

## MSU Diary

*Typed from a hand-written diary I kept while attending Michigan State University.*

November 26, 1962

I have great hopes for what fraternity life can do for me. I suppose it will be better for my social life, but there is something else it may do that can cure that problem indirectly. This problem probably has caused me more trouble than any other I have, if I have any others. I am egocentric! Would I keep a diary if I wasn't egocentric?? (But this diary is just for practice, as I am going to be a writer).

My egocentricism makes me laugh at my own jokes, and makes my voice crack when I laugh. It makes it almost impossible for me to smile naturally.

It makes my conversation center around me and my adventures and accomplishments; and important and interesting people whom I know. It makes me stupid because it takes my interest away from other subjects and I grow increasingly ignorant. It explains my interest in writing: I love to read and have people read what I have written.

It makes me afraid of girls (not very) because I worry so much about myself that I am unfriendly to them, and I soon have a reason to believe they don't like me.

It is probably the reason that I cannot decide on a major. All the time I have brooded about myself I could have been thinking about and doing other things and I would have a better idea of what I am interested in and good at.

There are times when I have thought that I was on the verge of going insane. I have contemplated suicide, but funniest thing, the next thing to come to my mind is always the write-up in the newspaper or my life-story. When I read Catcher in the Rye it was shocking to see the similarities between Holden Caulfield and me.

All my life I have imagined my life to be a movie (maybe I should be a movie director) of my life story, or maybe the book. Lately I have come to realize that it would be the boringest story ever written, and its main character would be not in the least romantic. I am 20 years old and what have I accomplished? I can't even remember my past hardly, it has been so uninteresting.

I have always thought that things would get better – all that was needed was that time should pass. Well 20 years are shot to hell, and many more can have the same fate. Now I must face the question: Can and will I do something about it? Well, I believe I can. Many people less able than I have led exciting, happy lives. Will I? Sure. Tomorrow.

November 29, 1962

The accident rate (traffic) on MSU's campus has gone down since the first couple of weeks of school. I believe that the reason for this is that pedestrians and bicyclists – maybe even motorists – have learned the tricks of getting around on the campus. Their nerves have been steeled, their reflexes quickened. They know all the sly, underhanded ways of making the enemy chicken out. The pedestrian knows how to pretend to be falling in the path of a car or bike or to walk into the street like he did not see the car

speeding toward him. The effect of both of these is to bring the car or bike to a screeching stop, enabling the pedestrian to continue on across the street.

Pedestrians have learned how to balance on the black center line of a street, between the two yellow lines, while cars swish by on both sides.

Most pedestrians at MSU don't realize how skilled they are. I didn't realize it until I was home for my high school's homecoming. I was walking with my parents along the street when we decided that I was going to ride home with someone else. I left them and started to cross a street about like Farm Lane [a main street at MSU], only wider. I crossed one lane, and as I waited for the traffic to clear so I could go on across the other lane, I heard my mother scream "Hey You Stupid! Get outa the traffic! You wanna get run over? We spent four hundred dollars getting your teeth straightened!"

I was completely surprised. So what's the matter with her, I thought, is she off her nut? Then I realized, as the cars zoomed by, that before I had gone to MSU I wouldn't have thought of walking out into traffic like that. I walked on across the street, smiling. I had learned something at MSU after all. I could face traffic with the courage of a true Spartan.

December 6, 1962

From a letter from Mother:

Saturday night we went down town and told Cindy they [the girls] must not stay up for the movie. She said "You realize Betty Harry got married at my age." Dad told her "I didn't say you couldn't get married, just that you couldn't stay up for the movie."

From the same letter:

For goodness sakes don't become so sophisticated you can't be thoughtful & considerate – those are qualities of important people – worth while people. You could even have said Goodbye the day you left.

December 7, 1962

This last paragraph follows a paragraph telling that Bruce Tait had called our home after I had left to return to MSU after Thanksgiving. I had called him about a ride, and then got a ride with someone else. I didn't call him back, like I told him I would.

This lack of courtesy is something I have noticed in myself the last couple of weeks. (Pertaining to not calling Bruce Tait that day, I remember that it did bother me all the way back to Lansing. I probably would have called him if I had remembered it before I left for Lansing). I am disrespectful to older people. Something will have to be done about this. You can have faults and get by, but anyone who is nasty to old ladies just doesn't make it.

I got shot down in Social Science. I got one of two A's out of 140 students who took the first test. I applied for permission to 'comp' the next 2 terms of Soc. I quit going to class – the instructor wasn't much good and I couldn't keep awake. The final teacher's

test counted 1½ times as much as the first one. I studied 8 hours for it the night before. I had read the first 2 books and the first 20 pages of the 3<sup>rd</sup> book before that night. I borrowed books 3 & 4 from a guy who had read them and underlined the most important sentences. I read what he underlined and I reviewed the first 2 books. I got 18 right out of 40! The lowest score was 12 and the highest was 29. It was a C-. Now I will go into the final exam with a C+. I cannot get an A in Social Science even if I get an A+ on my final exam. My other subjects have slipped similarly, but that Soc test was a real blow. Now I probably won't get to try the comp.

My school work has been a sore spot with me this term. I have not gotten hardly a thing out of my subjects. It's not all my fault, either. All 4 of my teachers are poor. If I didn't have the fraternity this would be one helluva term. I have thought seriously of quitting school, but I don't know what I'd do if I quit, and I don't want to give up Pi Kappa Phi.

Last night I got the idea of being a Criminal Psychologist. All my life I have been intrigued by hoodlums – I've even admired them, and yet I am really honest. I have respect for law and officers. This is the vision I see: I am a social worker, in the slums, sin centers of New York City. I am a friend of the poor confused hoodlums and I spend my time trying to persuade them to stay out of trouble and lead a legitimate life. I would speak Spanish, so I would be able to work among the Puerto Ricans. I swear I have not seen West Side Story yet. I can see myself listening to some pretty little girl with long black hair tell her sad story, after which I would (of course) try to become more close to her so I would better be able to help her. After all, she'd be better off sleeping with me than those dirty, stupid, hoods!

Pi Kappa Phi has made me see my faults and has given me some ambition (has made me see what the lack of it was leading me to anyway). I believe that a change can come not from the realization only. It is not just a state of mind, either. The right state of mind will come only after the right actions have been repeated over and over.

Even though my ego has deflated a little this term, and my studies were wasted, I'm happier than I've been for years.

January 21, 1963

I'm sad tonight, for the following reasons:

1. Studies. Though unlike last term I do have one good teacher (Spanish), I am having trouble with psychology, humanities, and English. This can be attributed to lack of study and lack of interest.
2. Money. This doesn't really bother me much, cause I haven't run out yet..
3. Marilyn McCulloch. Girl I met from Spanish class January 11. I'm sort of in love with her. I've even kissed a few times, and I have been with her 8 times – 3 night dates. She's better described as a best friend than as a lover. Though this doesn't sound like too exciting an affair, if she is interested in catching me, she's going at like she knew how. I keep coming back – probably because she lets me. She does talk to me on the phone as long as there is something to talk about. And she doesn't dash into the dorm when I get her to the door. Last

night she came outside in the cold with me after quarter to one, when all males had to get out of the lobby.

She is nice. She's pretty cute, flat chested, but otherwise nicely built. Margaret Shappee said she was one of the nicest girls she'd ever talked to, and I'm sure my parents and other adult friends would like her. Her attitude towards me would be best described not as affectionate, but concerned. But then, how passionate can you get in the snow?

My problem with Marilyn is holding on to her, and making our relationship interesting enough so that I'll want to hold on to her.

4. I am still feeling inferior among my fraternity brothers. The biggest reason for this is that I never have anything intelligent to say. This isn't really the reason – it's because I'm not a true brother. There are many others in the house in my situation. It is the drunks who are the true brothers. I stay away from booze because of a weak stomach, not because of a strong will. I have decided to get drunk with the boys thr next chance I get, though I promised Marilyn I wouldn't.

January 27, 1963

I got drunk last Wednesday night. I drank 2 quarts of beer. I felt pretty good, but I was the only one who got drunk, so there was no jolly fellowship of drunks. I smoked about 6 cigarettes too, and I was sick for about an hour. My stomach was l little weak the next morning, so I cut my first class this term, ROTC drill.

I haven't had much trouble studying in the fraternity house, once I got down to it; I've been able to concentrate. Today it was hard though. It took me more than 4 hours to read Othello. I've got Marilyn McCulloch on my mind. I've had great hopes for her the last week or two, but our relationship had some rough going this weekend. Friday night we doubled with Ron Fedorwitz and his girl (who seems much too cool for him. She is working, not going to college, which seems to make her a little more free of thought, unburdened by education.) We went bowling, and had a pretty good time at it. I had stayed up late the night before, and it was (between M. and I) suggested that I might be a little tired, but I wasn't – she was the one who seemed tired. We went back to the house later, and sang to the player piano, (she doesn't (at least she didn't) sing) and then attempted to dance to records. Ron and his girl danced. They dance quite well, the "Soc" especially, which Marilyn and I have been attempting in vain to learn. This was the cause of trouble supposedly. We couldn't dance. She's not a very good dancer, and I wasn't much better. For some reason I just couldn't feel that we were dancing to the music. We could have Twisted but I jump around too much when I twist, and she doesn't like it. Anyway, she was pretty sad on the way home, and at the door she broke into tears. She asked for my hankkerchief (which I hadn't sense enough to offer her) and dried her tears. I told her I'd call her when I got back and pushed her in the door, so as not to continue the scene in front of the (other) lovers. I called and tried to figure out what was wrong. I suspected it was because we just couldn't have a good time, and my part of the blame was that I wasn't courteous enough. I wasn't a good conversationalist, I wasn't a good dancer (or dance instructor), and I didn't express my deep feelings of fondness I had for

her (which, if I had, I didn't recognize). It would have been a very dramatic conversation ("Oh please keep talking to me, don't hang up") if I had known what to say to her. As it was, and always is when someone urges me to talk, I said nothing at all for short periods. She finally said she was sad because I didn't have a good time, which was probably part of the reason.

Her crying did impress me. Usually when a girl has misgivings about her relationship with me she just doesn't speak to me again, or says "Go to Hell." I assured Marilyn over the phone that though we did have real problems, I would be willing to try to work them out if she was.

That next Saturday afternoon I went to her dorm, and we sipped cokes and read magazines and got along beautifully.

That night there was to be a toga party at the House. We doubled with Don Stephen and went to the hockey game first. It started out fine, I was happy and she was too, except she was 'putting on' being nasty to me, which we had agreed that for some reason I deserved. I didn't mind that. But after an hour of hockey (in which neither of us was very interested) she became hostile for real. As a result or maybe a cause, we stopped speaking together. Out of nervousness or self-defense, I gave a sigh and a chuckle meaning "Here we go again" which she didn't like at all, and she said "I don't see what's so damned funny about it." I was in angry, hurt pain until much later she said she'd make a deal with me: She'd talk to me (I can't remember just what she agreed to do) if I was nice to her the rest of the evening. I accepted her proposal hastily with gratitude, though I didn't know what I had one to her that had not been "nice".

We finally left the hockey game (which she didn't like, and blamed it on me until I reasoned with her that because I didn't have a car we didn't have a choice to go or not) and got to the toga party. Things went all right from then on. We dance very well, and she loved it, and she made it known that all was well with her again. It wasn't that well with me though. I was a little tired maybe, but I remained a little bit angry and uncomfortable the rest of the night. She was still watching me close to make sure I treated her just right.

On the way home she was very affectionate. We kissed and kissed and kissed and I was tired of kissing after the first two. Once I tried to French kiss, and when my tongue touched her lib she jerked away in distaste, and we went back to the conventional hug and kiss bit.

Before this weekend I had dreams of getting married. Now it is pretty damned doubtful. I got to thinking, there are probably girls around that don't mind a stopped conversation once in a while, who would try to keep it going themselves instead of getting mad. Girls, who, if they didn't like the way their boyfriend did something, could correct him without hurting him. Girls who were not repulsed by any gesture of affection, who believed in their boyfriend in such a manner that in her eyes he could do no wrong, or if he did corrected him with sympathetic affection. Girls who could make a relationship a pleasure, a relieving break from school, instead of an emotional strain.

But I could be wrong. It's worth looking into. Marilyn and I do have a lot in common.

2 HOURS LATER! I called Marilyn just after I finished this last page. She was able to make me talk for about an hour. I mentioned that I had been writing in this journal, and if course she wanted to hear what I had written. After much pleading I

consented to read it! I read it all – didn't leave out anything. My voice was shaky and I could feel the sweat under my arms. When I finished I said "I'll see you tomorrow – Good night" – and hung up. I'm still shaking. She said "OK" or "Good night" or something, and sounded fine. It shook me more than it did her, possibly. I should have told her "This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you." I feel pretty good about it now.

February 3, 1963

Another week passed, and still I have little else but Marilyn McCulloch on my mind. As a result I haven't studied in 4 days. I saw her Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Saturday (yesterday) we were together from 4:00 PM to 2:00 AM. We didn't fight all week, we got along fine. But, like last Sunday, I find it hard to study. This is the problem for today: the love-making part of our affair. I find that the intellectual phase of our affair is so intense that I'm treating to lightly the sexual phase. The thought had escaped my mind that she was interested, and she has kept me so busy trying to figure out what was going on that I forgot about sex.

The other day we discussed sex. Her philosophy was one I had never heard, but I believe it. She said that social custom has got us all screwed up. She said that she would be in favor of sex before marriage if it was not against social rules. It would be all right to have intercourse before marriage, except that in this society if it was found out the offending couple would be looked down upon (especially the girl) and even if it wasn't found out, the individuals of the couple in question would have guilty feelings that would hurt their relationship due to the fact that they were brought up to expect that they should have such guilty feelings.

I told [fraternity brothers] Bob Fenchuck and Bill Rudolph about what she said, and Bob said I was stupid not to get the hint. He doesn't know what he's talking about. They had seen me say good-bye to her Friday night. They were waiting in the car while I stood in the entrance of Case Hall and said good-bye. They said I just stood and talked for a few minutes than gave her a peck on the lips and left, which is true. They think I should have grabbed her in my arms and really laid one on her.

Then last night Bob, Bill and I and our dates were sitting around the card table when, not from anger, not even sarcasm, Marilyn mentioned that she could think of other things to do besides playing cards and dancing. This was another hint (according to Bob and Bill) that I did not take advantage of.

Another thing happened last night that if Bob and Bill had known about would make me a subject of derision. I suggested that we take a walk and see the back-yard skating rink that I had helped a neighbor build that day. She wanted to go, and we did. It was down the street about a block. When we got there we just looked at it then ran back, because we were cold. Bob Fenchuck's car was running, parked by the house, because he was having battery trouble. I thought of getting in the car, but, as she didn't make any move that might suggest that she was thinking the same thing, we went into the house. I could kick myself.

That night when we took the girls home Bill Rudolph again saw me saying good-bye. It was kind of a sickening display. We stood sort of side by side kissing short kisses then backing off and grinning. There was very little feeling. We were standing outside in

the light and people were coming and going all the time. After we saw Bill waiting for me, she said she was cold so I said good-nite and pushed her in the door.

I think the trouble is that I am too much involved in the reasoning part of our relationship, plus the fact that she hasn't really shown that she is much interested in love-making, plus the poor conditions (snow, cold, no car); I have sort of "given up".

I have considered Marilyn a intellectual and emotional experience, and experience in which I can learn a lot, and I haven't thought of her as a fine piece of ass. I am just beginning to realize that she does have a nice ass, and she needs some loving.

[Big brother] Paul Stierna asked me to take the job of Social Chairman for the House last night. He must think I'm pretty capable. If he does, he's the only one who does. I am lazy, afraid of responsibility, I haven't the imagination, energy, or ingenuity to plan a party. I'm not a socialite. I haven't the self-confidence or personal appeal to run a party. Maybe a job like this would make me try real hard and work out all these problems. Bull shit. I'll tell him NO.

February 10, 1962

It's been a busy week, and lots of fun. Marilyn and I went to 2 lecture concert series productions: Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt Tuesday and Leontyne Price Thursday. I was a little bored at times, which is to be expected, but I'm glad I saw each of them. Marilyn was afraid I'd be bored. We had to walk there and back both night, and both nights we made out in the Case lounge, which was loads of fun.

The J-Hop was Saturday night. I had been told it was a waste of money (\$6.00) because it was always overcrowded. Marilyn let me know somehow that she wanted to go, and I said she'd have to go with someone else. But after last weekend and after I reconsidered the benefits to be gained, I gave in. Later she confessed that she would not have asked me to the Spinster's Spin if I hadn't asked her to the J-Hop. [Fraternity brother] Don Stephen let me use his car. We had a good time at the dance. We got there early when there was plenty of room. Dave Brubeck provide half-time entertainment, which didn't excite us, because we know nothing about jazz (she hadn't ever heard of Dave Brubeck), but we sat in the balcony and talked and weren't bored. We had our pictures taken for \$3.00 and I think they will be worth many times that amount to me someday, and Marilyn wanted a picture badly though she didn't admit it. I am conditioning her to be concerned about my pocket book. After the ball was over, we drove to Howard Johnson's which was too crowded, so we went to Henry's Hamburger Drive-in. She said "I can hear myself telling the girls - "What did we do after the J-Hop?" "Oh, we went to Henry's Drive-in..." She was joking. We had a chocolate shake with 2 straws. Then with 1½ hours to go, I suggested that we park. She said "OK, we can park and talk for a while if you want." We parked by the old E. Lansing school and kissed and hugged and talked and I enjoyed it. I was in a real good mood, but hers wasn't that good. Maybe she was tired. I caught her yawning for the first time (I yawn all the time and she bawls me out for it). She wasn't as hot for loving as I expected her to be. Passionate mouth kisses were as far as it was carried, and that was all I attempted. She was on guard to protect her chest, though I had no intentions. I let her know that I'd like to make love all the way (when she was lying against me resting I mentioned how much I'd like to just sleep together like this) and that I would feel completely happy and

innocent doing it. (I don't really mean go all the way, but to pet.) She reprimanded me lightly, like she thought I should be ashamed of what I said and like she thought I was joking. Later, our crazy jabbering got on the subject of how much we meant to each other and I said "I love you". She didn't think I should of said that. "You haven't known me long enough, how can you?" I told her "Why else are you always on my mind? Why else do I want to be with you all the time? But you're not supposed to reason it anyway."

I don't feel sorry about telling her that, as I would be if it were not true. I love to look at her face, especially when she's happy. She is beautiful when she's dressed up in heels and all. I have become very optimistic the last couple days. I've quit worrying so much about it, and I'm beginning just to enjoy thinking about her. I think telling her I loved her was the good thing to do, and is not rushing things as she or someone else might think. Of course if I let her doubt that I meant it, it would be bad. She believes that such feelings should always be told of, but they must be sincere. I know my love is not the strongest in the world, but it is such that it can be sincerely told of, and it will grow if given a chance.

I talked to her tonight and said something about taking her home with me some weekend - she said "What weekend - Spinster's Spin, Term Party -." Maybe she would.

February 19, 1962

Marilyn and I went to a hockey game last Tuesday along with other supporters from the House. We won.

Thursday we went to another Lecture Concert series - the Robert Iglesias Spanish Dancers - they were very good even though I forgot my glasses.

Friday night we went to a Union Board musical comedy with Robin Hood [a fraternity brother] and Mrs. Knight [the House mother]. It was very good, very funny. Then we went back to the House. There we had trouble because we couldn't find any thing to do for entertainment. I'm not able to carry on a conversation for hours on end with Marilyn. We looked for someone to play cars or something with. We were unsuccessful, and that made me mad at the guys in the house - I put the blame on them for our not having a good time at the house. After all, they always talk about the great benefits of a fraternity house as a place to bring a girl. Well, anyway, she knew that I was bored and I figured she must be too, so I went and begged Rick Phelps for a car and he let me have it. We took off and parked in the Case lot. We got along all right there except when I kissed her my leg touched hers unintentionally (but how can you kiss and not once in a while turn so that maybe your knees touch?) and she asked me coldly to stop it. It had happened before, and as before I didn't say anything, but when she said it the next time I said that it made me mad, and she answered that what I did made her mad, and she cried. Nothing more was said. We kissed and made up for that night.

Saturday night was the Term Party. We doubled with brother Walt and Susie Tait. We ate steak at the House and then went to a hotel and danced. I felt that I was unable to mix with the other couples, but I let her know that I wanted to. Of course she took it that I'd rather be with other people than her. She said she was satisfied just to be with me. That was one thing that was bothering me - I was afraid she wasn't having a good time.

Sunday night I went to Case and we studied from about 7:00 to 12:00. We got along very well. She was in a happy, silly mood and was very cute, and whenever I ran out of something to say I could study.

Problem: We (I anyway) aren't having such a good time on our dates. There really isn't so much to talk about. She has read a lot and knows a lot and probably could talk all the time she isn't sleeping, but I can't do it without someone to keep it going. She seems to like to talk more than I, but if she wants to talk, she'd better not depend on me to keep it going.

When we get tired of talking, we usually (I always) turn to thought of love. I'm getting so I enjoy just kissing, but would I ever like to run my hands over that girl's legs! And to think of going through spring term with a girl who's afraid to be touched. They say that if you go that far with a girl you lose your respect for her. Man, I'd respect her like mad!! (That isn't original, but appropriate.) I'd love to do a little wrestling.

At the dessert tonight with the [Alpha Phi Deltas] I danced with a bitch who didn't seem much interested in me, but boy did she dance nice. I makes me realize what a poor dancer Marilyn is.

She's always giving me this crap about not taking her for granted, which I guess is all right, although I've sunk a lot of money into her. Lately I've been just about convinced that I would marry her if she'd have me, which is a dumb thing to be doing. I'm going to look around a bit – what I should be doing is having a good time instead of shaping up a future wife. That's what you should get married for – because and when you decide that that's how you could be happiest.

On our dates Marilyn and I should just have a good time, because marriage is so far off that anything we squabble about now could not have hardly anything to do with our marriage.

If I can't have a good time with Marilyn and I thing that I could with another girl, I should try another girl.

One more thing: the other night when Marilyn cried (Friday) I sat and said nothing. God, that's stupid. I must try to come out and say something without being afraid to hurt someone's feelings especially mine.

My latest major: future occupation, I mean: I'm going to be a correspondent, a reporter, a journalist or something like that. I am going to travel around and write about food production (farming) all over the country and the world. I have decide that I would like this, and that it would be good for me.

My theory is that the more one knows, the more he has experienced, the better character and the more happy he will be able to be. Traveling and talking this business with people all over the world seems like a wonderful way to learn.

February 26, 1962

Last night Marilyn and I *broke up*. We had a record party at the house. A group from Central (Pi Kaps) came down and made a bad showing. The actives left the pledges to entertain themselves and ate our food, used the ladies bathroom, and used the TV room for something other than TV, while the actives shot down the blind dates they had us get them.

The party was alright for a casual record party though. Marilyn and I got along as usual. I borrowed Lee Cobb's car to take her home. We parked in the Case lot. We necked a little then she brought up what I had read her from my diary about getting tired of kissing. I said that I used to at first but I was getting so that I could neck for hours and not get tired I think I told her that I like to do more than kiss, however. She said something to the effect of "That's it then, I'd like to go in." I took her to the door and told her I'd call her. After I got back I called her told her maybe we'd better break up. I told her that weren't having as good a time as we should be having. I said "good-night" and she said "Good bye." Just now she called me on the phone. Her room-mate had told her she should call. Marilyn said she wanted to know just why we broke up. She said it was so sudden it shocked her. I told her that the main problem was our differing ideas on sex. She said that when I told her I got tired of kissing it was because I didn't like to make out. I told her it was because I wanted more than kisses. She said she was against petting, that it would make her feel dirty, that she would lose her respect for herself. I told her that I felt bad about breaking up and that I was glad she called. I told her I wanted to keep on going out with her but not as much, and that we should date other people. She thought that maybe that was our problem: we saw too much of each other. We agreed to meet tomorrow after Humanities class.

I feel that we do have problems, and that if we date other people and still date each other, these problems will work themselves out or if they don't we'll break up knowing the reason why and both being agreed that we should.

Friday night Marilyn took me to the Spinster's Spin. It was a good dance. We ate out at Coral Gables first and had ice-cream at Howard Johnson's afterwards. We had a real good time. I had bought a box of candy for Marilyn before Valentine's Day and never figured out how to send it to her (It was heart-shaped). I sent her a card instead, and afterwards decided that was more appropriate. I took it with me in the car and after the Spin I gave it to her and really impressed her. It was sort of a gift of appreciation for taking me out. She hasn't said it was stale or anything, so it worked out pretty good.

Well . . . .

### **The Story of Marilyn McCullough**

or

### **The Only Thing Interesting that has Ever Happened to Me**

I met her some time in January 1963. I saw her in my Spanish class the first time it met at the beginning of winter term at MSU. She was kind of cute in a different sort of way. I didn't look at her much during the class because I was sitting in the first row and she sat further back. After class when I walked out of Berkey Hall I stopped to put on my gloves and she caught up with me. I walked with her and we talked about the class and other things which I've now forgotten. We didn't go far together because she was going to Morrill Hall which was only a short walk from Berkey. I asked her name just before she went into Morrill and scribbled it down in a little black notebook. I had just gone active in ΠΚΦ [Pi Kappa Phi], and the new feeling of being a fraternity man helped to make me so bold. I don't normally have the guts to pick up a girl like I did that day. That Friday and Saturday night was our pledge party, so I called her and made a date. We "went

steady" from then on. I never again was in a class with her. She had gone into Morrill that Friday to transfer out of the Spanish class.

There are a few passages in my diary that tell more about our affair in school-year '63 than I could tell now. A few months after we met I gave her a lavalier, which she didn't want because she didn't care to go steady that much, but she took it anyway, and soon was happy to wear it.

I thought off and on that I loved her, and we had good times and bad times all through winter and spring terms. After our spring term party she and I and brother Don Stephen and his fiance took off to South Haven to camp out the rest of the weekend. We slept together in the back seat of the car the first night and the next day we set up camp and cooked and played around and had a good, happy time. Saturday night each couple cuddled up under their own blankets and slept together (fully clothed). Marilyn told me that it was after that weekend that she knew she loved me.

Marilyn and her family had moved quite often during her childhood, so she never got into the teenage social life to a great extent. Her "group" in the last school she attended was a bunch of intellectuals. She told me, and I believe her, that she had never been in love before. She had never gone further than kissing with a boy. She was naive. I told her a few things about sex, mostly the male side, and told her a few swear words she had never heard. She was an atheist, so her views on sex were based on good, sound reasoning. Her theory boils down to this: sex before marriage can cause trouble in so many ways; it would be so nice for a couple to experience sex for the first time together on their honeymoon; and sex isn't so great that a couple can't wait. I agree.

Marilyn's parents allow her to run her life just about as she wants. They give her all the money she wants. Yet she is very tight with money and very ambitious and morally mature. The freedom I have I won by being self-supporting, and I am certainly not as ambitious or as morally strong as she is.

A few weeks before the end of spring term I decided to pin her, and this time she was very happy.

*[I've removed a few paragraphs here because they involve an old girlfriend who might be embarrassed by what I'd written. Maybe I will restore them some day.]*

I left The Story of Marilyn just after having pinned her before summer vacation. She went home to Maryland, and I went home to my fruit-stand. We wrote almost every day then in August she came and stayed in South Haven. She slept at Aunt Elva's house and ate her meals with me and spent all her time with me. We had some good times and many horrible times. I must not have been in love. I treated her very badly. She worked in the stand for nothing (I was supposed to pay her room and board), while I was there and some times I, against our agreement, left her there while I went after produce. A couple of times I confessed that I didn't love her, which was horrible for her, so far away from home. It hurt me too, but it's hard to imagine what she went through. She had no one else in South Haven, no other friend but me. Mother hadn't wanted her to come. One sickening incident is worth mentioning. A few days after she arrived I took her to McDonald drug store to get some things. She wasn't familiar with the town and Aunt Elva's house wasn't close to any stores, or she could have gone alone. As it happened, she bought a box of Kotex, along with a few other things. I paid for them because she didn't

have any cash at the time. A few day later Mother stopped me and expressed her disapproval of what was going on and said that she thought we were going too far when I bought sanitary napkins for her. I never have known for sure how that information got from the drug store home to Mama. Ma also had other little talks with me because she had had reports of un-called-for show of affection in public. These are the advantages of living in a small town. Actually, we never went further than kissing that summer, but what we did we didn't keep private enough. We have been hurt more than once when someone has seen it their duty to tell us what we were doing was wrong when it was actually none of their GOD DAMN business.

When Marilyn went home at the end of August everything was fine between us. A week after we got back to school we got engaged. Marilyn's roommate had gotten engaged and Marilyn was all excited about it. Her fiance is very romantic or very crazy. He took her to a motel where he had the setting all fixed: champagne, candlelight, soft music, a new dress and some other presents, and a diamond. I had the idea that Marilyn was hinting very broadly that we should get engaged. She later denied this, but I do think she was quite in favor of the idea. I went to Fox's Jewelers in Frandor and bought a pretty little diamond for \$285 (too much, I'm afraid). I planned to have a surprise engagement party in a couple weeks, but the Saturday night after registration we went to the fraternity house, and, as has happened before, became bored. Marilyn's roommate and her man had "taken an all-nighter" but I didn't know how we could do that without Marilyn knowing ahead of time. When Marilyn began making cutting remarks about how exciting evenings at our fraternity were, I decided I'd give her some excitement. I went and found one of my pledge brothers (ex) and he agreed to go get us a motel room and a bottle of champagne. Then I went upstairs and found some glasses in one of the rooms. I washed them out and left them to dry until Biff came back. Biff came and gave me the key and I ran upstairs to get the glasses. I found 2 or 3 of my brothers drinking out of them. I explained to them that I had to have them because I was getting engaged. They made me sit down and think it over for a second because they didn't want me to do anything rash. After I showed them the ring they were convinced that I was serious and let me go. I told Marilyn that we were going for a ride and we took off for downtown Lansing in the pickup. We went to the Riverside Motel [at the southeast corner of S. Washington and Main; no longer exists]. She never knew what was coming off until I proposed to her, but she never resisted. After she cried a little we sipped a little champagne and she got real brave and stripped down to her slip. We jumped in bed, I in my wool pants, very uncomfortable. I was actually in a mediocre mood that night, so it wasn't as enjoyable an evening as it might have been. She was surprised, because she had no idea that I had bought a ring. She like my taste in diamonds, though. That night was the first time I touched her breasts. She didn't have much, but the size of a girl's breasts will never be important to me. She had to be in that night at 1:00 and as I said, I wasn't in a passionate mood that night, and also we wanted to go back to the fraternity and show off the diamond, so we left early.

The next traumatic experience was at brother Walter Harry's wedding. I was best man. We got to South Haven Friday night for rehearsal. I don't know what was wrong with me - whether I was not in love, or something about all the other people, including bridesmaids from my own highschool class had some affect on me. Anyway I had little feeling for Marilyn. That night when I tucked her in and said goo-night I gave the covers

a jerk down instead of up, just for a joke. I didn't see anything, didn't desire to, and didn't think of my little deed as wrong. A few minutes later, after I had gone to bed, Marilyn came and whispered my name outside Walter's and my bedroom door. I got out of bed and found her crying and hurt about what I had done. I took her back to her bed, reassured that I had had no ill intentions and I loved her, and I went back to bed.

I thought of the wedding as a big show in which I had a big part, and I wrapped myself up in it and almost ignored Marilyn. I left her to take care of herself while I played my part. Saturday night at the reception things came to a crisis and I took her outside for a walk and told her I didn't think we should be engaged. Of course, she was very shook up about it. I had been around some of Walter's bachelor friends all day, hearing of all the things I would miss out on being married.. People kept asking when Marilyn and I were to be married and it shocked me into realizing that I was not ready. I was too young to be married. Marilyn wore the ring to keep the other people from asking questions, and we got through that horrible evening, and by the time we got back to Lansing everything was made up again between us.

It was an awful experience for her, and I felt pretty rotten, but not as rotten as I should have felt.

This was the only time during our engagement that one of us wanted to get out for the reason of lack of love. The period up until Christmas was not extremely happy, but generally happy except for Walt's wedding. The only other times that we almost broke up was when we had differences about my smoking and drinking. That was solved when I promised not to smoke and drink.

Our love-making during this period took place mainly in the pick-up, and went as far as removing most of her clothing. She unashamedly let me feel all of her bare body except for her crotch, giving us both a great amount of pleasure, and no guilt.

A few days after Christmas Marilyn came to Dowagiac to spend the rest of vacation with her roommate who was practice teaching. New Year's eve I took my parents to South Bend to celebrate with some friends there and then drove back to Dowagiac. I picked up Marilyn and we went out to eat which took until about 11:00. Then we had no where to go. We were in a strange town and Marilyn's roommate and her fiance were using the apartment. I was supposed to go back to South Bend for the night, but that would have given us very little time together. I suggested going to a Motel but she didn't think that would be a good idea. After we drove around a while longer and it got a little later, she gave in. We found a nice motel, rented a room, and then went and called South Bend. I told Mother that I was going to go home with Marilyn's roommates fiance, Then we went to the apartment and told Marilyn's roommate that Marilyn was going to South Bend with me. We went back to the motel, hung our clothes up neatly, and jumped into bed. She wore her slip and panties and I wore only my underpants. It was extremely cold outside, which made our warm little room with its double bed all the cozyer. That night was the closest I've ever come to paradise, perfect happiness. What can compare with being in a nice warm bed with your lover, with enough clothes removed to that nothing interferes with the contact of two bodies. We were very content, happy, very much in love. We were comfortable, we had all night, we had complete privacy, and no fear of being discovered. We went no farther in our love-making than we ever had and I didn't feel the need to. I'm not positive how she felt, but she seemed to feel the same as I - extremely happy, content with things just as they were. I'm probably the

only man in history who slept the first night he slept with a woman. We would hold each other and caress and fondle (she never "fondled" - just hugged and kissed me) and then we'd relax for awhile and I dozed off for short periods. She probably slept too, but whenever I awakened and turned to her she seemed to be awake. To be sure, neither of us slept soundly. We had to be out of the room by 11:00 in the morning, so we stayed in bed 'til about 10:00. I remember one instance in the morning when Marilyn sat astraddle me as I lay on my back, and bubbling over with happiness she said "Oh, I wish there was some way I could show you how much I love you!" I didn't suggest anything (she wasn't hinting) and we left it at that. Finally we got up, each took separate showers, dressed and left our little room.

We got away clean. That day we went to South Bend and ate dinner with my parents and the Shimers. I might mention that Marilyn got mad at me that day for talking about my sister Debbie and some of her coltish female friends at the dinner table. They are about 7 years younger than I. That night we left Marilyn off at Dowagiac and went on home.

The next day I hitched-hiked 40 miles to Dowagiac. Mother wasn't in favor of the idea and wouldn't let me use the car. I had a hard time getting rides and didn't get there until about 3:00. Marilyn's roommate was supposed to be teaching, but she stayed home sick. We walked all over the town, but there wasn't much time before we would have to start for home. We went to a motel and I rented a room for about \$3.00. I called home and told Dad I'd be home the next day. That night we cooked ourselves supper at the apartment, went to a movie, returned to the apartment and made out in the kitchen for a while, and then I went to my hotel for the night. For \$3.00 I was without a bathroom, but here was a wash basin that came in handy.

I rose early in the morning and went to the apartment. No one answered the doorbell for some minutes, but finally Marilyn came, still in her night-gown. Her roommate had gone to school and Marilyn had been asleep. She didn't change out of her night gown and we made out on the couch. Later when she decided to dress I asked her to take off her nightgown so I could see her. She let me remove it. When I lifted it over her head she began to cry and hid herself against my chest. I felt a wave of tenderness towards the poor bashful little girl, and held her and laughed tenderly and soon she was all right.

We ate lunch at the apartment and were together until mid-afternoon when I hitch-hiked home.

A couple days later I drove to Dowagiac and picked up Marilyn and brought her back to South Haven so that she could ride back to school with me. That night we were sitting in my bedroom and she began to go through a few letters that were on my dresser. I tried to stop her but too late. She found a Christmas card I had received from Margaret Shappee signed "Always, Margaret". Margaret and I went to country school together and lived in the same neighborhood for years. She and other girls in our neighborhood occasionally send cards to their classmates, with "friendly" intentions only. Marilyn immediately removed her ring and held it out to me. I had to explain and explain and swear that Margaret had no interest in me. I said I'd ask Margaret not to send me a card ever again, but Marilyn didn't want me to do that. This spat blew over after many long minutes, but I've always wondered how Marilyn could fly off the handle so easy after the wonderful week we had had.

We returned to school and began our last month together. I still don't know why she stopped loving me - I can only guess. She had applied for a scholarship that would send her to England to study for the summer. She got a job in her dorm cafeteria to earn money for the trip, even though her father said he'd pay her way. She never missed a Lecture Concert Series program and went to many other lectures and plays. She was scholastics chairman of her floor in the dorm and gave that job much of her time. She attended Young Republican meetings and was tempted to run for office, but didn't. She carried about 18 credits, but put studies last in importance. (She could afford to - she's a 3.8 student). So one thing could have been that she was so busy she forgot about me.

I had a scholarship I was afraid of losing, so studies came first for me. Actually, she came first, but I knew that she feared my lack of ambition and interest in school-work, and I knew that it was almost necessary that I made a success in school. That had been a reason for the first time she said she wanted to break up, early in the month. That time I cried a little, and laughed when she cried. I remember little of what happened except that she cried more than I - I kept my composure and was very sweet about it and within a half hour she changed her mind. From there on if I had studying to do I let her go to LC series programs by herself. Also occasionally I studied by myself in my room, where I could usually get more done, but she liked to study in Case Hall together because she could work better with me than in her room.

Another reason probably was that she was so intensely interested in extra-curricular activities and she didn't think I shared her interest. Music and drama excited her very much, although she couldn't dance or carry a tune. She didn't think it got to me like it did her, which was usually correct, but I did enjoy the L-C series, as little as I understood the productions. I showed only the enthusiasm I felt, or less.

June 3, 1964

In general, Marilyn had so much zest for life that next to her I seemed dull. There was nothing I really cared about, or wanted badly. I just couldn't get excited

*The diary ends here, with the word "excited" fading as if my ballpoint was running out of ink.*

*I don't remember the details of the break-up, but I do remember going to a dance at Case Hall with another girl some time later, and when I unexpectedly saw Marilyn there, my legs got so weak that we had to leave the dance floor.*