success has gone to his head.

The days have all run together. I enjoyed teaching the French Revolution. Best movie seen recently, "The Barrets of Wimpole St.". Norma Sherer so lovely as Bah and Charles Loughton adept at making you hate him.

Most of the leaves have fallen now. Bare limbs under leaden skies a harbinger of

A great game yesterday: State 13 vs. Marquette 7. Plenty of thrills. The last two minutes the ball was only one yard from the goal line. The crowd on its toes. Pandemonium.

Irv and Henry returned from U. of M. We got dates and all went to Coral Gables. Addie looked nice in black and a white fur wrap. Good dancer. Saw many we knew from high school days. Later at Dairyland after we had dropped off our dates, Irv. told about Eddie and Gus, his cadaver and skeleton. His vivid descriptions of probing for muscles, amputations, blood clots, nerve cells, regeneration of cells kept him the center of conversation.

Nov. 5, Mon. Election time near. I doubt whether Lacy will win now that public sentiment is quite undemocratic since it is common knowledge that Comstock was financed by a New York Criminal lawyer. His inefficiency has been too glaring. Probably Lacy is the more capable. Fitzgerald will probably win. He is a good mixer, likes his beer. Bartolli claims he HAS SEEN HIM PRETTY WELL SOUSED. I hope all the amendments are defeated. It is foolish to clutter up our constitution with amendments that belong under legislative powers. All state employees had to contribute 1% of their salary to the welfare fund. We have about 810,000 on welfare out of a state population of 4,000,000+.

Gave a test in Practice Teaching on the French Revolution. One of my questions poorly worded. Must have some new pictures made as Dr. Mitchell doesn't approve of my present ones. Rec. 72 on my Econ test, lowest ever! Bob demonstrating dracula last night left a hickey on my neck.

Nov. 6, Tues. Foreign Policy blue book bad, bad. Tonight Rollo May asked me to talk in Church Sunday on Peace before the Open Forum. Dr. Hunt will also talk. Accepted. Bob leaves for Syracuse tomorrow.

Attended the Seven Arts Club tonight, supposedly composed of the "Intellectual Aristocracy". Membership includes musicians, some talented, amateur dramatists, actors, singers. In all, a very interesting group. M. Sage came and Mr. Waldo. Mrs. Farwell gave an interesting reading impersonating Queen Elizabeth. A young man with long black hair and pale skin sang a song that was a bit too long. He had a pleasant voice when you closed your eyes. Several members of the music faculty present. Left at 9:45 missing hot cider and roll in order to get a book back into the library which I had sneaked out. John Yale drove me home. He is all taken up with Eunice Bellenger, a girl with just a trace of chin.

Received \$12.95 from Federal Employment Relief Administration.

Nov. 7 Wed. Fitzgerald is governor. Fry, treasurer, much against my wish. Although my mother was a personal friend of the Fry's in Fremont (my own mother), I don't remember the family.

Nov. 8 Thurs. Met with Dr. Hunt and Rollo May and Bob Elert today to discuss our talks for Sunday. I said you couldn't talk about Peace in the abstract and forget human nature. Hunt observed that we couldn't wait for human nature when thinking

of peace. He is very self assured and proud of Dr. Hunt, yet I'm inclined to like him. Elert isn't sure why he is a conscientious objector.

Had quite a talk with Fred Bentley today. Miss seeing him. He took me down town to get my pants which weren't ready.

Went with Violet Aeiler tonight to the Sophomore Womens' League Party. She was chairman of the decorations committee. The orchestra was barricaded in a trench. Machine guns were posted around the room and a large painting of a trooper hung above the orchestra. We had to stand in line with patrons to receive about 200 guests. Apparently blond Violet, somewhat older than I, comes from a family with money. She is a Finn and drives her own Buick. Has been around plenty and hopes to finish college in three years. She wants to be a child specialist. No marriage plans. After the party I carried four guns downstairs and asked the girls for their diamonds. Nov. 10, Sat. Good by to the Rose Bowl: State=0, Syracuse=10. Went down town tonight and bought a brown pair of shoes. Wish I had a brown suit.

Worked on my short story tonight.

Nov. 11. Sunday Spoke in church on the Prospects of Peace. Dr. Hunt also spoke. He offered financial support for the International Relations Club. Told me for the third time of his many speaking engagements.

When I came home from the library I found that Bob had put a french safe on my desk (used) with a note, "Your souvenir from Syracuse". I wasn't amused. Later when I found out it was all a prank and the guys had put spit and soap suds in it to make it look used, I felt ashamed for being such a prude and bought the gang some ice cream.

Recently Branch and Bartolli brought a couple girls to their room for a romp in bed. Everyone but me thought it all a part of boys will be boys. We could get in a bunch of trouble if found out. Later found one of the girls in my closet with my good pen. Kicked her out.

Nov. 12, Mon. Ugly fall sky. Colder. Read several papers on Cromwell, the Puritan Revolution and James I, the wisest fool in Christendom.

Nov. 13, Tues. Unable to finish my short story. I despair of ever becoming a writer. Seem to have imagination up to a point, then too self absorbed, I guess. Reading "The Edwardian Era" by Maurois. Got caught up on my work today. Trying to master Money, Credit and Banking.

Miss Johnston's discussion of the letters between Nicky (tsar of Russia) and Willy, the Kaiser most interesting. Apparently the Kaiser wanted peace. Von Bülow was the real power behind the throne for awhile. De Classé seemed, in spite of imperialism, to be working for peaceful ends. Grey of England certainly overstepped his powers and acted unwisely as a statesman. He died a few years ago.

Received a letter from Grandmother Redman. She had been to see Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints in Three Acts" and found it amusing. Quite a philosopher.

In Louisiana we have after 20 centuries another Caligula who commanded a Syrian grid star in college to become a senator. The player refused, much to the wrath of Kingfish, Huey Long. The grid star declared he was embarrassed by the tomfoolery of Kingfish and preferred the football togs to senatorial toga. Huey acts with reckless abandon and contempt. Prof Caswell says Huey is a smart man.

Nov. 15, Thurs

Walked home with Miss Johnston recently. She lives in a small apt. attached to a larger house. The carved acron knocker pulls out of its little shell when one knocks. Her excellent taste and refinement are very evident inside. Bookcases line the walls. She has a French etching of San Germain des Prés, a quaint little clock from England, A silver tray was heaped with apples, pears and grapes. I borrowed "Marie Antoinette", by Stephan Zweig.

A bracing beautiful fall day. One that makes one feel on top of the world. Have been pressing some fascimilies of famous American letters. Would hate to have received marching orders from Jackson during the war. Can't read his writing.

Reading about the Agidir Crisis, I feel if the Kaiser had stayed home more instead of going off in his yacht so frequently a great deal of trouble might have been avoided.

Nov. 16, Fri. So faged out cut classes this afternoon and slept from one to 4:30. Feel a bit guilty, but rested.

Harlan Clark won the extemp contest (\$10.00) There is no doubt of his ability. He likes to dominate at times, but generally most diplomatic in gaining a point. He seems better off financially this year; always dresses well, has a modest apt., and works only for the college. He does the same type of work for the English dept. ~~that~~ I do for History.

Have an overweening desire to go to Germany after hearing a talk by E.W. Kibler on German Youth Movement. It was idealistic I suppose, but I feel that German Youth is living a wonderful life. He told of their simple food, (black bread tomatoes, onions chopped fine and applesauce), of their philosophy and their strong belief of sacredness of one's personality, He vividly described a school in the Rhine Valley, the distant spire of Worms Cathedral. Some day I will go to Germany. Feel it in my bones.

Another letter from Mary. What a dear soul! She is truly a kindred spirit. We are in tune and understand each other. If ever I meet another like Mary, I will strive to win her love and admiration. What a pity, or is it a blessing, that she is my first cousin?

Nov. 17, Sat. State 7, U. of D. 6. A great day. Bob played very well. So proud to have him as my room-mate.

Yet, I can never reveal my true feelings. Perhaps he knows how very much I want him to succeed. There were about 20,000 at the game. There were several fights and several drunks put on quite a show. The U, of D. really outplayed us. Bud and I home alone tonight. We treated ourselves to fudge sundaes and I corrected history papers.

Nov. 18, Sun. Slept until 11 a.m. Joe came in and said he was going to change after a fight with his girl. "I'm going to stop smoking, drinking, and screwing around. And I'm all washed up with women." It seems to me I've heard that song before.

Bob and I went to see "Cleopatra" tonight. Claudette Colbert splendid. At times feel so insignificant in this great world. What is death? I hope it's an entrance into a new world. But sometimes I wouldn't mind if it is just rest eternal. There is a tendency once in awhile to just let myself go. Feel dissatisfied with myself tonight; want to let it all hang out in writing. But forebear! Coming up exams, papers to correct, beds to make, rooms to clean, halls to sweep, scour the sinks and toilet bowls, read, read, read. My soul is like the storm tossed trees outside.

Nov. 19, Mon Have never seen it so warm for Nov. Dead tired. Mr. Kiebler spoke again tonight at teachers' conference. Tom, Leo and I went to State to the free show. Mobs broke the glass in the front doors, several girls seemed on the verge of fainting. Are we really in college? We edged ourselves in at a side door. Great comedy. Nearly choked laughing. Home for coffee, toast and jelly.

Nov. 20, Tues 65 degrees. Warmest since 1904. Went to the tea dance briefly this afternoon. Danced with Rhoda Garlent. She is a queer duck. I find it very difficult to talk to her.

Plan to drop Econ. next term. It seems quite impractical unless you are going into business. That excludes money, credit and banking important for everyone.

Nov. 22, Thurs. Bob left for Kansas this afternoon. Mr. Fields is very upset over something. He seems rather tempermental at times. Miss Johnston has a soothing way which tempers his restless spirit.

Not getting in as many hours of work as I had hoped.

Attended a meeting with Dr. Hunt, Harlan Clark, and Rollo May to discuss the Peace Program. All in such a hurry, nothing much decided.

So weary of reading papers on Peter the Great.

Tom and I gave a midnight lunch in my room. Never saw a group consume peanut butter so fast.

Nov. 23, Fri. Samuel Insull was acquitted by the jury. I don't think his position so disreputable, at least not as the press would have us believe.

In the Naval Conference the U.S. informed Japan that if it insisted on Naval equality John Bull and Uncle Sam will combine their fleets and Nippon will have to go her own way.

Dr. Hugo Eckner will fly the "zep" between U.S. and Germany on a regular schedule. Perhaps I will fly to Europe when I go!

Several questions were fired at me in Practice Teaching today requiring some quick thinking. Am becoming fond of my students and greatly enjoying this experience. Must learn to phrase questions more carefully.

Nov. 24, Sat. Alone tonight as I write in my room with a pot of tea, half a dozen oatmeal cookies, a good book, the radio offering soothing violin music. Good to have a room of one's own occasionally. Expect Bob from Kansas City tomorrow at 3 p.m. State won 6-0.

Went downtown today and got a refund from Two Legs for the pair of pants that didn't fit. Saw just what I wanted at Hurds, but \$7.50=too much. After some dickering got them lowered to \$5.00. Could it be because I know the Hurd family?

Larry Basset, former room-mate, came over this afternoon. His wife had gone to a dance recital. He never mentions married life, but I assume that he and Charlotte are very happy. Later we went to see "The Count of Monte Cristo". Too much time spent in prison, forcing the end to be rushed.

All the boys are out tonight.

Nov. 26, Monday Up early to study for blue book in 307 a. Spent a hectic night trying to digest the rich food served at the Silvermans Silver Wedding Anniversary party last night. About 250 present. Good orchestra. All our old gang was there. Everybody is paired off now except Hank and me. He seemed much the same as during high school days. Feel rich in friendships and hope these will last for many years.

Blue book difficult. Don't think I did very well.

Ed, Lewis and I went to the library tonight. What a pair of cards. We sat across from two girls and made remarks about Queen Vicki and about the duck on top of 3 ducks who said there were four of them up there because he couldn't count.

Nov. 27, Tues. Teaching going very well. Wore my new pants today. They fit slick.

Cousin Diana Young, and I had supper tonight at her mother, Maude's apartment. I enjoy them both so much and am frequently invited to break bread with them. Diana is a freshman.

Bob kicked me out of bed so I went and slept with Bud and Dick. By 4:30 ready to crawl back to own bed.

Nov. 28, Wed. A relief to have classes end today. Cousins Alice and Bob Gaskill came for me at 5:15 p.m. and we zipped to Battle Creek arriving just in time for dinner at Aunt Hattie's. Shortly thereafter, Mary arrived and I left with her for cousins Betty and Franklin Shaw who were getting ready for the Athenison Formal. Franklin all turned out in white front and tails. Saw young Peter just before Jessie, the maid, took him up to bed. Mary and I were going to make some candy favors for a party and I drove to the store to get some tooth-picks. As I parked I noted what an out of the way place the store was located. Just as I was about to enter a man rushed out of the store and headed for the house next door. Entering I found no one.



I tapped on the counter for a clerk. Silence. Then I heard a step behind me and turned just in time to see a man rushing at me with a large wooden club. I ducked and yelled, "I only want a box of toothpicks!" He lowered his club and asked which way the man went who rushed out of the store. He had just threatened him with death if he didn't turn over his money. Luckily he managed to escape through a sliding door and ran next door to phone the police. I said I thought the man ran toward a house. *The man fled.* I remained until the police arrived. The police questioned me and followed me to Shaw's house. Later I learned that the same man had been robbed twice previously.

Nov. 29, Thursday A sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimmings at the Shaws. Returned to East Lansing tonight.

Nov. 30, Fri. The history office is to be painted so had to pile lots of stuff on my desk. Got in three hours of work. I thought Miss Johnston a bit out of line this morning with her questions and handing out zeros when the library was closed for the day yesterday. Resorted to O'Dells notes; a face-saving device.

Read aloud about the marriage of the Duke of Kent to Princess Marina of Greece to Bob and Tom King much to their disgust. Then recited several verses of *Little Tommy* until they smothered me with a blanket.

Dec. 1 Sat. Sick unto death of restaurant food. Barely ate anything. Bought a head of lettuce and some salad dressing. Bread and milk and an egg for supper.

Went with the boys over to the gym. Fred and I took a long shower. It's a good place to sing and Fred and I really let go. One can almost believe he has vocal talent. Weigh 129 lbs., two pounds heavier. Must be all that turkey and fixin's. Good visit with Kenneth Butterfield and Norma Newark at the library. Envy her practice teaching at Eastern.

Home in time to have graham crackers and coffee with Gordy and Leo. Split my head lettuce, and we crunched that too with salad dressing. Then I read all the adds in a "Spicey Boudoir" before turning in.

Dec. 2, Sunday. Mother and Jim came after me at noon and I drove home. Paul and Dad had gone hunting so the three of us set down to a tasty chicken dinner alone. Jim left after dinner and Mother and I had a long talk. She confided many things about the family that left me worried. I would like to help them both some day. She is concerned about Paul and his wild ways. Thinks if I would write to him and praise him (for what?) that he might straighten up. Bummed a ride home. Wrote until 12:30 and finished my book review.

Dec. 3. Monday. Feeling low. Working at home. History office all torn up. Snow. Large flakes swirled about, like life. Gave a test in Practice Teaching.

Dec. 4, Tues Quite cold out today. Snowing. Prepared in Econ for a change. Bob leaves for Texas tomorrow. Wish I were going along. Promised to bring me a souvenir from San Antonio. Cut English Short Story to register. Glad to have that out of the way.

Dinner tonight with Maude and Diana. My, but she is attractive. Maude, who works for the State is witty and endearing. Her husband, John, Dad's cousin works as a sign painter in Grand Rapids. Saw him on the street the other day. Financially hard up, as aren't we all!

Tom Morris came out tonight and we went to hear Dr. Haber Curtis, famous astronomer, give a talk, "Chasing Shadows". He had a remarkable platform presence and sense of humor. He said stars are suns almost an inconceivable distant from earth. It took them 10,000 years to reach the earth. He has been in the path of 11 eclipses and hopes to make the 12th on June 18, 1936 in Siberia. He has traveled extensively; three times to Sumatra, Labrador, most of the states. Told of the duplicity of the Dutch Gov't in Sumatra and Java in handling the natives. Showed three natives, Amo, Amas, Amat, convicts, but "nice ones". A palm tree reminded him of a feather duster struck by lightning. A tire = 1 rubber tree plus 1 1/2 years growth. We saw pictures of the moon with its giant craters. Sorry to learn there is no life there. Believe there must be life on some planet(s).

Dec. 5, Wed. Harlan came over tonight to study for blue book in Foreign Policy. What a cheerful guy. Speaks over the radio tomorrow on Munitions. He also composes songs. I was surprised to see him take twenty minutes tonight to help one of the Frosh with some English Grammar which he knows like the back of his hand. Then he looked at the Prayer by Tagore that Rev. John Adams had given me Sunday. Handed it back and recited the prayer. His powers of memorization are remarkable.

Bud and I prepared our supper tonight. It was fun and tasted good. We had toasted sandwiches, soup and pickles.

Arranged furniture in the History Office. Paint smell strong.

I think if the U.S. subsidized certain industries and eliminated the protective tariff it would curtail the amount of foreign capital invested abroad in industry.

Dec. 6, Thurs. Have to write a short story and feel a mental block. There is to be a new Dime Store in East Lansing. It ought to do rather well.

Wrote a letter to Paul and one to the folks.

Bud and I had toasted cheese sandwiches again with milk. Filling.

Passed up the concert tonight to read about the Serbian assassination by Gavrilo Princip of Archduke Ferdinand in Sarajevo. It was a terrible deed. The Serbians are not to be pitied from an Austrian point of view.

Increasingly it seems to me that Europe is again becoming an armed camp. Coals for another great conflagration are glowing in the Balkans. The Soviet Union recently executed 60 involved in a plot to murder a high government official. Rumors are that Stalin killed another 200.

Dec. 7, Fri. Fell into disfavor with Miss Johnston today by failing to have a paper at the office on time. Was 15 minutes later than planned. Fields sided with Miss

when I sounded him out this afternoon. "I should think she would be angry with you," he said and turned away. However, I think I gained her good graces again before leaving the office.

When I went to pick up my check today, Grant Smith informed me that I had to give the college half of what I had earned.

Went with the guys tonight to see Russ Colombo in "Wake Up and Dream". I prefer his voice to Crosby's. Too bad he had to die so young.

Dec. 8, Sat. Fred, Ritchie and I got lunch in my room and really filled up. Went to the gym for a good soaking shower. Returned to listen to the game. State 26-Texas 13. Bob played. Wonder what he will bring me as a souvenir? Thought I would get a letter. Read about Japan today and more about the Origins of W.W.I tonight. The Kaiser was forever making marginal notes. If he could have kept his mouth shut, his pen on the desk things might have looked less grim for Germany. His son spluttered too much also. Tonight Bud, Chuck, Ritchey, and Zig came to my room to talk about, guess what? Baseball. The season will soon be underway. I could think of more important topics..

Dec. 9, Sun. Paul came after me and we went to Vandugteren's for dinner. The folks and Jim already there. Paul wore his football letter proudly. He is also on the basketball team. Said he got a "C" in English. Really? Dad seemed rather distant until just before dinner when we talked about the economic situation. He thinks the N.R.A. will become permanent. Mother's often caustic remarks irritate him. Paul and Jim show him scant attention. If only his financial situation were better I think he would be entirely more outgoing. Dinner was excellent. Maude and Diana were present. Darriel and Bill (Arvilla), Dad's cousin and our hosts seem to be making out O.K. with their two children. Darriel sells insurance. Arvilla is a seamstress. Their home in the south-end, recently done over, is pleasant.

Diana had to go to a tea and I left soon after dinner to study. Cold. Wish I could afford a winter coat. Jobs don't look very plentiful.

About the fellows: Bud (George Branch) Light complected, clean looking, sensual. Good home background. Likes his liquor. Appreciates opera, theater, arts. mentally lazy, athletic, generous, spends money quickly, friendly, painfully frank at times, can be well mannered when necessary, likeable. Been around plenty.

Chuck (Gordon Allman) Like his brother in many ways. Athletic body. Easy going, calm. Good talker in a bull session. Rather good in English, but sometimes wonders what he is doing here.

Boyko Ukranian. Plump. Reminds me of Bachus, but isn't so inclined. Good teeth, dark brown eyes. Knows the bible. Strong as an ox. One year at Notre Dame.

Ritchie Italian. Big nose, slim body. Uneven temper. Generous, droopy eyes.

Father runs a fruit market. He likes a good time. Studies hard, but doesn't seem to get along very well. Athletic.

Tom King Probably will be the most successful of the lot. Bright, pleasing personality. Going with girl whose family is well fixed. Engineering. Good marks. Has an opportunity to go to Australia after graduation. They were in my room tonight talking about cat houses they have visited. Such raunchy tales, each trying to top the other.

Dec. 11, Tues. Bob arrived home at 7:30 this morning with a sombrero and a black eye. Brought me a leather bill -fold. Said there are plenty of dames who try to entice you into their rooms. Glad to have him back. Of course, he's broke. Loaned him \$4.00.

Tragedy struck Lansing this morning about 5 a.m. when the Hotel Kerns caught fire. The hotel was full, ~~many~~ occupants, legislators. Many trapped in their rooms jumped screaming into the Grand River below or on to the pavement either to be killed or sustain severe injuries. About 97 are missing or unidentified. Police estimate about 40-50 lost their lives. Many were drowned in the river which is shallow and frozen. Adding to the terrible smoldering ruins is the freezing cold weather. Yesterday the temperature was zero.

Received a 98 in Am History B.B. Wrote a short story.

Dec. 12, Wed. Heard a talk on Hitler tonight by Dr. Lemeyal. Good, but I had already read or heard most of what he said. Finished my short story at 2 a.m.

Dec. 13, Thurs Dad brought in one of my short stories tonight. I didn't have time to write another one. Also brought some butter and cookies. If I don't hide the cookies they disappear like dew before the sun. Dad and I had quite a visit. He appeared in better spirits.

The little cactus Bob brought home is growing--I think. Had lunch this noon in the Union with Miss Johnston, Mr. Fields and Ferris Moyer. Tomorrow is the last day of classes. Rather glad the term is over although it has gone by very fast.

Dec. 14 Fri. Went with the Morrisises and Phyllis Hooten to Eastern to see "The Desert Song" tonight. It was very good. Tom joined us at the end of the first act.

Five years ago tonight I was on the same stage with the lead in "Pirates of Penzance". Saw a few teachers I knew, but no students, of course. Left with a heavy heart. It seems only yesterday at times when I was a student here. What wonderful days they were.

Dec. 15, Sat. Rickey and I went downtown this afternoon. Bought a new diary. The ruins of the Kerns hotel made me shudder. We watched divers still diving for bodies. Very cold.

Finished working for the History Department.

Dec. 16, Sunday. Began studying for exams. Bob made chocolate and caramel pudding. Not a bad pudding-maker.

Dec. 18 Tues Bob and I have been getting up at 5:30 to study for exams. Mrs. Perry made a big chocolate cake for "her boys". Eagerly devoured.

Dec. 19, Wed. We trudged through 8" of snow to our take our exams. Dread Econ. Bob, raring to leave, left at 3:30 p.m. A bum day to bum home.

Dec. 19. Pleased to receive an "A" in Practice Teaching. Told it was the only "A" given to a practice teacher in history.

Dec. 20, Thurs. Am. History B.B. very long and involved, but not too difficult. In the History Office Miss Johnston told the profs that she had to look hard to find anything on my final to mark off. I told her to look at the Treaty of Bucharest. She did. Found two mistakes.

Rec'd my check. Paid \$4.00 on Note. Mary sent \$10.00 for Christmas shopping.

Most of the fellows have gone. Ritchey and Murphy moved out, so did Ed., Bill and Lewis. Will miss Ed's playing the piano. Bud and I had steaks at the Cafe.

This afternoon went downtown to shop with Mrs. Perry. She gave me a tie for Christmas.

Dec. 21, Fri Thought Dad would never come after me but he finally did. Mother was away on a "case" so the house seemed rather forlorn without her.

Dec. 27, Thursday We spent Christmas with the Doyles in Lowell where I was born. Mother and Dad at odds.

Grades: Econ= C, Eng. Comp=B, Am. Hist.= A, Am. For. Polixy= A, Practice Teaching=A Europe since 1970= A.

Dec. 31 Sat. Rather a depressing final day of 1934. Mother and Dad plan to get a divorce. It's difficult to know what to say. Mother and I clashed when I asked for a picture of Irv and me taken in high school. She is keeping all the paintings that Grandmother Redman brought from Europe, all furniture and other household items. While I was packing my books she accused me of siding with Dad. She has always been jealous of my relationship with my father. "It's too late for him to try acting different now. I told him I would go through with the divorce and I shall," she said. I replied that I was trying to be neutral in the whole affair. She didn't believe me and claimed I blamed her and never gave her credit for anything. She has already won Paul and Jim to her side. Her brothers, Frank and Willie, came and she spent the afternoon with them behind closed doors talking in low tones so I couldn't hear. I finished packing and prepared to leave. Just before leaving Paul tried, without success, to borrow some money. Mother remained distant. "Well, you may come home as long as you have a home". Paul wished me happy New Year. Didn't see Jim. Dad drove me back to East Lansing. We said little.

Thankful for the haven of my room and to be alone.

1934 has been a year mixed with joy and sorrow. Hope that I have become more broad minded and conscious of limitations. Events of the past week have obscured

things for which to be thankful. Mary has so enriched my life and won my undying love and gratitude. Feel I have lost Irving as my closest friend, but that was inevitable. I love Frieda and am thankful that they will make a life together.

I will remember Lyon's Cafe, Continental Novel, Casper Houser, Green Pastures, the State Cafe, League of Nations' Assembly, Alan Brightman's party upon his return from Africa (he has gone there again), planting cabbages, making cherry pies, friends, Bob Allman a wonderful room-mate, last fall, Victory over Michigan, job with the History Dept. and Practice Teaching. Still an idealist, I'm thankful to God for his many blessings and guidance. Never will I forget the characters in "Anthony Adverse".

I am glad that I have attained a closer fellowship with my teachers in college. A teacher should seek fellowship with his students, teach them not only facts, but about life and set an example. I hope that I will be a successful teacher.

God help me in my work and undertakings. May He step into our home and may the outcome be for the best. I pray that Paul will come through this period on the credit side and do the best he can. May James make the most of his abilities.

Many things recorded in this journal have been during times of anger, at times on impulse. Revealing, I'm sure.

I now bring this journal to a close and place it with others. Let ~~me~~ turn now with renewed hope, faith and strength to greet the New Year.