

MEMORIES OF A COLLEGE STUDENT

AT

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE

EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN

1931 - 1935

JON L. YOUNG

Vol. III

1935

Jon L. Young's Journal of 1935, Vol. III

Jan. 1 Tues. Greetings 1935. Again celebrated the advent of the New Year with friends, Irv. Silverman, Frieda Weiner (wonder if Irv. will marry her), Tom Morris, and his girl, Phyllis Hotten, Chuck Campion, Bea, Annetta, Frieda's sister, and me. We danced into the wee morning hours at The Dells at Pine Lake, enjoying the company of many other friends including Jock Neller, Mary Bolen and the Noyces. Then we decided the orchestra was poor and returned to Lansing in the sky blue Royale with Irv. at the wheel, with much merriment and singing. At Dairyland all ordered Scotie Steaks, coffee and chocolate sodas. Anette read some of her poetry. "Horse and Noodles" a refreshing surprise.

Returning home at 4:45 a.m. I had to rouse Mrs. Perry to let me in. Up at 10:30 and painted the bathroom sort of a green jade. Wore an old pink dress of Mrs. Perry's. Glad there was no audience. Pleased when she invited me to dinner. Later went to a movie and saw, "Pursuit of Happiness." Good. Stopped at the State Cafe for coffee and met Ben Russell who sold me Benns, Europe Scince 1914 for \$2.50. A lonely, empty house tonight.

Jan. 2 Mr. Lyons, Profs Kimber and Fields were in the History Office when I arrived this morning. Prof. Ruth Johnston is back from Washington D.C. Worked in the office from 2-4 filing cards and doing some printing.

Students are returning to campus. Room-mate, Bob Allman, was at the house when I returned. A happy reunion. A group of us went to a movie tonight. Bought a "New York Times". Wonderful spread on Egyptian architecture, it alone worth the 15¢. Got a date with Lois for Sat. night. Read an article on what the typical Nazi thinks. Quite humorous.

Jan 3 Winter Term begins. No classes until 9. Gives me time to get some beds made. Dean Ryder didn't show up for class in International Relations. Worked an hour at the Cafe. Bitter cold. Bob thought we should take a drink of brandy before we turned in. He bought a Mexican hairless dog to go with our Texan cactus.

Jan. 4 This morning Prof. Johnston read to us from the Memor's of Lloyd George. A facile writer with pointed, sometimes sharp opinions. Poor Earl Grey. He seemed bantered from all sides. Did he ever belong in politics? This course should be very interesting with Johnston at the helm.

In practice teaching Mr. Smith said I'm to teach World War. Wish I could delay it and get more background.

Bob and I went to the basketball game tonight and had lemon pie a la mode enroute home.

1935-2

Jan. 5, Sat. Thought I would never finish my work today. ~~Guys~~ are slow getting up Sat. morning. I did leave the mopping which Mrs. Paerry let me know didn't please her. Will do it early tomorrow.

Tonight our gang went to Coral Gables to dance. Lois is a keen gal, but I could never go for her in a big way. Irv. and Tom with their steadies often do things together and at times I feel left out. Simply can't afford their social life.

Returning home I found Bob lying naked across the bed in a stupor. Finally got his p.j.'s on him and rolled him into bed.

Jan. 6. Surprised when ~~Don~~, high school friend, now a student at Albion came calling today. Clean cut, a bit brassy, and smoking a cigar, he reeked Joe College. He hopes to go into some kind of business. Rode with friends who took him back to Albion. Much reminiscing. He gave me an Outline of Modern History. Works part time in a book store and lives at the A.T.O. House.

Jan. 7. I was very much put out when Ryder failed again to show up today and Kimber took over. Several of us thought of sending a formal protest to Dean Emmons. However, his daughter, Ruth Ryder, assured me that it wasn't a case of politics this time, but his poor health. Johnston and Fields regret the loss of Ryder. Lyons claimed the change was permanent. Are we to be stuck with Kimber?

Jan. 8. Began teaching about the World War today. They seemed so interested in the story of the Assassination.

Went with Dick Hickman tonight to see pictures of the World War. Deeply impressed. The strains of violin music over the radio coming from a darkened room at the house when I arrived home late this afternoon sounded so hauntingly peaceful that I dropped off my books and went into the room to lie on the bed. ~~Close~~ my eyes and seemed wafted far away to the south seas on a white yacht, billowing white sails, blue skies and water with an island of bending palms in the distance. Thank God for imagination and music. Music touches off imagination like flint to tinder. Interrupted by a police call about a car stolen in Lake Odessa and apprehending of Lester Bents.

Jan. 9. Still thinking about the pictures of the World War; the men being shot up, plumed hats, armies on the march, German Imperialism. I would like to devote my life to the cause of peace, yet peace will not be achieved by a sentimental attachment to the League of Nations. While I believe in the brotherhood of mankind, the realization of such a state and the means of attainment baffles me. It seems we must choose a scientific attitude and deal with practicalities without losing sight of human nature.

Talked with John Seamon today, son of a prominent Lansing family. He is bent on becoming a diplomat. He is in my For. Relations class. Mild of manner

1935-3

It's good to have Bob around when I become too serious. Occasionally we scuffle, but he could easily wrap me into a pretzel and I know when to back off.

Enjoyed teaching so much today and the class responded well. Surprised when Mr. Smith thought I was working a bit too hard. Must learn to ask better questions.

I'm inspired reading the biographies of statesmen; inspired to rise above my petty self and strive for accomplishment, to become a good teacher if nothing else.

A good International Relations Club meeting tonight. Appointed committees and urged cooperation. About 30 attended. Played Gugenheim later.

Jan. 10. Tonight Morris and I went to hear that great American philosopher, Will Durant at Peoples Church. We had good balcony seats. Noted his tanned hands and the increasing ruddy complexion as he warmed to his lecture. His hands small, fingers short. Although he repeated some ideas previously expressed, I found him impressive and he was well received by a crowd of about 150. I took down the address. Harlan Clark informed us later that Durant was off on his economics. He is becoming rather conceited these days, but still has much to recommend him and hopefully this attack will soon pass.

Jan. 11 Ran into David Cleary and Harlan at the library this morning and felt immediately on the defensive regarding Durant's lecture. As editor of "The State News," Cleary had been invited to a dinner given by the College. "His table manners were atrocious. He took some peas on his knife, then licked the knife and gulped some water." Later Cleary admitted that he hadn't attended the dinner and what he said was hearsay. Later I was miffed to see in "The State News" a banner headline; "Mr. Cleary's Criticism of Will Durant." There is a decided dearth of culture and intellectual activity on this campus. Some outsiders still look askance at us at the so-called cow college and claim we carry wisps of straw on our socks.

Slow going on the World War today. Must lecture Monday in order to finish up the unit.

Have been reading the life of John Marshall. Enjoyable. How little thinking I really do. Everything is so prepared for us. "Education is the shedding of certainties and the enlarging of ignorance"--Will Durant.

Jan. 12 My high ambitions and high ideals. Will I ever realize them?

We live in a world of shadows. We aren't what we are, but what is said of us and what we read in other's eyes. Finished "Mary Queen of Scots" by Maxwell Anderson. Probably quite good staged, but some parts a disappointment. Lots of whoring. Quite a contrast between Bothwell's character as depicted by E. Barrington in "Dual of the Queens." Would like to attempt a play someday about Mary and Elizabeth.

Received the anticipated letter from Grandmother Redman recounting her experiences in Germany during the World War. Should be interesting to my history class. She is a remarkable woman.

Went with friends to see Babbit tonight. Probably enough truth in his novel to cause some shame for Americans. Few pictures are worth while, yet they form a large part of my amusement. However, give me a good book anytime.

Jan. 13. To church. So fond of Rev. McCune. Good sermon, but not one to mull over very long. Enjoyed the biographies of William II and the Memoirs of LLOYD George. So many lives to explore. So many would have been worth knowing.

Ice skating this afternoon. Finish the World War tomorrow. Hope to draw some good conclusions. Regular blizzard out tonight.

Jan. 14.: I have been looking through Splengers book, Decline of the West, mentioned by Will Durant. He writes the cause of all this depression and trouble is merely a decline in the powers of the state. He contends that we have a dictatorship, but I still believe we have a democracy. Probably the trouble with Europe is that which would accompany a transition from autocracy to democracy is the most difficult to abide by. Through 150 years of this country's history democracy hasn't been too successful. The success of any government depends upon the fair or bad weather produced by the economic situation.

Finished the World War today and told the class about some of Grandmother's experiences. Enjoyed talking with Prof. DeHaan about Will Durant this afternoon. Interested in his opinion since he was Durant's official host. He bolstered my opinion. He added that my friend Harvey Deweerd had an article published recently in the "American Mercury."

The Saar has definitely gone to Germany.

Jan. 15. Enjoy being in the history office and often in the company of the faculty overhearing some of their discussions. Have my own desk where I can read outside reading reports of under-classmen. All seem satisfied with my grading.

Jan. 16. Escaped being called on in history class. Whew! Unprepared. Took a walk tonight in the sleet and felt how thankful I was to be in college surrounded by friends.

Jan. 17. Lyons called on me 4 times in U.S. History today! Bob and I went to the basketball game. State won. Back at the Home Ec. Bldg. read on the Battle of Verdun, while Bob finished his janitorial duties. We stopped for a snack enroute home. Got a new meal ticket today.

1935-5

Jan. 18 Went with John Yale to see the Civic Players do "Elizabeth and Essex." Mrs. Karl Brucker, wife of the former governor, was outstanding as the queen. Robert Montgomery, well known, but not a great actor in my opinion did a commendable job as Lord Cecil. I wonder if truly great artists are just a bit queer? Went back stage to congratulate the cast. Many M.S.U. faculty present. John is fodder for a novel. He has tried to overcome his little eccentricities and tended to make a botched job of it. He is intellectually brilliant in many respects. A true Bohemian. He wears his hair long, dresses in a bizarre manner; is a fascinating conversationalist, and clever writer. He was going to study for the ministry but has turned quite decidedly Left. With him money is no problem and he travels in sort of a pseudo-intellectual circle, quite amoral. They have private cocktail hours, flit into Detroit to operas, plays. Sexually just about anything goes. After the play he took me to a Black and Tan club in an old brick house on North Cedar St. I felt queer at first. John knocked and finally we were admitted, passing through two doors into a stuffy room with negroes and whites sitting at tables. We made our way to a table and I ordered a ginger-ale. There were some good looking colored girls and the music quite appealing. John exclaimed over the beauty of the negroes and pointed out one wench he had gone with the week-end before. She was very attractive. Then mixed couples began to dance. I found the amorous play of men to colored gals rather revolting at first, but after a time thought little about it. Everyone appeared to be having such a good time.

Jan. 19. Repotted the cactus. No roots. Fear end is near. Fred Bentley and I went for a swim this afternoon after I finished cleaning the rooms, changing linens, etc. Swam the length underwater without taking a breath.

Jan. 20. Missed church. In the library this afternoon noticed two beautiful orchids, one pink from Borneo with clear cut petals. The other from South America a pale yellow. So up-lifting on a wintry day.

Read Harvey Deweerdt's article in the Am. Mercury on "Stupidities in the Military." He believes those in command are conservative, often sluggish and stupid. Warnings and reports from subordinates are often ignored or hushed up; e.g. Joffre dismantled the guns at Verdun just before the assault on the fortress. Recalled the fishing trips Harvey and I made to lakes around Fremont, Mich. in the summers and how with a board he beat up some frogs and we had a frog-leg supper.

Jan. 21 Mr. Fields returned today, having been away due to mother's death. Good to have him back.

Dr. Ryder's lecture interesting today. How I wish I could break into the Foreign Service. Have enjoyed reading about pre-historical man. The theory is advanced that there has been in the last million years a parallel evolution. Skulls have been found in Java, China, and Africa, indicating similar stages of development. These date back about 500,000 years. Skulls in the caves of Mt. Carmel in Palestine seem to belong to another type of man. How little we know about the human race!

After reading about German youth and looking at their pictures I feel a common bond stretching across the ocean. How very much alike we are when surfaces are peeled away. Would like to travel in Germany and visit their schools, live among the Germans and enjoy life with them.

Turned in my teaching credentials today. Will I get a job? Would like to travel for a year after graduation. Doing very little thinking for myself these days, but seem to be absorbing much.

Jan. 22. Taught my last class today for the semester. Mr. Haley Smith was away, so no final conference. Sometimes I felt I wasn't doing very well when he dozed off in his seat at the back of the class. Will miss the students as I had become quite fond of them. After class several came up to wish me well. Heartening.

Dad came in tonight for a visit. I know he is in a financial bind but his spirits are good. Mother is living at Spinks on Hayford St. and caring for Clayton Spink who has cancer. Thought we might go to a show some night.

Bob and I are having our differences. Aware I have a rotten disposition at times, but can't admit it.

Jan. 23 Interesting discussion in Johnston's class on The Battle of the Somme. Admire her impartiality. Ryder was good too. His years of experience have added stature as a teacher. Lyon is well informed and I'm enjoying his lectures on Slavery in the South.

This afternoon I went to talk with Librarian, Jackson Towne about the International Relations Club. He is an interesting, energetic man with the most ~~UNEVEN~~ lower teeth I have ever seen. We set a date for the book reviews in March. He said that he couldn't allot much money to the history department because it wasn't strong enough on campus; there were only two with professorial rank and the staff wasn't strong. He thought a military man should teach modern European History. I defended Fields and Johnston as being top instructors. He said that Louis P. Waldo in the English Dept. was strong and there should be a man to teach each century of literature. He had several suggestions for our club banquet.

The history dept. is so hog-tied by campus politics it is difficult for it to be assertive. Emmons has a tight rein. Lyons has been cowed

1935-7

Ryder won't bend too much, but he has been shorn of most of his powers.

Paid \$7.73 for a corduroy coat tonight at Hurds. So warm. Often felt cold in my jacket. Now I am broke.

Went to hear the fine voice of Toland Hayes tonight. Saw Lois and many friends. Very impressed.

Jan. 24 Only 25 came to Club meeting at the Union tonight. We didn't have to compete with the co-ed prom, St. Olaf's Choir, and the Theta Alpha Phi play. But the level of interest in International Relations on campus is discouraging. Johnston gave a splendid talk on the Saar. Glad that Ryder and his wife were present. She reminded me again that she had seen the Taj Mahal.

Jan. 25 Reading Vera Brittain's Testament of Youth, I get the urge to write about my family. Mary Bailes, looked up our family tree on my own mother's side and traced it back to the time of William, the Conqueror. According to her my mother's branch of the family is descended from the family of William Huskisson (1770-1830), President of the Board of Trade under George Canning? Grandmother Smith was a Huskisson who came from Nottingham to Allegan County as a girl of ten. She first married Thomas Moon, my mother's father and later, John B. Smith. Well, so much so that for the time being.

Went to Maude's tonight for dinner. She and daughter, Diana live in a small apt. not far distant. Diana, quite lovely, with an artistic temperament inherited from her father, my father's cousin, appears to be quite the social butterfly even as a freshman at State. Good time spent.

Tonight Bob crawled in bed with a copy of Western Stories and I Testament of Youth. We are miles apart in our thinking and values; he the great football star and I the quiet "scholar"? He longs to get married and leave school. Generally we get along quite well even if, at times, we can barely tolerate each other. Actually, I'm quite fond of him in many respects.

Vera Brittain wrote of how she was afraid of the end of the world. When 11 or 12 and living on Isbel St, in Lansing I sometimes had the feeling that the end was near. My friends and I used to sit on the steps of our front porch and talk about what would happen and what we would do. Edwin Gleason, whose family was quite religious, had a book about the end of the world with graphic dreadful pictures of the end at hand. All sinners were falling into a deep pit. He also had a book about the San Francisco earthquake with steel engraved etchings of the horror that ensued. At night I used to pray that the world wouldn't end and vow not to be tagged a sinner.

1935-8

In ~~reading~~ about music, I thought about music in our home. When I was about 12 my step-mother bought a piano and I started to take lessons from a music teacher, Miss Bashore, across the street. Not long after I also started to take violin lessons. It involved some deal where 12 of us took ~~an~~ lesson at the same time and after so many lessons at \$1.25 per lesson, the violin would be mine. The lessons were given in a private home on the other side of town. I had to take the street-car and traveling to and from my lessons proved the most fun. I found the lessons an ordeal and actually never learned to play a note. As I remember I just pushed the bow across the fiddle. We sounded awful. At home forced to practice a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour daily upstairs in my room, I finally found some notes that sounded like a fire siren and played with such gusto that my mother asking if that was the only piece I knew decided I might as well go out-doors and play.

The awful truth emerged at my final lesson when I ^{was} asked to play solo. After a disgraceful performance I handed my violin to the teacher and with soulful expression informed him that I was soon to undergo a very serious operation and would be forced to give up my lessons for the time being. I doubt that he bought a word of my plight and the scene which ensued at home left me with painful doubts as to whether the ruse was worth it. Not long after I resumed piano lessons but practicing was a bore and coordination of left hand with right seemed an inherent drawback. After a year I dropped when money was needed for other things. My brother Paul also took up the piano and later the trombone. Jim also took a few trombone lessons.

Jan. 26 Broke. Staying put for the week-end except for ice skating and going to the wrestling match with Tom and Fred.

Jan. 27 The water pipes froze during the night. The sermon good; something for everyone. Gave my last pennies for the offering. Will this mean a good mark in the book Upstairs? Stopped to see Anne at the Kappa Delta House, a lively, brave girl, good looking, well dressed, unsophisticated, modern to a degree. We had our pictures taken together and went to call on Aunt Ella, not at home. Managed to snatch some peanut brittle from a bowl when the maid wasn't looking. After a session at the library reading about missionaries who went to Oregon, returned to read some freshman outside reading reports on Henry VIII. They had been turned into Prof. Caswell. Not very good. Caswell thinks that freshmen are such children. They think he's very easy going. The papers show it.

Bob returned after a cold week-end in Bay City with some excellent buttered/crackers.

While reading Testament of Youth again today recalled childhood memories. Feathers, their softness, suppleness fascinated me by the time I was 5. I often pretended they were birds and flicked them about with my fingers. Mrs. Elmer White, the milliner, who lived below our apartment ^{IN LOWELL} and where my mother worked provided me with quite a collection of different colors. I used to play with ostrich plumes, duck wings and when Dad shot pheasants I was always supplied with tail and breast feathers. Later from markets at holiday time I collected turkey tail feathers and goose quills which I used for Indian bonnets. When visiting farms and no one was looking I liked to chase barnyard fowl just to see them fly. A couple of times, apprehended I was jerked silly by my Dad, but there was something exciting about a bird in flight that drove me to be the bane of chickens, waterfowl, and turkeys long after I should have quit.

Later I became absorbed in reading about the Age of Chivalry and medieval knights. Scott's novels were devoured. When left alone I assembled "vast armies" of dried beans and corn. They became my characters. With books, cards, glasses, strips of cloth I built forts, castles and palaces, maneuvering my "armies" about and enacting scenes from the stories and novels. I did the same when I became an avid reader of novels about the Romans. I built barges for the Nile, great houses in the sand for Nero, Augustus, Marc Anthony, Cleopatra, Sulla. There were artificial gardens, with corn and beans became multitudes of slaves, courtiers, and soldiers. When brothers, Paul and James became old enough to catch the fever, they joined in. We formed three countries, built up frontiers, formed alliances, waged war, hosted elaborate entertainments, send the wicked to dungeons. Left to ourselves we passed away many wintry evenings. Often after reading a story to them, we would put our imaginations to work and add to the plots and shape our own. When I outgrew such play, Paul and Jim would beg me to play again scenes from Imperial Rome and medieval pageantry, but the thrill had faded.

Jan. 28. Met my new class in practice teaching today. The sophomores seem so much younger than juniors and seniors. Believe I prefer older students.

Our education conference meeting was dull, dull, dull. All moral and ethical points have been previously stressed. John Yale was deeply distressed over his failure to inspire students. If I were his critic teacher I would ask him to use a mouth-wash. Have been so egotistical of late have paid scant attention to history in the making. Japan is pressing heavily upon the wall of China seeking to occupy the Chahor district Hope Peiping won't be lost or destroyed. Would like to visit China and the wonderful Rockefeller Foundation Hospital there.

1935-10

Yesterday in his radio address Fr. Coughlin said the U.S shouldn't join the world court. "We already have a World Court at the Hague". But surely the World Court at the Hague isn't the type of court which the covenant of the League of Nations had in mind. His talk was misleading and tried my patience. He is infatuated with his oratorical delivery.

Secretary Wallace recently proposed that the Supreme Court be shorn of its power and the final questions be put in the direct hands of the people for a vote! Some claim this smacks of communism. Have given up reading much about the Hauptmann Trial. Our courts are so rotten today that Justice is generally found shivering outside in the cold. There are such powerful interests involved in this case, the Federal Govt., the F.B.I, local police all seeking the limelight. Will true facts ever be known? Jan. 29 Into the Russian Revolution. Have been reading Bothnis account of the Romanovs. Throws a new light on the much written about Royal Family. Wrote a letter to Phil Fry, State Treasurer. He was a friend of my own mother. He and wife wanted to adopt me after she died. If they had I wouldn't be plagued by present financial worries. Not going to receive a big check this month.

Jan. 30 The President was 53 years old today. Many balls are being given throughout the country. His most unwelcome gift; the Senate turned down his bill for the World Court entry by the U.S., even after his compromise. Fr. Coughlin's influence. 40,000 telegrams sailed into Washington for the Senators. Fr. C. is shaking a big stick these days. If Roosevelt brings about a redistribution of the wealth, democratizes economic power and establishes an honest government then 1936 will find him again in the White House. However, in the wings are men who are willing to seize upon a crisis in government and become strong enough to Hitlerize America. Apparently when Huey Long speaks in the Senate there are none dare say him nay, and cheers from the gallery fill the chambers. Half the American people, he claims, are unemployed. Farm income last year averaged \$183.00. It appears that Ramsey MacDonald will have to resign soon unless he can effect some needed changes. He was demounced and verbally disgraced in the Commons recently when he failed to appear. Our Michigan legislature has gone on a week-end junket inspecting educational institutions.

Dad came in tonight bringing my laundry and gave me \$1.50. Said things quiet at home. James made the honor roll. Dad has been elected to some union commission at the Reo Motor Car Company and was enroute to a meeting. Our visit short. Ran into Henry Fine at the library. He has a moustache. We had much to chat about and went to Mary Stewarts for a soda. He seems somewhat changed from our high school and early college days. Three years of fraternity life have made him more collegiate and savvy.

Jan. 31 Ran into John Yale this morning in the library, handsome in brown tweeds. He collared me to listen to some of his recent poetry. All have merit and perhaps some day he will become a poet of note. Some of the poems about sex I didn't quite follow.

Lunch with Henry at Hunts. The farmers have invaded town and campus again. Some find them boisterous, garrelous, rude, Others seem intent on leaving with increased knowledge about agriculture and ^{are} impressed by the college. Bob and I cut our afternnon classes. I'm glad that he is reading Anthony Adverse. Perhaps it will lead us to discuss many things otherwise not shared. But perhaps not. I was miffed when he described the chapter on Convent of Jesus and the Child as mere dribble. I'm just too idealistic.

Met Henry at the library and went home to Lansing with him for dinner. Afraid I ate more chop-suey and apple pie than anyone. Mr. Fine, manager of the grocery dept at Arbough's, is ranked 25th of a governor's appointment as State Purchasing Agent. Hank such good company and a friend although I seem to have more in common with Irv. and Tom.

Feb. 1. Behold the sun! With each passing year I find increasing joy communing with/ in my diary. Here masks can be dropped, burdens put down, The search for the real me continues. Seated before the window of my room at noon reading in the brief Feb. sunlight, only these lines could be scribbled in a patient, dumb, diary:

Brief February sunlight
etching blocks of gold
on my dull patterned rug
glinting the stale winter
household dust
makes me long for spring.

Four black trees beyond
my window stand guard.
Between their arms
I freely pass into patches
of blue
in brief February sunlight.

“Testament of Youth”

So all embracing
lies in my lap urging
me to reach for my pen,
In yet another
blind, futile effort.
I felt the sleet in my
face as you
walked (as lovers)
over the hill from Buxton in
communal silence.
I have basked in summer sun,
shivered in cold rooms at
Oxford, viewing those
towers rich in English history.
The fragrance of dewey heather
unseen, but smelled.

Feb. 1 (Friday) The J-Hop tonight. Men getting into black and white poker suits and placing a silver flask of apple brandy on the left hip. With mop and broom I have been scurrying about enjoying the music of Glen Gray, Cab Calloway, Rudy Banks, much preferred over Anson Weeks.

Talked with Dr. McCune about speaking to our International Relation's Club. He needed a shave, or is he sprouting an Van Dyke? His lips are badly chapped.

Feb. 2 Two p.m. found me hitch-hiking on the road to Charlotte at Lansing City Limits. The diver had been to Lansing to see about a political job. Pleased that he lived on Broad St. in Battle Creek. In Charlotte he picked up a bushy haired Greek art student enroute to South Bend. "I have to be there by eight." Going up a hill beyond Charlotte, the car suddenly went dead. A truck came along and shoved us to a gas station. After several other rides, arrived at Aunt Hatties at 92 N. Broad half frozen. Missed dinner. Later we went to see the Civic Players in Kalamazoo present, "They Knew What They Wanted." Rather risqué, but enjoyable. Demi-tasse between the acts. Alice and Bob and Mary had a late lunch and then Mary took me back to Hattie's. She is so wonderful. In many respects the most important person in my life.

Feb. 3 Aunt Hattie and Grandmother Bailes brought me back to East Lansing. Alice and I had a good discussion about painting and books. Her painting has improved considerably.

Feb. 9 Sat. Have neglected making an entry for almost a week. It has been a week filled with mid-terms, and club committee meetings. Mentally, sluggish in some respects. Wondering about job prospects in teaching can be depressing. Profs in the history dept. don't seem very happy these days, what with low salaries and all the politicking that goes on. Will I be plagued by the same concerns? Have been reading student reports on the Reform Bills and anti-corn league until I feel like a reformer. Readings in Scott Bultsey provide a vivid account of the terrible working conditions in England. I remember Grandmother Smith telling me that she went to work in a box factory in Nottingham at the age of six. The factory was owned by her uncle, Sir Joseph Ward, but since her mother had married a tailor she had disgraced the family.

Irv. is home for semester break from the U. of M. Joined him and Frieda tonight for the basket-ball game. We won. Still can't quite envision him becoming a doctor. He is a good writer and we have had many discussions about the poetry of Byron, Keats, Shelley. He and Frieda make a charming couple. Feel Ivring is growing beyond me in many respects.

Bob came home the other night about 2:30 stinko and was sick all the following day. Have been reading the Story of General John J. Pershing. He met so many interesting people who pass by in rapid review.

Reading Testament of Youth shames me for being a complainer. Such hardships were endured during the World War. Miss Brittain knew of them first hand in the London Hospitals.

Feb. 12 A beautiful day for Lincoln's birthday.

My Day: 7:00 up--7:45 bkfst (roll, juice in room) --7:50-8:00 shave--8:00-10:00 study for blue book--Blue book in For. Relations. 11-12:00 make beds, sweep and clean lavatory. 12:30 lunch at State Cafe. 1:00-2:00 H.S. lib. reading reports and reviewing lesson for Am. Hist. 2:00-2:50-taught class-- 3:10-4:00-reading history reports at History Office 4:00-4:30-Talk with Prof. Caswell--Lib. 4:30-4:45, checking materials on Phoenicians and Assyrians.--4:45-5:00-~~confer.~~ with Towne on Cornelius Vanderbilt.--5:20-6:45-mended socks--6:00-6:40-dinner with Fager, Parker and Weaver at State Cafe--7:00- 9:00--Lec. by Corn. Vanderbilt--9:30-10:00-library.--10:15-11:30- reading source material on World War. 11:30 --conversation about lecture. Diary and bed at midnight.

The Macon has been forced down off Pt. Surf, the latest of unfortunate derigible tragedies--the Shenandoah, the Akron and now the largest of all. C. Vanderbilt appeared much older than anticipated.

Feb. 13 Hauptmann was found guilty and will probably be electrocuted. Probably he was guilty, but the story in full has yet to be told.

Mr. Smith, my critic teacher, disgusts me at times. He never lets you forget that he got his masters degree in education at M.S.C. Considering how weak the Dept. of Ed. is that is scarcely anything to brag about. He rambles so and seems quite inefficient.

"The State News" carried a good article about the forthcoming International Relations Annual Dinner to be held on Feb. 20 in the small union dining room. The program will be in French and Dean Ryder the main speaker.

Feb. 14 Received \$1.00 and a box of cookies from Gdm. Smith. Two committee meetings this afternoon and accomplished little at the office. Students seemed to enjoy my class today. Read the 137 Psalm about the Babylonian captivity. Dad brought in my laundry, some bread and butter. Bob is taking initiation for Scabbard and Blade and tuckered out.

Work so piled up at the office stayed until 5:30. Mr. Allman came. Bob went to the Military Ball.

Feb. 16 Got my cleaning done by noon. Lunch with Bob, then we went to the library to study. Beautiful, bright, slippery. Great sliding. These are happy days and I try not to think that all will come to an end in June. Later went to see Shirley Temple "in Bright Eyes". She is such an adorable little tike, makes me want a daughter of my own. Some day I hope to have a happy home and three children. Falling snow greeted me coming out of the show. Ran home. Bob was struggling with a theme. Went to gym to shower and swim five pool lengths.

Went to the Mortor Board Formal party tonight with Louise Langdon. She looked attractive in her long white satin dress and black velvet cloak. Good band, good dancing. Went with Dorothy and her friend for a snack during intermission. Hope Caroline will let me use some of the decorations for the banquet.

Feb. 17. Bob came home from guard duty at 6 a.m. He was tired and cold and slept close to me to get warm. Up at 10:30 to read reports, make beds. Committee meeting this afternoon. Several other organizations want the International Relations club to join with them for an anti-war meeting on April 5. Had a delicious dinner with Maude, Diana and her friend Jack. Swiss steak, potatoes, nut bread, salad, pickles and ginger-cake. Hated to leave such convivial company and return to read reports. Only 91 on last blue book in Am. Hist. Really mused up on the last question. Bob and I bought sandwiches and milk and ate in our room tonight. Keep thinking about the International Rel. Club banquet.

Feb. 18. Met with Mr. Steele, Supt. of Jackson schools, who said I might apply for a job. (He only has a 1,000 applications on file now!) Never saw the campus more beautiful than it was tonight. Towering pines were swathed in ermine, small spruces had white tufts on every bough and the lean bare arms of maples, and oaks were softened by strips of white. Nature must have held a winter ball tonight. Lights from Lansing cast a soft gray golden glow and the sky seemed filled with the cries of snow birds. I can't understand why everyone I mentioned this to didn't hear them. I swear I heard them. Even Bob doubted me and said I ought to go to a psycho-analyst and volunteered to take me. Went to the dentist who said I needed to have my teeth scraped. Cost \$10.00. Went across the street to another dentist who offered to do the same thing for \$4.00. I think I would like Dr. Heskell better than Dr. Manher anyway.

Feb. 18 Lunch at the Union with Fields and Johnston. We talked mostly about the up-coming banquet. We stayed at the office until 6:30 tonight making programs. Can't find anyone to play the piano. Called on the Ryders tonight. They have a pleasant home on Evergreen. Ruth met me at the door and I was made to feel right at home. They enjoyed showing me things they had acquired in their travels about the world and later put on their Mandarin coats. Mr. Fields arrived to arrange music with Ruth and brought me home shortly after nine.

Feb. 20 THE BIG DAY Cut all classes except my 8 o'clock. Mrs. Ireland took me to lunch. Later her daughter, Marquita joined us. I don't think she was too pleased when Fields and Johnston also joined our table. We began decorating at 3 this afternoon. We hung flags of the nations and Mexican serapes and wound the pillars with strips of blue and red paper.

Arranging place cards for 60 so no one would feel isolated took a bit of doing. Fields and Johnston were helpful working until 6 p.m. Rushed home wondering how I would ever get through the evening. My speech in French was written on a scratch pad and jokes not finally selected. Bud helped me into my tux and copied down some jokes for me. Many were already there looking for their place cards when I arrived at 6:40. Candles were lit. The Ryders arrived just in time for us to place the candlesticks from Korea and relics from the Orient on the speaker's table. Everyone there from the history department and many from the econ department. Jackson Towne came as a Russian. Some of the costumes were quite elaborate. Mrs. Ryder wore a Chinese coat which she said had belonged to a Chinese prince. The speeches were good. I didn't enjoy the food because I was too busy writing telegrams from Hitler, King of Siam, Mussolini and trying to organize my thoughts, and talk to Mrs. Ryder and then read the telegrams I don't think Lyon really enjoyed himself, much as he appeared to want to. Miss Johnston's green dress was lovely, Over it was a darker green coat with a turned up collar. Fields wore a bright colored serapy, Bob's sombrero and rings which he bought last summer in Mexico. Ryder's talk good. Money checked out O.K. Later Johnston and Fields helped us take down the decorations. My French speech went off without a hitch and drew some praise. Glad it's over!

Feb. 23-Sat. Read reports all morning. Weary of these English reform bills. Bumed home this afternoon. Mother not there or Paul. Later they returned and we all had dinner. We all went to see Will Rogers in "Judge Priest". Very good. Think Dad especially enjoyed it.

Feb. 24 A long talk with Mother. She is very unhappy about Dad. She cried a lot and we finally broke off the conversation having resolved nothing. Dad brought me back to campus in late afternoon. He is working hard trying to make ends meet. Has no use for mother's relatives. Feel depressed over family situation with no one to talk to. Miss Irv. and Tom.

Feb. 25 A letter from Irv. He has seen the first bit of human life come into the world. "I saw the laboring pains of the mother and a prayer rose to my lips. Every instinct within me revolted, but when it came and was tapped into breathing and when I saw how clumsily and warm I thought how beautiful it was, I was able to heave a sigh of relief and wonder." He is on his way, leaving me far behind, but the letter perked up my ambition. Bob and I had salomi sandwiches and choc. milk in our room for lunch. Enjoyable and saves money. Desk is piled high with reports and a book review on Testament of Youth is due Friday. How I wish I could write something worthwhile instead of drifting along in these pages day after day. Need to get beyond dreaming and intentions.

Feb. 26 George Salolsky spoke tonight on the Far East. Good, but not particularly informative. Had recently covered much of what he said in Johnston's class. He said the prospects for war were very distant and ^{that} the Pacifists almost drove us into a war with Japan over the Manchuko incident.

Feb. 27. "The State News" omitted my article on the International Relations Club. Indignant, I cornered Ed. Charles Palmer who apologized. Took home some war poems tonight from the library. They seem inferior to those in "Testament of Youth." Bitter cold.

John Adams came at 6:25 and we rushed to the union to join Fields and Johnston for dinner. I bought John's @ 72¢, a bit of a drain on my lean purse. As John and Johnston and Fields talked of Ireland, the greenery and charming country folk and Fields chimed in about Mexico, I was painfully aware of my meager travels. After dinner we went upstairs to the faculty club where John gave an informal talk of his recent trip to Europe. Irland seemed uncomfortable. Bob Northrup asked several questions and Sophia VanKuiken was very impressed. Bid John a swift adieu and returned home to study.

Feb. 28 Oh, for some solitude, peace and quiet. The raucous laughter and radio spouting jazz upstairs became unbearable and I have come to Joe's room at the end of the hall in an effort to escape. Went to convocation honors awards with John Seamen. We met John Yale, just returned from Detroit where he saw Helen Hayes in "Mary, Queen of Scots." He looked tired with traces of olive oil visible under his eyes. Since John won the poetry contest last year we wondered if he would receive a fake scroll. No. The three of us joined the other honor students and marched into the auditorium. John Seaman read about the Supreme Court by Jay Franklin from "Vanity Fair" during the program. Dean Giltner's speech was the best. President Shaw said the same trite things he utters year after year. Sec. Hannah, huge of stature and with a deep bass voice was quite impressive. Delighted that Frieda won the \$50.00 home economics prize for excellent achievement and high scholarship. Would that Irv. might have been here. This noon I could have wept as I read of the death of Geoffrey, Victor and finally Edward in "Testament of Youth" It is finished, but with Edward's death, the book died too. Now that I've finished it, it seems I can never write my book review due in the morning.

This afternoon was so bright that Bob and I took a walk down Farm Lane and after buying some Frost-bites at the dairy walked up the center of the gleaming white Red Cedar; a broad white avenue between the tress. We talked about sex with girls, with my imagination greater than reality

Regarding Anthony Adverse we concluded that some of his conversations were too philosophical and became absorbed in following a rabbit track. At the sugar bush we found the sap buckets empty. Near the Sugar House men were digging and asked if we wanted a job. Bob said "No". Said one, "We're looking for gold but have only found an alarm clock which doesn't run." After tramping through the woods we returned to the river to be met by a large, frisky, brown collie who followed us up river until we came to Pinetum. Here it was so dark that thoughts of 'Testament of Youth' engulfed me. I thought of "Tah" Geoffrey, Roland and Knew there was still Edward to die. Shafts of a weak winter's sun reaching through the pines cast faint patches of light on the white carpet at the foot of long black trunks. I thought of the crosses in France where all those bodies so wasted by war were buried. Wondering alone through the forest, I forgot about Bob and the dog bringing up the rear. What a moral obligation to be intelligent. How smug we war babies have become. Men's paramount interests seem to be in sports and business, Women's in bridge, showers and babies. Have we forgotten so soon? As we left the river and strolled through the pines with shafts of the setting sun marking the close of a glorious day, we marked a stone with a motto "Keep on Squintin". Indeed, we were squinting as we returned to Farm Lane singing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching", hoping to get some circulation in our cold feet. How I wish Vera Brittain could have been with me this afternoon. Read "A portrophe to Man" by Millay and wondered.....

Sun. March. 3 Read Preachers Present Arms by Abrams. This can shake your faith in organized religion to the very roots. Attended a meeting of a group of "socialists"? this afternoon. They believe in a class war and are very anti-military. The floor was dominated by Louis Weisner, whose conceit and derision can make him most irritating at times. Still one shouldn't under-estimate his intelligence. He was supported by a Mr. Holbuin. But Weisner soon dominated him and began discussing the ills of the day. I welcomed the arrival of Harlan Clark, knowing that he shared my sentiments regarding the radical Weinser, and that his organization would not subject itself to public attacks by supporting or joining a plan for an anti-war and military training rally to be held on campus April 6. I said the International Relations Club wouldn't offer its support. It would hinder our organization and I'm not sure I'm against all forms of military training. At least we need a strong defense. The average man won't be the one to decide whether we have war or peace. He seldom knows what he is fighting for. "The State News" is violently opposed to anything that smacks of communism or socialism. All male socialites are taking advanced R.O.T.C.. Although a minority, they control the paper and express

1935-19

the opinions frequently of top college administration. Many of my acquaintances are in this group and I have many privileges on the paper which I want to keep. Harlan and I agreed after the meeting that we wouldn't lend our support. Holbain has a crippled arm. I was impressed with his acumen.

Mar. 4 Slipped up on my blue-book today. Couldn't remember the terms of the Selective Service Act. In the library tonight read up on the Gadsden Purchase, Gadsden and dipped into the life of Pierre Soule, a most interesting character.

Mar. 5 Practiced a radio play with Polly Deitz, a girl I would like to know better. A group came over to study tonight and I didn't get much out of the session. Dick Pendell dished dirt; what Emmons said about the Liberal Arts Division and his antics in N.Y.C. at the National Instr. Council. Bob thinks Pendell a typical campus socialite and a bit of a floor-flusher. Certainly not a bore.

Mar. 6 The play went off quite well. Enjoyed playing opposite Polly. We went for a long walk across campus after the broadcast. Registered for spring term today and received a card from Grandmother Redman. Aunt Mona is giving a concert at the Goodman Theater in Chicago.

Long was slapped by Robinson on the floor of the Senate yesterday for his attack on the President. Long predicted that Robinson won't return to the senate next year. He denied anyone with guns was planted in the Senate gallery. Such a radical. I wonder how far he will go? The first Hauptmann mass meeting was held in New York last week. 2500 attended, 3,000 stood outside. They booed Lindbergh. Admission was 25¢. A collection raised \$1,100. Served coffee and sandwiches to our study group tonight and felt the session preparing for International Organization blue book worthwhile. Weary. Bob is right, claiming that when I become exhausted I can become quite disagreeable.

Mar. 7 Fred Bentley has been elected President of the Phi Tau fraternity. He never lets education interfere with his social life and has become quite a campus politician. Miss him since he moved out of the house. Dad brought my laundry tonight. Paid \$10.00 on my note for borrowed tuition. Read about the Peace Conference at Versailles. Such idealism. Women delegates seemed primarily interested in the dresses they would wear in Paris. The horrors of war seemed so soon forgotten. Personal jealousies and self aggrandisement were all too apparent. Yet from hind-sight one shouldn't be too critical.

1935-19

Mar. 8. Sen Huey Long smacked at the President, Johnson, Astor and Farley last night in his radio address. He said Roosevelt was behind the quarrel between him and Johnson. He is rapidly becoming a growing power. People scoff at him, yet he is on most everyone's lips. What a team he and Coughlin would make! I had hoped to discuss the Senator with the fellows who gathered in my room at noon. But the topic of conversation soon switched to baseball so I read on in silence. After all nothing in the world is as important as Rowe or Dizzy Dean and what they say. Too many Americans have athleticitis. It obsesses them. Athletics are wonderful, Health is precious, but why must sports dominate everything? Considering that many of our educational centers are in reality athletic clubs what can one expect? And when war comes these same people will rush headlong into it without knowing why.

Mar. 9 Saw my first robin today and stamped it the way I did when a kid. Remained home tonight to read reports, after being called "Rose Petal" and Cream Puff by the rest of the gang who sallied out to get drunk. Later Bob came home quite drunk, singing "On The Good Ship Lolly-pop" I turned off the heat and reopened the window and he was soon ready to crawl in bed. The guys across the hall tore their door off its hinges.

Mar. 10 Sun. Slept too late. Read reports until noon. Met Frieda in the library where we talked more than studied. What a great gal. We admired the Japanese prints in the foyer and agreed on two Irv. should have for his birthday. Frieda has offered to mend a thin spot in the seat of my pants. Strange dream last night. I was in a bath tub with a girl and gave her a bath. Next I was in an orphan asylum in Poland.

Mar. 11 Sent a bunch of pink sweet peas to Caroline. Growing tired of restaurant food. Plan to eat in room tomorrow.

Mar. 12 Enjoyed teaching my class today. All seemed so interested in Hannibal crossing the Alps. Glad to have the last teacher's conference over. Can't seem to find time to read the N.Y.T., or Time. It's been three weeks. Everyone else at the house seems to have plenty of time to play cards.

Mar. 13 Met Frieda in the library tonight puzzling over Sartre Resartus and Carlyle's, Theory of Heroes. She let me read a letter from Irv. describing his fraternity initiation. He sent the menu and checked the salad as being good. Stayed up until after mid-night reading Ulrich B. Phillips, "Life and Labor in the Old South", informative about slavery, plantations, and overseers. Writes little about other occupations in the south. I would like to write a Civil War novel some day.

Mar. 15 David Cleary has been elected editor of The State News

He is the best man for the job. Fraternity men always become solicitous at election time. Received a 'B' on my blue book in Am. History. Hope it doesn't ruin chances for an 'A'. E.B. Lyon certainly wouldn't win any popularity contest with the students. Many abhor his teaching methods--lectures too detailed. I take too many notes. Johnston gave me a 96 on blue-book. in 301-B.

Mar. 16 Sat. A wonderful spring day. Rose early and had work done by noon. Rec'd an interesting letter from Grandmother Redman. For her age she is certainly an ultra modern woman. She discussed sex problems in a no nonsense manner and I'm inclined to agree with her to a large extent. Made up an hour today by sitting in on a class taught by John Yale. He did quite admirably, possibly usurping the stage a bit too much. I think I have a tendency to do likewise. His relations with Eunice most unusual. She is a sweet rather wistful girl, not pretty, but pleasing with high cheek-bones and a rather petulant under-lip, and tawny hair with bangs. Today when we picked her up after school in John's car he said, "Hello, my lamb. My you look clean. Your face is the cleanest I've seen it in a long time" Eunice seems to cope with such oddities rather well. Later he said they were looking for a house.

Attended Congreve's, "Way of the World" tonight, Costumes good, colorful. Philip Swartz lacks talent, but gets good press.

Mar. 17 Europe astir over Hitler's repudiation of the war provisions of the Versailles Treaty and rearmament by conscription to 320,000 men. Austria is ready to repudiate also, but will seek the League's permission. The U.S. is silent now but may agree to a Round Table Conference later. I don't wonder that Germany has acted thus. Last Friday the French increased conscription from one to two years. The press claims we are nearer the brink of another war. I'm not alarmed. These shackles were a festering sore. So much reading to be done in addition to these reports. How stupid of Lyon to think we would all read 100 extra pages this last week of classes. Doubtless he knows we won't. Spotted a robin. Tonight a bright moon, one star and a long tapering purple cloud, behind it six smaller purple islands forming an arc around a dusky molten sea suffused with a crimson light flushed through the pines. Harry Silverman was married today. No student, he has joined his father's auto parts store. Read the text of Hitler's speech tonight. Some parts seemed to make sense and it all must have sounded grand to German ears.

Mar. 19. Cut American For. Policy, much to Lyon's chagrin and studied

for Modern European History. Bob and I ate in our room tonight. Fun for a change and less expensive too.

Mar. 21. Am. For Policy exam this afternoon. Afterwards I went downtown and bought a shirt, pr. of socks and two ties. Met Anthony Summers at the House of Representatives and we went to Sandy's Grill for dinner. He told me about his life in Greece where he owns a 1000 acre vineyard outside of Sparta. Later I met the beautiful girl he is engaged to.

Mar. 22. Exams are over. Spring has come and I enjoyed some potato salad at the Kewpie. Bob left for home this morning and most of the guys have gone. I was planning on leaving for home and all packed when Dad came and with a rather long face told me that he thought it would be better if I didn't come home as things were too unsettled. There are times when I wonder why I have been denied a happy home. I guess the only thing to do is go to Aunt Hattie's in Battle Creek for a few days and try to forget the emptiness I feel. Thank God for college, work and not dwelling too often on thoughts of home. They can color so much my attitude and hopes for the future.

Mar. 23, Sat. Over to Aunt Ella's for lunch. Later she, Uncle Will and I went to the Strand. She has a boil on her "retreat" but it failed to affect her jolly nature. After the show she bought a new hat and insisted I keep the change, adding that they would be willing to give me money when I needed it and to regard their home as mine. At dinner at their home at 123 Albert St. in a big white frame wooden huse, Aunt Ella tried to shock Uncle Will by telling him that a preacher was going to appear in the nude in church next Sunday. He took it so seriously we burst out laughing. Then he read from the bible and we had grace. I helped A. Ella with the dishes and we played flinch until nearly ten, when I left them promising to meet them in church tomorrow.

Mar. 24. Sun. Mrs. Perry invited me to have Sunday dinner with her. She too has been wonderful to me. After church I went with the Robinsons to their Sunday School class. While the preacher was praying, A. Ella leaned over to me and whispered, "I do wish he would ask the Lord to do something about that preacher that wants to appear before his congregation in the nude". We laughed more than we should.

When a light burns within my home then will I come willingly with love, hope and courage to add as fuel to that light, that it may burn more brightly and radiate the love of the souls within before all those who pass outside.

Mar. 25 Mary phoned this morning for me to take a bus to Charlotte and meet them there. There was little time to catch a bus. Waiting

in the decrepit bus station-restaurant the smell of burned pancakes seemed to seep into my skin. Aunt Hattie arrived while I was reading "He sent Forth A Raven". Margaret and Hughie, a very handsome child came to Hattie's for lunch. Maggie looks fine, quite trim. Later I went across the street to play with ~~active~~ Hughie in the park. He has a sturdy build, thin blond hair, deep blue eyes, fair skin, a rather large head, but not out of proportion. Alice and Bob and Mary came for dinner tonight. So pleased to see Mary. It's been too long since we have enjoyed one of our heart to hearts. Am anxious to know her impression of Testament of Youth. Tonight most of the family went to see two one act plays presented by the Civic Players. Would like to direct "The Monkey's Paw". Read Shelley's "Adonais" before falling asleep. Have always liked parts of this.

Mar. 26 Slept until 10:30. Filled up on waffles and sausage. Again in the park with Hughie. Would like to have a son some day. Reading All Quiet on the Western Front (1929) Why have I waited so long? It is gorey, but one feels the impact of war; rain dripping, bits of flesh, disemboweled entrails. Really beyond comprehension of those who haven't experienced it.

Tonight we went to see the Jessie Cameron recital with Alexander Schuster. Didn't care for Jessie although she is reputed to be a pupil of Isadora Duncan's. Surprised to see, college classmate, Joseph Evans, majoring in piano, accompanying Mr. Schuster and ~~sped~~ Julius Stalberg in front of me. When Schuster plays the cello I wander outside myself to realms of fancy. Later at Betty's Mary and I discussed Testament of Youth and other books. We share similar attitudes toward Testament of Youth. Plan to read All Men Are Enemies and The Forsythe Saga which Mary loaned me. Later over strawberry jam and crackers we listened to Dorothy read through the part of Stephanie in Death Takes a Holiday.

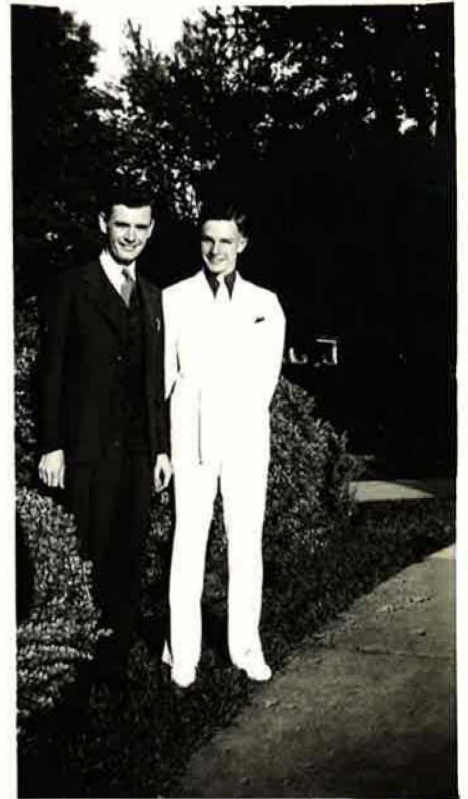
Mar 27 Another grand day. Up early to rake the lawn and clean the rock garden. When Mary arrived it was sleeting and just a few hours ago I was in shirt sleeves. Mary and I are at our best with each other when we commune through our letters. I don't think she is very happy. I wonder if she has a secret love. After I graduate would like to teach here. Had an interview with Dr. Coburn who advised me to see him again in April.

Mar. 28. Finished All Quiet on the Western Front. How late I have come to know something of the generation of the World War, its heroes, aspirations, badges of tribulation and courage, horrors, nobility of spirit. Another generation can never understand completely, though a surge rises in the breast and I gaze steadily at the pattern in the

Fred Book Bud BRANCH John



The 4 MUSKATEERS
Tom KING



June - June 1938
John YOUNG & Brother, Jim



R.M.
LT. BOB ALLMANN
Room mate at Perry
HOUSE



IRVING
Silverman



June - June 1938
Ah! 'Tis the breath of Spring!

1936 taken



LEFT to right
 BACK row
 HENRY FINE CHARLES CAMPION BILL BETTS J. YOUNG
 FRONT row
 ALAN BRIGHTMAN TOM MORRIS IRVING SILVERMAN
 ENROUTE to WASHINGTON DC. VIA C.T.O.



Jon Young

"H" was dropped because there were three
 John Youngs in my class.



A-MEN

1935-23

carpet see in the frost bitten tulip the blighted lives and hopes of those gone before. I belong to a different age and wonder if it will happen again. I fear it will and would like to dedicate my life to the cause of peace. How will I feel 5-10 years from now? I long to believe that there is something more for those who have gone through such hell for a cause never fully understood. Do we understand it today?

Mary was out of sorts tonight. We went for a drive. I thought she was angry. I feel terrible when she is morose like this. At times we seem so close, at other times so distant. I wonder what she thinks of me. If we weren't cousins, would we share more of each other?

Mar. 31. Sunday. Mary drove me back to college this morning. She seemed in better spirits. I wish she could meet me in Chicago.

Dad brought me my marks this afternoon. 5 "A"s. Feel pretty good. He said things were somewhat better on the home front. Didn't stay long. He is living at the farm and mother is living in town with Paul and Jim. I gave him a new tie.

Good to see Bob when he returned a little drunk and very talkative. He was still talking when I fell asleep.

Monday, April 1. Snowing this morning. Looks quite dreary for the first day of Spring term. Changed my schedule and looked over some of the songs popular during the World War and many pictures of the battlefields in France. Our Internationnal Relations Club is to represent France and Lithuania at the Model League assembly at Northwestern Univ. in Chicago. Wayne University is sending five delegates. Mr. Fields was rather out out at me today for things in general.

Went down to Eastern High School to see Principal Dwight Rich. He met me in his office, carpeted and much better furnished than when I was a student there. He is still quite accessible, tall, big boned with a blue suit, executive appearance. He seemed pleased to see me and offered several ideas regarding looking for a job. No openings here, of course. Prior experience a basic requisite. Met Mr. Peterman, Big and blustery, head of the Business Education Dept. and Mr. Russell Gilson, chairman of the Social Studies Dept. and arranged to visit some of his classes, possibly do some teaching later. Everyone is so anxious to get a job. He starts in his history classes with the present and angles back to periods that tie up with current events. He is a small intent man who takes himself quite seriously. Some students thought as a teacher he is about as dry as a corn husk.

1935-24

April 3. Chicago. At Northwestern University we had lunch in a small Gothic dining room with vaulted ceiling painted red and blue. The pillars were brick. Shields with Latin inscriptions hung on the walls. Many splendid looking young people here; intelligent, well bred. International affairs dominates every conversation. Came to Chicago on a rattling bus. Arrived at Grandmothers in time for dinner.

(complete notes of the conference written in another note-book which has been lost)

April 4. Chicago. Riding on the elevated noted a woman with hair dyed red and heavy penciled eyebrows, protruding front teeth. A loud talker. Arrived in Evanston and enquired my way to the Levere Memorial. Didn't realize I was so close to Lake Michigan; a grey sheet of cloth this morning with a series of tucks. Having arrived early, I went to the library where I wrote to Prof. Lyons, Johnston and other friends. At the luncheon at Levere about 200 were present. I sat next to Prof. Robinson and his wife from Hillsdale College. On my right was a young man from Superior State in Wisc., across Prof. Hall from Albion and a fraternity brother of Don Large. Miss Amy Jones, solid and wholesome in a red and white stripped wool dress and a red hat that squatted on her stringy hair sat at the speakers' table next to Mr. Lardner, the University Club President and Dr. Scott, Pres. of Northwestern Univ. He gave a short talk. Doesn't look very presidential. Dr. Robinson from the University of Chicago talked about opportunities for graduate studies there. After luncheon I met Prof. Colgrove, I.R.C. Advisor who took me to the history bldg where I hoped to meet some of the faculty. Later I met Prof. Cox, Chairman of the history Dept. He said that in his 15 years at Northwestern only 5 had been fellowships in history who hadn't already earned their M.A. degrees, and they had had quite a bit of pull. Have given up the idea of being accepted here. This afternoon Prof. Lasswell of the Univ. of Chicago spoke on 'Can Propaganda Save Democracy?'. An excellent talk. What a vocabulary! Feel small and insignificant.

Friday, April 5. It's about 5:30 in the afternoon and I'm sitting here in the library at Northwestern in the main reading room. Pale sunlight highlights cases of books to my right. This magnificent library is modeled after the library at Cambridge in England. It is well proportioned, inviting, yet scholarly. There are many points of interest. I feel somewhat awed. Vaulted arches above cases of books are richly carved with vines, animals and birds. Along the top near the ceiling above gothic windows are corbels, small conceits of figures reading; a nun laughing over a book, a man nodding, and others. Enjoyed a brief chat.

Monday April 8. Still quite bushed from my ride home yesterday, but managed to make 8:00 class. Paid \$10.00 on my note. Hoped to be called for an interview.

Tuesday, April 9. Hitler has demanded the return of Germany's colonies lost after the War. Irving came out this morning. We had breakfast together and he went with me to class. He looks very fit but somehow changed and I feel we will never again possess that great friendship which I prized so highly. Our old gang is breaking up. It's always hard for me to accept inevitable change.

Drama class makes me want to write, but haven't a single original idea. Read A Doll's House and Beyond our Power by Bjornson.

Wed. April 10 Spring seems too slow in coming. John Yale asked why I didn't try out for the senior play. He is sending a volume of his poems to a publisher. Read me his latest sonnet. It's good. I can't quite understand what he sees in Eunice.

Met M. Sage at noon and went to Eastern with him and observed Mr. Gilson's class. He uses the ? and ans. method and I feel I can handle one of his classes O.K. Oh, how I should like to teach at Eastern! Becoming increasingly worried that I won't be able to find a job. Contracts are being issued now. Rushed back to campus to broadcast over W.K.A.R. with John Yale. Had only 15 minutes to read over my part. Tonight I talked to the International Relations Club about my experiences in Chicago. Good crowd. Most of the faculty from the History Dept. present. Welcomed the ice cream which Bob brought home later.

Thurs. April 11. Anthony Eden, Sir John Simon, Pierre Laval and Mussolini met today at Stresa to decide upon the future policy of Europe regarding Hitler's remarmament. Italy wants an alliance. G.B. wants to bring Germany into the League. France talks about encirclement of Germany.

Tonight the Social Problems Club a "radical element" sent an open letter to all the students criticizing Cleary, Quello and Shaw for refusing to let them hold a meeting or offering them any support in "The State News", or supporting the right of free speech under the Constitution. I rather sympathize with their cause because they aren't as radical as rumors have it. This college, however, is too militaristic to allow a meeting for the cause of peace. A student stopped in at the house tonight and said the engineers were going to unite tomorrow and throw the leaders in the river. It sounds about like the level of the intelligence of too many of the engineer students around here.

Friday, April 12. Another busy day at Eastern and on campus. John Yale has started a novel. Our next play is Sheridan's, The Rivals. I'm Bob Acres, an English fop. At four o'clock an attempt was made to hold an anti-war meeting on the porch of the Farm House, on Grand River Ave. across from the Home Ec. bldg. Weisner and his followers, a Univ. of Mich. grad named Wilsie, and a Rev. from the Unitarian Church gathered on the front porch. With a group of friends I watched from the roof of the Home Ec. Bldg. It wasn't long before a sizable crowd gathered and Wiesner began to speak with only a bridge table between him and the crowd. He barely began to talk when he was greeted by a barrage of rotten fruit and vegetables. An orange struck him directly in the eye, knocking off his glasses. He stood his ground, however, and introduced Mr. Wilsie. We now went over to join the crowd. Traffic and jeers and hooting made it almost impossible to hear Wilsie who shouted "We are not communists or socialists or against the government. We merely want to talk against war and for peace. If any of you want to talk in favor of war, you may express your views. Of course, I recognize your prerogative to throw me in the river. This was a prerogative soon exercised. Spurred on by advanced R.O.T.C students, the mob surged forward seized those on the front porch and trundled them off for a dunking in the Red Cedar a quarter mile distant. Furious and heart-sick I walked home against the strong wind. Outwardly, like Pontius Pilot the College has tended to ignore the whole affair, yet I feel the administration approves of this mob action. Certainly Sec. of the College John Hannah has approved, having stated earlier that the Social Problems Club and their ilk were a bunch of radicals that ought to be dunked in the river. The Social Problems Club has been refused recognition by the College and the faculty and was denied a meeting place. Even Peoples' Church refused to let the Club hold a meeting on the front steps of the church. With the Michigan Legislature now in session, the College administration is in mortal fear that any countenance of "radicalism" would result in appropriation cuts similar to that sustained by the U. of M. for taking a more conciliatory attitude toward the anti-war rally there. Reported that it cost the university \$8,000 in appropriations. I was disgusted with the police who only looked on and smiled. Perhaps I attach too much to this deplorable incident, yet looking at it in terms of future portents it is most disturbing. Tom Morris approved. Irv decidedly didn't. He didn't support the "agitators" while, in a sense, I do.

Took Frances Sullivan to a dinner tonight at Silvermans.

Later Tom, Phyllis Hooten, and Lois Brightman, long one of my favorite gals, joined us. Lois looked charming in her long formal dress tafata white wrap, a cluster of cowslips at her neck. It was an evening of bantering conversation. I think Lois is engaged to Chuck, but she denied it. Later we went dancing. Frieda dances with such ease. She was attractive in a brown dress trimmed in green. Lois went home first. I didn't kiss her good-night. Sometimes wonder why I haven't been more ardent, but have felt for some time she preferred Chuck. At least his family has money. When I got home the room smelled strongly of popcorn. Bob ~~stunted~~ as I crawled into bed.

Sat. April 13. Up early to get work done. In afternoon downtown to see Wm. Powell in "The Thin Man",

Sun. April 14. Dad arrived at noon looking quite dapper. I feel sorry for him, knowing he is lonely. Admire him for taking what work he can, helping out at Jewett's farm, working in a gas station, in addition to the few hours he can work at the REO. We went to Vandugterens for a smelt dinner. John Young was there. He has done some excellent pencil drawings. Such talent to be envied. Stayed home tonight and read "The New York Times". Strong winds made me think during the night that the back of winter was broken.

Mon. April 15. Winter much in evidence. The ground covered with snow. A harsh, piercing wind hurried me across campus. Bob returned this morning with a cake he had baked. Some aspersions cast. The usual whenever anything is done unconventional. Talked with Faye Baumgardner, Dean of Girls at Eastern where I will teach classes in U.S. History tomorrow. Her friendly manner encouraging. Finished "Ghosts". Intensely dramatic. Harlan Clark has won a \$300 scholarship to a school of gov't in Bedford, Mass. Richly deserved. He dropped over last night for a chat. We remain disturbed over the treatment of Louis Weisner and those in The Social Problems Club. Predict Clark will go places in this world.

Met Frieda in the library tonight. We discusssed "Ghosts". Later in her apt. she brewed a pot of tea and served some tasty twisted rolls, chocolate cookies and Russian-Jewish candy made of honey and almonds.

Back in my room Bob wanted me to share some egg-nog whiskey ice-cream and his cake. Distended belly!

Wed. April 17 Bud has returned from Detroit bragging about his visit to a whore house which cost him only \$2.00 He has a room across the hall from us. An egotist with an occasional mean tongue. Blond, Acts more rugged than he actually is.

Mr. Fields has a new Pontiac. Angry because he has only one headlight that works

Thursday April 18. Received commendations from Mr. Gilson today for the way I taught his history classes at Eastern. One girl thought I was trying to embarrass her by calling on her.

Sat. April 20 How welcome the warm sun. Bob and I went downtown yesterday. I bought a pair of white shoes.

Dad came today and gave me \$10.00. Most welcome. James came with him and we played golf this afternoon and later went to the M.S.C.-Northwestern baseball game.

Received a bid to join Phi Kappa Phi, National Honorary Scholastic Fraternity. Tonight Bud and I went for a tandem bike ride. What fun. Later we bought fixin's for strawberry-shortcake and a bouquet of sweet peas for Mrs. Perry.

Sunday-Easter Apr. 21 Breakfast with Frieda; strawberries and waffles with maple sirup, followed by tennis. Later we searched for violets in the woods. Lots of hypatica, no violets. Following the river path, we enjoyed watching the ducks. She is quite charming. Irving couldn't have made a better choice.

Bud and I played tennis this afternoon. Have enjoyed his company this week. Most of the other roomers have gone home for Easter.

Tonight we enjoyed "David Copperfield", Freddie Bathalomew, excellent.

Friday, April 26. Nothing much happened these past few days. Disappointed when Mr. Rich failed to show up for our appointment. I guess I really don't need anymore recommendations. Tonight Lois, Fred Cook and I went to the Gables to dance. Choked on an orange ade and had my feet stepped on. Lois is quite appealing. I'm sure she will marry Chuck.

Wed May 1 International Relations Club meeting tonight. Mr. Ulrey's talk on Russia rather boring, despite the fact that he recently visited that country. Lately I find myself becoming increasingly dissatisfied, intolerant and reactionary. We seem to live in a shallow, conceited society. I am opposed to many policies and rules of the college. Certainly I'm a long way from bearing many marks of an educated man. Hopes for a job are glimmering. An education doesn't increase one's happiness or sense of security.

Tonight was our first senior dance and I was determined to enjoy myself. Met John Yale and Charlotte Pike John has just returned from

Detroit. He and his father had taken down a keg of sweepings from his father's dental office to have the gold sifted out.

Thurs. May 2. Played tennis with Les, Tom and Fred all afternoon then we went to the baseball game.

Fr. Coughlin has formed a new party; The National Union Party of Social Justice and already has a large following. Surprised that he has broken so openly with Long and Reno.

Friday May 3. A beauty of a day. Bob and I crossed the Red Cedar this afternoon to stretch out in the sun on a green knoll. We worked cross-word puzzles and I read to him from a biography of Wilson. Graduation and leaving my room-mate will be a wrenching experience. We have shared so many good times.

Tonight I went to the Mortor Board Spring Party as Frieda's guest. Esther Lieberman and Julius Stalberg went with us. Julius looks very tired. I didn't know that he was on the faculty. He is assistant to Michael Press. He is a hard working, serious chap with many sterling qualities.

Friday, May 10 Fourteen of us left M.S.C. this morning in the rain for Ann Arbor to attend "la huitieme session ordinaire de l'assemblee. Arriving at the Union Building at 1:30 we registered and had lunch in the cafeteria. After lunch I had a conference with the President du Conseil and representatives from Italy and Abyssinia. It took some time to reach an agreement on what I was to present in form of a motion to the council. At length we reached a form of presentation which as Rapporteur I had to present.

1. Petition de la Yougaslavia au conseil de la Society des Nations au sujet des contestation de frontieres entra la Hongrie et la Yougslavia.
2. Petition de l' Abyssinia au sujet du different Italo-Abyssinia.
3. La note Franco-Italienne concernant le rearmement de l' Allemagne.

The Yugoslavian delegation's report was unbearably long. We passed notes asking the representative to sit down, but he refused. I made my rapporteurs report very brief and after my case had been settled left the meeting.

Mr. Fields and I were quartered at Phi Delta Alpha Fraternity. A large slobbering English bull greeted us. A student took us to a large room upstairs with a fire-place and two dressing rooms. We quickly dressed (how thin Mr. Fields is) for dinner held in the Union Ball Room. Sir Herbert Ames, former treasurer of the League of Nations, spoke on "Hitler at the Crossroads". It was mostly a rehash of recent events.

1935-30

After dinner several of us went to the Mardi Gras at the Women's Building for a jolly time.

Sat. May 11. Mr. Fields slept on the second floor, I on the third at the Frat House. I was up and away early to meet Elijah Poxen and M. Du Bois at the Law Library. With its Gothic English atmosphere it is one of my favorite buildings at the university. Mr. Fields joined us for breakfast and told about his student days at Dartmouth College. Enjoyed talking later with Martin Wagner, Rhodes Scholar, who is to study at Oxford and Philip Van Zils off for Geneva to attend a seminar this summer at the League. These high-powered capable students dwarf me. During the morning attended several committee meetings and the second plenary session. At lunch, Prof. Pollock, Chairman of the Political Science Dept., was the speaker. Unimpressed. Next year the Model League Assembly will be held at M.S.C. While I wasn't overly impressed, it's good to realize that many young people are interested in foreign affairs and the international situation. It spurs my desire to work for world peace and international understanding.

Tonight went over to the Home Ec. bldg. with Bob. We sat in the Home Ec. apt. waiting for the dance to end and then I helped Bob clean the area before going to Kewpee for hamburgers.

Mon. May 13. His Royal Highness, King-Emperor, George V celebrated his jubilee in London today. I heard poet John Maysfield give a poem in commemoration. The King is well liked by the English people and has been the object of admiration by many nations. He has become a symbol of hope, faith and stability. His crown is secure.

Strawberries are only 13¢ a quart today. I bought a quart, milk, rye bread and peanut butter for lunch in my room. The berries were a bit sour, but tasted like spring.

We might as well be living in the tropics, we have had so much rain.

Paul and Dad stopped by and Dad gave me \$4.00. Paul is looking very fit and was looking forward to some new clothes. Jim has a summer job in a grocery store in Mason.

Tues. May 14 Joined the Carl Albert Teachers' Agency. Studied in the Library. Impressed by "The Weavers" by Hauptmann. Enjoyed Cypriano de Bergerac and Escape by Nitti. Bob didn't come home until 3 a.m. and destroyed a good night's sleep.

We. May 15. Enjoyed the band concert tonight. Bought a Wolverine and paid Mrs. Robinson \$2.00 I owed her. A good letter from Mary. Rain as usual

Thursday May 16. Up at 6 to study. Continental Drama final worrisome

1935-31

me. Lyon's Blue-book not too difficult. Made a silly error in giving Santo Domingo to Denmark. Confused with the Virgin Islands.

In mid afternoon the sun appeared and I headed for the showers. X borrowed my soap and used most of it. Y borrowed my towel. During a walk through Beal Gardens to enjoy the bloom of a few tulips sighted a brown thrush. Saucer magnolias on the hill are a billow of pink.

The profession of being a Professor is as follows said Prof Ruth Johnston.

1. Be a student (have an abiding faith in the thing you are studying).
2. Be a teacher
 - a. Know one field of knowledge well.
 - b. Have an appreciation for all fields of knowledge.
 - c. Enjoy mixing with people and becoming acquainted with them. Have faith in people.
 - d. develop a sense of appreciation and love of beauty.
3. Contribute something productive to the activity in which you are engaged.

Completed a paper on The Political Economic Doctrine of Fascism and don't feel quite as prejudiced toward Fascism. Born from the womb of economic chaos, it appears to have justified its existence economically. Although the Italians are deprived of many liberties there seems to be a great emphasis on honesty, cleanliness and courage. After reading Nitte "Escape", Fascism doesn't loom as great, yet these circumstances seem as much a photographic picture of man's nature as an exposé of the evils of Fascism. A political democracy seems impossible unless an economic democracy exists.

Sat. May 18. Bought a light blue sweater and had another laid away, knowing I shall be broke before the week ends. Went to the Alpha Gamma Rho party with Elizabeth Lamb. Service at Mathews Ice Cream parlor poor.

Sunday May 19. Tried to write a poem to Mother. Am envious of John Yale and his writing ability. How I wish I could help the family end their domestic strife. Disheartening to feel so helpless and yet, in a sense, feel that I am well out of the turmoil that must exist.

Monday, May 20 Severe stomach upset after dining at Hunts Food Shop yesterday. The meat smelled very suspicious. Think it the cause rather than rhubarb pie. Feel quite ashamed of the 85 received on my blue-book in American History. Hope it doesn't mean that I will have to take the final. Miss Johnston said Mr. Lyons told her my score. He would! Rec'd 95 on blue book in Johnston's class.

The History of the Borgias is complicated. Last night I traced down the "Virginus Affair" preceeding the Spanish American War. "The Life of White" by Allan Nevins is quite well written. White was a diplomate

with considerable acumen.

Fred wet the bed this morning. I found him sleeping on a paper. Tom King and I plan to buy him a rubber pad or bed pan. Bob, Bud and Fred have gone to Pine Lake tonight with two pints of Blackberry wine.

We have had quite a few arguments of late over chain letters. Tom worries about the plight of the last man in the U.S. who gets a letter for money and will be left holding the bag.

Much grunting early this evening in the next room. Bud informed me later they had been playing "pig".

Monday May. 27. Haven't made an entry for several days. At last warm wonderful days arrived just right for tennis and sunning on the river bank. Last week, Doris, the attractive blond who has a room down stairs, had some friends down from Alpena and we all went to a beer garden where I had my first glass of ale. Not bad. Marjorie, the girl I went with, was a good dancer but a bit addled.

I have been writing all over for jobs. No luck.

Sat., June 1. Tonight Doris, Fred Cook and his gal Lucy and I went to the Dells at Pine Lake for a great time. Later we had ginger-ale floats.

Sunday June 2. This morning Paul and Dad came after me. I had dinner with Mother, a rather stilted affair and afterwards moved my things out of the house. Mother and Dad are getting a divorce so this was my last meal at home. Moving out was one of the hardest things I ever did---too sad, too upsetting to dwell upon or write about. More than anything I have always longed for a home. If ever I have a home of my own I hope God will help me to make it a home filled with love and happiness, never to be torn asunder. Tonight I wish I could talk with Bob, yet feel he would never understand what I want to say. Do I really know myself? Much as I dread leaving, there are moments when I wish the parting was over and done with. Time is a great healer.

June 3. Monday. Attended the Phi Kappa Phi banquet tonight with John Yale and Dick O'Dell. John was quite the target of questions since he is the first among us to have signed a teaching contract. Will teach in Mason. He plans to spend the summer in Mexico. Said he had been drunk almost every night and enjoys it. He said it was easy for him to fall in love with both sexes. There is something quite intriguing about him. Can Mason accept his unusual ideas? He told of going to Louis Grouvere's auction and rumaging through his turnk, finding rouge, lipstick, hypodermic needles, rollers for the chin, and

supporters of every description. He said Grouvere was a famous German actor. Many of his personal belongings were offered for sale last week to cover some storage charges. John bought a cigarette case. He is through with Eunice after a night at his cottage on the river. "We both got into bed and sort of bundled. Then we both undressed and Eunice started to cry and that ended that." John has turned to "wealthy" Dorothy Allen. Eunice continues to wander around with her big blue eyes and bangs wondering what happened.

Seated between Dr. Hunt and Yale I had a hard time engaging in the Italio-Abyssinian boundary dispute with Hunt and listening to Yale's patter. Dr Reeves from the U. of M. whom I have heard several times spoke on our Increasing Responsibilities in the Far East. He began by requesting that none of his remarks be printed. We wore our caps and gowns. Hurds told me to wear the black tassel. It should have been white, black represents the school of Home Economics. Well, if I had been in the school I might have a job! Thirty of us were initiated and the key is quite impressive. Had my first opportunity to talk with Angelica Rodney tonight. What a charmer is Colonel Rodney's daughter, Such poise. I envy Tom Warner. She sails for Europe in early June.

June 4 Tuesday So much askew I have felt grouchy. Bob says I'm a sour puss. Sad, but true. Recd an A- on Continental Drama mid-term which lets me out of final. Finished my long term on Religious Philosophy.

June 5. Wed. Things looking brighter. Wont have to take any finals. Got in some tennis and worked several hours in the history office. Tonight Mr. Fields took me to dinner at Hunts. Many socialites in town for the horse show. After dinner we went to Miss Johnston's and on to the horse show which dragged. Later stopped by Mr. Fiedls apt and admired artifacts from Mexico and Europe. He has a fine library and coin collection that includes coins from the Tudor period, Roman and ancient Greece. He was a most charming host and I feel he will remain my very good friend. His sincerity, scholarly achievements, coupled with a fine sense of humor and human insight make a man one can appreciate knowing and having as a friend.

June 9 Sunday. The days have run together. It's as if I'm the swan song of my college years. There was the quick trip to Indianapolis with Buthenkirk, Cook, Johnson and Fred Schroeder to see the races at the Speed-Way. Admission \$2.50 was too much. We milled about in the center and ~~hugs~~ seemed to last forever. Fred and I took a

cat-nap and missed an accident in which a driver was killed. There were plenty of drunks waving beer bottles about, guitar players, and families with picnic baskets. Stock trucks loaded with people and scaffolding pulled into the center and erected platforms. Extra seats weree soon sold out. There were 33 entries, a 2000 piece band, many army planes overhead. The National Guard, armed, was much in evidence. Fred thought them a tough looking lot.

There have been luncheons and dinners with Fields, Johnston and friends. Have enjoyed picnics, swimming, tennis and dancing at Pleasant Lake and The Dells at Pine Lake. Lois and I continue to hit it off quite well. She never mentions Chuck.

Contacted superintendents in Battle Creek, Belvue, and Charlotte. No teaching vacancies.

June 10. Monday. Finished reading my last freshmen outside reading reports for the History Department

Commencement was at 10:30 this morning. The address by Dr. Meim from Vanderbilt University quite inspirational. His subject: "Inner Resources". A man, he said, must be able to think, to appreciate the beautiful, to discriminate, to have an imagination and faith. Met Dad, Paul and James after Commencement. Sorely disappointed that Mother didn't come. Others who came: Aunt Hattie and Mary, Uncle Bill and Aunt Martha from Fremont. Several telegrams including one from the Whites, and Doyles. Such an eventful day, yet filled to the brim in many respects. Tom, Les, Fred and I had our picture taken in the back yard of Perry House in front of tulips. Partying with them very difficult.

What a welcome sight was Irving when he arrived this afternoon. He sustains me like a strong bough.

June 11 Tuesday More farewells. Received a touching note from Miss Johnston. The campus was so lovely this afternoon. Unforgettable. Hoped to spend this last evening with Bob, but Doris had other plans for him. Couldn't sleep. Rose, dressed and walked across the campus to sit for a time at the foot of Beaumont Tower and gaze up at a star filled sky. I hope God understood what I want to say. Finally strolled slowly home, arriving with a deep sense of inner peace. Bob was in bed and apologized for not being with me. We felt very close together throughout the night.

June 12, Wednesday Up early for Bob was off to Fort Custer for advanced R.O.T.C. training. He looked a bit awry in his ill fitting uniform with

shoes too large and wide brimmed hat. I washed out his mess-kit and we hurried to the Cafe and wolfed down toast and coffee. It was a little after six when we headed for demonstration hall. We parted at the Tower, both turning away quickly and heading in opposite directions. Returned home and finished packing. Waited for Dad all day but he didn't come. Had a date with Doris tonight. Missed Bob when I returned to my room. No one to bring ice cream or say good night to.

June 13, Thursday Rev. John Adams, minister at the Prebysterian church in Mason came and noon and we left for Detroit, arriving about 3.30. After lunch we took a drive along Lake Shore Drive past the stately mansions. How I would like to teach at Grosse Pointe High. Spent the night with John and his mother.

June 14, Friday. Took the examination for internship at Grosse Pointe High School. Long, a lot about general education and educational psychology. I wouldn't want to hire an intern on the basis of this test. Afterwards took a bus down Jefferson and caught a Grand River Street car and rode 11 miles to the city limits where I caught a ride with an oil salesman to East Lansing. He was a pleasant chap. Said he had invented a tooth paste tube closer, a bean shooter, and a parachute for negroes that was shot from a gun. He shot quite a line. Had played football with Crawley.

Went on a steak roast with Doris, Tom, Phyllis, Frieda and Irv. Don Large and Bev joined us. Good to see Don again, but the college years have changed him considerably. Doris sings off key, kisses with avid delight and smokes Philip-Morrises, which I don't like.

June 15, Sat. A SAD DAY. Divorce final. Paul awakened me and drove me to Mason, where I met Mother briefly as she was leaving town. How changed, distant she seemed. Much seems to be going on here that I don't understand. In a sense I feel that she has gone out of my life and an important chapter in my life has come to a close. I can never repay her for some of the things she taught me and yet I never could forget for very long that she was my step-mother. Paul and James are my chief concern now. Later in Dad's room a few blocks away I told him that Mother had obtained her divorce. His body seemed to slump in his chair. He looked cowed, thin, dreadfully tired. As tears ran down his cheeks I put my arms around him and tried to comfort him. I said that I knew that he was strong enough to conquer this sorrow and now he must live for Paul and Jim. We spent the evening at the gas station in Mason where he works. He has many friends and as I grow older I appreciate increasingly his many sterling qualities.

June 16. Sunday. Came to Battle Creek today to live with Aunt Hattie and Uncle Bert at 92 N. Broad. Dad and I had a good visit on the way over and parting wasn't easy. Hattie is so wonderful. I'm sure she possesses many qualities that I would have found in my own mother. Jobless and practically penniless, my cloak is one of humility hemmed with thanksgiving.

July 7 Friday The days are slipping by. I have been painting bedrooms, working in the rock garden, mowing the lawn, trimming hedges, helping in the kitchen trying to earn my keep. Evenings I work on my history scrap books, read (Francis I, by Hackett) write letters trying to avoid becoming too introspective. In a sense I feel bereft of family. Bob Allman is still at Fort Custer and we have been able to see each other occasionally. Have had him and a buddy to the house for dinner. Fred Bentley at Custer too.

Frequently at Goguac Lake to spend time with Margaret and Jim at their pleasant home. Not much luck fishing.

In Jackson and Marshall I was told beginning teachers must have five year's experience. Where to get it?

Germany is rearming. The Nazis are threshing about and there is trouble in Danzig

Over 200 killed on highways July 4. Last year 167.

Roosevelt is preparing a tax to soak the rich which Congress is bucking along with anti-utility measures. Abyssinia has asked the U.S. to intervene in the Italian dispute. We have clammed up, but I think a reply is due.

July 8. Monday. Cleaned the cellar and found an old family bible dated 1791 in Nottingham. The first name was Sarah Shaw followed by Green and Huskinson in beautiful script.

Left for Lansing at noon in Alman's new ford and went directly to the history office where I was stunned by the news of Miss Johnston's sudden death on July 5. Was thinking of her only yesterday. How sorry I am for Mr. Fields, her great friend and companion. I found him in his office. He cancelled his class and we went to his apt. where he told me the story of her sudden death caused by complications following a thyroid operation. What a great loss to the college and to the history department. She had been a glorious friend to me and taught me so many things worthwhile in living. I loved her as my greatest teacher. That death should rob us of her at a time when she was doing so much for others seems almost cruel.

She loved and trusted in God and with Him may she find great joy. Perhaps she will see my mother, Miss Carrett and Mark. I have seen her

1935--37

I have seen her tonight standing before our class in a lovely light spring dress, a large red flower in front.

July 13, Saturday. Caught a ride with a chauffeur in a big Packard enroute to Lansing. He talked about the wheat crop and said that he owned a small trucking business and sold trailers. He said he wasn't really a chauffeur but enjoyed wearing a chauffeur's cap. The illusion suited me fine.

Took a bus to East Lansing and arrived in time for lunch with Mrs. Perry. Later I went to see Prof. Ryder at his home on Evergreen to broach the subject of working in the History Dept. this fall. He received the idea better than I anticipated, but added that everything was very uncertain. He is going to preach at Peoples Church tomorrow as Dr. McCune is in Europe for a well earned vacation. Dr. Ryder wanted me to see Mrs. Ryder and their flower garden. She was sprinkling her flowers and couldn't turn off the hose so we kept a dry distance until she got her watering under control. She wanted me to see their wren house and asked if I knew the difference between a singing and scolding wren. She spoke of Mrs. Johnston's funeral and the many flowers, the failure of the preacher to talk without stopping, the lovely little mother and handsome father. "Rosebush is such a small town. No paved streets. Mrs. Ireland was there and said that she really never understood Mrs. Johnston, but seeing her background now she did. Don't you think that was a rather unusual thing for her to say?" I did.

Spent the evening with Mrs. Perry, a dear soul and such a hard worker. She read a letter from Mrs. Baker and we talked of old times.

Retired at 11:00. Fred Cook came in at 4:00 and we talked until dawn. July 15, Monday Met with Prof. Lyon this afternoon to discuss working in the history dept. He said that Hanley Albigh had asked for the same thing. I fear that he will prove a serious contender as he has his M.A. and rates higher with Lyon than I do. Ryder's influence my best bet.

Saw Miss Toogood briefly, English teacher at Eastern High. She said the Education Dept. at Michigan State was no damned good. "If I can help you get a job out at State I will," she said. This rather surprised me as I always felt rather low on her Totem Pole.

July 18, Thursday. Drove to East Lansing this morning to see Dr. Van Hoven of the English Dept. arranged by Miss Toogood. He was indefinite about my becoming a theme reader.

July 19, Friday Drove to Marshall to call on Supt. Holmes. Found him at home with two black eyes, large bandage on head, result of an auto accident. He looked cool in white slacks, under-shirt and slippers. I roasted in a light wool coat, trying to stifle hay fever sneezes and avoid spraying him.

He said that I might be considered, but he expected an applicant with 5 years experience would sign a contract this week-end.

Question the ability of Sir Samuel Hoare, Br. For. Sec. "The Manchester Guardian" states he swam the whole world in no time without ever putting his feet on solid ground.

It wouldn't surprise me to see the Japanese stick a finger in the Italian-Ethiopian dispute. Amusing that James Ramsey, ~~retired diplomat~~ draws \$10,000 as a sinecure. Son ~~Malcolm~~ draws \$25,000 as Colonial Secretary.

July 23. Tuesday. Spent the day working on my historical scrap-book collection. Finished Greece and Italy. Read in tonight's paper that a Mr. Herrick, M.A. was hired to teach history and debate in Marshall. It becomes a bit disheartening to realize so much effort seems wasted, but I realize that this is all part of the game and this is only a small thing to take on the chin. I have written so many letters and sent so many applications that there must be a place somewhere for me. But idle hope isn't enough.

There is a bad strike in Indiana.

The Emperor of Ethiopia is 44 today. The Italian Ambassador refused to attend his reception.

Feeling a bit lonely tonight for the old Perry House Gang, for a tramp across the snow with Bob, for Lois' laughter, Irving's reassuring word, Tom's clear eyes and flush of youth, and the eight o'clock dash to dear Miss Johnston's class.

July 24, Wednesday-July 28-Sunday in Ann Arbor visiting my great Aunt and Uncle and Grandmother who had come over from Chicago with her bottle of prune juice.

Aunt Mae Phelps ~~is~~ is a strict Christian Scientist, Her sister, Mildred ~~is~~ is an agnostic. Mae and her husband, Ett, a pharmacist ~~are~~ are conservative. Mae keeps Chinese university students during the school year. They have a large three storey house on Cheever Court, an adopted daughter, Ruth, a librarian and a son, Frank who works for Michigan Bell and lives in Dearborn with his family. By Sunday I was ready to leave. Getting into the single bath-room had been a problem, listening to Mae and Mildred's jibes at each other finally became a trial and Grandmother has decided that I ~~am~~ ^{am} uneducated, ungracious, undiplomatic, frank, insulting and lack discrimination. "And I always thought you had certain queer mannerisms", she followed up in a letter. Best antidote: The silent treatment.

August 13 Tuesday. Uncertainty about the future since graduation is like a disease infecting me periodically. How keenly I realize my insignificance in this mad seeking world. Is ambition just another name for vanity?

1935-39

August 16, Friday Will Rogers and Wiley Post were killed this morning in an airplane crash in Alaska. I had feared that a disaster might overtake these men on this flight. Why? I don't know. America has lost one of it's greatest humorists. Rogers was a man who brought joy to the hearts of millions in his films. His humor was of the best because it made people think after they had laughed. It had a philosophical tinge. Wiley Post was a pillar in aviation.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home. Wordsworth

August 18. Monday Arrived in East Lansing at 12:30. Lunch with Mrs. Robinson. Interview this afternoon with Davis, head of Youth Administration and former professor of economics. Also talked with a Mr. Pauntz and Dean Emmons. The red tape one has to go through is trying. They seem to have lost my application.

Spent the evening with Irving and Tom. It was such happiness to sit between them and talk over old times, expand to the present, conjecture about the future. We admitted we had hopes once of becoming famous, making plenty of money, discovering something. Now our ambitions are no longer attached to some far off stars. We are growing up! Their first ambitions are to complete their education followed by marriage, home, children. Tom wants to travel. Irving wants a piano, books a fireplace, and above all independence in his work. "Sooner or later there will be discrimination against the Jew. I so value my independence that I am willing to work and slave for twenty years." Neither Tom or I could imagine Irving ever being a victim of discrimination.

I ask only for the opportunity to teach and for a little money to afford independence. And I would like a curly headed son like Hughie.

We agreed that there must be a God and that the greatest thing we have just now is a faith that the shape of things to come will be better. We hope that the three of us may always be together and that Frieda, Phyllis and ? if there ever is one, will join with us. In the wee morning hours when mosquitoes invaded the car, did we part.

Aust 25, Sunday A new law has been passed which provides \$30.00 per month for post college grads. With rising prices I don't know how we can exist on such a pittance, especially when one considers laundry and clothes.

I haven't a decent suit or a good pair of shoes and in debt now with little chance of paying it off.

September 8 Sunday. Returned to Parry House and was delighted to find Bob had also returned. As we talked I never thought I would be returning again to our room so filled with memories, the little scratches on the walls, the pictures, my old desk. Hopefully, now at least, I can return to work on my M.A. and for the history department.

Huey Long was seriously wounded tonight at Baton Rouge. The assassins were immediately mowed down by Long's body-guard. I have feared for this man's life for some time and doubt that he will survive.

September 9, Monday. Discovered today that my F.E.R.A. application must be filed again as a new set-up has been arranged.

Dr. Mitchell no longer seems to have any interest in the Dept. of Education. He almost completely ignored me today. He is now Dean of Men.

Called on President Shaw, the first time in three years. His big nose is so red I think if I pinched it it would go plop. The first thing he asked was who my father was and what he did. I casually mentioned that I had worked in the History Department during my senior year and had been president of the International Relations Club. Suddenly he sat upright and his eyes glared. "What connection have you with communism", he asked in a cold steely tone.

"None whatever," I replied utterly astonished at his tone and question.

"But don't you know that organizations like yours, the Y.M.C.A., and The National Youth Congress are only screens for communism?" he rasped.

I denied that the International Relations Club had any connection with communism and was sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment and served as a source of enlightenment for students interested in international affairs.

"I'm not interested in history", he announced. "I leave that to Professor Ryder." With that he rose and walked out of his office. Still completely taken aback, I slipped away.

How much those in administration seem to fear anyone who attempts to keep informed regarding foreign affairs. The men in power here fear the State Legislature. I had fared no better with him three years ago. What a pity, I thought, that he is President of M.S.C.

Friday, Sept. 13 Fall colors, splashes of red, orange and brown, with swamps edged in yellow flowers, failed to brighten my mood as Mary drove me slowly back to East Lansing. She kissed me good luck, gave me \$5.00 and was gone. As soon as I unloaded my gear at Perry House, I went to the Administration Building to make sure I could work on registration next week. Next I tried to see Dr. Sexton, Supt of ^{LANSING} Schools about a last minute possible opening, but he was unavailable. If only I could find a teaching job is the desire that races through my mind night and day. Downtown with Phyllis and Tom, we met John Yale. He waxed generous, saying that he would take us all to a movie, but at the last minute thought it would be best if we all went Dutch. We drove him home and I agreed to meet him next day for dinner and hear his new poems. Tom and Phyllis don't like him. Few really seem to care for him, but I think he has a rare talent which I'm bound to admire.

Dwight Large is married and living in New Haven where he is in the third year of Divinity School. Serving as assistant pastor of a Congregational Church.

Sept. 15, Sunday. A confident white haired gentleman next to me in church sang with inspiring gusto. Surprised when Dr. McCune mentioned our recent meeting in his sermon. Saw Louise Noble who is teaching in Okemos. She informed me that she doesn't drink, smoke and goes to bed early. I don't plan to ask her for a date. Spent the afternoon with Irv. and Frieda. We took a pleasant drive into the country, returning to the Silverman's for a supper of cold chicken, soup, cheese and cakes. Later we discussed "Anthony Adverse" and listened to Major Bowes amateur hour. Then we went to see Gracie Allen and George Burns in "Here comes Cookie" Gracie, a riot. She told about a collapsible auto. "You press a button and it folds up into the rumble seat..." "Once I ran over a fat man because I didn't have enough gas to go around." She always phoned the butcher for meat for the dogs at night because she wanted dark meat. When reading Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde she always hid under the bed. Returned to room. Ate some of Bob's home made cake and went to bed.

Sept. 16, Monday. Fixed Aunt Ella's toilet seat and bought some wall-paper.

Received a letter from the American University in Washington D.C. offering me a position in the Research Department of History to pay for my tuition. But what would I live on? Called on Prof. Ryder who had just returned from Denver. What a red nose. He had a cold and needed a shave. He assured me that I would receive strong consideration in case a new instructor was hired in the History Department, on condition that Hanley Albright, who has his M.A. isn't available. Would that Miss Johnston were living. I think her influence would count heavily in my favor. Saw Sophia Van Kuiken on campus. She is going to teach in Williamston for \$110.00 per month.

Sept. 17, Tues. Chauffeured for Aunt Ella. Stopped at the History Department to talk with Mr. Lyon and Mr. Fields about future enrollment and a job.

Sept. 18, Wed. Worked on Registration. Would that it lasted beyond Saturday. Jim Davis and T.C. Wilson from Fremont are rooming at Aunt Ella's. Perry house is filling up with new students. Think I will enjoy Jerome Belleau from the Soo. He is a pre-dent student and interesting to talk to.

Sept. 22, Sunday. Finished working on Registration yesterday. Dad came and we went to Peoples Church. He liked the sermon. Then I went with him to the Ruel Apts. on Hosmer St. in Lansing to have dinner with him and his friend, Mrs. Vetter. She is a short window-lady probably about Dad's age and slightly cross-eyed, or so it seemed.

Phoned the Brightmans. Lois is in New York to meet Alan. They will arrive home tomorrow. Haven't seen Alan in two years since he left for Africa.

Sept. 23, Mon. No job in the History Dept. Today I enrolled in Graduate School in order to get a job in the Geography Department doing historical research on Place Names in Michigan. Felt quite depressed about not being able to work in the History Dept. until coming across campus I saw a blind student slowly making his way. Later in the English office I saw him bite his lower lip when he said he guessed he would have to transfer as things weren't going very well. Leaving and enjoying the trees splashed with autumn colors, I felt thankful that I could see and still later when taking down Mrs. Perry's clothesline I noticed three blue morning glories and my well of despair drained away. Sometimes we are so absorbed expecting from life that we forget to chalk up our assets.

The freshmen are so eager and excited. Their enthusiasm can be infectious.

3750 students registered as of Sat.

Sept. 24 Tues. Prof. Ryder's voice harkens back to last winter. There are quite a few graduates who have returned. Saw Don MacDonald tonight. He is living in East Lansing. Taking a seminar in graduate American History with E.B. Lyon. The only other student is a woman past middle age.

Sept. 25, Wd. Great seeing Alan Brightman again. Tanned, taller, more mature. We found a corner in the Ag. Bldg. to talk. He is going to major in Bus. Ad. Was enroute to work so didn't have much time to talk. Began my job today. Don MacDonald informed me that Prof. Caswell said they needed an instructor in the history department but didn't want to take on a graduate with inexperience as the students wouldn't like it. Prof. Ryder told us in class that he was going to have to swear an oath to uphold the Constitution and sign it but it wouldn't make any difference in his teaching. Rather bold some of us thought in these touchy times.

Sept. 26, Thurs Saw Glen O. Stewart today for an assignment card to work. "You are going to make \$25.00 a month," he informed me. "\$24.50", I corrected him.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" he smirked

"Try to live on it," I replied.

There is no rhythm in slow defeat
The busy maggots tunnel the brain without the elegiac beat
That tolls in grief or pounds in pain.
In industrious destruction gnaws
More delicately than the crude
Quick teeth of rage, one knows, yet draws
The drowsy breath of lassitude.

Sept. 26, Thursday Fall rains and high winds. My shoes are so thin I have to change socks everytime I go out. Irv. called tonight. He said that Julius Stalberg and Joe Evans aren't getting along too well in the Music Dept. Barely making a living.

Quite a few grads are giving up and returning home, ~~Chuck~~ Palmer among them. Went to my evening literature class tonight. Miss Toogood, Chr. of the English department, is taking it also. The fellows at the House are becoming better acquainted and there is more congeniality.

Sept. 27 Fri. Saw Esther Mastrovito today. She was a wonderful Marion and I a poor Frederic in "Pirates of Penzance" when we were in the 11th grade at Eastern. She has won a music scholarship and studying hard. She has grown in beauty and with her talent should really go places. Tonight went with some fellows at the house to see Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in "The Scarlet Pimpernel". Excellent. Howard as usual is magnificent. Lee Walker and I stayed and saw it twice.

Sept. 28, Sat. Saw Dr. Sexton today. He said a student with my marks should certainly have been placed. He doesn't think too highly of the Department of Education. An opinion widely shared. Filled out an application. He asked me to call him again in March ~~if~~ I hadn't heard from him. I was somewhat embarrassed when he said that Don, his son, was never as good a scholar as me and his marks in Practice teaching weren't as high. "If you only knew some one of influence," he added with a wry smile.

Returned to East Lansing where green flags are flying, ushering in the football season. We won. Tonight several of us at the House served at a banquet held at the Church. Chuck spilled some coffee on me and ~~I~~ spilled some on a woman, for which I was blamed. What a meal we had later. Bud spoke for all of us when he said his stomach thought his brain had gone on a strike.

Sept. 29, Sunday. I have a student to tutor in ancient history. He is preparing for an Annapolis exam. Going to charge him 50 cents an hour.

Sept. 30 Mon. The History Department has hired a new teacher. Prof Ryder informed me today He comes from Holy Cross. ~~Fields~~ never mentioned it when we lunched at Hunts with Waldo. I think he didn't want to hurt my feelings. Made \$4.37 during the last few days of Sept.

Oct. 1 Tuesday. Reading T.E. Lawrence's "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" *Thoroughly* enjoyable. Things didn't go well today. My student didn't pay for his lesson. Spent my last 12 cents for a pint of milk and three soggy rolls. Afterwards I sat listlessly on the brink of soggy disillusionment when Joe O'Leary, the talking machine of the House invited me to go out on a drinking party at his expense. Oh, the terrible whirling feeling riding home on the bus!

Oct. 2 Wed. Thought I would never live through this day. Never again Ate little except crackers and drank some tomato juice. All the fellows greatly amused. Some solicitous.

Oct. 3. Thursday. Italy invaded Ethiopia at 6:30 this morning. In the advance guard were the dictator's two sons. Emperor Haile Selassie hasn't declared war but has called up troops to stem the tide of invasion. Britain is angry and is considering closing the Suez Canal, but doesn't know if this is possible considering the admission of other shipping.

Greek vessels were ordered to **steer** clear of the Canal. Britain demands action from the League Council in involving penalties under Art. 10 of the Covenant. Street demonstrations took place in Paris this morning against Italy's actions. The League will no longer try to avert war but will meet in Council Sat. morning to enact the force of penalties.

President Roosevelt announced that under the present Neutrality Laws we will keep out of the European fuss. Unknown to most Britains last week was the concentration of the British fleet in the Mediterranean. In strength they number about 288 ships to Italy's 169. However, the opinion of some, Italy's ships are faster and better built. Their use of suicide boats will prove an important factor in case of war. Neville Henderson may be the next Prime Minister. He said Britain needed a larger navy. Are some of the British high moral utterances a cloak for their protection of Imperial interests in Africa?

Oct. 4, Friday Ethiopia announced that they have repulsed the Italians. 1700 rptd killed and wounded in the vicinity of Adowa.

Oct. 5, Sat. Ethiopian troops flank Italian troops in Eritrea. Some 7,000 rptd killed. Italians halted in Adowa hills. A state of war exists Roosevelt declared.

On the spur of the moment Bud and I went to the game in Ann Arbor. We won 25--0 Our team clicked wonderfully well and appeared far superior to Michigan. Attendance about 40,000. Friends joined us at the half. Bob played very well and I was proud of my room-mate. The cold air reeked with the smell of gin and whiskey and there were quite a few fights. Came home with Jim Davis and Harry Wilson. Made hot chocolate for the gang when we arrived home.

Oct. 7 Monday. Dropped course in History of the English Language.

Adowa and Adigrat taken by Italians. The revenge for 1896 has now been achieved and a monument placed in the central square at Adowa.

Oct 9, Wed. Served at another banquet at the church and had another good meal.

Oct 10, Thurs. Dinner with Dad and Mrs. Vettters. Good steak and french fries. Had a talk with Prof. Muilenberg who thought I ought to be doing more writing. My inertia in this respect a guilt.

Oct. 12, Sat. To the football game with Dad and Paul. Dad said later he couldn't recall a more enjoyable day. Missed Jim and sent him a jacket for his birthday. Dad looks well even a little color in his cheeks. Well dressed too. Bob made two touch-downs in the game against Univ. of Iowa. Rated in the New York Times.

Oct. 13, Sunday. Breakfast at Mrs. Vettters with Dad. These days are so beautiful Dancing yellow leaves make you want to whirl with them. Have taken several long walks this fall with Bud. He is quieter this year. Anne's influence?.

My pupil paid me \$2.00. Have agreed to make the beds at the House twice a week which will make another \$.

Finished a biography of Nijinsky. The treatment of his homosexuality was somewhat different. Yet his contribution to dance far outweighed this aspect of his life. Later he married.

Oct. 14, Monday The war in Africa continues. Sooner or later, perhaps, something will be said to the U.S.S.R. which is fueling the Italian navy with oil.

Read a letter from a chap who has been in the C.C.C. For the first time I view it in a good light. What better is there to offer young destitute men now?

Surprised to learn that French capitalists control 50% of the shares in the Suez Canal. I thought the British controlled more than 44%. Britain is trying to whip the League into taking some effective action Under our munitions embargo no mention is made of those important sinews of war, steel, copper and cotton.

Oct. 15 Tues. Borrowed a \$ from Chuck Tanzel. Hunting season opened today. One of the fellows at the House shot 4 pheasants and 2 rabbits.

Very good milk on the market now and being sold in large quantities for 10⁰/₁₀ cents per quart.

Walking to dinner tonight I met Lois enroute to a formal dinner. How lovely she looked with her fine hair swept back from the temple line. She said she was eager to tell me about her recent trip to New York. Wish I could afford to date her. Am sure that she intends to marry Chuck Cool. Often thought she would make an ideal companion.

Oct. 16, Wed. Louis Weisner of the Social Problems Club and felt to have communistic preferences attended the International Relations Club last night I didn't attend. Fields was quite upset by his attendance and said he made it very clear that nothing political was incorporated in the International Relations Club platform. Personally, I think people are too skittish about Weisner. Would ~~that~~ we had a few more willing to express the conviction of their principles. His personality does tend to turn people off, yet I can see that he possesses certain admirable qualities.

Oct. 17, Thursday. Received \$5.00 from Mary and four pheasant feathers.

Heard Miss Frances Perkins tonight. About 3500 came out to hear the Sec. of Labor. She mouthed much thin soup with little meat, clipped the air with her right hand and rubbed her belly with the left. She feels we are living in wonderful times and gave a short dissertation on soap and bread, explained the Social Security bill and felt that all men should live together as brothers.

Oct. 18, Friday A box today from Mary containing a whole roasted chicken, sandwiches, cookies fruit, cakes and candies. Grabbed a hind quarter of chicken and felt like Henry VIII, alias Charles Laughton, at Hampton Court.

Oct. 21 Monday Cut class. Groggy after spending the week-end in Fremont.

Oct. 22, Tues. Still no pay. Patience sorely tried when told there would be none until Nov. Mr. Lyon, sensing my predicament, wrote a check for \$25.00. I declined to accept it, but ~~did~~ accept a check for \$10.00. He has shown me a great kindness quite aside from the money aspect. Promised to repay him as soon as possible. So riled up I took a long walk in the country, past the pig pens. Flushed four cock pheasant and three hens. Returned to discuss Congressional Reconstruction after the Civil War.

Oct. 23 Wed. Worked and studied. A rift with Bob. He gets my nanny sometimes and I know I do his. Wish I could afford a room of my own where there would be less belching and farting.

Oct. 24, Thurs. A letter from Mrs. Johnston informing me of a memorial service to be held for Miss Johnston Sunday. Fred Bentley came over for a couple hours. What an enjoyable evening.

Oct. 27, Sunday. Acted as usher at Miss Johnston's Memorial Service today. Many present. Sophia gave a lovely tribute to her. We all loved her so much. Often walking across campus she seems quite near; those sparkling brown eyes and the great zest for living will be evergreen in memory. Met Fay Johnston, asked to be remembered to her mother. She said her mother enjoyed my letter so much and showed it to her friends.

After a duck dinner (the first in a long time) Bud and I went canoeing on the Red Cedar. Fallen leaves are so thick that in some places they cover the river like a brown tarp. They form small piles in the sluggish bends and when the wind catches them they sail away like a fleet of Chinese junks. A few robins remain and there are many ducks. At Pinetum we interrupted a "pastoral interlude". Pinetum still lives up to its name as The Old Stud Ground.

Nov. 6. Had a wonderful time in Philadelphia and saw The Great Waltz. Am working long hours on my paper on Arnold Mulder, Stewart Edward White and Lawrence Conrad to be presented Thursday night. Conrad's "Steel" is a fair novel. Shop scenes are good. When I consider that White got up at 4 a.m. to write "The Blazed Trail" and then went to the woods to lumber it all day, I have little faith in myself as a writer. Just too damn lazy.

Nov. 7 Thurs. Read my paper and had a talk with Dr. Fuller, the State Historian. He was wearing a very ragged old sweater and said our business shouldn't take long. But when I asked about his daughter, he took off and I was there half an hour. He loaned me a speech he gave recently on Books and Writers. I recognized it as being taken almost entirely from a article in Michigan History Magazine in 1930.

Nov. 8 Friday On Sunday will be brought to trial before Judge Sam Street Hughes on an open charge of treason before the United States for failing to send the secret cable ordering the U.S. Fleet in the Pacific to the Philippines to prevent the Philippines being taken over by the Japanese. I will be prosecuted by Prof Ormand Drake. I have refused lawyers and plan to defend my own case at this mock trial before the church on the grounds of conscientious objection. Hope that my knowledge of the Philippines will free me although I fear certain conviction and have only been informed today that I will be brought to trial.

Convocation today for John Fanell Mackland to whom the stadium will be dedicated tomorrow.

Nov. 10 Sunday Church sermon, "We are Preparing for War!" How true it seems. Our expenditures for armaments are larger than ever. We have naval plans to transport

3,000,000 in ships across the seas. I have become increasingly certain that this war with Ethiopia is, in reality a war between ~~England~~ and Italy. Its basis is economic as is the case of most wars. England so dominates the League it appears to be a tool of her own designs. The British are so shrewd I don't know what they are up to half the time. It seems incomprehensible that within 15 years of the last war preparations for war again dominate the news. Roosevelt, the big navy man, could plunge this nation into war. Suppose General Johnson would be the head of some alphabetical concoction.

Tonight was the trial. I was acquitted by the jury and 3/4 of the audience. Received many congratulations for the manner in which I pleaded my case. Some suggested I become an actor. Dr. McCune and Prof. Caswell said they enjoyed the trial very much. If we have caused students to think then our presentation hasn't been in vain.

Nov. 11, Monday Thought about "Testament of Youth" and Miss Johnston many times today.

Went to Grand Ledge to see Paul play football in a driving rain. James is a yell leader. How the boys have grown. Invited them in to spend the week-end.

An altitude of 74,000 ft was reached today. A world record; about 14 miles.

The Japanese have seized Shanghai and demand control of the North China Province.

Mussolini has gone the League one better and imposed a boycott on all countries who have imposed sanctions. How long will the Italians follow him?

Bob left for California today. Will miss his absence for the next 12 days.

Nov. 12, Tues I have had several requests to write up the plea I made at the trial. Mr. Fields said, "Don't let President Shaw know you were involved in this trial."

Rollo May also asked for a copy and a copy of two of my poems.

A contracting firm in New York building a bridge bought \$20,000 worth of steel from Germany. U.S. steel firms all bid \$60.00 + per ton while German sold for about \$42.50 per ton. Why are we holding our price up?

Italy has told Britain if it will withdraw sanctions the fighting in Ethiopia will cease. Britain refused and is waging a battle over elections. Egypt is rebelling against British control.

Nov. 13, Wed. Had an inkling there might be a new job for me today. "The Detroit Free Press" had an article stating \$150,000 was to be appropriated by the Federal Gov't for the collection of historical data in Michigan. Phoned Dr. Fuller and sent him a letter. Saw Dr. Robertson who denied such an appropriation had been made and that Dr. Fuller was misinformed. Said I could submit an application. Rankled. Pres. Roosevelt has asked that interest rates be reduced. He might as well ask for an end to ocean tides. Fines are moving to New York. Heard an excellent concert by Lily Pons tonight.

Nov. 14, Thurs. Bkfst with Jesse Davis and T.C. Wilson fathers of Jim and Harry. They were surprised that I spent only ten cents. They said they thought my position was fortunate, an opinion which I failed to understand.

At lunch with Mr. Fields and Lois Bauer, I heard a lot of history department miseries and exploded myself about Prof Ryder whose incompetence is well known among students. He knows very little about the French government.

Nov. 15, Friday. Spent the entire day reading and writing my paper on Congressional Reconstruction. I'm writing mainly about Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner and Benjamin Butler. Woodburn's biography of Stevens is excellent.

Tonight Rev. John Adams of Mason sent a car for me and I attended a play at the old Mason Opera House. There was a buzzing among the crowd as I came in to take a seat. The play, a slap-stick comedy, wasn't well done. John Yale in a minor role was a disappointment. Adams was at least in character throughout. Left early in order to avoid meeting people. Stopped by the house which I don't consider home anymore, to say hello to Mother. She had retired, but I went in and kissed her. She thanked me for her birthday card and said I was the only one who remembered her. I said a few words and hurried away as John was waiting for me in the car.

Couldn't get to sleep. I wonder what mother thinks about as she lies awake in her bed at night when the boys have gone out with their friends or on dates? Often I wish for a home and feel quite lonely.

Not at all sure what love is all about. There is a void which companions and friends fail to fill. Seems I see some of my old friends less often and while companions in college add much to life, increasingly, I realize they are, for the most part, transitory.

Nov. 16, Sat. Slept in and worked through the lunch hour to catch up. Went to the Sate Library for a biography of Charles Sumner. Lee went with me. We enjoy each other's company. Later we saw "Barbary Coast" with Mariam Hopkins, Ann Robinson and Joel McCrea. Like the foggy scenes and the muddy streets of San Francisco. We rushed home after the movie to hear Jerome sing over W.J.R. He sang "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See" very well. Would like to see him on Major Bowes Amateur Hour. State won 27-0. Suppose the boys will celebrate out on the west coast tonight. A fine wind up of the season for Bob. Miss him.

Went to West Mary Mayo to the fall term party with Frieda, Tom and Phyllis. Phyllis looks refreshing with her hair in braids. Frieda is living in the Home Ec. Practice House now. Julius Stalberg and Esther Lieberman also there.

Nov. 17, Sunday "Lansing News Week" has an article on Revolt on the Campus by Wechler. Most of it painfully true, but Cleary, faculty flunkey, tries to give it a less unsavoury twist.

Nov. 18, Monday. Dr. Kimber has taken over Ryder's class. Lunch with Mr. Fields and Waldo.

Sent in my time sheet for 61 hours.

Northern China will soon fall to the Japs. It seems the League can deal with only one problem at a time.

Nov. 20, Wednesday. Admiral Jellicoe died today in London. I think he was an earl.

He was Admiral of the British Fleet during the years 1914-1916 and in the famous Battle of Jutland. Entered the navy in 1872, retired in 1924.

Lunched today with Fields, Waldo and Main. Main is generally regarded by students as a sissie. He does tend to mince his way across campus. Appears plump and soft, but very kind and considerate. Conversation ranged from Johnson's philosophy, the bricks in St. James Palace, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" to Grand Central Station in N.Y.C. Always feel that I have gained more than the food on my plate after dining with them.
Nov. 21, Thursday. First snow. Bob arrived home early this morning with many gifts.

Cold out tonight. The stars seem blue. Lee and I had supper in his room. I made hot soup and we had cheese and jam sandwiches. He is reading Testament of Youth.
Nov. 22, Friday. Bob went out on a toot last night. Has a bad cold and coughed until 3 a.m.

Nov. 25, Mon. Prof. Lyon has asked me to teach a freshman class in European History for the remainder of the term. It will be mainly a review section and keep me humping. However, I'm most grateful. Am to receive \$1.50 per hour. Typed for Mrs. Irland two hours tonight. Lunch with Fields and dinner with Lee.

Nov. 26, Tuesday. Bob is in the hospital. I have a sore throat.

Nov. 29, Friday. Spent most of the morning preparing for my class. Thought it went off fairly well although not many attended. Bob returned from the hospital.

Nov. 30, Saturday. Worked most of the day on my paper. What a task and things don't knit together very well.

Dad came for an hour this afternoon. He said he wasn't married. I told him his private life was his own, although I hoped he wouldn't marry for awhile. A reconciliation with Mother seems out of the question at this time. He has promised to buy me a winter coat.

Paul and James are bearing the brunt of the divorce. The whole affair is tragic in its consequences and, to be sure, I am in the dark about a lot of what has happened.

Dec. 1 Sunday That damned paper. Cold.

Dec. 2, Monday Sat next to Louis Weisner at a musicale tonight. His manner and conversation quite agreeable. Later over coffee we talked about science and art, The Paris Commune of 1871, the deplorable dept of Education. He spoke highly of Dr. Fee.

My class went rather well. About 30 attended. They write like demons to get down my lecture. Registered for next term and have to take a Saturday class but it will enable me to work off my minor spring term.

Dec. 4, Wednesday Four above zero this morning. Prof. Ryder has returned so no more Dr. Kimber.

Lunch this noon with Fields, Margaret Miles, my former French teacher, and Dr. Patton. The latter has a rather superior air. I spoke of sitting with Mr. Weisner recently and how agreeable he seemed. Dr. Patton said that he was quite harmless now that he was relegated to the Math. Dept. He said that Louis wanted to have a meeting

to criticize the lack of academic freedom, but had been refused. I said that it was a shame that the word communism was applied to so wide a range of expressions and that it irritated me to think we dared not open our mouths to express opinions without being branded as communists. Dr. Patton smiled and turned to the weather. I think he fears criticism and from what I hear plenty could be leveled in his direction.

Class tonight went very well. I am confident I could become a good teacher.

There seems to be a trail of confusion over oil shipments to Italy. Our inability to enact specific neutrality laws before this conflict assumed such proportions is not to our government's credit. The public is largely in the dark as to what is going on.

Dec. 4 to Dec. 12. I have been so busy writing my seminar papers my diary has been neglected. Tonight I read my paper on 20th Century Writers in Michigan. Bud typed my 43 page paper for history. Prof. Lyon presented me with two books on American History.

Dad bought me a new winter coat and a pair of shoes. I am enjoying my class although it has kept my nose to the grindstone along with tutoring.

Have been asked to try out of the play "Joan of Arc" by the Civic Players, the English chaplain.

Have had a few dates with Lois and took her to lunch recently. I don't think she is going with Chuck Cool anymore.

Dec. 12, Thursday. France doesn't want sanctions now after requesting them for years.. A new peace plan has been proposed in which England, France and Spain would have adopted had not Poland insisted on its being debated in the League Council. I'm fast losing respect for the League Council and we are just as well out of it.

Some students tell me they don't like Fields as well as Caswell. What a pity. They would learn so much more from Fields. Caswell thinks they are children.

Dec. 16 Monday Jerome and I are planning to spend Christmas at his home in Saulte St. Marie.. We are going to send some of our things ahead by express.

Dec. 18, Wednesday AT LAST I HAVE A JOB DOING SOCIOLOGICAL RESEARCH WORK FOR THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. START AT SANDUSKY, MICHIGAN DIRECTLY AFTER CHRISTMAS, Dec. 30

So thankful for this opportunity although my plans are blasted. It means saying good-by again and that is so hard to do.

Dec. 20, Friday Bob left this morning after his exam. I hate farewells. After he left I received a call that I am being transferred to: Big Rapids and start work next Friday. Received \$1050 from the History Department.

Dad came at noon and we went downtown shopping. He bought me a hat and some slippers. The streets were crowded with holiday shoppers. He is doing some writing. Later in my room we wrapped Christmas presents and I read some of his writing. It's good.

Chuck, Bud and I had dinner tonight. Earlier Chuck and I were shaved for the first time by a barber. Jerome very dissappointed that I'm unable to go home with him.. No more than I. Bud wrote me a poem, quite a feat for him. He said he could never really express his feelings.

Chuck bought my dinner. Earlier when we were over at the gym taking a shower he said, "Remember the night you ~~first~~ came to my room? Well, I was never so ~~glad~~ to see anyone in my life." He, I will miss a lot.

Tonight Chuck, Alma Somers, Bud, Anne, Lois and I ~~went~~ to dance at the Gables. Lois looked lovely, as usual, in black and gray. Leaving her isn't going to be easy.

Jerry came in about 4 a.m. this morning to say good by. I will miss him too. When I got up I found a ~~box~~ in my drawer ~~from~~ him containing a beautiful shirt and tie. Dec. 21, Sat. There were many farewells to say this morning. Aunt Hattie come at noon and once more I pulled stakes from East Lansing. It wasn't easy. ~~I take~~ with me many fond memories and leave behind many wonderful friends.

About the fellows; Jerry pulling up a chair beside mine and smoking a cigarette and coming in early in the morning to see if I'm up, Bud exclaiming over some good music and waving my baton which I gave him for Christmas, Chuck's blunt, good natured manner, Gordon at 11:30 Sunday nights and "The Mummers", Bob rolling a cigarette, polishing his boots, putting his cold feet against mine.

O course, I will continue to keep in touch with Fields, Lyon, Mrs. Perry and Aunt Ella, Frieda, Irv., Tom and Phyllis and above all Lois.

I leave college as poor in ~~po~~cket as I arrived four years ago, but, oh, so much enriched in spirit and memories.

epilogue

Half a century later walking across the campus from the Union to the Library to browse or pursue some research project, friendly old trees, the museum (former library) and Beaumont Tower trigger pictures in the mind's eye; Wells Hall just beyond the present library, the Physics Building near Beal Gardens, the Wood-shop near the power plant. Names and faces are recalled too.

Most former teachers and college administrators have long disappeared from the scene. Relatives and friends too reside only in memory,

Professor Harold Fields is the only former teacher I know living in East Lansing at his home on Orchard St. I attended his 80th birthday party at the University Club and found him witty and spry. He devotes some time to his family geneology.

My half brother, Paul attended Alma College and became a business man. He is semi-retired. Had two sons. Lives in Lansing.

Half-brother James attended Albion, University of Michigan, and received his D.V.M. degree from Michigan State. Now a widower, he has two daughters. Presently works for State Water Quality Control and lives in Haslett, Michigan.

Irving Silverman married Frieda Weiner. He is a semi-retired Lansing physician. They had four children and reside in Okemos, Michigan where Frieda is very active in music and cultural circles.

Tom Morris went east to college and married an eastern gal, leaving Phyllis Hooten with a broken heart. Years later she married. He became secretary of commerce in Pottsville, Pa, where he died of a heart attack many years ago.

Lois Brightman married and now lives in Pentwater, Michigan. I went to her wedding.

Henry Fine became a business man in Lansing. He died several years ago due to a heart attack.

Bob Allman played professional football for a few years after graduation. Then he became a salesman. He and wife now live in Sherman Oaks, California.

Cousin, Mary Bailes, married a chemist, Max Mueller. They are retired and living in Valrico, Florida.

In the fall of 1936 I got a job teaching history and English in Tecumseh, Michigan. For \$1,200 per year I was also expected to coach debate and forensics, direct the senior play, edit the school newspaper and act as a class advisor. There followed five rewarding years.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor I was enroute to Iceland with the 7th Engineer Battalion. The second year in Iceland I served in the Counter-Intelligence Corps. In May 1944 I was ordered to report in London. Shortly after D-Day our C.I.C. team left for Normandy. After entering Paris with a French division, I served in Belgium, France and Germany. In 1946 I returned to the University of Michigan to continue work

toward my Ph D. In the fall of 1947 I returned to my alma mater, Eastern High School, in Lansing Michigan where I taught history and later served as guidance director until retirement in 1976.

Between 1950 and 1970 courses in counseling and guidance were taken at Michigan State University. Occasionally I taught a course in The Teaching of Social Studies. Twice I have accompanied M.S.U. groups overseas during the summer. Adult evening classes are still a part of continued learning.

In May, 1985 I served as chairperson of Patriarch's Day and received the Cane from the Class of 1934. Correspondence put me in contact with a number of classmates not seen in many years. Very rewarding was a renewed acquaintance with Harlan Clark retired now and living in Denver after a distinguished career in the diplomatic service.

John Yale after many travels became a trappist monk. He now lives outside Paris, France.

After residing in East Lansing *for* more than twenty years, in 1980 I moved to share a home with a friend on Lake Lansing in Haslett.

The ingrained habit of keeping a journal remains. In resurrecting these journals I trust glimpses of yesterdays at Michigan State College as seen through the eyes of a former student may kindle an interest in times past.

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April, 1986