

|

# Letters of a College Student, 1974-1983

by

Darrell M. West  
Brown University .

1994

## Table of Contents

Preface .....	iii
1974 .....	1
1975 .....	6
1976 .....	47
1977 .....	135
1978 .....	202
1979 .....	243
1980 .....	258
1981 .....	270
1982 .....	281
1983 .....	294
Index .....	307

## Preface

In the late 20th century, it became unfashionable to write letters. The widespread availability of telephones, the increase in long distance travel, and the extensive use of computer electronic mail meant few took the time to write personal letters to friends or family members. It was much easier to pick up the phone or buy an air ticket than write a detailed personal account.

I never understood this trend. For me, writing letters was a cheap form of therapy. By telling others about the daily events in my life, it helped me make sense of myself. At the same time, hearing about the lives of others helped me appreciate what my friends and family members were going through. For these reasons, I became an inveterate letter writer.

I first began writing letters when I went to college at Miami University in 1974. Having grown up on a small dairy farm in Camden, Ohio, I was terrified to move away from home. After graduation from Eaton High School in 1972, I commuted to college from home my freshmen year, and then moved on-campus in September 1973 for the start of my sophomore year. It was my first extended stay away from home.

In this situation, letter writing became my personal refuge. I made new friends and needed to keep in touch with them over vacation breaks and during the summer time. After graduation, my friends spread out around the country, pursuing jobs, law school, business school, and public service. To keep my sanity, I wrote long letters to them and received detailed accounts in return.

I also used letters to keep in touch with my family. Moving away from home was a big step in my community. In a small, farming community, stability was the rule, not change. Few of my high school friends attended college, and those who did often commuted to school. I needed to get away in order to grow and develop. But all the time that I was meeting new people and having experiences that would in time move me away from my hometown, I recognized the value of keeping in touch with my roots. People can not forget their history, even when they leave home.

It was not until years later when going through my personal papers that I discovered the letters I had written to and received from family members and friends. I quickly realized that these letters were a valuable record of one person's experiences growing up. While they were not intended to be a personal diary for me, my family, and my friends, the letters record the long journey from youth to adulthood that is such an important part of growing up. After all, it is during these formative years that one's basic outlook is shaped and where one's relationships with other people are developed.

This book includes the series of letters from 1974 to 1983 which were sent to and received from friends and family members during the course of my undergraduate and graduate years. The letters record accounts of undergraduate life at Miami University and in summer jobs as a newspaper reporter for the Richmond, Indiana Palladium-Item and a researcher in Washington, D.C. for the government reform group, Common Cause. In 1976, I started graduate school in political science at Indiana University. While there and during a summer job in Washington working for the Office of Civil Rights in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, I kept in touch with old friends and family members. In 1980, I moved to Washington to start a fellowship at the Brookings Institution and then was hired in 1981 at the University of Pennsylvania in a teaching position while finishing my Ph.D. After completing my dissertation, I moved to Brown University in 1982 and joined the Department of Political Science, where I have taught since then. It was at Brown where I met and married my wife, Annie Schmitt.

In each of my experiences, I recorded my honest impressions of what I was going through. At the time, I did not realize I was writing for history so the letters present an unedited view of personal development, warts and all. It includes stories of making and losing friends, problems with girlfriends, arguments with colleagues, relations within my family, and experimenting with sex and drugs.

Some of the letters are graphic in nature, reflecting as they do an adolescent's view of the universe. Others are unflattering either of myself or others. I have not edited them even though the experiences are personal in nature because that would have defeated the

authenticity of the account. Growing up is a personal experience and no account cannot do justice to that subject without being open and honest about what is happening.

My hope is that the book will be a valuable resource for others who have gone through or are going through the joys as well as tribulations of growing up. If it helps even one person realize his or her potential as a human being, then it will be worth it. I went from a small-town farming community to being an Ivy League professor. There were many stumbles along the path. But somehow, it all worked out. This book is the story of how it happened.

September 19, 1974  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, NY 13323

Dear Darrell,

I bet you're just starting school now. I've been attending classes now for 2 weeks. Just ask yourself what you were doing while I was attending my math, economics, literature, and drama classes. You don't know how lucky you were. BUT! by the time you get this letter, I imagine you'll be back at school!

This school doesn't particularly turn me on, to say the least. The girls are pretty nice, but, Jesus there are no good-looking men around. You'd figure with a ratio of 650 women to 950 men there'd be at least a few good-lookers around. 50% of the men belong to fraternities and their favorite occupation is drinking foul beer at frat parties. Can't you just see me going to frat parties? Well I've been to two, and I'm going to the third tomorrow night. No cake? Well let them eat bread!" (Recognize the historical allusion?)

Take care! and write soon. (My address is on the front of the envelope!) I need to get some mail to keep me from going mad.

Love, Laine

October 2, 1974  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, NY 13323

Hi there Darrell,

You asked me how things are going here at my new school. Well, it's hard to say. About my "exciting sex-life," it's virtually non-existent. The men here are very poor excuses of sexual beings. I very seldom even find myself attracted to any of them. As you are aware of, I am used to living as well as sleeping with men. Well, here there aren't any people I would even consider doing that with yet. I stress the yet because, I know myself, and I know that I can't live very happily for any length of time without the physical pleasures sex affords me. So, time alone will tell on that matter. I happen to be seeing a great deal of these two men who also happen to be roommates. The problem with them is that they have this thing that I shouldn't be flirting with both of them, and that I should concentrate on one or the other. The problem with doing this, is that they are both opposites of each other, they are both ugly in opposite extremes, so together they comprise one whole attractive person, whereas, alone they are both half. So, if they do decide that I must make some sort of choice, I'm afraid that neither of them will be seeing much of me.

Academically, I have gotten to the point where I just don't care very much any more. I don't even care if I flunk. I'm taking courses which are not particularly challenging, and I really don't care about them at all. This school has the policy of closing people out of courses which aren't part of their area of concentration. Thus I was closed out of the two courses I think I might have been able to get interested in. Well, what can one do?

I am playing bridge now and then. As a matter of fact, tonight is the first meeting of the bridge club. I play guitar more here than I did at Western, or this summer. I think I'm playing more here because I'm much more depressed here than I was at either Western, or in Cincinnati this summer. I hope that that aspect of "college life" will disappear soon.

I don't know, Darrell. I have to be here for 2 years. I'm trying to make friends, I'm trying to enjoy the place. Maybe I'll be successful, and then again, maybe I'll fail miserably. I don't think that will be the case. I do have some very good friends here. The only problem with that is that they all think I'm so bloody strong, and that I don't get depressed, they even get uncomfortable when I show some sort of real weakness. They just aren't used to thinking of me as a person with the same sort of problems they are going through. I mean, you know me, always on top of things. Most likely to succeed etc. Well, what the hell.

Except for feelings like that occasionally, I am really doing alright. I'm meeting nice people at the rate of about three per week, and they are liking me if I like them. It is a pretty cool situation. I sometimes think of what it must be like in Oxford now, and wishing I were there with all my friends, but I also realize that that is, at this point, impossible. Visiting is a drag.

Tell all the people I know there hello for me. Write soon, and tell me what's happening with yourself.

Love, Laine

P.S. Out of curiosity, did Mike Dutton come back to Miami this term? (You know, the one with the red hair). And especially say Hi to Jeannette for me. Thanks.

October 24, 1974  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, NY 13323

Dear Darrell,

Your letter was amusing to say the least. The neat thing about writing letters, is that you're never in the same frame of mind when you get the return letter as you were when you sent the last. I was probably terribly depressed when I wrote the last letter, but I was doing well when your reply came. It make me wonder just what kind of mood I was in to warrant "Dear Abby" as a response.

I was going to come to Oxford this weekend, but of course the plans fell through. So, I'm going to go and visit a friend of mine in Ithaca instead. It'll only be around a 2-3 hrs. drive, and that sure as hell beats the 15 hr. drive to Oxford. But, I sure do miss seeing you and Jeannette and Steve.

So how's school. I'm doing O.K. I finally, at long last, etc. found a young man I might be able to have an affair with. The only problem is that he lives in Washington, D.C., and is only here for vacations. At least it gives me something to do over Thanksgiving. Otherwise I just would've had to stay here and do schoolwork, and that would be no fun at all.

I've decided to go to Japan over Christmas, and stay there through January. We have the same sort of 1 month term here as they had at Western, so I'll have to figure out something to do for credit while I'm there. I really have to go because my parents asked me to. It's too bad because I really don't like Japan, and was kind of hoping to spend some time with my old friends.

Are you doing any more journalistic writing? Are you working for the "Student" or anything like that? What else are you up to? I've been spending my time studying, talking, and/or getting drunk. There are a hell of a lot more alcoholics up here than Dope-aholics, so I thought I'd make some sort of attempt to fit into the crowd. Too bad beer is so fattening.

Oh well! so much for now, do write and tell me what's been happening down in my old hometown. Take care!

Love, Laine

November 6, 1974  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, NY 13323

Dear Darrell,

I really don't send form letters to my friends, and you are right when you say that we are very close friends. It just happens that people all seem to send letters to me at about the same time, and consequently, I write to them about the same things as those are the things most on my mind at the time. So, be happy to know that you are the only one I'm writing to at this time

You think you felt bad about my not coming! You should've been seeing things from where I was. Somehow, bad things all seem to happen at the same time. I was rather depressed at some developments in my family, and looking forward very much to seeing you and the rest of my friends in Oxford, but the person I was going to go with canceled at the last minute. I just went out and got drunk. As things are now, there is a very strong possibility; that I may be coming to live in Cincinnati in the near future. I don't know anything for sure, but if my parents split up, I will be moving to be with my mother. As I said, it is a possibility and as soon as I am sure one way or another, I will write to you and tell you.

I hope that you do not feel that I am not being as personal as our relationship warrants because I am typing this letter, but I find that I can put a lot more on a page when I type than otherwise. I can also write faster with a typewriter than I can when I am actually

writing the thing out, and that means that I lose a lot less in translation from my thoughts than otherwise. I'm glad to hear that you are in love. I suppose that I'm glad she is beautiful, but I think that I am a little bit jealous. Especially now when although I have been actively searching, I haven't been able to find myself a boyfriend. I am still really close to Michael, but distance is a bitch. He is currently in Erie, Pennsylvania, and that seems like the opposite end of the world to me even though it is really only 6 or so hours away. I have a friend here who I like well enough, but the only problem with him is that he seems to be a little frightened by me. Also, he has a problem of insecurity. He is often asking me if I find him boring, and saying things like, "I don't know how you put up with me, I'm so stupid." I'm hoping to get it through his thick skull that I'm not as hard-up as all that, and I certainly wouldn't bother with spending time with him if I thought he was either boring or stupid. I'm afraid that I'm just going to have to give up on the male sex at least here at this school.

Thanks for the invite over the holidays, but I already have something to do, and besides, it's a far drive for 4 days. Thanksgiving, I will stay here and catch up on all my work. Christmas will see me in Japan. But thanks a lot and believe me, I would like to be able to come more than you would like me to come.

Take care, Darrell, and please write to me soon. I love hearing from you even if you do chide me for writing what seemed to you to be somewhat of a form letter. Please say hello to all the people I know.

Love, Laine

November 17, 1974  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, NY 13323

Dear Darrell,

I'm glad to hear that you are doing well both socially and academically, and that barring a few complications your life seems to be reasonably happy. I'm doing pretty well myself. Actually, life is getting to be a bit complicated, socially that is. You see, I have somehow managed to get involved with five different men at the same time. I don't know exactly how it happened, but believe me! It is somewhat of a mess. You see, there are two of them who live in Clinton, and the other three go to school here. Three of them have decided that I am going to fall in love with them even though I've already told them that there was really no way I wanted to have any sort of a relationship with them to the exclusion of 1) my freedom, and 2) my individuality, and 3) my right to my time. I will not sleep with them, and they don't seem to want to believe me when I tell them that there is really no point in their trying to convince me when I've already made up my mind. You know me well enough to know that there are just some people who I will not sleep with because I think it wouldn't be a good idea. The other two are very funny sorts of relationships. One of them I decided to get as close to as possible. That one started to cool down when I just couldn't take anymore of his statements to the effect of "I don't know why you like me. I'm so boring." So I decided to start another affair with a guy named Dave. I think that this one is going to be rather long-term, but I'm now faced with these four others who call me about once a day. Poor Dave thinks I'm out of my mind because every time he's here at least one of the others calls me wanting to come over and he just laughs at me. Variety is the spice of life, but I have the feeling that this is just a bit much. We'll see.

Other than my social life fiasco, I'm leading a rather uneventful life. I have a lot of pretty good friends here by this time, so I'm very seldom lonely. And if that does happen, I can get to the phone and invite any one of the four over. So you see, I'm not doing too badly, considering the circumstances. Yes, it is a hard thing to live with when your parents are in the process of going out of their way to hurt each other. The only thing I can't get out of my mind is what is happening to the children as a result of these bad feelings. I wish that there was something I could do to make it easier on them, but short of planning to spend December and January in Japan, there's not much I can do for them.

Darrell, the friendship we have for and with each other has been very special to me. I've watched you change a great deal in the past year and a half, and believe me, I'm glad we got to know each other. It's amazing to think that at the beginning of last year you were the same person I know now. And what's even more fun to think about is that both of us will



keep on changing. I wonder if we'll have anything other than experiences we now have to build on in the future. It's going to be fun to watch each other, albeit from such a distance, even more. Take care of yourself, and if you see Jeannette or Steve in the near future, give them my love, OK?

Love, Laine

P.S. Be careful with girls with other boyfriends. it is potentially a very hurtful situation for all concerned, You, Vicky and her other boyfriend. How will you feel if in the end she chooses him? How will he feel if she chooses you? And don't forget that the process of choosing at all can tear a person up. Bonne chance mon ami! C'est votre coeur.

December 16, 1974  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, NY 13323

Dear Darrell,

You must forgive me for taking so long to write this letter to you. I've been terribly busy as is to be expected at the end of a semester. Currently I am in the middle of an impossible math take-home test which I've been working on for the past two weeks or so. Unfortunately I have to pass the dumb thing or it is possible that I won't pass the course. Eh bien! I'm just waiting for it all to come to me in my sleep or something of the sort.

The rest of my studies are finished for this semester, and I'm going to go home to Japan on Saturday. So, if you want to write to me in the next month and a half, please address it to L. Hawxhurst, 1 Nagasaka-cho, Azabu, Minato-ku, Tokyo, 106, Japan. I'll be back here in the States at the beginning of February. I'm going to do a project there concerning international business in Japan. I think it will be quite interesting. I will have lots of resources to work with on that subject. 1) I've taken a course entitled Japanese economics in Tokyo two summers ago, and 2) my father knows lots of business-type people in Tokyo. I'm looking forward to January very much.

I've got a new boyfriend. As it turned out, my count went down from five to three as a result of this one. His name is David, he's a sophomore, and I enjoy him very much. For awhile there, I was leading a rather "normal" sort of life, and gave up the other four, but you know me, never content with a monogamous relationship, so now there are three. David, however is the one constant in my life. He lives here and eats with me etc. A lot like Michael and I used to do. As a matter of fact, the similarities between the two of them are amazing. They are both terribly idealistic and romantic, and they are both losing their hair. Ah well! I'm just waiting for the time when I can fall in love with a man who has hair !!! How'd you like to volunteer? The fringe benefits are terrific (if I do say so myself).

Anyway, have a happy holiday time with your family, and give them my love would you? I wish I could have managed to visit Oxford, but then's the breaks. And by the way, I just thought I'd tell you that your letters are great to receive. You write well, and I always like to hear what you're saying. Take care, sweetheart.

Love, Laine

December 17, 1974  
Beth Germon  
1119 Chestnut Blvd.  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223

Dear Darrell,

It sounds as though your first few days home were lonely ones. I really hope things have worked out. I'm so sorry to hear about your Grandmother's illness and death. 12 years ago my Grandmother had a stroke. It's been "downhill" ever since. So many times the doctors have said she could not live -- yet each time she has. I don't know, we all hate to lose those we love, and I do love her, but were the situation reversed I'd look on death as a blessed peace. As you said, your Grandmother has no more pain -- and besides -- 86 years, that's a good long life.

Darrell, as long as I live, I swear, when I hear anything about peaches, I'll think of you! "Peachy Swell" It actually makes me homesick. Anyway, it's good to hear all's well at work.

For me, work? I've been applying everywhere! Not even McDonald's will take me full time. So far, and I'm not complaining, I work 6 days a week 11 a.m. through 2 p.m. at -- are you ready -- Burger Chef! Oh for the day I can kiss these crummy jobs good-bye. To continue, I'm hoping to be able to work 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. in a Photo-Mat 6 days a week as well. Keep your fingers crossed.

What does my family say about London? Mom is as excited as I am! Dad, he doesn't say too much, but that's par for the course -- if he disapproved and I quote, I wouldn't go 'cause he's "footing the bill." This is unfair -- Dad does care a lot and he's not the cold grouch I make him sound like -- we just don't communicate too well. Girls -- daughters I should say -- scare him and I'm not too much better where fathers are concerned.

Isn't it great to have time to read! I'm half way through Papillion as well as the Agony and the Ecstasy. What a life.

By now you've probably noticed my bad spelling and even worse punctuation. A writer I'm not.

As we were talking the other night ... I don't know about you but here at home, I'm much more conscious of being alone. What about you? It seems, at school, there are so many people to care about, to talk to, it's easier to forget. Home intensifies the loneliness, even though I'm busy -- maybe this is just a period of adjustment.

Your letter came at the most perfect time -- and it's so good to hear from you. You write just as though you were talking to me. Hey a question. When you write a story for the paper, is it on paper such as this letter was on?

Any more thoughts on Poli. Sci. versus Journalism?

I just want to wish you the merriest Christmas ever and a new year in which you'll find the things you're looking for ...

Love, Beth

December 30, 1974  
Beth Germon  
1119 Chestnut Blvd.  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223

Dear Darrell,

The last letter of the year ... and what a fantastic year this has been. You know at this moment I think I miss you, Miami, so many people more than I have before. I love your letters -- hope you'll write when I'm in London ...

Yes -- for sure I'll be down to Oxford sometime in January. Hopefully for about two days! Which few days, I'm not sure. But they said I could get off work so ... see you then.

Really, I hope there's time to talk -- I'd really like to hear about your family. Maybe it's about time I started thinking a little more about my family -- why they are "what" they are.

I think I understand though, how you feel. It really hurts when there are things you want to say -- something you want to talk about -- and need some reaction, just maybe someone to listen -- and there seems to be no one. But Darrell, they love you I'm sure. And that is such an important thing -- to care and be cared about. I guess it's just that some people can't express themselves -- their most special feelings -- in words. Sometimes not even in actions -- actions that is what we expect. That's how it is with Dad. It's taken me so long to understand him, even though he thoroughly frustrates me, I do know he cares. Unfortunately it's not something I could see for myself -- it had to be pointed out. I guess it's a matter of understanding family -- not as "family" -- but each individually as people. Just some thoughts which have cleared some things up for me. Maybe words make some people nervous. I wish I could talk with you. This kid gets started on these tangents and I keep writing and then when I go back and read what I've written ... well it doesn't all fall together as smoothly on paper as it did in my head ...

Christmas? You complain about 8 a.m.? We were up at 5 and started opening gifts at 6 a.m. -- Dad was up first. Really I shouldn't complain -- last year we were up at 4 a.m.

Yes, work does have a silver lining. More than \$\$ too. The place can be really an old friend -- maybe acquaintance I should say -- that I haven't seen in over two years. Kind of interesting. (I even waited on an old customer from McDonald's).

Darn -- I'm feeling so emotional now -- don't know whether to cry, scream, break something... I can't wait to visit everyone at school. Peace and solitude is nice -- for a while.

Yes -- I am excited -- and I'm glad I'm going -- but I will miss everyone very much.

That is fantastic -- that you receive a gift like that from that woman. Your whole family for that matter must mean an awful lot to her. How do you ever thank someone for a gift like that or for caring so much that she wants to do something such as that for you?

Since my life these last few weeks has consisted of work and family -- I can't write of many experiences, maybe a good book or two. I can only say I never thought I'd want to go back to school as much as I do now. Your letters bring everything a little closer!

Thanks so much! Will see you soon!

Love, Beth

January 11, 1975  
 Jake Taylor  
 R-5 Division  
 USS Fulton AS-11  
 FPO New York 09501

To Darrell,

Here I am in New London, Conn. I've only been here about a month and I'll probably leave soon, so I thought I'd send you my address.

I thought I'd put it there to take up room so I wouldn't have to write as long a letter. My social interaction (registered trademark of Darrell West) has been little since I got here due to the fact that I gave up drinking. (Well I've only been out twice anyway).

It's a very boring life here on the Fulton as we have little work to do but have to stay here 8 hrs. a day and try to look busy. Also the night (and day) life in the New London area is nonexistent (the Broads are ugly too!) So actually I get a lot of reading done. Took a test in one of the books I was reading and scored a 181 which meant it was likely I had a psychological problem (Got to quit reading books.)

Well guess I should give you my address. Oh, I already did that, didn't I? Well, um ah, actually I'm just trying to take up space because I can't think of anything else to say.

Fuck it! I'm giving up. This is the last word. Well, not quite.

So long for now.

From Jake

P.S. 1296 days to go in the Navy. Do you think I'm strange? Most of time Often Sometimes Rarely Never.

January 12, 1975  
 Darrell West  
 Thomson Hall  
 Miami University  
 Oxford, Ohio 45056

Hi Laine [Hawxhurst],

How is life treating you now in Japan? Are you enjoying your project on international business?

The new quarter is just beginning here at Miami as we returned last Sunday. I am still trying to recover from my Christmas vacation as I wasn't especially happy having to live at home for a month. I really feel stifled there as a lot of my needs aren't satisfied by my family. I was really upset when I first got home at the beginning because a couple of my really close friends were going to go to London for a semester of art work. And in addition, my academic performance wasn't as good as it should have been. In one of my political science classes, we were required to write one paper for our entire grade. It was due on Tuesday of Final's week but I couldn't get it done until Wednesday morning. I didn't think there would be any problems because my prof. is a flexible instructor. But unfortunately I hadn't considered all the variables because when I went to turn the paper in on Wednesday morning I was informed that he had just flown down to Florida for a week after which he would be flying directly to Iran for 3 weeks. Talking about a sick feeling in the stomach, Laine, that one matched and exceeded any such feeling I've ever had. But now, because he just gave me an incomplete which he will remove without penalty as soon as he grades my paper, I can see some humor in the situation, though not very much.

So anyway, my frame of mind on leaving Miami at the end of last quarter wasn't that cheery. If I had been at Miami I could have talked with a couple of people and thereby let out a lot of tension. But when I got home I found that between my parents and my brother Ken, there really wasn't any way I could talk with them. I tried but their responses didn't ease my mind at all. In fact, it only increased the tension. The net result was that I got extremely pissed at my family because this situation as well as others from the past indicate qualities of insensitivity and difficulties in expressing themselves that I don't like. My initial reaction was to feel sorry for myself for having such a family atmosphere. But after awhile, I realized that my experience with my family wasn't that novel but was something every generation has to go through. Each family, as I see it, has certain good qualities and bad qualities. And the task of every person should be to develop himself so that these bad qualities aren't passed on to the next generation as is usually the case. I know that I have overcome a lot of the limitations of my family but as yet I still haven't overcome the big one, which is developing a genuine trust in others. This is the major reason, I think, in why I still am very suspicious of people I don't know and why I am reluctant to reveal any of my weaknesses to people. I guess I'm afraid they might use this information against me. In one of your previous letters, you mentioned that you had difficulty in letting others know your weaknesses. How are you dealing with that? Do you consider it a bad quality? I'd be really interested in learning your thoughts on the subject.

So this is where my head has been for the last few weeks. Now I'm back at Miami and am trying to act on some of these thoughts. One person that I'm really interested in getting closer to is a freshman named Jody. She has a lot of potential but as of now she is using so very little of it. There are a lot of things she doesn't want to talk about because she says that thinking it out isn't as important as just feeling what is going on. At first I thought she was just saying that because she was afraid to talk about what she didn't want to talk about. And I'm sure that this is partially true. But now I think there really is an element of truth in what she says. Usually when I get to know someone, I ask a lot of questions trying to get to know them. But this is almost an unfeeling approach, being such a thinking and mechanical approach, although the two aren't necessarily contradictory. Perhaps I do use it as a crutch so I really don't develop a feeling for someone, from which I might later get hurt. So I guess it gets back to the trust idea. Perhaps you could advise me on some of these points as you may have had similar experiences which you have developed out of. So I'll be anxious to hear from you.

Love, Darrell

January 18, 1975  
 Jake Taylor  
 R-5 Division  
 USS Fulton AS-11  
 FPO New York 09501

Darrell,

It seems like only last week when I wrote you last (probably because it was). But I have to send you this quick short letter to tell you to ignore the last address I sent you. I will have another one in a couple of weeks. I'll probably write and give you the new address if I'm not too busy. I'm leaving the Fulton on Friday the 24th. I'm going on a long journey across the River to Groton to the sub base. I finally got my submarine (you know the ones that are supposed to sink!) the USS BERGALL SSN 667. I'll tell you later how much fun it is.

Of course, due to long tradition, I won't be going out for awhile. The sub is in the shipyards right now and will be for the next 6 or 7 months so I'll still be sitting here in port in this lovely and exciting resort town. (Remember I told you about the area!)

Since I just wrote, I have absolutely no new news and anyway this letter's already too long.

So write me when you get my new address and tell me how your love life's going.  
 Vale (that's Latin you know), Jake

January 18, 1975  
 Beth Germon  
 1119 Chestnut Blvd.  
 Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223

Dear Darrell,

It's Saturday night -- another quiet evening at home. I'm not complaining but there are times I think about everyone down at school, like now, and I wish I was there. It's just this time now -- kind of an in-between "what the heck is going on" time. With work, making arrangements for leaving and packing, there's really not a lot of time to think until I relax -- then ... Dad says I think too much!

Did the above paragraph make any sense to you? Reading it over I'm not sure I understood so I can imagine the trouble you must be having.

Well -- you told me so -- the ride home. Darrell, I got up at 4 a.m. and was on the road before 5! I woke Mindy and Gail up accidentally while looking for my car keys so they stood at the doors until I left. It was so depressing. But once on the road, things weren't so bad. Had a riot with one particular truck, maybe I should say trucker. We stuck together clear to Columbus alternately passing each other. It ended up with horn honking, light blinking, etc. Really, it was hilarious and kept me occupied for a while. "Simple pleasures for the simple mind."

Anyway, I had a pleasant surprise waiting at work. They paid me to paint a permanent outdoor sign advertising their Breakfast special. Their district manager saw it and asked if I'd paint another one for a store in Cleveland. What an ego booster.

It made me think of you and your interview for the Cincinnati Post. Best of luck Darrell. Please be sure and write when you find out.

Got a call from Chris last night. Our flight leaves New York Monday the 27th, 4:30 p.m. It gives me an extra week to work. I'm getting so excited. Really am glad to be going now that -- I suppose you could say -- I have no choice.

Honestly, I can't believe it's all happening. Surprised and thankful.

I guess I'd best be going. Say "Hi" to everyone for me OK?

Take care and God Bless!

Love, Beth

P.S. Please write if you feel like it -- and if it's when you're in one of those down moods, I'll still love getting the letters. Really!

January 25, 1975  
Beth Germon  
76 Woodland Rise  
Muswell Hills  
London N. 10  
England

Dear Darrell,

This will be so hard for me -- I write so large -- but to fit a lot into this I'll try my hand at chicken scratching. The entire journey -- and it was a journey for reasons I will explain -- here took close to 30 hours with a minute here or there of sleep. Needless to say it was 2 very dead girls that walked -- crawled might be a better word -- into what would be their home for 4 months. The day for me started at 6 a.m. Monday the 27th -- a 10:30 flight to New York -- an 1 1/2 hour late charter flight to Brussels, bus, train and another flight across the channel to England. Darrell, I've never been flight sick but on that 20 minute flight from Belgium to England I just about lost it. Anyway, it was then more bus and train rides to our "home". The couple we live with (Chris and I together) are young with an 18 month old girl. They have different students -- exchange students -- living here all year so adjustment is only on our part and they make it quite easy. Darrell I'm so happy I came yet already I miss friends from school and our walks and evenings in the Rathsceller. I'm afraid I was a bit birdbrained -- horribly nervous and excited when I was at school those 2 days. Please forgive me and I mean it when I say I'll miss you -- I feel so strange, everything here is so new. I go from feeling so excited and happy to depressed and really insecure, it's weird. I realize it's just the shock and the lack of sleep. Everything is so new, so different. I love it here. I realize it's maybe a bit soon to make such a definite statement. Let me explain a thing or two -- things are on such a smaller scale; cars, most homes -- fresh fruit and fish markets in small shopping areas in I guess you'd call it the suburbs. Streets are so thin and it's hard to get used to them driving on what we'd call the wrong side. A couple from Geneva -- originally from Uruguay -- who've been living here for a month gave us a tour of London by car last night.

Darrell, there is no way I could drive here -- don't have the nerves and I'm prone to get ulcers. Anyway we have meetings tomorrow about classes which should start this next week. Maybe I'll start with the museums, after that meeting. I can't decide what first there is so much to see and do. London alone is huge! God bless!

Love, Beth

January 31, 1975  
Darrell West  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

I assume you made it to the big city by now. Mendy gave me your address. I wrote you a letter in the middle of last week but I didn't know if you would receive it before you left. If you didn't, don't worry as I didn't say anything earth-shattering in it.

I did leave one thing out of it relating to your visit to Oxford which I should have included, but didn't for various reasons. After you left, I realized that I really didn't spend very much time with you. At first I didn't understand why I didn't but after a little more thinking, I came to the conclusion that it was because I was afraid to. By that I mean that I was afraid that I would really enjoy your company and would become even more attached to you. Because I realized that I wouldn't see you for a long time, I guess I kinda held back on myself. I'm pretty sure that you didn't realize this was going on because as I've told you before, I am pretty good at hiding my feelings when I want to. I used to think that was an asset but now I'm realizing that it isn't because once one gets in the habit of covering up his emotions, it becomes even more difficult to feel things when you want to feel them. Now I wish that I hadn't done that when you were here or at least that I hadn't discussed it with you. So I'm writing it to you. I hope you understand all the things that were going through my head when you were here which partially explains why I made the bad judgment not to confide very much, except my family situation, to you. The next time I see you, don't let me get away with it, okay?

Back to the present. Hi, how are you? I hope you have time sometime to write me and tell me all about what is going on in London. If not, then take time.

Over here in the New World, things aren't going that great. I have over the last week made a series of bad mistakes, the most serious being that I started to like, in a more than friendly way, Vicky. I really don't understand why that girl has such a hold on me. We both like each other a lot, but we know that it can't work now because of Robert who incidentally is going to be here in March. Unless I can adjust my attitude before then, it could harm our friendship. But I think Vicky and I are both mature enough to handle the entire situation.

I have made one good step though which is that I'm getting to know this girl from Luxembourg who is just here for this year. Dave Mason is giving a concert here tomorrow night and I'm going with her. We should have a good time. I always get really impatient in a relationship when I don't know the other person very well because I want them to understand me and me, them in a way which is impossible so soon. I'm beginning to think that is why I keep changing my view toward Vicky because she and I have already been through the initial period and consequently it's a lot easier to enjoy one another. But I hope things work out with Jeanne. A nice short relationship til she leaves would be good.

But enough of the deep emotional and psychological intrigues of my mind. I should tell you about some of the finer things in life. I got a parking ticket a couple of weeks ago and so I've been keeping my car at my sister Joanne's apartment parking lot. A couple of nights ago, I wanted to use it so I just went over and got it without bothering to go tell Joanne I was taking it because I was already late for where I was going. I got back to my dorm later that night and went to bed around midnight. About half an hour later, just as I had gotten to sleep, the phone rang and it was Joanne. She told me that my car was gone and that someone must have stolen it. I told her I had gotten it earlier in the evening. Then she told me with a perfectly straight voice that she had already called the police and they had a warrant out. I told her in a none too light manner that I had just parked it on Spring Street. She said the police probably had it towed away by then. At that I kind of blew up and got really mad. After awhile, intermixed between my cussing, she started laughing. It turned

out she hadn't called the police having assumed I had gotten it. But that confession by her only made me madder. Thinking back on it, it seems pretty funny to me, but at the time being half asleep, it wasn't. Joanne has now lost all her credibility with me. It must be the tenth time in my life that she had pulled something like that on me. One time she sold me a bottle of Straight Set, which she had bought on sale for 10 cents, for 50 cents. And then she had the nerve to laugh in my face after doing it. But some day I'm going to just quit believing her on anything and woe will be her. But until then I will continue to be taken in by her, being the trusting person that I am.

I just finished a short story for my creative writing class. Since there were several extra copies that the prof. mimeographed, I just borrowed a couple (you know, the old Watergate morality). So I'm sending it to you. It tells more about my frame of mind at the time I write it than 2,347,108 letters could, approximately. I hope you enjoy it. Bye.

Love, Darrell

February 23, 1975

Jake Taylor

241 Elm St.

New London, Conn. 06320

Darrell,

I enjoyed greatly receiving your letter of the 17th Jan., even though it was rather impersonal being typed up by a machine as it was. Also in regard to your letter of the 17th, the FPO in my old address stood for Fleet Post Office. All letters going to the east coast go to the FPO and then are distributed to the various personnel wherever they may be.

At this time, I am sitting in a moderate suburban abode in New London, Conn. It is my place of habitation where the U.S. Navy sees fit to allow a few moments to myself. I live here with two other guys off my new boat. We are magically transformed into civilians when we step through the door. It has 4 bedrooms, living room, kitchen, and 2 baths (luxurious, eh?).

My work aboard the sub is very demanding at present. This past week, I spent 120 out of 168 hours on board the sub and received as few as 1 1/2 hours sleep in 2 days. (This last part I have included to present to you good ammunition to present to Vic or any other idiot who might become interested in joining the Navy).

Glad to hear you're progressing rapidly on the bureaucratic ladder towards the top. I'm sure the Cincinnati Post will find you irreplaceable (please send me the correct spelling of bureaucratic as I don't have a dictionary here).

If you want my opinion on how to get Jody to trust you and humanity in 55 words or less, "Give her presents and/or money". Any other problems?

I hope this letter satisfied your desire to discover my psycho-social development, emotional maturation, and academic pursuits.

Forgot to tell you my academic pursuits. I'm currently attempting to launch a self-teaching program to become a nuclear research physicist.

Not enclosed: All secret documents supporting the view that the U.S. government was unaccountable to the public in the Vietnam War.

Jake

February 25, 1975

Beth Germon

c/o Mrs. Lloyd-Jones

76 Woodland Rise

Muswell Hills

London N. 10

England

Dear Darrell,

This morning I got up early and came downstairs for a leisurely breakfast while I wrote you a good long letter. Our mail arrives quite early so at 7:30 a.m. I sat down and read your letter. Darrell, you sound so happy -- Jeanne must be a wonderful person. You were saying that now you had to appreciate this for the present, not for the future. It's a painful yet important lesson to learn. I think too many people find themselves living for the future, but really the future never becomes the present and they end up wishing and thinking their lives

away. Though it's a different situation, I've found that by not thinking too much, dwelling on unpleasant things in the past and wishing for things from the future, I am seldom depressed, much less so than in the past. For the first time, the present is bearable. I hope I can carry this feeling over into times which aren't so busy and exciting. But Darrell, is it really impossible that you would see her after this spring? You never know now do you! Just as you can't plan on seeing her -- should you plan on never seeing her again. I really hope that doesn't sound like lecturing -- I don't mean it that way! I so love getting your letters -- they meant a lot -- I wish we could talk, there are so many things going through my head. I'm happy here but it's weird. Darrell, I want to share everything with you and some others back there at Thomson, I could just bust sometimes. I really care about you all so much but how to say it and show it when I'm so far away. I'm getting emotional ... maybe because I've found people who I can care about and that in turn think of me. Darrell I'm just really happy. You, Carol and Andy, Don, Will and Mindy -- I mean you remembered and took the time to write -- it means a lot!! Am I rambling? Oh Darrell, I guess the most wonderful thing in the world is having people to care about and to care about you. Saturday morning I got up early and took the tube into Central London -- window shopped from Picadilly (can't afford anything but window shopping) Circus to Hyde Park. It's spring here -- flowers are in bloom! There were sailboats on the lake and children feeding ducks and gulls. Darrell it was beautiful. I sat on a park bench for hours -- read and had lunch. There was only one problem -- walking on the pavement alongside the lake was a bit difficult as one has the tendency to slip in the large piles of bird droppings that seemed to accumulate everywhere. Hey, those geese, gulls and pigeons leave quite a trail.

Your story? I like it! There were so many feelings that I'm acquainted with -- but Darrell you say that part of the class didn't like it -- maybe it hit a little too close to home. Do you think maybe that one kid, in particular, found himself to be too much like the character in your story that couldn't get close -- or I believe you said -- out of the flight pattern. If that's the case, if it did strike something in him whether he'd admit it or not -- then your story is great. It meant something. It did to me.

Back on the subject of Jeanne -- I'm really glad you are letting yourself get close, it's a really good feeling isn't it! I told you about the guy I spent all of high school with -- for the past year and a half, I felt half frustrated because I didn't have someone to share things with, to lean on and then at the same time I laughed at myself for even thinking I ever loved him. Love? It was of a sort though not the type I thought, which is obvious now. Well, I saw him after I got back from those two days at Miami. He'll always be a close friend I guess, but you know it was the first time in close to a year that we'd talked -- and we must have talked for hours. It is good to feel close to someone and at the same time not to feel overly dependent on them -- I feel like I've learned so much in these last few months. Darrell, I really wish we could talk. There are so many things I'd like to say. I'd like to meet Jeanne! Have you heard anything more on that summer job? I'm not sure even where I'll be at this point much less where I'll work ... But I've got to earn some money. It goes too quickly here -- the cost of living "ain't cheap"!!! Our painting class meets an hours train ride south of London -- that means approx. \$5.00 a week for that trip alone. Then there's transportation around the city -- those double decker buses are a riot. Then again I walk a heck of a lot ... But I thought the heck with a job while I'm here. I worked last summer, during school, and until the day before I left for London. I'm on vacation!! Enough of this ranting on ... Give my love to all ...

And next time you're at the Rathsceller have an extra toasted roll for me!

Take care and God Bless!

Love, Beth

March 4, 1975  
Darrell West  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

I got your letter today in which you were talking about thinking about the future and the present and how you were beginning to appreciate the present. It sounds like you are running quite a few things through your head. It's difficult to sit down and try to sort them



out enough to communicate them, isn't it? I find it difficult to express some of the confused thoughts I have. But usually writing letters to you helps me straighten them out.

Recently I've been doing a lot of thinking about my relationships with some of the people here. I've found that it is very easy when you like one person a lot to start to close yourself off to some of the other people you used to be close to. I used to be able to just call people and go down to the Union (by the way they have beer now, isn't that great!) but now it's really hard to find the time to do that. About the only time I see Vicky, Mendy, Jack and Rich is at meals now. I really don't like that situation because I used to spend a lot more time with all of them. But even when I'm with any of them now, I have really different feelings toward them. In fact and this is going to be difficult to explain, sometimes I feel both hostile and alienated from them. Instead of being able to relax with them, I start thinking of all the studying I have to do or the time I would like to spend with Jeanne. I really don't understand why I feel that way.

My relationship with Vicky has especially been up and down as sometimes I see some of her faults, things that I've always seen, yet now I don't like them and I feel almost like I'm putting up with them instead of finding people who are like me. Yet this is really insensitive and unfair and I realize it. But I still feel it. I think the reason for my change in attitude is that because I'm happy and feel like I'm on top of the world, I sometimes get really arrogant and feel like I don't have to tolerate "lesser people." And I have acted like this at times this quarter. But I'm no better than any other human being and for me to think and act like this really bothers me. The thing is that I felt really insecure in the past and I felt like people didn't treat me right. And now that I'm feeling more secure about me, I guess I've vented some of the hostility by thinking myself better than others. This really bothers me because I don't want to think like that. Yet I don't know how to handle it. But I'm trying to explain this both to you and me so if it sounds confused, it's because it is. I wonder if I'm going to be able to grow out of this while still feeling so secure or is something going to have to come along to knock me out of my security? It may take the latter though I hope not. If you know any way a person can avoid complacency and arrogance, let me know.

I am trying to make plans for next year, my housing arrangements that is. I'm trying to get a few people together for a co-ed house. So far, Mike Gerber, Leslie Moore and I are interested. We're now going to start looking for a house. I hope it works out because it would really be a good, growing experience, possibly it would help me to become a more sincere person.

My plans for next summer aren't too solid. But I think I'll be living in Oxford, working part-time at the newspaper in Richmond (only for the money, the Cincinnati Post wouldn't hire me) while also working on a research project in political science at Miami. That would be ideal because I would make money while also advancing intellectually. Bye for now.

Love, Darrell

P.S. Please understand the aspects of this letter which probably aren't understandable to you.

March 16, 1975

Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, New York 13323

Dear Darrell,

I'm coming to Oxford either the 25th or 26th. I want very much to see you while I'm there. I think I'll be staying with Jeannette for the one night I'll be there, but if for some reason she can't put me up, I'll call you and ask if you have any friends who will keep me. I can't wait to see you. Take care.

Love, Laine

March 17, 1975

Darrell West  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

I'm on Spring break now so I can write you a nice long and relaxed letter, which will be in contrast to the last letter I wrote you. Needless to say, I was feeling kind of alienated

from my friends. I carried that letter around for 3 days, re-reading it several times (I threw it in the waste can once) but finally decided to send it because it accurately reflected my thinking for one point in time. You said you wanted the bad, depressed letters too, so I sent it. I'm sure at the time you received it, you were wondering "What the hell is going on?" I think my mood was just indicative of the dilemma anyone who gets close to one person and wants to spend a lot of time with them feels. This is that you have less time and sometimes less desire to see the people who you don't know as well and they don't know you as well. It just becomes easier to see the parts which are missing in your relationship with friends, because all friendly relationships supply some needs, but never all needs, while a deep relationship with one person can come close to supplying all needs. But at the same time one can't go overboard in isolating himself from friends because they are desirable too, such as doing things with. And there will be enough time later in life, with a marriage, to get to know one person. So this is what I've been hassling over in my mind for a couple of weeks. I've tried to find a balance between friends and Jeanne and think I'm doing better. But I don't know if I'm getting, by such a balance, the best or the less good aspects from both sides. I'll just have to see what happens next quarter. I hope this letter reassures you that No, Darrell is and/or was not losing his mind. I could have seen the headlines: Talented Young College Student/Breaks Under Pressure of/Meaningful Social Interaction Conflicts. The story would proceed to tell how the aforementioned student had gone berserk, climbed up on the Beta bell tower and bombarded passing pedestrians with copies of Eric Fromm's "The Art of Loving." Oh wow, what imagery, right Beth?

Enough of this trivial bullshit and on with the more essential part of happiness, my day-to-day activities. All this week I'm home, not doing very much. But this weekend I'm going to go skiing in someplace around Carrollton, Ohio with my brother and sister. I've never done that before. But to conquer new world's is the essence of growing up so in the interest of my maturational progress, I'm going. It also should be a hell of a lot of fun. But that's just a fringe benefit.

Love, Darrell

P.S. I still don't know very much about what is happening in London. How are living arrangements with Chris? How is the art work progressing? Are you happy? Is the experience emotionally stimulating, intellectually enriching, socially meaningful, physically satisfying, all in all just a grand old time?

March 21, 1975  
Beth Germon  
c/o Mr. and Mrs. Jerram  
21 Newcombe Park  
Mill Hill  
London NW7 3QN  
England

Dear Darrell,

You've no idea how many times I've started this letter -- communicating one's thoughts, much less feelings, on paper as you said isn't so easy! Shall I try again: Forgive me for not writing sooner but as you already know -- we've moved (Life has been a bit hectic!). To explain a bit about that move -- the Lloyd-Jones were just unbelievable people. I've never dealt with such selfish, small people. Darrell, I really tried. But I can only try so much. They'd go through spells where they refused to speak to us. Mr. Lloyd-Jones would just walk into the room (which was rather embarrassing at times -- yes?), everything we did was wrong and they kept putting us in "our place" by repeating the fact that we were only boarders. It got to the point that they would sneak into the room and turn off the heat. I could go on and on but won't waste the space. We're now living with a most wonderful family and I couldn't be happier! Everything is perfect. We're going to France for Easter Holiday which starts this Tuesday! Darrell I can't believe it. Enough about me.

I hope things have settled and worked themselves out concerning the way you were feeling about everyone. I think things like that usually do. To gain self-confidence is such an important thing. But it means a re-adjustment of your outlook on everything -- maybe you -- when you wrote the letter -- were beginning to see that need for readjustment. Do you think it's a case of loving and caring about people not because you are overly dependent on their

feeling for you but for the very sake of caring. Does this make sense? In gaining self-confidence, one becomes whole in himself, you can care for people instead of depending on them, a less selfish love, yes? But I think it's something that has to be learned ... Life is learning one lesson after another, I can see and feel that so much now. I envy you though, that you've found someone like Jeanne. I really wish sometimes there was someone for me to share all this with! But no worry ... "My time shall come"???

I got the most wonderful letter from my father today. He writes me once a year ... Anyway, I guess my mother's going to come here and possibly, maybe for a week or two after I'm done with classes! I can't believe that either. As we've always gotten along really well it'll be a great way to end my stay here. Just as I never expected to come to Europe, Mom had pretty much figured it was out of the question. But Dad's funny sometimes and if she does decide to come, he'll be all for it, though he himself will stay at home and save his vacation for camping and fishing.

In reading over what I've written I see that the bit about caring for people didn't make too much sense as you were saying you were being over-critical. Can I try again! As you may be more confident in yourself and content in what you have with Jeanne -- you depend less on others right? And maybe at this point as you are a bit more removed, you said you see faults and find it hard to overlook them. Now is a time to learn to overlook other's faults and care about friends for their sake as well as your own? Darrell -- I hope this makes sense or that it's coming across all right -- I've thought a lot about all you were saying and just don't want to see your separated from those who I know care for you.

Suppose I'd best be going! It's late and I'm awfully tired. Give my best to Jack, Rich, and Rob. Hey what happened with Jack and Laura? And what about Rich's computer date or whatever?

God Bless, Take care and have a fantastic Spring quarter!

Love, Beth

March 28, 1975  
Darrell West  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

Having made it through the first week of Spring quarter, I feel like I'm writing a triumphant letter. We had one week for spring break and I managed to contract tonsillitis on Tuesday of vacation. Normally it only takes two days to get over it but mine wouldn't go away. I had to come back to school this week even though my throat was still pretty sore. I was really afraid my doctor might do something stupid, like operate. But fortunately by Wednesday I started to feel a lot better and now I am completely recovered. So that is my sickness saga.

Despite the sickness, a lot of things happened this week. The most interesting thing was that my closest friend from last year, Laine (I think I mentioned her to you sometime) who presently goes to school in New York, came down to see me and her other friends. We hadn't seen each other since last summer and I really never expected to see her again although we do communicate via letter. Our visit turned out really great. It was like she never left. But I only got to see her for a few hours as she had to return to Cincinnati where she was staying and then later go back to New York. I think she had changed a lot from last year although it was hard to tell because we weren't together for that long.

Also history was made this week as I got my first-ever package in my collegiate career. It was a box of chocolates from Jeanne, sent from Luxembourg. She went there over Spring break and for the first week of this quarter. She is flying back on Monday and I'm looking forward, needless to say, to seeing her.

I also solidified my summer. I wanted to work part-time in Richmond at the newspaper and then work on a research project in Oxford. I went up to Richmond to talk to them about it and I almost blew it. I told them that I wanted to work three days a week. We talked for awhile longer and then they asked me that if part-time wouldn't work out for them, would I accept a 4 or even a 5-day work week. I should have held my ground because I'm sure they like my writing enough to keep me. But at the last minute I lost my nerve and said

well if worse comes to worse then I will work more than 3 days a week. Later they called me and said I couldn't just work 3 days but could work 4 days usually and 5 days during busy times. This isn't my preferred schedule but it is my own fault so I can't complain. It isn't going to leave very much time for a research project but I hope to do something, what I'm not sure, in the area of political science. I think I want to live in Oxford but I'm not sure. Jeanne will be in Oxford for part of the summer but I don't know how long.

My housing plans, a coed-house, for next year aren't working out at all. Leslie and Mike are uncertain now that they want to do it, so I'm just going to do what is best for me. I can't just wait on them to decide. I think I might stay in Thomson next year although I really don't like dorm life because of the lack of privacy. But I'm not going to move off-campus with people I don't know very well just to move off-campus.

So this is how my life is progressing. How is yours? Did you get your housing situation straightened out to your satisfaction? I hope you are enjoying England by now. When are you returning? See ya.

Love, Darrell

April 1, 1975  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, New York 13323

Dear Darrell,

I hope you're better! I'm now in Rochester, NY and will be here for 5 more days. I've been spending my days here doing schoolwork and of course I've been spending the nights going out with John and his friends. I had a good stay in Oxford. I talked and talked with Jeannette and then the next morning I visited 2 of my professors from Western, Math and Philosophy. It was nice to see them all.

You know something Darrell? There is something strange and transitory about our lives. We make "life-long" friends, and invariably we tend to grow away from them. You know, I liked and knew Jeannette for 1 1/2 years and I know you better than I know her at this point in time. But at the same time, I am inevitably getting farther and farther away from you too. I suppose that it is because we are changing so fast as to lose the people we once knew. But it does hurt.

I'm glad I got the chance to talk to you. Write soon.

Love, Laine

April 2, 1975  
Darrell West  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

I'm sorry to hear about your troubles with the Lloyd-Jones'. It sounds like a wise decision for you to move to the other place. I hope that works out to your satisfaction.

I read what you wrote concerning my feelings toward other people. I think what you said made a lot of sense. They are conclusions that I've been in the process of reaching for the last couple of weeks. Friends are never going to be perfect and it was unreasonable of me to criticize them for not being like that. I guess I am starting to adjust to my new feelings. This quarter things between Vicky and me are really relaxed and enjoyable in contrast to a lot of last quarter when there was a lot of tension and unhappiness. Robert is here now and he is a really warm and friendly person. I see why Vicky loves him so much now. She and I have had several long talks and walks and I'm sure that the old tensions are gone for good. I'm getting along really well with Jack. He was a person that I used to enjoy doing things with but never could get very close to him. But now he and I do a lot of talking about important things, like our futures and what we want. He is waiting for law schools to accept him but it looks like he isn't going to get admitted. So he'll probably end up in graduate school at Miami in American Studies next year. He and Laura, in answer to your question, encountered really rocky ground all of last quarter, mainly because Laura was unhappy with the relationship. Finally the hassles became so great that they mutually agreed just to be friends, which for them means they don't say very much to each other anymore. Jack is

handling it pretty well though, Rich and I don't get along very well any more because he has qualities which have created a lot of tension between us. He seems to be really insensitive and inconsiderate of other people's opinions ever since he and Mary Beth broke up at the end of Fall Quarter. I find it really difficult to carry on a conversation with him because he rarely acts interested in anything I'm saying or doing. At first this bothered me a lot because fall quarter we were such close friends. But now I've realized what I think are basic differences between us, differences which prevent us from being close friends anymore. So there really isn't anything I can do about it except to accept it.

So all in all I feel a lot better about my relationships with other people. I guess I'm over the hump in my adjustment, or at least one of the humps. There are probably other ones along the way that I don't know about. But I should be able to deal with them as they arise, with the help of my friends.

Classes are starting pretty slow this quarter as I'm not particularly excited about any of them, except one, which means I don't like three of them. I'm taking a History class in American Intellectual History and the Professor, Dr. Jellison, is really funny. One day a kid was starting to light a cigarette and Jellison said that there was no smoking in the room. The kid paused then said, "But there aren't any No Smoking signs up here." Jellison instantly answered, "Well there aren't any No Sex signs up but you don't see people doing that." The entire class was rolling on the floor. Speaking of people, there was a mass murder--11 people--in Hamilton which is 10 miles from Oxford last week. Jack was laughing about it because he was talking about what an opportunity this was for his writing career. He said Truman Capote had to go clear across the country to write *In Cold Blood*. So Jack is going to write a book, *In Lukewarm Blood*, about the Hamilton crime. Nothing is sacred around here when it comes to jokes, not even murder. Have to go now so I shall see ya. Bye.

Love, Darrell

April 7, 1975  
Darrell West  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Laine [Hawxhurst],

I was thinking about your visit after you left, but I reached a different conclusion than the one you wrote in your letter. Maybe it was just because I was in a natural environment while you were a visitor, but I felt very relaxed and comfortable seeing you. In fact, I felt like you hadn't really left. I could tell that you were uncomfortable though, especially when we went down to the Union and after only a little time, you wanted to leave. I think the reason was that you were afraid we might run out of things to say. But that wouldn't have happened because there were many things that I wanted to know about you and things I wanted to tell you about me that there simply wasn't time to discuss. After that night I felt like the 3 hours we were together was such a short time. I only wish we had more time. I was also kind of getting the feeling that there were certain things you wanted to talk about -- like your family situation -- that you decided to hold back on, perhaps because you wanted to be strong and appear unbothered by it. I'm not sure if that was the case but if it was then the next time I see you, you must permit me to turn you over my knee and beat the living shit out of you.

But anyway we mustn't live in the past, right Laine? So ... Hi Laine, how's everything going now? Life is going pretty good for me now. Jeanne returned and the first week she was here it was kind of tense between us because of the absence. But now things have loosened up and are pretty relaxed. My tonsillitis is all over and classes are going pretty good.

There was one thing I forgot to say regarding your visit. Of course you have changed and I know I have changed. But that shouldn't ruin our relationship because I think we know each other well enough to ignore any surface differences. Perhaps it was different with Jeannette. But I hope that we can maintain a strong feeling with each other. I know this summer when we saw each other, I felt awkward, more so than you because of some of the things going on in my head. Perhaps that was true of you this time. So by any logical projection, our next meeting should be completely relaxing for both of us. Correct?

Well, see you then. Bye for now.  
Love, Darrell

April 18, 1975  
Darrell West  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

I feel like a really lucky person now as I just talked to J.J. Ulsh who is a journalism major here. She had been offered in December a job with the Cincinnati Post. Last week they told her that they were canceling the entire program which means she is left without a job. And it's too late to find a job on another paper. So I'm glad I didn't get a job with them. I would have nothing now. It really made me mad that they did that because she had been promised a job. So I decided to write the Post a letter explaining how I felt. I told them that it wasn't a very sound business or ethical practice for an employer to do what they had done and that after I graduated I would not apply for a job with them. Of course, I didn't explain that it was because I was going to graduate school but really that is irrelevant. I hope my letter makes them feel a little bit guilty any way. Maybe next time they will tell the students they have a job on a conditional basis, meaning if the economy stays good, which would enable you to apply at other papers. But so much for my efforts at bringing justice to the world and making it just an all-around better place to live. I really shouldn't bore you with these trivial details of my individual existence. But I'll continue anyway.

Last Monday I had the privilege of helping move my sister's newly purchased piano from Richmond, Indiana to her second-story apartment. It was okay til the five of us came to the stairway of her apartment. Man, pianos are really heavy. That night before we left to move it, I was sitting with Wilmer and Don. Don was talking about going to the Evelyn Wood speed reading session that night, which is a free section. Evidently if you enroll in the course, it costs \$180. But if you can get 8 other people to join up, they let you take the course for free. Don was saying big deal how are you going to find 8 people that stupid. I told them that if my sister could find five people to take her piano from Richmond and up those stupid stairs, he would not have very much difficulty. If I get a phone call some night asking me to sign up for the course though, he'll be in trouble.

How was your trip to France at Easter? Mendy said you had a good time and were planning on traveling to Switzerland some time. How do you like the traveling? It must be kind of neat to see some of those places. But I remember you've said before that you prefer to stay in one place. Do you still feel that way about traveling?

Oh guess what, I almost forgot to mention this. My sister Shirley is going to have a baby. It's due October 7 which is just a day after my birthday, so maybe, just maybe I'll have a birthday present. I was really surprised when she told me. I guess she had known for a couple of months but had wanted to keep it secret, I don't know why. I guess my other sister Joanne had found out a long time ago when she had called their house one morning and Shirley was sick. But Shirley told her and I quote, "You'd better keep your big mouth shut." Joanne did. But what choice did she have after such a subtle threat. Also on the home front -- Dad sold all our cows last week. He's been planning it all winter but it was still kind of sad because of all the close personal and emotional friends I have among the herd. But Daddy is getting older so it will be a lot easier now for him. He still is going to stay in grain farming, like corn, wheat, etc.

It looks like I'm going to reside in Thomson next year. I would be unhappy but the way it looks now I'm going to be rooming with Tom Larson (you know, J.C.'s boyfriend) and even though I don't know him very well now, I can tell he is a person I'll get along with. So next year should be pretty fun. Have to go play tennis with Vicky now, so I'll see ya later.

Love, Darrell

April 18, 1975  
Darrell West  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Walter Friedenbergl [editor, Cincinnati Post],

The Post has seriously undermined its credibility as an employer by the manner of its cancellation of the summer internship program.

Withdrawing a promise of a job three months after notifying students they did have a job is not a sound business or ethical practice.

Earlier this year I interviewed with the Post for a summer position. Now it seems fortunate that I wasn't offered a position because I subsequently found a job on another newspaper.

J.J. Ulsh, a Miami journalist, wasn't as fortunate as the Post offered her a job in December. As a result she didn't seek any interviews with the Enquirer, Plain Dealer or other newspapers. Now after these papers have their summer openings filled, the Post tells her she doesn't have a job, which means she is left with no journalistic opportunities. She had planned on financing her next year in college via this job. Any job she finds at this late date will be neither as attractive in terms of finance or in experience.

If the Post feared the economic situation was going to worsen, they should have offered a job on a conditional basis, which would have enabled students to seek other opportunities. To delude a student for three months is a practice I can not accept.

When I graduate next year I will not apply to the Post because of this experience. I couldn't work for such an unprofessional employer. Other budding journalists will be equally skeptical.

Sincerely yours, Darrell West

April 25, 1975  
Beth Germon  
c/o Mr. and Mrs. Jerram  
21 Newcombe Park  
Mill Hill  
London NW7 3QN  
England

Dear Darrell,

You can see just how organized mentally I am this morning. How many people start their letters in the upper right hand corner? I'll also warn you right away -- this will be extremely messy as I'm on a train bound for Brighton for my landscape painting class. Landscape my foot -- we have one very poor abstract. I'm a little disappointed with this painting class ... Darrell, I only have a few more weeks! I can't believe this time has gone so quickly. It seems as though the shorter the time left grows, the more I have to see and do. People in general have been so fantastic -- so many have opened their homes to us, have really gone out of their way to be kind and helpful. For example, tonight we're meeting the friend of a girlfriend of mine in London and going home to the Northwestern shores of Wales with her.

Am now on the way to Wales -- that professor of ours didn't show up for class! Well enough of that. There are so many things I could talk to you about. And I mean talk! Writing is frustrating. I'll have you know I've written twice now but my moods change and by the time I go to mail it -- which sometimes takes days as I'm rather absent minded -- there's other things to say and I start over!

Hello, Darrell, I feel like a truant or something ... How's it going? Keeping up the hectic pace at Miami? I don't know if Beth has told you but the pace here is just killing us!! Edinburgh one weekend, Wales the next, Brighton, France, Geneva ... sounds rough, huh? I've promised to take up only a bit of space but I did want to say hello and wish you luck in your exams. I'm such a lousy letter writer that leeching space on Beth's aerogram was the only way to accomplish this. Aren't I terrible!! I do hope to see you soon -- I love to try to make you smile. Take care, Chris

Back again, I'm afraid I've not much room left as I babbled for the first half of this letter. I just can't write small, but I'll try!

(Now April 27)

Our time here has been fantastic! Days spent walking along the coast -- I love the sea. Can you imagine driving through valleys surrounded by peaks covered with velvety green grass. There are sheep everywhere! Darrell, this world is so beautiful, I want to see it

all -- the cities are unnatural. Exciting -- yes! Fascinating -- for a while. But the people one meets here (meaning away from the city) are so kind and real. They care. These are generalizations I realize, but too often they prove to be true. The welcome we've received in Liz's home is unbelievable. I've not the room to go into detail as you can see, but I'll tell you more later. So many things are changing for me, my expectations for the future. Darrell, I love my art, it's a fabulous gift from God but for the first time I'm wondering if I want to support myself with it. I wish I had more room here. Darrell, I want to work with people, it may sound trite, but I want to help those who have been less fortunate than myself, but in what way though. I've been blessed in so many aspects of my life, I just want to share it. Well, I'll be leaving London soon for a week of backpacking and some time in Geneva with a very close friend and then home. Darrell, I've loved your letters, they've meant a lot and always bring home closer. Thank you for remembering. Will see you soon? God Bless and take care.

Love, Beth

May 4, 1975  
 Jake Taylor  
 21 Faulkner Dr.  
 Quaker Hill, Conn. 06375

Darrell,

You may notice it's now May. Do you know what that means? (May 1st was my birthday, you idiot). I'm 21, I've reached that magical number which somewhere between 18 and 21 they shifted to 18. Oh well, another ultimate goal has been surpassed in this lifetime.

I suppose you noticed my return address has changed again. And I suppose you said "What the fuck is going on, every time he writes, he has a different address." Well hopefully this is the last time I'll be moving for a while. (which doesn't necessarily mean I won't be writing to you anymore, However ...).

You should see this house. It's beautiful. It's a 7 room split-level with living room, dining room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, a rec room, and a patio. It came with 2 TVs and a washer and dryer. It's the ultimate in materialistic goals. And the best part is the landlord (whom we actually haven't met yet, but only seen pictures of: she's (yes I said she) 22, blond, and a senior at some girls school north of New York City. I'm living forward to meeting her.

Sorry it's been so long since I last wrote but we've been out to sea, shooting dummy torpedoes at other boats and vice versa and of course I've been fucking off a lot too. But let me say here and now that I took objection to your statement of 9 March "Can't you just accept the fact that you don't have the brains to rise above seamen First Class Taylor?"

First of all, let me ask that musical question "What the hell is a seamen 1st class?" I personally don't think that title exists.

Tell Kissick I won't be able to make it to his wedding. I'll be somewhere down South (Puerto Rico, St. Croix, Ft. Lauderdale). We're leaving here May 21 on our little submarine and won't be coming back til July 5th. Also I probably won't be home for a year or more. Next summer the boat is scheduled to be gone from March to August and of course most of the rest of the time too.

Sorry Darrell, but I have no information on that fucking idiot you're trying to blackmail (Gerald Ford).

I hope you're still at the same address because otherwise I'm sending this to the wrong place. Where are you going to be living this summer?

My arm and hand is exhausted from writing this letter so I'd better stop before I'm handicapped for life.

Bye for now, Jake (not Joke)

P.S. By the way I'm studying to be a mystic now. (And may you enjoy your ADHARMA in this lifetime as it will get you back in the next). page 6 -- Wisdom of the Ancients by T. Lobsang Rampa.

May 12, 1975  
 Beth Germon  
 c/o Mr. and Mrs. Jerram  
 21 Newcombe Park  
 Mill Hill



London NW7 3QN  
England

Dear Darrell,

Only 10 more days and I'll be heading home. Right now, we're in Bath for a few days! This Saturday, I leave Chris and go to visit a girlfriend in Geneva. I've loved these last few months and will be sorry to leave, but it will be good to get home -- always is. How much to talk to you about! Hope I see you before next fall. Am right now trying to write a paper that should have been finished ages ago. Art history -- painting analysis. From postcards? Sad isn't it? But I'd rather travel and do it this way than sit in my room for a few days. That's a good healthy attitude. Not what Miami expects, mind you. but I'm not in school. Am really on an extended holiday. And getting credit for it ... Have got 2 job possibilities actually 3, for the summer. Can't believe it! Maybe I'll be able to skip the dining hall work next year. Yes? Hope to see you soon!

Love, Beth

May 22, 1975  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 258, Kirkland College  
Clinton, New York 13323

Dear Darrell,

Oh well, another school year comes to an end. Just think, 3 years ago we were graduating from high school, and 1 year from now we will be what's known as 'college graduates.' So what new things have happened as a direct result of this year at college? For me, it has been another 500 lifetimes rolled into 10 months. It's seen the start of what promises to be 2 life-long friendships, and the end of most of my academic-oriented behavior patterns. I can't help but look back on the other 2 times I experienced the end of a college year. You know something? I'm afraid that I'm as mixed up now as I was then. Last year I was about to leave Western forever, this time I know I'll be back next year and finish school.

It's beautiful up here now. The apple and cherry blossoms are up and the forest is filled with numerous wildflowers. It took only a week for the trees to completely dress themselves just as it took only a week for the leaves to turn and fall last autumn. It's hot, but there's usually a breeze to keep it from becoming unbearable.

Do you remember last June when I left Western with no definite place to live and no job? Well, it looks like I'm doing it again. I'm sure that I'll be in Rochester, NY, but I don't know where. I'm also sure that I'll be going to school, but I can only hope that I get a job so that I can pay the tuition. I've always been lucky before, so I am assuming that my luck will hold out. We'll see. I'll write to you as soon as I know where I'm living and since I don't know where you'll be, I'll let Miami forward it to you.

So anyway, I imagine that you found yourself the way to say good-bye to someone you love. You asked me about how I did it, but I'm sure you realize that I make no difference and what I have done has no meaning for you. Saying good-bye and I love you in the same breath is always painful and can only be endured. Wish Jeanne a happy life for me.

Take care, sweetheart.

Love, Laine

June 8, 1975  
Beth Germon  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223

Dear Darrell,

Congratulations! Three down -- one to go. How does it feel?

I can't believe how quickly this entire last year went. Fall quarter is so hazy and these last few months in London went so fast it's hard to believe it happened -- in other words-- I don't feel like I've ever been in school. Oh is it going to be hard to settle back into the routine next year ...

Instead of waiting until June 30 to come home as I'd planned, I took a flight May 23rd. Figures this would give me time to get down and see you all before the end of the quarter. No such luck -- the car had something wrong with the brakes or something and the parents said no! I did so want to see everyone. Seems as though most of those who I felt

closest to are leaving permanently! Oh well I guess it's to be expected. But I hate to see it happen.

I spent my last week in Geneva with a girlfriend Jamie -- her husband and his friends. I left Chris in London and took a train -- a 15 hour night train. Didn't meet one English speaking person the entire trip. But people are fantastic and everyone was patient when it came to my poor French. Had one conversation with an Italian -- neither of us spoke each other's language and neither of us spoke French too well. It was slow and had to remain simple but it was great and funny. And when you got an older French couple in the same car, who would put in a word or two here or there. Well that was a fantastic night. But anyway I think that one week in Geneva was the best of all that time in Europe. I felt so relaxed and at peace. Really it was harder to leave them than it was to leave London. Do so want to go back.

But home, friends and 3 portfolios of art work yet to be finished brought me here back to good old Cuyahoga Falls. I'll spend my summer working days at Burger Chef. Darrell, I can't wait until I graduate and have skills -- I hope -- to offer. I hate to sound ungrateful, but I have even more the thought of restaurant work. Need help milking the cows on your farm ...?

Well enough of me -- what's this summer hold for you. If you've ever a few free days and feel like getting away -- and don't mind a 4-5 hour car ride -- please know you're always welcome here!

Write soon. God Bless.

Love, Beth

June 13, 1975

Darrell West

Towers Apt. # 25

Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

Guess where I'm working at this summer? Yes, you guessed it. I'm working in Richmond at the Palladium-Item. I'm living in Oxford at Towers Apartments (#25). It's a one-room efficiency which shares a kitchen and bathroom with two other efficiency's. I'm living in Oxford mainly because I'm taking some classes and also because I prefer this town to Richmond.

The classes, which start this Monday, should be great. I'm taking a three-quarter Honor's sequence in which I do independent studies under five political science professors, each for five weeks and then conclude it with an oral exam from those five. I couldn't ask for a better opportunity. I've already asked each of the five and they've agreed to a tentative topic. So I'm going to start that this summer, doing the first quarter's work. Needless to say I'm becoming more convinced that political science is my interest and am fairly certain that I want to go to grad school next year. I did the best academically last quarter that I've ever done -- getting a 3.8 -- topping my previous record of 3.6 the quarter before that. No Beth, not bragging, just stating facts ...

The last two weeks have been eventful, too eventful for that matter. On May 30 I received a parking ticket, my second of the year. Only this time in addition to a \$25 fine, I received an additional fine of \$50 on charges of falsification of a staff sticker. Since I acquired the permit legally though have been using it falsely since I left the MU staff, I appealed the falsification charge. I don't think I want that on my record as it could ruin any security clearance I would ever need. But I should have thought of that four years ago. I'm still patiently awaiting the results of that appeal. Then last Thursday after my last final I went to get my car which I had parked off-campus on Spring St. to safeguard against further ticketing. The only problem was that it wasn't there. Thinking it had been towed, I went to Oxford police, who sent me to MU security who sent me to Oxford police. Then they decided my car had been stolen. But then the Oxford policy chief remembered there had been a car accident near that spot which had involved two parked cars. It turned out a truck barreled into the rear end of my innocently parked car, driving the trunk up into the wheel base and shattering my back windshield. Altogether it totally demolished my car and I am now looking for another car. Oh well, c'est la vie or la guerre, whichever it is.

On Friday I left for Washington, D.C. with Jeanne for a look at the capital city. It was a great trip. After five days there, we hitch-hiked back, meeting some really interesting, though a few strange drivers. It was a fascinating experience though as it was the first time I had ever really traveled.

Last night I started back to work; working Monday, Tuesday, Friday, Saturday shift from 6:30 to 2:30 in the morning. I'm only working four days a week because of my class load, something which the Pal-Item is letting me do. It's pretty nice of them, though I have consented to work five days a week when they really need me which probably will be half the summer.

I'm not trying to prepare for Jeanne's leaving as she returns to Luxembourg this Sunday. Today we took three big boxes to the Post Office for shipping but the clerk told us the boxes had the wrong dimensions and weight, being too big. So he made us take them back and repack them. Three hours later we returned to the post office with eleven small packages. This time there was a different clerk who asked us why we had packed them so small. Incredulously we told him the clerk had told us to. He said that the dimension wasn't important because it would just be put in a big sack. So it meant that we had repacked all afternoon for nothing. I was really furious so I went to the Postmaster to complain about the first clerk and his misinformation. He was sympathetic but there was little he could do except talk to the guy. Oh well ...

I might come up to Cuyahoga Falls this summer, but it depends on my car situation, my work schedule and school. So in other words, I don't know.

I was glad to hear about your Geneva trip as it sounds like a fun experience. You'll have to tell me more sometime.

I should get back to work as I don't get paid to write personal letters, although that's probably the most enjoyable activity of the evening. So see you sometime.

Love, Darrell

June 15, 1975 [postcard sent during return trip home]  
Jeanne Fischbach  
Iceland Airport

Dear Darrell,

Good luck in your future hitchhiking, and the rest too. A "friendly" kiss from Jeanne.

June 17, 1975

Darrell West

Towers Apt. # 25

Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

Your card express a lot of the things I've been feeling recently too so I'm glad you sent it. I guess we still have something in common.

Your leaving on Sunday has to be one of the hardest things I've experienced in awhile (ranking only behind our drowning incident). As I walked away from you Sunday night my whole body was reacting as I'm sure yours was. I almost ran into 4 or 5 people in the lobby because I was about ready to cry. When I got to the car I just about turned around to go back to you. Now I'm glad I didn't because that would have made it that much harder when you did leave.

Since then my mood has been pretty erratic as sometimes I accept the situation as it is. But other times, mostly when I wake up in the morning, I feel pretty down. Then it's difficult to convince myself that we made the right decision in not pursuing a long-term relationship.

I don't mean to write a depressing letter and I hope you're not depressed by it. But I'm sure you're going through a lot of the same feelings now. I guess we both probably will for awhile. I just hope it isn't too long.

I hope you write soon to tell me how the situation with your father is developing.

I purchased a car today albeit reluctantly. It's a 1966 Ford Galaxie. The only thing I'm dissatisfied with is that it has a pretty big engine which means it will use a lot of gas. But the engine seems in good condition and the color is pretty (dark brown) so all is not lost. The insurance company is still fucking around, not yet having gone to look at the wrecked car which means they haven't told us how much they will pay us in insurance. But my father

has agreed to pay for a larger part of the car no matter how the insurance situation turns out so that helps me out a lot.

My family has been pretty upset as Kenny and Joanne have ran into trouble in Florida over getting visiting privileges for Amy. He was supposed to get Amy for 5 weeks now but his ex-wife is getting married this Friday to the guy she's been living with for awhile. Just the latter fact was enough to create sparks in the family though. I guess when Kenny and Joanne went to see his ex-wife they almost got into a physical fight. So the situation is pretty vicious. They went to court today so as to get Amy. She is the one I'm worried about as a situation like this is enough to turn anyone into an active-negative. It's not exactly healthy. But apparently both Kenny and Sharon fail to realize that.

I saw Rich yesterday and it was pretty good. At least he, unlike most others around me now, understands my situation. He and I are going out tomorrow to visit (using the word loosely) Jack. I haven't seen him yet but he was pretty unhappy the last few weeks of school over the thought of an unhappy summer so maybe he and I can cry together.

I hope to drive to Maysville on Sunday to see Vicky because she obviously is the one person outside of you who could make me feel better. (I hope).

My job has gotten a little better as I'm getting more interesting assignments. I also just found a dime in the phone booth outside the Palladium-Item building, the first in two summers. At this rate by 3,000 years, I would have enough to permanently stock myself with a complete collection of Henry Kissinger textbooks. The thought of that is almost enough to make me have an orgasm right here in the newsroom ... I'm okay now. I just stifled it.

As this letter progresses, my wittiness and funny jokes seem to come back. I guess this letter is good therapy for me as it makes me feel like I'm communicating with you. So even if you think this is a shitty letter, which it partially is, think of its therapeutic value for its author.

So far I have been the only occupant of my apartment but a guy was starting to move in tonight as I was leaving so all that is going to change. I'm not sure how I like that. It would be nice to have company as I do feel lonely by myself, but if he turns out to be another Rob, Oxford could experience its first brutal murder.

Maybe if I keep writing, my mood will improve even more. wish me luck ... Thank you ... No don't say "Say That's okay." I dislike cliches. Although sometime clichés hit the nail on the head, they often are misleading and inaccurate, two deadly characteristics for a budding political scientists.

As of tonight I haven't masturbated yet (since you left). I'm really not interested in that lustful gratification now. I don't know if that's good or bad, but I assume it's pretty natural for the situation.

I haven't gotten very excited about either my Statistics class or my Honors study yet but I imagine that is a temporary boredom. It's just that right now, intellectual pursuits seem entirely irrelevant to my happiness. Whenever I try to study, my mind starts wandering which makes it difficult to concentrate very deeply. I hope it doesn't last too long though the first summer term is only five weeks long.

As you may have guessed my major goal has been to keep myself busy so as to avoid thinking. But that doesn't really work. I wish I had one really good social relationship here now, someone that I could talk to and with. Unfortunately the people here that I know aren't deep people and the deep people that I know really don't understand the background of our situation. It's just a vicious circle Jeanne but I hope I can get off it sometime.

But despite all this, I don't and won't ever regret our relationship. The fun we had together definitely is one of the high spots of my life. You're kinda neat.

Since it is my policy to end letters on a bright spot, I'll close now. Write when you get a chance.

Love, Darrell

June 23, 1975  
Darrell West  
Towers Apt. # 25  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

How's everything going for you now? I hope they're going well. Things are going okay for me although my moods still shift a lot. I visited Jack last week and guess what, Randal (remember our Washington chauffeur) had a car accident returning from Washington. He wasn't hurt but the front of his car was messed up. Evidently, he was behind a car, close to a stoplight, and took his eyes off the road for a second, and before he could stop, ran into the back of the car in front of him. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy though.

I also went to Johnny Bench's "Homeplate" Restaurant with Joanne and Ernie. I think their relationship is entering stage 2 or maybe stage 3. She kept on putting her hand on his leg about halfway up his thigh. You know what that means.

I got both sets of pictures back, and they turned out pretty good. I'm sending you some of them. Something funny happened with Mom a couple of days ago as she confronted me with her lack of innocence, something you suspected all along. I don't know how the conversation developed but suddenly she said and I quote, "Don't think you were pulling something over on me. People don't get dropped off in Dayton at 11 and then come back home the next day at noon without anything happening. I'm no dummy." But the unusual aspect was that she was laughing during all of this. Perhaps she knew it would not matter to me if she got mad. But anyway you were right all along. From now on, I'll have more respect for Mom.

The situation with Artie, my roommate is turning out pretty well. Though we don't see each other a whole lot, because of our differing schedules, we get along really well when we are together. Since he is black, perhaps I can decrease my stereotyped image and learn things from him about the black subculture. And we can also have good times together.

I went to see a movie last night, "Scenes from a Marriage" by Bergman. It's the first time I've ever gone to a movie by myself. I felt kind of weird doing it especially when I saw all the couples and groups around me. It also made me lonely. The movie was good though and I'd highly recommend it, especially to anyone contemplating a long-term relationship. It depicts some of the problems which arise, like boredom, love-hate feelings, affairs and divorces. All in all I walked out at the end thinking any long-term relationship is impossible because of the separate identities, rates of change, and differing needs, especially over a period of 10-20 years. It made me wonder about my own maturity or rather immaturity, since I still consider myself emotionally immature at times such as when things don't go well for me (as you well know). I'm not sure if I can ever find someone who would give in or understand my behavioral quirks while also being stimulating enough not to bore me over an extended time period. I think I need a person who is kind of a yes-person but if she's always that, I would quickly be bored. You stimulated me a lot in every way, and I think I did you, but I think neither of us especially when we were in bad moods, showed enough acquiescence and understanding, although you showed more understanding than I did. I think I have a high need for security in a relationship and I would be afraid to develop a relationship with someone who I thought might be enough her own person to ever leave me. But as I said before, if she wasn't her own person, I would be bored with her. Right now it seems a dilemma and probably as I usually do I'm worrying too much about it. But these are just some of the things I'm feeling since you've left and especially after seeing the movie. See it if you have the opportunity. Jean-Pierre should also see it although not necessarily together. It may be better to see it alone as you need a chance to think about a movie like that.

I miss you a lot now and wish I could talk to you in person. But I realize we can't talk now, or at least I can't. It's still too soon. Please don't rush me into the friendship stage as it will develop eventually anyway on both sides. It may develop quicker on your side since you have Jean-Pierre. But it will take me longer. Okay? Bye.

Love, Darrell

P.S. You wondered about my scar. Well I still don't know its origin. I talked to Mom but she doesn't remember me getting hit on the head and doesn't know where it came from. So I guess it will just remain an eternal mystery, like so many other things which we never had time to understand about one another.

P.S.S. Please write me your thought on what I wrote concerning long-term relationships.

July 3, 1975  
Vicky Markell  
Ashwood Drive

Maysville, KY 41056

Dear Darrell,

Your visit was priceless to me. I needed you and your friendship and it's warmth. I guess I'll always need that though. I feel so confident now that our relationship is solid.

The sale in the store has driven me to the brink of insanity. People are incredible. I hate to think about it. It scares me, both because I'm also one of them and because I have to live with them.

Robert called last night. It sounded like the guy I fell in love with almost 4 years ago. The tough, "guy of the streets" act no longer feels comfortable for him. But it's so damn hard to be sensitive in that type environment. We talked about what went wrong between us. It's easier to see now that he's been gone a few days. We may be able to pull it together for a better relationship. One thing though we both have re-realized is our need for each other. We both felt pretty cocky and independent for awhile, but it's hard to really feel. So at this point, it's hanging and we'll see. I still don't think it'll end in marriage, but I don't think it will end either. Figure it out!

Darrell, take care. Call me if you need me. I hope your empty spot is aching a little less.

Love, Vicky

July 8, 1975

Darrell West

Towers Apt. # 25

Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Vicky [Markell],

Your letter came at the most needed time for me as I was really down. But after reading it, I felt really good for the rest of the day. I went to the library and got more done than I had in a long time. The conclusions you reached were the same ones that I reached after my visit. I think you're a really neat person. I also like your family a whole lot too, in case they don't know it. (and you can quote me on that). I felt really comfortable being with you. It was the first time this summer that I've been able to sit down and talk about how I'm feeling and also hearing someone tell me how they're feeling. Being able to sit down and let your defenses down is what I am missing most in Oxford now. The visit ruined me a little bit though because it made Oxford that much harder to accept again. But still I wouldn't trade the visit for anything.

I'm trying now to develop friendships here (or restrengthen old friendships). I invited Rich over for dinner tomorrow night and a girl I knew from a year ago the following night. But it's difficult because every person I meet now, I compare to Jeanne and if they're slightly less stimulating than she was, and most people are a hell of a lot less enjoyable than her, I despair. Of course, I realize that I shouldn't do that, out of consideration for the other person, but I find it impossible not to as she raised the standards for relationships to a pretty high level. But I suppose it will just take time to find another special person. I still haven't gotten a letter from her which kind of disappoints me but there's little I can do.

I went horseback riding on Sunday with a friend from the paper. For the first time I rode a horse which went faster than a slow trot. This horse would really take off and gallop. When she first did, it scared the shit out of me. I was hanging on for dear life. One time she was galloping directly toward a barbed wire fence, about 10 yards away from it. I tried to get her to stop but she wouldn't. I was thinking well this could be it. But somehow she stopped about two inches from the fence. Another time she was galloping across an open pasture, down a hill when I noticed there was a ditch, about three feet wide at the bottom of the hill. Again I doubted the horse's eyesight. And again she proved me wrong by seeing it and jumping over it, without losing stride, of course. An amazing horse. My legs have been sore ever since then though so I guess that's the price you have to pay. The person I rode with, Kris, home from college at Harvard, is kind of nice but I don't think I'll ever be close friends with her as I don't feel that I can relax and tell what I'm really feeling. She has a lot of problems, like her parents getting a divorce, which threatens to turn our friendship into a one-sided deal with her being more concerned with telling me her problems than listening to mine. Emotionally she's pretty young too. Perhaps I've lost some sensitivity but I really can't accept a one-sided relationship like that, especially where my head is now. I don't want

somebody who will just listen to me, but I do want somebody who will listen occasionally. So my search goes on. Perhaps I should run an ad in the newspaper listing the qualifications I require in friends. My first prerequisite would be degree of sensitivity, although closely followed by degree of stimulability. Also intelligence, physical appearance, and lives within a 100 mile radius of Oxford. No more long distance romances. Also no boyfriend at home (If not for the last requirement, I would expect an application from you. But as it, don't worry about one). Finally I think I should ask for two references of past relationships this person has had. Sounds like the perfect approach doesn't it?

I was glad to hear about the phone call from Robert. It sounds like nothing will be very consistent between the two of you until you get to spend some time together. Then perhaps it will be easier to tell what will happen. Of course that doesn't help you now to understand what's going to happen in the future. I think it may depend on whether you're willing to wait that long (until he gets out of the navy) to find out if it will work.

I was impressed with Steve as he was a really friendly and easy-going guy who it seems would be very comfortable to be with. I do see the small town orientation in him which you had told me about, but when I was with him that didn't seem to be a negative quality at all. I would like to spend more time with him so if he ever does come up, I would be more than happy to accommodate him (and you can quote me on that too).

Thanks for being there. It gives a little security knowing that someone I like is nearby. Write when you get the chance. See ya.

Love, Darrell

July 8, 1975  
Darrell West  
Towers Apt. # 25  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

So what's new in your life? Is everything working out okay at Burger Chef? By the way I'd like a cheeseburger and French fries to go please. In a way, I'm serious because you wouldn't believe my eating habits this summer. They are in a word, poor. It's difficult to motivate myself to cook something just for one person so a lot of the time I end up eating sandwiches or canned food. Rich told me he thought I had lost weight. I can believe it. To force myself to cook I invited him over to eat tomorrow night. I think I'll make spaghetti, although I've never done it before. He doesn't realize that though.

Otherwise my life has been pretty dull this summer. Jeanne's leaving was very difficult. After her so many relationships seem superficial. They just seem unfulfilling. I'm trying to adjust but so far my adjustment has been just to bury myself in study and in work. but I'm getting sick of that. Sometimes I've gotten really depressed although I feel pretty good now. I went to Maysville to see Vicky and it turned out to be really fun. Both her and her family are priceless as far as I'm concerned. Unfortunately I was only able to spend an afternoon and evening with them because of school and work.

Did you have a fun Fourth of July? We had a family reunion with about 80 people there. Then that night I had to work by getting some photographs at the fireworks. I had a good assignment last Saturday. I was sent to 3 state parks to take pictures of people doing whatever they do at state parks. The only thing was that I discovered it's very hard to be inconspicuous on the beach when you're fully clothed and carrying a camera. I got a lot of stares but it was kinda fun.

It would be nice to hear from you. I was wondering if I said something wrong in my last letter a couple of weeks ago as I hadn't heard from you since then. Or have you just been really busy? I have to go to work now so bye and see you sometime.

Love, Darrell

July 11, 1975  
Beth Germon  
1119 Chestnut Blvd.  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223

Dear Darrell,

I guess my letter writing is very inconsistent. In fact it is without a doubt and I'm sorry again that I've left so much time go past. Really you could never say anything that

would upset me -- You're far too special a friend. You hit it right though when you said really busy. I'm working a 43-46 hour week and my free time is spent with painting classes, drawing portfolios and some lettering. I'm exhausted most of the time yet surprisingly happy. I don't find myself wading through fits of depression as I have in the past. Also the freedom I feel since returning from London is so good. Being independent again, meaning not spending all my time with Chris well, it's just really good. I guess I'm more of a loner than I'd thought. I've much to tell you about -- things you sensed last fall -- well at times it was almost unbearable, but enough of that. Have found some friends to fool around with here and Darrell for the first time in years I feel really free and at peace with myself and others.

I question much about my faith, meaning religion if you will, but it's a good search and is proving very rewarding. You spoke of superficial relationships. I guess in a sense most friendships are or can be but it depends upon each individual. Superficial for one but not with another, do you know what I mean? Caring for a person as much as is possible in a set situation, giving as much as will be received and accepting what another would give. Yes? I feel like I've so much to learn about people, this world, my God and myself. Life is far too short ...

I can't wait to see you and talk instead of write. I don't like monologues -- can't spell either.

I'll be coming to Oxford for summer registration sometime between July 28-July 31 or August 4-8. Maybe we could get together sometime then and you could try your famous spaghetti dinner out on me ... Maybe I should bring you something instead -- yes?

Love, Beth

P.S. Jeanne must be a beautiful person and if she means as much to you as it seems I'm sure you'll see each other again. It sounds as though your memories of her must be cherished thoughts. Remember those are things that you'll never lose and are as important as the friendship itself, something you'll never lose, no matter how much time changes either of you or your feelings.

I'm afraid I'm clumsy with words -- my mind moves much faster than this pen, but do you understand what I mean ...

July 13, 1975 [postcard]  
Jeanne Fischbach  
Paris, France

Dear Darrell,

I know you've written me. My brother told me so on the phone. I'm in Paris waiting for the letters to get here and just remembered our conversation about answering mail immediately. Hope you're all right. Things are more or less O.K. for me. Details later.

Jeanne

July, 1975  
Jeanne Fischbach  
Paris, France

Dear Darrell,

It's a funny feeling writing to you on this Thursday morning, a month after my departure. I'm still learning to live without you; my thoughts go back to you during the day, but I confess that these thoughts have been stimulated by seeing or hearing something American (license plate, article, book, movie, language) or by wishing in Jean-Pierre something I liked in you. You were right, transferring loyalties is awfully hard and until now I haven't succeeded. You appear in my dreams far more often than you did in Oxford. I wake up in the morning, remembering only the warmth of your presence. I wish this wouldn't sound so sentimental, but I've always been regardless of my "rational" facade.

When you left me at the airport, I had a feeling of emotions, selflessness, unable to realize what was happening to me. I only realized at the end of the week when I came to Paris. The days spent at home were easy to live through and I wondered how quickly I was able to forget or at least think of us as a nice experience in my life (or new dimension to ... etc.). A few days later the pain of having lost you forever seemed unbearable and I transformed myself into a living fountain. I managed to live with Jean-Pierre for only one day before telling him everything. I knew I couldn't go on without speaking about you, about us; he wasn't surprised at all, having guessed from my letters -- in which I talked far too



much about you -- from our drowning experience, the Indy 500 and other things done together was going on and he had had time to get used to the idea that I had a boy-friend to use your favorite term. He was full of understanding (and still is, trying to ease my hidden outburst into tears when the idea of you becomes overwhelming and I can't stand not being with you anymore). We now live alone in his aunt's apartment in Paris. Our relationship has ups and downs, but we will stick it out together. Last night he said he hoped that I will be "healed" in six months time. I'm sure it won't take that long. I will always think of you with some nostalgia, but with a smile and no tears on my face. This morning I feel in (at?) peace with myself and there is a smile for you. One of the reasons why I didn't write earlier: the tears and the hopeless earning for a common happiness. Now I start living again.

This emotional instability -- I played with the idea of leaving Jean-Pierre, since he wasn't the way you were and I was only looking for a substitute I had lost, not seeing his own personality, but crying for him to be like you, now I see and accept him the way he is and like him for that; all the way I knew that my attitude was perfectly stupid and that I only hurt myself, but I can't be resigned the way you are. Apparently I was aggravated by my father's illness. He's in the hospital for four weeks now and he'll go home next Sunday after having undergone a six-hour operation, a bone transplantation from one part of his leg to another part while cutting out the cancerous part. He'll have to use crutches for at least three months, before being able to walk properly again. I've been running after doctors, nurses, etc. for all this time, because he is terribly dependent and suspects my mother and myself to hide the truth from him, suspects the doctors and the nurses all the same. Complaining only with the members of his family and smiling when friends come visiting. I see him everyday, his character is degenerating, he is impossible to live with.

Thanks for the pictures. I would appreciate if you sent me some more of you and myself, since I've talked about Washington. How do you like your room? And your life as a reporter? And your car? Your lectures? Oxford? The U.S.?

I saw the Bergman movie during the time spent in Luxembourg. There had been something wrong in their sexual relationship for a long time, and the couple just ignored it and played at being happy. This undermined their marriage. If they had talked it over, tried to do something about it in common (the way I do with Jean-Pierre, for the time being, I'm not interested in making love, part of the process of transferring loyalties I guess. We won't let a temporary coolness on my part destroy our relationship), their marriage could have been saved. A relationship without fights, quarrels, bad words, unpleasant truths thrown at the other's head (the way I did with you) is utopian. A long-term relationship must be looked after continuously, interest in the other kept alive and above all you must have the desire to go on living with the other person, despite temporary difficulties. (I contradict myself, I always thought and still do that the beginning of a relationship is the most fascinating part, the attraction of the unknown, the aspirations that might become reality, everything is possible, afterwards you know the limitations of the other and of yourself). My longest relationship is two and a half years old -- with 9 months away -- and I know it's going to last. For how long? I don't know how I'll feel in the year's time. We'll change together and I can only answer your questions about long-term relationships after 1985. I believe in it now.

As far as you're concerned, I'm sure you'll grow to such a degree of maturity that you will be able to live with contrary of a yes-woman, although I can't see clearly how she is going to be. If you've found her, please tell me. You're looking for somebody with enough independence to stimulate you and with enough dependence to agree with your viewpoints. I went along with certain things I wouldn't if I'd known that I would stay (I say this without bitterness). This eliminated some friction. You did the same. But in a long-term relationship, everything (almost) must come into the open, otherwise insignificant details take a disproportionate importance and undermine the relationship. This looks well on paper, but reality is different. You (not I) live by impulses, not by theory. Keep on smiling to life Darrell, think of all the possibilities that are open to you and the advantages you have. I'm afraid of flattering you but I tell you nevertheless, your intelligence, your youth (important with me), your charming personality, your winning laughter (I can't bear it any more, I only see your hands and your curly head and remember the taste of your lips), your good looks you know, the best breakfast in my life (not only as far as the food is concerned) I had at the Ramada Inn. Darrell, I grown sentimental again, I was happy with you, it's funny

I only think of the good times we had and not of the miserable ones where we made each other suffer. It's as well. It's not my habit when I write personal letters, to quote authors, but this quotation I like particularly: "Il n'avait aucune maladie que cette plaie secrets de la memoire" (he had no other sickness than the secret wound of the memory). Agree?

Better memories than nothing to remember. All this to day that I don't regret our relationship, that I would start all over again tomorrow, but I know this to be impossible and I shed no more tears.

Darrell, I have a twisted mind. The numerous brackets and the non-use of paragraphs are only an outward sign. This letter was not drafted, it's just the transcript of my thoughts during the last two hours. You read it and tell me what's going on in your mind during the process. I'm still interested in you and like you a lot.

Jeanne

P.S. Address your mail to Luxembourg.

July, 1975  
Jeanne Fischbach  
Paris, France

Dear Darrell,

If you ever get the chance to go to one of these places this summer ... [newspaper clipping of art exhibits in American cities]

Do you write any more short stories? I'm still eager to read them, especially the one about us if you ever write it, please send it. I've forgotten to tell you that you don't write letters the way you write short stories, that is to say the way you speak (spoke, for me). I like them nevertheless and wait for more.

Jeanne

July 23, 1975  
Darrell West  
Towers Apt. # 25  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

I got your letter this morning and have been thinking about it since then. When I saw it in my mailbox, I had differing feelings. Because you hadn't written a letter during the past weeks, my mind had gone wandering, creating all kinds of doubts, like thinking that you would just forget me and that our relationship had been just a brief fling for you before settling down. Because of all this I didn't know when I saw the letter how it would affect me. After reading your letter I felt really stupid for thinking all the things I did in relation to my doubts about you. The letter was sad for me in a lot of ways, mainly I guess because it brought a lot of feelings I had suppressed this summer, back to the surface. It is really difficult to try and write how I've felt this summer to you because I really don't understand everything myself. Perhaps it was good for you to wait til now to write as it gave you time to try to sort out your thoughts. I was glad you wrote all you did because you obviously were trying to convey everything you've been feeling this summer. I will try to do the same although I don't know how successfully. Maybe by having to explain my feelings to you, I can also explain them to me.

I really like you a lot (and still like you a lot). I have never met anyone else who I could communicate to and with so well. I think the wavelength of our thinking was really close together. I think, out of all the qualities you had which I liked, that is the one I miss most. I'm re-discovering this summer what a weird person I really am. Like sometimes I've been driving down the highways and begin thinking whether people would miss me if I wrapped my car around a tree and died. And several times my mind has re-enacted the drowning scene, except that this time I really drown. All of these thoughts scare me now when I think about it because it indicates my emotional instability. But the problem this summer is there is no one to share these weird things with. When you were here I always was able to talk to you about stuff like that. In fact it would be enjoyable because you usually had equally weird thoughts on this or other things. I think that is the really enjoyable thing about relationships. People can overcome their own limitations by being understood by others and also by understanding others.

You asked me one before you left whether the confidence I had gained from our relationship would decrease during the summer. At that time being the cocky person I was, I felt that the confidence would be permanent. But the self-doubts I've had this summer convince me that a lot of my confidence was tied to you and was not an inner confidence of my own. I have doubted my intellectual abilities, my sexual potency, my emotional development and my social attributes. I really feel insecure about myself now. It's kind of scary because I always thought a person should be fairly secure before entering a long-term relationship with another. But now it seems this is impossible for me to ever be stable by myself.

Another thing I've discovered this summer is that it's easy for a lonely person to isolates themselves from other people. Instead of trying to meet other people, most of the time I stay to myself. If you thought I studied a lot before, you should see me now. As I think back, it seems like all I've done is study and work. A few days ago I finished writing my first Pol. Sci. paper. It turned out really good but when I think about all the time I spent on it, I don't think it is healthy. I find myself studying because there's nothing to do, not because I want to. A couple of times, I've invited people over for dinner to force myself out of isolation but it never is that much fun. You talked about comparing people. Well I've done the same thing and no one seems to come close to having what you had. It's also difficult for me to forget about my own problems for long enough to appreciate the personality of others. So far I guess I've been pretty self-centered. I've met one girl at the newspaper who is nice but her parents are going through a divorce now and its kind of messed her up. Consequently I prefer being by myself than having to listen to her problems. But then when I'm by myself it sometimes becomes overbearing and I wish for people to be there. It's especially difficult in the morning, just to wake up and be by myself. Sometimes when you were here, I would wake up before you and just watch you sleep. It was always kind of neat to do that because I felt really happy with you. Now sometimes I really hate to get up in the morning as there doesn't seem like much to get up for. I guess that is the biggest change in me. I used to be more optimistic about my personal life. Now it's hard to look forward to the future because the future seems lonely. I don't want just to have my pol. science career. I want something more than that. I hope I can find it. It seems weird that the only way I can become forward-looking again is to meet someone I really like, that I don't have the capacity to do it for myself. But apparently that's the way I am.

I'll try to follow your advice of "keep smiling" although it sounds difficult to implement. Re-reading this letter I guess most of it makes sense. I hope it does to you. It's kind of a depressing letter but I don't want it to depress you. I'm glad your relationship with Jean-Pierre is holding up. I want you to be happy. Write whenever you get the chance.

Love, Darrell

P.S. I'll send you the good pictures from the Washington trip after I get copies made of them.

July 24, 1975  
Darrell West  
Towers Apt. # 25  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

After thinking about your letter and the one I wrote you yesterday, I felt like it hadn't given you a complete picture of me and that I hadn't responded to much of the things you were saying in your letter. Yesterday afternoon I was in a very sad mood. I don't want you to take everything I wrote in a permanent way. I guess my letter was indicative of my mood then but I don't want you to think my mood is that negative all the time. I realized this morning that my letter could make you unhappy by painting such a bleak picture. I don't want that. I guess all of this just indicates the emotional ups and downs I've experienced this summer. Yesterday was a down day. When I was writing my letter to you, I ended up starting 5 or 6 different times because I really didn't know what to write you. I hated to write a completely negative letter even though that's the way I felt. But since I wanted to be honest with you as you were with me, then I ended up writing about the mood I really was in. Your letter to me sounded like your summer has been up and down also. I guess it's just one more thing we have in common. I'm glad you told Jean-Pierre about us for a couple of reasons. I guess I still doubted that I meant that much to you if you would be able to return to him without it affecting your behavior. Also if you were able to hide all this from him, I

always thought that indicated something negative about your relationship with him. You were talking about the necessity of openness in a relationship. You were right as this experience indicates. So the fact that you weren't able to hide our relationship from him and that he understood your feelings indicates the strength of your relationship with him. I'm sure your relationship with him is going to last a long time if you continue to meet problems like you did this one, in an open and honest manner.

As I was thinking about everything I wrote yesterday, I also realized that I had written a self-oriented letter emphasizing everything about me and very little about you in relation to me or just about you. Please don't think that means I value you any less than I did before. It just indicates what you knew all along. When I'm depressed, I can act very selfishly. I still value my thoughts about you very highly. Sometimes when I'm walking down the sidewalk I think of the fun little things we did, like when we were holding each other and talking or I think of your staccato voice. I still remember the sound of it. Then I always smile or laugh out loud because I still remember what a neat person you are. This letter is starting to get sentimental as yours did but I don't feel I should apologize for it. It tells the other way I feel sometimes in contrast to my depressed moods.

It's hard for me this summer to accept the decision we made not to pursue a long-term relationship. I think it is likely we could have stayed very happy together despite our differences. But I realize that it's too late for that. Perhaps that is the most important thing my love for you taught me. That understanding and tolerance is one of the most important qualities people can have. With that comes the realization that sometimes even the most understanding people are intolerant and hard as both of us were at times. Before it was hard for me to accept that, not only from you but also from me. I thought that my occasional intolerance was an indication of immaturity. In reality, I guess it is just a very human reaction to something bothering me. Perhaps I have matured without even realizing it during all of this. That would be ironical since you know how closely I watch myself unfold. So I guess I'll just have to find someone who fits together with me both in ways of thinking and in understanding. By that I don't mean a yes-woman. But I'm really not sure what kind of person she will be. I agree with you that it's time to start living again although I say that knowing there will be fits of utter depression on my part in the future. But when I think about our relationship I think I expected it to take away all my personal problems, like depression and insecurity. But I remember that despite the love we had, both of us experienced ups and downs, like after we saw "Tommy." I'm growing to realize that emotional ups and downs are a part of my personality whether I'm in a good relationship or not. To hunt for a relationship that eliminates depression is to search in futile for a fountain of youth like Ponce De Leon (normally I don't cite historical explorers but I will this time. I hope you appreciate my humorous portrayal of your apologizing for including a quotation in your letter). But getting back to the point, one time we talked about how the relationship would change each of us. In relation to me I said there were times when I thought the relationship had changed me greatly such as by giving me confidence, helping me enjoy being with another person. But at other times I wonder if I had changed at all because my basic personality remains the same. I still distrust people and still get depressed and did likewise when you were here. So I guess what all of this means is that there are things about me which I still don't accept. Perhaps I never will but I think accepting what you are (although doing so at the risk of stagnation and failure to grow) is part of being happy. I haven't accepted parts of me but think I am getting closer to it. I am convinced though that I can't be by myself because I don't have the inner strength to do that. I think I'm ready to settle down and develop together with another person. I know this contradicts what I felt a few months ago but I guess that is the biggest change you had on me. You convinced me it is stupid to throw away a good relationship like we had. I now believe that such a relation is the best way for me to live. Now I just have to find somebody that has all the qualities you had like understanding, sensitivity, and independence. I don't mean I want a woman just like you, although that would be nice. But she will have to have similar qualities. I've thought about placing an ad in the newspaper requesting a person with those qualities to write me but it seems impractical. I've also thought about limiting potential applicants for the position of "lover" (no I still prefer girlfriend) to those living within 100 miles of Oxford. But I shouldn't be that narrow I guess as I might eliminate some of the best people that way.

This letter has been good for me because whereas I struggled writing the last letter, this one has developed by itself. I hope you remember that when you read them. I guess I should stop apologizing for that letter but I don't want it to upset you. So just consider the circumstances and understand as I know you will. Bye.

Love, Darrell

July 31, 1975  
Jeanne Fischbach  
Paris, France

Dear Darrell,

I just made a cake which made we think of you making my birthday cake and how I got mad at you that night. I've trouble imagining getting mad at you, how could I? I only think of the good time we had, the good boy you've been, and all the time we had together. I'm trying to live with my past (recent one) and my memories, a nice way to tell you that you often linger on my mind and that I can't forget you. I felt some satisfaction as I saw in your letters that you've been more attached to me than I'd ever thought. You felt the same the other way round. Although we kept on telling each other we had confidence in the other person, deep inside we didn't believe in reciprocal love, therefore afraid to give too much of ourselves. But as you said agonizing is in vain, we won't spend our lives together. Where doubts about the decision arise, I convince myself with rationalizations, that we chose the best alternative. After the first of the two consecutive letters, I felt really sad because you seemed so lonely and unhappy, with nobody to talk to and if I'd had a phone number where to reach you I would have called without knowing in advance what I would have told you, but it must be quite a shock to hear your voice again. When you move into your apartment you'll probably have a phone and I'll probably have the courage to call. So I imagined you're in your (one of your) weird moods, not talking very much, hardly grinning, your weird wondering speech of trivialities so as to overcome your mood until I questioned you and wouldn't rest until I got "everything" out of you and share it with you. And I wish I could be there and I realized I could not be of any help to you. Somebody else is going to be by your side, even if desperate because you don't find here immediately, please don't make the mistake to look for me (or my qualities) in my successor. Every person is unique. I loved things and idiosyncrasies in you for example that I'll never meet again in other people.

It's difficult to feel secure if you are all by yourself, especially if you haven't had enough strong relationships with other people (male or female) that gives you this inner security you're talking about. I'm sure all your self-doubts are temporary. For the time neither your emotional nor your intellectual life is satisfactory so that your insecurity seems "normal." When you write about your sexual potency I think of the empty apartment and the way it affected you. Now there is a big smile on my face.

It is strange how we always sublimate our past. Only the good times remain in our memory. When I was still in Oxford, you always told me that we would never live together, for a lifetime, or even two weeks or years, and now you write the contrary. Don't see in me your long last chance for happiness. I knew that the first time after a definite separation is hard. I'd told you that it took me nearly a year to forget my Italian experience. Reading you, I regret that I didn't go to the U.S. this fall since now you are ready to settle down. I just prepared the way for my successor. But never mind. I don't regret anything and compared to you, I'm better off now because I have somebody to talk to and who understands me. I'm still extremely close to my brother with whom I can talk everything over -- even you.

My father is spending two weeks at home and will go back to Paris next week for an additional treatment. I've been interrupted here, I have to leave now for Luxembourg City -- and you too for a day or two.

Jeanne

P.S. Don't think I stop writing because I don't have anything else to say. You'll see. I kiss you in thought.

August 5, 1975  
Vicky Markell  
Rt. 1  
Maysville, KY 41056

Dear Darrell,

The picture isn't so flattering (to me) but it is cute. Kinda captures a mood.

I talked to Amy last night -- she asked about you. She sounded great -- she seems to be having a good summer with new friends and a GUY!!!

I "feel" that you're healing -- that maybe you're not as empty now. I hope I'm right.

Things here continue to be warm and secure and fun. I'm so glad I stayed here. I feel that I'm learning about myself. The A # 1 thing I'm beginning to work on is liking and accepting myself. I feel so much pressure to excel and accomplish. I'm not sure if this pressure is self-inflicted or due to actual expectations of others. Either way, I just want to relax and be happy. I've got a lot of work to do with myself. I hope you'll help me Darrell.

Robert will be home next weekend for 3 days. I think it'll be good -- just pleasant companionship. I don't need him nearly as much now -- I hope he can feel the same way. It'll make it easy to just enjoy each other.

Well Darrell, I'm thinking of you. Take care. I'm here if you need me.

Love, Vicky

August 6, 1975

Darrell West

Towers Apt. # 25

Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

Hi! Your last letter was a neat letter and I appreciate you're telling me the things you did. It reminded me what an insightful person you are like when you were talking about the doubts each of us had about the other's love. I hadn't realize that when you were here. I think I am beginning to make the adjustment of being away from you. When I receive the previous letter from you, I was depressed for several days. When I got this letter from you this time, I was able to relive some of the memories without getting depressed. It also helped this time that Artie, my roommate, was around. He and I have gotten pretty close this summer. He is aware of my situation with you and so when I'm down I can talk to him. Consequently I was able to talk to him after getting your letter. I'm also finding that I'm beginning to stabilize more, just as you predicted. I was really worried about me for awhile because I wasn't enjoying anything about life and saw little optimistic in the future. That shitty letter I wrote a couple of weeks ago was indicative of my mood then. My life has improved a lot since then and I think the entire summer has been a valuable experience for me. It made me realize how vulnerable I am when I'm depressed. But it also showed me that in the future I have to learn to cope with periodic depression, such as by talking it out. I hope you don't take this wrong but I'm kinda of glad you couldn't call after you got that letter as it would have been traumatic for me. It would have brought back too many memories at a time when I'm just beginning to readjust. Just to have you so near to me as to talk with you would have been really weird for me. I hope you understand what I mean. Probably in the next few weeks I will have adjusted enough to be comfortable talking to and with you. Then I would like it very much to talk with you. But now right now. Do you understand? I trust that you do.

My intellectual life is sparking my interest again now. It's weird because of my mood but for the first summer term which ended last week, I did the best grade-wise that I've ever done, getting a 4.0. That means a lot to me although I also realize the work I did to get it. By the way, how is your English coming along now? Do you ever get a chance to speak, read, and/or write it? I hope that you can maintain your proficiency in it so that when we do speak and/or meet again, I can listen to your staccato voice. I still remember it now and then. You were talking about making a cake and how you got mad at me. One thing that I remember fairly often, especially when driving past highway motel signs is the time at the Ramade Inn when you cut your hand climbing over that stupid fence. When I think of that now I feel bad, because I remember that you cut it because I forced you to climb it. It's funny the things people remember, isn't it. I wonder what each of us will remember in a couple of years. Although it's sad to admit, the truth is that both of us will remember very few of the details and specific experiences of our relationships. But I'm sure that I will remember the general feeling of happiness which I felt with you. You were right in saying earlier in the summer, I felt you were my last chance for happiness. Although I haven't found "your successor" I am optimistic that out there somewhere is someone I will love. Oh yea, I got your candy. That

was neat opening up my mailbox and seeing the package. I'm glad you sent it. I was going to share some with Artie but then I decided not to give him any, just to keep it for myself. And I felt absolutely no guilt doing it.

Looking at your letter again, I can't get over how well you knew me. When you describe how I act in my weird moods, talking little or talking about trivial things, I had to laugh as it is absolutely true. It's nice to be able to laugh again. If this letter seems good in contrast to the bad mood of one of my last letters, just realize the truth of my mood. It is really just some subtle nuance (as McLellan would say) between good and bad. Will you write me and tell me what you have been doing this summer? I don't really feel that I know what's happening for you. You've spent a lot of space in your letters talking about my moods and less of your moods. Also you really haven't told me how everything with Jean-Pierre is. I hope it's okay. Perhaps we can now ease out of the adjustment stage into the friendship stage (yes I still am a firm believer in stage theory despite its artificiality. It's a good conceptual framework).

I included some pictures for you. I tried to get the best ones. If there are other ones you want, let me know. Could you send me sometime in the future some pictures of you? I haven't written the short story about you and don't know if I ever will. It's more fun to let the memories linger, than to try and structure them in some way. I will look forward to getting your next letter but don't feel that you have to answer this letter immediately. Answer it whenever you feel like it (which I hope is soon). Bye.

Love, Darrell

August 6, 1975  
Tom Larson  
123 S. Strawberry Lane  
Chagrin Falls, Ohio 44022

Dear Darrell,

For a summer job, I suppose things are going pretty well. I have finally paid all my debts and hope to accumulate a little in the bank to make things easier in Oxford once school starts. For kicks I've gone to a few concerts and been hiking in the woods. I saw Janet in July for a few days and I've been reading when I get a chance.

You'll have to tell me about your independent project. It sounds intriguing.

I hope to move into the apartment on September 1 and have written the manager telling him so. I also wrote the electric company telling them when to start service. As for outfitting our pad, I'll bring some kitchen things to complement those which you told me about. I'm also bringing a nice kitchen table with drop leaves. I also have put together a stereo outfit that I'm rather proud of. I think we can make more curtains when we get there. I've got some that might fit one window. My grandmother gave me a few old lamps. We'll see if we need them.

I suppose you have your own linens and towels as I have mine. I will make us some shelves as we see the need (there already are some brackets in the living room). I can't think of anything else right now. Write and ask if I have something you think we need that I didn't mention.

Dennis' address: Dennis McGucken, 569 Glendora Ave., Akron, Ohio 44320.

Tom

August 13, 1975  
Darrell West  
Towers Apt. # 25  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Laine [Hawxhurst],

Remember me? You know the cute little kid with curly hair? Oh good I was hoping you would. So how has your summer been? Did you end up living in Rochester for the summer? I hope it turned out well for you. When do you go back to school? (I'm asking all these questions to force you to write me although I realize the degree of coercion from this letter is pretty small).

The latest news from Oxford on Jeannette is that her and Steve are no longer in love or at least, Steve isn't. He went to Boston, Mass. for Spring semester and after returning to Oxford this summer changed his mind. Needless to say she was upset. At the risk of turning

this letter into a gossip sheet, I will at least turn to a more interesting subject -- me. I've spent the summer in Oxford, going to school while working 4 days a week in Richmond at the newspaper. The summer has been up and down for me as Jeanne, I think I mentioned her to you when you were here, returned to Luxembourg. I'll probably never see her again. I really liked her a lot, though I doubt we could have had a long-term relationship. She was a person who was always outgoing and warm to me but if you got her in with friends of mine which she didn't know, then for some reason she would freeze up and not say anything. It made her appear to be snobbish and aloof to them and I have to admit that it restricted our social life. She also was used to a higher standard of living then I'll ever have or want, which would have produced conflicts between us. So I think in the long run it was best she left although at times this summer I've wondered if that was correct. The earlier part of the summer was very lonely as there was no one in Oxford I felt I could talk to. Now I've adjusted to the situation better and don't feel as depressed as I did before. It really takes me a long time to adjust to change but I don't know what to do about that.

Academic-wise, I'm doing really well, not only grade-wise (I got a 4.0 last term) but also learning-wise. In the last year I've felt like I've really developed intellectually. I'm taking the Honors sequence in Pol. Sci. this year which is a 3-quarter sequence of independent studies under 5 professors. At the end, I have to undergo an oral exam from all five together. I started it this summer and it has really been challenging. I'm beginning to realize why it takes people years to understand political systems. It reminds of that independent study I did a couple of years ago, which you read and thought was shitty. At that time, it made me furious that you thought that but now I realize it was a shitty paper.

It seems that every paper I write, a month later I can look at it and see new ways of improving it, which indicates to me I am growing a lot. Next year when I graduate I hope to go to graduate school in Pol. Sci. It would be nice to go a really good school but it just depends on where I can get money from.

So now I feel like I've brought you up-to-date on my recent history. I hope you'll write me and tell me about you since I last saw you. So until we meet again.

Love, Darrell

August 23, 1975  
Darrell West  
Towers Apt. # 25  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Vicky [Markell],

It seems like a long time since I communicated with you. In fact it has been several weeks. I was wondering if it would be okay for me to come to visit you in a couple of weekends, like around September 7? If that's not a good time for you, suggest another time and we'll see if we can get together.

How did your visit with Robert go? You'll have to write or tell me when I come about it. It kind of sounds to me, from what little I've seen this summer, that your relationship with him is changing. I guess it's just a matter of the two people involved changing and then having to face a readjustment over the changes of each other. It will be interesting to talk to you to find out how it's going now.

I've had a fairly eventful week. I received my first speeding ticket, got involved in a political controversy in Richmond while on a reporting assignment and had my apartment robbed.

It was weird to get robbed because nothing like that has ever happened to me. It was totally out of my conceptual framework for existence. He, she, they, or it ended up taking \$30 in cash and a small quantity of grass which made me really mad because I had just purchased the above-mentioned dope. It was of really good quality and I had only had a chance to smoke it once. The thieves were nice in that they did leave one already-rolled joint in my desk. I am, of course, guarding that night and day. They also did something which I can't figure out, which is breaking four or five eggs in the middle of my carpet. That was a prickly thing for them to do. But fortunately they didn't bother my guitar, typewriter, camera or ransacked my room. It was kind of a bad situation because I couldn't report it to the police so there really is no way I can recover it. I really think it's time for the government to step into the dope market so as to protect innocent consumers who get ripped off.



I'll have to tell you about the political controversy when I see you because it's a pretty long story. It was enlightening for me though because after receiving a lot of idealized and theoretical explanations of what goes on in Am. society, it was good to see the practical side of things that really go on. Has this made you curious enough to write me and say "Yes Darrell, please come down to see me so I can find out what's going on." If so then this letter has been a successful one.

Til I see you, take care of yourself. Bye.

Love, Darrell

August 23, 1975  
Darrell West  
Towers Apt. # 25  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Paul [Laird],

Had my first encounter with political intrigue recently. I was sent to cover a lawn party at which the Republican mayoral candidate was going to speak. Because I got there late, I missed his speech, so I decided to interview him. During the course of the interview Dickman made a pretty serious charge -- he said his Democratic opponent had required commissions to contractors wishing to sell products to the city of Richmond. I asked him what evidence he had to support this allegation and he produced a man, formerly with a chemical company, who had been involved in such a transaction. As I was getting more information from these two guys, a third man came up, the city Republican chairman. When he heard the allegations being made he blew up, evidently realizing that the charges could not be supported and would thus look bad for his party's candidate. He asked me if I was going to print what Dickman had said. I said yes. Then he answered that Dickman hadn't realized it was going to be printed which was bullshit considering it was an interview-type situation and I was obviously taking elaborate notes. All the while the Republican chairman was arguing, Dickman was standing around not really saying anything as he apparently still hadn't realized the problem he had gotten himself into. I ended up saying I was going to print it and then I left. As I was writing the story at the office, the Republican chairman called the news editor and said that Dickman hadn't intended for it to be printed, which I don't think was true. If it was he would have made the phone call himself. The editor ended up telling me not to print it. We had a long discussion in which I said it was bad policy for a newspaper to allow outsiders to determine what was printed. Also it seemed that the only reason we hadn't printed was it would make the mayoral candidate look stupid. The paper shouldn't go around protecting politicians like that. But in the end I lost the argument and wrote a completely unpolitical and uninteresting story. Match that.

Darrell

August 22, 1975  
 Beth Germon  
 1119 Chestnut Boulevard  
 Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223

Dear Darrell,

Changed? I don't know -- maybe I have. These last few months have held so much for me. Both my studies in London and work this summer have brought me in contact with strangers, if you will. Strangers who have very quickly become friends. Then too, I feel like I know you pretty well, even better than last fall quarter with all the letter writing -- and I was excited to see you and frustrated by a lack of time. I just felt like me. Anyway, I hope if there is a change that it's for the good ...

There's still so much I want to talk to you about, you know I do want to hear more about Jeanne. There'll be plenty of time, yes?

Only two more weeks of work! I'll be so glad to get away yet really sad to leave both customers and the kids that work there. They're really special to me. My birthday was the 14th of this month and the fact that I was turning 20 was a joke. Most of the kids who work there are 16-17 and none of them would believe it. It got to be a guessing game with some of the customers, who always lost I might add. The next day I got two birthday cakes and we didn't seem to get too much work done -- two guys I always wait on brought in one cake, my manager the other. I worked an 11-hour day 6:30 -5:30 so by that evening yours truly was very tired but oh so happy! People are so fantastic ... how can you ever thank them enough?

I'm pretty excited about getting back to Miami, yet it'll be so much like starting over. Carol, Andys, Don, they're all gone. Chris and I just aren't close any more ... Still I'm sure it'll be good. Maybe I'm better off on my own though, have been so all summer and things have been great.

We're taking my brother to Purdue tomorrow -- their classes start so much earlier. Anyway, I'd better be going, it's late and as usual I'm dead tired.

Will see you soon!

God bless and take care.

Love, Beth

August 30, 1975  
 Paul Laird  
 500 Market Avenue South  
 Canton, Ohio 44702

Dear Mr. West,

First of all, let me say if I hear any more snide remarks or replies to my new occupation, I will personally come to Oxford and whack off your wah wah with a dull switchblade.

Instead of being the editorial assistant (glorified copy boy), I am now a jockstrap journalist, also known as a sportswriter. This downfall came because one of the editorial writers went to Washington to work for the local redneck representative and instead of replacing him, they moved one of the sports boys over to the copy desk and made me the apprentice jock. It has been quite a transition to put it mildly. Frankly, sports make me as sick as ever, only now I have to disguise it. I work mostly late night, which I'm doing right now. When I have the chance, as I did tonight, I go outside and smoke a joint or five so I can face the world of sport for the rest of the evening. There are a lot of people here who party, so it isn't too bad (although none of them are working when I do, so it's usually a one man party). Last night, however, there were three of us who wanted (needed) to get loaded, so I got the key to the publisher's office and we partied there. I felt like the real executive type.

Life out here in the real world is somewhat of a drag, although there are times I enjoy the feeling of being self sufficient. My social life has gone from bad to worse and back to bad again, but it looks like any day now I may move into the mediocre status.

I must say I was surprised to hear from you and with as responsible as I am about returning letters, you also should be surprised to hear from me. Several people from school have been here this summer. Oh, before I forget, the job which I vacated was filled by none other than Steve Doerschuk, STUPID sports editor. It was narrowed down to him or Bob White because of the stellar impression I made on the metropolitan editor who does the

hiring. I was pretty surprised that he got it since he hasn't graduated (no, he won't be returning to MU), but I guess the reason he was is because of his enthusiasm for sports, his native Cantonian status and that he graduated from the same school as I (not that I've gotten big-headed, but you've got to call them the way you see them).

It's almost time for me to take off an hour early again since there's nothing much happening in the world of Canton area sport and I'm too lazy and stoned to do any kind of a feature.

Thanks again for writing and if you ever need any kind of advice about any aspect of journalism, now that I know everything, don't think that I have come to hold myself in such high esteem as to turn my back on a less fortunate friend.

Take care, Laird

September 2, 1975

Vicky Markell

Rt. 1

Maysville, Kentucky 41056

Dear Darrell,

Your letter was a masterpiece (as you are). I couldn't reply until today though. My Grandpa's 80th birthday is Sunday and it was decided that we have to go to Cincinnati that day. I was pushing for Friday and Saturday, but the relatives said Sunday. Buggers! So you must come at another time before the 22nd when I will arrive in Oxford. No excuses accepted.

Big news around here is that Robert is getting an honorable discharge from the Navy within the month. I'll have to tell you the details at our next meeting. That could present a few difficulties since he lives here, but his attitude is great and so is Steve's. My life is so exciting! It'll be weird to get back to school and sit in my room or at the library for entertainment. I'm counting on you Darrell!

Sorry this is so short and impersonal but it'll be so soon that I see you that I don't feel like pouring it out on paper! Come visit soon.

Love, Vicky

September 13, 1975

Darrell West

Block M Apt # 33

305 South Locust St.

Oxford, Ohio 45056

Hi Jake [Taylor],

Long time no hear. I talked to your mother on the phone today to find out your latest address. From all she told me, it sounds as if you're becoming a world traveler. Puerto Rico, Florida ... and on to Scotland and maybe the Mediterranean. The big question at this point is how they'll ever keep him on the farm after he's seen all that. It must be weird being underwater a lot of the time though. It probably makes your skin like dishpan hands. But I guess that's the sacrifice some make for the nation.

She also gave me the news that you don't intend to re-enlist when your term ends. For some strange reason, that didn't surprise me a whole lot although she seemed like it was new news.

It's just about time for school to start for me again this fall as it officially opens Sept. 24. I've taken a couple of classes this summer while also working at the Pal-Item four days a week. I've given up my journalism career though. I intend to go to graduate school in Political Science next year.

This has kind of been a summer of adjustment though because Jeanne, my Luxembourg friend, returned home and I'll probably never see her again. Few of my close friends from school were around Oxford this summer so I pretty much felt by myself. I'm hoping that now that students are returning, I'll start meeting some new people again.

I had several new experiences this summer although they were shitty ones. My apartment was robbed of \$30 in cash and a small quantity of grass. I'm convinced the government should legalize grass so as to protect the exploited consumer. I also encountered police harassment for the first time. I was stopped for speeding in Liberty after covering a town board meeting there. The officer asked for the car's registration, but because it was the

Pal-Item car, I had difficulty locating it. When I couldn't find it, he threatened to impound the car which was totally a prickly thing for him to say since there was no doubt that the car was not stolen. I finally located it and satisfied him. I ended up having to pay a \$10 fine.

But obviously it is these new experiences that make life not quite so boring, which it usually is. As you may guess I'm developing my latent cynicism, although sometimes I maintain an optimism in the basic justice and humanitarianism of the world. I guess I'm still undergoing my identity crisis. Perhaps someday everything will level out. I guess life is cyclical between periods of good and bad. If you have discovered the secret to eternal happiness, please send it in a plainly-wrapped brown package. Let me know how you're doing.

Darrell

September 13, 1975  
 Darrell West  
 Block M Apt # 33  
 305 South Locust St.  
 Oxford, Ohio 45056

Beth [Germon],

Hi. It seems strange that school is going to be starting again in a week or so. After the campus being so deserted all summer and most of my friends being away from here. It's a big change to see the town starting to come alive again. I haven't really gotten into the spirit yet because I'm still in the process of finishing a paper for summer school. But I'm sure the return of people back here will invigorate me.

I've moved to a new apartment now, the one where I'll be living this year with Tom Larson and Dennis McGucken. It's Block M Apts, # 33, which are located across from Kroger's on Locust Street. Tom was down here for a day last week, bringing some of his clothes, before going off on a trip through New England and Canada. Our visit was really good too as Tom is the kind of person you can sit down with and talk to. He also is an interesting person to listen to because he has done a lot of things. I'm sure rooming with him will work out well. Dennis, I don't know very well, but everything should be okay there too.

I still feel kind of uncertain about the upcoming year because I'm not sure what it is going to hold for me. There are a few people I expect to be close to, like you and Vicky, but other than that, my older friends are gone or have changed. Each year of college has always turned out more fun than the previous one, but it is still difficult, when facing the unknown to be confident. Perhaps being forced to meet new people again is a good process and a good confidence-builder. I hope so anyway.

I ended up not leaving my old apartment soon enough as a couple of weeks before I left, my apartment was robbed. It was a very weird crime because the only things taken were \$30 in cash and a small quantity of grass. In addition the robbers took 4-5 eggs out of my refrigerator and broke them on my carpet. The loss of the grass made me mad because I had just purchased it a week before for \$7 and had only smoked it once. I've reached the conclusion that it's time for the government to step in and legalize grass. It's needed to protect the exploited consumer who gets ripped off. I wasn't even able to report it to the police because you can't trace either cash or dope. Perhaps I'll write a letter to my congressman.

I also got involved in a big political controversy in Richmond at the newspaper. But I'll save that exciting and long story for when you get to Oxford.

Did you ever find out which dorm you'll be overflowing? Let me know when you arrive and we can get together. So until I see you, Bye.

Darrell

P.S. My phone number is 523-1574.

September, 1975  
 Jeanne Fischbach  
 Luxembourg

Hi Darrell,

There is a reason why I haven't answered your letter and thanked you for remembering the popcorn machine and the pictures. I'm busy preparing my wedding. It was

kind of a sudden decision, but it was also the only way to get Jean-Pierre transferred from his school to one in the Geneva area. October 4th is the big day, although for me it's only an administrative formality, it's not going to change my behavior. I'm going to write later. Hope all's well for you and for your family.

Love, Jeanne

September 23, 1975  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

I have to admit I was a little shocked when I first received your card announcing your marriage as I guess part of me still claims you. Your card indicated a briefness and a finality to our relationship that I have tried all summer to accept but apparently have not successfully done so. But my adjustment is being eased now because school is starting and some of my friends have returned. I've trying to gain a perspective on our relationship although it's difficult to do so. I just read *Fear of Flying* and found several of the characters relevant to my own life. So perhaps I'm getting closer to understanding myself. Or maybe I'm getting better at rationalization. Either way, it helps my adjustment.

Although it is cliché in America to wish an engaged couple a happy life together, I hope you don't take it as insincere. I do wish both of you happiness. My only advice is that you somehow retain the newness of your relationship with Jean-Pierre throughout your marriage so as to prevent the boredom and loneliness which sometimes creeps into marriage. This newness perhaps can be retained by not, as a couple, isolating yourselves from other people, but by meeting new people, discovering new ideas, and developing new interests. Though it is difficult for me to write this to you because of my lingering feelings for you, I think it is necessary because I know you well enough to warn you of things that might arise in your relationship with Jean-Pierre. As my relationship with you developed, we sometimes inadvertently isolated ourselves from other people, I think, because neither of us felt very comfortable with them. I often feel alienated and distant from other people and incapable of communicating with them, something I think you also feel. I think that a relationship can temporarily act as a fortress, guarding against other people because in the beginning there are new discoveries to be made about each other. But in the long run, after the new discoveries wear off, living in a 2-person fortress cuts an individual off from the world and makes the person bored with life and the relationship. This I see is the thing both you and I have to guard against in any long-term relationship. In short-term relationships, neither of us get bored because we're open enough to make the relationship exciting. These are just a few of my thoughts. They may be full of shit but I hope they're useful to you. I hope you read them in the spirit they were given, meaning from someone who thinks you're a neat person.

Darrell

September 23, 1975  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Markell,

Just a belated note to thank you for your hospitality to me this summer during my trips to Maysville. After cooking for myself this summer, I especially appreciated the meals you provided me. And even more than that I found the discussions raised my spirits higher than they were before the trips. I realize, Mrs. Markell, that sometimes you were disappointed that I didn't express my inner thoughts more than I did. But you have to understand all my life I've been a very private person. The last two years I opened up more than I thought was possible. I still have a long way to go in learning to deal with some of these inner feelings like loneliness and arrogant feelings toward other people. I now can express these feelings in an intimate type relationship with someone I've known for a long time. I don't express them in other situations very often for fear of hurting people or the relationship or embarrassing myself. Perhaps this will come later. I just finished reading

Fear of Flying in which Erica Jong, the author describes her fears, emotional, social, and sexual. It is an excellent novel and very readable. It helped give me more of a perspective on myself. That, I think, is a good sign of my future development. So don't despair of my behavior. Also discussions like you and I had on how differing people handle loneliness was informative for me as it's interesting to find out how people handle these feelings.

In a related vein, it was interesting the last couple of days to watch how college students spend time that is completely free of academic pressures. Most of the students arrived Sunday or Monday and thus had 2-3 free days before classes started on Monday. One of my roommates, an English major, spent most of his time reading. My other roommate spent his time fixing things around the apartment. A friend spent his time getting high on grass. Vicky went to a movie and went shopping and saw some old friends. I spent my time seeing friends and watching people.

Darrell

September 25, 1975  
 Jake Taylor  
 21 Faulkner Drive  
 Quaker Hill, Conn. 06375

Darrell,

I felt it was my duty to write to you so you know I'm still alive and well here in Connecticut.

However, that's all I can do right now. It's 1:10 a.m. and I'm leaving tomorrow for Scotland so you can understand I'm going to be tired but I don't want to be any more tired.

What I'm trying to say in case you hadn't caught on yet is that I'm not really writing you a letter but I'm writing this letter to tell you why I can't write a letter.

I'll be back in the middle of December and I'll write you a letter then.

I'm glad you understand what's going on.

Good night, Jake

October 27, 1975  
 Darrell West  
 Block M Apt # 33  
 305 South Locust St.  
 Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Greg [Babyas],

Yes, I know you're shocked to hear from me, but I have a business proposition for you. I am in the process of applying for \$10,000 to the National Science Foundation for a research project to be conducted next summer. The project is part of the Student-Originated-Studies program and is intended mainly for undergraduates. The topic that I've chosen is the effects of school busing for desegregation on a community, emphasizing its social and political ramifications. More specifically, the project will involve opinion surveys of attitudes toward busing, attitudes toward the courts and government in general, whether busing leads to a white exodus to the suburbs, voting trends, tactics used by anti-busing factions, etc. What I would like to analyze is: 1) What are the differing effects of busing? 2) Are they different in different parts of the city? 3) If so, why are they different? 4) Do the differences lead to different degrees of success for busing?

The location for the study is going to be Dayton, Ohio. I have secured the assistance of Dr. Bill Gordon, a Miami professor who also is writing the desegregation plan for Dayton. This project will be a group project involving 7-8 students, some from Miami and some from elsewhere. If you are interested, I would like to include you on the research team. The project, if funded by NSF, would run all summer. Each student will be paid \$70-90 a week depending on how much I can get from NSF.

If you are uncertain as to what you plan to do next summer, you can sign up anyway. You can resign from the project at a later date if you end up wanting to do something else. A note of caution -- because the funding of a grant is never certain, you might pursue any other opportunities for next summer that you have, in case funding falls through. Because I'm sure by the time you reach this point in the letter, you're wondering what the fuck this is all about, I'll call you to add details and answer any questions. I'll call on Thursday night around 9 p.m. (assuming I can get your number from information).

Darrell

October 30, 1975  
 Darrell West  
 Block M Apt # 33  
 305 South Locust St.  
 Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jack [Cornett],

So how's everything going at CSU? Is law school everything you dreamed it would be? I talked to Dawn who said your workload is heavy and social life is just beginning (which I assumed was a nice way of saying it was shitty). But I'm sure by now things are under control and you've fallen in love.

Everything in Oxford is going fairly well. I took the Graduate Record Exam last Saturday -- 6 hours of testing on the aptitude part. I don't think I did that well although on the advanced political science portion I'm sure I did well. So hopefully I'll be able to get into a good graduate program. I'll probably apply to IU, Ohio State, Northwestern and a couple others.

I'm sorry to report I haven't fallen in love yet, but I'm still looking for Ms. Wonderful. I've met a graduate student who is from France but I doubt if anything will develop as I seem to have a mental block against European accents.

Rich seems to be turning into a genuine addict now as he is really smoking a lot, like 3-4 times a week. I don't think he's that anxious to enter the business world. He keeps saying that fucking off is a much better life than working to death. He's had a couple of interviews though and they apparently are going really well.

Apartment living is turning out pretty well although I do miss having a lot of people around as in the dorm. But at last I have 24-hour visitation now. The only problem is I can't abuse my newly-found freedom since I don't have anyone to visitate with.

Tom Larson and Dennis and I are getting along well. We've developing a carefully calculated checks and balances system based on each of our personalities. In relation to eating, Tom likes to eat well, Dennis likes convenient foods, while I like cheap food. Each of us is able, when we go shopping, to control the excessive inclinations of the others. The founding Fathers would be proud of us. The only real problem that has developed is washing dishes. None of us likes to do it but because we only have enough plates and glasses for one meal, it becomes vital that they get done on a regular basis. Hopefully we'll resolve the problem without me getting the shit end of the stick (if you'll excuse the explicitness). Write if you get a chance. See ya. Are you coming home for Thanksgiving?

Darrell

P.S. Praxis recently published the 1974 salary figures of Miami professors. Thought you might be interested in them.

September 30, 1975  
 Laine Hawxhurst  
 Box 264 Kirkland College  
 Clinton, NY 13323

Dear Darrell,

Today I received a postcard to the effect of where are you? I just want to tell you that this letter to you was already on my list of things which had to be done today. So even if I hadn't gotten your postcard, you would have gotten this letter. Jeannette should be getting a letter too in a few days. I don't like writing 2 letters in the same day to the same town.

And so, my sweet, you are a senior as am I. I'm sure, though, that unlike me you have next year relatively well planned out already. Is that not so? Will you be working for the paper? Graduate school? Do tell. By the way, how is Miami's graduate school in Business Administration? I'm not at all sure I'd like to return but I must admit that the thought is tempting.

Jeanne is such a beautiful name. And missing people is no fun at all.

My classes are great! I'm involved in a seminar in theology. We are discussing the theological ramifications/justifications/explanations of Hitler's decimation of European Jewry. It gets so complicated. Have you ever read the story of Job from the Bible? Job was a good man and refused to believe that his God was just and that all his pains and trials were just

punishments for sins he'd committed. The Jews too cannot think that they'd been evil; not 6 million of them.

I'm also taking Macroeconomic Theory. At least in that course there's such a thing as a right answer. The third course is an independent study on Bible interpretation. I go to Bible study classes at the fellowship here at school, at the Seventh Day Adventist church and at the Baptist church. Church 3 times a week. Not bad, maybe I'll end up a better person for it.

So where are you living? Do you have a new lover yet? I would imagine that you, such a smart and handsome man, would have very little difficulty finding a suitable companion. You know? After I left Michael, I haven't been in love like that. I'm waiting, but I'm sure as hell not going to hold my breath.

So what else? I've got a darling roommate who has a wonderful boyfriend. The three of us hang out together quite a bit.

All in all, I'm as happy as can be expected. I'm working at things I enjoy with people I enjoy working with. The weather today is lovely and the leaves range from the luscious green of summer to the brightest orange of all to the cold brown of winter. All in all a good time to be alive.

My love to you.

Love, Laine

November 4, 1975  
Greg Babyas  
Duke Manor Apt.  
Durham, NC 27706

Dear Darrell,

Thanks again for including me in the study. I'm really psyched and keeping my fingers crossed for the funding (the crossed fingers explain the penmanship in this letter).

Things go well here. I'd say academically the workload is substantially harder than Miami, but you do have more time (I'm only in class 11 hours a week). Although the profs are all very big names, the teaching is on the whole maybe equal or slightly worse than at Miami. The big difference is in the competition here. Around 65-70% of the people here are pre-law or pre-med, and very serious about it. Also everyone does fairly well, which makes the curve tough, whereas at Miami while there were many competent people, there seemed to me to be a small substrata which you could count on to fuck up, hence helping everyone's grade. Here a fuck-up is someone who only works Monday-Friday and is drunk all weekend.

Although it is a Southern school complete with frats, etc. the climate on the whole is more liberal than Miami with many people living off-campus. There are very few rules for a campus resident, very few rules regarding anything and a lot of people are very aware of and concerned with the outside world.

The biggest academic drawback is the fact that Duke is very much geared toward their graduate school and programs. Most professors are very inaccessible out of class (for example only 2 of my 4 profs have office hours, and they are for 1 1/2 and 2 hours a week).

Sorry I can't recopy this, but I've got to hustle and get this in the mail. Good luck deciphering the body of this letter as well as in your more important endeavors.

Yours, Greg

November 30, 1975  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

Long time no hear. I'm typing this letter because I know you can't read my writing. You'll be happy to know my writing is getting so bad now that there are times when I can't read it either. In fact a couple of weeks ago, I did something terrible to one of my political science professors. I wanted him to read a rough draft of a paper I intended to hand in to



him. So I gave him 15 pages of Darrell's handwriting, complete with arrows going from page to page. At the time I didn't think very much about it (as I never do) but later I realized the shitty thing I had done to him. Fortunately he didn't make any nasty comments about it although he should have. I would have.

But of course all that is irrelevant. How are you Jeanne? Is life going well for you? How is married life and how is your father? I hope you realize I'm asking all these questions in hopes of enticing you to thinking you have to answer this letter quickly. May you feel great pangs of Freudian guilt if you don't.

My life is going moderately well, perhaps a 7.3 on a 1-10 scale (that of course is merely an approximation). I haven't fallen in love this quarter which disappoints me greatly. There have been times of depression for me just as you warned me there would be. I've met several females this quarter but none of them excite me (emotionally speaking or physically speaking). But my other friends have helped out greatly. I still see Vicky and feel close to her. I guess that has been the most hopeful improvement in my life since this summer, having friends close. The summer had to be the worst time of my life as there really wasn't anyone to talk to or with. Apartment life with Tom and Dennis (yes, he's obsessed with sex. In fact his obsession is rubbing off on me. It's been so long since I've made love that I think I forget how) is working out well. We've working out an elaborate checks and balances system, based on our differing personalities. Dennis is the messiest and likes only convenient foods. Tom is the tidiest and likes to eat expensively. Darrell, that's me, is moderately neat and I like to eat cheaply. Each of us tries to check the excesses of the other such that the apartment gets cleaned up occasionally. A couple of weeks ago, for the first time in my life, I cleaned the toilet bowl. It wasn't as bad as I expected. In fact I really got into it (figuratively, not literally speaking). I hope you remember enough English to catch on to these clever puns. I'm turning into a good cook. I made meat loaf for the first time in my life (I'm still chalking up firsts). Two weeks ago, we had Dr. Campbell and his wife (she's an Iranian opera singer. See I've retained my desire for cosmopolitan social interaction). I made a casserole which turned out excellent except for two minor details. First it wasn't completely cooked which meant that you had to cut the potatoes with a knife rather than putting them into your mouth and chewing. Secondly, I didn't make enough which meant that each person got approximately 3 potatoes, one-half a carrot and 2 meat balls. But other than this, the meal went well.

Academically, the most interesting thing I've done is to develop a research proposal to study the effect of school desegregation in Dayton on political and social attitudes. The project is an eight-person project of which I am the dictator, since it was my idea and also because I enjoy being a dictator. By the way I know what you meant now when you one time told me I made the most important decision in our relationship, that of the amount of time we spent together, without you having much control over it. That probably is one of the most important things that I learned from our relationship. I do act like a tyrant sometimes. But back to my pride and job, the project. We hope to get \$11,000 from the National Science Foundation in Washington to fund this project. Now all I have to do is wait because they're not going to notify us of funding or not til March.

My second major academic decision is deciding which graduate school to apply to. I hope to go to a prestigious school. But a lot of it depends on how well I did on the Graduate Record Exam. I didn't feel that I did very well on it so I may have to go to a crummier school (crummy: slang for shitty).

These are the surface details of my existence fall quarter. But I haven't really told you anything deep about my life. So why don't we move into the "deep stage." If you want to take a coffee break before preceding with the rest of this letter, now would be a good time to do it ... Okay was the coffee good! I hope so.

There have been several times this quarter when I've really felt lonely, because I didn't have that one person to whom I could always turn. But I'm trying not to make the mistake I've made before in my life. That is to assume a romantic relationship is going to eliminate these feelings. I know now that they won't be eliminated by a girlfriend because the feelings are a much deeper part of my personality. I just have to learn to deal with them. I've started to leaf through telephone directories and have found it to be an enjoyable distraction, just as you did (I hope you forgive my subtle poke in your ribs). But I hope there

is something meaningful for my existence. I expect to find a surface meaningfulness in my academic career, my relationship with hopefully a wife sometime and in my close friends. But I think I also need some spiritual basis for a deeper meaning. Religion doesn't really provide this for me at this point. Some people have turned scientific endeavor into a religion, assuming that eventually man will discover the order of the universe and thus be able to explain everything. So far I don't see hope in this because I don't think science is ever going to explain before and after life, let alone what goes on during life. In my occupation I'm assuming that science can explain some of human behavior and thus provide some meaning. Hopefully this will provide some meaning for me in the future. Ask me in five years if it has. Perhaps the search for a deeper meaning is fruitless. The answer may lie not in my external relationship to the world but just my internal happiness. I think the latter is the approach, conscious or unconscious, which you follow. So the upshot of all this is that at this time in my life, I'm not completely happy because I have nothing to make my existence especially meaningful for me now and I can't make it meaningful for myself. If you have discovered the key to a meaningful existence, I'll pay good money for it. Don't think that I'm on the edge of despair though because I have no permanent meaning. Most of the time I don't even think about it. It's easy to engage in daily living without thinking of the cosmic existence. I only write this to you because it is an important problem with which I try to deal with occasionally.

This letter may sound disjointed and unclear because several times in the course of it I've stopped as different of our memories come to my mind. That made it hard to remember what I was writing about before I stopped to reminisce. It really seems a long time ago that we were together. It was a long time ago. I still have fond memories of you. The only thing I hold against you (and I don't mean this in a negative sense) is that you raised my standards in regard to relationships. I can't be satisfied now unless the other person is as neat as you were. As I look back on our relationship I can see things which I didn't see at the time. The most important realization is that I think I treated you just as a person from whom I could learn things, rather than treating you as someone I might live with. As such I was regarding you as an object rather than a human being. I think I will have difficulty living with anyone until I quit viewing other people in terms of what they can do for me, rather than a relationship of mutual respect. As I re-read this paragraph I get the impression that it will be difficult for you to understand. So just take my word that I've gained a new understanding. It's difficult when thinking of the past, not to place our relationship on a pedestal, remembering only the good times and forgetting the less good times. I'm sure you've done the same thing. So this is my life in three pages. I hope to hear from you sometimes. Let me know what's going on in your head, as best you can. Until then, bye.

Love, Darrell

November 30, 1975  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 264 Kirkland College  
Clinton, NY 13323

Dear Darrell,

It was so nice to hear from you the other night. By the time you get this, you will have had your fill of turkey and all those other Thanksgiving-type food. I'm off to Michigan to see my Mom tomorrow morning. I'm looking forward to the day filled with luscious smells, tasty foods, screaming kids underfoot and drunk grown-ups. All in all a pleasant scenario.

School's going well and my love-life is presently non-existent. It makes for a loneliness, especially at night. There aren't even any prospects. Quelle drag! But I seem to have become an undesirable person in my old age. Who knows, maybe if you were to meet me for the first time, even you would fail to see any redeeming social qualities. So it goes.

Theology school is in the offing. I'm applying to University of Chicago, Yale, Union Theological Seminary, and Andover Newton Theological School. I can't wait to go to a new school with new people. The programs of all 4 of them look very exciting and interesting and they're all located near or in large urban areas.

It's snowing, but not seriously. I hope that the weather doesn't decide to become malignant since quite a few people are planning to drive long distances tomorrow. I'll be flying so it matters little to me.

This letter's not cheerful, but why lie? I'm not cheerful either and haven't been since awhile ago. I'm sure to get over it soon.

Take care and thanks again.

Love, Laine

December 26, 1975  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Vicky [Markell],

How is your Christmas vacation going? Satisfactory, I hope. Tell your mother her Christmas greeting created a special feeling for me, mainly I think because it surprised me to receive it from her. The enclosed article is my holiday greeting to you and your family. It's kind of a cute little story which will make you laugh.

My Christmas vacation has been good. I established a new all-time record academically by racking up my first 4.0 quarter. The feeling I had when I opened up my grades makes all those library hours that much more worthwhile. I've spent most of my time since then filling out grad. school applications. I'm applying to: Indiana University, Purdue University, Pittsburgh, North Carolina, Syracuse, Washington University, Wisconsin and Cincinnati. I had kind of a funny feeling as I was filling out the applications as it is such a major decision, one that will change my life and lifestyle inalterably. There still are nagging doubts as to whether I'm smart enough and interested enough to turn out original work in political science. It's strange that I still feel these doubts after my academic accomplishments the past year. I'm assuming a lot of my doubts are partially due to my unsatisfactory social life. Hopefully this will improve next quarter. But I also think the doubts are a definite part of my personality, a part which I'll never eradicate, which means I'll just have to learn to live with it.

I've visited some of my high school friends. Vic and I went to see the movie, Charlotte. I wouldn't recommend seeing it as it has a perverted ending which completely fucks up your mind. I went sledding for the first time in several years. We weren't impeded by the fact there was only 1/2 inch of snow on the ground.

For Christmas, I got among other things one really neat gift. Mom and Dad went through their old picture albums and collected 15-20 childhood pictures of us kids and gave them to each of us. It was a thoughtful gift.

I'm looking forward to seeing you again so until then good bye and take care.

Love, Darrell

December 27, 1975  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Beth [Germon],

Long time no see. After I got home (and even before that) I began to realize it had been a really long time since we had seen or phoned one another. It's terrible and disgusting and I hope we can prevent a reoccurrence next quarter. Do you agree? Perhaps we can make that one of our New Year's resolutions.

So how has your vacation gone? Good, I hope. You'll have to fill me in when you get back. I've had a good vacation. Part of the good mood is due to my new all-time academic record. Yes, Beth, I racked up my first 4.0 quarter. It helps make all the library hours worthwhile. Since then, I've spent a lot of time filling out graduate school applications. I've decided to apply to: Indiana University, Purdue, Pittsburgh, North Carolina, Syracuse, Washington University, Wisconsin and Cincinnati. I won't find out their decision on admission and financial aid til March and April. It will be a long wait, I'm sure. March will also be the time when I find out if I get my funding for the research project next summer.

My sister and I and two neighbors went sledding a couple of days ago. It was fun even though there was only 1/2 inch of snow on the ground.

I got one especially neat gift for Christmas. Mom and Dad went through their old picture albums and collected 15-20 childhood pictures of us kids and gave them to each of us. It was a very thoughtful gift on their part.

I've been working at the newspaper and it's been very boring. But I have been making money and also I have the usage of their Xeroxing machine. That has probably been the best thing as I've had to do a lot of xeroxing for my grad. school applications because I submitted two-20 page papers to each school. Overall I think I must have xeroxed 400 pages, which if I was using nickels in Miami machines would cost \$20. The Palladium-Item is sure good to me even though the bosses didn't realize they were being good to me. Of course this is an excellent example of white collar crime. Sometimes the guilt feelings prevent me from sleeping well at night. But such is the life of the thief.

Enclosed is my holiday greeting to you in place of a Christmas card which I don't send out. I appreciated the card you sent me. See you soon.

Love, Darrell

January 3, 1976  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Laine [Hawxhurst],

So what's new in your life? Any new loves, career decisions, strange experiences or interesting tidbits which can be put down on paper without fear of possible future recriminations and/or embarrassment? If so, I hope you write and tell me why your life is so boring and why you're maintaining the status quo (although the two need not be mutually exclusive).

Now for a report on my life. I've made my decision on which graduate schools to apply to and have already sent in my applications. They are: Wisconsin at Madison, Indiana University, University of North Carolina, University of Pittsburgh, Washington University in St. Louis, Syracuse, Purdue, Cincinnati and Wisconsin at Milwaukee. I've pretty much decided to seek a Ph.D. in political science so that I can teach at the college level and engage in research activities. My ultimate decision on graduate school is going to depend largely on financial aid as I'm presently \$3,000 in debt for undergraduate school. I tried to apply to such a range of schools that I can get a full ride at some of them. I'm fairly positive I can get a full ride at the last three of the above schools. But I would prefer not to go to any of those three because their low prestige and reputation would make it difficult to get a good teaching job in the future. My academic accomplishments have improved over the last year such that I hope to get into Wisconsin at Madison. I got my first 4.0 quarter fall quarter (no need to applaud Laine). I got my GRE scores back from the October test and 2 out of 3 turned out well. I got 690 in mathematics, 620 in the advanced political science (93%) but a measly 490 on the verbal section. I hope the latter can be explained by the fact that I only got half way through the first verbal section due to a misallocation of time. If it can't then the only other possible explanation is that I have shitty verbal skills. I retok the aptitude portion in December to try to improve the verbal score.

The other exciting event in my life is a research project which I've developed for next summer. I hope to study, along with 7 other undergraduates, the impact of school busing in Dayton on political and social attitudes. We've applied to the National Science Foundation for an \$11,000 grant to pay the expenses and salaries for this project. Because I initiated and wrote the proposal, I get to act as dictator for the project, a role which I'm starting to get in to. But I won't know if we get the funding until early March, which is a long wait. It will be about that time when graduate schools start notifying me so I'll be holding my breath on both decisions.

But the above only tells a portion of my report on Darrell West. In fact the above may be the more boring part to you. If it is, don't tell me because it would hurt my feelings.

My social life has been moderately bad this year. I really miss having that one person who knows a lot about me. I have one especially close friend and several relatively close friends, but none of them, male and female, fulfill that special function for me. Part of it is my fault because a lot of times, I don't make a strong effort to meet new people, preferring

instead to stick with old friends or stand in the corner by myself. But I still and will probably always find it difficult to interact with people I don't know very well. It takes a very special person for me to feel comfortable with immediately. You were one such person and I can count the others on one hand. I hope that the next person like that I meet, I will stay with them, not leaving or letting them leave me. One of my strange characteristics is that I want to develop a close romantic relationship, but when I have in the past there sometimes remains periods when I feel stifled by the closeness. I used to be optimistic that such a feeling of occasional loneliness, doubt, etc. would disappear in a long-term relationship. The fact is that it doesn't although it is nice to have someone to discuss it with when the feeling strikes. I guess it is a matter of developing the capacity to deal with it when it does occur. Sometimes novels or music or taking a walk are good ways to cope with it. Ultimately I think a strong spiritual feeling lies at the heart of such problems. If you have a feeling of affinity with the world, and with the universe, doubts may appear to be less important or more understandable. So far I don't have a strong spiritual feeling as I really don't know what I believe as far as the meaning of life. Perhaps you in your training in religion can understand what I mean. At other points in my past with close relationships, I have felt bored by the other person. I see the same thing in many marriages after the first 2-3 years of initial discovery and revelation. Part of the problem seems to me to be that many couples isolate themselves from other people and quit making an effort to meet new people. That can lead to a stagnating life and marriage, something I want to avoid. These are just some of the problems I've been trying to rationally figure out so that I can avoid them in my long-term relationships. Unfortunately I've spent so much time thinking about the problems, I haven't taken any action on it. I hope that will change soon.

I guess I have written all this to you because I treasure my memories with you and still consider you a permanent friend, if such a category exists. Although we both have changed over the past couple of years, I still feel friendly feelings toward you. I don't know what it would be like if we ever spent much time together again, but it is unlikely that that will happen. I do hope we can continue contact in the future, even if sporadically. Until we meet again, take care. Bye.

Love, Darrell

January 3, 1976  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Greg [Babyas],

How's life treating you? I know this sound like a cliché question but I hope you realize I mean it from the depths of my heart. I do hope you're not on the verge of suicide, murder or drug addiction.

I trust you don't mine the impersonal medium of a typewritten letter, but after a recent comparison of your and my handwriting, approximately 43.8% of those sampled preferred yours, 23.2% preferred mine and 33% were undecided. This led me to infer that people could not read my handwriting and since you are a people, you cannot read my handwriting.

I've spent much of my recent time applying to graduate schools. I'm applying to: Wisconsin at Madison, Indiana, U. of North Carolina, U. of Pittsburgh, Washington U. at St. Louis, Syracuse, Purdue, Cincinnati and Wisconsin at Milwaukee. I'm trying to apply to such a range that I can get financial aid at enough of them to give me a choice of good schools. Without financial help I probably won't be able to go to graduate school. But I don't want to bore you with my hardluck story (I don't suppose you knew I was born in a log hospital and worked my way up through my own sweat -- no animals sweat and humans perspire).

The research project is in a state of hibernation now until we receive notification as to funding. I got a letter of cooperation from the Dayton school superintendent, although we had to make a couple of small changes to get it. I'm presently negotiating with the Middletown school superintendent and he's being very cautious. I think both superintendents are worried that we may get a lot of publicity which could draw even more attention to the desegregation process than already exists. I can understand their concern but

wish they weren't so overly suspicious. The formal plan has not been chosen by the board yet but Bill Gordon's plan (one of our two faculty advisors) is at the heart of the discussion. He has had to fly to Washington, Columbus and appear in court to defend his plan. He is trying a new concept in busing which you may or may not have read about in a Dayton newspaper. He is seeking to extend the desegregation process outside straight busing to also bring the issue of quality education. Parents will be offered a choice of educational approaches which gives them some choice rather than just a simple matching of white and black schools and busing between them. His ideas should make our study even more relevant because of his new approach.

If you get a chance, write and let me know how you're doing. So until I see you, take care.

Darrell

January 3, 1976  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Kristen [Laine],

I'm sorry I missed you at vacation time. I called your house a couple of times the week after Christmas but couldn't get an answer. Later I got a hold of your father who told me you had gone to Madison, Wisconsin for awhile before returning to Harvard. So my apologies for not contacting you earlier in vacation.

I spent my vacation working at the Pal-Item. It was nice seeing the people and I did get some reading done. I'm reading a novel by William Gaddis called JR and it's a truly excellent book. It was just published a couple of months ago. It's about a 6th grader who builds up a business conglomerate. The author has a lot of insightful comments on America's business world, political world and educational system. You should look at it if you get the chance.

The research project is in a state of hibernation now until we receive notification as to funding. I got a letter of cooperation from the Dayton school superintendent, although we had to make a couple of small changes to get it. I'm presently negotiating with the Middletown school superintendent and he's being very cautious. I think both superintendents are worried that we may get a lot of publicity which could draw even more attention to the desegregation process than already exists. I can understand their concern but wish they weren't so overly suspicious. The formal plan has not been chosen by the board yet but Bill Gordon's plan (one of our two faculty advisors) is at the heart of the discussion. He has had to fly to Washington, Columbus and appear in court to defend his plan. He is trying a new concept in busing which you may or may not have read about in a Dayton newspaper. He is seeking to extend the desegregation process outside straight busing to also bring the issue of quality education. Parents will be offered a choice of educational approaches which gives them some choice rather than just a simple matching of white and black schools and busing between them. His ideas should make our study even more relevant because of his new approach.

If you get a chance, write and let me know how you're doing. So until I see you, take care.

Darrell

January 3, 1976 [Western Union telegram]  
Jeanne Fischbach Ardin  
Luxembourg

Dear Darrell,

Have a good year.  
Love, Jeanne

January 15, 1976  
Jeanne Fischbach Ardin  
Residence les Collines A3  
Route de Livron  
Vetraz-Monthoux  
74100 Annemasse  
France

Darrell,

It's been a long time since I haven't written. But don't interpret my silence in a wrong way. I have absolute freedom to write or not to write and your letters aren't a source of tension between Jean-Pierre and myself. It's just that so much happened in the last months. Performing the marriage, leaving for Italy and then school started again. I am living in an apartment now which is not too big, but which is furnished the way I like. I'm still convinced that your everyday environment is important.

I really feel pangs of Freudian guilt for not having written. I have a small and a big excuse. I only got your letter when I went home for Christmas (small). I think of you almost everyday (big). This of course you can't possibly know. And only the pleasant memories remain. I've told you last summer that our relationship was a handicap for my relationship with Jean-Pierre since I felt emotionally and physically tied to you. With the help of time I've been able to overcome these dreams of another, different existence and now today it occurs to me to be happy from time to time (happiness cannot last, it wouldn't be happiness any more). The rest of the time I feel comfortable. Common life with Jean-Pierre works out well. He's really understanding. School is harder than last year, less relaxed. I gradually forget my English, having no more practice (I hate to speak up in class as you may remember).

I live in France, very close to the Swiss border, 6 kilometer from Geneva. My father is relatively well. He still has to go to Paris every three weeks for his treatment. He works regularly and has even started a new business, he sells Volvo cars. How is your family? And your relationship to it? Do you know what graduate school to go to?

If I raised your standards as far as your female partner is concerned, they weren't very high. Anyway you had a weird opinion about girls. But maybe you have been lucky since your last letter. The opera season will have opened by now ...

Love, Jeanne

January 19, 1976  
Greg Babyas  
Duke Manor Apt. 49-K  
Durham, North Carolina 27702

Dear Darrell,

How's life? I have contemplated a simultaneous suicide, murder and drug addiction but I won't have time for it until the summer, and by then the urge may pass. Believe it or not, summer's not that far away. I get out of here around May 1, which should give me plenty of time to pursue the busing bibliography. If there are any other suggested readings, particularly understandable works in the field of statistics, let me know. Unfortunately, I was shut out of my statistics course so suggestions for progress here would be helpful.

Things go fairly well here. There isn't really too much to talk about in terms of my activities. I study a lot and take an occasional run. I hope our funding comes through, otherwise I may see you in early summer anyway, I may come to Ohio for a visit.

That about concludes my words of wisdom. I hope the graduate school situation falls as you desire.

Til then, Take care.

Greg

February 16, 1976  
Jake Taylor  
21 Faulkner Drive  
Quaker Hill, Connecticut 06375

Dear Darrell,

You're probably wondering what happened to me. Well don't ask me, how should I know?

I noticed the last letter I got from you was in September. Well since then I spent about 3 months somewhere between here and Holy Loch, Scotland. It wasn't the greatest thing I've ever done (but then what is?). About the only thing I did was go to Glasgow and Edinburgh. The only thing there was the Edinburgh Castle which was really boring. We came back in December and since then I've just been fucking off. About the only thing interesting that's happened lately is one of the guys on the boat took 120 sleeping pills. Then

he told somebody about it and they took him to the hospital. They said 15 more minutes and he would have been dead. At least he's getting out of the Navy now.

So I leave tomorrow for the Mediterranean. First stop looks like Morocco then it's on to Italy (Naples, Asporia, and Glanadelina -- I can't spell these stupid Italian names). You probably think this all sounds like a lot of fun, right? Well I personally doubt that it's going to be that great. As of our schedule right now, I'm flying back to the states at the end of March and going to a couple of schools here. But then I'm taking leave and I should be in Ohio from about April 30 to May 15 or something like that. It's not exactly definite but it's probable. So I hope to see you then. I don't know where you're living now so I'll mail this to your old home and hope you get it and try to find you when I get home.

See you soon (I hope).

Jake

February 18, 1976  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Box 264 Kirkland College  
Clinton, New York 13323

Dear Darrell,

Happy Valentines Day, etc. What's new? My life is alternatively very happy and very depressing like everybody else's I'm sure. Like you, I'm heading toward graduation at a breakneck pace. It just doesn't seem like I have enough time to do all the things necessary before I can actually collect that diploma. This semester hasn't begun very well. Just like a newer automobile, the engineering is faulty and the body is falling apart. But one thing good about a faulty body is that it can teach me a much-needed lesson of humility.

Recently I've been heavily into the study of religion and its companion theology. I figure that the way people deal with their spirituality and their relationship with creation (all existing things) is very important to understanding people at all. It also leads to a lot of thought about good/bad, right/wrong, and morality/immorality. All of these are questions which are particularly important and neglected in this society in which we find ourselves. I'm sure that both of us try to do that which is morally right, but it would seem that there are no clear-cut formulas for correct decisions. Eh bien, I suppose that we must just try to do our best.

I got a note from Jeannette a while ago. She seems happy in Hawaii. I'm hoping to go visit her over spring break rather than coming to Oxford. It's not a question of preferring to see her over you, it is rather a question of health. Doctors orders and the whole bit. But I do miss you. I think we should live together this summer, what about it? Will you be in Richmond again? Tentatively I'm expecting to live up here at school, but that can be changed at will. Just a thought albeit an interesting one.

So what else is new? Not a whole lot. My family is doing well in their new home (Michigan) and my brother finally graduated. Unlike us, however, he has no plans for the future and has become a drifter. It surprises me how many people end up that way after a B.A. Somehow I don't foresee that happening to either of us, but who knows?

Anyway Darrell my friend, take care of yourself and write if and when you get either the chance or inclination.

Love, Laine

March 27, 1976  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Greg [Babyas],

Bad news. Funding for the research project was denied. They never gave specific reasons for the rejection, just saying that it was meritorious but not highly meritorious. I suspect they thought the project was too sophisticated for undergraduates. They may be right but we will never know. Since we don't have funding, we won't be able to conduct the research. If you are interested in working for one of the funded NSF projects, you can write to the following address and request a list of the funded projects and their personnel



openings. After receiving the list, you would have to write to the student director and convince him to hire you.

As for me, my plans for the summer are unclear. I will probably apply to Common Cause, a public interest group in Washington or to my Congressman, to see if they have openings in their respective internship programs.

Things here at Miami are working out pretty well. For graduate school, I've been admitted and given full financial aid at Indiana and Washington University in St. Louis. I'm still hoping to hear from North Carolina and Wisconsin. Last week Washington University intensified their recruiting effort by flying me and the other 8 prospective graduate students to St. Louis. They treated us royally. It really inflates your ego to receive the kind of service they gave us. Now I'm experiencing an adjustment problem because I expect my roommates to give me the same service. But that's life.

You said earlier you may be visiting Oxford after you get out in May. If you still plan to and need a place to stay, feel free to stay at our apartment. So perhaps I'll see you then. If not, take care anyway. Bye.

Darrell

April 4, 1976  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jake [Taylor],

I'm glad to hear that I'll be seeing you around the beginning of May. I'll try to save a spot on my social schedule. Of course the way my social schedule has been, it won't be too difficult. My life currently is centering on the selection of a graduate school. Right now I'm trying to choose between Indiana University, Washington University in St. Louis, Wisconsin, and North Carolina. The first two schools are offering to pay my entire school expenses in graduate school, which is hard to turn down. If this sounds like bravado, it is because it probably is. No really, I've retained the humbleness which has long characterized me.

I would write you a longer letter now, but if I tell you everything, we won't have anything to talk about when you arrive. That would leave us sitting in stony silence. Such, of course, would be an unpleasant experience. So in order to prevent such an occurrence, I'm writing a short letter. Secondly, I plan to make a list of news tidbits, interesting anecdotes, and recent development in my life. Then when you arrive, if the conversation slows, I can always refer to the list to stimulate the social interaction. It would be nice if you would draw up a similar list. You might alphabetize it for easy reference. If we take these precautions, we will decrease the possibility that the conversation will be slow due to the long absence since our last meeting. So see you soon.

Darrell

P.S. Please disregard this letter.

P.S.S. Please practice your tennis.

P.P.S.S. Please take any classified Navy documents which might be of interest to a developing political scientists. Only one copy of each document will be necessary.

P.P.P.S.S. Please use these Top Value stamps or pass them along to someone else. I don't save them.

April 13, 1976  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Rich [Witkowski],

How's life in Cleveland now? Did you enjoy your trip to Boston? I hope so. Life in Oxford is picking up. It's about time, now that it's my last quarter. I've been going to a lot of lectures and movies with different people. Oh, by the way, I've officially decided on Indiana University's graduate program. I visited their campus and was really impressed with their facilities and faculty. Funding for my potential summer research project on Dayton desegregation was denied so that shoots those summer plans. Instead I hope to go to

Washington, D.C. and work for Common Cause, a public interest group engaging in good liberal reform (it's the only way to go). But that is not definite as yet.

I saw the movie, Barry Lyndon, over vacation and I was really impressed with it. It struck me as a great portrayal of upward mobility and later downfall. I think the reason he fell was that he had planted his own seeds of destruction in his upward path. He was corrupted by the class to which he aspired, instead of trying to reform it. Marrying the rich lady only for her money only alienated her son, who later directly contributed to Barry's downfall by shooting him. So Rich, let it be a lesson to you, an upward-aspiring young man. Don't be corrupted by the class to which you aspire and thus plant the seeds of downfall. But enough for moralizing. When do you plan to go to Oxford? Soon, I hope. Let me know when you're coming. See you later.

Darrell

April 18, 1976  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Peggy [Larson],

I've debated much with myself the past few days as to whether I should write you a letter. As you can see, I decided to write one. I really enjoyed the time we spent together last week. It helped revive my faith in myself and helped convince me that someone else could be attracted to me. Although I have a lot of close friends, I still feel at times very alone in the world. You arrived at a time in which I was especially experiencing this loneliness. Several times, you asked me the question "Why me?" meaning why was I attracted to you when there were a lot of other girls. The answer is that I needed to feel wanted and that I saw you were feeling pretty much the same feeling. In addition, you showed a lot of sensitivity, a trait few people possess. Consequently, it was your personality and our mutual needs which brought us together and in turn made our time together enjoyable.

I debated a long time before writing this letter because I didn't know how it would affect you. I wanted to tell you the above when I phoned but was afraid to do it. Part of my fear arose because I don't want to give you a wrong impression of our future. It would be dishonest of me to make it sound (by telling you I enjoyed your company) as if we might develop our relationship further. I don't know if we will even see one another again. We are in different stages of our lives, something which would make a relationship difficult to develop. However I do hope to continue our communication. I hope you respond to this letter and tell me what you think. I also hope that in the future if you feel a need to share good or bad feelings, you will phone or write me. I am interested in seeing that you continue to develop your personal and academic skills.

Thank you for your company. I continue to think of you.

Love, Darrell

P.S. Happy Easter

April 18, 1976  
Jake Taylor  
21 Faulkner Drive  
Quaker Hill, Connecticut 06375

Dear Darrell,

Well today is Easter and I hope you celebrated it in a good religious manner. I worked on my car all day and forgot it was Easter until they said something about it on TV this evening.

I've written to tell you that the actual dates I'll be home are: April 24th - May 1st. Those are the days I'll be arriving and leaving. It's not as long as I thought I'd be home but the Navy gave me another school to go to here in New London on May 3 so I have to be back sooner than I earlier thought.

When I see you I'll tell you what you can do with your Top Value stamps!

Now how about some small talk or is that small write? Anyway it feels very hot here mostly because it is very hot. Monday it was 91 degrees Fahrenheit and yesterday (Saturday)

it got up to 93 degrees. It was about as hot today and I think I'm gong to die. Hope you're suffering too! You're probably wondering why I wrote with this pen. Well the main reason was so you couldn't read it.

I've really been working on my car these last two weeks. Spent about \$300 on it so far. So it probably won't get me home and I won't be seeing you anyway.

So it was nice writing to you again. See you soon. Maybe!

Jake

April 22, 1976  
Rich Witkowski  
6508 Orchard Gr.  
Cleveland, Ohio 44144

Dear Darrell,

I'm at the downtown public library studying for the CPA exam. I'm sick of studying as usual, so I'm taking a break and writing you a letter. Thanks for writing, I really appreciate getting word from Oxford. Although I've only been away from Miami about one month, it already seems like I've been away much much longer.

Boston was really great! Sally and I went everywhere and did everything, well almost everything (I tend to exaggerate for dramatic appeal). We went to the symphony, a modern play, sailing on the Charles, dancing and dinner, New Hampshire, museums, parties, etc. Needless to say I spent a small fortune, but had a great time doing it.

Boston is really a beautiful city. The buildings in the downtown area are all very old and interesting. Small shops and restaurants are everywhere. The people are friendly and it seems that everyone is out on the town. But I'm no longer in Boston so I'd better not sow the seeds of my own discontent.

Cleveland has been about a six on a one to ten scale. There is plenty of things to do around here, but I lack the people to accompany me. Most everybody here is content to sit around and get drunk or high, and not go out their front door. Needless to say, this means very little interaction with new female types. Fortunately, I recognize the problem and intend on solving it before permanent harm results. Incidentally, permanent harm would be severe psychological distress, if you're wondering. I have a few irons in the fire, but no solid prospects for next weekend.

I'm glad to hear you've gotten into the school of your choice. No doubt you'll do quite well when you get there so my advise is blow off now while you have the chance. People just don't give a shit about school once you're out. Since you've been accepted to Indiana, you have no reason not to have great times every day of the week. That's right Darrell, everyday I want you to go out and do something you know you shouldn't. It's the only way to really enjoy yourself.

Darrell, just let me know when you're having a big party or for that matter when anybody is having a party after the exam. The weekend of May 9th would be ideal. I'm willing and waiting.

Say hello to everybody I know. If they ask about me, tell them I told you especially to say hello to them. Example: You happen to run into Chris or Beth. They say, "Hey, have you heard from Rich?" You say, "Yes, he said to say hello!" Don't mess it up Darrell. I'm counting on you.

Rich

P.S. Darrell I'm sorry I'm so late mailing this letter, but when I get home from the library, I forgot about these books and these books had the letter in them. By the way, I have a definite day I'm coming down to Miami, the weekend after the CPA exam. I think it's the 8th or 9th of May I'll be down.

May 22, 1976  
Darrell West  
Block M Apt # 33  
305 South Locust St.  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

I hope you are in the mood for a long and informative letter because for some reason I feel like writing a long and informative letter. I think the reason is that I have a backlog of news items concerning my life. I will graduate in June of this year. I plan to spend my summer

working in Washington, D.C. (do you remember that quaint American city on the eastern seaboard?) for an organization called Common Cause. This organization is seeking to reform the government so that there is less chance for campaign corruption and governmental inaccountability. Sounds pretty humanitarian, eh? Really the work is going to be interesting and the goals of the organization fit my own ideological goals, so I really couldn't ask for a better opportunity. Also it will be neat to live in Washington because I've never lived in that large of a city before and because the city is located on the East Coast, which is alleged to have a more liberal culture and lifestyle than the Midwest.

At the end of this summer, I will be attending Indiana University graduate school in political science. I'm going to be getting a really good deal from IU because they are paying all my school and living expenses. In return I have to teach a couple of classes which should be more fun than work. I will probably be at IU for 3-4 years, at which time I will receive a Ph.D. degree. This will qualify me to either teach at the university level or to become a specialist for a government agency. As you may have guessed, I have really become interested in political science. Politics has always interested me and as I gain more experience in studying it, I find it more interesting. So academically my career is really shaping up the way I want it to. Since the time which you were here, I feel that I have increased my intellectual abilities. I guess I'm a much different person than when you were here. Although you told me I was cocky about my intellectual abilities, I never felt that. Instead I felt very insecure about my abilities. Well now, I feel a strong confidence in my abilities. I don't think I'm cocky or arrogant about it. Perhaps now that I am confident, I don't have to act cocky about it. I'm looking forward to graduate school because it will allow me to devote my entire attention to political science. Also it will help me get the kind of job I'd like to have in the future.

Aside from my academic life, my romantic life has changed over the last month. All year long, I've wanted very badly to meet someone and to develop a deep relationship with them. But at first I was really disappointed because I met so many women who didn't have the qualities which attracted me. I really began to wonder if it was possible for me to find someone with whom I would be compatible. But about a month ago, everything changed as I met a girl named Amy. I really like her a lot. She's a speech and hearing major who also will graduate this year. She is showing the same kind of interest in me that I am in her. She is a very dynamic and outgoing person. She's much more outgoing than I am.

This year she has led a group of volunteer students to Longview State Hospital where the students talk and play with the mental patients there. She's kind of a sarcastic person which sometimes creates tension in our relationship, such as when I'm in a bad mood. But she's generally a sensitive and considerable person. We started making love a week ago and it is pretty good. At first it was a very difficult adjustment because I had not made love since last June, which really is a long time. but the difficulty wasn't awkward for either of us. Now we are getting used to each other's movements and the feeling is getting more intense.

The real problem that she and I face now is the time constraints on our relationship. School ends in three weeks. For the summer, she will be living with her family in New Jersey, which is 4 1/2 hours from Washington. She and I are planning to visit one another a lot this summer. But seeing someone on the weekends is different than seeing them every day. I hope that it doesn't impede our relationship. I want it to develop as deep as it can. I can't really tell yet whether she and I are fundamentally compatible on a longer term basis. In August, there will be a bigger problem of distance as she is going to graduate school in Pennsylvania and it will be a 9 hour car ride between us. If our relationship develops this summer, one of us will hopefully transfer so that we are closer together.

So that completes the capsule summary of my life the past few months and the immediate future. Any questions? Did I leave out any details? Although I've told you the formal plans that I have, I don't know if I've told you enough. I hope this letter tells you enough to understand where my life is going.

I hope you write me soon and tell me what is happening with you. Is married life with Jean-Pierre developing satisfactorily? How is your father's health? As of now I don't know my specific address in either Washington or Indiana. So if your letter is to arrive after June 12, send it to my parent's home. The address is: R.R. 2, Camden, Ohio 45311. So until we meet and/or write again, take care. Bye.

Love, Darrell

June 14, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
3 Jonathan Drive  
Edison, New Jersey 08817

Dear Darrell,

This is already the third letter I've written to you -- wouldn't it be nice if this one got to you. The letter I wrote Saturday night got outdated by Sunday and Sunday's letter had no address to send it to. Tonight's letter not only has your address (I called Common Cause in New Jersey) but also has all the news that's fit to print (and some that's not).

Hey Darr, seems like forever, huh? You know even though I'm in a different environment and decided I wouldn't miss you, I really do. It's like all of a sudden having no idea of what's going on with you and I have a million and one things to tell you but you aren't here. You've got a lot of nerve, you know. Now that I'm home, I've become homesick for Oxford and you and Sue -- just can't win.

So what's happening? How was good ol' graduation? Did you sit with Sue? Were you clever and witty and gay? Did you kill her at tic-tac-toe? And how was the trip? Please I need details -- Have you found a place? Have you chosen a problem to research? Have you scouted out D.C. for the highest hill? Have I asked enough questions? There's really a lot for you to tell me.

Life in Edison is different. My house is very empty without my mother. It's strange. My father's very lonely and constantly is talking and discussing the same things over and over. He can't be silent. He's never been like this before -- he's got these tremendous bags under his eyes and he's always worrying about my mother and who can go down and when and what we can bring her. In fact, he called her a 1/2 hour ago. It was a really shitty conversation. My mother's miserable. She's sick of the food, tired from walking, and doesn't want so much company because of the cost. Well, needless to say now, my father's very upset and all the issues that were resolved before the phone call are now being reconsidered. It's sad to see him such a mess. As for my mother, she's lost 11 pounds in 9 days. That's great for her, but there are all these problems. I guess the biggest is missing Andy's graduation. It really is important to her. Besides, my aunt and uncle are coming and we're all going out to dinner, so she's bummed. I am looking forward to seeing her Saturday. I don't expect to really cheer her but she'll have someone to cry with.

Speaking of Wednesday night, Darr, if you're going to call and I miss it I'll be crushed (well, that's a little extreme, but I won't be happy). The ceremony starts at 6:00 and then out to dinner so I probably won't be back until after 10:30. I can just see you sitting in the pay phone booth and calling me at night. Please be near a lighted place, I'd hate you getting mugged over a phone call.

There's a shitload of news to tell you. First we had a really frightening experience on our way home. I drove for an hour out of the entire trip, but wouldn't you know the excitement happened while cautious, careful Amy was behind the wheel. Are you really anxious to hear already? A sign of a good story teller it to build the suspense. I bet it's just like my rendition of "The Three Bears" huh? Anyway I was cruising along when I keenly spotted our U-Haul swaying back and forth in the back of the car. I immediately sensed something was amiss, but lo, before I could act by springing out of the car and fixing it, it came unhitched, crashed into the divider and fell onto its side. It was a potentially hazardous situation but fortunately (and I'm finally being serious) no cars were behind us at the time. It was really neat too because 3 guys stopped as soon as it happened, stopped the traffic, righted the U-Haul, and called the cops on their CB radios. The cops were there with a wrecker and everything was hooked up within an hour. Nothing from the U-Haul had broken, it was just poorly put on (or put on poorly depending upon whether you're feeling grammatical). Well, it was amazing that nothing was broken. The only thing was I dropped my glasses which were in my car when I jumped out so I lost them and I'm pissed. The bumper is my doctor's appointment isn't until July 16th. I have another pair though so it's no big deal.

I have a very busy week before Saturday when I go visit my mother. First it took me the whole damn day to unpack. Have I ever told you the thing I hated more than packing? You can imagine I was not a happy person. Tomorrow I start observing at the hospital. My

days are Tuesdays and Thursdays. She's already decided before I called. I planned on going to Penn State on Thursday and Friday with Carol but she started classes and can't go. Well I just cannot understand students these days. Since when does one have to go to classes? She does have an exam but even so, is that any reason not to go with me? You'll be happy to know I didn't make her feel ashamed for not coming with me.

Well now, I think I'll observe at the hospital on Thursday and leave after that. That will give me only Friday (all by myself in Pennsylvania, looking for an apartment and getting lost -- sounds awful to me, want to come?). You really do owe me an apartment hunting day but I'll understand if you can't show, I guess. Anyway Carol gave me a list of names but Darr, they all sound really expensive, like \$180 for a furnished 1 bedroom. The cheapest price she gave me was \$160. I think I'll just check out what she gave me and if I don't find something, I'll go back in a couple of weeks. Plus on Friday, I have an appointment with some guy at the speech clinic, so even if I don't find a place, I'm anxious to talk with Dr. Fuck (I think it's really Frick, hope I don't slip).

So I have Wednesday to get wool for my afghan, hopefully get my haircut and pick up train tickets for my visit to D.C. Oh, didn't I tell you, I have a pal in D.C. this summer. I'm anxious to see him but I promise to visit you if I have a chance. As a matter of fact I may need a place to stay, could I possibly impose? And would you mind terribly picking me up at the train? Please if any of this is at all inconvenient, could you change your plans? I'm dying to see this friend of mine. Really Darr, I think I'll be taking Amtrak one way and a regular train back on Monday. The regular train is 1/2 the price and not that much longer, but it leaves at 8 and 12:30 and since I want to see you Thursday night I think I'll take the 6:00 something which gets in 9 something. I'll let you know. The week after I go down to North Carolina, Val is going and then my father. This created a potential problem with Val being home alone the night of the 4th but Val said she'd be ok for a night and my father agreed. So no problem.

Hey I think that's it, except that July 4th seems so far away. I have this feeling that I'll be very happy to see you. I think our last week together was very strained and it was sad not to be able to be carefree and have a ball (figuratively speaking, of course). Do you think you'll still want to see me? (nothing like fishing, huh?). That would be a very good final screw - not you're not wanting to see me but not wanting to see me on July 4th. Don't try it buddy, you'll probably have a visitor anyway!

I hope everything is fantastic Darr. I can't wait to hear from you. I think I'll go to sleep. Maybe I'll even have pleasant dreams (you know about my dog or something).

See you soon.

Love, Amy

P.S. Please note the reinforcement that you will owe me when I see you. Don't think it was planned or anything (but actually I have to make sure you'll have something to kiss me for -- security measures, that's all -- makes sense, huh?). Goodnight, Darr.

June 16, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Tom [Larson],

How's life in Lancaster? Sorry I thought you were a native of Gettysburg, Janet. Are your thumbs black and blue yet Tom [from your construction job]? I know you might be embarrassed to admit it but I hope you feel you can be honest with me.

I am still in the process of adjustment to Washington. I found another bargain in my housing arrangements. I rented a large-size room in a house occupied by a lady professor and her German Shepherd (who has fortunately taken a liking to me). The rent is only \$100/month. She pays utilities including phone. It's in a relatively safe part of town, 15 minutes walking from the Common Cause office and a 20-minute walk from Georgetown.

I really miss Oxford a lot, especially Amy and you guys. It's kind of lonely coming to a town where you have no intimate friends. The first night in town, I stayed with Bill Fogarty. He's starting to work long hours, like 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Most of his job is clerical bullshit which he doesn't like. But he is starting to research mass transit on his own to make it more interesting for himself.

As far as my job, it's pretty interesting although I haven't really gotten into it yet. I am researching and writing case histories of past Common Cause lobbying efforts such as on their successful attempt to reconstitute the Federal Election Commission and campaign finance reform. I have to go through Common Cause files and also interview their lobbyists. Eventually, Common Cause may publish these case histories separately or in book form as a collection of readings. Two other people are working on it -- a staff member and another intern. The people at Common Cause are friendly. There are about 30 interns. I assume I'll get to know them better but so far don't really know many of them.

Yesterday, I had my faith in humanity revived briefly. I met a woman of 45 (years Tom, not inches). She turned out to be a social worker and also a member of Common Cause, although not an activist. Since I hadn't yet found housing, I told her of my problem. She almost offered to let me live with her and her husband, rent-free. But they are in the process of constructing their house and only the attic and first floor are completed. Hence, they don't have room. But then she suggested a friend of hers, an older man who was a librarian at the Library of Congress. I called him and he agreed to let me sleep on his couch. But I couldn't imagine living like that all summer, especially in an unsafe neighborhood so I continued hunting and eventually found my present location. But it was nice that his lady on the bus was so helpful. I'm going to get together with her in a couple of weeks.

Speaking of Amy, I called her last night and everything was fantastic between us. She misses me as much as I miss her. I received a letter from her today, she plans to call me tonight and I plan to visit New Jersey tomorrow. I think we really like each other.

So far I really haven't had time to enjoy the city. In addition, I have no one to enjoy it with. I've been pretty lonely so far. It's difficult for me to make friends easily. I hope I adjust quickly because when I'm in a period of transition, I begin feeling all sorts of self-doubts. Wish me luck. Amy leaves on Saturday from New Jersey to visit her mother in North Carolina. It means I won't see her this weekend or the next. Say you guys wouldn't mind visiting me the weekend of June 25? No, I'm not asking for a commitment but think about it. If you can make it, great. By the way, my address is: 2007 Kalorama Road, Washington, D.C. 20036. The phone is 202-332-3278. Write me soon, okay?

Love, Darrell

June 19, 1976

Ken West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Amy, Joanne, and I returned to Ohio on Thursday. I had a real good time in Florida, Ft. Lauderdale, especially after the sun came out. For 4 days straight, it rained while it was beautiful in Ohio. Employment prospects? Well, encouraging in Jacksonville, semi-encouraging at Stuart and nil everywhere else. Problem--all districts must cut back existing personnel because of less money to work with. I like Ft. Lauderdale so well though, I may go regardless. I hate to give up teaching and the vacations, and may not. Yet I have an earnest desire to live there. I have thinking to do. What else can I do, I wonder? I have few marketable skills and little capital.

How goes the summer of service? I'm very glad you had the chance and the motivation to do it -- an experience such as this cannot be duplicated or have monetary value. I don't have to tell you to get enmeshed in the work or the atmosphere of Washington. I'm sure you have.

What possibility is there of Amy [West] and I coming to Washington in the next 2 to 3 weekends? Amy wants to see you. However, if it cannot be arranged, don't hesitate to let us know. I understand.

Have you met Radar, Woodward, or Bernstein yet? Please do. Very little is occurring here in Ohio. Amy and Laura get along fine. It's like Amy has never been away, as far as her actions and attitudes go. We visited Underground Atlanta after we picked up Joanne. It is full of interesting boutiques, people, and an atmosphere predating 1900. It has a lot of charm. And Amy was particularly impressed by all the people and the TALL buildings. She had never experienced such a sight before.

Amy is here for 6 weeks this summer, plus I have Florida visitation rights in the Fall and Spring. I also pay some more in child support. I am relatively happy. Afterwards, for Amy's sake, I had supper at their house to show that we can get along. We did.

Saw Aunt Helen today. Never had a more stimulating conversation. I lie a lot too. Amy is not too hepped up on her.

I trust that you and Amy (New Jersey) are still corresponding. You are good for each other. I hope things work out, dependent on what each of you desire.

Amy was talking of Laura and said, "Laura won't know who I am now. She won't know me with all my teeth missing." We had a good laugh from that. Amy has very few teeth on her upper gum and she thought that was the primary reason. Well, if I have to explain it, forget it, right?

Saw her report card and I was impressed. A's and B+'s. Teacher remarks -- "beautiful" and "outstanding." And Amy won the Good Citizenship Award. And she dives beautifully from a diving board. I am amazed and very proud, even though they are her accomplishments and I had nothing to do with them.

Most close for now. Enjoy ...

Ken

June 20, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Mom and Dad,

I think I'm beginning to get adjusted to life in Washington, as I've started to take advantage of its funspots. I spent Sunday afternoon with David Golden, a friend from Miami who lives here in suburbia with his family. We visited an arts and crafts area in Alexandria, which is right out side Washington on the Potomac River. After that we went out for dinner and watched a play, "Mary, Mary." I expect to do more things in the future with David because he is new to D.C., his family just having moved there. Consequently, he hasn't seen many of the sights either.

Last Thursday I visited Amy in New Jersey. We spent Friday in Pennsylvania, visiting Penn State where she will attend graduate school. We found her a nice apartment and also saw the campus. I had a nice time with her. Things are going well in my relationship with her, although I don't know what will happen after August because Bloomington is a long distance from Penn State.

The job is going fairly well. I've been working on a case study of Common Cause's lobbying efforts for the Federal Election Commission. This means I've had to research press clippings, press releases, Congressional reports and had to conduct interviews with Common Cause lobbyists. At the end of this research, I have to write a 50-75 page paper outlining my findings. Then I, like my two co-researchers, will go onto other Common Cause issues and do similar research. Eventually Common Cause may publish these reports as chapters in a book, if they are good enough.

Mom, were you able to get my \$50 phone deposit from Dennis and also the pillows? Could you send me a rental policy which Marc Kellams of College Mall Apartments of Bloomington should have sent you. Also please write me what my grades were and save the grade report for me.

I've also trying to figure out the furniture I need for Bloomington. I think I need a sofa, kitchen table and chairs, study desk, bed and one large rug. If you have any of these items and don't need them, let me know. Or if you find any bargains anywhere, buy them and I'll reimburse you.

I hope everything is okay and that Amy West arrived. Write and tell me what's going on. Bye.

Love, Darrell

June 20, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Amy [Bluestone],



Guess what? ... Good news on the D.C. I had my first neat day in Washington. (I'm writing this at 12:30 Sunday night. If my pen begins to slide off, please understand. I'm tired, although I don't feel shitty). I spent the day with Dave Golden and his family. He's the guy who stayed out with Tom til 5 a.m. in Oxford. In the early afternoon, we drove to Alexandria, a D.C. suburb for an arts and crafts exhibit. It was located on the Potomac and was very scenic. Later we ordered a pizza for dinner and saw a play, "Mary, Mary" a decent comedy. We went back to their apartment and engaged in unstructured social interaction before Dave drove me home. His family (2 parents, 1 sister, 1 dog, and 1 cat) are very friendly and acted very interested in me, something which made me feel really good. I had several intellectual, perverted, and nonsensical conversations with David. Contrary to my original impressions of Dave in Oxford, I now think he and I can become close friends. I expect to play tennis and visit the sights with him and he wants to do the same with me. It was really important that I have a day like today because D.C. had really depressed me. I didn't communicate my thoughts that well to you but I think you understand that I formerly wasn't very happy here. Now I am more optimistic about my summer although there are still going to be irritants, lonely feelings, etc. I really wish you were with me this moment so I could share my euphoria with you. Being apart from you when I am lonely is sad. But being unable to share the good times is even worse. Consequently I'm doing the next best thing by writing you. As they say "a letter is the next best thing to being there." I dread tomorrow morning though because there does always have to be a morning after and it's never as euphoric as the day before.

I wish we had been able to have a longer and a more intimate good-bye at the train station. But being a social scientist, I understand group dynamics and realize 3 people is different than 2. I also hope you weren't too late for the plane as we were running a bit late.

I have thought about our time together Thursday and Friday. I wish I understand why we could have such good times while having tense times at other periods. It makes me sad that everything isn't euphoric all the time but I know that's idealism in the extreme. I know it's risky to talk about this by letter due to the fact that words are easily misinterpreted and that there's no quick way of straightening out the misunderstanding. But I need to discuss them (need=want). It seems to me that what you said at one point is really accurate. We each want the other person to understand us in a way which is impossible so soon in our relationship. As a result, this desire for understanding is adding tension and pressures to our relationship. In addition, I think both of us are more critical and less accepting of the other because ours is a romantic type and more than just a friendship. Because it is a romance, we each have different criteria and expectations than we do with friends. There are times when I feel that you don't understand me. But I really can't blame you because I often don't communicate my feelings or hurts to you until they have built up into major resentment. In order for you to better understand me, I feel I must learn to communicate better. I hope you can help me develop this capacity, such as by drawing me out verbally when you think I may be unhappy. I realize this shifts part of the responsibility to you, but I feel we must work together because ours is a relationship, not a monologue. I want to learn to understand you better also and from that learn to accept you. You said you were worried that our rational discussions didn't seem to improve the situation afterwards due to my uneasy feelings. While that is true, such discussions do help in the longer run. Afterwards I think about them and often find more understanding in them than I did at the time of the conversation. On the trip home from Pennsylvania, I feel I did get to know you better as you did reveal some very personal feelings. It makes me happy that you feel comfortable enough with me to articulate them to me.

There are many other things I'd like to tell you. But I will save them for July 2 so as to give you an incentive to make the trip. I trust that everything is working out well in North Carolina. Tell your mother I said Hi. Until I see you, take care. Bye.

Love, Darrell

June 22, 1976  
 Darrell West  
 2007 Kalorama Road  
 Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Ilene [            ],

Greetings from our capital city. Yes Ilene, I arrived a week and a day ago to be precise. I spent my first 2 days looking for a cheaper place to stay until finally finding a bargain. I rented a room in a house for \$100/month which is excellent for D.C. I have access to kitchen facilities, washers, dryers, TV's and last but not least, bathrooms.

My job is fairly interesting. I am helping 2 other people research and write case studies of Common Cause's lobbying efforts on specific issues. The first issue was the reconstitution of the Federal Election Commission. I had to read tons of newspaper clippings, memos, press releases, Congressional information in order to try to determine what Common Cause did. Eventually I'll help write the story. Next I'll work on a campaign reform bill which the state of Michigan passed last year. Sounds interesting, eh? Well it is to me at any rate.

My adjustment to the big city life was slow at first. I really wasn't very happy last week because everything was radically different than the farm and small town in which I was raised. The streets are less safe, I knew fewer people, and it was an overall less secure setting. Now I've begun to enjoy myself more, see the sights, and meet people than I did last week. So I'm encouraged. I hope you send me a long letter full of encouragement, etc. And also include a paragraph at the end of your letter telling me how you're doing on your new job and new town. Until later, take care. Good-bye.

Darrell

June 22, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Amy [Bluestone],

Greetings from our capital city. Life is picking up here in D.C., mainly because I've started to contact the old friends I know here. Monday I called Fern Dannis, a Miami alumnus who attends University of Virginia graduate school and is working in D.C. this summer. She told me about a free jazz concern at the Renwick Art Gallery on Tuesday night. So I invited Dave Golden and we went to hear it. She also was nice enough to invite me to a party she's giving Saturday night, a party which I, in turn, invited Dave and Bill Fogarty to. I hadn't seen Fern for 1 and 1/2 years. I didn't feel comfortable with her tonight. Despite the long absence, we had little to talk about which was sad for me. Whenever I see old friends, I like to have the bubbly conversation, But it's not always like that.

After calling her, I went to visit Bill Fogarty last night. I waited for 2 hours for him (I hadn't phoned in advance) until I left. The time was put to good use though because I managed to finish In Common Cause by John Gardner. I went to see Face to Face by Ingman Bergman. The movie was about a woman who experienced a nervous breakdown and then unsuccessfully attempted suicide. It really had a lot of emotional impact on me. It's the kind of movie that depresses me because I could actually feel that I was in her room. It's the kind of movie that is good to talk about afterwards. But since I went by myself, I didn't have that outlet.

Today I called Vail Kaufman, a friend of mine from Earlham College in Richmond. We had a decent conversation. He and his girlfriend are stopping by to visit me Thursday night.

I haven't rally met any new people that I liked, which makes me sad. But I really feel close to David, so that makes me happy.

My job is really starting to pick up. I'm starting to understand what I'm specifically doing. I started to research a reform bill passed by the state of Michigan last year. It was an innovative Common Cause lobbying effort because Common Cause used the threat of a petition (placing the issue on the ballot for popular vote) to force reform by the state legislature. Now I have to figure out how Common Cause pulled that off successfully.

I've been pretty moody this week. I've had some excellent times, while feeling lonely at other times. I have thought about our relationship a lot. But I still don't understand our moodiness. I wish we could be happier more of the time. I think both of us are so worried about saying the wrong thing that it is pressuring our relationship. Yet we both must think about what we say because we are both very sensitive individuals. I guess only time will tell if we can work out this dilemma. I haven't given up. I want to work it out very badly as I

think you do also. I believe we can have fun times together because despite our troubles, we still continue to have fun together. I'm looking forward to seeing you July 2. There are a lot of neat little things I'd like to share with you. Enjoy the North Carolina sun (and rice). Take care. Good night (imaginary kiss).

Love, Darrell

June 22, 1976

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell

Thought I'd just send these all out together this time. This was a busy week. Friday night, Israel Township Alumni, Saturday went to Columbus all day for the Farm Bureau Bicentennial. Then Sunday Shirley had us all up for ice cream for Father's Day (Mitchell's and us). Then took Aunt Martha home last night and saw Linda's baby too. She's so little after seeing Laura.

Amy and Kenny arrived back Thursday. She's grown so much. She's here for 6 weeks. Guess he also gets her 3 days in the Spring and 3 in the Fall plus Christmas but had to up his alimony payment. Seems he found an interest (girl) in Ft. Lauderdale and says he might move there. Time will tell.

I'm so tired today. I have no ambition to do anything.

Tim took Joanne down Saturday evening to meet his family. She's quite thrilled.

Susie McCormick stopped a half second this morning. She's taking a history course in this building. How's things in Washington now? Do you just have 1 room and do you have to eat all meals out? What have they had you doing? You'll have to tell us what's going on.

Jim sang a solo in church and did a really good job. Be sure and write. We want to hear from you.

Love, Mom

June 22, 1976

Amy Bluestone

3 Jonathan Drive

Edison, New Jersey 08817

Dear Darrell,

Hiya. How's this week? Are you any less lonely? Has Kathy gotten there yet? Have you fallen in love with Hudda yet? You better know the answer to the last question, right?

Since Saturday's delicious raisin English muffin, I have eaten only rice and fruit. It really is gross stuff. I can't believe my mother's lasted this long. It's a lousy atmosphere for meals altogether. It really does amaze me that so many rich women who expect only the best put up with the shit they give you here. The service is lousy, waitresses unpleasant, and it's a hot and ugly room. We must stand 10 minutes on line before every meal. I guess the reason is that people are losing weight. My mother's lost 15 pounds and she's pretty damn happy that her clothes are all big.

It's good that I'm here, I think. She's pretty cheerful these days. I'm enjoying her company too. It's amazing how tiring it is here though. I'm exhausted by 10:00. It's a combination of the food, the exercising, and even the boredom.

My mother has this one really nice friend. She's a child psychiatrist and really funny and clear. But Darrell, she's so immense. I can't describe her size to you. She's the heaviest here. As a matter of fact, I've never seen so many tremendous people in my entire life. I'm getting used to it already, but it is a shame. There's a lot of younger people too and skinny people who are almost done. That at least is encouraging.

It's a strange feeling for me. I've never had to feel guilty for my size. People are really jealous and make cracks about my eating rice. I honestly don't think they know that they're making me uncomfortable but they say weird things. Anyway I've lost 3 pounds so far and the hell with them. I need to lose. I am looking forward to eating other food though. I think I'd have a lot of trouble eating rice for 3 weeks as my mother has.

So other than rice, what's new and exciting? Hey before we get off the subject, do you want to hear 2 jokes ... good! 1. What's white and crawls up your leg? Uncle Ben's perverted

rice (funny, huh?) and 2. What's black and crawls up your leg? Uncle Ben. I thought they were kind of funny, chuckle funny, that is.

I told my mother all about my beautiful apartment. I still love it. 5 days later and I'm still amazed at our good luck.

Hey Darr, not too much longer til July 4th, huh? I should say July 1st. Do you still want to hit the town? How's the job going these days? Are you meeting other people? That is are you making the effort?

Do you know that here I am in sunny, warm North Carolina and it's rained every damn day. I haven't gotten any sun at all and it's supposed to keep raining through Thursday. Now tell me, is there justice?

That's it on this side. My mother and I are getting along extremely well. She likes to show me off to her friends and we're having fun. She's speaking to my father. I'm interested to see how the conversation goes. It went fairly well on Sunday. As I listen, it ain't too good, She's complaining and her voice is lowering. I suppose that's to be expected but I feel bad for her.

Anyway I can't wait to see you. It won't be too long now. It's a good thing you came to Penn State with me, otherwise I'd be so anxious to see you. Now I'm only really anxious.

Please don't be lonely. Think of good things -- what a neat kid you are, you know, things like that, ok? After all, I'll have you know I only date the best. Remember that! See you soon.

Love, Amy

June 24, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Ken [West] and Amy [West],

Glad to hear that you enjoyed your trip South. But I must say that I'm disappointed to learn of an omission in your letter as you described Florida. According to highly placed sources, you allegedly met a young lady and allegedly had a good time. I hope you will write to confirm or deny the aforementioned rumor (don't mind my stilted language. I'm just trying to fit into the Washington mainstream of high-handedness).

Regarding a visit to D.C., feel free to come. Perhaps the best time will be the weekend of July 10. Amy (of New Jersey) may or may not be here, but don't let that bother you. There is an extra studio bed here which you and Amy (of Florida) can sleep on. New Jersey Amy is definitely spending July 2-6 with me. Friends of hers may also be coming which explains why I discourage you from coming then. As far as my relationship with Amy, everything is moderately good although there have been some tensions recently between us. Only time will tell if we can resolve them. Wish me luck.

Life in D.C. has been an adjustment for me. At first, I wasn't overjoyed at being here. There were problems in getting around, meeting people, and in avoiding crime. Now I have succeeded in conquering all 3 problems, so am much happier being here.

Work is developing well. The research which I'm conducting is more of the journalistic type than the academic type. But because I'm learning about politics, I don't mind.

Thank you Amy (of Florida) for your letter. I'll give you a big kiss for it when you arrive in Washington. See ya. Let me know if the aforementioned weekend is suitable.

Darrell

June 25, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Howdy Amy [Bluestone],

How was your week in Durham? Was it a comfortable or a tense week with your mother? Are you still planning to visit Carol? And more importantly when are you visiting me? I'm asking all these questions first because I'm interested in the answer but secondly because I'm trying to subliminally encourage you to write or call me. I realize Ammm, that

this may be manipulation but in some situations manipulation is a productive strategy. I really would like to find out how you've been and what you're feeling.

Now to bring you up to date on the trivial details of my life. On Wednesday, I received one of the thrills of my life when John Gardner, the Jesus Christ of Common Cause, conducted a seminar. That event, though was not the thrill. In fact, it was boring because he just outlined the history of Common Cause, which I already knew from reading *In Common Cause*. The big thrill was later in the day as I was sitting in a bathroom stall, I realized Gardner was in the stall next to me. It thrills me to know that I'm one of the few people who experience such a rare honor. I hope my excitement is coming across in this letter.

After that I ate lunch with Dave Golden and visited the Renwick Gallery for 45 minutes. Tonight he and I are doing something, either going to a play or going bar-hopping. I enjoy Dave's company a lot.

Last night I got slightly intoxicated with Vail, my friend from Earlham College and his girlfriend, Sally. First we got a beer and pizza at a sidewalk cafe. Then Vail came up with what at the time seemed to be an exciting suggestion. He suggested we go to a topless bar. We voted and the vote favored his suggestion 3-0 (even Sally voted yea). We went to such a bar. There was no cover charge or minimum, although the beers were expensive. Eventually we discovered that not only was it a topless bar, but a bottomless bar also. Unfortunately the experience ruined all my stereotypes and fantasies of topless bars. I imagined it to be sexually arousing. But it really wasn't very exciting, especially after we'd been there 3 minutes, when it started to get boring. I had an outstanding time with them and I know they enjoyed my company. I hope to see them more but they live 30 minutes outside D.C. Also Vail is working full-time and attending law school part-time. So his time is really limited. But at least we'll be able to get together occasionally.

Aside from these surface events, I have continued to think a lot about our relationship. I'm really uncertain about it first because I'm not sure what I think about our relationship or about what I want from a relationship in general. Also I don't know what you've been thinking the past week. But I'm finding that as I get more adjusted to my new surroundings, I'm better able to collect my thoughts. I'm a little bit nervous about your visit here in that I'm afraid we'll feel compelled to engage in heart-to-heart talks without stopping to have fun and just enjoying one another. I think we can have a good time together if we let it happen. I hope that my saying I'm uncertain doesn't upset you. It's really important that we communicate our feelings and our uncertainties to each other. It doesn't mean I feel any less affection for you. In fact it probably means I feel more for you because I'm willing to be honest with you. One of my biggest character flaws is that sometimes I don't communicate my feelings to you until they have built up into a hypersensitive and unhappy mess. I think that was one of the problems our last time together. I was unhappy about Washington but I didn't communicate it to you before we got together or gradually after we got together. When you didn't guess that I was unhappy with D.C., I became unhappy with you. It would have been nice if you had drawn it out of me, but a lot of the responsibility lays with me for not communicating it better to you in the first place. I hope you understand what I'm saying here because it will help you hopefully to understand me, my sudden bouts of hypersensitivity and our last visit a lot more. At this stage in my life (stage 5), I feel more comfortable communicating with other people via writing rather than verbally. I hope someday to develop my oral skills (no pun intended originally although there is one now).

Incidentally and off the subject, I think I've found 2 intellectual justifications for your argument that people should ideally love one another without needing one another -- Eric Erikson in *Childhood and Society* and Abraham Maslow with his self-actualization shit. The more I think about it the more I agree with you although more in the ideal than the practical. Perhaps you are right to set your goals high. It gives you more to strive for although it also leaves you open to disappointment. As an expert at high goal-setting, I know. It seems like everytime I accomplish something academically, I raise my goals. This is good in that it takes me higher on the path of development. But it also doesn't give me much time to sit back, relax, and enjoy my achievements. All of this nonsense is just to warn you about high goals. Since I'm starting to ramble, I will close. The more I write, the more enthusiastic I become. I look forward to seeing you July 2. I asked Wendy [Wolf] for next Friday off and she courageously acceded. Bye now and see you soon.

Love, Darrell

June 25, 1976

Tom Larson

c/o Scott Ruby

RFD # 6

Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17603

Dear Darrell,

Sitting around the fireside in a typical domestic scene (no dummy, the fire is not lit; it is 80 degrees). Well now that I have riveted your eyes to this letter in anxious anticipation of more rollicking humor, I will continue with this drivel ...

On second thought, I'll just get on with it. Frankly, I've been working my butt off 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday as a peon carpenter. I'm the bottom guy on the totem pole. It's heavy having five guys sitting on your shoulders. I'm really enjoying the work. I've lost some weight. I'm really learning a lot -- picky details that add up to making a fine job. The people I work with are all really nice, patient too as I stumble my way to becoming a carpenter.

The house I have rented a room in is super cool. There are antiques all over the place. The house itself is a refurbished outbuilding for a once great farm. It is done in a very rustic style -- tough wood, open rafters. The farm is now used by a tenant. The owner is obviously speculating on the housing market. I've heard that he plans a subdivision development for the future. If his building goes through, it will be a very energy inefficient set-up -- large, middle class style homes on 1/2 acre plots 5 miles from Lancaster city with no public transportation available. I wonder what the real future of such urban development is given that people currently want to live that way but costs of such a lifestyle are surely bound to rise. In contrast to trends of development in the industrializing countries, will suburban or semi-rural subdivision living here be the way of the rich and agglomeration for the relatively less affluent? I feel that things are not going to be so opulent for so many people in the near future. I can't see that everyone will be able to afford to operate and own cars when oil prices rise. I keep hearing people say that technology will come up with solutions with the proper economic incentives, but I think that is a dangerously optimistic attitude. What if we really fuck things up and our economy runs out of energy to burn, literally running out of gas? Alternatives to petroleum just don't seem to be that efficient. It takes a hell of a lot of energy to build a nuke plant. I think we Americans have been too gluttonous and there is going to be a lot of changes dictated by economics and resource availability. I just hope we can find some way to slow the club fall in its course for our noggins. If things are going to keep going, I can't see things going the way they are now without changes. My next question is: What are the best things to change? I don't think the market is the best mechanism.

What Galbreath describes in Economics and the Public Purpose really strikes me as true. I think that what Galbreath calls for in terms of reaction to the present situation -- changes in expectations, of people in government regulation (who is regulated, now, and by whom), and increasing somehow general appreciation for the commonweal. I guess I've got to do some more thinking on how some vague apparition of consensus can be reached. People have got to see themselves playing in the same ballpark or else we're not going to have a good game.

Business: I'll be sending the rent money to Remick tomorrow. The address you will get in a subsequent letter. Received electric bill today: \$8.41. It is an estimate based on past usage. Credit me regarding the phone bill and send me a bill for my share of whatever remains.

Sorry about the quick response regarding the June 25 invitation. Janet's work schedule is so wierd that we three may have difficulty getting a mutually good date until the middle of July.

Keep in touch.

Always, Tom

P.S. Tell me about what you're doing at Common Cause. I'm interested to hear about what you're doing there.

June 26, 1976

Darrell West

2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Joanne [West],

How's life treating you these days? I understand Tim took you to his home recently. What did you think of his family? Are they hillbillish? Excuse my harsh language. Perhaps I should ask if they are of Southern origins.

Life in Washington is different. That's the most accurate thing I can say for it. I still haven't decided if I like it. I've been doing a lot of things, like going to movies, plays, museums, bars, etc. Generally, I do things with either Dave Golden or Bill Fogarthy, 2 friends from Miami. I can't say that I've met any new people that I liked. On Thursday, Vail (of Earlham background) visited me and took me to a topless and a bottomless bar. It was pretty boring though. The thing I dislike most about D.C. is the transportation problem. It's really difficult deciding which bus to take and know how long it will take to get there. I thought Oxford had its share of hassles, but I realize now that I didn't know the meaning of the word until coming to D.C. I also wish I knew more people here, but I suppose that will come later.

I visited Amy last weekend and she is coming here on Thursday night for the July 4th weekend. I'm really uncertain about our relationship now. Long distance romances are difficult when you haven't known the other person for a long time. It's difficult for me to trust our relationship if I don't get daily feedback. In addition, there is the problem of graduate schools. After August 12, we won't see each other for a long time. It seems futile to develop a relationship with that coming up. So in quick summary, I'm not really happy with the way the relationship with Amy is turning out. It really bothers me because I think we would have a chance of working things out if we were together this summer and afterwards. I hope you appreciate the fact Joanne that you live in a less changing community, where you see the same people more often. So this is the state of my mind now. I hope you write me soon and offer encouragement. Bye.

Love, Darrell

P.S. I start taking guitar lessons tomorrow from a college student home for the summer. Apparently she has taught before and she only charges \$4.

June 28, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
3 Jonathan Drive  
Edison, New Jersey 08817

Hi Darr,

Just want to tell you that I can't wait to see you, it was great talking to you and yes, I think we'll have a fantastic 4th of July (and 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th)!

I spoke to Susan tonight and she and David are coming to D.C. They're arriving Saturday morning early. I told them to call us as soon as they got in regardless of the hour. I figured we'd be up all night anyway so it wouldn't matter.

I was really happy to hear you're feeling better about the city. It really does have so much to offer and once you have some friends (as you have now) you really can do and see a lot. I'm jealous of that opportunity. I suppose I'll just have to come down often to help you take advantage of everything.

We spoke to my mother tonight. She sounded good. Hasn't lost weight though. It would be nice if she would lose. She and Val seem to be getting along fine, though I know the true story will come out when my father hears it.

I am visiting Carol tomorrow. I can't wait to see her. It was like talking to you tonight. I'm now really anxious to catch up on her life -- in person! There's so much happening with her and we only have Tuesday night. Wednesday, she's working and I'll be with her but it's not prime talking time, so we'll have to stay up all Tuesday night. We usually do when we finally get together. One of these times we'll have to shop for a bridesmaid gown for me, now that's a really exciting thought!

Oh well, Dear Darr (you see, I had to get that dear in), I'll see you July 1st. Get ready for the July 4th of a lifetime (I heard that on TV tonight). I am.

Love, Amy

June 30, 1976  
 Ilene [ ]  
 4600 Cantura Drive  
 Dayton, Ohio 45415

Dear Darrell,

Hi there! And how's Common Cause's up and coming man from Eaton, Ohio? I hope you are better settled now in Washington -- feeling more at home. I can sympathize with your feelings of adjustment. At the beginning of my freshman year when my family said "good-bye" and drove off, I realized that I was "alone." I know you're in a different situation but that initial feeling of loneliness in a new territory without the security of friends and family is similar. But behold! The situation soon changes and gives way to friends, work, and lots of new experiences.

Your work with Common Cause sounds interesting -- although I don't know if I could handle all that reading. I bet it takes a certain amount of self-discipline to stick with your research with all the "distractions" in D.C. I would be tempted to go around the city and sightsee, visit the museums, and just overall observe the pace of the town. Have you been able to do much touring of Washington? Have you met many young people? Have you seen any famous faces roaming about the city? (sorry about that, I threw that in for variety -- it's supposed to be the spice of life you know, oh well ...).

To date, my vacation hasn't been too exciting. I had my wisdom teeth extracted. It took me a little longer to recuperate than I expected. I felt well enough to walk around by Wednesday, but one side of my face was swollen for over a week! Ugh! I was beginning to think it was going to stay that way. As an added attraction, that same side turned a nice shade of green -- ugly -- I was thinking about starting a new fad in the cosmetic world, but by the time I thought of the idea much of the effort had worn off. C'est la vie ...

I started working last week at United Beverage -- it's a beer and wine distribution center. Right now I'm doing all their junk work like filing and alphabetizing invoices, but hopefully I can progress in the ranks as soon as I learn my way around the place!

Last weekend Shelley, my original roommate, came to visit. We didn't do a whole lot but I enjoyed her company a lot.

Well since you have to read all day, I'll give you a break and quit writing so you can rest your eyes.

Write when you have a chance (preferably soon).

Have fun and take care.

Ilene

June 30, 1976  
 Darrell West  
 2007 Kalorama Road  
 Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Mom and Dad,

I had my first big thrill on Sunday when I got to take my first guitar lesson at the Watergate complex. It turns out that the mother of my guitar instructor (who is a college student) lives at the Watergate. The instructor is an excellent teacher. She's also a nice person besides. We got along so well during the lesson that she invited me to go swimming at the Watergate pool, which I did. Later that night, we went to a jazz concert, which was pretty good. It's nice that I'm starting to meet people in this city. It makes it much more enjoyable. On Tuesday night, I went to a movie with some friends.

Tonight I'm going to see Kathy Bouriff, your ex-secretary, Mom. She arrived in town last Thursday.

Tomorrow night, Amy is arriving in D.C. and I'm really looking forward to seeing her. She still is number one in my heart among the women I know.

I have a request to make of you. I under budgeted my money for the first time in my life. In fact I think that I need \$350.00 until the fall, when my graduate money starts rolling in. Would it be possible to borrow that amount off of you? I could repay it this fall. I should have borrowed more from my bank for this summer but didn't realize it would be such an



expensive city. I'm also paying rent on my apartment in Bloomington, which adds to my expenses. Let me know if you can or can't.

Did my diploma arrive? I want to know if I officially graduated. Did I get any mail from a Bloomington address? Tell Ken to let me know when he's coming. Write and tell me how you are. Bye.

Love, Darrell

July 1, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Shirley and Jim [Mitchell],

Hi. I'm sitting here waiting for Amy's train to arrive. I'm very excited about seeing her since I haven't seen her in 10 days. That's a pretty long time for us. It will be fun showing her the city. I think I'll take her to the Washington Cathedral, Arlington Cemetery, the fireworks, and the gigantic parade.

I've started to enjoy living here although at first I wasn't very thrilled about it. I'm doing so many things now that I really treasure an evening when I can just sit and read a book, play with myself, etc. The problem with D.C. is that the list of entertainment possibilities is endless. It makes choosing what to do very difficult.

A couple of nights ago, I got my first rip-off in Washington. I and a friend had heard there was an excellent political comedian, Mark Russell, at one of the hotels here. We decided to hear him. The night before, I called up to make sure he had a Tuesday performance. The person assured me he did. So Tuesday, we went, 4 of us. There is a \$3/person minimum for drinks, so we each ordered one drink, which satisfied the minimum. Then we discovered Russell did not have a performance that night. So we wasted \$12 between the 4 of us. I complained to the management but it didn't help any. There we went to the parking lot and found out the charge was \$2.50 for the 45 minutes we were there. I've now learned that you must continually ask questions because most people really don't know what is going on, even if it is their job to know something. So an evening wasted.

How is Laura doing? Is she quoting Plato yet? Write and let me know how you guys are doing.

Love, Darrell

July 1, 1976  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

How's things going in Washington? Are you keeping things under control? How's Amy and you?

We traded off the old white car Saturday and got another Nova ('74). It's yellow. Really rides nice. Your dad wanted another Nova if he could find one and sure enough Aukerman's had it. Collins didn't. He was afraid the red one was going to blow up, being used every day.

The West family picnic is going to be at our house this Sunday. It will be a big day. Don't let it rain. I want it outside.

You got your graduate certificate, but I will just hold it for you. Also there is a class schedule newspaper (similar to ours only bigger) from Bloomington. Do you want that sent or can Kenny bring it when he comes. I'll hold it for now. I don't have any contract that you were talking about. I called Dennis about the money and he brought it over.

Things are really quiet here -- not much going on.

As to furniture, the kids say send the couch but we'll see. There's the brown rocker, red table Joanne has, either the single bed or if it's the other, we'll have to buy a mattress and you can have a dresser if you like. Now tell me what else you want and we'll see what we can do. Oh yes, we have a rug, I can't remember what else you said.

Kenny is desperately looking for a job in Florida. He's down there now. Says he's going for sure. Even had me typing letters for him.

Joanne's love life is moving right along. Even had to turn one guy away.

Got my china cupboard from Fairhaven. It's really pretty.

Aunt Martha called asking all about Barbara's baby. Couldn't understand how we had all kept it so quiet. Seems that she called Barbara asking about Dale (he's the same) and Barbara told her about the baby. I said I wasn't allowed to tell, that Aileen didn't want to worry her. I never did agree with Aileen for not telling for she should have known right along.

Things are really slow here. We don't have hardly anything to do. I make sure I have my paper and a magazine and a little needlework in between. We have our new typewriters now -- IBM Selectric. They are really nice. Jill and I both have one.

They are still candidating around here. Had 2 in this week for public policy and they have hired 2 new ones now -- 1 for public administration and 1 for judicial process. Haven't got yesterday's results yet.

Write when you can and you saw what was upstairs so tell me what else you need.

Love, Mom

July 1, 1976  
 Ken West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Glad to hear that you have are becoming acclimated to Washington. It can be an exciting city if you are political in nature. Amy and I wish to come the weekend of July 17-18, if O.K. She is looking forward to seeing you and she is well-versed in what is in Washington. Very perceptive, intelligent, articulate, and charming -- a chip off the old block!, she is.

I'm in Ft. Lauderdale at the moment. I have traversed Miami to West Palm Beach interviewing for 3 solid days, public and private schools. I've received 1 offer, in Okeechobee, to date. It is rural and isolated, 55 miles from West Palm Beach. I'll only consider it if I can commute. I have a week to decide. I was counseled to go to Florida immediately if there were any chances, rather than wait till the end of July, as intended. Some ideas opened up and here I am. I regret deeply the time spent away with Amy. It's short as is now, but it can have long-term effect too for Amy and I. Amy understands and is quite happy to spend time with cousin Laura.

The weekend of the 10th, I am flying to New York. Off the record, I met someone, yes. No bid deal, but the company is very good.

Hope that you and Amy of New Jersey continue to be in contact. Only let the future take care of itself.

Looking forward to seeing you. Do not hesitate if something comes up -- the date can be rearranged.

Ken

July 1, 1976  
 Mike Fitzpatrick  
 305 B South Locust, Apt. 33  
 Oxford, Ohio 45056

Darrell,

I was wondering why no mention was made about the \$50 phone security deposit before now? When I asked you a while ago if there were further costs besides utilities, I don't recall any mention being made about a phone deposit. In fact, I remember an assurance that I wouldn't have to worry about the phone.

Also, wouldn't you consider it a rip-off if you had to pay \$20 more than your roommate for the same time period? I understand reasons for the reduction; however that still seems rather unfair for one to pay more than another for the same thing.

I see your view; however from my perspective, in light of the extra \$20 I paid and the fact that this developed so suddenly, I would like to know the justification for my having to shell out now an extra \$17 (1/3 of \$50) for this new, additional, unexpected cost.

I'd like to hear from you soon on this

Mike Fitzpatrick

P.S. I hope you don't get the impression that I'm being bitchy or prickly.

June 29, 1976  
 Vicky Markell  
 Europe

Dear Darrell,

There's so much I'd like to share with you. I've been stuck here for 10 minutes already. I don't know where to start. It's certainly been a trip of ups and downs. The first 2 weeks with my grandparents were trying at times. They are stuck in their old ways and rigid about many things. The cheese goes on the second shelf in the right corner of the frig, etc. They did treat us royally though -- out for meals, sightseeing, etc. One trip was particularly fantastic. We had lunch in Cologne (delicious German sausage, potato salad, and beer) and followed the Moselle River (home of much of the white wine sold all over the world) to a tiny village called Balstein, Germany. We spent the night there in a small hotel built in 1618 on the river. The village was unbelievable. The tiny houses and apartments (all at least 400 years old) were stacked upon each other all the way from the valley to the top of the hill on which stood an old church, and even further up, a castle dating back at least 800 years! This

tiny village has streets so narrow and winding that even the tiny European cars couldn't make it through. Dinner on the terrace outside was Hungarian goulash made with deer meat and a delightful champagne, white wine over fresh strawberry drink. After 2 gallons (I'm not exaggerating Darrell!), we all fell into bed. The next day was incredible -- a whirlwind of cities: Tiers (oldest city in Germany), Bagogne (Battle of the Bulge), Luxembourg City, Brussels, Antwerp, and home to Rotterdam!!!

I think the other high point of those 2 weeks was meeting Mom's friends again. Her friend John and his wife had a party for us which us kids attended be grudgingly. We were finally dragged home at 1:30 that morning. Just delightful people, and we were with them several other times too.

So up to the present. Robert and I took off for Paris last Friday, 5 days ago. I was nervous the night before leaving. I just hadn't realized what I had bitten off with this 5 week undertaking. We got off the train at 6:00 -- rush hour, were hot (that means 90 degrees), and lost of course. I tried to use my French to ask directions. When someone finally understands what I'm asking, they answer so fast, I still don't know which way is up! It is fun trying though. So then I decided to try calling a hotel recommended in our "Europe on \$10 a day". Darrell, after I figured out how much money to put in, I couldn't get a dial tone, then just a busy signal. So there we were 1 1/2 hours later, sitting on a bench with our backpacks looking at each other. Nightmare City, just what I had dreaded. We took a cab to the address of the hotel, they were full, we wandered to about 6 more. Same story. Then we found one -- really dirty, no hot water, etc., but a bed. So here the story begins: Vicky and Robert in a big, strange city, with very little French at our fingertips.

The next morning, we found a much nicer little place with lovely proprietors and then started seeing the city. We're eating cheaply and sleeping cheaply, but getting the feeling of Paris just the same. People have been great to us, helping us order in restaurants, etc. I think our biggest accomplishment however was figuring out the metro system here. Once we did, the city was ours, cheaply too.

Darrell, it is scary though. We are so independent here. Of course, we find security in each other, but I still find myself wondering if we're ready to handle the continent of Europe. Do you know the feeling? Five weeks of being tired, hot, lost, and hungry is a hell of a long time. However, the good times make up for it. Robert and I are getting along wonderfully -- really sensitive to the other's needs, etc. Tonight, we will take the night train to Nice for some fun in the sun. That sea will feel great. From there, we're not sure.

[July 4] Happy Bicentennial! Still in Nice now. Last night there was a fantastic celebration here in honor of America's birthday. First a parade with floats, bands, horses, really neat. Robert caught 3 dozen carnations for me over the course of the parade which are now standing in 2 wine bottles. Then fireworks over the Mediterranean from a boat, and a dance. People here really get into festivals, everybody is friendly, pushy, talkative.

We took a day trip to Cannes, not terribly impressive however. It's definitely a town for the rich. The rows and rows of yachts were typical of the town's inhabitants. One yacht had pink, purple, and orange velvet deck chairs!

Tomorrow we go to Monte Carlo to see the famous gambling casino and to play the slot machines. We'll go to an oceanographic museum and the palace of Princess Grace Kelly. From there, to Barcelona, Spain.

I'm much more comfortable with traveling now, though I still wake up with an initial uneasiness. I truly feel that this is the most educational experience of my life so far, maybe ever. It's not what I'm seeing particularly, but seeing them on our own and reading maps and watching centimes (French pennies).

Darrell, I hope you're having a good summer. I'm sure that D.C. isn't lonely for you anymore. Give Amy my Howdies. May the relationship continue to bloom.

Take care. I miss you. I wish I could share with you now in person.

Love always, Vicky

P.S. Robert is a wonderful companion. It's such a change from the Maysville Robert. Just thought you might like to know!

July 6, 1976  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Road 732

Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Hi! We just got your letter today. I was just telling Jim I better write or you'll be home first.

I bet the fireworks was something else in Washington. Where did they have it?

We made homemade ice cream here and had Bible study group and then went to Richmond. Jim wasn't too enthused so he baby-sat. Jim got his own and his dad's wheat combined yesterday and is out cultivating beans today. Yesterday, Ken, Amy, Joanne, and I went to the pool. We about froze to death though. Today, I had a real exciting day -- picked peas, made applesauce. Jim's Mom and I went to Wesler's Orchard this morning and got apples (\$7 a bushel).

Laura is starting to walk around coffee tables and chairs, etc. Amy saw her walk along the wall and Jim's Mom saw her walk along their cabinets in the kitchen yesterday. So far, I haven't yet. But she's getting brave. When we hold her to help her stand up, she lets go for a second.

I've been having trouble getting her to go to bed at 8:00 with the time change. I rock and rock. Jim took her from me one night to do it himself and she cried and kept reaching for me. Three times she said, "mama" and held her arms out for me. That was 10 days ago and she's never done it again.

Do you get to work when you want to or is it 8-5? It must be nice to have such a decision as to entertainment.

We've been working on Retreat which is in 2 weeks. Big job.

Well, I'll try to write again.

Love, Shirley, Jim, and Laura

July 7, 1976

Darrell West

2007 Kalorama Road

Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

Good news. You remember that decaying pound of hamburger in my frig? Well tonight, I fried and consumed it. It's an achievement because I've been planning on using it just about every night since last Thursday. But something always interfered. So I feel very satisfied. I hope I am communicating my excitement to you.

My life has been very eventful since you left Monday afternoon. I went to Marlys' to go swimming at the Watergate. I ate dinner with her family (she was there also) and then we spent the remainder of the evening walking through Georgetown. We talked about our respective weekends and our respective relationships. Neither of us could decide what is reasonable to expect or to demand in a relationship. Her boyfriend George is coming to D.C. this weekend. I'm anxious to meet him because he sounds like a neat person, although he only has one kidney (which in itself is grounds for dislike).

Tuesday at lunch time Kevin (from Common Cause) and I went to DuPont Circle Park to eat lunch. He began telling me some strange things about his life. Formerly he was associated for a couple of months with Rev. Moon's Unification Church, which is a hypnotic and bizarre fraud on religion. Their basic assumption is to unify human beings with God. But to accomplish this, they require their members to renounce their family, marriage, and job, and move in with church people. They also send you to indoctrination camps. Kevin's closest friend got heavily involved in this, so involved that he renounced his family. His parents got so worried they physically dragged him away from the church and sent him to a Boston psychiatrist. Evidently, he has recovered now. I later met him and he's still pretty strange. We had such a good conversation, Kevin invited me to his house that night.

I went home with him straight from work. We had an excellent dinner -- spaghetti, meat sauce, salad, and French bread. Later four or five of his friends arrived. They were hard-core partiers, and I'm not. We smoked dope and drank beer. I enjoyed it at first, but I started to get tired and bummed out. But since I was an hour from D.C. (he lives in the suburbs), I couldn't leave. It made me really unhappy. This is my normal reaction to a party atmosphere. That's the reason why I enjoyed smoking dope with you. The good time we had

over the weekend and the couple of times in Oxford we smoked are unusual for me. But at least it convinces me it is possible to have a good time if I'm with someone I like. The party lasted till 1 a.m. I stayed at his house that night. The next morning, after he took me home, I went to the Kennedy Center for a forum on campaign '76. Afterwards I visited Marlys for a few minutes as she works as a waitress there.

When I returned to Common Cause, there was a note that J.C. (of the famous J.C. and Tom combo) had called me twice that morning. Tonight I called them and found out they want to visit this weekend for a day and a night. It was nice talking with both of them. My doubts about seeing them have vanished. We'll have a good time.

Later this afternoon, the interns toured the Washington Post. This especially interested me because of my journalism background. While walking the 7 blocks to the Post, I met a really talented person. He's really the first true intellectual I've met at Common Cause. We had a fine time discussing the fine art of politics. I don't know what he's like as a person though. He strikes me as a person I'd like to be intellectual friends with but not personal friends.

I made good progress on my case study of the Michigan Reform Act. I talked for an hour on the phone interviewing a Michigan Common Cause staff person. Tomorrow I get to call another person, then I can start writing. This is the fun part -- interviewing and writing -- but it's also the most difficult part.

Tonight, I sat around. Although I've wanted to do that for awhile, I found myself getting depressed as I did it. [edited out: I'm still not able to appreciate living in this city. My relationship with you is on my mind a lot. I'm not really sure what we should do. I find it very difficult to exist on a day-to-day basis as you do without thinking of the future. It also bothers me that despite our good times, you're still not willing to work on our relationship to try to improve it. It's possible that we need a break from each other in order to find out what we feel about the other. It's difficult for me to continue knowing that you don't value me enough to work on our relationship. If our relationship is going to endure, then we must compromise our childishness. We both act like little kids when we are upset. At this point, I think our relationship is unhealthy because it is developing in a one-sided way. It makes me feel very vulnerable because I'm willing to make more of a commitment than you are. It also enables you to make a lot of the decisions. All of this may sound really blunt. But I think it has to be because our relationship is causing me a lot of anxiety. I can't continue on that basis. I hope you write or call to tell me what you feel about this situation.] I'm still very moody concerning our relationship. There are times when I'm optimistic, hoping that each of us can learn to handle our childishness. That's blunt Amy, but it's accurate. But other times, I think about you not being willing to give our relationship time to grow or being willing to work on it by spending more time. Then I wonder what the use is of continuing our relationship. I begin feeling really pessimistic. It's really difficult for me to have a roller-coaster relationship, especially now that I'm insecure anyway, due to my new surroundings. That's the kind of moodiness I feel.

Later in the evening, my mood improved because I received three unsolicited phone calls: Dave, Marlys, and Ken (my brother). It's really nice to hear the phone ring when you're unhappy. Ken told me he could come to D.C. either the weekend of July 17 or 24. I need to know your plans so I can tell him when to come. I talked to Amy (his daughter) briefly. She sounds older. But she still is a very shy child, excessively shy.

Mom told me they were willing to loan me \$350 which eliminated my financial crunch. Well, this is all my news from the last 2 days. Until I see you, take care. Bye.

Love, Darrell

July 7, 1976  
Ken West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Just a note to change plans, if it can be worked out. Weekend of July 17 is our retreat at Hueston Woods. Amy desires to go there to camp out. If July 25 is available, we'd like to come then. However, if July 17 weekend is the only possibility, Amy prefers to see you rather

than go camping. Let us know if July 25 is convenient. If not, we'll plan on July 17. Also please send necessary driving directions. We are coming via Interstate 270.

Went horseback riding and hiking today. Going to a carnival tonight. Always busy, but having fun. Hope all is well. See you soon. Also moving to Florida in August. Yea!

Ken

July 8, 1976

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Try to write a few lines again. Your Dad finished combining wheat last night about 10:00. Dan did it. Showers have been going all around us so I'm glad it's finished before we get another soaking one. Kenny is going to New York City to see a girl this weekend, someone he met in Florida.

We had at least 80 people Sunday, a good crowd. We set up the tramp shed to use in case of rain, and lo and behold Sunday morning with the sun shining brightly, Dad wanted it in there anyway. I had wanted it in the yard if it was nice but it turned out all O.K. I think everyone had a good time. We sat in the yard in the afternoon. We got tables and chairs from the church so that helped. Eleanor (except Frank, he had a wedding) and all her family came so that night we all went to fireworks in Richmond. She wanted to go early so we would get a good parking place (6:00). We ate our supper up there beside the car (took stuff with us) and then when we got ready to come home, we couldn't get out. Sat there for an hour, never saw so many people in my life. But it was nice.

Canned green beans on Monday although I didn't have much ambition for it. Garden is doing well, we've put up strawberries, peas, beans, and beets.

Helen has herself in a jam this time. She was arrested for DWI the other night. Shirley says she can get maybe 3 days in jail, \$100 fine, and lose her driver's license for 6 months. Her hearing is July 15, but I think this has shook her up, although I don't think she will change. She told them she had to go to work and how would she get there. They said "get out your bicycle or roller skates." Kenny and Shirley just happened to be in the courthouse on Friday morning and she was there with her attorney. They wanted to know why she was there and she kept saying she didn't want to talk about it so Shirley marched into Municipal Court and wanted to see her record and that was what she found out. She might have to move to Eaton if can't drive. Guess the test showed she had quite a bit in her but she claims not as much as they say. This will be published in the newspaper after her hearing.

I hate to see Kenny leave but I knew it was coming sometime.

Well, I have some typing to do so I'd better get busy. Write.

Love, Mom and Dad

July 11, 1976

Darrell West

2007 Kalorama Road

Washington, D.C. 20036

Mike [Fitzpatrick],

I apologize for the misunderstanding that has arisen over the phone deposit. Let me explain my position. The phone deposit issue wasn't mentioned to you not because of deceit on our part but rather because Tom and I didn't think about it until the last week of school. We assumed it would not be a problem for you because you wouldn't permanently be losing 1/3 of the \$50. You will receive that money in August when Dennis shuts off the phone. Because you would get the money back, we assumed it wouldn't be a problem.

As far as the rent reduction, we were forced to because we had not found a renter by the last week of spring quarter. So we had to reduce it or lose \$116. We should inform you that we received 3 inquiries from teams of 2 people wanting the room, but because we had already promised the room to you, we turned them away, even though we were risking the loss of \$116. So please don't think we tried to screw you. We went out of our way to hold up our end of the bargain.

Darrell

July 11, 1976  
 Darrell West  
 2007 Kalorama Road  
 Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Ilene [     ],

First I want to tell you that you make the most flowery D's of anyone I've met. I like them. I was sorry (but no longer am) that your wisdom teeth extraction took so long to recover from. Probably by this time though, you're out playing tennis. Regarding your [job], remember that even though you may not enjoy it completely, you will be making money to do other things you enjoy. That may or may not make it more enjoyable. I can see you sitting there reading this, thinking "No, it's still not enjoyable." Oh incidentally, did you decide whether to transfer to another school?

My life in D.C. has picked up considerably since I last wrote you. I've met several people and have developed close friendships with a couple of them. I'm taking guitar lessons from a girl home for the summer from ( you won't believe this) Alfred College in New York. It turns out her mother lives at the Watergate Complex. So I've been taking my guitar lessons there. Sometimes we go swimming there and lounge around the pool with Congressmen, lawyers, doctors, and Indian Chiefs.

Last weekend, the weekend of the 4th, was a big weekend here. I've never seen so many people in my life. There were several "weird" people (defining weird in terms of opposition to accepted norms of behavior, Oxford, Ohio, 1976). One person was walking around the fireworks area wearing a long white flowing robe. On his back he had attached five-foot aluminum wings. The crowd liked him a lot. Amy, my friend from New Jersey, and 2 of her friends were here for the weekend.

This weekend, my roommate, Tom and his girlfriend, visited. It was really nice to see them. Sometimes when you see old friends, there's not much to talk about. But I felt completely comfortable with them. We visited the Washington Cathedral, a huge church built in 14th century Gothic architecture, and complete with huge stained glass windows and paintings and sculptures.

That's the neat thing about D.C. There is so many things to do. I usually do something every night of the week. It's really tiring and expensive, but I'm only going to be here for the summer.

Write when you get a chance.

Darrell

P.S. Guess what? I got a C in statistics. Bummer.

July 13, 1976  
 Jean Charles  
 Israel-Somers Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Want to congratulate you on graduating at Miami and the grades you got while there. Richard got a letter from Sterling for this semester commending him on making the Dean's Honor Roll. He is helping do things here at home this summer, which includes tearing down a shed, plowing corn and beans, and playing ball or helping with Little League teams most evenings.

How do you like Washington by now? I'm sure it is a busy place, but especially so this summer. Sounds as if you are doing some interesting things.

We will miss Kenny if he decides to go South. We have a trip planned to Kansas for Alan's wedding in August.

Good luck with what you are doing this summer and what you plan to do this Fall. Well keep you in our prayers.

Sincerely, Jean

July 13, 1976  
 Joanne West  
 716 South College St., Apt. 48H  
 Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,



I extend a thousand apologies for taking so long to write. I've been wanting to write for quite a while. I'm taking Calculus in summer school now, and I rather enjoy it, but it takes far too much of my time.

It sounds like you're having a pretty decent summer. I'm really glad you're having the opportunity to do this. You've written a lot about things there but not too much about your job. Can you come and go as you please? Are you meeting a lot of important people? Are you learning anything from it? Is the government even more corrupt than people think? Is it influencing you in a future vocation?

How was the July 4 weekend in Washington? What kind of things were going on and what did you see? Since Amy was there, you were probably oblivious to everything else. Anyway, it sounds like you get to see her fairly often. Is the relationship developing? I wonder what will happen this fall for you two. It won't be easy for you.

Mom said you needed some furniture. The last I heard you expressed interest in that table I had, and I'm planning to give it to you because I don't need it. Tim got two couches recently and wants to get rid of one. He paid \$2 for the one. He said it's yours if you want it. If you don't, he's just going to give it to Goodwill. He's giving it to you free. It's not real fantastic but I didn't think that would bother you. He also had an old refrigerator to get rid of if you need that. I told him I didn't think you did, so let me know if you do.

Things have really developed fast with Tim. I don't know what happened. I may as well tell you that we're talking about getting married. I can't hardly believe it. I've known he was the one for a long time. Our feelings have just grown so fast. I told him that I had thought he would be nice and slow, and he said that's what he had intended to be but something just happened. We're not talking about a definite time yet. Gary's still living with him so that will have to be worked out. He says he's ready right now but I think we need to spend more time together. Mom and Dad know, and Shirley and Jim know, and that's all. I just don't want it told yet. I want to enjoy that knowledge myself for a while.

I have had such a good time with him lately. We all went to a concert in Dayton last Wednesday night, and I thought we had better start showing how we felt in front of others so we did. Darrell, that evening with him was so beautiful that it hurt. I've waiting a long time for this, for the right one and I've known he was the right one for a long time, and I just want to enjoy it. I'm just really thankful for all the time I've had to be single, because I needed it, and I've grown from it. You change so much during these years, and as I look back if you don't give yourself the time to grow and mature as one individual rather than a unit (marriage), it changes the whole ballgame. You would mature through another person and not through yourself. It's hard to explain. You probably don't agree, but I'm thankful to have had it, and I hope you get the chance to have it even though you probably don't want it.

I went to South Carolina a couple of weeks ago for one week to visit Betty Croy who used to work in our office. I had the best time, not just with Betty but with her whole family. We didn't have the time to run over to Myrtle Beach as I had hoped but we were having such a good time that it didn't matter. I met Kenny and Amy in Atlanta and we stopped there and went through Underground Atlanta which was neat. When I got back I couldn't believe the reception I got from Tim. The thing to do I discovered is to get them interested in you and then take a vacation!

I went to Illinois July 4 weekend to see Bev. We had a real nice visit. Flanagan, Illinois is not a real swinging place to be during the Bicentennial July 4 celebration, but it wasn't too bad. They had a parade and a celebration in the park along with a cookout. I came back Sunday for the West reunion and Tim came over for that. Some relatives really embarrassed me by saying things in front of him, but I had warned him ahead of time. It really did kind of make me mad, though.

This coming weekend we're having our annual church retreat at Hueston Woods. The last two years I have really enjoyed that immensely. It should be just as much fun this year.

I hope you're not mad because I typed this. I can say what I want to say faster and say more than I would if I wrote it out.

Oh yes, you asked about Tim's family. They were really nice, especially his sister who is my age. I liked her immediately, she is intelligent and attractive. His father is very quiet, much quieter than Tim even. His mother was gone so I have yet to meet her. I really want to meet her because she apparently runs the show. Oh, by the way, I thought about acting

retarded when I was there, but I finally decided it might not be in my best interest to do so so I didn't.

You said you hoped I appreciated the fact that I lived in a small community where the people don't change much, and relationships are easier to maintain. I couldn't believe that came out of your mouth, Darrell. It sound like you've changed some already. I do appreciate it because I've had both. That's why I want to settle down and stay here. You're experiencing new and different things and you will be for the next couple of years. You're changing form it so give yourself the time to change and develop with it. Change isn't easy for you, I know that because it isn't for me or for any of our family. I think it's harder for us to handle because we were always told what to do and not encouraged supportively to make our own decisions. They wanted us to do what they wanted even down to little things. But we've learned from it and I hope I don't make the same mistake in raising my children.

When will you be getting home and when will you be leaving for Bloomington? Are you really looking forward to graduate school?

Well, I'd better close. Even though my letters are few and far between, at least they're decent when you get them. Write me back soon.

Love, Joanne

P.S. Oh yes, I did meet someone else and go out with them a few times. That's a whole story in itself. It really did something for my ego, and I ended up telling him about Tim and that it was too late. About a week later, I got a beautiful card and letter from this guy telling me that if there was still a chance for him to let him know. I couldn't believe it, when it rains, it pours.

July 13, 1976  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Road 732  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Hi! Thank you for the birthday card, next time I'll take the car though. I bet you didn't expect another letter from us already.

Jim and I are going with Gary and Susie McCormick water skiing at Brookville tomorrow night. I sure hope it warms up. I'm getting scared and excited.

We're still winding things up for the Retreat at Hueston Woods this weekend, so we have quite a week.

We're taking another weekend off the end of July (if I can get Laura weaned in time) and going on the Young Farmer tour at Marysville, Ohio.

Darrell, I've been trying to talk Jim into going to Washington in August, but I think it's in vain. At this point, I don't know where or what we're going to do about a vacation.

Have you gotten to see Amy very much? I know you saw her around the 4th.

Ken and Amy West are really looking forward to going to Washington.

Our wax beans just came on and I canned 7 quarts yesterday. What fun! It's kind of neat though canning and freezing for winter meals.

We took Amy and Joanne to Hueston Woods Saturday. It was fun. I've been trying to get Jim to slow down and have some fun while the crops are growing.

Laura is learning to wave Bye-Bye. I think I told you already. She's getting into everything. She just changes so fast now.

Better close. Don't forget to write.

Love, Shirley, Jim, and Laura

July 14, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
3 Jonathan Drive  
Edison, New Jersey 08817

Hi Darrell,

Just came home and read both your letters and heard you called. I'm sad I missed you. You must be with Tom and Jan tonight. I hope it's fun, I'd like to be with you.

It's been quite a weekend for visiting relatives. I'm glad it's over. Yesterday, my aunt and uncle, nice but an effort, and today my grandmother, a chore. I have great affection for

both these relatives but I can't spend too much time with them. It's always work for me. I can't really explain why.

Tonight is Saturday night. It's been very exciting so far. I've washed and ironed, made Andy brownies to take back with him, and I've gone food shopping. Now I'm sitting and watching T.V., aren't you envious? I really don't mind, it gives me a chance to write to you and be alone. I'm not feeling too good about myself these days. I've gained back the weight I lost and I'm pretty pissed. I think I have a problem with my eating habits. I worry about living alone next year and I also worry if I'll have a future of being overweight. I don't know why I do eat because I really don't enjoy being overweight. Oh well, I suppose I'd do better if I not only stopped worrying but stopped eating as well.

I have been thinking a little (not a whole lot) about your letter to me. Thanks for the warning. I was expecting something about us in there. I'm trying to pinpoint the difference between us and our reflections on our relationship. It's difficult for me to believe our feelings for one another are very different. Instead, I feel our approach is different. What do I think about when I think of us together. I suppose it really is mainly our good times. And when I discuss you with my friends? It's usually what I like about you. I don't usually dwell on what will be between us.

We had a very difficult conversation when we were together. You convinced me it was worth having, I agree, but only if that is the end of it for awhile. Only if we can enjoy the time we have together now. I don't want you to think of us in terms of September but in July. If we discussed our future at your home, do we still have to deal with it in our letters and subsequent visits? I'm not trying to diminish the problem just remove what's hanging over both of us (or at least I think it's over both of us). I guess, Darrell (and this may not be fair), I like us better as an untroubled pair. I think that sounds like I'm escaping, yes, but I'm not into discussing the future.

What upsets me most is that when we do talk about it, what comes out is me sounding less affectionate and caring, not less interested in the future. It's difficult to separate the two. I can't say what stops me from getting involved with people. That's something I haven't learned yet. I hope I do soon. But the fact remains that with you Mr. West, I have had some of my funnest times. And I find you Mr. West, one of my most sensitive and caring persons I know. I consider you a friend as well as a lover. I haven't accepted everything about you which is one of the reasons I pick fights. But as we both know, we're both critical of others and unsure of ourselves so that's the manifestation of my insecurities. (maybe I should just speak for me but I think it's safe).

So Darr, what am I trying to say? Maybe I'm copping out or maybe our heads are in different places -- yours in planning -- mine in the lowest form of life. Or maybe I won't be able to accept anyone till I accept me. All I know is I'd like to table our worries. Darr, please try to understand what's here and what I haven't been able to explain. I'd like for us to remain mutual. I don't want to back off because I feel pressured. Hey, I don't know what the hell you're going to do about this but I have a suggestion. First read it, you don't have to understand, think about it, or do anything at all about it. You don't even have to accept it. But you better read it, after all I'm pouring out my innermost feelings, those feelings that only my closest and dearest friends (all 93 of them) know about. Besides think of the time this has taken. Therefore that's all you're required to do and now with the above points clearly and concisely outlined, I think I'll move on.

Congrats on your outline (speaking of outlines). I'd love to read it (a very safe thing to say, I remember saying that about your paper too and I never had to read that!). No seriously (see I can be serious at times) bring it when you visit. Maybe I can correct your spelling and grammar for you.

Thanks for the Joan Pratt news. How exciting, and I thought he was a she. And that bit about the caps, Darrell, you're an untrusting soul. I found it very hard to believe your story about them and I'm glad you were wrong (though I must admit your argument was convincing).

I want Mondale, what about you? (fat chance, huh?) (you owe me one).

O.K. but I guess you might have been right about unethical contacts with bottomless bars. For some reason that doesn't bother me too much. Sex really is one of the more harmless corruptions. But Darr, I've been thinking. I really don't see why you went there

and if you go again, I will be very jealous. After all, don't you think I'd dance bottomless for you and you wouldn't even have to buy drinks (unless you needed it to watch me). And speaking of drinking, I've no question we'd have fun. Let's plan to get drunk together and then have a ball (take that how you please).

Have fun kiddo. See you soon.

Love, Amy [Bluestone]

P.S. Soon is this coming Thursday night, unless otherwise notified, o.k.? Good.

July 14, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Mom,

Life is continuing at a busy pace in D.C. Last weekend, Tom and his girlfriend J.C. visited here. We ate dinner at a nice French restaurant. After they left on Sunday night, I went with Marlys, my guitar instructor to see Silent Movie, the latest Mel Brooks movie. It is exceptionally funny. You guys would enjoy it.

Work has been going very good this week. I've started to write the case study and it's developing well. I've had to conduct a couple of interviews this weekend. I plan to visit Amy in New Jersey. I'm leaving Thursday night and coming back Monday night. It should be a nice long weekend. She and I still enjoy one another's company although there are still unresolved problems in our relationship, like what happens in a month when I go to Indiana. I'm becoming resigned to the distance.

Write when you get a chance.

Love, Darrell

July 14, 1976  
Laine Hawxhurst  
2806 Colony Road  
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

Dear Darrell,

I got the card you sent to the Edlins today. You know, I didn't know how to reach you either so you ought to send me an address like the Edlins where 5 years from now they'll still know where you are.

So which grad. school did you choose? I'm definitely going to be at Union Theological Seminary in NYC come fall. So unless you've changed your mind, we'll be writing letters for 3 more years. I'm here in Michigan with my family for the summer. I have a job in K Mart selling shoes. Here's a tongue twister for you, "she sells city shoes." Say that 10 times fast and most likely you'll come up with the sort of shoes I sell.

So did you graduate with honors? Summa cum laude or just cum laude? Are you engaged? Have you made any earth-shaking changes in your life at all? I haven't. I'm just plodding along a designated path of life, living in this world as a single woman alternatively pleased and disgusted with what's going on.

Jimmy Carter might end up as our next president. I do hope so. I don't think I'll vote, but I will watch the returns with great interest. I hope that the people who do vote, vote for J.C. Personally, I won't vote until there is a person running for office whose election would directly affect me but as far as I can see, although I like what I've seen of J.C. better than Gerald Ford, they both seem equally qualified and humble enough not to repeat the recent blunders of striving for too much power. So no matter which is finally elected, either of them would be taken over by the office of the presidency and although the office might somehow affect me (more or less directly) the particular caretaker of the office won't. I think that all good presidents are caretakers in the end.

I'm hoping that if you disagree with the sense of this (you're being a much more adept political scientist) that you'll not hesitate to tell me.

So far, my summer time has been spent doing the following: work (about 30 hours a week), playing with my 2 little brothers, one of them even has his sixth birthday coming up on Saturday, gardening (I planted carrots, spinach, corn, melon, tomatoes, peppers, and marijuana), and going out with boys. I suppose that the latter is the most exciting, but it seems that most of the boys I've been meeting are married. Funny thing is that according to

them, they and their wives don't get along, but that sounds pretty fishy to me. Oh well, I suppose that even you will be joining the ranks of the married in due time as will I, although I certainly don't expect to before I'm 26 or so (5 years hence). There's really nothing magic about the age of 26, but it sounds good.

And so Darrell, my dear, do write and tell me what's been happening. Maybe I'll see you before the end of the summer, who knows? Take care of yourself.

Love, Laine

July 19, 1976  
Janet Collins  
974 Helen Avenue  
Lancaster, PA 17601

Dear Darrell,

Thought I'd send along the first letter I never sent to supplement your reading material. My dad threw the first one away.

I really had a great time at your place the past weekend. Tom did too, but I don't speak for him. It was good to do something different for a change and see some different sites and different people, not the same old people.

I suppose you performed the ritual Tom and I performed last week of watching the Democratic Convention. I now have a new love: Barbara Jordan. That speech was so warm, so honest, so guttural, and so brilliant. I never heard any politician use the word community before. All in all, that was the mood of the convention. I thought what the interviewers of NBC said after the convention was interesting. One was distraught a bit about the packaged "deadness" of it all and the fact that the delegates had nothing to do, etc.

Did you see the film about Carter? Talk about professional. Tom thought it had and was supposed to have more appeal to the less educated television audience than the more educated delegates. Did you know they delayed Mondale's speech until prime time TV in California? This Carter doesn't miss a trick. I guess I like his philosophies, but you know I guess I'm just afraid all of his idealism and "love" is going to blow up in his face if he isn't able to accomplish what he's setting out to do. Then I know I'll never believe in government again. I just cross my fingers and pray to God that his term of office will have a profound effect on humanity. We just can't afford to slide around any longer!

Clark came here this weekend. It was good to see him. We went to see Tunnel Vision, a waste for the most part. We also saw Silent Movie, which was hilarious. My mouth ached afterward. Tom and Clark went to Chadd's Ford, Andrew Wyeth's museum while I worked on Sunday.

Well, this day at the shop has been most slow unlike most of the recent days.

This morning I chopped and pulled out weeds in my dad's vegetable garden. Boy was that backbreaking.

This afternoon I learned how to trim rose bushes, take off the leaves with black spot, and take off the beetles. I'm going to take care of another lady's bushes, for money of course.

So it goes in a day in the life of Janet Collins.

Love, Jan

July 20, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Laine [Hawxhurst],

I was really glad you wrote with an address. All summer, I've wanted to write you but haven't been able till now (which explains why you've received no letters this summer). I got really pissed off in late May when I realized Kirkland was on the semester system and thus out of school. Right after I got your last letter in February, I planned to write you as soon as I decided where to go to graduate school. Not to change the subject, but I will be attending Indiana University under a graduate assistantship. It was kind of neat in May because for some strange reason, I received a lot of full money offers from several schools. I don't want to brag Laine, but I got money offers from Washington University in St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Wisconsin at Milwaukee. They're not Harvard and Yale, but IU has an excellent reputation. I'm happy to be going there.

Then to change the subject back to my laxity in writing, I was going to write after I met this girl. I wanted to find out what the relationship would be before I wrote you. Her name is Amy, she's a Speech and Hearing major from New Jersey. She graduated in June and will attend Penn State graduate school. Our relationship has continued this summer as we see each other every other weekend. I was there this past weekend. I went swimming in the ocean for the first time in my life. Laine, I was terrified at first because the waves were tall. But it was fun. We also spent a day in New York City, but I won't bore you with these trivial details. You're a brave person to live in NYC this fall. But the city certainly offers a lot in the way of entertainment and diverse individuals.

But anyway (I keep running off on a tangent ... excuse me) Amy is an exceptionally neat person. I have truly had some of the best times of my life with her. Unfortunately we are both moody people. When one of us is in a bad mood, we treat the other very poorly. Consequently, I've also had some of my worst times with her. Both of us know how to evoke strong emotions in the other person. Right now, we both feel that we can continue to have good times together but that we probably can never live together. We would drive each other crazy. We will be separated geographically in a month due to our grad schools. But I think I'll want to see her during holidays, unless I meet someone else.

This summer, I am living in Washington, D.C. and working for Common Cause in an unpaid capacity. I'm sacrificing a lot financially to live here, but it's worth it. I've never lived in a big city before. The first week here I hated it because the adjustment from Oxford/Eaton to Washington was too difficult. But now I've made friends and like it much better. The entertainment possibilities here are so many. I usually do something every night of the week.

As far as my job, it is interesting. I'm working in the president's office (I like to brag) writing case histories (journalistic, not academic case studies) of past issues on which Common Cause has lobbied. Eventually, I have to write a 50 page case study which CC hopes to publish for college classroom use or in a set of readings. It's definitely an exciting position. I'm also meeting people who will help me out in the future. I needed to have an experience like D.C. just to broaden my horizons.

I have to be at IU August 16 but if it is possible I would like to see you before then. Here is my schedule: the weekend of July 24 my brother is coming; the weekend of July 31 Amy is coming to D.C. The first 2 weeks in August are unsure for me. If I have my case study done and I have money left, I'd like to travel on the East Coast, like Boston, or I may return to Ohio. If you can come to D.C. anytime, let me know. If not, I hope to be able to visit you in Michigan like maybe sometime in the second week of August. It's all very complicated Laine, but that's my schedule. I'll call you sometime in the next week. It would be nice to get together. See you sometime.

Love, Darrell

July 20, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Amy [Bluestone],

You would not believe what awaited me when I arrived home Monday night. I found 5, I repeat 5, letters for me, all personal letters. I couldn't believe it. Two of the letters were especially neat. One was from my sister Joanne. She wrote me some surprising news. She's getting married some time this year. I was so shocked when I read it. You probably remember at the end of school that guy she liked a lot but who also was being very slow in pursuing her. Apparently this summer, their relationship really took off. I was so excited I called her for more details. She's convinced he is "the one." They've spent their recent weekend nights together and enjoyed themselves a lot. I asked her if she thought she might be rushing things a little bit, but she says no, she's very sure about her feelings for him. From what she told me in the spring, I'm not sure. He's such an easy-going person that he rarely initiates any action. I'm afraid she might get bored in the longer run by his lack of motivation. But she obviously doesn't think so. It's really exciting news Amy, because she sounded so happy. I think she's really ready for marriage. She's grown up a lot by herself and feels now is the time for a mature relationship. I'll be anxious to pump Kenny for the details when he arrives. So that was the first neat letter.

The second neat letter was from Laine, the friend from 2 years ago whose address I didn't have. My postcard to the friends of her family eventually reached her. She sounded very happy that I had written as she had not known my current address either. She's living in Ann Arbor, Michigan this summer with her family. She's going to graduate school in religion at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. I hope I get a chance to see her this summer as I haven't seen her in a year and a half. She's a very important person to me because she knew me when I first moved to Miami and was homesick and confused and ready to quit school. She helped me develop through that time. That was the second neat letter.

I got a letter from one of my 50-year neighbors and church member at home. I have never gotten a letter from them before and never expected to ever get one. She was just asking how I was doing and telling me what she and her family were doing. It was kind of neat that she thought of writing but it really surprises me that she did. I'll have to ask Kenny what he knows about it.

I went to work today and the first person I saw was Wendy. She expressed a little "surprise" that I didn't return to work Monday, but she didn't hassle me so everything is okay. When I got to my desk, I was again reinforced as there were 2 phone messages from Monday -- one from Dave leaving the new phone number at his new house and one from Marlys. It's very ego-satisfying to feel so popular. Tuesday was a productive day as far as writing goes. I spent all day in moderately intensive writing concentration, not quitting until 5:30. I was happy with my progress. But I still have much more to do.

Tonight I saw "The Big Bus" with Marlys. Dave was going to come but didn't because of the work of moving. The movie gets probably a 6 on a 1-10 scale. A lot of the jokes are just not quite what you'd like for real laughter.

Tomorrow night, I think Dave, Marlys and I are going to attend the International Tennis Tournament at Rock Creek Park. Evidently, all the big names (Ile Natasse, Jim Conner, etc) are here.

This sums up my day since I last saw you. I'm already getting psyched for your visit here. We will have a good time. I hope you're adjusting to your contacts now and that you had enjoyable times with Joe and with Debbie and Cathy. Say hi to your mother for me when you see her. See ya soon.

Love, Darrell

July 20, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
3 Jonathan Drive  
Edison, New Jersey 08817

Dear Darr,

Hi, I've been thinking about you all day. I miss you. I kinda got used to having you around. In fact, I started writing you from work because I missed you so much (flattered?). Well something interesting happened and I forgot about the letter so I never finished it (I always have to ruin flattery, don't I).

Debbie arrived tonight as planned and tomorrow is a designated beach day. She's being very nice right now. You see, I wanted to write to you and Val so she's writing some long last friends.

Lisa called tonight from Vermont. It was great to hear from her. She's enjoying school, the kids, etc. She's got a week off on the weekend I'm seeing you but we should be able to get together later in the month.

Hey buddy, what the hell is wrong with my writing style anyway, you never told me. It can't be the lack of continuity, can it?

How's your paper coming? Is your genius coming out? Will I get to read it? Make an extra copy and when you throw in your name on page 48, throw mine in too, okay? I can be your inspiration (that's serious, you creep).

Work was so-so today. Bob is finally going home. He called 3 times over the weekend. I'm glad we weren't home. It seems I've made quite an impression on him. He told me today that you (meaning you) don't know how lucky you are to be going out with me. I assured him you knew and probably wouldn't mind lending me to him so he too could find out how lucky it is to be seeing me.

This week my father and I seem to be getting along well, which makes life easier.

How was your trip? God, Darr, I was so exhausted last night, I crashed at 9:30 during the Olympics.

New plans are I'm leaving for North Carolina Friday evening, fine with me. I chatted with mother tonight and she's A-O.K. or as A-O.K. as one can be under the circumstances.

Will hopefully be seeing Kathi in New York on Thursday, if all works out and a theater-going we will be. I'm excited.

That's it for now kiddo, mainly because Deb's done and it's late. Note the happiness of this letter. I've thought about our day yesterday and I still feel very good about our weekend. The good definitely outweighs the bad. It wasn't even 50-50 like some of our times. It was a definite high weekend (even the times we weren't). I'd like to tell you (or better show you) today how nice it was but writing is the 450th best thing to being there, so here it is. I still like you Darr and I miss you too.

When I visit, I'll tell you in person. I think Friday will be best for me so don't work your balls off (masturbating or otherwise) to finish.

See you soon.

Love, Amy

July 20, 1976

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Sorry I'm late in writing, but I've just been lazy. The kids had their retreat at Hueston Woods over the weekend so we had Laura. The nights were pretty chilly so it would have been pretty cold for her. She was as good as can be. Don't know where the time went with Amy here but it's about gone. They've been on the go quite alot. She was in bed by 6:00 Sunday night being tired from the weekend.

Helen's case got continued last week until this Thursday. She thinks she will get off with just a fine but Shirley doesn't think so.

Your Dad cut hay yesterday down at Lewis Hays. It will probably rain now.

Don't know if I told you Bob lost his billfold last time he baled. He had put it in the Truck and Billy Tuggle and Mike Gallimore had been in the truck so Daddy was really mad and went to Fairhaven after them, but they denied all. Anyway he had to get a driver's license and social security number again.

Only 8 more days and then vacation time. I can hardly wait. Guess we will go to New Orleans. We will leave August 2.

Glenna and Bob and Julia were up for supper last night. Hadn't had them for a long time.

Dr. Waltzer was in the hospital all last week. He had been playing basketball and his back went out. He was in and out of traction. He's in here a little while this morning. He has a weak back. He was in the hospital last year with this.

How's things with you and Amy?

We go to the ballgame on the 28th. I'm looking forward to that.

Jacobs is back in town but haven't seen him yet.

I really can't think of much news to write about now. After I seal and send it, I will think of something. Write when you can.

Love, Mom and Dad

July 22, 1976

Darrell West

Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Tom [Larson],

This has been another action-packed week for me. Last weekend, I visited Amy. Since her father was gone, we had her house to ourselves. It was very nice. The first 3 days were absolutely heaven for us. We were both being much more considerate of the other person and more understanding. We had neat conversations. I got to go swimming in the ocean for the first time in my life. I was terrified at first but really enjoyed being scared. Amy once almost lost her bathing suit when an especially strong wave hit her.



Unfortunately, I missed it. The wave was a creature after my own heart. It was what I wanted to do.

We spent a day in New York, hearing a free concert by Toots and the Maytalls in Central Park and then touring the Museum of Modern Art. Unfortunately, our last day together was really shitty. We truly disliked one another then. I don't know if we can take each other for so long and then no longer or what. Maybe we get bored. But it pisses me off. I really feel that our personalities clash and that it would be dangerous for she and I to get more serious. She and I have the incredible capacity for extreme emotions -- good and bad. She's coming to D.C. next weekend. I'm looking forward to seeing her despite all this.

This week I've seen movies two nights in a row (The Big Bus and Murder By Death). Definitely see the latter but avoid the former. This weekend my brother and his daughter are coming to D.C. It will give me a chance to see some things I haven't yet seen. Oh yes, Joanne my sister is getting married, surprise, surprise. She's marrying a guy she's been interested in for 6 months. Evidently their relationship really developed this summer.

My paper on the Michigan Reform Bill is going very well. I'm really getting into it. I trust everything is good for you. Write when you get a chance.

Darrell

July 24, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Amy [Bluestone],

How's life in North Carolina? I hope it's going well. You know what? I still kind of miss you, even now that we've been apart 5 days. Pretty strange, isn't it?

My brother and Amy arrived at 5:00 Friday. The weekend isn't quite matching my optimistic predictions of Thursday night when I talked to you. I've enjoyed the activities that we've undertaken, but not the company. There are some people that make me feel witty, bubbly, and exciting, and others who make me draw into a shell. My brother fits into the category of others. I really don't feel comfortable with him. We can't have a free-flowing conversation. I don't think he enjoys my style of humor. Lastly, but not leastly (I feel like I'm writing a list of grievances), he doesn't act interested in my state of mind. Consequently I'm wishing this weekend to pass quickly.

Last night, Friday night, I made them a casserole of hamburger, green peppers, macaroni, tomato sauce, kidney beans, and chili pepper. Sounds good doesn't it? It was good if I say so myself (excuse me while I stopped to pat myself on the back). Then we went to see "All the President's Men." Amy, it was such a good movie. Because of both my journalism and political background, I felt I really understood the subtleties of the entire proceedings. Then we drove around, going to the Lincoln Memorial, Capitol, and Watergate. Okay, that's Friday night. My brother likes to pack a lot of activities into a night.

Today, Saturday, we toured the White House, Museum of Natural History (where I saw the Hope Diamond and an excellent dinosaur exhibit), and went to the top of the Washington Monument. I felt queasy being so high, altitude wise. But it was a scenic view. Then we went to our standby, Arlington Cemetery. I got to see the Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Due to my previous visit, I was able to make a number of intuitive observations. First the sergeant's "Humph" was not as distinctive as in visit number 1. Secondly, the crowd including myself was much less attentive and respectful. I noticed several people laughing at the spectacle, including myself. But I shall not bore you with further observations. Second visits are nice though. You do see things in greater detail. Maybe we can return to Arlington Cemetery when you visit for the weekend. We took the Tourmobile this time. Despite my distaste for the vehicle, it was much more relaxing than touring the cemetery by foot. The fortunate thing about visiting the cemetery a second time is that it reminded me of our visit there. I could remember a lot of little things like where you were standing at the Kennedy gravesite and some of our conversations.

After our visit to Arlington Cemetery, we were exhausted so we came back to the room for a nap. I slept for 15 minutes. Since they continued to sleep, I took the time to compose this letter to you. It is now 5:30 and they are waking up. But that's okay because that's most of what I wanted to write. So take care and see you soon.

Love, Darrell

July 25, 1976  
 Darrell West  
 2007 Kalorama Road  
 Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Amy [Bluestone],

My family weekend just ended as Ken and Amy departed. Today was a pretty fun day. First we went to the Zoo. I'd forgotten how much I liked animals. The pandas from China were cute. We also saw a pregnant giraffe. Trivia question: how do you tell when a giraffe is pregnant? Answer: by the sign on the wall. Then we went to tour Washington Cathedral. Because a service was in process, we couldn't see the neatest part of the building. Then we drove through Rock Creek Park, hunting for a playground, but never finding one. I hope you don't mind these detailed letters. You don't? Well, good. It's for the better. Finally, we packed a picnic lunch and walked along the canal in the tow path. This was an especially neat view. There were a lot of canoes on the canal. In fact, it inspired me enough to overcome my fear of canoes. Do you want to go canoeing next weekend? When you arrive, before you answer, I'd like to engage in a little lobbying.

Last night, we had a meal of pizza in Georgetown. It was an excellent pizza. Then we drove around Georgetown looking at the nice homes. After a little window-shopping, we came home. So ends my diary of my family weekend.

I just got a call from Bill Fogarty, inviting me to a double feature movie. I forget the names. That should be fun as I haven't seen Bill recently. Now I'm going to finish my laundry and then nap.

Have you lost weight this time? Have you regained your tan yet? Don't come back too tanned or you will make me look overly-pale by comparison. Okay? See you soon, Amy.

Love, Darrell

July 25, 1976  
 Darrell West  
 2007 Kalorama Road  
 Washington, D.C. 20036

Hi Vicky [Markell],

By my estimation, you should be arriving home just about now, tired and thirsty but happy. Am I right? Yea, I knew it. I'm sure you have a lot of Europe stories to tell. I hope to hear them before I go to IU. I received the long letter you wrote. Let that be your introduction.

Life in D.C., Vicky is neat. It's definitely been a rewarding, educational, invigorating, exhausting, and fun summer, although not necessarily in that order. In fact, I would probably place "fun" at the top of the list, followed by ... Oh well, never mind. I'll save my adjective priority list for later.

Now that I have your rapt attention, I'll move on with the story. Work at Common Cause has definitely furthered my understanding of politics and my need for future connections. I'm now in the middle of writing a 50-page case history of how Common Cause helped pass a comprehensive reform bill in 1975. This report will be read by the president and executive vice-president of Common Cause and 2 Michigan lobbyists. Since the paper is turning out really good (if I say so myself), it's definitely going to help me in the future when I want a job or a letter of recommendation. I've made a couple of friends at CC but no one really outstanding.

My major friendships have been with Dave Golden and Marlys, a friend who doubles as my guitar instructor. Both of them have really helped me adjust to D.C. by having good times together. I've tried to really take advantage of all the things D.C. offers. I usually do something every night of the week. It's exhausting but I wouldn't have it any other way. I've toured a lot of the museums and government buildings, gone to bars, gone swimming at the Watergate Complex (where Marlys' mother lives), ate in fine restaurants, seen movies and plays, and entertained outside guests. Exciting, eh?

Speaking of outside guests, let me tell you about Amy. Our relationship has grown this summer as we have seen each other every other weekend, usually for 4-5 day weekends. She's taken me swimming in the Atlantic Ocean for the first time in my life and taken me to

New York City. Our relationship is still moody. I have continued to have some of the very best times of my life with her while also getting so hurt or angry with her that I never wanted to see her again. It's a relationship of extremes. Both of us think that we can not have a permanent relationship but should and can enjoy one another's company. At first a relationship with little future was hard for me to accept. But I realize now she would make me unhappy, unless both of us change our behavior. After we see each other in August, we probably won't see each other for 4-5 months, like Christmas vacation. That really bothers me. But I'm more interested in graduate school now than in developing a relationship which has little chance of a future. So that's the way it has to be.

I hope to see you to tell and to hear more before I go to IU on August 19. I'll probably be home August 11 or thereabouts. I'd like to get together sometime, although I'm not sure when as there are a million things I have to do when I get home. But I'm sure we can make arrangements.

Until we see one another, take care. See you soon.

Love, Darrell

July 26, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
3 Jonathan Drive  
Edison, New Jersey 08817

Hi Darr,

What's cookin? I'm in such a good mood. Nice switch from my depression, huh?

It's very nice visiting my mother. Her spirits are great and she looks great too. It's a tremendous difference since I last came. Besides the good cheer here, I suppose I needed to talk with dear old Mom. I didn't realize her being away was affecting me so. But 3 Jonathan Drive isn't the same without her (wouldn't it be great if she read this letter -- think of the brownie points!).

I've lost 3 pounds since Saturday. Big deal but I do feel better. I saw Abby today. She just returned from the Olympics. She's such a good kid. We went running at the track. Actually, we attempted it. You see your athletic track star (me) got dizzy on her second lap. It was pretty hot and I've got to say that Abby's jog is not exactly the easy, relaxing, and enjoyable pace that we keep. She continued the second lap and I just kind of walked to our spot and then casually, coolly, calmly, died.

Hey man, how's the paper? Are you still writing up a storm? Will you please have a copy waiting for me to read? I'd love to read it (good thing to say, huh?). You know, it's very nice to be so tactful as I am but I always ruin it, don't I?

Guess what I finally finished after decades? You guessed it! Aren't you proud of me? I'm proud of me. I thought I'd never ever do it. You do know of course what I'm referring to. No, it's not the book I was reading, or my [birth control] pills (though I did and you better have some rubbers, baby). Well I mean my afghan. It really is gorgeous. I'm offering \$500. What do you think? Too little? Anyway, I'm thrilled that I no longer have that to work on. I'm psyched for another project.

I had such fun today. I bought towels for my bathroom and dish towels too. They're beautiful? I can't believe how excited I got (no, I didn't have an orgasm. I need you for that). I feel my mind thinking of sex during this letter. I wonder if it's because I'm writing to you. Probably, but I suppose the fact that I'm hornier than hell doesn't help. Why I read in Newsweek today that the sun makes a guy secrete more semen than he otherwise would. I wonder if it does anything for the female? I suppose it makes her horny.

So what's new in D.C. Have you been playing? How were Kenny and Amy? What was the scoop on Joanne. Tell me please, all of Durham is dying to know.

How'd you like the Olympics? As you can imagine I'm very up on what's been going on. I enjoy it. Abby said it was a trip, parties galore. I could handle it.

After thinking these past few days, I've still reached no ultimate contact decision. Why must the decisions of my life (the relatively unimportant ones) be so earth-shattering? I think that must be why I avoid decisions. I like to know, (yes or no; I want, I don't), I don't enjoy deciding. I'm sure that must be a relatively low form of life. But I suppose if I don't know I feel the answer is no, but maybe it's yes. So I will give myself another week and then

decide. I may be leaning toward yes, but I won't be able to go until after I visit you so I've time.

On rereading this, I feel it's even more confused than past letters.

Sue sent a lovely card to my mother. Because I myself enjoyed it so much, I'd like to relate it to you. "You've won an award for staying on your diet" "The no-belly prize" (cute, huh?).

It's such a nice night tonight. There's a beautiful breeze.

Have you decided yet how you'll spend your week?

I'm definitely looking forward to being with you. I got a great deal: \$23.00 round trip. It's the excursion trip, whatever that means, but I leave Friday at 8:30 a.m. from Metro Park and get in at 12:00. It's your job to find the right gate and I think you can do it!!

I'm leaving Monday night at 7:05. Think we can handle it? About 3 1/2 days. I'm betting we can. Want to bet a nickel we can't? Let's celebrate our third anniversary early, o.k.?

I think that's the news. Keep on strumming (that's instead of trucking). See you soon.

Love, Amy

July 26, 1976

Ilene [ ]

4600 Cantura Drive

Dayton, Ohio 45415

Hi Darrell,

I'm glad to hear that you are enjoying yourself in our nation's capital. It sounds exciting (especially the part about lounging around the pool in the Watergate Complex with all those Indian Chiefs!

Well, first I'll answer some of your questions (lucky you!). I've decided to stay at Miami. I figure that I'm just now learning about the Psychology department there, the profs, its structure, etc. Also, I'm working with Dr. White on independent research which should be interesting and beneficial in the long run.

So much for the questions. On to bigger and better topics! Last weekend I went to Ohio State to visit my ex-roommate. She had also invited my sisters and her sisters to join us, which they did. I had a really nice time. We went row boating and paddle-boating on the Olentangy River, took our sisters to various hangouts on High Street, the basic Dairy Queen, McDonald's (snicker, snicker). We also saw a production of Dracula put on by an Ohio State Theatre group.

A couple of weeks ago, I went to a party given by a guy I went with to high school. I saw many people I hadn't seen since graduation. I had been looking forward to seeing some of the people who I'd grown out of touch with, but when I was actually there -- observing the situation -- I was kind of disappointed with my peers. So many of my "friends" seemed to be overly concerned with the way others would think of them. They had to play up to their high school cliques. I know I probably shouldn't think they are or should be different than the rest of the people we hear of or see in everyday life, but when it comes close to home it makes me appreciative of those people and friends that are truly genuine and sincere, not just putting on a facade.

When are you coming home? When are you going to I.U.? I should be hearing from Miami University soon about my housing for next year. I'm getting pretty curious. Speaking of Miami. I got a B in Statistics. What can I say? (modest, I know). Well, if you need any help in Statistics, be sure and let me know. I can probably find you a good tutor!

I hope your research is progressing at the rate you want it too. Write when you can.

Take care and have fun.

Ilene

P.S. I was going to print this letter, but decided against it because I wouldn't be able to make a D for you.

July 31, 1976

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Thought I'd better write a note before we took off. Heard you had a good time last weekend. Kenny and Amy did. She was really talking about it. We had a freezer of ice cream on Monday night and the kids and Grace came.

Guess Helen is moving to Eaton tomorrow above the skating rink no less. She will on August 10 sit for 3 days in jail, pay \$100 fine and lose her license for 90 days and then for 9 months only be allowed to drive to work and nothing else so she's moving. She has to give people in her house 30 days notice so I don't know if she's told them or not. I'm going down after a while. We were going to help her move but guess she's having her own "friends" do it. We're giving Joanne and Tim first chance at the house if they want it.

A big Poland China hog barn is going up at Eaton in new Park Festival building. Daddy was one of the men who had been working so hard on it they gave out some complimentary tickets for a supper banquet they had at Ramada Inn in Richmond last night. Don had helped too so we took Don and Jane with us.

Jim and Shirley are talking of coming to see you before you leave so you should talk with them about it. I haven't talked to them since Monday so I don't know what their plans are now.

We're leaving Monday morning. Waltzer calls New Orleans "sin city." He got a letter from you yesterday but he didn't let me see it. Said you just told of your experiences.

I've got 3 weeks and it's going to be too short.

I've got to hurry to make mailman, was going to write this yesterday down there but they piled work on with me leaving so I couldn't.

See you soon.

Love, Mom and Dad

P.S. Alan Charles is getting married next Saturday so Charles' and grandparents are going out. I bought a gift. Our church went to see the Cincinnati Reds play Wednesday night (100 of us, 2 buses), but they played lousy 7-0 (skunked). The fathers and sons played before the game and that was the best part of it. We stopped to eat on the way home and it was 2:15 a.m. when we got home. Boy was I tired!!! I can't take those kind of hours anymore.

August 1, 1976  
Deborah Woitte  
307 Avenue A  
Greenville, Ohio 45331

Dear Darrell,

Despite my aversion to letter-writing, I decided to break down and write since I can't afford to call and who knows when I'll get the chance to see my "tennis partner" again! I managed to put it off quite a while, though, didn't I?

The reason I'm writing is it looks like I'll be in D.C. for a few days, probably August 8-11 looking for a place to live next year. I really put it off but it's been only recently that I've known what I'll be doing this fall. I finally got enough money together for first semester so at least I'm starting law school. It was really a hassle. Law school starts August 30. I'll probably just be looking for a furnished room or something, just so it's cheap, which I'm sure as you've discovered by now is hard to find in D.C.

So I'm wondering if you'll still be around, specifically, exactly when are you leaving D.C. and when do you start graduate school? I think I already have a place to stay (with a girlfriend) but I'd like to see you before you leave, either this trip or when I'm down there permanently if you're still there.

So how have you liked spending your summer in D.C., alittle different from Oxford or even Richmond (big time). I'll bet working for Common Cause has been a great experience. Hope you've been enjoying it.

My summer has been fairly easy. I had a terrible time finding a summer job. All I could find is -- guess -- I'm a cocktail waitress in a Dayton bar. It's kind of fun, though.

Well more later when I see you. Either write or let me know whether you'll be there or I'll just call you while I'm there (at 332-3278).

Love, Debbie

August 2, 1976

Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Tom [Larson] and Janet [Collins],

How's your summers progressing now? Are you getting to see each other much? I hope your work schedules have become more compatible. How's my summer? I thought you'd never ask. Amy visited here from Friday noon to Monday afternoon. We mutually reached a major decision concerning our relationship. We decided to change our romance to a friendship, meaning we are no longer a couple. The decision was not made in anger or hostility for either of us. We carefully considered it before reaching the decision.

There were several reasons for the decision. Most importantly, we have a strong personality clash. She is a blunt, outspoken person, while I'm quieter and hypersensitive to her comments. We differ in the way we settle disputes. She prefers to yell and shout in a very argumentative way. That upsets me as I prefer talking the problem out.

Aside from the personality clash, we want different things out of life. She is much more materialistic than I am, something very important in a relationship. I also plan more for the future while Amy pretty much lives for today. Because of these different expectations as to the future, there was a lot of tension in our relationship. Perhaps at the root of the above differences lies the fact that both she and I are insecure people. Unfortunately, as our relationship developed, I began to feel that she was less understanding of my insecurity than I was of hers. I think she intensified my insecurity by not verbally supporting me and by being less interested in a future relationship. Since I told her at the beginning of the summer that I wanted to see her a lot and that I wanted a future relationship, she could feel secure about me. She never allowed me that security, which made me feel like she held the upper hand. In several ways, I think she did hold the upper hand to such an extent that I felt dominated by her. She controlled whether we would discuss certain topics, such as our future. It made me reluctant to initiate that kind of conversation because she would usually respond in a negative way toward the topic. With Jeanne, my Luxembourg girlfriend, I felt like I could control a lot of our relationship because she was a passive person who also liked me very much. Consequently Amy's dominance over me was very difficult for me to adjust to. I tried to adjust to it because Amy was such a neat person that I thought it was worth the effort. But I never really got used to it.

All of these differences created a lot of tension in our relationship. They explain why Amy and I can have the best times of our life one day and the worst times the next day. This weekend, like every other visit this summer, showed those extremes. We had several really good times this weekend. But the shitty times were really shitty. Consequently, Amy initiated the conversation, although I concurred in the decision, about the change in our relationship. We left on very good terms. We will write each other and probably see each other in the future. But we recognize that the differences make us very unhappy. I feel sad about the change, but I don't feel depressed because I realize our differences are too strong to be reconciled. I guess I've written all this to you not only to help you understand, but also to help me understand it. Writing is good therapy when you're thinking about something. I do think my relationship with Amy was good for both of us. I have a better idea now what I want and don't want from a companion. So you guys performed a valuable service for me in that regard.

I'll probably only be in D.C. until August 8 or 9. On August 17, I'll move to Bloomington. Until later, take care. Bye.

Love, Darrell

August 2, 1976  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Road 732  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Hi! How are you? Ken and Amy sure had a good time visiting and touring with you. Amy remembered about every place you guys went. I was surprised.

I guess Jim and I won't make it this year. The only time we could come was last weekend, but I'm on the last feeding for Laura and she is still too interested to wean her

completely yet. Sorry. We can't even get a vacation until at least the 21st of August. Since we can't make it with you still there, we decided to possibly go to Niagara Falls and go to Washington some other time. We were disappointed.

We are considering taking Ken down to Florida and come right back or maybe spending our vacation down there or in between. We're still working on it.

Are you getting your work done? Have you seen Amy recently? I bet you have!

It is so dry here the grass is turning brown. I don't have to mow often. Laura just since Thursday has started to let go and keep her balance for several seconds. The first day I could only count to 6 and she would grab something, but she did it many times that day. Just 2 days later, she could let go about 1/2 minute. I'm amazed how fast her progress was.

We're planning on going water skiing with Gary and Susie again, hopefully Friday with Joanne and Tim and us, that is if Jim is feeling better. He's had a temperature and been sick for 2 weeks. We have to get him well first. The doctors doesn't know what's wrong yet. It could be an infection, gall bladder or malaria. Jim thinks it's an infection but we don't know yet.

He fell out of the corn crib about 2 weeks ago and fell on a wagon. His leg has been throbbing and hurts all the time. The doctors thinks he bruised a muscle which will take 2-3 months to heal. Jim thought so too until yesterday. He thinks there's an infection in his leg. We'll find out tomorrow. I hope so for Jim and his Dad are building a new fence for our house. The other one is rotten and looks terrible.

Mom and Dad left this morning. They'll probably be back in 7-10 days, you know Daddy.

Well, we'll see you in a couple of weeks.

Love, Shirley

August 2, 1976  
Laine Hawxhurst  
2806 Colony Road  
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

Dear Darrell,

Sorry this letter came so late. Yes, please come. The only thing is that I'll be leaving on the 13th for 2 weeks. I'm the paradigm of indecision right now, facing lots and lots of options for next year. I have a pretty strong feeling that I'll be putting off making any sort of final decisions for at least a semester. I'll get the chance to tell you all about it when you come to visit.

My routine is going well and it seems that I'm getting more and more acclimated if not exactly happy with this place. I'm having more and more good times. Who knows, maybe I'll end up staying for a few months.

Take care.

Love, Laine

August 3, 1976  
Darrell West  
2007 Kalorama Road  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Debbie [Woittel],

I just received your letter tonight. The unfortunate aspect is that I'm leaving D.C. Saturday, August 7. Sorry that I missed you. I had to leave this early because I move to IU August 17. I needed a week to visit my family and to relax. Also I'm visiting a couple of friends for a couple of days each. One is a stranger you may remember. Yes Debbie, I'm visiting Laine. She's in Ann Arbor, Michigan for the summer. She's thinking of joining the Army instead of going to seminary. Pretty strange, huh?

My summer in D.C. has been excellent. I've done alot of things. Work at Common Cause has been informative for me. I've really gotten lucky as I got to work with the special assistant to David Cohen, president of Common Cause. In fact, my office is right next to his. I've spent the summer writing a case history of how Common Cause got the Michigan Legislature to pass a political reform bill in 1975. When I get the paper done (about 50 pages), the top 3 people in CC will read it. This will really help me in the future, needless to say. I'm happy you got the money together to start law school. There are a couple of law

interns working for CC in an unpaid capacity. If you have enough time later, you might think about trying that. It is interesting work and a good organization.

Debbie, you're really going to like D.C. It really offers alot. You made the right decision in choosing a law school here. Until later, take care. Bye.

Love, Darrell

August 8, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
3 Jonathan Drive  
Edison, New Jersey 08817

Dear Darr,

Hi -- What's doing? I've got a million questions for you. Did you get to fly home? How did your paper end up. Our phone call on Thursday was really weird. I couldn't remember a lot of the conversation, but I do remember many things I didn't tell you. I guess I was a little stoned and not too with it cause I was sleeping, but I still didn't want our phone call to be like it was.

Susan visiting was very good for me. I really needed someone. I was feeling empty, I guess. She was tremendous. She listened to every story I had about us -- good and bad (well, not the real bad). Anyhow, she thought our decision was right but sympathized with the adjustment. She also kept me busy. I'm sure I told you on the phone that Sue had passed out that night. She scared the shit out of me. I didn't know what to do. She just laid on the bed. I massaged her and told her every story I could think of (dating back to freshman year). Actually, I needed David there, he never would have been out. Sue felt fine on Friday. We drove into the city, walked through the Village, and drove around Midtown and the Park. We got to the airport about 1 1/2 hour early and then discovered the place was delayed 1 1/2 more. So we had a lovely wait at the airport.

The only problem was I got home Friday night and crashed. I was so sad to be all alone again with my bummed out thoughts. I'm feeling better now though, so I'll stop complaining.

So I don't even know if you'll be home or visiting when this letter comes. Did you get picked up by Joanne? How is your family doing? Was it hard to say good-bye to D.C.? Just think it'll always be special for you (for me too) and fun to go back and visit in the future. To listen to Sue talk of Paris was the same kind of thing. She grew to love it so, made me jealous. I really must fit that in sometime.

Ya know, Darr, it's real hard for me to express myself on the phone. I wanted to tell you that I'd miss you and that I wanted everything to go well for you and that I wouldn't forget. Since I didn't tell you then, I thought I would now. At the risk of having this letter turn into complete mush, I think I'd better change the subject.

So what do you think about the political situation? Will he pick Connally? Will he announce it? Will Ron [Reagan] get more delegates? Do I really care? (yes, I'm very cosmopolitan).

Speaking of cosmopolitan, I went into the city yesterday and met my grandmother. We went to lunch and then shopping. Oh fun! My materialism really comes out at shopping times. I got a winter coat and a couple of skirts and a beautiful dress. All really practical and I love them. Besides my grandmother and I had a lovely time. She was especially talkative. She excited me to go traveling with her in the future. I said yes, yes, yes. I hope we do but who knows.

Picked my father up tonight. My mother's good. My father's good too. It guess it was a nice week.

I'm working everyday this week. I wonder if I'll make it really 5 whole days.

Well, Darr, I guess that's it for now. Have fun visiting everyone.

(Still) Love, Amy

P.S. Are people that you tell we've become simply friends as shocked as those I tell? Andy was very sad. I think he really enjoyed you.

August 9, 1976  
Vicky Markell  
R.R. 1



Maysville, Kentucky

Dear Darrell,

Welcome Home! Your letter was waiting for me when I returned. Made me feel good.

My trip was truly a success. I feel that it has changed me a little. I don't think I'll ever be afraid to do anything alone again. My "perspective" has broadened.

Give me a call before you come here, if you can come, because there may be a complication. Four wisdom teeth are coming out sometime in the next 3 weeks. I do want to see you Darrell. You sure sound like you've got lots to tell!

Love, Vicky

August 11, 1976

Darrell West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

As usual, you have good timing. I was just getting ready to write you when your letter arrived. Now at least I have some idea of where you're at (excuse me, where you are). So thank you kindly. It seems like ages, Amy since I've told you the little details of my life. Because it has been almost a week since our Thursday phone call, this letter will probably turn out to be the length of a novel. But don't worry; you'll have an interesting character to read.

Good news on my Common Cause paper. I condensed it from 53 to 39 pages. The amazing thing is that I retained everything I wanted to say. It still needs a lot of work. It would have been nice to work on it for two more weeks. Then it would have turned out to be a much better paper. My last day at work was nice, but very busy. Wendy took Juda (pronounced whoo-da), Marty (Cohen's secretary) and me out for a Mexican lunch. It was a fitting day for me to end the summer because as you may remember, Wendy has been so nice the entire summer. I think at the end of the summer, I was developing a crush on her because she has so many good qualities. I thought about making a pass at her but was afraid that it might not go over (or maybe I was afraid it would go over). I didn't get to say good-bye to Dave (as in Cohen). It's too bad because I really think our relationship had a lot of potential. But life has a way of nipping some relationships in the bud. I'll probably get over him.

I got a neat letter in D.C. from Dr. Woodworth, you know my favorite Political Science professor. It's the first time in my life I received a personal letter from a professor. This has been a good summer for firsts. In fact, I experienced so many firsts this summer that I had to buy a new scrapbook when I got home.

My last night in D.C. was spent making one last effort to see Cocksucker Mark Russell. (point of information: should cocksucker be capitalized? My English grammar guidebook doesn't cover that possibility). The effort came close to succeeding as Mark did perform that night. Unfortunately Dave (as in Golden) and I discovered when we entered the lounge that the minimum on drinks has been upped from \$3 to \$6/person. We begged the waiter to let us in for cheaper, using the argument that we were poor college students who had been trying to see Mark for several times. We left when the aforementioned waiter laughed at us. As we were walking around afterwards, we developed what we thought was a great idea. There is a little sofa which sits right outside the lounge entrance in the lobby of the hotel. So like true freeloaders, we decided to go back and listen to the show for free. We went back, sat down and started feeling awkward as well and pretty stupid too. But we didn't feel stupid enough to leave. When Mark came on, we discovered why no one had kicked us out. This is so much noise in the lobby that it's impossible to hear the show inside. So disappointed and pissed, we left, vowing to write Mark a letter of complaint about our problems this summer. Of course we never will write it. But at the time, it's always nice to think you will. Dave and I returned to my room where we had a good conversation. So the evening wasn't wasted. In fact, the hassle at the lounge was so funny that it really added a lot to the evening.

On Saturday, Dave, Marlys and her boyfriend drove me to the airport. As usual I sat in front so that I could read the map and give directions to Dave. Also as usual, I fucked up the directions and we got lost. It was very fitting and very funny because we came so close to

making it to the airport. I misdirected Dave down the exit right before the airport exit. As we were going down, we could see the airport from where we were going. Unfortunately, we were going in the wrong direction. But we eventually made it back after a 20-minute detour. The good-bye scene was awkward mainly because Marlys and I don't feel that close anymore, but we were in a situation where certain things are said. I don't like to say those things when I know I don't mean them. It would have been much nicer if just Dave had taken me.

Already I was definitely ready to leave D.C. I didn't feel comfortable in Ohio the first day I was there. An hour's plane flight isn't enough time for me to adjust to such completely different settings and people. Joanne and Tim (her fiancée) picked me up at the airport. We had a decent conversation considering my discomfort. They took me to Shirley's where we spent the afternoon and early evening. I discovered that nothing had changed at home. It's very easy not to be part of the conversation for two months and then to step back into it. I feel like I didn't miss a syllable. Joanne and Tim seem to be well-suited for each other. I talked with her about my fears concerning their relationship, such as the fact that they've never argued so that they don't know each other's style in settling disputes. Pretty important information, huh, Amy? But Joanne feels that she knows his personality type well enough that she can predict what he'll be like. She feels that their personalities mesh pretty well. Tim is pretty passive whereas Joanne is much more aggressive. Both realize their roles and pretty much accept them. As long as that continues, then they probably will get along fine. So they probably are making the right decision in getting married this quickly. I'm becoming less certain about the institution of marriage for me.

Shirley and Jim are really arguing a lot now. They pick and fight over the littlest things. I mentioned it to Shirley and she seemed surprised. In fact, I don't think she believed me, although it seems to be a clear increase to me. It's funny how changes like that can incrementally sneak up on you without you realizing it.

I visited \_\_\_\_\_ from Monday morning till Tuesday night. I discovered she and I can still have those neat spontaneous good times together. We walked around \_\_\_\_\_ Monday night in between visiting a couple of bars. Tuesday she played the guitar for me and then later we went out to eat. In the course of our conversations, she told me one thing that really shocked and saddened me. Apparently last summer, which she spent in \_\_\_\_\_ was a really shitty summer for her. Since her parent's separation last year, she has been living close to the poverty level. Last summer was so bad that she had to work as a waitress.

Although she had several male friends the past year, she finds it very difficult to get close to them now. My visit was good for her, I think, just because I was a male old friend. She has decided not to enter the \_\_\_\_\_ right now. Instead she will try \_\_\_\_\_ for one semester, before signing any \_\_\_\_\_ papers. As far as her career goals, \_\_\_\_\_ is very confused right now. She's very concerned about having a career to fall back on in case she can't get a job as a \_\_\_\_\_ when she graduates from \_\_\_\_\_. The reason she wanted to join the \_\_\_\_\_ is that they can train her in a vocational skill, which she wants for a fallback job. I think she wants something that she can definitely count on, because of her experiences last summer when she didn't have any job skills to rely on. She doesn't want to be forced into that position again. I told her she might be being over-cautious not just because of last summer. I didn't feel good making that argument though because it was she, not I, who was taking the risk, if she continued in \_\_\_\_\_ instead of going into the \_\_\_\_\_. I hope she sticks in \_\_\_\_\_ because I think she has the talent to make it as a \_\_\_\_\_. I don't think she'll benefit by going into the \_\_\_\_\_. In fact, it would probably set her back as a human being. So I'm glad she's going to give the \_\_\_\_\_ a chance. I just hope now that it turns out well for her.

Despite our limited time together, I feel that I know her a little better now than before. I still feel close to her. She knew me as a \_\_\_\_\_ when I was very much the unpolished rookie. She couldn't believe the great changes in me over the past two years. She remembered me as a bashful skinny kid with braces. Now she said she found me to be, forgive my immodesty, a handsome young man who is socially adept. It was a reinforcing

time for me just because it helped me place myself in the context of my life. It reminded me that I had made a lot of progress toward becoming the type of person that I wanted to be.

I especially needed that reinforcement now because my relationship with you had discouraged me as to my own qualities. The qualities that I was most proud of in myself -- my sensitivity and my newly-found social skills -- were not that impressive to you. Instead you found me to be hypersensitive and overly passive in certain social situations. I don't say this in bitterness, Amy, because I don't think I was able to communicate the context in which I was developing to you well enough for you to realize the above. I think the reason I was so insecure throughout our relationship was that I realized you were judging my qualities in a way different than I was. That insecurity then made me press you in ways which you didn't want to be pressed, such as on July 4. Because you didn't like the pressure, (rightfully so on your part), you came across as being less affectionate of me than I was toward you.

This made you uncomfortable, while increasing my insecurity about our relationship. I don't think I'm inherently an insecure person. I think the way in which our relationship developed exaggerated my insecurity. Because I, on the surface, was verbalizing more affection for you, you developed a security that I was never able to develop. During a lot of our relationship, I had the distinct impression that you were taking the initiative and controlling decisions much more than I. In fact, you were. The reason, I think, was that the relationship provided you with the security to do it whereas I never felt secure enough to do likewise. This problem of dominance probably upset both of us at the time, you because there are times when you don't like to have to take control of the situation and me because there are times when I don't like to be controlled. I'm not so sure that our personalities are incompatible. It's unlikely we could have had such good times for so long unless there was some underlying compatibility. Unfortunately we are incompatible in the way in which our relationship developed so far.

Our decision to end the relationship is really wise, given our development because we would make each other unhappy. That decision saddened and saddens me still because it would have turned out differently if all the little things had been different. It would be nice to try to change our relationship such that there were more equal control and security. That probably is impossible. We talked one time how really difficult it is for people to change the roles in which they've grown accustomed. That would be true for us. It would be very difficult for me to be secure and aggressive, because I'm not used to being that way with you. You, in turn, would find it difficult not to aggressively challenge my casual statements or to not be strong most of the time. I'm a little bit worried about our friendship because the same tensions that harmed our romance will harm our friendship. I hope I'm wrong because I value a friendship with you. You are one of the neatest people I know. I want to remain in touch with you. I guess only the future will tell if we can stand each other (pretty fatalistic).

You said your family was a bit surprised about the change in our relationship. Unsurprising enough, my family and friends have also been rather shocked and also disappointed. For some strange reason, Amy, people thought we had the makings of a neat couple. It's pretty funny, you know, that we fooled so many of them. They should make a movie out of us and call it *The Sting*.

Sorry about the little diversion from my chronological account. I didn't know exactly where to place it in this letter because my thoughts about you have not been time-related. That may not sound complimentary. To clarify, it means, I've thought about you and us at many different times. I finally decided to slip the diversion into the outline right after the story of \_\_\_\_\_. You should look back to admire the nice transition I made between the two unrelated stories.

Today, Wednesday, I was rudely awakened by my brother, who did not know I arrived home last night. It was kind of funny. I was awakened at 8 a.m. by the loud voices of Ken and Mom. They were discussing me, wondering when I was arriving home. Apparently, they hadn't noticed my car outside. Then my brother came up to my room (in case you don't remember, it's the room at the top of the stairs). He was looking around for about 4 minutes and then went downstairs, all without seeing me. Five minutes later, he came up and happened to glance at the bed. When he saw me, he kind of gasped in absolute surprise. It was funny watching the scene unfold. Then I got up and saw my mommy for the first time all summer. It's been nice being at home. I feel comfortable being here for short periods of time.

This afternoon, I went to the Tollgate Barber Shop in Oxford to get a hair cut. You would not believe the hair stylist I got. He was such a knowledgeable guy. During the time I was there, we talked non-stop about hair, hair styles, hair care. This guy was able to intelligently answer every question I had. I really like to meet people who are knowledgeable about their fields. Then they can share their knowledge with me. Please recommend the shop to all your friends.

I talked with Vicky tonight. She has a problem. She's getting four wisdom teeth extracted tomorrow. She's scared to death. We tentatively set up plans for me to visit Maysville Sunday night and Monday provided she feels sufficiently recovered. I'm sure that she is still going to feel badly by then. If she does, I made her promise to call me and tell me not to come.

My next few days are going to be incredibly busy. It takes a lot of time just to sort out what I want to take to Bloomington. I never really unpacked from Oxford. I just stacked boxes in the corner. Now I have to edit the boxes. I also have to gather furniture from here and there. Tim is going to give me a sofa which is still in pretty good shape. The only thing it needs is a cover because the edges are frayed. It satisfies my simple needs though. Also I have 3 dinner engagements from a neighbor, an aunt, and a mother. I'm moving to Bloomington Wednesday, using my daddy's pickup truck (you remember the one he's so proud of). Then on Thursday I start the orientation process. I'm starting to get really psyched up. I think I'm peaking at the proper time.

So this is my week in review. I should have provided you with rest stops because of the length. In order to make sure that you read this carefully, I'm going to send you a quiz in two days on the contents of the letter. So be prepared. I'll use the Honor code. Until then, take care. Bye.

Love, Darrell.

August 16, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
3 Jonathan Drive  
Edison, New Jersey 08817

Dear Darrell,

Hi -- just finished reading your novel for the second time. I have a question: Can you please tell me why you headed the letter "Dear Amy" when while I was your girl (or woman) I only got an "Amy"? Now that must be significant.

Hey Darr, I loved your letter, even the crummy part. I don't know, maybe you've got something. When I try to figure it all out, I come out in a better light, but it's good that I hear your side (though it's kind of hard to hear). But mostly nowadays, I spend my time adjusting to being on my own and to you being a friend.

I'm glad to hear your paper turned out well. I hope they keep you informed of what becomes of it. Are you keeping in touch with Wendy and Bill?

Too bad about cocksucker (little "c", I asked my father) Russell. Very clever idea. I wish I was there. I think I would have been rolling on the floor.

I think the letter you wrote me was the funniest you ever did. But tell me did you actually sit and make a second copy?

I'm watching the Republican convention. Pretty boring, but Baker's speech wasn't bad.

Wow, I could hardly believe what you said about \_\_\_\_\_ (though I can easily believe, much to your surprise, what she said about you). What a horrible life. I wonder how many \_\_\_\_\_ are ex-prostitutes? I bet she's in a definite minority. I'm glad you guys had fun.

Did you get to see Vicky? How was her operation? How'd she enjoy Europe? Tell her I hope she's better.

So Joanne and Tim picked you up. Hey, I'm glad you got to fly home, even though there was no adjustment time. I'm sure 14 hours would be too much adjustment. Tell Joanne "Mazel Tov" (or good luck in English). It sounds like she knows what she wants.

Things around here have been busy. You're right there's not much time left. And while you're getting psyched, I'm panicking and wanting the summer not to end. That usually happens to me as the summer ends. I always get mad that I wasted the time away.

I worked the entire last week. It was fantastic! A tremendous difference seeing the patients everyday. I was able to plan my therapy and give homework and correct it the next day. I made some friends with the patients and I hope to see them all tomorrow. Helen only has to give them to me on Tuesdays because I work with Bonnie on Thursdays. I never thought I'd be saying this but I think I would be able to work at Kessler. I've gotten used to the deformities and even adjusted my expectations for their progress. You should see what makes me beam with happiness these days. It doesn't take much. I can tell you that.

Other than that, I saw "Silent Movie" with Joe. I was disappointed but I want you to tell me the parts you thought were funny. I think from what I heard I was expecting much more. I think if we were stoned, it would have been much funnier. Joe and I finally talked beyond what we each were doing. It's been so long since we've spent time together that we don't know each other well at all. In fact at times we don't recognize the other. He wants to take my picture in the nude. Would you like a copy? He informed me that I should be flattered as doesn't ask every girl he shoots to model nude. So far, I've refused. I don't think so much because of the nudity but because I'm not fond of having my picture taken (as you might know).

I also went with him into New York to the Nickolais Dance Company. He was interested in the lighting and music and me the dance. They were pretty avant-garde and I loved it.

I went to Carol's for the weekend. Had a lovely time chatting. She's coming up Wednesday so we can go into New York and visits my father's client who sells bridesmaids gowns to see if I can get one. I'd like to get this over with already. It's nice to see Carol this often. I could get used to it. These days, she's just beaming and Fred is too. They're both very excited and very happy. I think if you're sure, marriage would be a really fun thing. But the question is how to know when you're sure?

What else? Lisa may be visiting me on Wednesday night and staying until Sunday. I'm looking forward to it though that's a long visit with all I have to do. She wants to come into work with me on Thursday so that should work out.

I got a beautiful letter from Monsieur Krack (my Luxembourg family). He got the card that I wrote with Sue. His letter made me tear. He writes beautifully. It seems so far away now.

My mother's doing well. Jeff's visiting her now for 3 days. I guess she's now staying till it's all off which brings us to Thanksgiving. I miss her and need her now that I've begun to pack. I went shopping today and bought sheets. They're very pretty. I also bought myself a pair of jeans and new thongs. All of a sudden, I had all this money because I got my check from my bank account in Oxford. I thought I had about \$4, but much to my delight the check was for \$111.24, nice, huh? So I cashed and spent it. It was like found money.

I also called Mrs. Farrell and I can move in August 30th so I'm happy. Carol may come help me fix it up. I also hope I get to visit Sue. She's still trying to find out when John's coming home so she can see him before school starts. Everything's still up in the air.

I really don't know where to mail this letter. You get to figure out (using your investigative skills) what I finally decided.

Well man (notice I didn't say boy), it's late and I'm always so dead when I stay up late. I hope your moving goes well. You're constantly going farther away from me. But Darr only in distance. I think we can be close friends. Come on, let's have a little of that West optimism. Take care.

Love, Amy

August 19, 1976  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Evelyn, Herb, and Vicky [Markell],

I have arrived in Bloomington. Life is very busy as I have to make decisions on classes and professors. After I arrived here, I found I was switched from being a Teaching Assistant to a Research Assistant. My duties include helping a professor on his personal research tasks. At first I was disappointed at being taken out of the classroom. But since

then I've discovered most TA's spend more time grading papers than teaching. Also I have been promised a teaching opportunity in the future. Vicky, my new phone number is (812) 336-9931. I hope your visit with Katie went well. Write when you get a change as I feel a little lonesome in between times of busyness.

Love, Darrell

August 20, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Ken [West],

How's the skin cancer coming along? I imagine that you're burned to a crisp by now. After all, it's been two days now (as of Friday) that you've been in Florida. I hope the adjustment process is getting easier by the time you receive this letter.

The move to Bloomington in Dad's truck turned out to be less of a hassle than I imagined. I thought he would be his usual pushy self. Instead he was fairly calm. It was a relief. He and Mom had a little trouble on the way over, as the truck had a flat tire. It took them three gas stations and one hour to finally get it fixed. I was afraid they had gotten lost when they didn't come and didn't come. Finally I decided it was just taking a long time and that I would have time to go to the electric company. Just as I was driving down the street, I saw them driving down the main street, going right past my road. I honked but they didn't see me. So I got right behind them at the next stoplight and started blowing my horn. They finally noticed me and then followed me to the apartment.

Thursday and Friday have been full days of orientation. We've had a lot of meetings with faculty and graduate students, most of which have been very informative. I found when I first got here that they had switched me from being a teaching assistant to a research assistant. Instead of being in the classroom, I'm going to help a professor do his personal research project. At first, I was upset because I was psyched up for teaching. But now I've changed my thinking. I've found that a lot of the teaching assistants are not having good teaching experiences. Evidently the IU undergraduates leave a lot to be desired. They're not very interested in learning, instead wanting to do as little work for as high a grade as possible. The professor to whom I'm assigned will be a helpful person for me. He has interests similar to mine. Also he is running for county commissioner. Since I'm interested in politics, I will probably help him a little bit. So all in all the switch to being a research assistant does not bother me now.

I've been impressed with the other new graduate students here. They're all very talented people. Everyone is friendly, mainly because everyone was coming not knowing anyone else. But still the adjustment is difficult for me. It's just a lot easier being in a place where you have close and established friends. Hopefully that problem will be solved quickly. I got a letter today from Amy. She's doing fairly well, although I think it is taking her awhile to adjust to our breakup too.

Write when you get a chance.

Bye, Darrell

August 20, 1976  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Amy [Bluestone],

Please forgive my salutary lapse in the last letter. I really don't know what came over me. Perhaps it was a sudden burst of tender affection which drove me to call you "Dear." I promise to try to restrain myself in the future. (Ignore this paragraph; I just re-read it and I think it sucks).

Yes Amy, I did visit Vicky and her family. Her operation was remarkably painless. She was feeling pretty good by the day after. When I saw her, her face was a tiny bit swollen, but nothing serious. The time with her was excellent, only it was too short of a time. I visited her from Sunday afternoon to Monday noon, when she returned to work. She told me several of her Europe stories. The trip pretty much settled the uncertainty in her relationship with Robert. She definitely doesn't see much of a present or a future with him. Since he's going to Eastern Kentucky this fall, she probably won't see him much. We made definite plans for her to visit me in Bloomington this fall for a weekend. I'm looking forward to it already.

I moved to Bloomington Wednesday. After a long and arduous investigation, I have concluded that your sending the letter to Bloomington (which arrived today, Friday) was the correct decision on your part. I'm still trying to get adjusted to my new environs. The political science department here has been very helpful. They have scheduled full day activities for Thursday, Friday, Monday and Tuesday. They have given us tours of the library, research materials, computing center, etc. More importantly they have brought several of the older graduate students in to tell us the "true story" of graduate life. I've met several of the other new graduate students already. In fact after two days of seeing them continually, I feel that I know them halfway well. I re-established a friendship with a guy I met in March. Today I invited him and his wife over for dinner. But somehow the conversation ended up with him inviting me over for a barbecue at his house next week. I don't know how I did it, but it certainly is much easier for me now that I don't have to do the cooking.

Last night, the department got the new graduate students, 10 of the older graduate students, and a couple of faculty together at one of the uptown bars for a 4-5 hour get-together. It was nice. It seems to me that many of the budding intellectuals around here aren't very good at meeting people, though. I guess because they have spent so much time reading, that they haven't developed their skills in communication very well. I have been impressed with their intelligence. All of the people I've met here are very talented. It's quite a contrast to Miami where so many of the students didn't have the intelligence or the interest.

The department has switched me from being a teaching assistant to being a research assistant. I met Ron Weber, the professor with whom I'll be a research assistant and like him alot. He has interests in public policy which are similar to mine. Also he is interested in practical politics. This fall, he's running for county commissioner. He knows a lot of state politicians. So in the future he can help me get a job in a government agency, using his contacts. So I'm no longer upset about the switch. I still want teaching experience in the future. The head of the graduate program promised me he would try to line something up for me next year.

I went through registration this morning. It was very difficult, as you will discover, having to sign up for courses when you don't know the professors or the courses. The orientation has helped alot but there still was a bit of the panic in all of us newcomers. I'll be taking Introduction to the Study of Political Science, Statistics, Urban Administration (from my old friend York Willbern), and a mini-computer course. This along with my 20-hours a week for Weber, will keep me busy. I have to do well this semester because they make decisions in January on whether to continue financial assistance for all of us next year. If I don't get money, then I will be out walking the streets, not even able to collect unemployment compensation. I've kind of decided that I want a Ph.D. and that I want to concentrate my energies on the issue of school desegregation. It will take me 4-5 years, which is a moderately depressing length, since I initially planned on 2 years. But I will have my summers free

for practical political experience. Next summer I hope to work in the federal agency in Washington which is responsible for enforcing desegregation. One summer after that I would like to work on a political campaign. Maybe I can locate a good candidate in California so that I can live out there. All of this, of course, are grandiose plans and probably carry no resemblance to reality. So consider them as such.

The upcoming weekend is kind of depressing, though, because there are no structured activities. I've tried to locate Mike Pogue, but haven't found him yet. So I'll probably spend a lot of time reading. I got Working by Studs Terkel for light reading. I hope this extended discussion of my first few graduate school days encourages you for your time at Penn State. You will find graduate students to be very friendly because no one knows anyone else when they come too. Write when you get a chance, or call. My number is (812) 336-9931.

Love, Darrell

August 21, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Ilene [        ],

Guess what? ... No, that's wrong--guess again...okay you give up...The answer is that I arrived in Bloomington in case you hadn't noticed from the postmark or the return address. Thank you for the quiet applause. I feel like a world traveler after this summer. I've never done so much traveling my entire life. I returned to Eaton from Washington, D.C. a couple of weeks ago. Then I drove to Ann Arbor (you know, the school to which you almost transferred) to see a friend that I hadn't seen in 1 and 1/2 years. After a couple more days at home, I drove to Maysville to spend a day with a second friend. I wanted to visit you in Dayton before I came to Bloomington, but the rush of packing and gathering furniture took longer than I expected. So I wasn't able to make it. I apologize. I'm not quite sure whether to send this letter to your home or to Miami since I'm not sure when you go back to school. But I suppose you'll get it eventually if I do send it to your home if you have left. Anyway I don't have your Oxford address so that subtly reinforces my decision.

I'm still in the process of adjusting to my new surroundings in Bloomington. I have a one-bedroom apartment by myself. I don't particularly like being by myself, especially at mealtimes, but I didn't have much choice. I knew only one other person coming here and he didn't want to live together. The political science department has scheduled a lot of activities the past couple of days, trying to orient us to the new professors and program. I've met 10 of the new graduate students and several of the older graduate students. Everyone is really friendly. Unfortunately for this weekend I made the mistake of not making plans to do something. Consequently it's been a very uneventful weekend, even though I've had a lot of time on my hands. But I'm sure it will be the last uneventful weekend for a while as school starts the upcoming Thursday. I'm in the process of trying to decide what classes to take. One of the classes is a requirement. It's kind of an overview of the discipline of political science. It's also the flunk-out course. Should be fun. I'm also taking a statistics course. (it's required). I plan to do a little more work for it than I did for Professor Allen's class. I found out I have to maintain a 3.5 average to receive financial aid next year. That really adds a lot of pressure because without the money I would have to drop out of school. Wish me luck...Thank you.

I hope everything goes well for you this fall. Have fun working with your Psychology professor. See you later.

Darrell

August 21, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Professor [Mostafa] Rejai,

I intended to stop by and see you after I returned from Washington and before I moved to Bloomington. But the press of moving and seeing long-lost friends prevented me in the few days that I was home. So instead I write this letter.



The summer work for Common Cause proved to be highly educational for me. I spend most of the summer writing a journalistic-type case study of the 1975 Common Cause effort to pass a comprehensive political reform bill in Michigan. The paper emphasized the strategy by which CC successfully pushed for passage and the roadblocks thrown in their path. The organization was very open with their files. They let me see several of their inter-office memos outlining their strategy, even though some of the information was moderately sensitive. I also interviewed several of their Michigan lobbyists, in addition to digging through press releases, news clippings, and the like. The result was a 40-page paper which they hope with a little polishing can be published so as to gain exposure for CC. Other staff members have written two case studies, with two more in the works. When all five are completed, they plan to begin negotiations with a publisher. So hopefully in a couple of years my paper will be included.

I had several advantages on my summer job. I was assigned to directly work with the special assistant to the president of CC. David Cohen's assistant, Wendy Wolff, shared her office and her information with me. Because the office was located right next to Cohen's, I was in a position to follow the latest CC developments fairly well. Also Wendy told me that my paper would be read and discussed by David Cohen, Fred Wertheimer (their chief lobbyist), the Michigan lobbyists and possibly by the 60-person Governing Board of CC. Since the paper was halfway decent, this will help me immeasurably in the future, just in the way of contacts. So all in all, I feel very lucky to have the experience that I had this summer.

Living in Washington was an experience in itself, especially since I had never previously lived in a city larger than Richmond, Indiana. I was forced to navigate by public transit since I left my car at home. It really narrows the scope of your activities when you have to ride buses. However, I got to know people with cars so I ended up being able to take advantage of many of the museums, concerts and movies which D.C. has to offer. I also got to travel a couple of times up into New Jersey and New York City, while visiting a friend. Good experiences all around.

I moved to Bloomington on Wednesday. The department has been exceptionally helpful in orienting the new graduate students to the program. In addition to tours of the library, research lab, and computing center, they scheduled five panels, conducted by older graduate students for each of the subfields. The sessions have been invaluable in learning the idiosyncrasies of the faculty and program. One night the department sponsored a beer blast uptown for new and old graduate students and the faculty. Upcoming is the department picnic.

Upon arriving, I discovered that I had been switched from being a Teaching Assistant to being a Research Assistant. I'll be working part-time in the political science data lab and part-time helping Ron Weber complete his personal research projects. I initially preferred being in the classroom, but now see several advantages to my new position. I'll gain experience using SPSS and will get to know what is available in the lab. I've been halfway promised a future opportunity for teaching experience. So the switch doesn't bother me. Anyway I didn't want to cause trouble at the very beginning by objecting too vehemently.

The program requires two subfields. I've tentatively decided to use American Government and Public Policy as mine. Eventually I'd like to focus on the issue of school desegregation as my specialty. Next summer I may try for an internship with the Office of Civil Rights of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, the office responsible for implementing desegregation. IU doesn't offer much in the summer, so there will be no reason for me to stick around here.

I've found out already that the department is deeply split along the lines of quantitative versus non-quantitative. The division flared up last spring when they were recruiting a new associate professor for American Government. After going through the long search, they narrowed the list to three: Pete Ordeshook of Pittsburgh, John Jackson of Harvard, and a third who I don't know. The department decided by a single vote to extend the offer to Ordeshook. Evidently he was the least quantitative of the three. However the "losers" in the debate attached a condition to the agreement. If Ordeshook refused the offer, they would not offer the job to Jackson, but would instead begin the process anew this year. It turned out that Ordeshook refused so they now have to start the process over. It's uncertain now whether the Dean is going to allow them to keep the new position because they

are bickering so much. It's unfortunate for the graduate students because the American subfield needs strengthening.

This is most of my news. I trust that everything is going well for you. Take care and see you later.

Darrell

August 24, 1976  
Ken West  
261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334

Hi Darrell,

It was good to receive your letter. I am glad you are in and adjusting well. It is too bad that you cannot teach this fall, but research is right up your line. Lots of luck and let me know what you are researching, besides the chicks.

I am getting settled. I just spent 2 hours getting my driver's license. Waiting, waiting everywhere! Still do not have furniture yet. A few more days. At least the shag [carpet] is comfortable. Have met several people already and getting along very well.

Yes, I got a sun burn. I tried to be very careful, considering I did not have to risk it. But spent 2 hours for 2 days by the pool and it was too much. Guess I'll have to start anew.

Visited my school. Met my principal and other staff. They are all very friendly and helpful. I can tell it's going to be a very good year. And the materials we have to work with. Makes West Alexandria seem primitive in comparison. The new school is scheduled to be completed in January and perhaps as early as October. Doesn't seem possible but neither am I a construction specialist.

I am amazed at the smooth transition so far. Still have a few things to accomplish in paperwork but all in all things are going very good. The local sights are also very interesting (I use "very" a lot, don't I, but tis true). A lot of girls and guys around.

Jim and Shirley are expected tomorrow or Wednesday. I have lots to show them and lots of beautiful weather and scenery to appreciate, but do not know how long they will stay.

Good news, school doesn't start til August 30 for the kids. Teachers begin August 25 but just to get rooms in order, etc. I need the extra time.

I have been trying to macramé a double hanger for plants bought in Atlanta on way down, but too many interruptions. I'll never get everything accomplished. And I guess you should have taken my TV portable. It hasn't been turned on once yet.

I'll never get the apartment decorated. It takes much time, effort, and money to achieve the right results. Very modest, but hope it works out.

Take care Darrell. Write when you get the chance. And enjoy Indiana University.

Ken

August 26, 1976  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Thought I'd better get a letter off or you would wonder. Not much new anyway. Aunt Georgia and Lois got in about 2:30 Saturday morning. Lois had something to do with a float that was going on Friday night so they didn't start until after that. Saturday night, we all went down to Tim's folks. They went all out -- had barbecued chicken -- it was good. They (mother and Edith and 2 sisters) are anxious to get started on the wedding. They want Joanne's picture in the paper right away but she wants to wait until September when she gets it cut.

Guess Daddy told you Kenny is having trouble with money also. I sent a check but don't know if he can use it. Jim and Shirley left Sunday morning and they called back Tuesday evening to Mitchell's and he had had car trouble on the way down. Fuel pump went out. Said they would stay with Ken a couple of days.

Tonight, Joanne and I are going to Northgate to look for a wedding dress.

Yesterday, Daddy picked the grapes and make 2 and 1/2 quarts of juice all by himself. Then we did the rest of them last night and some tomato juice also. He's getting pretty good.

The electric was off here at work yesterday for an hour. Couldn't see anything.

Logue's came over Sunday evening for a little while. They are going to Hawaii November 20 for 15 days. Steve Logue is going to Purdue.

Mable Kalsbeek has a job up at Lawson's in Richmond now.

Are you getting all settled? And how are things going at IU?

Well, keep us posted and we'll do the same.

Love, Mom and Dad

August 27, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

Prepare yourself for a happy letter because the life of the letter-writer has picked up considerably. The transformation came Tuesday when I overcame my abundant shyness and asked one of the new graduate students to play tennis that night. I shall hereafter refer to the above person as Sherri, although that's not his real name. No, more seriously, I had a decent, although not outstanding time. She plays tennis very poorly. My game isn't good enough to adjust to poor tennis players. Consequently it messed up my game. Sherri herself is a pretty spacy (or unaware) and naive person, something which isn't a good combination. It's unlikely that I can become good friends with her. But it was good to get out of the apartment and do something.

Wednesday night, I had the long-awaited dinner engagement with Dave (my old friend from Wisconsin) and his wife Cathy. It turned out very well. I think I can become close friends with them if I spend very much time with them. They fall into the whimsical person typology, a category to which I think you and I belong. Or in other words, they know how to act like a little kid and have a good time. Cathy works as the billing person for the Bloomington Mental Health Clinic. They're both very personal people as they were very willing to discuss their past family backgrounds, their marriage and other such non-academic subjects. I think they're both friendly because as undergraduates, they didn't know very many people. Now they're getting to know several people and feel exhilarated by the change. Evidently Dave is starting to develop as a social person. In high school, he was overweight (or fat). Since then he has lost 35 pounds. So he feels that he has come a long way. Then both Cathy and I repeated our developmental stories because we each felt we had come a long way too. It was kind of like we were all sitting around and saying, "yea, I can relate to that." I spent the entire evening with them and enjoyed it very much.

In order to tell you my Thursday night story, I have to use the flashback technique. On Monday, I had placed a note giving my phone number and address in Mike Pogue's mailbox. On Thursday when I returned from my first day of classes, I found a note on my apartment door from Mike, saying he had just found my note and had stopped by to see me. he said he would stop back later in the evening. He did, stayed for a couple of hours and we had a great conversation. He arrived in Bloomington Sunday and has been going out of his head in boredom until Thursday when classes started. He apologized for not thinking of going to the Political Science office to get my address. I tried to reassure him by saying it was such a neat idea that only a few of us unique people could think of it (no, I'm rewriting history. That's what I was thinking. Of course I never said it).

The psychology department has not offered any orientation activities to help their graduate students adjust so he has only met a couple of them. I feel really lucky that the political science department made such an active effort for us. I hope Penn State does something to help orient you, even if it's just scheduling appointments with professors. Every little bit will help.

Mike met one graduate student who had an interesting story to tell. This guy was visiting Detroit the week before he came to Bloomington when he decided he wanted to go across the border into Windsor, Canada just so he could say he had visited Canada. At the border, the guards looked in the backseat of his Pinto and saw an engine analyzer, an elaborate car testing machine that costs \$1,000. They immediately accused him of trying to smuggle the machine into Canada, even though the analyzer was uncovered and obvious to the eye. He spent 24 hours in a Canadian jail before getting out. However, they confiscated his car and his engine analyzer. He had to hitchhike to East Lansing, get \$60 and then

retrieve his car from confiscation. They kept his analyzer, so he has to return this weekend to file a suit against them. So Mike and I agreed that, although we both were feeling the pains of adjustment, it could be worse. He friend shouldn't be totally depressed. He did get to visit Canada.

I got Kay's address for you: 325 W. High St., Apt. 3, Oxford, Ohio 45056. Things aren't that happy for her right now. She doesn't really know anyone in Oxford anymore and thus feels lonely. In addition, her and Mike have been seeing each other every day all summer so the distance now seems overwhelming, even though they plan to see each other every other weekend.

Mike was very envious of my apartment. Even though we pay the same rent, mine is half an hour closer to campus than his and mine is larger. We plan to get together for meals occasionally. In fact, we may turn it into a regular event because neither of us likes to eat by ourselves. Mike said that if he reads the carton of milk one more time at breakfast, he's going to go crazy. He did give me one important piece of information. He said that if you eat four bowls of Raisin Bran a day, you would have all the essential vitamins for the day. It pissed me off because I had only been eating three bowls. I think he and I can become good friends if we spend any amount of time together. The question is how much time both of us has. Amy you wouldn't believe the amount of reading required in my courses. It makes me wonder if I'll have time to do anything neat or spend time with the neat people that I have and will meet. Bloomington offers alot in the way of movies, concerts, and theatre. It distresses me to pass so much of it up. But I see no other choice right now. I guess I'll just have to schedule in fun times, so that I don't spend all my time studying. If I don't get everything done, I guess it's just too bad.

By the time you get this letter, I'm sure you will have moved to Penn State and experienced the spectrum of moods. If it is any consolation during the times of adjustment, just remember that you have friends elsewhere who care alot for you and are thinking of you. Like me, for instance. Say hi to Carol and Susan for me. If you want to talk, feel free to call me anytime. Bye.

Love, Darrell

August 29, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Mom and Dad,

My social life has picked up quite a bit this week. On Tuesday night, I played tennis with a girl who is a first-year graduate student in political science. She's a lousy tennis player.

Wednesday night a new graduate student named Dave invited me to his apartment for dinner with him and his wife. Had a good time with them. Thursday classes started and they look pretty hard. We have really long reading lists. Friday night, I went to a coffeeshouse with another graduate student named Vic from Cleveland. Today, Saturday, the political science department had their annual picnic. We played football, softball, and volleyball, I feel really sore now and will be for a couple of days.

As you can see, I'm meeting other people. Most everyone is very friendly, which helps alot. So I guess I'm adjusting pretty well to IU.

I just wish the classwork didn't take so much time because there are so many neat things to do. But I want to do well, so I'll have to sacrifice the social events for studying. But in the longer run, it will be better as I'll get the type of job I want.

I hope all the wedding preparations are going smoothly. Tell Joanne, Shirley and Jim I said hi. See you later.

Love, Darrell

September 2, 1976

Amy Bluestone

Penn State University  
State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Darrell,

Hi -- I'm presently sitting in the Speech Building screening education majors on their speech and hearing. However no one is here (can you blame them, it's 8 in the morning). But anyway as I'm sitting in my little room, I'm listening to the sugary sweetest conversation of my life. God, I really believe Speech and Hearing majors are so straight in general and sweet that I find it difficult sometimes.

What a way to start a letter. Guess where I've arrived. Yes, in Happy Valley, Penn State. Can't believe it's Friday already. Moved in Monday night and just piled everything in the apartment. The apartment was dirtier than I remembered. I even saw some bugs. It is a little more broken down and musty but I loved it. These details however, did seem to affect my father. As I was swooning with delight, he was kind of walking around sniffing and checking out the broken outlets, dusty shade and very squeaky bed. One word on the bed, Darrell, I think we should have sat on it. It is so squeaky, it's like a trampoline. If I wake up with one more stiff neck, I think I'll mention it.

Mrs. Farrell's skipped town until Monday. She's very sweet but as expected talkative. She ended up charging me \$10 a month for Dulcy. I really tried talking her into letting me not pay but as I was making my case, Dulcy jumped onto the front door (a dumb dog). We did decide to return the money if there was no damage in August.

Business has picked up here. It's kind of fun. Everyone comes in a little scared (and if they're not, I make them). I've even chatted with some of my fellow students. They're not all that bad. I guess I'm running out of paper. I'll find another scrap. Hold on.

Here we go. Hey Doctor Fuck just showed up. He's a weird one. I have met a couple of good professors and my advisor's good, but new so he doesn't know the details.

I went to register yesterday. This place is amazing. People in every corner. It took me 1/2 hours to register and that was without waiting. I just went from one line to another. I filled out a shitload of forms.

Carol came Tuesday afternoon. It was so nice to see her and have her help. She's a good kid. We washed my dishes on Tuesday and went sightseeing. Wednesday, we finished my unpacking and arranged the furniture. Needless to say it is gorgeous and magnificent and I love it. At least I will when it's clean. You know, I'm really not much of a cleaner but I've decided I don't mind dirt if it's my own. Last night at 1 a.m., I mopped the kitchen floor (to no avail, I might add). Today I'm getting Top Job (some girl said it was good). So I'll try again.

I am now sitting and waiting to buy season theater tickets (one must buy for the season around here. Equus is coming here too. How exciting? We'll both see the same show in different places. You do find that exciting, don't you?

So I guess I've been busy. Today, I plan to clean my bedroom. There's supposedly a party for graduate students tonight. I'll drop by. I met a friend. Her name is Debbie. I've had lunch with her and we've chatted. She's a good kid from D.C. She went to school at the University of Maryland. The exciting part is her boyfriend at the University of Maryland is president of the Skydiving Club. She says he'll take me. Now all I have to do is gather the courage. I also went to diner last night with 9 others. It wasn't too good as I only liked Debbie and another girl, but one must do these things.

So Darr, school's started. How's it going? Have you met people? You know the questions, just answer them, o.k.? Thanks for your letter. It was here when I arrived. I feel fortunate that there's room on the other side as there's more to tell.

It's a beautiful day today. It's been so fucking cold I can't believe it. They say it's unseasonal. It's warmed up today, but this morning I could see my breath. I can see it now -- freeze city and it's not a good thought. Already it was cold last night in my apartment.

It's almost my turn for tickets. I've just been chatting with two young gents. I mentioned I was new to State College. They were too and then asked me if I was a freshman. I informed them of my standing and they were naturally impressed.

Darr, I really hope you can read this. I can't.

Just got home, now it's errand time again. Let me know what's going on. I'm going so I can mail you this letter. Bye Darr. Have fun.

Love, Amy

September 4, 1976  
Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Vicky [Markell],

How's life treating you in Oxford so far? Is everything working out well with your housemates? I hope so.

Graduate school is starting off fairly well. Since the first weekend, which was noticeably uneventful, things have picked up. I've met several people, a couple of whom are turning in to very close friends. One is a guy named Dave who, with his wife, is from Chicago. Sometime I may convince him to give me a tour of his hometown. All the people I've met are in the political science department. I've discovered that budding political scientists are a unique bunch of people. First of all, many of them haven't developed their social skills to a great extent. I was surprised to discover soon after I arrived that me, usually a shy and quiet person, is the one who is outgoing and takes the initiative. Also I discovered at the departmental picnic last week that it's very easy to be an athletic star among unathletic people. I played football and if you don't mind my bragging, intercepted 3 passes. Pretty good, huh?

All the people are really intelligent, which is pretty nice. At first it made me very uncomfortable because I was feeling inadequate intellectually. But then I realized that they weren't any smarter than me, only just as smart. That distinction saved me, Vicky. Then I was reminded of some advice Dr. Rejai at Miami gave me. He told me that in graduate school, everyone is smart. Consequently the distinguishing factor is how hard you work. This is in contrast to undergraduate school where the smart person with a little work can skim by.

The work here is very demanding. The reading lists are massive. This week I really got into the reading. I came back every day exhausted. But I feel very content working that hard. The stuff is interesting and eventually I'll begin to see some intellectual growth. At least that's what I'm counting on. Although I spend most of my time studying, I also take time for breaks. I've played tennis several times, gone uptown to bars a couple of times, and had dinner dates. Tonight I'm going to Dave's house for dinner and then we're going to see the movie, Tunnel Vision, afterwards.

One change in my life is that I've started going to church. Before you gasp, it's not institutionalized religion. I still think that sucks. But because I'm concerned with discussing moral ideas and existential questions, I decided I needed a church to provide the setting. I've tried the campus ministry, the Unitarian Church (a social activists and meditative religion) and tomorrow plan to attend a Quaker meeting. I lean toward the Quakers because their religion is very quiet and personalized and the members seem to share a lot with each other.

I called Amy two weeks ago and we talked for 25 minutes. At first I could tell that she felt uncomfortable talking to me, mainly I guess because she wasn't expecting the call. I felt comfortable. After awhile she loosened up and we ended up having a very friendly and relaxing time. I've written her a couple of times since then. But I've been disappointed that she hasn't written me. It's strange because even though our romance is over, I still feel emotionally tied to her and I still think of her a lot. I'd really like to remain in touch with her. But I don't know what the delay is for because she normally responds quickly.

I've decided that I can't fall in love this year. My schedule is too busy. I would really face a lot of conflicting pressures if I met someone I liked. So wish me luck in not meeting someone. (I don't know if I mean that, probably not).

So this is how I am. I hope you write soon and tell me how you are adjusting to Miami. I know you were a bit anxious and insecure before going there. Of yes, could you also get me the address and phone numbers of Tom and J.C.? Hopefully they're in the directory. Or if you see them, yell at them for not writing and giving me their new addresses. Also by the way, my new phone number is (812) 336-9931 if you ever want to talk. Please send me your phone number too. So take care and see you sometime, hopefully soon.

Love, Darrell

September 5, 1976  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Shirley [West Mitchell] and Jim,

Greetings from Bloomington. I've discovered one thing about graduate school already. You really have to do alot of reading. I'm taking four classes: Urban Politics, Political Leaders, Statistics, and History of Political Science. For each of them, I have to read 10-15 books. But the readings are usually pretty interesting, so I really don't mind it. In fact I'm enjoying it quite a bit. It's a challenge to read about the problems of the cities and then try to figure out what can be done with them.

I've met several interesting people here, most of them in the political science graduate program. My tennis game is really improving, the three times that I've played. Most of the people here are very friendly, mainly because everyone came here not knowing anyone else. So that's helped out alot.

I've also working as a research assistant for a professor here. It's my token service in return for the money they are giving me. After I got here, I found out that in addition to the \$3,500 they were giving me, they were covering my tuition, which amounts to another \$1,500. So in total they're giving me \$5,000. The problem has been that they don't give out the first paycheck til September 17. It created problems for me at first. But then Mom and Dad lent me some money, so that eased my temporary financial crisis.

I hope that your trip to Florida turned out well. How does Kenny's apartment look? Does he like his school? Also how are the preparations for Joanne's wedding going? I have to ask you because I know she won't have time to write. Let me know how everyone's doing. See you later, alligator.

Love, Darrell

September 6, 1976

Ilene [ ]

Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Hello Grad Student,

Hey, the title sounds pretty impressive if I must say so myself (although I'm sure you'd agree wholeheartedly!). By now you're probably pretty well adapted to life at I.U. -- the new friends, profs, courses, and studying and studying. I must admit the fact of having to obtain a 3.5 grade point average would make me kind of apprehensive about school. However, I'm sure you can handle it! I guess the worst part is disciplining yourself into a routine to insure that you spend enough time, well probably the extra amount needed to achieve it. Having your own place should be somewhat advantageous in that area since you have fewer distractions. By the way, how are you doing there now? I hope you like it better. Oh, one more question -- are you teaching that discussion section you thought you would be? If so, how's it going?

Well, this fascinating piece of work is coming directly from the halls (actually the room) of Thomson Hall. Yes, that's where I'm living this year. So far, I like it. The people are pretty friendly, especially for an upperclass dorm. Besides, I really enjoy Western campus. It's so peaceful and pretty.

I'm rooming with a girl I met last year while working in the dining hall. We're getting along well. Speaking of the dining hall, I'm working there again this year, but I work breakfast shift. It's working out well because I know when I'm done working in the morning that I'm finished for the day. This way I'm free to do as I want the rest of the day without having to be interrupted to work. It's nice.

I'm pretty enthusiastic about my classes this semester. So far, they're interesting. I guess because they're more directed toward my field per say than my courses in previous years (Exceptional Child, Psychology and Personality, a Sociology course, American Literature, and an Independent Study). I'm just doing background research to become familiar with Dr. White's research area at the moment. As I understand it, by the end of this week, we should be working a little more on the real research. I'm beginning to get excited about it!

My sister is now attending your alma mater -- Miami University. She's a freshman living in McBride (East Quad). It's nice having her around.

Darrell, take care and good luck at Indiana University.

Have a great semester.

Ilene

September 6, 1976  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Been wanting to start this all day and here the day is almost over but I'll do a little anyway. It's been raining all afternoon.

Kenny called Sunday afternoon, just wanting to know how everyone was. Guess things are going great down there.

Shirley has been sick ever since she got back from Florida. She got a strep throat and an ear infection. Towards the last of the week, she was really sick, but getting better now. He sent her to an ear specialist in Dayton.

Laura is walking all around now by herself. Things she's great stuff -- and she is.

We've been wall papering down home -- 3 rooms, dining room, parlor and bedroom. We did 2 on Monday, Labor Day and started the last one last night. Got home at 10:00. Then I've got to do some cleaning. Trying to get it ready to rent. Joanne and Tim aren't going to take it. He wanted to stay near Jim Williams since he works with him so much.

Had a Pork Festival meeting last night. It is the weekend of September 18-19. We won't be home much that weekend.

I've been trying to get tomatoes and juice canned in the evenings, a little at a time.

Your Dad pulled a fast one yesterday. He was down home and wanted to cut a limb from a tree over a light wire so he put a tall step ladder up in the truck and went to the top. Then lost his balance, fell to the truck roof, then to the hood, and then on to the ground. How he kept from breaking any bones is beyond me, but he was lucky. He said he was a kangaroo.

How is everything going over your way? Are you keeping busy? I'm sure you are if they pass out reading there like they do here. How'd your social life? Sounds like you were doing O.K.

They are starting to have meetings again about chairmanship. Suppose they will get it resolved one of these days.

Darrin McWhirter is teaching a 1 hour (POL 240) course on Wednesday night on Propaganda and Brainwashing. Kids kept coming in and signing up that he had to move it to Presser Hall. 650 signed up. Sounds interesting. Don't think he was going to give an exam as he had said the only requirement was attendance but Waltzer said he had to have an exam or the dean would split.

Grace [Kline] was over for diner Sunday. She hadn't been there for awhile. She is getting concerned about what she will do if she gets sick and can't take care of herself.

Well, I've about run out so will close for now. Write!

Love, Mom

September 10, 1976  
 Janet Collins  
 Miami University  
 Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,

I understand my head is on the chopping block. Of course, wouldn't you know it, a lazy summer and all of a sudden, pow I find myself in the academic white water once again.

I have seen Vicky once since my return. She said you were also swamped with reading. Guess who was here for a day? Tish! I hadn't seen her for a year and a half. I was so excited and tense, that I went screaming and flying out the door as a white car drove up, ready to fling myself into her arms. If I had, I would have been 2 or 3 shades redder cause it was a total stranger. Of course by the time Tish got there I was calm, cool, and reserved (exhausted is the word). Anyway, we had a great time until the next morning when John whisked her away.

Here I stay, lost in Psychological Testing, bored with clinic, enthralled in Botany (Plants and Civilization), Curious in Philosophy of Education, and so-so in Behavior Modification.



It was actually good to see Dennis and Kathy upon our arrival here. I guess Mike, the guy who bitched about the money was really bad. He sounded like a Dennis McGockin but Dennis complained about him so I guess he was worse than bad. Dennis is living with the other roommate. So one day as they moved out of the apartment, Tom and I cleaned the entire place. You may have thought the place was a pit while you lived there. Well, forget it. It was filthy when we got there.

I almost got physically ill when I saw the bathroom. Anyway Tom likes his room and his roommates and I love my apartment.

Well here I am a day later. I'm kind of tired so I guess I'll depart. Oh! Guess what? I have a client, she's a speech and hearing major who was found to have a problem when screened (I don't know what it is yet though).

When are you going to visit here or us visit there? Are you swamped?

Write quick.

Love, Jan

September 12, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Ken [West],

Rumor has it that you've been seen around town with a certain young lady. Feel free to write me all the juicy details as I like to read good stories. Don't ask me for my source as a good investigator never reveals his informers. I hope that you're having a good time. Mom told me that you called and seemed to enjoy your new school.

I'm still in the process of deciding if I like graduate school. Right now I still have doubts as to whether I want an academic career. The academic study of politics is very much different from practical politics. It operates at a more theoretical level. Also five years is a long time to stay to get a Ph.D. degree. I'm going to stick with it until May and then if my impression of political science doesn't improve, I'll switch to another vocation. Who knows, I may end up as a journalist.

The social life around here is moderately good. I've made several good friends of my fellow graduate students. We go to movies occasionally, play tennis or have meals together. Unfortunately, I haven't met any girls that I like yet. It's really aggravating to be here three weeks and not be in love yet. But I suppose I should be patient.

I called Mom yesterday to tell her that I was coming home for my birthday (which in case you've forgotten is October 6). I guess I'll come home on Saturday and leave Sunday late afternoon. That way I'll have a chance to visit some older friends at Miami. Vicky, roommate Tom and his girlfriend J.C. and a friend Dave from Washington are still there. So it will be nice to see them. Vicky called me on Thursday. It was nice to hear from her.

I made a mistake last week. I decided to call Amy. The minute I started to talk to her, I started to feel really unhappy and lonely. It turned out to be a shitty conversation. She's having a really good time at Penn State. Although I should be happy at that, it pisses me off. She's having a better time than I am. The phone call did however convince me once and for all that she and I are not suited for each other. We just think differently about too many things.

That's most of the news around here. See you later.

Darrell

September 17, 1976

Ken West

261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212

Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334

Dear Darrell,

What! My brother is not perhaps a professional student. I have already told my friends that you were so don't make an ass of me. Seriously, it is a matter of adjustment and will perhaps get better as you become enmeshed into the rigors of graduate life. One the other hand, theory is usually less exciting than practical politics and requires more tenacity. But I hope that you have a good year, whatever is decided.

My professional life here is going very well. I cannot believe the good relations here of staff and principal. He does anything for you and anything we require he gets for us. Quite unusual. Children are shaping up quite well. Only three more to "enlighten" and it will be a very good class. Very upper middle class, a beautiful community. In fact, it won a national award for landscaping.

Personal life is moving right along. Just the other day, I met a guy who has a yacht -- no kidding, not a little rowboat either, and was invited to go on a cruise Sunday afternoon. It was beautiful. We traveled the Intercoastal Waterway -- a series of canals in the city -- and saw beautiful scenery. Houses along it are nothing under \$150,000. More are worth several hundred thousand. A very affluent city, which is why I'm here, of course. Had a very good time.

Have not met anyone special yet, and do not intend to. I go out very often and have some good friends now. A teacher friend is planning on moving to my complex. He's just down from Wisconsin. I hope to have a tennis partner.

I hope to see Amy this weekend. She wrote a letter this week inviting me. It was good to hear from her.

I am becoming quite involved in this beautiful city and am making the most of it. The transition has been so smooth and utterly painless. I have not been at all lonely and enjoy life here. My only regret is that it did not happen ten years sooner.

Take care, Ken

September 17, 1976  
Aunt Martha Mathis  
Connersville, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Your mother gave me your address and I have been busy trying to get ready for winter. I hope you are getting used to school and having a good time.

Your Dad gave me some tomatoes and potatoes. I have frozen and canned everything I could get my hands on. Ha! So if you get hungry you will know where to come. I'll share with you.

I suppose you know Sue [Fields] is expecting here 5th baby around the first of December. I guess it will just make one more for me to love and spoil.

Have a wonderful year and our prayers and thoughts are with you.

Love, Aunt Martha

September 17, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
Penn State University  
State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Darrell,

Hi -- What a wonderful birthday present. I can't believe your balls! Dope in the Mail! And the pictures came out beautifully. I am camera shy but it's great to have pictures. I think the one I took of you looks professional. Perhaps when I flunk out here I can do that (notice when, not if). But you know what I didn't like about your present. I was planning to do the same thing. Imagine that. We think alike!

Oh Darr, it's been raining the past 3 days and that supposedly is normal in Happy Valley. It's enough to make a girl transfer.

So it sounds good with you (from your call not your birthday card. I just loved the staples by the way). It's good you're seeing Mike and have met other friends. What about girls, you haven't yet mentioned that?

Having just finished my 2nd week of school, I'm ready to collapse. Now that has nothing to do with the fact that I'm sick and freezing. My books are piled to the ceiling in my room. I think I'm also exhausted. I've been staying up so late and getting up so early and running all day. I really prefer to hang out with zero to do. But after all this complaining, I enjoy it. Not my classes too much, but I'm doing therapy with a stutterer and it's very exciting. Haven't made much progress and don't know if I will but I'm learning. As far as classes go, 3 are boring, 1 is impossible (neuroanatomy) and 1 is good. I'm told it's the introductory stuff, hope so.

Sue came to visit last weekend. I cannot tell you how happy I was. It was so nice to see an old friend. I had a party Saturday night with about 15 people (mostly in speech and we've all been friendly from the first weekend). It was a nice, little get-together but if Susan wasn't there I know I would have been miserable because though these people are now my friends and are very nice, they don't know me and love me.

Sue came just the right time to kind of help me through the newness. She made me this macramé hanger which is so gorgeous! It hangs from the ceiling (which is pretty low) to the floor and my spider looks terrific in it. She'd been working on it the entire summer but wanted to surprise me for my birthday (pretty nice, huh?). (By the way, my huhs are being extinguished from my speech. That's what happens when reinforcement has stopped).

I spoke to my parents last night. My mother sounded great. She was laughing hysterically. Do you know she sent me a package filled with rice. I couldn't believe it! I was rolling on the floor. At least, it wasn't white. She sent Saffron, Fried onion, and Herb. They all sound really good. She's coming home the weekend of October 1 for a visit and we all are too. I really can't wait to see her already. She's down to about 145, it's amazing to me.

I also spoke with Andy who is enjoying college. I think he's a little overwhelmed by the classes and work, but he likes his roommate and has met good people. I was glad he called.

What else? I'm still friendly with Debbie. She's taking awhile to get to know. We've been going out for coffee in the mornings. I like her a lot and I'm thrilled she's here. The only other person I'm close to is my supervisor for my stutterer. His name is Ed and he was also a part of the group of us that got together the 1st weekend. He's been helping me so much with my client (who is a difficult case as he's brain injured as well). He's pretty easy to talk to about things going on inside me, i.e., loneliness and panic.

That's about it Darr. Have you heard from Tom and Janet? I've written to Tom's roommate (Mike and Dan) but they didn't say anything. Tell them I said hello. Tell me everything with you, o.k.?

Take care.

Love, Amy

September 18, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Rich [Witkowski],

Remember me? ... You know, that witty curly-haired kid you used to smoke dope in the bathroom with. Yes, think hard, and it will all come back. So how's life treating you these days? How is the job at Arthur Anderson's coming? What about living at home, is that working out okay? I just realized recently what a hellaciously-long time it had been since I had written you. Sorry, I'll try and make this a good letter.

I spent the summer in Washington as I think I may have mentioned to you. My work at Common Cause turned out great. I lucked into a really good position. I was assigned to help the person who was the special assistant to the president of CC. Consequently my office was right next to the president's so I got to eavesdrop on many of his conversations with the politically influential. My main task was to write a 40-page case study of what CC did to get the Michigan Political Reform Act of 1975 passed. I had to interview lobbyists, read press releases and interoffice memos. Since CC isn't well known to the general public, they hope to use this case study, along with 4-5 others, for publication in a book of readings on CC. That would be nice, if it works out. So far I don't know if that is still the plan or what. I should find out in a month.

Living in D.C. was neat too. It was the first time I'd lived in a city larger than 40,000 so it was a new experience. I lived in the downtown area, but in one of the few relatively safe areas. I never feared for my life as some people do in certain areas of the city. I took in many of the museums, concerts, tourist traps, etc. I also got to visit New York City a couple of times. Amy, the girl that I had just met when you last visited Oxford, lives in New Jersey just outside of NYC, so on alternative weekends, I would go there or she would visit D.C. So I got to do alot of things that a Midwestern farmboy should never expect to see or do.

Speaking of the big romance, in case you're interested, it's now officially over. I had a lot of really great times with her but we had severe personality conflicts that inhibited the relationship. She had a strong personality, which sometimes was overbearing and aggressive to me. Also she was going to attend graduate school at Penn State which is a long drive from Bloomington. So it also was impractical to continue the relationship.

Speaking of Bloomington, that's where I live now. I've been here about a month now and am beginning to feel settled here. I still haven't decided if I like graduate school yet. It's really a proverbial shit-load of work. The professors hand out reading lists over 10 pages long. But still the work is interesting to me. I got my first paper back last week and received an A- for it so I was fairly satisfied with it, especially since the course is the flunk-out course. The people in graduate school are definitely a different type of person than I've associated with before. They're not very outgoing socially. I discovered that me, a shy and quiet person, was one of the most extroverted people in the department. Pretty amazing. But I've been impressed with their brains. They really know how to logically think through an argument. I may only stay here for one year. The more I think about it, the more convinced I become that my true talents and interests lay not in academia, but in something more concrete. I'm seriously considering a resumption in my journalism career, either with newspapers or magazines. I think I could make it as a political scientist, but it would be less work and more enjoyable work in journalism, since I especially enjoy writing. I'm playing it by ear now, waiting to see if I get more interested in political science as the year wears on.

That's pretty much all of my relevant news. I could include the irrelevant news, but I shan't bore you or me. Write when you get a chance and tell me what you have to do on the job, and anything else you consider relevant.

Bye now, Darrell

September 19, 1976  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Tom [Larson] and Janet [Collins],

Nice to hear that you were able to see Tish for awhile. I know it's been a long time since you saw her. You'll have to tell me how she's doing. I'm going to be going home Saturday, October 2 and Sunday for my family birthday dinner. I'd like to see you guys, Vicky and Dave Saturday night if possible.

Graduate school is going well for me. I got my first paper returned last week and received an A- on it, which pleased me, especially since it's the flunk-out course. The professor placed 3 papers from our class on reserve for everyone to read and mine was one of them. So that boosted my confidence. In fact I'm on the verge of arrogance now. But I know that won't last long. Usually when I'm feeling really cocky, I do something stupid, like fall off of a sidewalk, something which brings me back to reality.

I'm on the verge of getting involved in departmental politics. They need a graduate student representative on the committee recruiting a new faculty position. I haven't quite decided whether I should because last year, a similar committee ended up in a bitter fight.

I've been having a moderately good time here. Found two monopoly partners. Lost the first match but in a return engagement a week later, I won by a landslide. That boosted my confidence also. But I shouldn't tell you everything now. Otherwise we won't have anything to talk about when I see you. So I'll shut up for now. I'm really looking forward to seeing you guys. There's something about old friends (one-year old friends) that new friends (two-week old friends) don't have. So see you shortly.

Love, Darrell

September 20, 1976  
Joanne West  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,

Hi! How are things going for you? You haven't corresponded a great deal since you've been gone. Are things really different from Miami? Is the workload harder? Have you met a lot of nice people? The biggie question is "Are you in love yet?" I'm not trying to be funny, I'm serious. Ha! Ha! Was it a big adjustment?

I hear you're coming home for your birthday. I'm glad. It still seems weird to have Kenny gone. It sounds like he loves everything down there. If I didn't have Tim right now, I would really be lonely with Kenny gone. It'll never be the same again.

Darrell, would you be an usher at our wedding? Bobby Simpson is best man, Roger, Kenny, and a friend of Tim's are standing up with him. Tim's brother, you, and Gary were wanted for ushers. We'll need to get your sizes for ordering the tuxedos. Shirley is matron of honor, Bev, Midge, and Tim's sister are standing up with me. Tim's nephew is ring bearer and our little Laura (believe it or not) is flower girl. My first inclination for Laura doing that was that it would be impossible. Dad really wanted her to do it. She is walking completely across rooms now with no assistance. So we're getting her a dress and if she'll do it, fine, and if she doesn't, fine. I know she's not big enough that we can really depend on her to do it, so we'll just see what happens.

You know, Darrell I just can't believe it's all true. A couple of weeks ago, I went through a week when I wasn't sure I was going to go through with it. Tim and I had a misunderstanding and we just couldn't seem to communicate about it. The conflict was over something trivial but it represented a basic issue. Mom was so upset, and I really think she's not going to believe I'm really going to go through with this until she sees me walking down the aisle. I couldn't believe she thought that. I felt we had a conflict we needed to resolve, but I never really felt it would cause me to not want to marry him. Darrell, I really love him and I know he's the only person it would work with. We've had such fun, and it's so hard knowing that November is still so far away. We do have an awful lot to do, we'll be plenty busy, but I just know it's going to be beautiful.

It'll be such a traumatic adjustment for me, taking care of a big old house, taking care of a husband, fixing meals, and all that. It just seems like so much work for the woman. What do men have to do? Just eat it up. No really, I think there is a big injustice to women now, and I'm certainly not the type of woman who is going to spend all her time cleaning her little home. He has said he's not marrying me to make a servant out of me. I think he will help especially if I'm working. It does seem overwhelming at times.

I have been really exhausted for about the last week. You wouldn't believe all the work there is to planning a wedding. It's fun but it's work, too. I can hardly wait to get started on his house, but right now, there are just things that have to be done now so it'll just have to wait. There are times when I wish November was here, but a friend told me that I shouldn't spend this time wishing the days away. The anticipation of all of it needs to be enjoyed so I'm trying not to wish it was here.

Mom said you called a couple of nights ago and things sound like they're going really well for you. How do you like living alone? Is it a lot more work than undergraduate work?

I have a lease for my apartment that I'm trying to get out of. Apparently, it's my responsibility to find someone to take over the lease. I would leave now if I could find someone cause I know the end of November I wouldn't be able to get rid of it. I would just move my furniture out to Tim's house and move myself into Mom and Dad's. It's not that much longer and I sure don't want to have to pay December's rent. It will be a big job, though. It would be better to wallpaper Tim's house before we move my furniture in, but we just aren't going to have the time yet.

Our colors for the wedding are rust so you guys will wear brown tuxedos. We're using plants and palm trees up front and also using the dried straw flowers in the fall colors. I just think it's going to be so beautiful. I just love my dress. It makes me slim looking and that's why I like it I'm sure. I've been trying to keep the costs down, but Mom and Dad are willing and encouraging me to almost do whatever I want. They don't want to skimp on this. I guess it's their last time for a daughter. I don't know if you want to hear all these details but right now it's so much a part of my life that I want to talk about it all the time.

We're going to Niagara Falls for our honeymoon. We'll just be gone one week, but I'm taking two weeks off to get reorganized and fool around (smile).

Well, it sounds like we'll be seeing you very shortly. Don't work too hard and see you soon.

Love, Joanne

September 22, 1976  
Rich Witkowski

Cleveland, Ohio

Darrell,

At first, the name drew a blank, but then it all began to come back to me (like a cold slap in the face). An image of three shadowy figures crouched in a small shitting room began to materialize. As I began to remember, I was filled with a rush of nostalgia. Then I stopped dead in my tracks and began to view the whole situation from an entirely different light. An old friend suspiciously writes me a letter after months of conspicuous silence. What can it mean? Sure I'd heard all about these types of letters. People from the dark and distant past clamoring for some type of favor. But as I read on, I became disgusted with my suspicious mind. Nice guy, I thought, an old friend writes and you get suspicious. So with this blackened heart, I begin my letter.

Things are fine! I went up to Bar Harbor, Maine last weekend and have come back a man renewed. Before I left, I was down about a lot, but since I had time to relax, things have been much better. It was a really excellent trip. Work has not been very exciting but I'm learning alot about business and about working every day. It's really amazing how much of an adjustment I've had to make. At times it was rough but overall it hasn't been bad. Things are constantly happening and I'm far from bored with life in Cleveland. If anything, everything is moving too fast to keep up with.

I've been doing a lot more reading lately. Before, I wasn't reading at all, but I'm coming out of that. I'm swimming a mile twice a week at the local recreation center. I still have that disgusting delightful habit of smoking. Unfortunately, no female interest at present, my only major problem with Cleveland.

I've been trying to maintain my cultural pursuits by going to the museums and plays. I went to see the bicentennial exhibit at the Cleveland Museum of Art about 4 or 5 times over the summer. I've been going to the Great Lake Shakespearean Festival on Sundays. So I'm still kicking and getting along pretty well. I really miss school though it was fun because there was so much more freedom (and much more free time).

By the way, I passed the CPA exam. So now I'm some kind of hot shot in the business world, but that's little consolation for the fact I don't get more money. I know I'm pretty materialistic (not to mention greedy). I'm going to get in touch with Jack in a few days. I'll tell him you wrote and say hello.

It's good to hear that all's well with you and that D.C. was an experiences to remember. Those are always the best kind.

Rich

September 24, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Amy [Bluestone],

I'm beginning to think we are Bobsy twins due to the fact that we are independently reaching such great ideas. First I took your idea for a birthday present. Then after I meticulously plan a party for the first year political science people, I read your letter saying that you had already done that. Well, I'm sorry Amy, even though it's already been done, I'm going to carry through with my plans. The party is set for tomorrow night. I think about 25-30 people will be here. I'm alittle nervous because it's the first big party I've ever thrown (I continue to rack up firsts). But it's more of a nervous excitement than an anxiety. It should go well.

Getting back to my main theme of my carefully thought out topic sentence, the third similarity is that not only are you going home next weekend, but so am I. How do you like that? It's like two peas in a pod, as my grandmother would say. I'm looking forward to going home for pretty much the same reason that you enjoyed seeing Susan. Even though I've met alot of people here and made a couple of close friends, there's really nothing like old friends and family. In addition to seeing my family, I'm going to Oxford to visit Tom, Janet, and Dave Golden. I'm really psyched up to see them all. We've exchanged a couple of letters. They all seem to be doing well. I had also planned on seeing Vicky, but events conspired against me (with her being the main event). She had called me up a couple of weeks ago to ask if I was going home for my birthday. Speaking of birthdays, my birthday is ... oh, never mind, I

shouldn't be so blunt. We decided that the weekend before my birthday would be the best for both of us. Then a couple of days ago, I called her, to discover that she had forgotten our plans and that she had invited her 5 roommates to Maysville for that weekend. Needless to say, I'm presently pissed at Vicky. Now I don't know when I'll see her, because the month afterwards is going to be a busy month academically. She'll just have to come here, because I won't have time to run off to Oxford.

Speaking of academics, I'm doing well. In my first paper for the flunk-out course for Political Science grads, I got an A-, which made me very happy. Not only that, but to brag a bit, the professor put my paper and two others on reserve so the entire class of 30 could examine them to see what a truly good paper was like. It's quite an ego trip. I was even more satisfied with my second paper, but haven't yet gotten it back. Amy, I'm finding that when I'm writing, the world seems so serene. It's like I can step out the door and think ah yes, it's good to be alive, you know that kind of romantic nonsense. Writing really makes me feel like I'm creating something unique and productive. I think whatever my career is, I want to write alot.

Speaking of careers, I'm getting closer to deciding that I want to stay here only a year and then seek a political journalism job. I like the intellectual stimulation around here, but there are disadvantages. There are no jobs for PhD's in the social sciences. Also I prefer dealing with questions which are more concrete than abstract political science questions. I don't think I want to be a specialist, because I'm curious about more things than political questions. Consequently I'm concluding that I should remain a generalist, with a journalism career the best type.

I'm starting to get involved in departmental politics although Dr. Rejai strongly warned me not to. The political science department is hunting a professor for an opening here and the committee needs a graduate student representative. I'm interested because it would really give me a good insight into bureaucratic politics. The problem is that last year, a similar committee ended up in a bitter fight between the quantitative methodologists and the non-quantitative ones. I could end up getting used unless I am careful. But it's a challenge and it should be fun to watch the process first-hand. Wish me luck...Thank you.

Joanne wrote me and asked me to be an usher in her wedding. I'm looking forward to doing it. Weddings are fun as long as you're not the person getting married. I've reached the conclusion that I don't want that kind of relationship for several years. I just don't think I could have that kind of relationship without becoming very dependent on the person in a dangerous sort of way. I really need to learn to depend on myself more. I don't know whether I'm capable of depending mainly on myself. When I'm in a good mood, I'm fully capable of it, but when I'm not, my tendency is to reach out to others or to immerse myself in my work or study.

Speaking of myself, I bought a stereo system today, meaning a turntable, receiver and two speakers. It's my major investment of the year. I've decided it was time. I enjoy listening to music. It's nice to come home and relax with music. Before I had no such entertainment sources, other than my own funny monologues. The neighbors were looking at my funny as I walked around the kitchen telling myself jokes. The stereo was necessary to regain the respect of my neighbors. Now all I have to do is build up my album collection. I've bought a couple and Dave has lent me several, so that's got me off to a good start.

I was happy to hear that you met Ed. It's important to have someone that you can talk to and with, especially now in an adjustment period. I have similar relationships with Dave and with Mike. We all have great fun together also. As for girls, I haven't met anyone that I especially was attracted to. The ones I've met are nice, but they are either married or don't have that special air than distinguishes them. It's doubly sad because not only do I enjoy female companionship, but I've noticed that the past couple of weeks, I've been outrageously horny. Do you know how I noticed? I suddenly realized I was masturbating every night. Now the tension is easing a tiny bit, which is a relief. On that sensual note, I'll end this letter. Good-bye and take care of yourself.

Love, Darrell

September 26, 1976  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Aunt Martha [Mathis],

It was very nice of you to drop me a line. It's always nice to hear from the family. School is going well for me. I've made some close friends which has helped ease the adjustment to Bloomington. My courses require a lot of reading. But since the subject is one that I enjoy, I don't mind. It's challenging to read different ideas about the study of government and political problems and then to try to develop my own ideas. Eventually I think I'd like to end up in a journalism career writing about political events. So that's how things are with me. I'll probably see you at Joanne's wedding at Thanksgiving. So until then, take care.

Love, Darrell

September 26, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Mom and Dad,

I'm happy to report that my party last night was a success. About 20 people came, most of them from the political science department and everyone, including me, had a good time. The party gave me the chance to meet and talk with some of the people from my classes on a more personal basis.

Last week I decided to make my major purchase of the year. I bought a stereo. I decided it was time to have one because when you're living alone you need some entertainment for when there's no one around. I got tired talking to myself. I hope you guys don't mind me spending some of my money on the stereo rather than immediately repaying my loan to you. But I really needed the music to maintain my sanity. I hope that's a good enough excuse.

Joanne wrote me a few days ago asking me to be an usher in her wedding. Tell her that I will officially announce my answer to her request when I come home this weekend. However, right now I'm leaning towards the decision of accepting her offer. Aunt Martha Mathis also wrote me a short letter last week, which was very nice. I wrote her a short letter telling her everything was going well here.

I'll probably be getting home in the late afternoon this Saturday, as I told you before. Now remember Mom, marble cake this year for my birthday. After 21 years of chocolate cakes, I'm going to broaden my menu. So see you when I get home.

Love, Darrell

September 26, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Vicky [Markell],

I'm happy to report that my party last night was a booming success. I had a very good time as did everyone else. About 20 people came. I got to talk with my classmates on a more personal basis than I had with some of them before. A few of us also made arrangements to do a few things this week, like playing tennis and attending the play, Equus. I'll probably eat lunch with a couple of them now and then.

Right now, I'm sitting here listening to my new stereo purchased last week. It sounds so good Vicky. You have to visit me sometime so you can admire it. And believe me if you do hear it, you'd better admire it or our friendship will be endangered.

I'm looking forward to visiting home this weekend. Joanne wrote and asked me to be an usher in her wedding. I'll probably accept her offer. I'm still disappointed that I may not be able to see you. I'm going to try to get away earlier Saturday so I can stop and see you. But I still can't guarantee it. It depends on how much I get done this week. With all my social engagements, that might not be very much. But I'll try.

I got a letter from Amy a couple of days ago. School is still going well for her. She's met a guy that she feels comfortable with. When I first read that, I felt a strong emotional reaction. But now I think I can say I'm genuinely happy things are going well for her. She's a neat person and deserves a good time, assuming that's an adequate reward for net people.



Well, take it easy now and maybe I'll see you Saturday afternoon. If not, then we'll catch each other later. Bye.

Love, Darrell

October 1, 1976

Ken West  
261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334

Happy Birthday Darrell,

Notice how original my card is: [picture of birthday cake]. How are things going? I trust well. Things are going beautifully here. I have been in an exuberant mood for one whole week. And still meeting people. This is paradise for me. I only hope I do not become of the fallen. Oh well, what a way to go. I know where I am, and where I am going, and the twain shall never meet. So I will not go the way of an aunt.

My friend Ron from New York is coming October 9 for a month. It will be a very good month, I am sure.

Hope you enjoyed your weekend at home. I think you did.

The beach area is beautiful now. The season does not start til the middle of November (when all the easterners come here for the winter, and it is very crowded) and weather still in the high 80s. I do not think I will miss autumn very much.

Saw Amy a couple of weekends ago. Went to a zoo and got pissed on by a tiger in the face (both of us). Yes it was deliberate (and exciting) and went to the beach. We had a good time.

Will close for now. It is Friday night and I am going out. Just wanted to wish you well without being tardy.

Ken

October 5, 1976

Aunt Martha Mathis  
Connersville, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

I was so glad to hear from you. I know you will make good grades. I'm glad you have found some nice friends. A nice as you are, you will make friends easy.

We have been out to Sue and Stanley [Fields] helping them paint the inside of their house. They are going to rent is as it hasn't a furnace and Sue won't move there so they are renting it. We have painted 5 rooms and have two to go.

Do you have any time you will be home before Thanksgiving? I guess we will see you at Joanne's wedding. We are planning on going if nothing happens.

I guess you knew our Sue is expecting a baby in December. Her youngest now is 10 so you know it will be spoiled rotten.

It's pretty here today but the weather man just said there was a 60 percent chance of rain

We have two more storm windows to put in and I guess we will be about ready for winter. When it's cold and bad out, I just stay inside and look out. Ha!

Well guess you will be tired trying to make my writing out so will close. We love you and our prayers are with you.

Love, Aunt Martha

P.S. I am sending you a few stamps to write to whom ever you want to.

October 7, 1976

Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Amy [Bluestone],

Your call made me think of many things I wanted to ask you. But we just didn't have enough time to talk. Have you made a best friend in State College or is it mainly just the circle of friends that you hang around with? Do they appreciate your sense of humor? I realize these questions may sound dumb, but beneath the surface dumbness lies great insightfulness. Are you often nostalgic for Oxford? You sounded a bit nostalgic and a bit depressed Wednesday maybe because you had talked with both Susan and I. Sometimes after

I talk or visit with old friends, I feel unhappy, not because I didn't have a good time but because I realize that people that once shared a great part of my life now can no longer do so, just because I don't see them everyday. I have many more questions but I'm getting sick of asking them so I won't ask anymore.

Today was a day of confusion as several things seemed to get messed up. Plans for racquetball got messed up when the gym was not available at the proper time. Consequently the game was moved to a different time by my partner without telling me. It ended up that I didn't get to play. Bummer. But a return match will be played next week.

One nice thing I forgot to tell you on the phone is that Dave is going to give me a tour of Chicago during Christmas vacation. It's his hometown and he knows alot about the architecture, history, etc. He's the kind of person that when he lives in a town he reads books and documents to find out the town's history. He should be a good tour guide. That will probably take place between Christmas Day and New Year's. Also my brother who moved to Florida, invited me down there for a week before Christmas. I've always wanted to visit Florida, although not especially to see my brother. I don't know if I'll go. It's alot of money to spend getting down there and I don't know if I can afford it. I'm feeling very cosmopolitan with all these travel plans.

I guess that's all the exciting news that I've accumulated in the 24 hours since I talked with you. So bye for now and take care.

Love, Darrell

October 10, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Laine [Hawxhurst],

I've been thinking of you this afternoon, so I thought I'd let you know the pleasant thoughts I'm thinking. The past week has been pretty much of a downer week for me (this isn't the pleasant part; that comes later). Last weekend I went home to see my family and Miami friends. It was nice but it saddened me because I wanted all of them to share a little bit of my new life in Bloomington. But I found out that no matter how much you tell them, it's really difficult for them to share your life when they're in a different location. Then in the middle of this week, Amy, my former girlfriend called. We had a nice conversation but it too saddened me. It brought back the memories of having a girlfriend and of having that girlfriend. I had grown accustomed to dealing with life by myself and in fact felt comfortable doing it. Then her call brought things back and I began missing out of the intimate little conversations that you have in a romance.

I began to think about the women I've met here and the fact that none of them has had the qualities I especially liked. It was a lonesome feeling. I have a close friend here by the name of Dave. We talked about it, but my loneliness was so strong that it really didn't make me feel much better. Last night I went to a party with a couple of moderately close friends. I had a good time talking with them. But as the evening wore on, one of them began to get really bummed out. That in turn bummed me out as I started to think about my life. This morning I went to the Quaker meeting as I have been doing since I came to Bloomington. Normally the meditation is very relaxing, but this morning it didn't make me feel better at all.

Then this afternoon, things began to change. I began reading Buber's I and Thou. As I read it, I began to think of you. I felt and feel really close to you. I guess the reason I thought of you when I was reading is that it was really with you that I began to feel and experience some of the joys that Buber discusses. Also I think that at the same time, I brought out similar feelings in you. As I thought about you, I began to feel alot happier and relaxed. Because I feel happy now, I wanted to write you this letter, so that you would feel happy too or happier too. You may not understand the details of this letter, but I'm sure that you understand the cycle of emotions underneath it. Right?...o.k. Bye.

Love, Darrell

October 12, 1976

Amy Bluestone

Penn State University

State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Darr,

No time -- I've a test to study for but I did want to write a note.

Hey, here's the pictures. I can't believe I got them in August to send on your birthday and now I still have them. Oh, to procrastinate.

Anyway, I got your letter. Yes, I'm very happy but as you say when I think of old friends and ties, I get nostalgic. I miss people that I've cared for. I've always wanted my old friends to go where I go so they can all be around me. It's just a little sentimentality coming out. And it's not because I don't have close friends here -- 3 or 4 of us are extremely good friends and I like them very much but they're different than my old buddies. I suppose because we just haven't shared that much yet.

Anyway, thanks for your concern. I'm thrilled that you're so into your studies and you've got some good friends. You're one helluva fine adjuster (even if you wonder sometimes).

Take care Darr, sorry I have to go so soon.

Love, Amy

October 14, 1976

Laine Hawxhurst

Union Theological Seminary

New York, NY

Dear Darrell,

Do you know what the word, *pentimento* means? Besides being the title of a book by a woman named Lillian Hellman, it is a word which describes a particular kind of painting. After many years, oil paint will begin to thin. Then if the canvas upon which a painting has been painted was not "new," the lines of the "older" painting will begin to show through. And so an eye will become visible in the midst of a tree trunk, etc.

I have not been depressed very much lately, but very tired. NYC can be a difficult place to live in, it never sleeps. And so I don't seem to be sleeping much either. But today was just beautiful. I decided to skip my class and take a 1 and 1/2 hour walk along a riverside park. It was very good for my harassed spirit. But although it is 6:30 p.m. already, I yet must attend 3 more meetings/ appointments. I mean only to explain, not complain.

The next time you miss a lover and if no object of your fervor and affection comes immediately to mind, do not hesitate to direct your thoughts here. I would love to be your girlfriend and truthfully speaking, if I thought that there could be any possibility for a successful and romantic relationship between us, I'd do my best to see that it happened. But as it stands, we make great friends. And so, when next I pick up Buber's *I and Thou* (which I've read about, but not read through), I'll be thinking of you.

I would like to settle down, but I am not at all sure I know what that means. But it sounds so very attractive, settling down. I would like to wake up well rested and never have to run to be anywhere on time. I would like to have only minor demands placed on me other than demands for care and sharing. But I think too that something in me is keeping me from actually going towards that lifestyle. Maybe I'm afraid I would get bored or that my mind would atrophy...who knows? Maybe I'll try it sometime.

Are you going to get a vaccination against the Swine flu? I've been mentally debating whether or not I should. I hate shots. But I hate being sick. I hate being sick more than I hate shots. But if I don't get the shot, I still probably won't get sick. But I might. With my luck, I'll probably get sick from the shot itself.

Oh well, back to my Old Testament reading. Actually, the stories in the book are fun to read. I can easily see why the Bible has been a "bestseller" for so many years.

Can we appreciate the "older" years through the translucent picture of the "newer"? Sure.

Take care.

Love, Laine

October 21, 1976

Vicky Markell

310 S. Main Street

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I've missed you. Every time I go past Block M Apartments, I wish you were still there, though I know you've gone on to bigger and better places.

I'm fine, even happy, I think. My second job interview is today with Proctor and Gamble. My first was with Rikes (a branch of Federated Department Stores). It went really well. Conversation was easy, communication good. Though I don't feel nervous about the interview today, my insides are. I tossed and turned all night dreaming about P and G!

The girls of 310 S. Main Street are still having a good time together. We even still like each other. Amy seems to have lost control of her life though. She spends 4 out of every 7 days in Dayton with her boyfriend, Craig. I don't know how she'll pass her courses, but she really can't live without him. She must need that love and attention terribly.

We're having a big potluck dinner next Friday. Everybody is bringing one dish. Should be an interesting spread of food and people. You're invited. Can you possibly make it? I'm not counting on it, of course, though I'll be hurt ... You do know that I'm not that serious? It'll be our first big party. I'm excited!

I'm still seeing Lawrence. Things are good, not intense, but nice. I'm not even sure I could accept or handle an intense relationship now. Speaking of intense, I saw Robert several weeks ago at home. I was surprised at how emotionally he greeted me -- tears in his eyes and everything! He told me that he was still interested romantically, but I think he knows that it's over, for a long while at least. The feeling between us was good, warm and concerned. I'm relieved knowing that Thanksgiving and Christmas break won't be difficult. It'll be nice in fact.

David Golden asked me to go to an Artist Series Event with him last week. I really enjoyed both the music and David. He's really an interesting person, interested in everything too. He certainly seems fond of you. We have something in common!

The trip to Chicago was a mixture of weird and fun. The drive was just too long for a weekend. As I arrived in Oxford Sunday night, my muffler fell off! Being with Billy was good, except that at moments I thought maybe he was forgetting that we are platonic friends. It's a difficult thing to discuss with him too.

Downtown Chicago is quite a sight. Like Michigan looks more like Michigan Ocean. The city is actually built around the shore. We went to the top of the John Hancock building. From there, we could see Gary, Indiana! It was really windy that day. You could actually feel the building sway. We were on the 84th floor.

I'm meeting Mom at Tri-Counting [shopping center] tomorrow for a day of shopping and gabbing. I love those days with her.

Marilyn [Markell] was accepted into the nursing program at Eastern Kentucky University. It's very competitive. I'm so proud of her. It's a lot of work, but she's determined.

Dad is enjoying discussing prospective jobs with me. It's great to be able to share it all with him.

They all send their love.

Take care, Darrell, I sure think of you a lot. I miss what we have.

Love, Vicky

October 21, 1976

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Seems as if I just can't get my writing done anymore. You will have to give me an E for effort anyway for I do think about it.

Aunt Georgia and Lois were supposed to arrive today.

Well you can't say Joanne isn't dedicated to her work. She tried to get me up at 2:00 the other morning to go to work. I should have said to go ahead and I would come later, but I didn't think of that then. Wonder what she will be the week before the wedding. She won't live that one down for awhile.

Saw Kathy Boruff this week and she said you had gotten her her job. She was with some guy.

Aunt Georgia and Lois did arrive. Lois has lost 22 pounds. Next Friday, I will take off in the afternoon hopefully and Aunt Georgia and I'll will go to Cincinnati to see Velva if she's going to be home.

Tonight Aunt Georgia, Daddy and I are going to Richmond Civic Theatre but I don't know what we are seeing. Jim Mitchell's Sr. have season tickets and can't go this time so they gave us their tickets. The kids are all going to see the Lettermen in Dayton. We're going to Shirley's for dinner Sunday. Wanta come?

I understand Helen [Steele] might be moving above the B & M Tavern in Eaton soon. Grace said Gerald had told Don's. Joanne did see her last week as she wanted Grandpa's bedroom suite. She did say something about moving but didn't say where. Apparently Marilyn is going to run it and Helen might help. I saw in the paper where Marilyn was arrested in Richmond for intoxication and disorderly conduct.

Dr. [Herbert] Waltzer is taking one more 5-year term as chairman and [Dan] Jacobs will be the new graduate man.

Hey -- How about the Cincinnati Reds? Didn't think they would win 4 straight but they did.

Church is giving Joanne a shower on November 12 and Cindy Klapper wants to give her a personal one and Ruth Logue says either the family wants to give one or be invited to the one at the church. She'll have more stuff than she knows what to do with. That wedding is creeping up faster than ever. I started my dress but I'm not satisfied with it. I hope I can do something.

Daddy has his beans in and wheat sowed but just a dab of corn picked.

Fairhaven is getting publicity -- drugs, drag racing down through town. Evidently they come down the big hill in pairs with no lights. They will kill somebody or themselves. And drugs in rampant. They want police protection over Halloween.

Richard Charles gave his girl a ring. Jean told them not to be in any hurry about wedding at graduation time and that they would come back again. I guess there isn't any date set.

Aileen and Aunt Martha were up for a visit the other day.

Well, I've got to get busy. Write.

Love, Mom and Dad

October 23, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Dave [Golden],

I hear you're putting the moves on Vicky. No, maybe I'm exaggerating alittle bit. I hear you went to an Artists Series performance with her. She wrote and told me she enjoyed it very much. I wish I had a tape recording of the conversation to see what you guys said about me. Of course, maybe I'm exaggerating my own self-importance. It's presumptuous of my part to think that you would waste value conversation space talking about me.

This week has been one of the most eventful and strange weeks in recent memory. Since it's such an interesting story, I'd thought you might be interested in hearing it. To get the full impact, I have to take you back in time to last Saturday night. I invited this black, first-year political science girl to go to a play with me and another couple. I'd known this girl fairly casually this semester. I didn't go with any intentions of hustling her later in the evening. But as the evening unfolded, it became apparent that she was hustling me. So I thought why not. I'm not serious about this girl but it would be nice for a night. So we slept together that night. The next morning, I wanted to make sure that Gayle didn't take the evening too seriously so I told her that even though I wanted to be friends with her, I couldn't have a serious relationship with her. She said okay, then asked if that meant we couldn't sleep together any more. I said well, we'll have to see how it goes, being non-committal because I didn't want to ruin any future opportunities (always the pragmatist). Then she called me on Monday and asked me to do some things with her. It became apparent to me that she still wanted something more serious than I did.

Then on Wednesday, a bombshell was dropped on me. Her closest friend came for a long talk and he asked if there was anything going on between me and Gayle. After first

establishing his motives in asking the question, I told him about Saturday night and about my lack of serious intentions. He then informed me of something about which I had been unaware. Apparently on Friday night, the night before our rendezvous, Gayle had tried to commit suicide by taking an overdose of pills. This made Saturday night very bad timing, given her mental condition.

Now I really had a problem. I didn't want to encourage a relationship with her because she wasn't the type of girl that I most liked, but I couldn't discourage her too much or she might get depressed and do something drastic. It was quite an unnerving paradox. Shortly after that conversation, a guy named oddly enough Dave, another first year student who is probably my closest friend in Bloomington walked in. After explaining the problem to him, he laid another surprise on me. About 4 years ago, he had similarly tried to commit suicide. In addition, his wife 5 years ago had independently and before their marriage tried to commit suicide.

Hearing all this in the space of one hour was almost enough to push me over the edge. But Dave, who is very healthy now and is one of the most sensitive people I know, was very helpful because he was able to tell me how to deal with Gayle. We decided that it was imperative that I convince her to seek psychological help. Since neither of us was sure how to best make that suggestion, Dave suggested I consult a psychologist that afternoon concerning the best way to deal with Gayle.

This psychologist turned out to be a real asshole. After I explained the situation and said that I really didn't know Gayle very well, the psychologist began grilling me, asking why I was taking responsibility. When I said that I would feel badly if Gayle tried again, the psychologist asked if I would feel guilty. When I answered yes, she asked in classic fashion "Why would you feel guilty?" By then I could sense that the psychologist was getting the wrong impression of my visit. She thought I was the sick one. I quickly tried to turn the conversation around by saying my guilt was irrelevant at this point. I just needed to know how to approach Gayle. But the psychologist never came around, so I left being very pissed off at her.

The next day Gayle came to me and said she wanted to talk. It turned out to be a fruitful (meaning effective, not nutty) conversation. Eventually I was able to work in the suggestion that she seek counseling. It happened so subtly that it was accepted fairly well, I think. Gayle agreed to make an appointment with the Psychological Clinic. Whether she actually will go is uncertain at this point. But if she really wants to help herself, she at least knows where she can get some kind of help. The day before this, I had asked Gayle to go out to Dave's on Friday to watch the presidential debates thinking that if she stayed alive until she visited the psychologist, her changes of improvement would be better.

However, another strange thing happened. At 6:30 Friday night, she called and said that because of a kidney infection, she didn't feel well. She had gone to the health center and they had given her pills which made her sleepy. When I heard this, I was really unsure whether she was trying to subtly tell me she was in the midst of another attempt and I was the last person she would be taking to or what. Since she didn't know that I knew about her previous suicide attempt, being sworn to secrecy by her friend, I couldn't do anything suspicious, like asking her if she was trying to commit suicide again. Then she told me that she was going to the Bloomington hospital Saturday morning for her kidney problem. Even though I knew her kidney problem was true, I was unsure what the call meant. I tried to call her friend who also lives in her dorm to tell him to go visit her and find out. But the prick was gone. So I decided to wait 45 minutes and then call her back. When I did her roommate answered and said that Gayle wasn't there even though Gayle had told me she was sleepy and was going to bed. When I asked her if she knew when Gayle would return, the roommate said not until Sunday because Gayle was going to Indianapolis on Saturday.

This added even more confusion to the evening. But there was little I could do since I didn't know where she could possibly be. Although I'm still not exactly sure what happened last night, I think she was telling the truth. I'm sure her friend would have called me if anything bad had happened. But the entire experience has been an unsettling one for me. I've never been in a position in which I've had to deal with a potential suicide victim. But the entire week had made me more sensitive to that kind of problem than I ever was before.

So Dave, what's new for you. Are you returning to D.C. for Thanksgiving? If not, feel free to spend some time at the West family plantation. We might even be able to house you in the slave quarters if you act humble enough (defined as shining our shoes everyday).

You also asked me if there would be any times that you could fly over with Tom and Janet. The way my schedule looks, I have relatively slack weeks in the beginning of November, like either the 7th or the 14th. So if you want to fly over, I'd like to see you. Bye.

Darrell

October 23, 1976  
David Golden  
Thomson Hall  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,

Your trip to our locale was quite enjoyable. My company wishes to express its appreciation and hope that you may return in the near future. Tentatively, we are planning a 12-person Monopoly marathon at which your attendance will be almost mandatory. We will have to design a restricted game to make it proceed faster, having six two-person teams. There will be a few additions to the rules, such as when passing go, one must consume an ounce of wine. This will compensate for the \$200 advantage. We may play the socialist variety, in which when one lands on jackpot one must put all your money into the community pool.

I have found some information recently that I must include before I forget. The Washington Post is advertising summer news positions for college students who are into journalism. These spots will be for replacing their staff who are on vacation and the jobs pay. The applications must be in by November 15, 1976. I couldn't think of a better job for someone interested in doing political journalism since this allows the professional connections and actual work experience. I also have personal motives, naturally.

Didn't get too much of a chance to talk to you, but I didn't mind since you seemed busy enough. I was considering flying in some weekend to Bloomington to go camping and asking you if you cared to join us, but didn't since I assumed that you would be busy on the weekends. If you care to meet for the weekend sometime, my roommate may be obliging, although he must come along.

My social life has been unusually boring this year. Send me a note if you care like visiting some weekend. Even if I don't fly in there is always ground transportation. I hope Cliff didn't surprise you too much with his forwardness at answering questions. Cliff likes to get to the meat quickly. Don't take that as a pun.

I spent a Saturday evening with Tom and Janet, having a good time and allowing my roommate to have a little cultural education.

I heard that you and I were both invited to the wedding at Lancaster and immediately asked if that bum Darrell was going to be best man instead of myself. When I was assured that you were not, I then made certain there was going to be food and wine before committing myself. Tom informed me that you will be coming into Lancaster (all the easier if you work for the Washington Post). Your Common Cause connection should work well with getting a job with the Post. You are naturally invited to stay at my place when the wedding is going on, being quite convenient for me and probably quite convenient for Tom and Janet.

Well, must split.

Dave

October 29, 1976  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Tom [Larson] and Janet [Collins],

I hear there is a little dissension among your wedding party. More specifically, my sources deep into the situation tell me that cocksucker Dave Golden is, in a backbiting sort of way, maneuvering himself into a higher position on the wedding status line than me. Tell him he'd better lay off the subtle politics or I'll bring out the full range of my political skills.

I'm still enjoying life in Bloomington. Studying alot but enjoying it also. I got to hear Bob Woodward of Watergate fame speak this week. I came away with a very favorable impression of him. He talked alittle bit about how journalists operate, how they must get close to the newsmakers without being coopted by them and how they conduct an interview. Now I'm reading The Final Days. It's a very entertaining book.

I've pretty much decided that I want a career in political journalism rather than political science. No, not because of Woodward. I made my decision long before he came to town. I will probably only be at IU a year or two at the most, depending on where and when I can get a decent job.

Enclosed is part of my deposit money which you and Janet deserve for cleaning the apartment. Thanks alot, I'm sure it enabled us to get most of our money back. Be sure to write and let me know how you're doing.

Also are you going to be spending anytime at Thanksgiving or Christmas in Oxford? I'll be there at Thanksgiving. At Christmas, I think I'm going to New York City for a week to visit Laine and to Chicago with a guy named Dave from Bloomington. He's from Chicago, so he's going to give me the tour of the town. But I'll be around Oxford here and there at Christmas time. So maybe I'll see you. If not, take care anyway. See you later.

Darrell

October 29, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Mom, Dad, and Joanne,

Thanks Joanne for the wedding invitation. Let me officially inform you that I will attend both the wedding and the reception. When I first got the letter, I thought you had written me a thick letter. But I was not so lucky. However, the invitation was nice.

I'm in the process of trying to write a magazine article on the aftermath of campus unrest in the 60s. It's a long process, though looking up the relevant information and then trying to write it in an organized and easy-to-read manner. I need to get it done though so that when I go to look for a job in political journalism, I can show them a sample of my writing.

I still haven't fallen in love and the longer I'm here, the less I want to meet someone. It's almost too difficult to find someone who has interests similar to mine. So it's not worth the effort of looking.

The form I included postpones the repayment of my loan til I get out of school. The bank sent it to me to sign. Daddy has to sign the co-maker signature, address, and date. Then you can just send it back to West Side Federal. Their address is at the top.

I got to hear Bob Woodward, one of the two Washington Post news reporters who investigated the Watergate affair. He was a good speaker, telling how journalists investigate big stories. Now I'm reading his book, The Final Days, telling about what Nixon was like the last couple months of the president.

Well, that's most of my news. Write when you get a chance.

Love, Darrell

October 29, 1976

Shirley West Mitchell

State Road 732

R.R. 2

Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Hi! Hear you made a birthday cake for Mom. She said you ate it. Hope you enjoyed it.

How's school? I hear you're enjoying it -- social as well.

I've got one more class this week in crocheting. I finished a dress for Laura and have started a sweater for myself. I'm hoping to make one for Jim for Christmas.

Amy gets to come up with Kenny for Joanne's wedding. I'm making her dress, Laura's dress, and my dress. So far, I haven't started.



Mom's getting so uptight about her own dress. After buying material, enough for 3 dresses, she finally is going to let Aunt Ruth [Logue] make it.

Jim hasn't got a whole field of corn done yet since it's been raining, but he should get quite a bit done today. He's been having a little trouble with the bin turning off and not coming back on, so that's a worry.

I'm getting Laura's portrait taken today, the second one. I get 3 total. She fell out of her little red wagon and got a bump on her head, but it's not noticeable now. She's done this 3 times.

What have you been doing?

I hate to think about raking leaves, but that's the next big job. They're so wet and thick now.

Aunt Georgia and Lois got here last Thursday night and will be here til next Sunday. We've been entertaining Lois almost every night and I'm exhausted. I had a birthday dinner for Mom Sunday. We went to the Letterman in Dayton Friday and Northgate shopping and ate at Johnny Bench's Home Plate Saturday. This was all without Jim as he was working.

What did you think of the World Series? Wasn't that great? Jim's Mom and Dad went to the Sunday evening (2nd) series game. They about froze to death, but they really enjoyed it.

The United Presbytery of Women is having a bazaar Saturday at the Mall in Richmond so everybody has to take turns working. Laura is learning so much now. She has figured out almost all her toys, even the new ones she got for her birthday, a pull toy. She walks around the house with it. She puts dirty clothes in her clothes hamper when told (she just learned that 2 days ago). She discovered her belly button. It's just so interesting to see what she'll learn next. If you tell her to go get a toy, she knows exactly what you're talking about.

What do you need for Christmas? Let me know.

I went to a coffee with Jim's Mom last week to hear [U.S. Representative] Buz Luken's speak. It was really interesting. He spoke a while, then had a question and answer session for about 30-45 minutes. He spoke on issues 4, 5, 6, and 7 and told about his responsibilities. There were about 40-50 Republican women there.

It was at Voslers. That itself was worth going to. You wouldn't believe their house. It's very impressive. They had white carpeting in the room where he spoke and it was really white. It was really neat. They had along the wall about a foot wide the whole length of that room a place to plant pants instead of the floor going all the way to the wall. I guess St. Clair Custodial cleans their carpet often and cleans their pool and washes their windows and someone else takes care of all the plants. What does she do? I don't know. Can you imagine how much it costs? We had our carpets cleaned in 1 room about every year or two and it costs about \$50.

I've been working on the records books so I won't have it all to do at the end of the year. The class Jim and I have been taking for a year is really helping. We are going to do a 9, 10th, and 11 month tax estimate. It's supposed to help us decide about what our taxes are and how we can changes our taxes before the end of the year by buying something to selling corn or whatever. It's pretty interesting and very informative. Roger [McCampbell] takes this class too.

Well, I better close for now. Write.

Love, Shirley

November 1, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Shirley [West] and Jim [Mitchell],

Glad to hear that you're taking a crocheting class, Shirley. If you need my measurements, I would be very happy to send them. Just give the word. I should have sent this letter a couple of days earlier, so I could get in one last lobbying attempt before election day. As it is now, this letter will arrive after election day. I'm still hoping Carter squeaks it out, but in either case, it will be close.

I had a strange experience last Saturday night. I had gone to a friends house to watch the movie, Psycho, on TV. The movie was very scary before it ended at 1 a.m. Then when I was driving home about a quarter of a mile from his house, my car ran out of gas. First I had to walk back to Dave's. He got his gas can and then we drove around looking for an open gas station, not an easy task at one o'clock in the morning. Finally, we found one and bought a gallon of gas, which we assumed would be enough. After we put it in the car, the car wouldn't start. Because the car was sitting on an angle, one gallon wasn't enough. So we went back and got some more. Fortunately we got enough this time. I barely had enough money. All of this took 2 and one-half hours, so it was 3:30 before I got to bed. That can really ruin the next day.

This morning when I got up I was getting some stuff out of the refrigerator, which all of a sudden a lamp from Grandma's which I had sat on the top of the refrigerator fell off and shattered into many pieces and got kerosene all over the kitchen floor. What an aggravating experience. Not only did I lose the lamp, I had to clean the mess up. The floor still smells like kerosene. I'm not sure how to get it out. I'll have to consult some resident experts here in Bloomington.

Other than these two things, everything is going well. I'm looking forward to Joanne's wedding. Weddings are nice as long as they're not your own wedding. Well, that's most of my news, so see you later, alligator. In a while, crocodile.

Love, Darrell

November 3, 1976

Ken West

261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212

Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334

Dear Darrell,

Enjoyed your short not, but am glad things are going well for you. I hope school is challenging to you and interesting. I am very glad that Carter was elected. I feel he is very capable and enthusiastic leader who knows what he wants, though perhaps not the means to achieve them. I am sure he will be a dynamic president. He will either be a poor president or a damned good one. And I like his wife (shades of lust?). I am glad he is a thoughtful person and comes across as someone who usually thinks things through before culminating in a decision.

I doubt if I will be in Ohio during Christmas. It's too soon after the wedding and the distance is quite far. And there is so much here to do and catch up on. In another week, the winter season begins when all the rich people come for the winter. It is like Oxford when students are there and leave for the summer. The tempo picks up, traffic becomes horrendous, and there are people everywhere.

I have a roommate named Mark. We get along exceptionally well. He works in one of the most elite restaurants in town. We are sharing expenses, necessary in this city! Even though I just got a 10% raise in addition to what they quoted me this summer, things are going alright.

It would be nice if you could see Laine sometime. She is a very beautiful person.

I am hooking a rug to use as a wall-hanging. It's simple to do and quite attractive. I have got alot of comments about the apartment and feel good about it. But it is something that never gets finished.

Things are a little cool now. It rained heavily during the night and it is in the lower 70s. Yes, this is chilly. I'm not being facetious either. Normal temperatures are mid-80s, lowering to 76 at night, enough for a long-sleeve shirt when I go out on the town (which is just about 4 nights per week). I love it!

I am not the same person I was and I am glad. As one person put it, I can fit comfortably in any circle. Nor am I being artificial. I have confidence and things are going very well. And I am meeting the kinds of people I want to. No easy task for an introvert, but will power changes things. A friend I know -- Delvernia -- was in the 1950s the world's top model. She appeared in all the top fashion shows and front covers of major magazines for years. She is beautiful, physically and internally. Anyway, she just spent a night on my couch. Not bad for me, eh?

Take care Darrell, Write before I see you.

Ken

November 6, 1976

Joanne West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Hi! How are things going for you? I read all the letters you sent Mom and Dad (all one of them) and keep up with you. It sounds like you're adjusting very well to life and activities there.

Life here has been quite hectic. Our progress on the house has progressed so slowly. We've been working on it continuously but there was so much to do. So last Saturday, his mother came up and she and I worked the whole day on it and it's now in fantastic shape just ready for me to move in. There's some work to do yet the biggest push is over. I can't tell you how tickled I am with the way the house looks. It looks like a home, it just looks warm to me.

I can't tell you how excited I am about getting married. The closer it gets the more I want it. I have no reservations or qualms whatsoever. Neither does Tim and it's just beautiful. We both are just so ready and the anticipation is exciting. His shift work prevents us from spending all our time together. Every month there's a week when he works 4-12 and I don't see him for a week. Then it's just dynamite when we're together. That's coming up next week and then the next week is our wedding so it's really going to be dynamite. Darrell, your life is different from mine, and I tell you there is such a keenness of beauty in waiting until your wedding night. We just can't hardly wait and the anticipation is making it more intense and beautiful.

I had 3 showers last weekend, 1 was a personal shower. They were such fun and we got a lot of nice things. We've gotten a lot of linens, casserole dishes, cookbooks and stuff. I got 7 nightgowns at the personal shower, a lot of underwear, and a black bra and undies. Girls really get excited about this stuff and share a lot with you and we all just really had a good time. The church is having a shower this Friday night and then that will be it.

There are 5 people now coming from Kansas in addition to Lois, Aunt Georgia [Thompson], you, Kenny and Amy. I guess some or all of the Kansas people are going to stay at the Charles'. People will start coming in Thursday afternoon and after that, it'll really seem like it's here. I'm really going to enjoy every last minute of it. You know, the showers and the getting ready and everything is very special to the bride, the guys just don't get into it like that, the bride is just treated like a queen. Our society is still very traditional in thinking of weddings. I've asked Bev Charles to write us a song and sing it with her guitar during the ceremony. I hope I don't cry during the ceremony but when it's your own, it will be very moving.

And you know, it's really weird but people always say that you get the jitters and do crazy things. What's weird is that it really seems to be true! The worst thing I did was get Mom up at 2:00 one morning and tell her it was time to go to work. They won't let me forget that. I have done all kinds of things like that and when I do them, I just can't believe I'm doing it. It's just like I can't be held accountable for anything. Lois said I wasn't myself when she was here. At first I was so disorganized and disoriented because I moved home and I couldn't find anything and it was terribly disorienting because I knew it was temporary and it wasn't worth getting organized for. But it's almost over and then it will be different.

When will you get here? You know, the rehearsal is Friday night and that's probably when you will get here. We'll all be at Jim and Edith's afterwards for something to eat so come over if you're not there earlier. Or Lois and Aunt Georgia will be at our house so do whatever you want. Write soon.

Love, Joanne

November 10, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Laine [Hawxhurst],

How's seminary coming along? You really must write and tell me sometime what it is that people in seminaries study. Is it just the study of religion and philosophy or is it

something else? Please excuse my ignorance. Remember, I'm just a poor farmboy from a cultural deprived area -- Ohio.

Do you have any plans for the Christmas vacation period? If not, perhaps we could see each other for a short while. The way my schedule runs, exams end somewhere around December 15. I have from there til Christmas Day, which I want to spend at home open. After Christmas, I'm visiting Chicago for a few days with a guy from Bloomington whose hometown is there. It's unlikely I could drive to NYC so if you're returning to Michigan, it would be more convenient.

My family is getting psyched up for Thanksgiving as that's when Joanne is getting married. The more I think about the institution, the more impractical and outmoded it seems. There need to be more alternatives.

On Halloween, I had my first trick or treaters. I had invited that evening a couple of friends over. As we were finishing dinner, there was a knock on the door. When I opened the door, I saw a four-year old girl and a five-year old boy wearing masks. Being the gracious host that I am, I invited them in. Then pretending not to notice their masks, I asked them what I could do for them. They told me they were trick or treaters. Acting surprised, I said, "Oh, I thought you were out collecting for the United Way." They didn't seem to think it was very funny.

At this point, I began to panic because I realized I didn't have any candy to give them, being the novice Halloween host that I am. After looking in my refrigerator, I asked them if they wanted a tomato, which they didn't. Then Cathy, one of my friends saved me a little bit, by giving each of them some chewing gum. It was fairly embarrassing to see them walk out with one stick of chewing gum apiece. Vowing not to get caught like that again, the next day I bought some candy which I have since eaten all up.

Later that evening though at 1 a.m., revenge struck for my misdeeds as my car ran out of gas. Fortunately I was only a short distance from a friend's house so we drove his car to buy some gas. But such is life.

You'll have to write and tell me about all the exciting new developments in your life. Until then, bye.

Love, Darrell

November 10, 1976  
Aunt Georgia Thompson  
Carrollton, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Was happy to receive a letter from you almost a month ago. Bet you are wondering if I ever intend to answer your letter.

I have not forgotten that years ago when I started out in the world, and was away from home among strangers, I was always glad to get a letter from folks at home.

Well, Lois and I were at your folks for October 14-31 about ten days, going from place to place with headquarters at your mother and father's. We enjoyed our stay there. Think Lois, Joanne and Tim went somewhere every night. It is hard for Lois to settle down now that she is on the job again.

Hope the weather cooperates so that all can get home for the wedding.

Have you had any snow where you are? We have had a few flurries. I had my snow tires put on the car Monday morning of this week.

Am glad that your afghan is doing a good job keeping you warm. Believe me we need warm bedding this kind of weather.

Well, take care and hope to see you at the wedding.

With love, Aunt Georgia

November 13, 1976  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hello Amy Bluestone,

What do you think about our new president, Jimmy Carter? Pretty neat, huh? I should be careful, that's your line. I must congratulate you on Pennsylvania's fine vote. I only wish I could say the same for Indiana.

So man, what's been happening? I've noticed you haven't been burning up my mailbox with letters. But since I am not without sin, I shall not cast the first stone (but maybe I'll cast a few pebbles).

My life has been fairly eventful. One weird event concerned my first and subsequently only sexual encounter in Bloomington (if this topic doesn't interest you, kindly skip this paragraph) ... Ha, I knew you wouldn't skip it. One Saturday night, a few weeks ago, I went to a play with Michael and Kay and my date, a girl named Gayle. I started the evening with no intentions of hustling her, because I didn't know her very well, but also because I knew she wasn't the type of person that I wanted to have a close relationship with. However, as the evening unfolded, it became apparent that she was hustling me. So being the affable person I am, I went along with her.

The next morning, I wanted to make sure that Gayle hadn't taken our encounter too seriously so I told her that not to expect anything serious to develop between us. She agreed, so everything was nice as far as I was concerned. However, over the course of the next few days, it became plain to me that she wanted a serious relationship. She kept calling me, etc. But since she was black, it really was an impossible situation, one that should not get off the ground. So I continued to discourage her.

Then some new information came to my attention. Her closest friend came to me and told me some highly significant information. Apparently on Friday night, the night before our rendezvous, Gayle had tried to commit suicide by taking an overdose of pills. I was flabbergasted. I realized the situation now was more delicate. It placed me in an important position. If I encouraged a friendship with her, I would be getting involved with someone that I shared little in common. In addition, she would probably turn the friendship into something more serious. If I discouraged her, she might get depressed and do something irrational, like try to kill herself again.

At this point, I wasn't sure how instable she was. Shortly after I found this out, Dave walked in. I've never been so glad to see a friend in my life. After explaining the problem to him, he told me some more unexpected news. Apparently, about 4-5 years ago, he had tried to commit suicide. In addition, his wife had, before they were married, also made an attempt. So in the course of half an hour, I suddenly found out about three suicide attempts. I had never personally known anyone before who had tried. It was almost enough, Amy, to push me over the edge.

But by talking with Dave, I got a lot of useful information on handling the situation because he obviously is very sensitive to that sort of thing. We both agreed that the most important thing I should do with Gayle is to convince her to seek professional help. This was hard from my perspective because I didn't know her very well. Also I couldn't mention her suicide attempt to her because she wasn't supposed to know that I knew. As it turned out, I was able to pull it off. She and I had a long talk and it became clear to me she was unhappy. I was able to subtly throw in the idea that there were people who she could talk with. I found that to most effectively make the suggestion you have to use the approach that crazy people don't go to psychologists, but rather unhappy people do. It makes it more palpable. She agreed to go, although in the weeks thereafter, she has not gone. It's obvious to me that she's not very serious yet about working out her problems. So I have since eased myself out, moving more into a casual friendship. I talk with her occasionally, but never for any extended period, meaning more than 5 minutes. I have watched her closely though from afar, and so far she seems happier, although probably it's only a temporary relief. Sooner or later, she's going to get depressed again. But she, not me is going to have to be the one to deal with it.

So all in all, it was a very strange week that week. It's since made me less willing to get closely involved with someone before I know them very well. I think I'm also more sensitive now to psychological danger signs. Although I've been around unhappy people before and in fact have been unhappy myself at times, I've never really been exposed to a suicidal person. Now I know better how to spot these people and how to either help them or to step away from them, depending on the case.

I talked with Dave Golden a couple of days ago and found out that I'm going to be able to spend some time with him over Thanksgiving, as he's staying around Oxford. That made me very happy. Dave is definitely one of the neater and more sensitive people I know.

Oh Amy, there's so much to tell. But if I wrote all the interesting stuff, I'd be writing for a long time. I wish you'd call me up so we could have a decent conversation, instead of this rambling monologue from me. If you don't call, you'd better write a good letter, telling me everything that's happening to you. Okay? Good. So bye for now.

Love, Darrell

November 16, 1976

David Golden

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio 45056

Hi Darrell,

Sorry I didn't dial the Darrell-Hotline. Still shaking from the last phone bill. I heard you talked with Vicky and I called Tom today and found out that he knows about how I offered you the cash if you turned down an offer to be best man.

Vicky was amused to hear about your problems. The house she is living in is a real House of Gossip (don't connect this with the previous statement). She had a potluck dinner there and I was expected maybe a dozen people, but the whole house was so filled up that I ate my dinner while sitting on the john. It was fairly decent except for having her five roommates around.

I am trying to coerce Tom into doing something this weekend, possibly attacking you in Bloomington or having you come down. We are quite undecided about it. You might check out the nearest asphalt landing strip. I presume you have the car down there.

I am very interested to know your impressions about graduate school since I am in the hassles of trying to figure out what is going on. The only thing I know is that I don't like physics. Somewhat inconvenient since I am a physics major. Tomorrow I am taking the comprehensive departmental exam, which will kill me and which affects our recommendations. I have two more biggies Thursday, which is why I want to degenerate over the weekend.

I hope you sent in for an application with the Washington Post. Maybe you will end up like Woodward and Bernstein, that is obese and uncouth.

I presume everything worked out fine with Gayle. That was God's way of telling you to improve your morals. The next thing that will happen will be your Dick rotting off. Excuse my vulgarity. Normally I am cherubic, benign, but occasionally my humor is pejorative.

I found an old vocabulary list. Those draconian English teachers! Hardly inexorable, least of all concerned with epistemology, merely displaying fastidious emendation, hardly pellucid paradigms, a virtual plethora of dialectic absurdities. May the all-powerful Oxford English Dictionary save me. This is a hell of a way to procrastinate from working. Remind me to tell you about the Baptist wedding I attended.

I wholeheartedly accept your invitation for dinner since I will not be returning to Washington (or Youngstown hopefully). I may talk to you more about the slave quarters. I just learned that the dorm locks up and I have to think about who I know who lives off campus in apartments. I know a number of people in houses but there is more of a problem in mooching off of them.

I didn't vote, but I drove a bunch of people to the polls. The election was quite enjoyable, especially since all my candidates (Carter and Metzenbaum) won.

The fuckwads at Berkeley just extorted five dollars from me for a catalog. They promises a foldout blonde with a sun tan.

I must cut this lousy letter off before it disintegrates. Before I stop my tirade, that evil Markell canceled out on me in going to see this terribly boring Baritone. She had a lot to do and I can see her point, but she shall roast in hell for it. I have connections. Must see you sometime and find out what you are doing these days.

Dave

November 16, 1976

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

We had sent the bean check to Mrs. [Eunice] Peterson and she wrote back and sent you this check for graduation. She had been in the hospital late summer or fall for a hysterectomy. She had cancer. She said it was small and had gotten it all.

Dan and Francis [Hays] are working on our corn now so Daddy is busy hauling. Our big tractor blew up last week and a bill of \$2,500 or 3,000 is coming. Great! So Jim has loaned him his truck and it has been a life-saver for him for he didn't know what he was going to do.

The West family had a shower for Joanne last Friday night. Cindy Klapper gave a personal shower Saturday night, and Tim's family gave one Sunday afternoon. She's received alot of nice things so far. Duplicates are all things she can use. The church is giving one Friday night.

Helen is supposed to have moved up on Somers Street about a block from the theater. She called us a week ago Sunday asking us to move her (which we would have had to do at night or on Saturday). We said yes and then by Wednesday, her stove and refrigerator which she had left before were no longer down home so someone else moved her and she hasn't called since. Anyway she isn't above the tavern. Thank goodness.

We had dinner with Ralph Whitman at Hickory Lane Sunday. He took us out. Had a nice visit.

The Jones are celebrating their 25th anniversary on November 20. The kids are inviting everyone.

New babies forthcoming: Christine Logue Rude, Jim LaMar's, plus Susie Fields anything and Trudy [West] also. Baby boom.

Had a community meeting about Fairhaven last night but not alot was accomplished. The ones with kids down there think there isn't a problem. There's drugs and drag racing, property damage. Think I told you about it.

Kenny called Sunday evening. He has another guy sharing the apartment with him for expenses. Guess the expenses were getting too much for him and he had to. He is bringing Amy up with him for the wedding, but says he won't be back for Christmas.

Well, I've gotta close. See you in a couple of weeks. It's getting closer all the time.

Love, Mom and Dad

November 16, 1976

David Golden

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,

I am sitting under the lamp drying my fair and listening to Crosby and Nash. I thought I would practice my penmanship while sitting here and you are numero uno on my writing list. I decided yesterday that I want to go to Berkeley. I then called up my fantastic relative there (the one with everything) and caught her in the middle of a major personal crisis. I felt badly about it. I define bad luck as calling up someone once in 3 years and catching them in the middle of a suicide attempt. Actually, something was wrong with her friend, possibly the one she is considering marrying. Anyway, I want to go to the Energy and Resources group at Berkeley. I am looking forward to seeing you in a week. If I remember I will say hello to your Mom sometime.

I am surviving school although I was just destroyed in an oral examination (comprehensive over any physics). My ego is somewhere between the pinworm and dung fly. Haven't heard a beep out of Vicky. I got dragged away last week when really needing to study for a test by Tom. Janet bombed a couple of tests and she needed another person to help cheer her up. We went to Bang's Bar.

Some bastard set off the fire alarm this morning at 5:30 a.m. If I could catch the fucker, I would give him an enema. Did you see Sybil? I saw just the gross part. I read the book. I am looking forward to possibly seeing Tom and Janet in the Washington area. I listened to a lecture on China (pinko) yesterday. It was good. The guy explained that Canton was the only city where there was any noticeable crime. It seems that the communists blame it on Hong Kong being nearby. What happens is that a lot of people in Canton refuse to go to the countryside for their expected period every year. What happens is that if you don't go to the countryside, you just ain't paid. You still get ration tickets but no cash. To stay in the

city, you must get money. There is a big black market and some theft. Why this is prevalent in Canton is due to the large numbers of visitors (relatives) from Hong Kong who bring much money and gifts. The people in Canton although suffering no true scarcity, write to their relatives in Hong Kong about how they are so poor. Their relatives bring a lot of shit for them, so they can avoid working in the country due to their affluence. Very interesting. Hand is cramped. See you.

David

P.S. Jim Brewer tried to strangle Bennett Rafoth last night and the police arrested Brewer. Brewer was my roommate 2 quarters freshman year.

November 30, 1976  
Aunt Georgia Thompson  
Carrollton, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Must write a line to you. Just think tomorrow is December 1. We arrive home at 6 pm. Managed to stay ahead of the snow storm. It rained and had snow flurries all the way home, but the road did not accumulate any snow until we had been home for about an hour. Traffic was very heavy going both ways.

Wondered how much snow you had. Did you run into the snowstorm? Saw on the TV that they had alot of snow in Cincinnati for the football game. Hope you didn't have any trouble getting back to Bloomington.

Expect Ken and Amy were home before Lois and I were.

Wonder how Joanne and Tim have found the roads where ever they are. Hope they enjoy their trip and return home safely. Take care Darrell, and write when you can.

Love always, Aunt Georgia

December 3, 1976  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Vicky [Markell],

Happy Birthday! I hope you don't mind this letter in lieu of a birthday card. If you do, then I'll do better next year, assuming of course that we'll remember each other by that distant date. But anyway, how you doing? I hope the job offers are coming in, that school is going well, and that things went smoothly with Robert over Thanksgiving vacation.

Things are going well for me, although I did suffer my first setback in my budding political career. Since it's an interesting story, I'll relate it to you in full detail. The political science department is in the initial stages of hiring a new full professor this year. Last year they tried to hire one but the selection process became so controversial and bitter over whom to hire, that no one was hired. So this year, they're starting the entire process over. A committee composed of 5 faculty members and one graduate student will screen the initial applicants. I decided that since it was such a controversial subject, it would be fun to be the graduate student representative so that I could watch the departmental politics from the inside.

I found out that the department chairman selected the graduate student representative, so I went to talk with him. At the time, I was the only applicant that he knew of although I knew another third-year student was interested. So I asked the department chairman if there was a two-person contest between a first-year student and a third-year student, who would get the position. He said the older student would because he would be more experienced. Since I knew there was a third-year student interested, I realized that unless I took some strategic action, I would not get the position. Shortly after this, I found out that the graduate student association had to submit a list of three possibilities to the department chairman before he could make his decision. So with the little wheels turning in my head, I decided to take advantage of the situation. I convinced the other graduate students that for us to submit a list of three was bad because it gave the department chairman leeway in selecting the person he, rather than we, wanted. So I got them to change the procedure such that we submitted a list of one to the department chairman. Although this looked like a reform, it really was intended to help me because I knew that if the list of three went to the department chair with my name and the third-year student's name, the



ther person would get it. So the change in procedure at least gave me a chance for the position. Now I only had to convince the graduate students that I should be the one name submitted rather than the other guy.

The day of the meeting, 15 people showed up to vote, 7 first year students and 8 older year students. When the vote came, I got all the first year votes, but the other guy got all the older year votes. So I lost by one vote. How do you like that? So my political career is not off to a winning start. However, it was fun engaging in strategy and my strategy did work until the final vote, so all is not defeat. I can hardly wait until another position opens up on another committee. If I were betting, I would bet on me. But we'll see.

I'm in the process of trying to decide what I want to do next summer. The way things stand now, I'm going to try to get either a newspaper internship or an internship in a federal agency dealing with school desegregation. I'm going to apply to the Washington Post, among others, although I realize there is small likelihood of getting that position. But I like to aim high anyway. How about you? Do you have any idea what you're going to do or where you're going to do it? Or will your job start in June?

I got to see Dave Golden over Thanksgiving. We had a very nice visit. Joanne's wedding went smoothly. It was a happy occasion. Until I see you, take care.

Love, Darrell

December 4, 1976  
Amy Bluestone  
Penn State University  
State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Darr,

Hello finally. How are you doing? It's been forever. I'm sorry. I loved your last letter, I was hysterical. Never knew suicide could be so funny. I'm sure it wasn't at the time but things always are in the end.

Anyway has that been your only date? Come on, a man of your style, character, and hair. Frankly, I am a little surprised. Why I'm far ahead of you. I am presently seeing someone, I mentioned him to you, named Ed. Just think, here I am in a field of women and I've managed. I'd think you'd have no problem at all. Of course, I realize you're selective and it's tough these days to find top quality dates.

You'll never guess where I am right now, this very minute? I am visiting Susan in Cleveland. I am so happy you wouldn't believe it. Hey I'm going to talk on and on for awhile about me because there's so much to tell. But don't think I'm not interested in you. I am, but me first, o.k.?

So here I am right now, this minute visiting Susan who I haven't seen since September. It's so fucking good to be with her again. I got here yesterday afternoon and we talked and I met Pukie (her little baby pup) and I saw her empty her gorgeous apartment and met a couple of her weird apartment people. I went to a doctorate party last night for social workers (she has an Indiana doctoral student friend) and we got loaded and stoned and had a ball. I miss Sue and this is one hellava long sentence and crooked besides. Today, we're sitting in the social work library where she works until 5:00. So since it's the beginning of my quarter (1 down, 3 to go) I have nothing to do and I can write you a long, leisurely letter. I really don't like not being with Sue, we're such a good team. It's kind of sad but nice that we can get together again and it seems like we've never been apart. Sometime in the future, we'll have to be together again. You see, I really don't have any close girlfriends at school. Debbie is nice but besides the fact that she's seeing someone steadily, we don't really click. We have fun but don't laugh hysterically about the same things and aren't really open with each other. Anyway I'm happy now. Tonight we're having a party and it'll be neat because I'll know some of the people. This girl Jean Rostomily (I'm not sure if you met her) is coming. She went to Luxembourg and is now living in Cleveland. Also Cindy Dickerson and a couple of other old Longview people and best of all, good old George who I haven't seen since June. I'm excited about it. One of these days I'll have to get to Oxford, maybe I'll tell you when even, wouldn't that be a treat for us.

A new quarter. The last one was nice to finish except for the fact that I have an incomplete. It's my master's paper. I changed my topic from autism to I don't know what yet. I really must decide as I have a month to hand in my proposed study. All my other courses

turned out fine. I'll tell you this grad. school stuff is a cinch. There was a lot of work due at the end (or at least I saved it all til the end). I was thrilled when it was all over but I figure working hard 3 or 4 weeks out of the quarter isn't too bad.

I went to North Carolina over our break. Ed had friends in Chapel Hill and since he lives in New York, Ed, Dulcy, and I went together. We had a lovely time, except Dulcy. She got a little car sick. We stopped on our way in D.C. for a while. Debbie lives in Rockville to we hit the town that night. It was great, like memory lane. We went to a Greek restaurant for dinner. I can't remember the name. It's pretty famous though. They had a belly dancer and everything.

My mother is amazing. She is so great. She's about 132 pounds now and is happy and cheerful about herself. We had a lot of fun. We got along better than we ever did. She's coming home December 18th and is very excited about it. My father is too, it really has been a long, long time. But so good. She's playing tennis, walking, swimming, all things she hasn't done in 20 years. Besides that, she's build a really strong friendship with Iris and it's nice to see her have a close girlfriend.

From North Carolina, we went to New Jersey and New York. That was fun. My father was home only 2 nights and then went to visit my mother for Thanksgiving. We all went to the Bar Mitzvah aunt for dinner. I got sick. Val had her boyfriend from the summer tour over. I finally met Jay, he's very nice. I must admit however, it was only a rare few moments when they emerged from the bedroom.

It's snowing again. It's cold at Penn State. It's cold here too. I really could do without so much cold.

An interesting thing on our return to Penn State. Good old Harvey was quite ill. I left him with my plants in Mrs. Farrell's care. My plants are hurting anyway, but Harvey was fine. Well he had a tremendous baldspot on his head and hardly ate. We took him to the vet and now he's got bird vitamins, an itch killer and other medicines. It's a really pain catching him and giving him drops. But he's gotten better already. Do you know that the vet said that 75 percent of the sickness in cockatoos are caused by psychological problems, imagine my bird psychologically unstable. Really I shouldn't have left him alone for so long, so over Christmas break, Dulcy, Harvey, and I will head for New Jersey.

What else? Andy's okay, but he's having troubles with school. He really isn't the greatest student in the world though he tries very hard. He just dropped a course he was failing and that was a big relief for him. The others are better but he's not thrilled about it all. Val was just accepted to Kean College in Union, New Jersey. That's where she wants to go for Social Work. She's getting all kinds of money too, so it's good.

I just contact papered my kitchen. It was awful before, dark and dingy, now it really looks lovely. In fact, the apartment is beautiful, I am so happy with it. Too bad, dear Mrs. Farrell is such a conservative snap. Whenever I see her she somehow throws in a quote from the Bible and talks about morals. It's not as private a situation as I would like, but that's the breaks.

And you, what's up? Did you think you'd never hear from me again? I'll tell you, I myself was wondering. It seems there's never enough time to sit and write a letter, a note maybe but not a real letter.

Did I tell you I went to Carol's wedding? It was lovely. I danced all night and I didn't even trip when I walked down the aisle. Aren't you proud of me? I must admit though, that for some reason after they brought out the dessert tray, I managed to get whip cream all down the back of my dress. Oh well, I guess that was my partner's fault.

Notice how I just can't seem to get to you? Did you see Dave over Thanksgiving? What about Tom and Janet? How're they doing? How's your family? Is your sister married yet? How's Michael? Say hello for me and Kay too and tell me everything else, okay?

I really think I caught you up a little. Don't worry at the beginning of next quarter, I'll do the same, hopefully. That was a kidding and untrue statement.

So bye now. Have fun and work hard (but not too).

Love, Amy

December 10, 1976  
Janet Collins  
Miami University

Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,

So, we're in competition with the IRS! Well that really taxes my brain.

Well the first couple that Tom and I got together are officially not together. Our record is getting very tarnished. Judy and Mark have broken up after much battle. It seems so sad to me that after all that time a couple can't even break up comfortably.

Tom and I, however are doing pretty well. We bought a bed. No more sleepless nights of being bumped, pushed, bruised, and battered (not that any of that has stopped).

I have almost decided not to go to grad. school next year. I just don't think I'm ready for it. I hear Amy wished she had waited a year. What Tom is going to do is still up in the air. I think he'll try to find a job until he knows what he wants to get a major in. He has the possibility of an internship in Civil Rights in HEW this summer and something permanent might come out of it.

One thing that bothers me is that our parents think we should hold off on our marriage. I think my parents think we are too young and unsettled. Sometimes I think I would like to be on my own, but I want to share my experiences with Tom. I guess he's a security too. I think Tom and I are sure, but it's disconcerting that our parent's aren't.

Anyway the semester is almost over, thank God. This has been the longest and worst academic stint.

My mind is in chaos cause my surroundings are in chaos.

Love, Janet

December 22, 1976

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Mrs. [Eunice] Peterson,

Thank you very much for the graduation money. I used it to help finance a stereo system which I recently bought. I'm presently in my first year of graduate school at Indiana University studying political science. Eventually, I hope to earn my Ph.D. degree and teach in college. But of course, that's a long ways off. I hope everything is going well for you. Thanks again for the money.

Darrell

January 2, 1977  
 Ken West  
 261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212  
 Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33334

Hi Darrell,

Just a short note to wish you well on your new term. I apologize for not finding time to talk with you at all. How did you do in grades, and what is this I hear about you're not returning to school next fall? Let me know what you plan to do and the reasons. I'm interested.

Tell me more in depth of your holiday in Chicago, particularly your perceptions of it in post-Daley rule.

Saw King Kong on New Year's Eve. A very good movie. I did end up feeling sorry for Kong. He had more dignity than many individuals in the film. One saw the best and the worst as far as humans relating to one another are concerned. And the technology was amazing. Impressed, yes. The musical score was good also.

It's good to see green around me again -- palms, flowers, grass. It is most depressing to see barrenness up north. I myself do not care to it. Nevertheless, to each his own.

Take care, Darrell. Give me some feedback on your evolution as a person. Write as you can.

Ken

January 6, 1977  
 Wendy Wolf  
 Common Cause  
 2030 M Street, N.W.  
 Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Darrell,

Thanks for your letter. I'll be happy to recommend you if any of the people on the list contact me.

Glad to hear you had a good semester, even though it is hard work.

I am finding that the review process for case studies takes even longer than I had expected. Doug Ross and the Michigan folks have had copies of a clean draft of your paper since late September. Susan Rennels has given me some suggestions and she says they are still planning to get together to prepare some information on what the volunteers did on the reform bill (a crucial bit of information we didn't have to include). So far, it still hasn't happened. I'll still send you some copies of the case study when it finally gets printed. If you haven't heard by the time you leave for the summer, do send me your new address.

Marty sends her best. Have a happy New Year.

Sincerely, Wendy

January 7, 1977  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Professor Rejai gave me this recommendation letter to send to you, along with the application.

Did you have any trouble going back? I told your Dad for you to make a call back to yourself here and we would say you weren't there right now and that way we would know you got back but guess he forget to. You wouldn't have to pay for the call that way.

Things are still kinda slow here.

Tracy [Keller] called the other night for Becky [Jones] number. Hope she didn't turn him down. Guess Joanne and Tim fixed Bob Simpson up with a Diane Hartman here at Miami to go out tonight. I thought he liked the other girl too much but he wanted to go.

You forgot to take your eggs with you.

Not much news to tell you yet. Nothing has happened.

Ruth Keller did say Tracy said "How come Dan [Hays] can go with a girl for months and no one knew it and I go out once and everyone knows it." I laughed over that one. Don't tell him his mother said that or we'll both be in trouble.

Will try to write more next time.  
Love, Mom

January 7, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Vicky [Markell],

Greetings from Bloomington where I have returned after spending a couple of weeks at home (enjoyable) and a week in Chicago. Hope that you had a nice vacation also. You'll have to write and tell me all about it.

The timing for our trip to Chicago was excellent, coming only a couple of days following [Mayor Richard] Daley's death. I wanted to attend his funeral, but arrived too late for it. Dave and I tried to attend the City Council meeting at which the acting mayor was to be elected, but were barred by policemen. You had to have some kind of special pass from your alderman to get inside. It was unfortunate because they had quite a power struggle over Daley's temporary replacement. But the battle isn't over yet. Stay turned to your Time magazine.

Visited many museums, stores and sights. Strolled through Field's Department Store and discovered the root of all evil in America. Well, maybe I exaggerate, but the type of person who shops there regularly is also the kind of person who makes me sick. Like you know what I mean Vicky. They're not even subtle about their wealth. It's apparent in their clothes and manner. But some day they will have to pay their dues. Dave and I got along well during the visit. I'm glad he's my friend. On the drive home, he told me in more detail than ever before about his suicide attempt a few years ago. It was nice that he was willing to discuss it because I must admit I was very curious about the rationale and method of suicide.

While at home, I had a very relaxing time. Got to see some old friends, professors and to do some enjoyable reading. Also I had an especially good time with Joanne. She told me the more complete details about Kenny's homosexual development. Apparently he first noticed his urges over a year ago. Although he fought it for awhile, he now has decided to accept it as a given. Before he left home, he went to several gay bars and picked up guys. Then last spring when he was in Fort Lauderdale, he met and fell in love with a guy from New York. Although this guy has been living with another guy for six years, Kenny is trying to break that up and convince the aforementioned person to live with him. I guess this guy is on the verge of moving to Florida anytime. It's still strange for me to write this about my brother. It's kind of an awkward subject. I'm not able to discuss it with him as yet. But anyway, Joanne and I had several really good conversations. In a month, I'm going back to go skiing with the same group from my community that went last year to Michigan. I'm looking forward to that very much.

I got my grades and found that I did well in my two political science classes (both A's) but that I got a C in statistics, which is very poor. It's so poor I might have to take the fucking course over again next year. I'm going to try to work harder in the second semester on stats so that maybe they'll ignore the first semester. Cross your fingers for me, Vicky.

It feels fairly comfortable to be back in Bloomington. I feel established here with professors and friends. But the surprising thing, although it shouldn't be that surprising, is that despite the comfort I feel here, I still feel lonely sometimes. I keep on wondering what will make it permanently go away. Girlfriends don't make it disappear, not do good friends or academic achievements. I guess I'm stuck with the feeling. But on the bright side, the feeling has good things that go along with it. I probably wouldn't feel other things as well if I couldn't feel loneliness so deeply. You know what I mean? I guess I'm trying to convince both of us. If you discovered the answer yet, please send it to me. Okay? Keep in touch. See you later.

Love, Darrell

January 16, 1977  
Vicky Markell  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,

The part of your letter I'll address myself to first is your feelings of loneliness. As it happens, at this moment, I feel alone and lonely. It doesn't help my spirits to admit that I have no reason to feel lonely. After a fun, partying first night back, I'm let down. I'm finding myself disinterested in seeing the two guys I dated last semester. That's depressing.

My Mom says it's natural to feel empty when changing environments. Certain needs are more fulfilled at home, therefore it will take several days to fill that gap through other areas here in Oxford. Her reasoning makes sense and I'll remind myself that very soon it'll pass.

You know, Darrell, I'm beginning to feel that I'll be better adjusted and happier living alone. As I told you, I love my present living situation, but I often feel frustrated when I'd like to be alone, and can't. It's not enough for me to go to my bedroom. I like the feeling of being alone in a whole house! Selfish critter, huh. I'm totally satisfied curled up with a book for hours, if I'm alone. I'm counting on this small joy when I do live alone.

There is one specific thing that is bothering me. Greg is back this semester and I feel very insecure about what is happening. Our friendship has taken a more romantic turn. Greg has a girlfriend, Karen, whom he has dated for 5 years. She lives in Dayton. I have asked Greg what kind of "agreement" they have. He says "It's cool." I don't think she knows he's seeing anyone. I do know her and hate the thought of being "that other girl" (and causing her unnecessary pain since I have no permanent intentions). This sounds like a Dear Abby letter. The bothersome part of this whole thing is that I'm waiting for Greg to call or stop by and I just saw him last night. Why can't I just enjoy myself and not automatically look for that security? Darrell, the crime is that if I'm not very careful, I'll be blowing up the whole thing because I need that type relationship, all the while knowing in my guts that it's not for real.

Since beginning this letter, I already feel better. My emptiness has subsided.

Christmas break in Maysville [Kentucky] was pleasant. Being in the house with Robert for 3 weeks was a strain at times though. I really enjoyed seeing old friends. Katy and B.J. (from Virginia Beach) came to visit at separate times during the break. That made me feel special.

I'm planning a visit to IU during February, probably for only one night. More about that later. I miss you.

Love, Vicky

January 28, 1977  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Route 732  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Hi! How's everything? How about this weather! It is a definite blizzard here today. I think you must have it too as the news said it was all over the Midwest. Jim is considering walking back to the old barn behind our house to feed his Dad's cows. I will worry because I can't even see the houses across the road 3/4 of the time.

How's school? What courses are you taking?

Jim is going to build a Grandfather's clock. We have one ordered from Minnesota. It's beautiful. We're not supposed to get it for about 4-5 weeks so I don't know if Jim will get it done before spring or not.

I'm taking a men's sport coat sewing class in Eaton. I've had one class and I think it's going to be hard. I've got it cut. It's brown. I bought enough to make pants. They have a class for that too.

I'm also knitting me a sweater and crocheting Jim a sweater. I get tired of working on one and change back and forth.

I'm also trying to refinish Mom's old blackboard which opens into a desk. I didn't know they had this, but we bought blackboard paint. I've given it 3 coats already and hope to wait 48 hours between coats. I told Jim, I'm ready to go to another antique sale as I'm on my last piece of something to refinish.

I just called Mom and Dad to see how things were down there and they said Dennis Jordan got stuck in Grandpa's hill and got Dale Thomas to pull him out. When Dennis was hooking up his car with the chain, a fan cut his finger off. They got Sam French to take him

to the hospital, but further down [Route] 732, a snowplow was stuck so they turned around and went through Camden and over to Oxford. At least they got there. This could be a very disastrous week for some people. Daddy said the snow in his lane was 3 feet deep and he couldn't get out with his tractor.

Laura's big thing now is books. She literally throws them at me wanting me to read to her all the time. I'm getting so sick of "The Night Before Christmas," but she is really learning. Every time we read it (which is about 9-10 times a day), we point out something new and tell her what it is. It's amazing how fast she learns.

We went to see McCormick's new house last Sunday. It is really nice. It's quite big. The greenhouse part is really nice too. You should see it. I guess you will if we get to go skiing. I don't know if the weather will let us or not.

Susie McCormick called right before we went to McCormick's and said they were having a surprise open house for them Sunday, February 13.

Here's the pictures you ordered.

Hope all is well with you and we'll hear from you soon.

Love, Shirley

January 29, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Ken [West],

Here's my long-promised letter, written from my 65 degree apartment. I had the thermostat set up to 70 for the past couple of weeks, but Jimmy Carter made me feel so bad and unpatriotic doing it that I turned it down. I do hope that the weather doesn't interfere with our skiing plans for next weekend. I'm really psyched up to go. But things don't look that promising so far as the weather is not expected to warm up for awhile.

Tom, my roommate from last year, drove over from Oxford to see me a couple of weeks ago. He had just called up on a Saturday morning and asked what I was doing that night. When I told him nothing special, he asked if he could come over, which he did. It was nice to see him. He's getting married in June and has asked me to be in his wedding. It's going to be held in Lancaster, Pa., which could be good or bad, depending on where I spend my summer. Speaking of the summer, I'm still waiting to hear from the newspapers and the federal agencies to which I applied. I don't expect to hear for 6-8 weeks. You asked me in your last letter what changes I have undergone. Well one is that I am now applying to the Washington Post for a summer job, instead of the [Richmond, Indiana] Palladium-Item. That is a big change.

It means that I'm doing well enough academically to think I have a reasonable chance for the Post. It means I'm more confident of my abilities and more ambitious in my fantasies. It's kind of funny how my ambitions have grown over the past few years. In my freshman year at Miami. I really thought that if I could get a summer job on the Palladium-Item, I would be satisfied. Upon getting the job, I found that my expectations advanced to another level, like maybe going to D.C.

Well now, I've done that and gone on to graduate school besides. Possibilities that several years ago, when I was working as a janitor at Miami, seemed impossible, are not only possible but probable. I feel now that I can succeed in any path that I choose. I'm trying not to be too ambitious, though because ambition can lead a person, especially in politics to sacrifice important things, like principles or other people. It can ruin the person themselves.

I'm also aware of the danger of getting too involved in my work. I think too many people become too narrow by shutting out other people or by studying only one specialty. So far, I'm avoiding that. I've met and become close friends with several people here in Bloomington. I've met a girl named Sandy who I'm getting to know better. She's a first year graduate student in English from Pittsburgh. So far, we just have a good friendship, nothing more or less. There are a few of the changes I've undergone recently. Satisfied now? ... I hope so.

I haven't been in touch with Amy, my first girlfriend from New Jersey since before Christmas. I don't think I want to communicate with her for awhile because I don't have

exactly positive feelings toward her anymore. The more I think about her, the more I begin to see some really unpleasant characteristics. She was a dominating person who was so good at dominating people that they and I never realized it at the time. She knew how to manipulate the conversation or the other person to the results she wanted.

At some point in the future, I think I'm going to encourage her to enter politics because she is very good with the skills politicians need. Don't think, though because of what I just wrote that I have only negative feelings towards Amy. Despite the above, I still had some of the best times of my life with her. I also learned a lot from her, like about what kind of person I want to be involved with and about what kind of person I am. I found that I want a person who is intelligent and talented, but also someone who is sensitive to the people around them and does not try to get their way all the time. I also found that I was too willing to sacrifice things I wanted just to continue the relationship. I had previously considered myself dedicated to studying. But I found in the last quarter at Miami that, if given the choice between studying and spending time with her, I chose her. Also in the summer, I always chose her over my Common Cause research. Thinking back, it surprises me. I guess I'm more of a social person than I had ever thought before. So now, I'm trying to bridge the delicate line between developing my intellect and being with people. I'm satisfied with my compromise so far.

I'm getting to know a couple of IU professors here fairly well. One is a guy who is researching political campaigns. He spent most of 1976 traveling with the Carter and Ford entourage, talking with journalists and campaign organizers. The result is that he knows a lot of people who can help him, and more importantly, me in the future if I decide to get a full-time job in journalism. This is one difference I've noticed between the Miami and IU professors. The Miami professors have only limited contacts, mostly around southwestern Ohio. The IU people have contacts across the country, both in academic and government circles. I'm pretty happy that I came to IU for both professional and personal reasons.

I kind of like living by myself in an apartment, even though there are times when I feel lonely and wish there was someone to talk to without having to call them. But the advantage of privacy outweighs that disadvantage. So I'll probably live by myself next year. I plan to return to IU next year, after my summer job, to get a Masters. At that point, I'm leaning to going ahead and getting a Ph.D., but that is subject to change, as is everything else I've told you in this letter. I'll probably write you a letter next week saying I'm quitting graduate school to work in a factory and that I've decided to marry Amy. But if I were you, I wouldn't put any money on either one of those possibilities.

So this is how I am now. I expect you to write me a long letter telling me what's going on with you. Have you moved into your new school? How's your sex life? Do you see Amy often? Until then, bye.

Darrell

January 30, 1977  
Aunt Georgia Thompson  
Carrollton, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Have written to your mother and Ken. Since you are next farthest away, am writing now. Will write Joanne and Shirley next. How is the weather where you are? Am sure it hasn't been good. We have been snow-bound and in deep freeze far too long.

Lois has been staying in Canton with Evelyn Graham for several nights. Evelyn and Lois were here over the weekend. Have gone back this afternoon and Lois will likely be home Wednesday.

We finally got some wedding pictures finished and am sending some to you. Got pictures finished for your mother, Ken, Shirley and Joanne also. These pictures are yours to keep. Hope you get a little enjoyment from them.

This letter and pictures are long over due. Guess I'm slow anymore. Don't get much accomplished in a day's time. Am cleaning all my kitchen cupboard these days. Usually do jobs like that at this time of year as there isn't much else to do.

How are you coming on with your school work? Good, I'm sure.



It was nice Ken was able to be with the family for Christmas. Since the weather is the main topic of conversation and about everything is shut down, there isn't much else to write about, so take care and don't freeze.

With love from both of us, Aunt Georgia

February 1, 1977  
Laine Hawxhurst  
Union Theological Seminary  
Broadway at 120th Street  
New York, New York 10027

Dear Darrell,

I hope you don't think that I am a terrible friend because I didn't get in touch with you. I promise that I think of you often and everytime I do, I come up against the insurmountable wall of circumstances. You are there and I am here and it seems that it will always be like that. But considering the impractical and impossible nature of our relationship over 3 years and only one visit, I am amazed. Although we don't see each other much, still we do communicate and do a pretty good job of it too.

Last time we talked you asked me what good novels I'd read recently? Well, this is one. Elie Wiesel was a Nazi Victim who has struggled with the great evil he was forced to undergo until through dealing with suffering he emerges once again into the world of the living and once again is able to love. All his books are somewhat autobiographical, and this one is the account of Israel's victory as opposed to Israel's historical defeats. There is one story which you have as you're reading the book or after you've finished it. It is in the book and is from another book by Wiesel. I was going to include 2 stories but remembered that one of them is from the Beggar in Jerusalem.

My Christmas vacation was pleasant and Christmas was marred only by the absence of my father and brother. I came back to NYC for New Year's so that I could have 3 days of quiet and peace. As nice as my Mom's house is, 2 small children assure a lack of quiet. But now school has begun once more. Union has a January optional term and I'm taking a course entitled "Human Sexuality and the Social Order." It explores sex-role stereotypes and the use that the system makes of sex for oppression. I'm uncertain as to how it'll go, but I am looking forward to it.

As far as my personal romantic inclinations go, hot and heavy romances are o.k., but I seem to be looking for something a bit more stable these days. A function of age, I guess. Maybe this is but a passing fancy. In any case, I'm content by myself at night and seldom bored. And then relationships are different here in the city, there is so much to do outside the home that less and less depends on spatial intimacy. So I can go out with lots of boys and not become seriously attached to any of them.

In any case, my friend, I trust that you are healthy, happy, and generally pleased with your surroundings. I hope the New Year brings peace and joy to you and all those for whom you care. Take care. Peace.

Love, Laine

P.S. Is katriel real?

February 6, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Laine [Hawxhurst],

In your last letter, you asked the provocative question, "Is katriel real?" I have spent many a night since then laying awake pondering the deepness of the question. I have since concluded that the epistemological and ontological aspects of the question are so complex and intertwined that I can not hope to give you a definitive answer. So I'll just have to answer "I don't know." I hope you are not overly disappointed with my answer. If so, well tough shit. I guess. There's not a whole lot you can do to me over a thousand miles.

I spent this past weekend at home, meaning in Camden, where I received a big disappointment. A church group had planned on going skiing in Cadillac, Michigan. I was uncertain as to whether the weather would allow us to go. So at 2:30 Friday afternoon, I called Daddy to find out if the trip was still on. He said as far as he knew it was. So I drove

home, cussing trucks all the way for spraying salt and water all over my windshield. Ten minutes after I had gotten home at 5:30, I found out the trip had just been canceled. So I didn't get to go skiing. A similar group had gone last year and it was really fun, even though it was my first time skiing. I was really psyched up to go, so it was quite a letdown when I didn't get to go.

I got to surprise a few friends at Miami who hadn't known I was coming home (since I didn't think I'd be able to see them). I drove to Oxford early Saturday morning to see a friend named Vicky. I got there at 9:30 a.m. and sure enough, no one in her house was up yet. So I just walked into the house and went upstairs to Vicky's room. Unfortunately when I walked into her room, which has two beds, the one which I thought was Vicky's was empty. The person in the other bed was almost entirely covered up so I couldn't tell who it was. I stood there for a moment thinking shit, what am I coming to do since Vicky's not here. How am I going to explain to a potential stranger what I'm doing in her bedroom and that I'm looking for Vicky. As I was debating what to do, this person kind of rolled over and it was Vicky. I was as happy to see her as she was to see me. She was duly surprised. It's amazing how quickly people wake up in a situation like that. I had a nice visit with her. We've been good platonic friends for three years. Then I saw three other people, my roommate from last year, Janet his girlfriend and intended wife, and Dave, a guy I got to know in Washington last summer.

So I had a nice time visiting with my friends. Unfortunately visiting with my family wasn't as much fun. For some reason, I really didn't enjoy seeing them this time. I guess I still have very ambivalent feelings about them. My world has been different from theirs for a long time, but it is becoming more different all the time. It makes the transition hard for me because we share so few of the same assumptions, like about religion, morality, and politics. It would be easier if we could talk about it, but my family is not a big talking family. They prefer to do things, like playing cards, which don't interest me that much anymore. So that messed up my weekend a little bit. I feel better now that I'm back in Bloomington.

I really feel comfortable at IU now. I've met a lot of people and decided who is interesting and who is not. I have a small circle of friends that I like very much. I've met a girl named Sandy who is an English grad. student and kind of interesting. But I don't know her very well yet. So it's not exactly a serious relationship right now. It's been difficult for me to allow myself to like her. My last romance, the one which ended right before I visited you in Michigan still affects me. I felt dominated in that relationship and kind of stifled. Now I guess I'm afraid that the same thing might happen. I'm afraid to be in love because when I'm in love, I lose any sort of good judgment which I have. I become too eager to sacrifice principles I believe in just to satisfy the other person. I guess I want love so badly that I'm willing to go to great lengths to get it. It's only now that I'm realizing I do this and the dangers it poses for me. Although this may sound funny, I think I need to learn to be more selfish and to defend my own interests more, instead of giving in to other people. I don't know if you can understand this, but it's something I'm trying to work out now in my own mind.

Graduate school life is going well. I'm really becoming interested in the things I'm studying. And even better, professors are beginning to show an interest in me, like asking me to stop by their offices to talk. It helps to boost the ego. I'm also starting to get involved in departmental politics, trying to suggest changes in the graduate program here. It's kind of a dangerous activity because it's an easy way to make enemies among the faculty. I'm finding that it takes more than just having a reasonable suggestion. You have to get an influential professor to agree to it. I'm reading a really incredible biography of Robert Moses, who shaped New York City in the post-war period more than any other individual. Not only is the content of the book good as it discussed the effect of power on a person's personality and the history of reform efforts in city politics, but the writing style of the author, Robert Caro is excellent. It's easily the most well-written book I've read this year. Its only disadvantage is that it's 1200 pages long. But if you get a chance to read any part of it, it would be worthwhile.

The book had made me think about a few things. I have started to get much better in my political skills, like knowing how to present an issue in its most favorable light. But I'm a little afraid of becoming too good at it.

So this is alittle bit about how I am now. I still think of you with happy thoughts. It is amazing that we feel close to one another given our geographical differences and some of our lifestyle differences. I'm sure we will be life-long friends ( if one can be sure about something like that). Take care of yourself and see you whenever.

Love, Darrell

February 13, 1977  
Aunt Helen Steele  
121 East Somers Street  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Hello Darrell,

Well how are you by now? As for me, I'm still kicking around and trying to work every day.

How do you like all of this snow we are having? I don't, I'm ready for spring. Boy we sure have been having a time around here. The last week or so, it hasn't been too bad, but I'll bet we are still in for more yet.

How has school been? And what have you been doing?

Things here at work have been being pretty good. We had to work last Saturday and probably next too, the way things look.

I finally got me another car, a 1974 Mustang II, two-door, bucket seats, automatic shift on the floor, like Joanne's, dark blue. The only thing I'm having trouble starting it, after it has set over night and such. Got it from Welcome Pontiac and had it back out there twice now and it still don't work right so I am about ready to take it back out there and wrap it around their necks so they can wear it as a necktie! After paying all that money out, the thing should run better than that. Got \$295 out of the old Ford. Better than I expected. At one time, that was a darn good car. The brakes went out on it two weeks ago and I put a big dent in the trunk and back bumper so I decided it was time to get rid of it.

Will you get home for Easter vacation?

Heard you kids was going skiing up in Michigan and didn't get to go because of the weather. Guess your Mom and Dad and Grace are planning to go to see Kenny in March. That will be a nice trip for all of them.

Did they tell you about all the big snow drifts down home, on the hill by the barns? I couldn't believe it when they told me. Some as high or bigger than the car. I don't remember ever seeing them like that.

Well, I'll close for now. Write some time, love to hear from you.

With love, Aunt Helen

February 13, 1977  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Hope you got back all O.K. We haven't heard anything from them as to whether it will be rescheduled. This Sunday they are having a surprise housewarming at McCormick's so maybe we will find out something then.

Kenny called Sunday afternoon and his portable schoolroom had burned on Friday night. I guess there are 28 of them and 3 burned and his was one of them. Guess the new building is practically ready so they will move in but he lost several things. He was rather upset about it, understandably.

If nothing comes up, we will go down to Florida on March 11 at night (night flights are \$40 cheaper per person) and I think Grace is going to. We asked her and at first she said no, then she called a couple hours later and said "I believe I will." So we'll see. Just for 4 or 5 days.

Mother's Club was here the other night and there were 18 people. Program was the newly formed Life Squad from Camden. They came and demonstrated life-saving techniques. Very interesting. Nice that it's available if you need it.

Haven't seen Jim any this week.

Take care and don't get in any trouble. Happy Valentine's Day.

Mom and Dad

February 27, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Shirley [West] and Jim [Mitchell],

Well Shirley, you've made me feel so guilty about not writing you that I had to write this letter. Now you can feel guilty when it takes you a long time to write back.

I hear you guys went to Columbus [Ohio] this past weekend. I hope you had a good time and that Tom O'Leary didn't worry too much about everything.

I've been keeping busy studying. I'm still getting up at 6:30 a.m., which as you may remember is an especially early hour for me. However, I prefer to study early than staying up late.

I've been getting more summer job rejections. Of the 9 newspapers to which I applied, 8 have now officially turned down my generous offer to work for them. Only the Washington Post has not turned me down. But given the response of the others, I'm certainly not expecting them to offer me a position. So that leaves my summer activity very much up in the air. I'm still scouting around with my professors to see what jobs they can possibly get me. It's pretty bad when the only way you can get a decent job is to know someone who knows the right people. No wonder rich people maintain so many advantages. But I'll just keep trying.

I'm becoming very disenchanted with the girls in this town. I had met a girl named Sandy, but it's not working out very well so far. She spends so much time studying that she rarely wants to go out and do something. She's also a very quiet person, almost too quiet. In other words, I'm not expecting very much out of that relationship. Mom advised me that there were more fish in the pond. I told her I'd have to get out my fishing pole and bait it with my worm. I don't think she caught the joke though. But then, mothers rarely do.

I saw the movie, "Network" this weekend. It was a disturbing movie as it talked about the control of television over our thinking and about the control of big corporations over television networks. I think they overplayed it a bit so that it didn't appear to be realistic.

When you write (you will write, won't you Shirley?) you'll have to tell me about Laura's latest progress and Jim's too, if he's making any. Can he sit up straight now? You'll also have to tell me how Joanne's adjusting to married life. Is she liking it pretty much? Until later, take care. Bye.

Love, Darrell

March 14, 1977

Amy Bluestone

Penn State University

State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Darrell,

Hello there. It's been so long. You know I've waiting and waited for a letter and then finally realized that you either didn't get my last 6 letters or I didn't write them. I hate to think which really happened.

So, how's life? Are you happy? Are you in love? I suppose those 3 questions are really all I need to ask, so bye. No really, I wouldn't do that to you.

So much must have happened, huh? I wonder if now I'll get a handshake instead of a kiss? Do you still love school? Are you planning to work after this year? Where? The questions go on and on, just answer them will you and we can get on to something really interesting, such as me.

Well, I'm not sure where to begin. I suppose with how's life? Life's o.k. A couple of months ago it may have been different but tonight at this moment, o.k. will have to do. We just started Spring Quarter. Hard to believe I've only Summer to go and then I'm a free

woman. I think the reason things aren't sensational is that I'm so uncertain about so many things. First and foremost, will I ever finish my Master's paper and then, where do I want to work? Near or far? And when will I start getting my shit together to apply? Suddenly there's no time and so much to do and I still procrastinate believing all the while everything will get done. I sure hope so.

Unfortunately, Penn State's program turned out to be somewhat of a disappointment. Not that I haven't learned but I haven't enjoyed learning or been overly (or even minimally) motivated. Also I haven't any close girlfriends here and I need that sort of thing. The town is a large version of Oxford, which is o.k. but I may have had my fill of college-type towns. Anyway for the above reasons, life is only o.k. Oh and there is one more large contributor. You see, it has to do with my male friend (also known as boyfriend). I think I mentioned him way back when I used to write. His name is Ed and I've been seeing him for a long time now. Well, things aren't terrific. We have good times and days, but many bad ones too. I've known for awhile that I'm terribly moody and hard to live with but he is too and though I care for him very much, I'm not sure we're compatible. Ed is really a great guy, I think probably the sweetest person I've known in my life. However, that's not enough. There's a ton of things (important ones) that he has which I need and yet there's a lot missing too. For one, we don't laugh hysterically together. Remember how we would? Wasn't that fun? Well Ed's more serious and I don't do nutty things that I still want to do.

Our fun is normal entertainment fun not laughing over stupid little things fun. That's a biggie. Also I guess this may go with the more serious personality but he is not as flexible as I want. He's rigid in his thinking of what's right and wrong. Not with me, though, he'll accept everything I do, but issues are black and white, there's no gray. He tends to be pessimistic in his overall view of life. He thinks I'm not well read enough and naive about life as a result. But the way I figure is, I must believe people are basically good and that our life is always improving and that people are becoming more civilized otherwise how happy can I be. And happiness is crucially important to me though I know some people feel there are deeper meanings to life. That is maybe so, but that's not what I want in the end to get out of life.

Anyway, I don't know how the philosophy crept in but my friend and I are a little shaky at the moment and so another reason life's only o.k. The wonderful part of this whole discussion is that I change my opinion so easily. Why in an hour or a day, life may again be a bowl of cherries. It's nice to look forward to some fruit.

A few other contributing factors are: I feel fat, my hair needs cutting, and I've a lousy cold. Favorable signs for feeling better include: a sunny tomorrow, the weekend (only 4 days away), and writing you. I must say it's a cheery feeling, chatting with dear ol' Darr, even though the conversation's a bit one-sided.

Remember Mike Haines (living with Tom this year). Well he and Dan Durham (his housemate and both close friends from volunteering) popped in on me this past Friday. They're on break and headed for Boston. We had a lovely time. The first weekend since I've been here that I partied from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon. What a shock to see them at my door.

And have you seen Tom much? The weddings pretty soon now. What are your feelings on the subject? (Oh good, some gossip!).

What are your feelings for Jimmy [Carter]? I must say he's giving it the ol' college try. So far, I think his instincts are good, I hope he continues this way. I suppose anyone who names their kid Amy can't be all bad.

Time for SAD NEWS. My 8 year old adorable, charming, and intelligent bird has passed away. He got sick and didn't tell me how serious it was. I was upset at the time (2 months ago), but I've recovered now.

I've seen Susan about 3 times all year. Each visit was wonderful. I'm still crazy about her. She's sick of school, but loves her placement in a hospital in Akron. She and John are still hot and heavy. She got this dog named Puki. As always I miss her.

I'll be going to Rockville, Maryland (20 minutes from D.C.) in 4 weeks for my internship. I'm so excited. I chose D.C. rather than New Jersey for once and now I can't wait. I've even gotten a place to stay.

Well I must study a bit. It was a pleasure my friend. Forgive me for waiting so long.

Love, Amy

P.S. I hear Susan Wood is dating a guy named Bernie and good for her, he's under 42. How's Mike Pogue. Send him and Kay my love. How's your apartment? Mine's more beautiful all the time. You can visit me and see for yourself. Remember my mother went away to lose weight. She lost 70 pounds and looks marvelous. She's struggling to keep it off though. I went up in my first private airplane a few weeks ago. What a trip! I loved it except when I was scared shitless. Well bye and write!

March 14, 1977  
Jeanne Ardin-Fischbach  
25 Route de Stegen  
Schieren, Luxembourg

Hi Darrell,

I feel kind of weird writing you a letter after so long a time. It is difficult for me to keep up a letter exchange with somebody I haven't seen for nearly two years. You are now a really nice memory. So, hi memory! It would be neat to see you again (I remember your favorite words), but for the time being, this does not seem possible, except you decide to go on your Europe tour as the Americans I met last week on the Helsinki-Leningrad train.

Since my last letter, life has not always been good for me. I had some difficulties at school but finished the year all right. I spent my summer holiday in various Paris hospitals attending to my father whose health grew worse and worse. I started school again in October, my last year in Geneva, where Jean-Pierre was suddenly told he was to go as a French teacher to Moscow. He had applied for that job earlier, we had handed in our passports since the summer, but all there has been was silence. We had prepared to spend the year in Geneva. I was really disappointed when I was told that I had not been given a visa and that I would have to wait until Jean-Pierre was settled in [Leningrad], USSR. He left and I waited for two more months before I got to Leningrad and not to Moscow, a last minute's change. In the meantime, my father died.

I arrived here in January and will stay until July. I study Russian and hope to make some professional use of it later on, but unfortunately I speak Russian with an even worse staccato voice than English. Of course, I could not register at the University. Theoretically, I am only here as Jean-Pierre's wife, but I succeeded in having Russian lessons by University teachers. In exchange, I give them French lessons, which is a lot of fun. Can you imagine me as a teacher?

We live in a dorm which is far less fun, even no fun at all. Remember how I used to hate dorms! Our natural freedom is restricted. We live in one room with one table, an awfully small bed, three chairs and some French and American cassettes. Compared to the U.S. and Western Europe, everyday life is pretty hard here. A minimum of food, rather a minimum of variety. Kroger's seems like a far-away memory. I know you don't care about food, but you have never been deprived. Distances are long, especially if you don't have a car and few people have. You will always find somebody who is eager to convince you that their system is better than ours. But I know nice people too, but they are not nice the way you have been and still are. By the way, did you ever write that short story about us? If you did, could you send me a copy in spite of what you said that you wouldn't. But maybe you don't write short stories anymore.

Maybe you read the book by the New York Times journalist Hedrick Smith which was called "Life in Soviet Russia" or something like that? Well, he did not exaggerate as far as living conditions are concerned. Nevertheless, the life here is an experience for me, different from my American experience, since I am not sentimentally involved.

What has happened to you lately? In spite of my long silence, I would like to know. If you tell me before June, address your letter to: Jeanne Ardin-Fischbach, Consultat de France a Leningrad, Ministere des Affaires Etrangeres, Service de la Valise Diplomatique que 37, Quai d'Orsay, Paris, France, 75007. Afterwards, send to my Luxembourg address.

Yours sincerely, Jeanne

March 21, 1977  
Marlys DeAlba  
Alfred College  
Alfred, New York 14802

Dear Darrell,

Well, what have we here? It's spring in Alfred and the snow lays on the ground. I'm so in love with life! I only wish I could sober up a little. Got a little too blown out last night, home at 4 a.m. Oh, Lord. Had a dream about you a few weeks ago, about you growing a beard. Anyway I thought it was funny. How're things with you? I am incredibly happy most all the time. I think it has something to do with ending my relationship with George during December.

Learning lots of good guitar things from 2 Hendrix-loving friends of mine. I plan to buy an electric after I sell my stereo.

Spring vacation has begun and I'm the only person (with the exception of one) who still is in the house. I have a few papers to write and had best take the opportunity to do them now. Whew, I should have made this a letter. There's so much I could tell you. Well, next time. Please do write. It'll be good hearing from you.

Hasta wego, Marlys

March 24, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Jeanne [Fischbach],

It was very nice to hear from you. I have wanted to hear from you for a year now. The wait was worth it. I must say your English is still pretty good. Do you get much of a chance to speak it anymore? I'm sorry to hear about your father's suffering. I had often wondered what happened to him. I had also wondered whether you had a baby or not. Do you remember our trip to D.C. when you got sick one morning and we both wondered if you were pregnant? Since you mentioned nothing in your letter about a screaming little kid, I'll assume no problems resulted.

Oh Jeanne, it's been so long and so much has happened that I don't know where to start. My last year at Miami was nice. I had two roommates, Dennis and Tom. Dennis turned out to be a prick. He was sloppy, arrogant and anti-social. Other than these minor defects, he was okay. However, Tom turned into a very close friend. In fact, he is getting married in a month and has asked me to be in his wedding. No, not as his bride; he's marrying his girlfriend.

The first quarter of that year, I spent much of my time studying as this was the last quarter before I applied to graduate school. The work paid off because I got straight A's (always the humble one) and in addition, I broadened my intellect. The second quarter, I spent more time getting bored. I didn't have to spend as much time studying, yet I didn't have a steady girlfriend, so there wasn't a whole lot to do with my time.

But then in the third quarter, my last quarter at Miami, I fell deeply in love with a girl named Amy. She was short, Jewish and a speech and hearing major. Need I tell you more? She and I quickly developed a close relationship. She was really fun to be with because she had a really quick mind and shared an absurdist view of the world. However right from the start, our relationship was very unstable. Not only would we have the best of times together, but just as quickly, our moods would shift and we would have the worst of times. When she was upset, she turned her quick mind into quick and usually bitter insults and aggressiveness. She had a fairly unique ability to make me really feel like shit. I don't think I've known anyone who could make me feel so happy and so bad in such a short span of time. The really strange thing was that instead of fighting back, I put up with alot of them. I guess I liked her enough that I was hoping the personality clash would end. But it never did.

Meanwhile, I spent last summer in Washington, D.C. working for a political organization called Common Cause, which is a reform group trying to eliminate corruption from politics. Pretty noble idea, huh? It was a really neat experience. My job was to research an issue the organization had been working to get passed into law and then write a report detailing what the organization had done to get the law passed. I got to interview lobbyists and read their inter-office memos. It gave me a much closer glimpse into politics than I'd ever had before. It showed me the nature of political personalities and political deals. It showed me how an organization goes about rallying public pressure on legislatures trying

to force them into action. The work fit really well into what I've been studying in political science, something which made it all the more relevant for me.

Living in D.C. was also an experience. As you know, previously I had only lived in a farming community or a small town. I've never been around big cities that much. For the first two weeks, I was in a state of shock. There were so many people, traffic and just overall hassles. I really didn't like it. I was afraid of the crime which I'd heard was rampant. But after awhile, I began to adjust and soon even began to enjoy the big city. I began to use the advantages that only big cities can offer, like plays, recent movies, and topless bars (you know, the real cultural advantages). I even met someone who lived at the famous Watergate complex and got to go swimming in the Watergate swimming pool. Pretty neat, huh? Amy lived a couple of hours away from D.C. so we spent every other weekend together. But by the end of the summer, we decided to go our separate ways, because our relationship just wasn't going the way we wanted.

So this brings me to graduate school at Indiana University. I'm pretty happy being here. IU is paying for my entire education, plus giving me living expenses, so my money worries are over. Oh yes, before I forget it, you know I told you in my junior year that I wanted to get the political science award for outstanding senior? Since there's no need to be modest, let me tell you that I made good on that promise. Yes, I was awarded the Howard E. White award, which made me feel pretty good and which also helped me get into a good graduate school.

Back to Indiana. Graduate school is very different from undergraduate school. Everyone is much brighter and I have to study really hard. This year, I probably have spent on the average 10 hours a day, 7 days a week studying. But I don't mind it. I don't consider it work because I enjoy most of what I am reading. I've really gotten into intellectual activity. It's fun to read other people's ideas and then try to assess their merit and develop your own ideas. Sometimes it's frustrating because the authors seem to know so much more than I'll ever know, but I guess everyone starts out dumb and gradually learns various things.

Right now, I'm trying to line up a summer job in Washington. I'm trying to get a position as a researcher at the Congressional Budget Office. One of my professors is helping me line up the position, but nothing definite yet. It will be nice to return to D.C. since I'm more familiar with the place now. Also a couple of my friends are going to be in the area so that makes all the nicer.

On the home front, my sister Joanne is now married to a local farmer. She broke up the relationship with Ernie, the black guy as she knew it just wouldn't work out given our parent's attitudes. She was lonely for awhile until she met Tim. They had a whirlwind romance and six months later they were married. I was worried that it all happened so quickly but I decided that she was old enough to make her own decisions. Pretty nice brother, aren't I? So far, their marriage is working out well.

My other sister Shirley, the married one, had a baby and is rapidly settling into the domestic role. She quite her job and just takes care of the kid. She seems happy doing that although I think sometimes she feels restricted by caring for the baby.

So this is some of my major news. There is much more to tell you I'll save that for when we see each other. I'm sure that someday we will see each other. I don't know when, but I'm sure it will happen. I'm looking forward to it already. I too have fond memories of our romance. You added alot to my life. So bye for now and see you sometime.

Love, Darrell

P.S. I'm sending a picture so you can see what I look like. Maybe you can send me a picture of you sometime soon? Also you told me very little about Jean-Pierre. How is he? Do you like married life? I'm interested in these details of your life too. You also asked if I had written a short story about us. I didn't. I don't write short stories any more, only political essays. Sorry. What do you think of Jimmy Carter, especially his stand on human rights? Does the Soviet Union appreciate his remarks?

March 27, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Amy [Bluestone],



Is Susan Wood a virgin? Your reference to her just reminded me that Tom and I have debated this question at length without being able to resolve it, neither of us having first-hand data. He claims she isn't, while I would be surprised if she wasn't. If you could rush the answer to this question by telegram, I would appreciate it.

Life is going well for me. I like graduate school very much and plan to seek a Ph.D. degree. I've discovered that I like trying to figure out what's wrong with governments and how they can be improved. It's kind of neat to compare my ideas with what other people, much smarter than I have developed. My professors are also encouraging me alot, so that contributes alot to my rosy attitude.

I've had a couple of neat and lucky experiences the past couple of weeks. Would you like to hear them? Oh good, then I'll tell you. You remember our old friend [Professor] York Willbern. After arriving at IU, I discovered that he is a quite famous (within political science circles) intellectual. Being ever sensitive to such opportunities, I took his class last semester and soon earned his good graces. Well this semester, he organized a lecture series of three even more famous political scientists, guys who have written "the" influential books of the last couple of decades. He asked me if I would like to pick up one of these guys at the Indy airport. Of course, I said yes before he finished the question. Before picking this guy up, I decided on my strategy. I was going to try to impress him at first and then hit him up for a summer job. He is the chief lobbyist in Washington, D.C. for all universities, so he has top connections with the federal government.

However, since it's only a 45 minutes ride to Bloomington from the airport. I knew I had to be quick. I felt like I was accepting a Mission Impossible assignment. After I picked him up, we started taking and things went perfectly. We spent the first 30 minutes discussing a paper I had written about changes in higher education with the decline of money sources. I could tell he liked some of my ideas although I could also tell the prick thought some of them were shitty (I rationalized the latter away). Then I began to subtly tell him about my difficulties finding a summer job (Flashback -- I applied to 9 newspapers, 8 of which have declined my generous offer and one of which the Washington Post has not said anything. I also applied to 5 federal agencies only to discover that cocksucker [President Jimmy] Carter has placed a temporary hiring freeze on all federal agencies. Right now the agencies are uncertain whether students are covered by the freeze which means they haven't reviewed the applications. So in other words, I was getting pissed about my summer prospects).

After hearing my sob story, this guy told me that if I would write him a letter outlining my background and interests, he would keep his eyes open for me. He made no promises but it was really neat for him to even offer. So I'm hoping that he can fine me a job in D.C.

The other neat thing concerns a potential summer job also. One of my other professors told me about an internship program with the Congressional Budget Office in D.C. It's a really good program. The interns would help Congressmen develop alternative policies to those suggested by the president. For example, if Carter suggests a certain plan to deal with unemployment, we would have to research his ideas and see if they made sense and if Congress should go along with them. They would pay between \$2,500 and \$3,000 for the summer, which is pretty good for a summer job, especially for someone who worked for free the previous summer. This professor knows a couple of people in the CBO and has encouraged me to apply. So right now, I'm waiting to hear from them. If neither of these two possibilities materializes, I plan to work for the election campaign of Dick Celeste, who is running for Governor in Ohio. Although the election isn't until next year, he's already campaigning informally.

I got a letter from Jeanne, my former sweetheart from Luxembourg. She's living in the Soviet Union with her husband, who teaches Russian to French spies. She doesn't like the low standard of living in Moscow, something which is especially hard for her since she is used to a relatively affluent life. I'm glad though that she gets exposed to how most people have to live. It's important for her to learn to be sensitive to the needs of poor people. But anyway, it was very nice to hear from her. I still have a strong feeling for her as I think she does for me. Or perhaps I should say, I have a strong feeling for her memory.

I also just got a letter from Marlys, you know the girl from D.C. last summer. She said she had just had a dream about me growing a beard, something she thought was funny so she decided to write. Although I thought that was a pretty shitty reason to write, I nevertheless enjoyed hearing from her. She broke off her engagement with George, the guy she was previously in love with. It will be interesting to see her in D.C. this summer.

I really hope that I get a job in D.C. this summer because there will be a lot of friends there. You will be there as will Dave Golden, Marlys and another girl I knew from Miami. Laine will be in New York City which as you remember is a short train ride away. It will be nice to see all of you guys. Also one of my favorite professors from IU will be there. What more could I ask?

As far as my love life, I've met and dated many females this year, but haven't found anyone with whom I wanted to get serious. I would like to be in love, but only if the person shares certain beliefs and interests. I guess I'm getting picky in my old age. It used to be I would prefer going out with someone I didn't like too well, just to have something to do (in case you were wondering, this wasn't my motivation in our relationship). But now I have other alternatives. I can be just as satisfied being with good friends or just reading a good book. I have spent weekends alone at IU and found myself enjoying them, much to my pleasant surprise. But I'm still looking for "that" woman and will not be completely satisfied until I find her.

It was funny to hear you asking my thought about Tom and Janet [Larson's] upcoming wedding. Several of their friends over the course of the past few months have asked me about it. None of them feel they should get married. This makes me feel in a minority because I think their personalities are well-suited for each other, something which is probably the most important factor in a marriage. Tom likes to be dominant while Janet prefers to let others make her decisions. I see no evidence that either of them will change their basic personalities, although I do see that they will have occasionally tensions arising from these basic patterns. I'm looking forward to the wedding, not just because of the wedding but because it will be fun to see Tom's sister, Peggy. I plan to seduce her. I hope you don't mind my sharing these intimate secrets with you. I have met her before and found her to be a very friendly person.

This year has been ideal as far as visiting friends. Since I have several close friends at Miami, whenever I come home, I can always visit my friends easily. Next year, they will all have graduated which will make it much more difficult to remain in close contact. But I expect to stay in contact with Vicky [Markell] and Dave [Golden] at least. Tom and Janet [Larson] never write or call, so it will be more difficult to remain close to them.

Sorry to hear about your problems with Ed. If it doesn't work out, don't give up. You will meet many other neat guys over the next few years. Remember, you've got the statistics on your side. The average age for marriage in the U.S. is increasing all the time. I think it's up to at least 24-25 years. So you have a few years before people will start considering you weird for being single (although I must confess I already think you're pretty fucking weird).

Take care and see you in D.C.

Love, Darrell

March 27, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Marlys [DeAlba],

Nice to hear from you. I'd been wondering if you had accidentally fallen against a potter's wheel and been ground into an ash-tray. Apparently you haven't been, so I can rest easy now. Sorry to hear about the problems with George. You'll have to tell me more about it. By the way, you said that you were "incredibly happy most all the time." If you want my honest opinion, I think that's disgusting. Anyone who is so in love with life deserves to be shot. No, really I'm glad to hear that things are smoothing out for you. I hope they continue to go well.

Things have been pretty good for me this year. I have really gotten into graduate school. I'm reading stuff that is really neat and having good conversations with people. What more could anyone ask? I haven't fallen in love this year although I have met several

females. I have some strange stories that I'll have to tell you sometime. But no previews now. After Amy and I broke up last August, we kept in touch for a couple of months and then I quit writing, not seeing a whole lot of point in it given the substantial differences between us. But just a few days ago, she wrote me a long letter telling me how things weren't working out very well with the guy she was currently seeing and inviting me to visit her at Penn State. Although I am declining her generous offer, I do plan to see her this summer. She's going to be in Rockville, Maryland for awhile.

I hope to be in D.C. again working for the Congressional Budget Office. One of my professors is trying to arrange the position for me. Nothing is definite, but I hope it works out. It would be neat to be in D.C. because Dave will be there as will Amy and another friend of mine from Miami.

Are you going to be there? It would be even nicer if you were there. No flattery intended. If so, you'll have to write with your address. Due to my uncertain summer, I have no definite address in D.C. But I can be reached in Bloomington for at least another month. School ends May 4 for me. Well, I can't tell you all my news now because we wouldn't have anything to discuss when we got together. Right? No, I'm sure we'll find something to discuss. But anyway, I have to take off. So keep in touch and see you later.

Darrell

March 28, 1977

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Well as usual, I'm late in getting this out. I didn't even get my Easter cards until yesterday. Anyway, belated Happy Easter.

Your Dad is going to have his hernia worked on April 29. He can't ride a tractor for a month afterwards and can't lift either for 4-6 weeks. So I'm going to try to get some time off to help farm. This is a bad time of year but he's not feeling any better. He went to Dr. Jeck last Friday and he said the hernia does need repair, but won't guarantee that will take care of his problem of gas buildup. So we'll see. Maybe you can help for a few days before you go to Washington, unless you already have a time set to go. We wouldn't want to interfere if you already have something set up.

Both girls are going to other side of the family for dinner tomorrow. Grace [Kline] and Helen [Steele] is supposed to come though. The girls are coming to hunt Easter eggs between sunrise service and church.

Christine Rude had a boy March 27 named Nathan Edward.

We're going to Spring Hill Nurseries next Sunday at Tipp City. I've wanted to go there for a long time.

My writing is terrible today. I helped him grind 2 and 1/2 batches of feed this morning. Got to run. I have to write Kenny [West] yet.

Love, Mom

P.S. Ken had Amy from Saturday to Wednesday. He lost a \$250 cashier check for Sharon. He had left it in the glove compartment which is a terrible place. Hope he found it. He and Amy called Sunday. Joanne had us at her house last Sunday.

March 30, 1977

Ken West

261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33334

Hi Darrell,

It was good to talk with you the other evening. I trust you had a very pleasant and relaxing weekend in Ohio. I do hope your summer aspirations pan out. If not journalism, then working with Congress would be a grand opportunity. Lots of luck!

All is going well here. Friday starts our one-week vacation. Amy will be here for several days and the remainder of time with friends, camping it up as usual. It will be good to see Amy again. I last saw her at Christmas time. I will have time to work on my tan, which needs refurbishing. The rest of the school will probably move in the next two weeks,

for sure this time. We just had a Career Day in which each grade level had several persons come and relate their careers. The second grade had a nurse, firefighters, a TV news reporter, and a Coast Guard pilot. They were very interesting and informative. The kids liked it, and I was impressed with the day. Our Principal, Mr. Osborne just received the Outstanding Principal of the Year Award in our county, and there was stiff opposition. His staff agrees with the pronouncement.

Am having another dinner party in two days. I enjoy giving them and going to them. I prefer this type of entertainment over all others, then theater. The disco is fine, but it can get old. Such is life here, that something is always occurring. One must make the effort not to become too busy, rather than vice versa. I've struck a happy medium for me, I believe. Whatever, I do like it here. And I've met some good people from all walks of life. I think I need that kind of stimulation. I've not met anyone yet that I wish to spend my whole life with, but I've come close. At this stage, I do not prefer it. Sometime soon, perhaps.

I went to see Liza Minnelli. She is a fantastic performer who really goes all out. She was very good. We have a brand new theater. Each week, the top entertainers perform. We have our New York here. I like it.

Just finished The Final Days. I could not put it down. I found it very intriguing. It did provide fresh insight for me into Nixon and his style. I think if he projected the real Nixon more often, he might have survived. But he dealt with style more than substance. A very sad and tragic ending for me, no matter my political opinion of the man. Of course, Carter too deals with symbols and style to a very large extent. He knows his psychology, but seems in control and level-headed. But of course he has not yet been tested. He will probably come through.

I went to Naples last weekend to visit a friend. A very nice, but quiet city, too quiet for me, but had a very good time. It is a very beautiful city. The college kids are here in full force. Beautiful bodies everywhere, for you and me. Brings to mind memories when I walk up and down the beach. I prefer observing now. Will close. Take care. Write.

Ken

March 30, 1977

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Wanted to get a short letter off before we left for Florida. How's things going? And do you have spring break the same time we do? If so, are you coming home after we get back? We leave this Friday night and get back Wednesday night in the evening.

Ruth Smith wrecked her car Sunday. She was pulling out her drive and saw 2 cars coming but didn't see the third. She pulled out and he ran into her. He hit the front end. She thought it was totaled, but Lee King thought it could be fixed. She was supposed to go to Florida yesterday, but didn't for she was too upset over it. She wasn't hurt except for a bump on her head.

Grace [Kline] decided not to go. I think she tires very easily anymore and think she was afraid to try it. Kenny [West] says it is in the 80s down there now. I was taking long sleeves but guess I'd better take some short ones. I wanted to go to Disneyland so bad but he says it is 4 hours away so I don't know. That's like driving to Cleveland

Kathy Simpson Ruebush moved to Mississippi. They sold farms up at New Paris and bought some land down there. Glenna was really upset about it. But then she went down with them last week when they took some things so maybe she will feel better. Be good for her to take the trip. Guess she thinks everyone's leaving her: Bill, Kathy.

Guess what? I got the big desk moved finally. Traded places with the buffet. We weren't getting any good out of it back there and I wanted it in the dining room where we could use it. It's too nice to let sit.

Kellers are going to Arizona to see Joy Friday and stay for 2 weeks.

Aileen and I went out to eat a couple weeks ago. We had a real nice visit. She's been wanting to since Christmas. She has a boy friend now, but says "don't rush me." Has seen another one that she might like to go out with once. The one had been wanting to go with her for quite awhile but she said she wasn't ready.

Fred Steele's came down for eggs and visited for awhile last night. Helen [Steele] came down for supper too. She has a new car (1974 Mustang II). It's pretty but had 90,000 miles on it which is alot. She's had some trouble with it but is getting ironed out now.

Can't think of anything else now. Write and come over when you can.

Love, Mom and Dad

April 9, 1977  
Marlys DeAlba  
Alfred College  
Alfred, New York 14802

Dear Darrell,

Hello Boo Boo. I know this is hard to take, my writing so soon again, but my habits are largely erratic. Well here I am in the pines where the sun never shines waiting for a rootin', tootin' revelation of reality to show me the way, any ol' way, I'm not particular.

I don't know if I'll be in D.C. this summer, unless you want to put me up so I don't have to stay with my mother (arggh). My Dad and Stepmother have moved to Lisbon, Portugal, did I tell you that? Anyway I may get a job someplace in New England or go to Portugal myself. Who knows what lurks in the future (and who cares, for that matter). Beh, beh, I hope you're okay and not starving yourself or anything like that. I think I'll go make some banana bread.

Stay young and lusty, Marlys

April 11, 1977  
Amy Bluestone  
Penn State University  
State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Darr,

Hi again. I'm taking a study break, a quick one. I've 2 finals in the next 2 days. Our 5 week courses have ended. The whole thing's been entirely too rushed and unorganized. That disturbs me. Anyway after Wednesday I'll be free. I'm leaving for my internship on Sunday. Did I give you the impression that I was staying the summer. I'm not! I leave May 20th to come back and spend a hectic, horrible summer at Penn State. I realize that I'm not exactly dying to be here especially since I have my whole, fucking master's paper to do by July 1.

Anyway, things sound terrific with you. I'm so happy. Anything come through yet for the summer? As always your letter had me in stitches. I never could understand how such an unfunny individual like yourself could write such delightful letters.

By the way, my guess is she's [Susan Woods] not a virgin. Not that I know mind you, but think of all her older men. Oh yes, I'd go with Tom [Larson} on that Darrell. Boy are you behind the times.

So you're staying for the big one. Dr. West, though not original, does sound quite nice. How long will it take you?

As you can see I'm just dashing off this little note. I do hope it turns out to be legible.

Did I ever tell you I was seeing a psychologist? I am. He's really neat but do you still regard me as a healthy person? I've come to the conclusion that graduate school destroys one's handwriting, would you agree? Sometimes it's so much nicer to scrawl and after all my years of pretty writing.

Anyway, I'd like to say I'm changing but I really don't see any external signs of it, just some change in internal feelings. I've also come to the conclusion that everyone walking around is fucked up, cruel to say, but true.

Well I can't spend too much time on any 1 subject because I've only got to the page's end.

I can't remember your letter now (no time to think about it) but it was good and you sound fulfilled.

Are you still in touch with Mike Pogue? And Kay? Say hi if you are.

Sue is doing well. I haven't seen her in awhile, but we're still close and I love her.

I may end up in NY with a job. My father knows someone. It's not my ideal but is good in many ways.

Well, it's been a pleasure to think only 10 minutes to write. Take care.

Love, Amy

April 12, 1977  
Tom Larson  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,

Funny, I took a train too. But ours left only 15 minutes late. That was on my trip to Lancaster, Pennsylvania to be with Janet's parents.

I also got to get my royal ass carted down to Atlanta for a big wing-ding ASPA (American Society for the Predation of Animals) convention. We got some really good meaty dishes, but the meals in general were poultry.

Apparently, my mother doesn't like beiges. I didn't know she was prejudiced. Apparently, she doesn't think they'll be exciting in Janet's and my bathroom. It's funny because I think everyone should own one.

Besides being a big pain in the ass, getting married is worth it.

I've been offered a job in Middletown working as Administrative Assistant to the Director of Finance. The carrot crop is just right so I'll be in the area for a few eons. I'll be working in Budging and Banalysis as well as doing other things to cover the Director's ass. You know how periodic such work can be. Well, I'm going to climb out of the gutter now.

It is almost time to spend Saturday afternoon with Phil [Shriver]. I can't wait. I've saved every cockroach I have seen in all 4 years I've been down here. I also bought a lot of stock in Orkin Pest Exterminators. I should be able to rape a few bucks from Miami. No conflict of interest that I can't see.

See ya, Tom

April 27, 1977  
Vicky Markell  
Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio 45056

Dear Darrell,

I hear through the grapevine (his initials are D.G.) that you have a job in D.C. for the summer. David didn't seem to know what you'd be doing, but I'm sure whatever it is, you're pleased. Something, things always work out for you. I like having successful friends. Keep up the good work!

Let me fill you in on my life-happenings. Oh where to begin, with Jobs I suppose. I'm waiting with baited breath to hear from both G.M. and Shillitos. I'll know by next week hopefully. Next Wednesday, I'm flying to Atlanta to see American Hospital Supply. So I damned well better have a job offer or my summer will be shadowed by the dread of job hunting in August.

Speaking of summer, I'm leaving Maysville [Kentucky] for Chicago on May 23. I'll spend the day with Billy and then on the 24th fly to Luxembourg. So please send me your D.C. address before then, if possible. I figure on 9 weeks of traveling, a few days in Maysville, and then to Cleveland on the 28th of July to be in Lynne's wedding. I hope to start working by the middle of August.

I'm less nervous and scared this time about the traveling, though it's still an awesome undertaking for me. No matter what I do, I guess I just don't think of myself as really independent emotionally yet. A friend said something to me yesterday about my independence and I was surprised, both at his impression of my as strongly independent, and at my surprise that he would think so. What a mouthful.

Move on to move important things -- romance. Greg no longer holds any fascination for me. What used to be a cute, partying personality has come to feel boring and empty. I'm not sure yet if I'm sorry that we had a relationship. One part of me says yes, the other says it opened my mind and was therefore beneficial. Things are no longer on the romantic level with Ralph (the Professor). But now he is abusing the friendship by calling me late at night to talk about his new sex life! Can you believe it? Jeff [Ziehm] with the curly hair I see often and enjoy very much. He's a strong, independent, and genuine person. Thank God there are a few of that kind around.

But the big news is a new possibility, Pat. He's 24, an accountant in Lexington and also going to graduate school. Billy fixed us up and then he invited me for our 2nd date to a party on the Belle of Louisville (a riverboat). Definitely a romantic evening, a band and drinks, while cruising the Ohio River. My only reservations dealt with afterwards. We stayed in a hotel in Louisville as did everybody else. Darrell, a hotel room on date # 2? To my relief, there was not an awkward moment. We talked alot easily and he put no pressure on me at all. In fact, if he'd been anymore of a gentleman, I'd have been insulted! Luckily, he must have liked me too since he suggested that we get together again before I leave. The weekends are booked til then (Little Sibs, then finals, then graduation, then home). So he suggested I fly into Lexington from Atlanta next week and he'll drive me up here and spend Thursday night and Friday. I changed my reservations and it's all set. I'm glad.

Darrell, I enjoyed your last visit so much. I don't think I've ever felt closer to you. I'm so glad your parents live where they do so I get to see you. I'm so sorry my trip to IU never materialized. I hope you're confident, however in my commitment to our friendship.

I'll be sending you a list of dates and addresses at which you can write to me this summer, if you feel like it. It sure is nice to get mail when you're that far from home.

I miss you.

Love, Vicky

May 5, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dearest Amy [Bluestone],

What do you mean you'll be leaving D.C. May 20th? Do you realize that I'm driving on May 11 or 12th all the way from the Midwest to see you (and incidentally enough, to start a summer job) and you tell me you are leaving a week later! If I wasn't such an emotionally stable person, I surely would take that sequence of events personally. After all on the surface, it almost looks like a direct cause and effect situation. Schematically, the situation could be drawn as A leading to B, where A represents Darrell's arrival in D.C. and B represents Amy's exit.

Since I started out this letter with a complaint, let me add one more. In your last letter, you said you couldn't understand how such an "unfunny" person could write such hilarious letters. The problem with your lack of understanding lies in your initial assumption, i.e., that I am an unfunny person. To be perfectly honest with you, I consider myself to be quite a funny person. Lest I be biased in my own favor, I also polled a small sample of IU acquaintances and they almost unanimously assured me that I was the funniest person they had met in a long time. Of course, now that I think about it, I didn't ask them what they meant by "funniest," but I assume that they were referring to my witty sense of humor.

By the way before it slips my mind, I was offered a job in Washington this summer, although it was not the one I expected to get. I will be working, this time in a paid capacity, with the Office of Civil Rights in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It's one of my favorite agencies because it deals with a favorite topic of mine (school desegregation) and also with sexual equality, both of which are very important problems in this country.

The funny thing about this job is that I didn't expect to get it, while I did expect to get two other offers, both of which failed to materialize. You remember in my last letter when I was ungraciously bragging about my hard-earned contacts in the Congressional Budget Office and the American Council on Education. Well, these "contacts" fucked up. The CBO hired only 30 out of 500 and my contacts with Professor [Jeff] Fishel were not helpful while the ACE did not hire anyone because they lost their grant money for the project.

A couple of weeks ago, when I was hearing all this shitty news, I was getting really bummed out. I wanted to be in D.C. for the summer but it was looking like it wouldn't work out. I was offered a position with an Indianapolis city agency, but I wasn't very thrilled with either that city or the job. So at the last minute, I called OCR, an agency I had applied to 6 months ago, but had not heard anything but foot-dragging, and they told me yes, they were just getting ready to send me a letter offering me a job. When they told me that, I was really excited but fortunately I was able to play it cool. I told the OCR I had been offered a job in

Indianapolis, one that I was seriously considering, and that if I didn't get a good position with them, I would take the Indianapolis offer. It was hard to tell them that because all along, I was jumping up and down inside and I knew I would take a shit job with them. They promised to call me back and over the course of the following week. I talked with them, and my immediate supervisor a couple of times. Finally, they came through with what sounds like a really challenging research position.

Basically, I'll be helping the agency decide who to sue for discrimination and helping them, through statistical analysis of enrollment patterns, etc. build a case documenting the guilt. They're bringing in 3 students for the summer to work with their statisticians and computer people, so hopefully we'll receive a lot of guidance. You know what's really funny about the job? In my first semester statistics class at IU, I flunked, i.e., got a C- and the second semester, I pulled a B- from the course only with an amazing performance under pressure on the final exam. These people would probably shit if they knew that, but they didn't ask me what my grade was so I sure as hell didn't volunteer it.

You said that it sounded as if my year at IU had been fulfilling and I would definitely have to agree with you. I've met a lot of people including several really fucked up people, made several close friends, done well academically, and improved my tic tac toe game. Do you know that I have not been beaten in TTT for over 7 years? I don't want to brag or anything, but that's pretty fucking good, if you ask me.

By the way, did I tell you I had been elected by other graduate students to be President of the Political Science Graduate Student Association? Well, you know how these boring details slip one's mind, especially active minds like yours and mine. The fact that I've had a generally good year does not mean that I also haven't felt depressed, lonely and alienated from other people occasionally. I haven't written you about those times and don't plan to because those feelings don't seem as important to me now as they previously did. But they are there and probably will always be there.

Probably the most important thing I've learned this year, though, is how to masturbate. I've become quite good at it. Even my close friends envy my skills. To understand how important this is you have to realize that in the past I rarely enjoyed masturbation. In fact, I can only remember a handful (no pun intended) of times that I enjoyed masturbating. Since I haven't had a regular girlfriend this year, this is a really important development for me. I can hardly wait until Mom asks me what I learned in school this year.

So these are some of the highlights of my recent life. I'm afraid to tell you more for fear we won't have anything to talk about when we see one another. But here are some previews, designed to raise your enthusiasm: the time a professor threatened to kick me out of her class and my embarrassed refusal to leave; the time this same professor approached me in the hall to ask me what was wrong with me that I didn't talk more in class; my experiences getting dates from job interviews; the Julio LaFrossia story, and lastly but not leastly the discovery of my brother's deep and dark secret.

See you in D.C. Please save some time for me the weekend of May 14.

Love, Darrell

May 5, 1977  
Marlys DeAlba  
Alfred College  
Alfred, New York 14802

Darrell,

No, with any luck at all, I'll be spending less than a day or two in D.C. sometime in June. I'll be flying to Portugal, then Spain, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, or something like that. After I return to the states, I have no idea what will happen. Hopefully, I will get a reasonable, woodland type job, counting deer turds or something, you know wildlife management technician or something.

To answer your questions from the previous card, my love life was great but my sweet man (post-George) had to go to Florida for a job since there's no work here in the sticks. Therefore as I pine away, my sex life is nil. And I'm extremely restless, not horny, just restless. The other day I went exploring some caves. It's quite an experience crawling on your belly with a candle into the middle earth. You should try it sometime. So it's



unfortunate, but I may not be seeing you for awhile. Make sure I have any address you'll be at. If you lose track of me, write to my mother's address. Do you have it? I'll be at Alfred until May 29.

Love, Marlys

May 5, 1977  
Deborah Woitte  
2801 Rittenhouse  
Washington, D.C. 20015

Hi Darrell,

Your postcard was forwarded to me, so I don't have much time to get this to you before you leave. I'm in the middle of finals now, my last one is May 9. I've been almost assured of a job at EPA, although the final paper work has not been completed, so I'm still afraid to say I definitely have a job. Do call me when you get settled and we can talk about our respective first years. Mine was a bitch! I may be going to Ohio after exams depending on when or if I start working. I live in the basement of a home, so leave a message if I'm not there.

Deb

May 7, 1977  
Amy Bluestone  
Penn State University  
State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Darrell (alias Mr. President),

Hi, I just got your letter and I'm speeding this off so you'll get it before you arrive. Now if you thought the other course of events was causal, wait til you hear this. I'm going to Penn State the weekend of May 14th. But I can't wait to see you. I'll be home Sunday night and in case you don't have my number, it is 589-4658. You better call.

Well, I'm off to work. Congrats on your honors and my mouth is watering from your previews.

See you next week.

Love, Amy

May 18, 1977  
Bob Bartlett  
Dept. of Political Science  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana 47405

Darrell:

Glad to get your card. Only today did I find out my grade from Jackson. I had to wait for the official University notice. I escaped with an A-. I'll take it and run. I saw her Monday, May 9th and she told me that she didn't think highly of any of the papers, but some were much worse than others. You'll probably be finding out your fate about the time you get this letter. I'd sure like to know the grade distribution for the class as a whole. Maybe it'll be on our individual evaluations.

The big surprise for me was my statistics grade, A-! I could scarcely believe it. I had to wait for the official notice to find that out also. Either I really burned 'em up on the final or he is an extremely liberal grader (or alternatively everyone else really screwed up).

Anyway we'll see what the financial aid committee thinks of all this. All of my other possibilities for Fall have proved to be dry wells, so I'm left with the Department of Political Science as my only hope of economic salvation. I applied for admission to the Ph.D. program and have a progress review scheduled for May 27, so they can't hold that against me.

Economics 321 and V550 Politics and Policy of the Federal Budget are both proving to be a gas. There is a possibility I will get to travel to North Dakota and Minnesota later this summer for [Professor] Caldwell. So at least there is that to look forward to.

Let me know how your job is going. Civil those rights!

Bob

May 22, 1977  
Darrell West  
Georgetown area

Washington, D.C.

Hi Mike [Pogue],

It sure feels strange to be writing you a letter instead of talking with you in person. I keep expecting to look across the tuna noodle casserole and see your smiling face. However, so far, it hasn't been there.

I arrived in D.C. 10 days ago and have had a very enjoyable time since then. I saw Amy [Bluestone] on 3 different occasions the past week before she returned to Penn State this weekend. I wish I could tell you the complete, unedited story of our visits, but due to considerations of time and typing paper, will limit myself to selected highlights.

The Amy Bluestone that I've seen is very different than the Amy that I remember from our relationship. I remembered her as being very confident, strong, cocky and aggressive. I was very surprised to find that now she is the opposite -- insecure, passive and generally unsure of herself. Apparently she had a pretty tough year at Penn State. She has had relationship problems with her boyfriend, problems which have pointed out some of her undesirable personal traits. Even though the guy is sugary sweet to her, there are many times when she can see only his faults. This is making her wonder if she will ever be able to tolerate a long-term relationship with anyone. She's also very pessimistic about her future in general. In August, she's going to accept a job in New York City found by her father, but it only pays around \$8,000, which in NYC is poverty level. She doesn't think she's improving as a human being.

Because of all these considerations, Amy started seeing a psychologist once a week for three months. She no longer sees him because he thinks he has done as much with her as he can. Amy found the visits to be very helpful. She always has had a problem expressing her emotions, but she is finding it much easier to do so now. This is one really good change I noticed in her. Now she's less afraid to be emotional. In the past she never was able to cry, but now she does cry. I wasn't sure at first whether the crying meant she was more expressive now or simply she was becoming dangerously upset. I think it's the former, though because she seems more expressive in other ways too.

So the above is my brief objective analysis of Amy. Now for the more important subject. She and I had amazingly good times together. Many of the problems which plagued our past relationship (poor communication and personality clashes) simply weren't present. We were able to honestly discuss our past, including the dislike and unhappiness I often experienced in that relationship. This was especially important for me because I had never previously been able to tell her that. She also was able to communicate her feelings to me in a way she hadn't been able to before. But it is very difficult to draw too many conclusions because I don't know whether our good times were because we are more compatible now or just because we hadn't seen each other in a long time. Perhaps if we were together now for a longer period of time, the old patterns would emerge.

I'm still doubtful that she and I should try to continue a relationship, even though my heart still wants to try. She is a very critical and often times negative and pessimistic person. Also she is such a fucking rational and unemotional person that I don't know if I would ever trust her to stay with me through times of both good and bad. So as always, I still have highly ambivalent feelings about Ms. Bluestone. I keep hoping she'll grow up and become the kind of person I think she's capable of, but she hasn't done that much growing this year. Any questions on this presentation? O.K., so I left out one important detail. No, we didn't sleep together. I kinda wanted too, but she didn't out of consideration for her boyfriend, so we didn't.

I've also seen a couple of other old friends. I saw a girl named Debbie [Woitte] who is a first year law student at American University and a graduate of Miami University. She is introducing me to several of her friends and they're kind of nice people. Her year has been moderately shitty. She got C's first semester and at the end of the second semester, she was accused of cheating on the law finals by a fellow student, charges which were of no validity. It took her a couple of days to clear her name. I also saw a guy named Dave [Golden] who graduated from Miami this year. We've played tennis together and seen some Lina Wertmuller movies. God, her movies are really good psychological studies without the heaviness of philosophy. (After re-reading this sentence, I can tell I've been in graduate school

too long). But anyway, Dave and Debbie will both be in D.C. all summer, so it should be a nice summer.

I start my job tomorrow. I'm looking forward to it. I've been fucking off for a couple of weeks now and although it had been enjoyable, I wouldn't want to do it much longer. I guess I haven't learned to entertain myself that well. Other than the time I've been visiting friends and seeing a few sights, I've been reading. I've read a couple of biographies of Einstein and am now reading the old favorite, Dune. Soon I have to put this pleasure reading aside because I have to take a French proficiency test on June 25 at Catholic University. Since I haven't read any French in 4 years, it might help to review the verbs.

I got my grades and was very surprised and pleased to find that [Emma] Jackson, the young black professor who struck terror into all our hearts, gave me an A- in Urban Politics. I got a letter from Bob [Bartlett] also of that class and she gave him the same grade. He had talked with her and she said she wasn't very happy with any of the research papers in that class but that some were much worse than others. So apparently Bob and I were saved by the mediocrity of the others in the class. But my philosophy is that I'll take it anyway I can get it. I got A's in my other two classes and a B- in Statistics.

I hope everything is going well for you in Bloomington. When you see Kay, tell her I said hi. Oh yes, Amy also asked many questions about you guys and said to say hi to both of you. Write when you get the chance. It's especially nice to get mail when you're in new surroundings.

Bye, Darrell

May 22, 1977  
Ken West  
261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33334

Dear Darrell,

You certainly must be busy now, renewing old acquaintances, making new friends, adapting to a new community and a new job. I am interested in what your job entails and if you are still turned on by Washington. I think you might like to settle there given the right opportunity. But then, I could not blame you. It's a beautiful, friendly city and certainly a center of power and intrigue.

I have sixteen more school days left, with an option of teaching one summer term. I am considering it. I can always use the extra money. It will necessitate limiting my stay in Ohio, but I can spend some time there. In a couple weeks, I shall know. And I have an option on a new position opening up at school: primary departmental head. The duties consist of coordinating the teachers, supervising curriculum and supplies, and resolving problems. There are two positions open and only two people in the school qualified to fill them, myself included. It necessitates teaching one-half day! I always wanted to remain a teacher. This is a good opportunity, so I will carefully consider it. It does carry a substantial pay increase.

I am sitting here by the pool this morning enjoying the sunshine, the tennis and the beautiful flowers here. Of course, the sun is beautiful today. I am nicely tanned. You don't get turned on by that kind of thing. I do.

I have met someone very special. We both consider this may be the real thing for each other. We are taking our time, and making plans. From the moment we met, we almost knew this was it. This person is very lovely -- inside and outside. Only time will tell, but I am very happy now.

Received correspondence from Amy this week. She is most anxious to go to Ohio this summer. I will not disappoint her. She has such charm, but it does come quite naturally.

[President] Carter seems to be holding his own quite well, given the polls and various analysis I have read. I am beginning to believe he is big on words and all his pronouncements he has given on things he wishes to change are becoming too numerous for him to push through Congress effectively. We shall see. I hope I am wrong.

I will close for now. Write as you get a chance. And get the most of this summer.

Ken

May 23, 1977  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Not much going on except they got all the beans and corn in yesterday. Red Logue came over and displaced me on the tractor Wednesday morning and he came back yesterday too. So your Dad feels real good about having that all in.

Tim and Joanne [Shaver] came in on their motorcycle last night. Just stayed a little bit and took off again.

I'm enclosing your license tag. They are very little so be careful. Hope I don't lose it before I get it in envelope.

Dixon Alumni is going to be at Hueston Woods this year. Aunt Martha [Steele] wants to go but she doesn't know it's there yet. It's June 11, same night as your Dad's class at Liberty [Indiana] are having a reunion at somebody's house.

You now who June Dreyer is? She's expecting a baby in September. Guess she just plans to take off 2 weeks and find a baby-sitter.

[Glenn] Parker was supposed to teach first term but he got something in Washington for the summer so he's going there but I haven't found out where he's going to work. Let you know when I do. [Lars] Scholtz is leaving in August, going to Washington for rest of year and then on to Florida.

Aunt Georgia [Thompson] and Lois are coming next weekend.

Hope you get your job all straightened out for next Monday. You will have to take a picture of your place to send.

Kenny [West] called Wednesday. I think he's looking forward to coming home and with Amy. She's getting to be a young lady now.

Well I gotta go or I'll miss mail. Write.

Love, Mom

May 26, 1977  
Darrell West  
Georgetown area  
Washington, D.C.

Howdy Bob [Bartlett],

I must confess here at the onset of this letter that I'm a big disappointed in you. What do you mean you got an A- in Statistics? I've never known anyone who did that before and to be perfectly honest with you, it pisses me off. You're making my B-, which I was so proud of, look like shit. If you ever do that to me again, I might have to reassess our friendship.

Speaking of grades, I also received an A- from [Professor Emma] Jackson. It certainly was a load off my mind because I didn't know what she was going to do. I don't think we'll be hearing too much from her after next year. Her contract expires and it is very likely it will not be renewed. I have unobtrusively discussed her teaching disabilities with several professors over the past month and they are well aware of the problem. Even some of the "true liberals" in the department admit that Affirmative Action has limits.

Oh by the way before I forget, I arrived in D.C. I never did get to plant corn because it rained up until the day before I left Ohio. If I'd stayed another day, I would have been on the old John Deere. Pretty good timing, eh? I've been in D.C. over two weeks now and it has been a most enjoyable time. I found a nice townhouse in Georgetown, right across from the Georgetown University Library. I have two housemates, one of whom is never here, which gives us even more room. The rent is reasonable, \$170/month including utilities. We are subleasing it from a professor at Georgetown.

I spent much of the first week here visiting with an old, meaning former, girlfriend from Miami University. I had been madly in love with her last year, but various personality clashes had ended our relationship last August. This was the first time I had seen her since then as she was going to graduate school in speech and hearing at Penn State. She has changed a hell of a lot in the past year. We got along much better this time, although I didn't really see her long enough for any real problems to develop. She has since returned to Penn State. She's had a tough year, both personally and academically. She may eventually come out of the experience a better person. You know the old saying that adversity builds character (at least that's what Fishel always told me whenever I complained about statistics). It will be interesting to see what happens with her.

I also saw another friend who just finished her first year of law school at American University. She likewise had a tough year, getting C's the first semester and then being accused of cheating her second semester (a false accusation, I might add). It's funny, that out of my old friends, I'm the only one who says he had a good first year. Maybe I'm just deluding myself. Perhaps I had a shitty year and didn't realize it. It's a pretty scary thought.

Speaking of [Professor] Fishel, I just saw him last night. He invited me over to his house, which is 10 blocks away from mine. We had a really neat time, discussing my job, Carter, his wife, marriage and life in general. He must have had a good time as he invited me over for dinner in a couple of weeks. He has a lavishly decorated home: pottery, art prints, and couches into which normal people sink five inches (that's without anyone sitting or laying on top of you).

My job in the Office of Civil Rights is going fairly well. I've met many friendly people, many of whom are young. So far, my assignment has been very unstructured. They've told me that they want me to statistically analyze one or more of the surveys they've been collecting since 1968. They're leaving it up to me what statistical techniques to use and what issues from the survey to emphasize. I've been surprised by the fact that my boss does not know much about statistics or computers, nor do most of the other people in the division of technical support, the computer branch of OCR. They've been relying in the past on private consultants, but Jimmy [Carter] doesn't like them doing that because of the expense. Instead, he suggested OCR hire student interns from Indiana University (at slave wages, relatively speaking to the consultant). But they're get what paying for. They'll get everything that this C- student knows. It's funny being considered an expert on statistics and computers, given my limited experience, but such are the breaks of life I guess. The bureaucratic procedures are already pissing me off. You can't arrange a meeting with relevant people like statisticians without bring along your boss and co-workers. So far I've been able to circumvent this bullshit by arranging luncheon meetings with the people I want to meet. I figure that by the end of the month, I'll either be fired or promoted. I've been given unlimited access to a WATS line so I may call you someday.

I'm going to spend Memorial Day weekend in New York City, visiting a friend who attends Union Theological Seminary in Manhattan. She also is an old friend from Miami so it will be nice to see her again. I hope to see Liv Ullmann's play and either a Mets or Yankee game while I'm there. As you can see, I'm a boy of diverse interests.

I'm happy to hear about your potential travel plans for Caldwell. It will be a pleasant break from Bloomington. Say hi to Minny Apolis if you see her. Take care and bye for now.

Darrell

May 27, 1977  
Darrell West  
Georgetown area  
Washington, D.C.

Hi Vicky [Markell],

Comment as-tu, mademoiselle? J'espere que le toute est bien. Pretty good, huh? I've been studying mon francais in preparation for a French proficiency test which I am taking June 25. So far, I haven't studied nearly enough for it. I keep telling myself that I'll get up at 6 a.m. to study French for an hour before running off to work, but so far I haven't done it. Since time is running out and because I don't want to study in the evenings, I must start getting up early pretty soon.

So how are you doing? I assume you passed your last semester and officially graduated. Wouldn't it be a bummer if you didn't and had to go back in August? I imagine that you're seeing alot of neat things in Europe. I hope you remember all your stories and then tell them to me when you return. In fact when you fly back to the U.S., you should stop in D.C. before starting your job so I can see you. It's a suggestion you might think about. I'll keep my social calendar clear for the months of July and August so you can come anytime. Don't try June though. All booked up. I got a postcard from Janet [Collins] today which said there had been a change in the wedding plans. Instead of getting married in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, they switched the location to Paris, France (the postcard was of the Notre Dame). She said she didn't have time to explain, but they would meet me at Orly Airport June 11. I guess she was trying to get back at me for telling them on the RSVP to reserve

space for a party of 49 people. At least, I hope they got the slight exaggeration. Otherwise, they're going to have a shitload of mints left over.

I'm spending Memorial Day weekend, which is this weekend, in New York City visiting Laine. I haven't gotten really psyched up yet, but I'm sure that when I see her tomorrow that I'll be very happy. I haven't seen her since last August. While I'm in NYC, I hope to see Liv Ullmann's latest play and maybe a Yankees baseball game. It might be hard to convince Laine of the latter since she's not much of a BB fan.

By the way, I saw Amy [Bluestone]. I guess I deserve to be called a fart for my provocative postcard to you. But at the time I just didn't have time to write the details down. Amy was very different than I remember her being. I've told you before that I remembered her as a strong, cocky, aggressive and confident person. Well, she isn't like that anymore. She had a tough year at Penn State. Academically, she didn't get much reinforcement from her professors and she couldn't supply it for herself. She also had her usual personal problems with her boyfriend, Ed. Amy has yet to accept some of the shittier aspects of her personality like her bitchiness and moodiness. All of the things which she thought was a function only of our relationship are turning to be a part of her current relationship. Seems to me the problem is not with the people she's meeting, but rather with her personality. But I shouldn't sound too harsh with her because she and I had some very good times together. I saw her on three occasions before she returned to Penn State and all were good. There was no awkwardness or long periods of silence. We both were able to communicate in a way we hadn't been able to before. I was able to tell her about all the pain she caused me last summer. She was able to tell me about the emotions she felt. Amy used to have a big problem discussing her feelings, but that's not true anymore. She has really improved in her expressiveness. Of all the things I saw, that was the most hopeful. Unfortunately, I still see her as being a very critical and pessimistic person. She really hasn't grown very much this year in contrast to myself who has grown considerably if I do say so myself. She has become saddled down by her problems. It saddens me to see her unhappy because I can see all the ingredients of a really neat person, someone who I could love. But I just don't know if she'll ever grow up.

I wanted to make love with her when she was here, but she didn't out of consideration for her boyfriend. So we didn't. I think though that on our third visit she could have been persuaded if the magic had been in the air, as it was our second visit. But the magic feeling wasn't there so I couldn't persuade her, although I must admit I tried. I don't know if we'll see each other again. We didn't discuss the subject. I don't think I want to see her unless I see some sign that she's growing up. Right now, she is accepting life too passively. She's continuing the relationship with her boyfriend because of the security even though she knows he isn't the one. She is letting her father find her a speech and hearing job in New York City. She's only going to make \$8,000 which in NYC is a poverty wage. If she starts becoming more active, I'll definitely see her. If not, then I won't see her. To be perfectly honest, she pisses me off that she doesn't use her natural ability more than she has. This will sound heartless but it may be true. Amy may need to suffer a little more before she wakes up and regains her cockiness. One thing I forgot, she visited a psychologist once a week for three months although she no longer sees him. He thinks she doesn't need it. So anyway, these are selected excerpts from the Amy story.

I've felt very good in D.C. I feel much more comfortable here than I did last summer. I like my townhouse. Good location in Georgetown. One housemate who's a sophomore at Georgetown and another who is never here, which is fine with me. I have my own bedroom, air conditioning, patio, washer/dryer, etc. I've seen Dave [Golden] several times and we still are having good times together. He's a really strange person though. I don't think he's used his talents as well as he could have. God Vicky, are you and I the only people in the world who have used our talent? Sometimes I think I've used mine more than I have. I'm a chronic overachiever. Doesn't bother me though. My job is pretty neat. They've given me challenging tasks, mainly involved with the statistical analysis of some civil rights surveys they've been running each year since 1968. They want me to help them decide which school districts are engaged in activities which suspiciously look like discrimination. I've met a lot of nice people on the job. The only thing I haven't liked about the summer is that I've been coming home from work so tired every fucking day. I'm not used to having to work during

given hours. I'm used to taking breaks when I want to. It's quite different having a 9 to 5:30 job. I've decided I must become a college professor because I could never stand a job with set hours. The bureaucracy is really funny here. It's already pissing me off. Too many meetings, hierarchical relationships, takes 2 months to get a phone for an office, and other assorted bullshit. Although I'm sure this summer will turn out to be one of the most important experiences in my life, there is no way I could stand working in the federal bureaucracy on a permanent basis.

I haven't yet called B.J. but I plan to next week. I've been busy so far looking up other people I know. I appreciate you telling him that I will call on him. That makes it alot easier for me to call up and say "you don't know me but I know you." Merci beaucoup. Must go so bye and take care.

Love, Darrell

May 27, 1977  
David Robertson  
Dept. of Political Science  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Julio [LaFrossia] tells me you have a pleasant roommate. Good, so do I, isn't it nice?

Has D.C. changed since your last visit? Have the oldest and most doddering been replaced by the best and the brightest? Or worse?

Cathy is fine, but perhaps in search of a job that will offer her more to do than 2 hours work in 8. I would have liked to have found a job, but c'est la vie. Tant pis, as they say in Lecon dix-septieme. I did have one interview in Spencer, but my name and four others were selected on short notice. The criterion for our selection was some background in economics. What the job required was someone to do a cost-benefit analysis of some clinics to be planned for southern Indiana. Unfortunately, my competitors had a great deal more knowledge about such things than I and were interviewed at great length. My interview lasted about two minutes and thirteen seconds. I didn't feel very well coming back from Spencer because I had the flu! Yes I enjoyed a 102 fever for a couple of days and diarrhea for several more. Cathy did not get the flu, but felt a cold would be more appropriate. I got that too. I feel great now, however, as did Lazarus.

So my plans this summer are to study about eight hours a day, especially preparing for the French exam in the fall. I'll get a chance to read a few interesting things, get ahead for fall, and working on the Locke paper besides. Who knows? [Professor Dan] Metlay's job may come through. It's adrift on uncertainty somewhere in Washington right now. If you see it, call or write me at this address.

As for orientation, plans are in some flux at this point. Shirley just left for Austin Texas permanently and [Professor Richard] Stryker, the new Graduate Director, hurt his leg badly and is house-bound. I hope to talk to Stryker at his house next week or the following week. Meanwhile, I want to send out the first letter to the incoming graduate students before June 3.

By the way, while I expect to tone down the offer to the students to stay with a graduate student if they come to town (eliminating "easily" from "can easily be arranged"), I was wondering if your apartment being empty ... well you can guess the rest. I don't know if very many of the students will follow up on the offer, but I thought it might spare me some grief if your pad could be made available in a pinch. We of course would clean and wash things after each and any visitor. If you like this idea, send a key. If not, send the tradition fuck-off message.

[David] Schmidt's Political Science softball team begins practice in a couple of weeks with him or Dave Goetze on the mound and probably Greg Sanjian at third base (he played four years at UCLA), Mark Seals at shortstop, Dan Metlay at second, and other noteworthies like Steve Majeski and Ron Montaperto elsewhere. Need I add who is going to sit behind the place, dodging all those damn fashionable aluminum bats? I think not.

Given his tight schedule and my infirmities, a meeting with the Chairman [Alfred Diamant] was not arranged until May 27th. I did not have a copy of the last faculty meeting minutes before I met him and had forgotten about the faculty retreat idea. At any rate, this

retreat seems important to him. Note on his memos that he has not named any faculty members to the Graduate Policy Committee or the Undergraduate Policy Committee. The most strident note he struck in our conversation is that he need not make these appointments. He mentioned that if nothing comes of the retreat, he probably would take that lack of progress to be a vote for the status quo and will appoint members accordingly.

Speaking of subway series, yes I predict one again for the 12th consecutive year that the White Sox and Cubs will play the fall classic with Krukow taking the Pale Hose in the final game by 6-0. Chew on that Phil Wrigley, wherever you are. And have Sparkey and Billy given each other some exotic social disease? Keep tabs on the locker rooms at the All-Star game.

Statistics? Glad you asked. Schuss the Juice failed to post grades, leaving me in limbo for a week and a half, until I found him wondering aimlessly (he missed the elevator) in Ballantine Hall. He informed me that I survived with a B-. He missed the elevator, I missed the shaft.

Metlay's famous test for me lasted from 8 a.m. to 2:30 a.m., 24 types pages! Had I been awake, I'd have been impressed. Now I'm not.

How did you faire? Are you going to Jackson happily or unhappily? And whatever happened to Carter's little education course? Did it bring fast relief?

The weather here by the way is hot, muggy, rainless, and generally intolerable. I'm glad I don't live here.

I met with Diamant and asked him why the executive committee was brought back. Dave Webber had told me that the committee functioned before Riselbach and that policymaking in the department had been reformed by some of the young Turks who are now on the committee. Diamant said the committee had been in existence under Rieselbach, who met once a week with Doris and the Grad. and Undergrad directors. He said that [John] Gillespie was included as a "source of energy" in the department which he felt needed to be tapped for departmental retrenchment. He sees the committee as an administrative tool, with policy made by the faculty as a whole. I get the sense that he is ambivalent right now about whether or not to try to exert strong leadership of the department, but that the faculty he feels is moving him in that direction. This was unsaid, but I felt that this is her perception of the situation.

An important part of Diamant's program is the faculty retreat mentioned in the last faculty meeting. He got the funding he requested for this outing (possibly at McCormick's Creek) and he hopes to hold it as early in September as possible. The intent of this type of gathering is to give the faculty more time and a better atmosphere than the faculty meetings provide in which to consider the program as a whole and perhaps to come up with recommendations about restructuring the program. He has appointed members to most faculty committees, but none to the Graduate Policy Committee or the Undergraduate Policy Committee because the faculty in September may decide to restructure these. His decision to appoint depends on the outcome of the retreat.

Diamant wants two graduate students to be selected for the faculty recruitment committee by September 1. Where did we get 2 representatives? I think we should give him your name and Vernon [Greenel]. Vernon was elected to the post and given that the GPC probably won't have an opportunity to meet en masse before the first and given that we really should appear as competent as we can during this period, we should give Diamant Vernon's name and another as soon as possible. Your name comes up for the following reasons. The most important is that the president [of the PSGSA] needs more substance, more visibility and activity this year than in the past since we may well need a single representative. In addition, you were the second leading vote-getter during the last selection process and the position is Pauline Stone's American position, in which you have some interest. Let me know what you think about this. I'll be talking to people around here about it as well.

Lovell mentioned to Diamant that minority students and especially foreign students have been too isolated in the past.

Diamant wants a mechanism that will coordinate grad. and undergrad. input. He feels that grad. input has tended to be narrow-minded (but far more valuable) than undergrad. input. His interest is to make grad. input more broad and more potent. The GPC and UPC are on his mind and he would like to come up with some mechanism to replace them



by the retreat. Another criticism he has of GPC proposals is that they come to the faculty too late to be studied thoroughly. I think he has the statistics debacle in mind. We might try to guarantee a more efficient and timely typing and distribution of our actions. Also we may also want to more formally release terse summaries of our formal and informal meetings.

The other reason for Diamant's committee is a response to past criticisms that the Chairman meets informally with favorites. Freddie wants to specify the people whom he will consult on a regular basis about policy.

This meeting left some loose ends, such as the shape of the restructuring, the expected role of the executive committee, which are to say the least important. But I'll meet with him again in no more than a month and I'll be meeting with Stryker and maybe the other members of the committee in the meantime.

Well enough. I'll be satisfied with Joe Califano's chef's autograph in response.

Best, Dave

June 1, 1977  
Darrell West  
1251 37th St  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

At the onset of this letter, I should tell you I intend for this to be a serious letter, not a funny one. So if you're wanting to laugh, I suggest you stop right here and read no further. I know that in the past I've written letters which have been variously described as "spectacularly hilarious" and "funny" by nonpartisan observers, including the librarian I recently hired to organize my burgeoning file of letters. She's quite a nice person. She's a sleep-in librarian who is 78 years old. I must admit her age almost led me to reject her, but her resume was so impressive that I had to hire her. But more of these details later. I only wanted to warn you about this letter.

My job has been alot of fun so far, even though I've also had to work moderately hard. On my first day at the Office of Civil Rights, I discovered that I was the number two statistical expert in the entire agency. Apparently in the past, OCR has been surveying school districts across the country for information on equal educational opportunity required by law. They hired private contractors to statistically analyze the data because no one at OCR knew much about statistics or computer work. However, [President] Carter has been giving them a bunch of shit about the huge expense required to hire these outside experts, so OCR can't use them as much as before. So they decided to bring in three graduate students, myself included to supplement the work done by the consultants. Consequently, even though my experience is very limited, they've given me alot of responsibility. They have pretty much told me "here's the survey; it's up to you to figure out how to analyze it." It's a challenging assignment because what I do will affect decisions on what school districts in the future get sued for discriminatory practices. But it's also kind of scary because even though I'll be doing things I've been doing all year at IU, I don't have enough experience to really think I know what the fuck I'm doing. My supervisor can't give me much guidance because he knows little about statistics. I spent some time this morning explaining to him the difference between a negative and positive correlation. Pretty basic lesson.

I like the people I'm working with. I've been pleasantly surprised by their friendliness and considerateness. During the first day of orientation, I met a girl who had been an intern last summer in OCR so she was able to tell me much about the internal workings and personalities of the office. She even knew the spicy details of the mistress that the former director of OCR had been keeping for several years. I've also met a person I don't like. She is another intern who shares my office. I'm convinced this kid is crazy. When I first met her, I knew she was a dorky person. So I haven't made any effort to talk with her and usually try to discourage conversations with her by keeping my back to her and continuing to read. Unfortunately, she doesn't pick up cues very quickly. It seems that the worse I treat her, the more she acts like she likes me. If she doesn't fuck off soon, I'm gonna ask for a different office.

I've been making a big effort to meet other people around the office. Last summer at Common Cause, I only got to know a few people because I didn't make much of an effort to meet them. But things have been really different this time. I've been introducing myself to

people around the office and usually going to lunch with different individuals. One of my professors at IU gave me the name of a lawyer at OCR who had been one of his students a couple of years ago. So I called her up and had lunch with her. I must admit I feel really strange calling up a stranger for lunch. In fact, the first couple of times, I was petrified, the old fear of rejection, I guess. But I've been pleasantly surprised by their reactions. All of them have acted delighted that someone was interested enough in meeting them to call them up. It makes sense when I think about it. I know I would be delighted if someone called me up like that. I was talking about it with Julie, Fishel's lawyer friend and she admitted that she was still enough of a little kid that she enjoyed getting phone calls. I guess most of us are like that. It's strange that so few people make the effort because I'm finding that with just a little effort, people are very easy to meet.

Speaking of Fishel, he lives in D.C. about 10 blocks from my house and so he invited me over last week. He has a lavishly, but tastefully decorated townhouse with several pieces of sculpture and prints. He and his wife also have two couches which more than match your parent's couches. Fishel's couches are so plush that a normal person sinks 5 inches into the cushions. We had a nice time talking about politics, our social lives, his wife. I even told him abit about my visit with you. It was the first personal conversation that I've had with him although we had previously discussed many intellectual topics. It was alot of fun. He invited me over for a dinner in a couple of weeks, so he must have enjoyed the conversation too.

I'm throwing my first D.C. party this weekend. You're invited. It's going to be at 8 p.m. Saturday at 1251 37th St. No coat or tie required. It always makes me feel good in a new location when I feel that I know enough people to be able to throw a party. It was a feeling I never had last summer through no one's fault except my own. I've invited 3-4 old friends from Miami who have lived in D.C. the past year and have asked each of them to bring a couple of their friends. It'll be a good opportunity to meet some more people.

I had a really nice Memorial Day weekend as I went to New York City to visit Laine. I hadn't seen her since last August. I got to see Liv Ullmann live on stage, tasted Chinese food for the first time, and met several of Laine's friends. She and I had a really good time. She is much happier than the last time that I saw her when she was considering the Army. She has made friends here and done well academically. Regarding the life of a single women in NYC, I specifically asked her for a full report and she says it's great. There are many guys here who are willing to wine and dine just for the sake of companionship. I hope this raises your optimism concerning the life of the single woman. She also asked that I give her your address when you missed there. Although I told her that I thought you to be different types of people, I'll leave the decision to you. Most of her friends are intellectual and radical, a combination I didn't especially like although I did meet a couple of people who were really neat.

Laine has changed considerably like we all have, I guess. The biggest change is that she no longer sleeps around indiscriminately like she used too. She has a monogamist relationship with a guy but they've been having many relationship problems. Laine and I slept together although we did not make love. That was fine with me and in fact I preferred it since I still don't like the way she kisses.

The only bad change I see in her is that she wants to get married and unfortunately to me. She doesn't realize she wants that just out of a need for security. Fortunately one of us (me) realizes that and doesn't want to marry her.

The last night I was there, I asked her about her days of a couple of years ago. She didn't want to talk about it then and suggested we discuss it the next day. Unfortunately, we never got around to it the next day, so I still don't know the details, like how much was made there, etc., you know the really important details of the experience. But I'll find out eventually.

Today, I talked with Janet [Collins] on my new nationwide WATS line, a very convenient fringe benefit of the new job. She was really bummed out as Tom's expected job in Middletown is on the verge of falling through, which leaves them in bad shape for the wedding June 11. With that hanging over their head, it should be a really fun wedding. Everyone is going to be bummed out. I hope all works out well for them. Oh God, I just remembered I have to buy them a wedding present.

I'd like to see you sometime late in the summer before I return to the Midwest. I hope you can prepare Ed so that he doesn't get pissed off. Of course, that's assuming that you want to see me, perhaps I shouldn't make that assumption. But I hope you do. If not, well fuck you. But anyway, I've got to go. Have a heavy dinner date planned with Debbie [Woittel] for tonight. We're going to go to a Vietnamese restaurant in Georgetown. I'm treating her for a birthday present. Take care of yourself. Do good on your Master's work. I'd like to read it when you get it done. Bye.

Love, Darrell

P.S. Did you ever read Passages by Gail Sheehy about adult psychological crises and development? It's good.

June 5, 1977  
Darrell West  
1251 37th St  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Dave and Cathy [Robertson],

Sorry to hear that your summer job possibilities failed to materialize. If it makes you feel any better, I've been reading some biographies of Albert Einstein and he too faced job problems, even for several years after he published his special theory of relativity. But if you want to feel bad again, just think of all the assholes like myself who were able to find jobs and eat your heart out. Choose whichever approach you want.

Life has been very enjoyable in D.C. I threw my first party last night and around 10 people showed up, including the three uninvited winos. I really don't know enough people to have a party since I know only 3-4 people here. But I got around that problem by inviting these four and then asking each of them to bring a couple of their friends. So it was a strange party in that the host (myself) knew only half the people there at the beginning. But it turned out alright. It was enjoyable meeting the others. The only real problem is that once again I overestimated the beer drinking capacity of the crowd and ended up with 12 bottles of unused Pabst Blue Ribbon beer. I gave a couple of Dave [Golden], an old friend from Miami who lives in D.C. Apparently he has a grandmother who is 80 years old and is the only person in his family who drinks much beer. If she likes PBR, Dave promised to get rid of the remainder for me. What would I do without friends, let me tell you.

I spent last weekend, Memorial Day weekend in New York City visiting Laine, my friend from Miami who is studying to become a minister at Union Theological Seminary. We had a very enjoyable visit. I hadn't seen her since August. She's changed alot as I guess we all have. She's much happier now as she has a circle of friends and has done well academically. We saw Liv Ullmann in a Broadway play, and saw a French movie. I ate at a Chinese restaurant for the first time in my life. I got to meet several of her friends. These people are very intense budding intellectuals. They were too serious for my tastes though, as they failed to see alot of the inherent humor involved in intellectual endeavor (something I never fail to see). While taking the train back to D.C. from NYC, I met a girl who works as a career counselor at George Washington University. By the end of the train ride, I knew her well enough to invite her to my party, which she subsequently attended.

I'm finding it very easy to meet people here, something which surprises me abit, as I was afraid the opposite would be true. I've been making a big effort at work to meet people, such as by going out to lunch with different individuals. Fishel gave me the names of a couple of individuals in the Office of Civil Rights to look up when I got here. When I called them and went into my "you don't know me, but I know you" routine, I was pleasantly surprised by their friendliness. At one of these lunches, I was discussing this with Julie, one of Fishel's lawyer friends, and she said that she was still enough of a little kid that she enjoyed getting phone calls. I guess that's true for all of us. It would be flattering that a stranger thinks you interesting enough to want to meet you.

My job has been going fairly well. I'm convinced that everyone should have the experience of working in a mammoth bureaucracy at some point in their lives. Some of the bullshit is incredible. For example, I'm mainly working on the statistical analysis of the surveys OCR has been running for 8 years. My supervisor knows nothing about statistics. I spent one morning last week trying to explain to him what a correlation was and how a positive r differed from a negative r.

I've been given a fairly responsible position as my work will be used to help decide what school districts are possibly discriminating against minority groups and/or women and whether there needs to be a special investigation of that district or whether the district needs to be sued. The frightening part of the job is that there is only one other person in the entire OCR who knows much about statistics. Although much of what I'll be doing this summer parallels what I did in the IU Data Lab, I haven't had enough experience to really believe I know what the fuck I'm doing. Since I'm working with little supervision, this is a legitimate fear at this point. If I fuck up, no one will be able to correct it for awhile. So wish me luck. Apparently in the past, OCR hired private consultants to analyze the survey. But that gets really expensive so [President] Carter is encouraging them to rely on in-house analysts. OCR is avoiding the problem in the short run by hiring 3 graduate students, myself included, to help on the analysis. In effect, they're getting us for slave labor prices (\$230/week) compared to consultant prices, but for decent money when compared to anything else. It pisses me to make alot of money because now I'm gonna have to start paying taxes. However so far I've been unable to get much sympathy from my friends on this point. I don't quite understand why.

Thanks for letting me know the latest on departmental politics. It helps supplement the information Fishel has been supplying me. I'm worried about Alfred Diamant's thinking on faculty appointments to the policy committees. I don't know if he is using the delay as a means of easing out student participation in departmental decision-making or whether he just wants to come up with a better structure which retains student participation. If he intends the former, I'm afraid alot of graduate students, myself included, are going to get very pissed. Has he said whether he intends to invite student representatives to the retreat? It seems that if major decisions are going to be made there, it is very important that we be present. I think I'll write Diamant soon on this matter. As far as the student appointments to the faculty recruitment committee, my thinking differs abit from what you wrote. First, I don't think there is any rush to appoint the representatives since the deadline is not until September 1 and work will not begin until November anyway. Secondly, I don't agree that I should be one of the representatives. I really don't believe that too many important tasks should be centralized in the position of the president. It's better to involve as many people as possible. That way one person doesn't do all the work and take all the shit, but also that more people get the benefits in recognition and in insight from participating. As to Vernon [Greenel], I have no objections to him if he is interested. My only question is that since his appointment as an instructor, is he now a graduate student or a faculty member? It may sound like a picky distinction, but if we are interested in protecting graduate student interests, it's an important problem.

I'm sorry that I'm not able to give more help on the planning for orientation. If there is anything I can do from here, let me know and I'll do it. I really appreciate all the effort that you appear to be putting in to the job. You will get your reward in heaven, I'm sure. Of course by August you may like the job so much that you'll want to trade jobs. I'll consider it, but only if you throw in a Pete Rose baseball card and \$10 in cash (or its moral equivalent).

I'm willing to let the new graduate recruits stay at my apartment as long as they appear to be responsible people. I'll have to get a key made, which I will forward to you shortly. The only complication is that at some point during the summer, Susan Carroll (a fourth year graduate student from our department who is currently at Brookings) will be coming back to Bloomington for three weeks of work. I have promised her the use of my apartment. So she'll have priority over the new recruits. Unfortunately, right now she doesn't know exactly what three weeks she'll need it. But I'll push her to decide so that others can use it if necessary.

Well this is most of my news. Next weekend, I'm going to Lancaster, Pennsylvania to participate in the wedding of my roommate from Miami. Should be a fun time. Take care of yourself and say hi to Cathy for me. Bye.

Darrell

June 10, 1977  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Thought you might call today on WATS line today so since you haven't, thought I'd better get busy and write.

Today Julie Baumgarten who used to work up in Scripps had us out to her house for lunch. She lives down south of Ruth on Route 27. He's in ROTC and they are moving to Athens, Georgia.

We had Laura Wednesday night and Thursday, while Shirley and Jim [Mitchell] went to Columbus for Dick [Mitchell's] graduation. Your Dad was baby-sitter yesterday and I missed out on it. Then we had a Pork Festival meeting last night.

How's things in Washington? Have you found [Glenn] Parker yet? We haven't had much to do here lately, but when he and [David] McClellan come back, things will be different.

Dixon Alumni is tomorrow night at Hueston Woods so Aunt Martha [Steele] is coming up tomorrow (Aileen is bringing her and your Dad's alumni at Liberty is tomorrow night also and he wants to go to that. So we've got some maneuvering to do with everyone's time. It will be to our advantage this time that Indiana is 1 hour slower. Then Fairhaven's is next Friday night and she wants to go so she will stay all week.

We finally got our rain Wednesday, a little over an inch. It had been 6 weeks since we had any and the crops were coming up uneven or not at all in some places. He was worrying himself to death about it.

Still not sure when Kenny [West] is coming although we think he's taking the summer teaching job. He wrote to Shirley that he wants to buy a house but we think he needs a different car worse. But he will drive it until it absolutely and positively quits.

Joanne [West Shaver] said you called her the other day. Oh yes, Bob Simpson gave Sara her diamond, a November wedding. And that's when Dan [Hays] is too.

Had a nice visit with Aunt Georgia [Thompson] and Lois. Aunt Georgia hasn't been feeling well lately. She fell and hit her head several weeks ago so don't know if that's it or not.

Hear Kenny has found a girl that he could like. Time will tell. He hasn't told us yet though.

Simpson's went to Mississippi this week to see Kathy.

We took the DeMass's out to dinner to MCL last Sunday. Neither daughter and family was coming home so we went out. Well write when you can.

Love, Mom and Dad

June 10, 1977  
Vicky Markell  
Granada, Spain

Dear Darrell,

This is bizarre. I'm sitting on a Spanish train going from Granada to Barcelona and listening to the radio playing "Disco Duck!" It's bad enough to have to hear that at home.

I'm enjoying myself, learning, and getting really close with Laf.

I hope D.C. is treating you well. What about things with Amy? Let's try to get together when I return. I'm thinking about you. Take care.

Love, Vicky

June 12, 1977  
Bob Bartlett  
Dept. of Political Science  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana

Darrell,

Well, the first IU summer session is now history and I am by all appearances, none the worse for the wear. I did pick up one incomplete however from a professor who expected a 25 page paper. I'll take all summer to do that. I've lost my aversion to incompletes since it has become apparent that the department finds me unworthy anyway.

My progress review went well. My committee agreed that Spring, 1978 would be my last semester of course work, pending approval of a petition to reduce the 10-seminar requirement. Since that approval came through Thursday, I guess my days as a bona fide

student are truly numbered. The summer assistantship I got from Caldwell at the last minute will cover my summer expenses so all I have to do is scrimp and save for next year. And I have a job lined up for July and August so that should help. Now all I have to do is reconcile myself to the stark reality of taking preliminary examinations (if of course the department consents to admit me to the Ph.D. program).

I did receive a copy of the evaluation of my performance [Professor Emma] Jackson submitted to the graduate office. She gave 3 A-s and 4 incompletes in the course. Her remarks about me were "qualified complementary." I feel happy now to be able to call that course history. Any idea who the other A- was? I figure it could have been Dave, Wes, or Lorenzo.

Glad to hear your professional and social life is going great guns this summer. Your last letter gives the impression that I am among the minority of your friends who are of the male persuasion. Ah, I remember when I was young and single! It was the pit.

Take care with those spurious relationships. That advice applies to your job too.

It looks like Caldwell is shelving the travel plans. The University is going to kick him out of his building on Third Street and that is all he can worry about. So it looks like I'll be stuck here in Bloominghole, knee-deep in macroeconomics, computer languages, and other bullshit. Speaking of which, I've been home twice this summer and I helped plant soybeans too, so I'm one up on you. Eat your heart out.

Since you've probably heard anything worthwhile from Fishel, I won't bore you with Political Science news.

Speaking of Fishel, I was at Caldwell's house for the first time earlier this spring and it was almost too much. He lives on an estate, not in a house. It was nearly enough to reduce me to babbling such inanities as "share the wealth."

How was your visit to the Big Apple? Tell me, was there default in the air? See any plays or ballgames. I went to see Woody Allen's new movie on Memorial Day weekend. That was my big thrill. I went to class on Memorial Day itself. At least classes don't meet on the 4th of July.

Your pal, Bob

P.S. Sorry about the grade in Statistics. It was an accident, believe me. And it won't happen again.

June 16, 1977

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Just a few lines. Andy Setser fell out of hay mow Sunday night but didn't break any bones. He's in hospital. His mind has been slipping.

Also Ruth Charles (Bob's mother), her mind has really been going bad lately. She's in the hospital now and then will go in a nursing home. She won't sleep at night. Bob was staying with her and she averaged going up and down the stairs once every 3 minutes. Where do they get their energy for doing that?

By the way, do you know a Charles Duffy who is supposed to be in the Civil Rights Office in HEW. There's a note here in the Miamian about who gave papers at the political science convention and he used to be here.

Things are still quiet here -- nice!

Hope you take second thoughts on hitchhiking. It's dangerous for a girl. You could get both of yourselves murdered. And don't say that never happens. That's not my way of having a good time. I have no objection to you seeing California, would like to myself. But do another method of traveling.

Tonight a singing group called Family Reunion will be at the church. Tomorrow night is Israel Alumni. Aunt Martha [Steele] is looking forward to that.

We took Laura [Mitchell] to see the ducks at Western College Sunday evening. First time I had even been back there. It's pretty. Boy did she ever love the ducks and didn't want to leave. Suddenly those legs of hers just wouldn't move. Never saw her do that before.

Well, I gotta go. See you later.

Love, Mom

June 30, 1977  
 Dave Robertson  
 Dept. of Political Science  
 Indiana University  
 Bloomington, Indiana

Darrell,

I have enclosed a response to Diamant's letter and a general summary of developments. The former was sent to Diamant, Stryker, and you and the latter went to Diamant and Stryker in addition to all the grad. students. I met with Stryker on June 29. Freddie is out of town until after July 4th.

Campus news: All fees have been raised for IU students. Out of state tuition changes from a flat rate to \$82 per credit hour for out of state grads. I don't know if the nominal non-refundable fees have gone up for AI's.

Let me know if you intend to go to the convention. [Paul] Hagner suggests that 4 people share a room. Have you seen the latest PS for the Hilton deal? I assume your townhouse is a monthly affair and is not available for the extra weekend. Otherwise, I would ask you to invite me to stay. However, we might be able to get 4 people together for a room at the Hilton.

Of course people thought that my suggestion about a subway series in Chicago was ridiculous. To be frank about it, it was such a risky prediction that even Cathy told me to quit Buckner about it. I told her to Sutter herself. Meanwhile in New York, Reggie Jackson finally had a candy bar dedicated to him. I'm not sure though that he appreciated this action on the part of Snickers.

Hagner gave me two good leads for orientation week. He suggested in response to my quest for a more conducive atmosphere for discussion than Nicks that we try to get a room at the Regulator. As far as the picnic goes, he suggested that Cascade Park on the North side of Bloomington might be a better place for the picnic than Yellowood. The city, he says, allows beer. By the way, Hagner says that the president of the PSGSA may not want to serve on any panels since he will have a great deal to do during orientation week. One thing he will have to do is cook hamburgers at the picnic in retribution for not being around this summer.

David

July 2, 1977  
 Darrell West  
 1251 37th St  
 Washington, D.C.

Hi Laine [Hawxhurst],

Would you like to visit California with me in a month? I'm planning on leaving my job on August 6 and I don't have to return to Bloomington til August 21. I'm thinking about hitchhiking out there at a leisurely pace, seeing San Francisco which I've heard is a neat city, and then flying back home. Doesn't it sound like a nice way to spend two weeks? A one-way flight from San Francisco to my destination (Indianapolis) would be \$130 for night coach or \$165 regular coach.

My summer has been going quite well since I last saw you. I've gotten to know alot of people. I've briefly fallen into infatuation with a girl from work. It may or may not turn into real infatuation. My job has been troublesome the past couple of weeks due to problems with the computer system, but that will hopefully clear up before long. Since I'm not really in the mood to write a long letter, I'll save the details for later. See ya.

Love, Darrell

July 7, 1977  
 Julio LaFrossia  
 Gary, Indiana

Darrell,

It's nice to hear from you and good to know you're enjoying yourself after 9 months of frustration at IU. Sounds like one of our lives have been reversed. Unfortunately, in my case that's not good. I stayed at IU until May 31 and rewrote Hoole's paper. I ended up with an A from him and A- from Montaperto. My Dad called me near the end of May and told me the old summer job (old is anything pre-Peace Corps) with an engineering firm was available and

since the Gary Port Tribune can't judge talent, I was forced to become a common laborer once again for \$5/hour. After the third week of work, one of the engineers left and the boss had to replace him with me! What a mistake he made. I am in charge of a crew of workers. That's much too kind a term to describe them. They're actually a bunch of fuck-offs who are perfect examples of what [Karl] Marx says alienation will do to workers. Since it's just not in my nature to act like a bad-man, pushy foreman, our crew's work production is probably slightly above the break-even point for our boss, but to quote anybody in the office (including the secretary), who gives a shit?

As I was saying, my social life has taken a terrible blow since moving back to Crown Point. My 1960 Chevy just doesn't do the trick at the A + W anymore. I have been fairly active, but mostly with the family or friends from the office. I've been playing quite a bit of golf and have finally developed a real empathy for the game (though no skill).

Went to the best concert since coming back to the States -- Boz Scaggs. I strongly recommend him if you feel like reaching into your stable of women and spending some of that tight cash.

I've only seen Linda [Mariano] for one weekend this summer and the best way to describe our activities between Friday and Sunday is that they were inside and predictable.

If my financial condition improves between now and school, I'll come visit you for 4 or 10 days in August, but that's definitely a big if.

Until then, I remain your faithful servant.

Julio

July 8, 1977

Laine Hawxhurst

99 Claremont Avenue, # 212

Union Theological Seminary

New York, New York 10027

Dear Darrell,

I'd love to go to California with you but doubt I'll do it. Eh bien.

I've been working 5 hours/day recently. It's neither too difficult nor too dull. It manages to provide some semblance of structure to my otherwise totally unstructured existence here in NYC. How about me coming to visit you the last weekend in July. Oh yes, what do I do? I'm a cashier in a market 3 blocks away. The store is run by 3 funny Jewish men and they're great fun.

After I'd been there one week, for the first time in 24 years, the store was robbed. Three kids got themselves a Magnum 35 and demanded the dollars in the register. The only other person in the store was one of the fellows who owns it. Ever since that time, he and I have had a strange bond. After all, if either of us had lost their cool, we could have been killed. It was quite scary, but I'm pleased to announce that I am still alive.

A new lady-friend, huh? Enjoy. I'd kind of like to find a new mate myself, but perhaps I would like to just be unattached for awhile. Marc and I are still too often in each other's company, but it's kind of a sticky situation. Neither of us seem to be able to pull out. So I'm just kind of waiting for an inevitable metamorphosis in our relationship. At this point, I feel that I would be well able to say, "it's been fun, see you around." But whenever something important happens or a new crisis arrives, I find myself seeking him out more often than anyone else. Oh well, we'll just have to wait and see how Ma nature takes her course.

Jeannette Jones, remember her? She used to be my roommate at Western College. Anyway, having become a member of the Church of the Latter Day Saints (Mormons), she has gotten herself hitched to a Japanese/Hawaiian fellow. Ah, but I grow old. She's the second person I've ever known who's gotten married. Oh well, I suppose it happens to most people sooner or later.

And so my dear friend, I hope all is well and that you are happy and healthy. Take care and let me know about the last weekend in July. Maybe we could go to a beach. Peace.

Love, Laine

P.S. By the way, they did catch the burglars and recover the money.

July 10, 1977

Darrell West



1251 37th St  
Washington, D.C. 20007

Dear Sharon [Ramsey],

I've been thinking about our triangle for awhile and I've decided it is not working out the way I want my relationships to work out. I like you too much to tolerate a situation where do do not like me enough to quite dating other people. I admit I'm overly jealous and possessive, but by continuing your indecision, you are not being very sensitive to my needs, such as my need for a monogamous dating relationship.

Our relationship is getting too deep, both physically and emotionally, to continue a threesome. I need a certain amount of stability in order for any kind of trust and mutual concern for the other's welfare to develop. Our relationship is not providing that kind of security for me now. Instead it's starting to fuck up my head. I had previously decided that when I started losing sleep over our relationship, it was time to end it. Well' I've started to lose sleep so I think it's time to end our relationships.

We also are reaching the point where we need to start fighting and as we previously discussed, none of us are really able to fight now for fear of upsetting the other. That is not a healthy situation because it requires each of us to internalize certain hostility instead of talking about them. For example, I felt really pissed on the bus when you started to say "Who needs you?" It was a really shitty thing for you to say, but I wasn't able to bitch at you for fear of ruining our relationship.

I've reached the point now where if I don't bitch about such things, it will prevent our relationship from developing in a healthy way. If we continue as we are now, both of us will end up exploiting and manipulating the other. It's already happening to a certain extent and I don't like it (i.e., our cancelled Sunday date). We shouldn't go out together anymore, either after hours or at lunch time. It hurts me to reach this decision because I do sincerely like you. But if I don't, given our situation, it is very probable I will end up disliking you.

Darrell

P.S. Since I've already promised to take you to the concert on Wednesday, I'll take you. But that should be the last of our dates.

July 13, 1977  
Vicky Markell  
Heidelberg, Germany

Dear Darrell,

I'm having tea on a hill overlooking Heidelberg, Germany in a 13th century castle. How's that for openers? This old university town is nestled in the hills divided by the Nectar River. The weiner snitzel is superb and the white wine is the best in the world (only my opinion, of course).

How can I possibly share these past seven weeks with you in a letter? A few selected excerpts include: a) meeting a French guy and staying in his apartment for a night b) sunbathing "sans shirt" only to awaken and find that we had become the subjects of several amateur photographers c) spending the night in what we were to find out later was a whorehouse d) a day in Tangier, Morocco e) being attacked by Spanish, French, and Italian soldiers f) waltzing in Vienna g) hiking in the Alps h) flamenco dancing in Spain with a bunch of Spanish college students at a party. This list could go on and on. Every day is a totally new experience. When I was planning this trip, I didn't dare hope it would be as good as it has been. I think my self-image and confidence has strengthened, a phenomenon always welcome. Isn't that the real reason I'm here.

A few more days have slipped by. Am now in Copenhagen. I'll be home by the time you receive this letter. I'm ready to go home and start my new life. As I was having lunch with my Grandparents (spent 3 days there) at a restaurant several days ago, I was watching the businessmen (and they were all men) who were also lunching. Darrell, I tried to picture myself doing that in a month and for the first time, I felt doubts, not about my ability to do the job but about liking what I'll be doing. Time will tell.

A word about my traveling companions. I miss Laf terribly. We'll be friends for life and you know how I treasure that. It's even more wonderful because she's female and I usually don't relate well with females. Diane and Carolee are pleasant to be with, but neither

are strong enough for my taste. I think you understand. To my surprise, I've found Carolee to be very self-centered and lacking any depth. I wonder why I didn't realize this during our year sharing a room?

It's fun to write to you because I can be as catty and egotistical as I please. I know you'll still like me and probably agree with me!

I'll be home July 25, then in Cleveland for Lynne's wedding the following weekend. I'll start work either August 8 or 15. If you can possibly come for a visit, I'd love it. I wonder how your summer has worked out, if you saw Amy again, etc. Let me know.

Thinking of you as always.

Love, Vicky

July 27, 1977

Ken West

261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33334

Dear Darrell,

I think your summer has been a little warmer than mine, only upper 80s here and certainly better than in Ohio.

Amy [West] and I had a very good time together. She has really blossomed out and though not an extrovert yet, is quite able to hold her own. She got to spend an extra week with me after returning to Florida and spent most of that time, some 25 hours or more in the pool. She is a very good swimmer. And she got along especially well with Tom, my roommate. He has a son her age, and understands.

I hope you had a good summer in D.C., that it was productive and that you were wise in your research. I think you must be looking forward toward your trip to California.

On August 7, Tom and I are flying to Corpus Christi, Texas for a few days, going on a one-day excursion into Mexico, going on to Chicago for 10 days, and spending a day or so in Ohio. I am looking forward to the vacation. I think it will be very good. And the next day on my return, I report to school to get ready for the kids a week later.

Summer school is going alright. Ten kids are working on reinforcement skills in reading and math, and I have my afternoons free. So it is and has been a good summer.

Our next door neighbor, Stella, is like a second mother, and very often fixes us dishes of food. So I try to reciprocate. I try to bicycle often, swim at the pool, and get in a little tennis once in a while, while keeping up on summer reading.

This fall, I begin administrative work at school, providing a continuum of curricular activities throughout the primary level, ordering supplies, and acting as a buffer between teachers and the principal. I'm looking forward to it. I am given release time during the day, so my kids don't see me a couple of hours every day, and get a boost in salary which I look forward to. I will be teaching third grade which in my estimation has the best motivated and organized teachers at my school.

Well let me know how you are doing and keep in touch as you can. Take care.

Ken

August 9, 1977

Becky [ ]

Office of Civil Rights

Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Sorry I didn't have the chance to hug you good-bye on Friday. You sneaked out again around noon from what I hear. You missed the big intern picnic! (Thud ...). I didn't make it to Bobbi Glancy's thing on Sunday, though LeRoy, Obie, Terrie, Sharon, and Rich went and then played around Washington afterward. LeRoy told me that they all went paddle-boating at the Tidal Basin and sophisticated New Yorker that he is, he was disdainful of Sharon and Rich's puppy-dog Tom foolery. He said it was like something out of high school, but he decided Sharon has great legs. Sharon and I are going to the General Store tomorrow and shop for jeans and sundresses. She was the kind person that gave me your address.

I guess you're hashing over in your mind the experiences at OCR this summer, but please don't judge it too harshly. I really enjoyed getting to know you. It's always a pleasure to meet an outwardly sane, quiet person with an inner streak of witty devilishness. I'll miss

your gliding, curly-haired presence and dry comments. You were one of the very few interns this summer that I felt a connection with. But then I'm an unreconstructed snob too.

School starts in two weeks and inside I'm quivering with terror. What am I getting myself in to? There will have to be drastic changes in my lifestyle, no more every night partying, plus I'll be a poverty-stricken student again. I firmly believe that college students should be supported by the government in the manner to which they've been accustomed, but nobody will listen to me. Seriously though, at least a tax break! LeRoy and I have decided that the Riggs bank on the corner of Wisconsin and M Streets looks ripe for robbing, but we're still arguing over whether or not he'll have to wear a stocking over his face. He's worried people will think he's gay.

I hope you have a fine, relaxing break before you go back to the school grind and that you fall in love with that perfect girl. Who'll walk into your life on the cusp of the second moon in October (as predicted by Sistah Rebecca, seer for the lovelorn). Please keep in touch.

Love, Becky

August 9, 1977  
Sharon Ramsey  
Office of Civil Rights  
Washington, D.C.

Darrell,

I'm just back from the picnic and definitely missed your presence. I feel really weird now that you've actually gone. It's kind of scary, nervous, anxious feeling. I feel really alone, considering you were/are my closest friend in D.C. I don't know.

You're probably driving on a highway now and I wonder what thoughts are going through your head. I can imagine though that you're probably thinking kind of like this: "Man, it's good to get out of D.C.," "Am excited about going home," and "fill in the blank." Oh boy...

This letter has no purpose. I need to get my feelings out and since there's no one to talk to here or no one I want to talk to and you are the only person aside from Corinne and Stef I would tell... (how's that for a run-on sentence).

By the way, in case you haven't noticed, this is the most fumbled, nonsensical run-on letter that I could ever write. Promise me you won't take this as an example of my letter-writing capability and reject me from your list of friends you desire to correspond with.

God, I miss you already. It's too bad that I became accustomed to dropping in on you in your office whenever I had a desire and/or need to because now that's the hardest part. You're right. I am a dependent person, though I'm gradually growing out of my dependency stage. But then again, I don't think that by the mere fact that I feel anxious and alone now that you're gone truly designates me as dependent.

Well I may never mail this but then of course you would never know if I didn't. Not only am I not making sense but I'm also being redundant. Oh well.

I hope you're having a good time at home. You'll probably get this on Monday. You'll probably also get a phone call from me. I'm sure by the way, I'll be fine. I guess this is a post-departure depression.

Take care and enjoy the time that's left before school starts again.

Love, Sharon

August 11, 1977  
Darrell West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Sharon [Ramsey],

Well, here it is at 6 a.m.. Usually when I write you at this hour, it's because I'm pissed at you, breaking up with you (by the way, I never told you this but I wrote you one break-up letter this summer but failed to deliver it), or begging you to come back to me. Not very fun precedents. But this letter is not so dramatic. I'm sitting in the back of the car on my way to Canada with my parents. We left home at 4 a.m., a horrible hour, especially after having eaten a spicy lasagne dinner the night before.

I've already had one argument with my father. He wanted to put the box containing snacks in the backseat while I wanted to put my suitcase in its place. Both could not fit since

I wanted to lay down and sleep. I eventually convinced him to let me have my way due to my need for various things from my suitcase, i.e., writing paper, contact case, etc. But he acted like such an asshole about the entire thing that to get my way, I had to act more like an asshole. It's not the best way to start a vacation.

I've never told you much about my father. Would you like to hear something? Well good, I'll tell you. When I was a little boy, or perhaps I should say a littler boy, I was my Daddy's boy. I followed him around the farm and dreamed of growing up to be a farmer just like him. But around junior high school, when I started to develop a will of my own, tensions started to undermine our closeness. I found that whenever we would work together, he would be very domineering. Everything had to be done his way. But because I had developed a pretty strong will of my own, even at the age of 12, I refused to be pushed around. We had many bitter arguments, one of which memorably ended with him physically kicking me out of the barn. The weird ambiguity about my father is that when he is working on a set task, he's almost tyrannical. He works with a single purpose determination to complete the task. He knows what he wants and how to go about getting it done. Anyone who gets in the way or does something different, he'll push to the side. But in just about any other situation, my father is incredibly passive and indifferent. In trying to get a decision from them on where they were vacationing and when they were leaving, both my parents left the decision to me. The contrast in my father's personality is an unusual one due to the way it ranges over the extremes of both domination and submissiveness. When I was younger and didn't understand him the way I do now, I would get very upset over his behavior. Now I don't get upset at all because I understand his personality and also because I know how to deal with him to get my way. I know when to act like an asshole and when to ignore him. This ends my presentation. Do you have any questions? If so, save them for a rainy day.

One neat thing that happened at Vicky's was that I finally got to ask a question that I've wanted to ask for a long time. I asked her parents who I've met on several different occasions and am very close to what it was like to make love with the same person for a long period of time. I've always (well I'm exaggerating, it's only been since the age of 3 when I first became interested in the topic of sexual intercourse) been curious as to whether it got better because each partner knew what the other liked (by the way, I remember what you like) and felt comfortable with their body or whether it got boring. I mean what can a couple do for an encore after 5,000 ejaculations/orgasms (the estimated national average for American marriages of 20 years)? Their answer at first sounded highly ambiguous but they claim it's the most accurate answer. They say the answer is both more intense and more boring, although the two situations occur at different times. Apparently a couple's sex life varies in intensity throughout their life. Their answer kind of pissed me off. I wanted them to lie to me and tell me it got better and better until at the age of 83, each ejaculation forced the man into a quasi-comatose stage for a short period of time.

Speaking of sex, I've been practicing making love with you, although I must confess that I've been practicing by myself. Have you been practicing too by yourself? I'll save related questions, i.e., practicing with other people, for a later date. I was sincere yesterday on the phone when I said I wanted to return to the friendship stage with you. I know that you're seeing a lot of Rich and you may even be making love with him. I also know that when I return to Bloomington, I plan to seek out other women. It makes no sense for either of us to be jealous of each other's relationship. Besides I want to be able to share any developments, i.e., girlfriends, with you. And I want to know about your boyfriends because the people you hang around with will tell me more about your personal development than anything else you can say. For example, if you hang around with chauvinistic or domineering males, that will tell me a lot about you. I can understand your reluctance to tell me the personal details of your relationship with Rich. Perhaps you are right in not telling me. But I hope that even if you don't want to tell me immediately that you will tell me at some point in the future.

I must also confess that I was a bit happy to hear that you've been moody and depressed at my absence. I never was quite sure that you appreciated the friendship part of our romance as much as I thought you should and as much as I did. You see, we really do have a pretty unique ability to relax and to communicate and to express our emotions with each other. The weird thing on the phone was when instead of talking very much about how you missed these aspects of our relationship, you were chastising yourself for becoming overly

dependent on me. It's impossible to have what we had and hopefully still have without becoming dependent on the other person. Our phone conversation must have made you uncomfortable. I'm sorry for that because I didn't really feel uncomfortable talking with you. I guess the difference is just that you were feeling moody and I wasn't. If that's all it was, it doesn't bother me because eventually that will pass. I hope you don't feel badly about our phone conversation. I'm not sure when we'll be able to talk next. I'll be in Canada from Wednesday til Saturday and then in New Orleans from Sunday til Saturday of next week. If I ever get a chance, I'll call you while I'm traveling. I don't want you to be lonely. I may have just gotten a chance to call you. Our car just broke down.

Five minutes later. I just realized something really incredible. I thought that just because I've been awake 5 hours, you naturally would have time to get to work. But it's only 8:15 a.m., so you're not even at the office. I can't call you. Sorry, I didn't mean to get you excited (the longer I write, the more presumptuous I become, right?). Our car is now fixed. Canada, here I come. By the way, while our car was being fixed at a gas station, I checked the bathroom to see if they sold rubbers. No dice. They didn't sell them. Fortunately, I'm not in a desperate need of a rubber at this moment. Vicky [Markell] accused me of being fixated on masturbation as a conversation topic just because I mentioned the word or the activity 3 times in one five minute conversation. I feel falsely accused given the fact that it was the only time during my visit I raised the subject. Perhaps I should turn to an impartial observer. Do you think I'm fixated on masturbation?

You were asking yesterday how I described you and us to my friends. I guess it's a legitimate question, especially given the fact that I will be equally curious about how you describe me and us to your friends. So I'll make a deal with you. If I tell you, you have to tell me. Okay, then it's agreed. Don't you like the way I unilaterally commit you to a deal. I hope you also notice that I'm trusting you to hold up your end of the deal in the future. Man, I'm really going out on a limb now. By the way, I don't think we should be so reluctant to go out on limbs. We should trust each other enough by now to not feel queasy about that. You acted a bit unhappy yesterday when I said I had told my friends about both your good and bad qualities. But I don't think that should make you unhappy and it shouldn't make you reluctant to meet my friends in the future. But enough shouldn'ts for now. On with the facts of the case.

When I was talking with Tom and Janet [Collins], I started out by telling them about the special part of our relationship, such as our ability to communicate and to be honest about our feelings. It is pretty unusual for two people to be able to say the equivalent of "I don't like you, leave me alone for now" so early in the relationship. Tom and Janet were suitably impressed by this part of your personality. I also told them that you were basically a sensitive and considerate person who was very aware of the feelings of others. I told them I thought you were an intelligent and talented person who was able to get a well-paying federal job from your special program. By this point, they were "ooing" and "ahing". Finally I told them that our relationship had the capacity to grow, meaning that the more time I spent with you and the more I got to know you, the more I wanted to know you and the more time I wanted to spend with you. I guess the big test of any relationship is whether the two people can do this. These were some of the neat things I told them about you.

Now some of the shitty things. You may want to skip this section. I apologize if any of this hurts you, but I'm sure you're curious about what I see as your faults. Send any nasty responses to me, care of Canada. As you read this, keep repeating, "I like Darrell and he likes me." Nothing I say should surprise you because I've told you most of this already in bits and pieces. My most basic criticism concerned the people with whom you spend or have spent a lot of time. You seem to choose people who are domineering or chauvinist types of people and who are sometimes insensitive and inconsiderate people. I told them that this indicated to me that at this point in your life, you still needed to be dominated and to have someone make your decisions for you. This lack of independence and assertiveness (goddamnit, my parents keep interrupting me with questions, they ignore the fact that I'm writing a letter) can be interpreted in two ways. It could be a function of inexperience and of your age, which if true means that over the space of the next couple of years, you would develop into an assertive and independent young woman. However if it is a function of a deeper personality need to be dominated, then you will probably never develop more assertiveness. At this point, I haven't

known you long enough to know which is correct, but I hope the former is true. I think a lot of it will depend on the people you hang around with over the next few years. If you spend a lot of time with Don Devine types, you won't get the experience to develop your own confidence. But if you hang around with people interested in equal relationships, you will probably become more assertive.

One thing I'd like to say. Sometimes I got the impression you thought I was a weak person because I didn't try to dominate you and because I wanted an equal relationship. What you didn't realize is that the weak people are generally those who need to control other people. I could have very easily dominated you, but I had no need to do that. I also bitched to Tom and Janet about our situation in general and how I was sometimes put in insensitive positions and was forced to be more dishonest and how I had to sneak around like a high school kid. Sometimes when I think about all that, I still resent you. But now that I'm away from it, the resentment is much less intense. I've decided to never again tolerate such a situation. I wasn't quite sure how to explain your behavior in our triangle to my friends, i.e., your non-monogamous leanings. I'll still not sure. Your unwillingness to choose could be the result of an honest unwillingness to choose given the fact that each person possessed certain qualities you liked and given the fact that you're not sure what you want from a relationship. That's the benevolent interpretation. The unwillingness could also be viewed as the initial stage of a woman beginning to develop into a manipulator. I know that so far in your life, you haven't been a manipulator. But that doesn't mean that you won't eventually develop into one, given the existence of situations where it becomes to your benefit to play one person off against another. I don't know which way you'll go, but I think you should be careful about involving yourself in situations where manipulation is the most natural strategy of getting what you want. Remember that manipulation doesn't have to be conscious to be manipulation. It can also be the unintended result of unpleasant situations.

This sums up what I basically told Tom and Janet. I told them that I didn't have any idea what our future relationship would be. You especially are at a time of life where rapid personality changes and preferences are the norm. The only thing I can do is to adopt a wait and see attitude to see how you change over the next couple of years and to see if I still like you after the changes. As of right now, I like a lot of the things I see in your personality. I think you're a neat person with the potential to become an even neater person in the future. I hope this is a fair presentation of you to my friends. I tried to be fair and think I was. Although I am a critical person, I think I'm also a fair and objective person.

Guess what? We're in Michigan. We just went past Ann Arbor on I75. I waved to Laine [Hawxhurst] as we went past. I am looking forward to seeing her in a few days. Her, me, Tom and Janet plan to get together for a farm-fresh meal Saturday night after which we will camp out and watch the meteorite shower in the skies.

Thank you for spending the morning with me today. You're helped make this a very pleasant trip. Write when you get a chance. Bye.

Love, Darrell

P.S. You're still invited for a visit to IU whenever you can make it.

August 11, 1977  
Michael Pogue  
416 N. Lincoln, #5  
Dept. of Psychology  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Darrell,

Big events have been in the wind since you left. The biggest is the announcement of Kay and my impending marriage. Now raise yourself from the floor and read that last line again. The date is set for the Friday before New Year's. I hope your social calendar isn't booked for that day. On June 24-26, we made a tour of Springfield to Greenfield to spread the word to the parents. Needless to say it was greeted happily. "About time those damn-fool kids made themselves respectable."

Sorry for the long delay, but more news has been in the wind since I started this letter. I thought I would wait until it was complete so I could give you the whole story. After I began writing the first time, Kay took a day from work and came here to look for a job that

would open in December. We had little hope but thought that she could at least spread her resume about. That day, three professors in the Zoology department put her on their lists for jobs beginning the first of August. It took them several weeks to finally decide, but she got offers from two of them. In the meantime, she has quit her job in Hamilton and we have rented a larger apartment. Today is her last day of work and the new job starts Monday. It's been a frantic few weeks. I think that she is sad to leave the job at Champion because she had finally made friends there, but she is excited and afraid about the new job. She will be working with some DNA genetic-type research.

We have been weekendending it so long it's hard to believe that she will soon be living here Monday to Friday too. It's a big step and I'm excited about it. As far as life outside of the Pogue-Geile connection, the summer has not been as restful as I had expected. The work at Indianapolis has been fascinating, but exhausting. As a result, my evenings haven't been all that productive. The study is also dragging on. I don't think it will be finished before the end of the summer. Other than work, life in Bloomington has been most enjoyable. I've had a chance to explore the area and I like it. I'm becoming a Bloomington-phile.

Other good news. I'm going to be getting a NIMH fellowship. It will pay for the summer next year.

I apologize for being so late in writing and at best somewhat incomplete. I'll be seeing you soon though and we can have tuna casserole.

Michael

August 15, 1977  
Sharon Ramsey  
Office of Civil Rights  
Washington, D.C.

Darrell,

Hi there! Sorry I missed your call on Friday from Canada. It was sweet of you to call. Just for the record, you should call person-to-person and I would reject the call and then call you back and it would not cost you anything. Also, the benefit of that is that you can leave not only your name and number but also a message.

I called Dave on Thursday. We talked for a few minutes. He had to come into the Dept. of Interior on Friday and wanted to meet me for lunch, but we realized it was impossible since he had only 30 minutes and I had a haircut appointment on the Hill and Interior is at 19th and Constitution. Oh well.

I have just one month and 2 days left and then my sentence will be up. Can you believe I've reverted to crossing off the days again. Remember that I did wait until after you'd left, mind you.

I've been a sickie lately which is weird considering I never get sick except with tonsillitis. I think it's probably all the junk food that I've been eating. If by chance you know anyone who's selling a digestive tract and/or stomach, you will let me know, won't you.

I called Mike today and he may come home for a week before he goes back to school. I'm excited about that but knowing Michael, I might even not see him. Sometimes, he can be really fickle.

You'll probably get this after you get back from New Orleans. So how was it?  
Take care.

Love and kisses, Sharon

August 17, 1977  
Sharon Ramsey  
Office of Civil Rights  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

I was really surprised to be bombarded with correspondence from you. I get your postcard, your curl (that was sweet of you), and your letter all on the same day.

I still can't believe you sent the curl. But how do I know that it is "the curl" and not just any old curl? You do realize that you probably have 5,000 of these. By the way, did you get a haircut? I did on last Friday.

I can't believe you wrote such a long letter. That was neat.

You'll never believe what happened. My mother opened your letter and had the nerve to read it! I couldn't believe it, but she had done it on one or two occasions for no apparent reason. That really pissed me off because I find it very hard to respect someone who has no respect for anyone else's privacy. What was even more awful was that she yelled at me and attempted to discuss some of what you said that thoroughly shocked her and which she found "obscene." Anyway, I refused absolutely to discuss it except to say that I couldn't respect anyone who had no respect for anyone's privacy.

Sorry Kiddo, but it may be wise for you to either not write to me until I return to school in just a few weeks (Thank God!) or explicitly censor what you write and leave off the return address and change your handwriting a little but better yet have a friend address the envelope. Sorry to do this to you but there's no other way.

I have been superbly lonely in the last couple of days for a lot of reasons. Shall I itemize: 1) all the crap I'm getting at home is unbearable 2) more important, there's no one in this city I can talk to. You're not here and neither is Corinne or Steph 3) the summer is ending. Nothing is exciting anymore. Life is at a standstill 4) I don't really feel like I have friends here anymore. 5) even at the office it's the same. All summer I socialized with you and Richard solely and managed to isolate myself from the other interns. Therefore I don't know anyone that well. 6) I am still overly dependent on other people for my happiness so I get wicked depressed when friends aren't around to entertain me. 7) I don't know what I want to do in the way of a future occupation. I don't think I want to stay in Special Education. I don't think it's what I want to do and also jobs are impossible to find and the pay is outrageously low. Therefore I have to think about what I want to do, where I want to transfer to, financial aid and all the crap involved in transferring and that really scares me. I know I would have/did get in to anywhere I wanted to go right out of high school but it's much harder to transfer into a school for a year. 8) I miss my friends from school 9) I'm not pleased with myself as a person. 10) As weird as it may sound, I also don't feel super about myself because right now I feel superbly fat. 11) my job is uneventful and boring, etc.

I started this letter yesterday at the office but never got a chance to finish it. I'm feeling a bit better about everything. After work yesterday, I had a talk with Rich concerning most of what I just told you about feeling lonely. It was good that we could talk a little bit because before we didn't really talk at all. The last couple of days the two of us have even had a really good time together. Aside from them, the relationship has become unexciting and monotonous.

Yours was definitely a good letter which deserves a good response but I'm just not in the mood. I guess I'm still fluctuating between a semi-depression and lonely stage. Therefore I will probably not get into anything of great depth and remain superficial for the remainder of this letter.

I spoke with Dave [Golden] a few days ago. He seems to be getting along fine. We may try to get together to visit parts of the Smithsonian at some point. It was weird talking to him because he laughed and he has the same super laugh that you have.

Well for now, bye. Take care and be good.

Love, Sharon

August 22, 1977  
Sharon Ramsey  
Office of Civil Rights  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Hi there! It was really super talking to you today. I just wish there had been more time.

By the time you get this, you will have probably spoken to me again.

The purpose for this is to show you two weird pictures of me that were taken at the beach a few weeks ago.

The one of my lying down is really weird. I thought you'd get a kick out of it though. Unless you want to keep it (I know how you perverts think), do me a favor and throw it away. I definitely don't want it back. Take care.

Love and kisses, Sharon



P.S. Friday is Ellen's last day so we're taking her along with the other interns who are leaving out to lunch on Thursday. Do you think maybe she won't come in on Friday then? I'm sorry, that's not very nice.

P.P.S. Did you get your roll of film developed yet? I'm anxious to find out whether the pictures you took of me turned out or not.

August 27, 1977  
David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Well ol boy, Darrell,

I have finally shifted your status from "active" to "mail." As I told Sharon [Ramsey], I would write you when I found out that the Louisiana cops hadn't thrown you into jail or otherwise eliminated you. I was anticipating though, a request for a bank check. The Louisiana cops probably don't accept Master Charge.

I heard little glimpses of your trek from Sharon and Tom and Janet [Larson]. It sounded like such a tragedy that it was funny. Tell me. What can be worse than hitchhiking with Montezuma's Revenge? Sharon was a dutiful girl and called me after she spoke to you. She keeps me informed of her activities, which are of minimal interest to me. Well if the calls are good for nothing else, they allow me to radiate an air of busyness. She tends to call when I am very busy. And she won't let me eat lunch during the call. Pain-in-the-ass.

Onto other matters. My sister's fiancée came by. In case you haven't asked yet, my parents put a second bed in the guest room. I am still carless and vegetating. I saw Randy once so far. The other car is suffering bearing problems and will die within a couple hundred miles so I don't drive it much. Taking the bus downtown on the weekend is a bear so I vegetate. May not be able to take any courses since we are so close to school year beginning. May try to just sit in on one. Tom [Larson] called up so I talked to him and Janet one day. Presently reading up on minicomputers and assembly language programming. Not difficult, purely esoteric.

There is a price war on Levis in this town. The best are \$10.50 or \$11.00 from \$16.00. All the creeps on the bus got to me Thursday so I had to drive Friday. It got so bad the creeps were complaining about each other. Tomorrow is a brunch which should be fun. At the boss's place. I am beginning to separate D. Golden (employee) from D. Golden (person). One has to be a prick to get anything done. I was collecting resumes and this one guy refused his so I simply took one out of the file. No big deal. When I told him the report was about to be sent out with his in it, he stormed over to where I told him it was. I had facetiously suggested that he surreptitiously swipe it. The secretary beat him away from it.

The Washington Post received 400 applications for each of the summer intern posts. Not much else to say.

David

September 3, 1977  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Will try to scribble a few lines before quitting time. The wedding was a pretty one and our company came and gone. Aunt Martha [Steele] told Aileen that Aunt Georgia [Thompson] was pretty cold to her and it was the other way around. I'm going to put her in a sack and shake her up. Instead of coming back to our house Saturday night, we had to take her to downtown Dayton at a hotel so she could get her eyes checked at same place she had a few years back. She didn't get back to Hamilton until Wednesday night. Aileen said Aunt Martha's apartment manager said she had to get rid of some of those boxes in her room as they were a fire hazard so Aileen is going to tell her. I said, "Good luck Aileen."

Velva called us first of the week and wants to take Daddy and I out to supper tomorrow night. Don't know where we will eat. Homer Irwin [her brother-in-law] died Monday or Tuesday. He lived in Illinois. They had services up there for him and then flew him back for graveside service in College Corner. We didn't go but sent a bouquet.

Are you back in the grind of things? Are you teaching or research? [Professor Dan] Jacobs is having faculty and graduate students at a party now from 4 to 6 p.m., but I wasn't invited and they didn't tell us to take off early from work so I'm not going.

We've been canning something almost every night for the last two weeks. I'm getting tired of doing it and there is elderberries, pears, grapes, jelly, pumpkin, and still plenty to go: relish, more pears, tomatoes, etc. Oh well, it tastes good this winter.

Our renters have 6 kids. We thought we had it rented to another couple with 2 kids and she brought the money out last Friday. On Saturday, she called back and said she had problems. Her husband had left her on Friday night. So we gave her money back. The ad came out in the [Eaton] Registered-Herald and we had 40 calls that day. Your Dad thought they never would stop. And then we've had quite a few since then. We were going to run the ad for 2 weeks but sure changed our mind in a hurry. He called the Registered Herald back and said "take it out."

Got my dryer fixed finally. Sears had to come down and put on a new pulley. You can dry your clothes now.

We go to Hopewell [Church] again tomorrow. Glenna [Simpson] sings. It's the last service. Doris Hawk is coming up she said.

I still haven't taken my pictures in to develop. Keep forgetting. I don't have to work Monday.

Next Sunday, we go to Eleanor [Rapson's]. Mabel [Kalsbeek] is going with us.

Laura [Mitchell] had bronchitis last weekend but she's o.k. now. I'm hurrying so I can catch mailman so you can't say I didn't write. Haven't seen check yet.

Love, Mom and Dad

September 7, 1977  
Sharon Ramsey  
Office of Civil Rights  
Washington, D.C.

Darrell,

Had a super time at the Jersey Shore. Great weather, no fights, lots of just being lazy at the beach, and on the boardwalk at the Amusement Park at night.

It was super to get a vacation from the office.

Sorry this didn't get off sooner, but there no time over vacation and we just got back last night.

Take care and be good.

Love and kisses, Sharon

September 8, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

Among the important developments in my life are: 1) I had a disastrous trip to New Orleans with Laine [Hawxhurst]. We fought all the time. 2) I'm teaching a class introducing students to the use of computers for data on state politics. Enjoying it greatly. 3) I have a girlfriend in Bloomington. She is a senior studying comparative literature who wants to go to law school. 4) I already am being criticized for some of my actions as president of the political science graduate student association. 5) I am planning a year-long study in Europe, beginning in a couple of years. 6) I don't feel quite settled or happy in Bloomington. Do not know source of dissatisfaction. 7) something really neat happened. In a paper delivered at a national political science convention, one of my professors [Jeff Fishel] cited some ideas from a paper I wrote for him on Jimmy Carter and symbolic politics. I'm becoming famous.

Love, Darrell

September 22, 1977  
Vicky Markell  
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Darrell,

Needless to say, I'm leading a life contrary to anything I've ever known. College seems years ago and Maysville and my family and friends seem to be part of that "other" existence. I miss that warmth and security, but my spirits are quite good, considering.

The pace is a killer. Hospitex from 7 a.m. til I fall into bed about 11 p.m. I even dream about my accounts. People have been marvelous to me, very helpful and friendly. The small town, southern lost and lonely act goes a long way, though it is all true!

Boston itself is a neat city, so atmospheric and offerings loads of diversions. I still have to pinch myself to realize I'm really living here. Some moments are bad. I need your friendship.

Love, Vicky

September 25, 1977  
Tom and Janet Larson  
Middletown, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Things are going well for the both of us here in Middletown. We met Dondi last week and were quite impressed. He must be a midget because he's only about four feet tall and more astonishing is the fact that he still looks 9 years old. The fountain of youth must be nearby.

Friday we went to Cincinnati to see Woody Allen's "Annie Hall" with our friends Dave and Susan Swirezynski and Mike Haines. It was a very entertaining flick with good jokes on classic American clichés. You'd love it.

We may be able to get away for a weekend to come visit. If you will have any time in October, we'd like to come over and camp out in Brown County State Park east of Bloomington with you. The only constraint on dates I have is that my parents want to visit on some as yet undetermined weekend in October. I hope to pin them down soon, but you know how hard pinning insects to a board can be.

Sincerely, Tom

September 26, 1977  
Ken West  
261 NE 38th St., Apt. D212  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33334

Dear Darrell,

It was good to hear from you and find all is well. It is good experience to teach kids and gives you a good feel to see if that is the direction you want to enter.

I am ready to move into the house. It doesn't require much work, for it is in good shape, but because we both want to personalize it, it will require much work. That's alright, we are building something and sharing something together. For us, that in itself is enough. But the end result of a comfortable little house will be a bonus.

I am buying plants now for landscaping and getting lawn tools, permits, etc. I never would have believed that I could go into a lumber store and actually enjoy it. But tis true. With the all the projects we have in mind, it seems we will never get done. He says it will take only six months. He is optimistic. We will see.

Just got a little Yorkshire terrier today. I named her Holly, tan, salt and pepper in color and a very gentle, well-bred manner she has. I think she will be a good companion.

For your birthday, I will send a photograph of Amy taken by a professional. I haven't received it yet, but will upon arrival. I trust you will like it.

Will close for now. Take care.

Ken

September 26, 1977

David Golden

Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Since you left D.C., I have been bombarded by request from your past employer concerning your whereabouts. It appears that intelligence reports you swiped 2 staplers, 1 pack of 500 staples, 3 scissors, 4 government pens, and 1/2 ream of typing paper. Besides that, they wish to return 1 pack of Trojans and 1 J.C. Penney's bra, size 31 AA (USDA approved).

Wrote Tom and Janet [Larson]. Waiting for a reply. I played tennis Sunday and stunk. I saw the world premiere of an Eugene Ionesco play, *Man with Bags*. Well-done but screwy. Saw a Chinese opera Sunday. I see Miami just squeaked by, just like the 1975 season. I commented to Cliff that one scene reminded me of some of my dreams (the whole play was supposed to be one dream sequence). It was a scene of the protagonist attempting to mess around with this female. The problem is not being able to find a spot where somebody doesn't come by and interrupt by their presence. Naturally, the prick Cliff says he doesn't have that problem. He designs his dreams to not have any disruptions.

He appears to be kept quite busy at Hopkins but not having to exert himself mentally. I requested information from the ACLU today. I missed the prick Metrobus by 1 and 1/2 minutes today. If I didn't mention it, we (I with 75 percent) bought a 1975 LeMans for \$2,000. It has 30,000 miles, Automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM/FM radio, power steering, and power brakes. Regular luxury. It was a good deal. Maryland is assessing us tax on \$3,250. Retail is realistically \$2,900. Our X-port study is being rushed and my work will suffer. The bureaucracy is beginning to react to the problem and so our results are wanted pronto. A scholarly document it won't be.

I enjoyed seeing Vilas beat Connors. I am including a Xerox of an article in the September issue of *Commentary* magazine. I trust that you will read the article after I spent 10 cents a page Xeroxing it. You see, I have resisted temptation during the New Year 5787. That magazine is probably the most interesting magazine I have come across. It had a little article suggesting that Jews played a large part in Roman history and that Christian history through the second century might more properly be written as Jewish history. Apparently first century documents and archaeological diggings reveal that the death and resurrection was hardly a significant part of early Christianity. In first century, there were 13 synagogues in Rome and those Jews didn't speak Latin but rather Greek! The population of the Roman Empire (70 million) was 10 percent Jewish. Anyway the main point was that the Vatican is not allowing Jewish interests to examine the Jewish catacombs in Italy (the Vatican has total sovereignty over them by Italian law). The author is suspicious that Christian history might have to be rewritten if the catacombs were fully examined.

The article included is quite interesting. There is at least one error. The claim of insignificant genetic defects from the A-bombs in Japan. Not true. Can't judge the discussion on reactors either for accuracy. The rest seems alright, although a bit polemic. See the light and then mail it to Tom. This stationary was bought at Watergate Shopping Arcade and will turn blank in 30 days.

Chow, David

September 26, 1977

Sharon Ramsey

Wheelock College

Boston, Massachusetts

Darrell,

Hi there! I've been here four days and things are just barely becoming a little bit civilized. I'm also beginning to feel at home here again. It was weird at first because I had been super excited about being here before I came but once I actually got here, it was like an anti-climax. I just felt weird being here and am just beginning to make the transition. To make matters much worse, my ex-roommate Sue had half of my junk and didn't get here until yesterday plus I had shipped all except a few of my clothes by UPS and they didn't deliver

until late this evening. So it's much harder to get settled in when you're borrowing your roommate's clothes. Hopefully things will calm down a bit now.

It's been raining every day since I got here -- typical New England weather. Today, Corinne and I made curtains and a pillow for my trunk. Now we have an extra seat. It looks really good. Oh, I forgot to tell you. We've got bunk beds. It's saving us lots of floor space. They are the metal variety and don't seem very steady but I think they're probably safe. Corinne tried sleeping in the top bunk for two nights but stayed awake most of the night. So I tried it and am now sleeping there. I am just afraid of falling out but haven't yet so far. Now this is my bed.

What's been happening with you lately? Are you happy now, kiddo? I really do hope so.

All the new students arrived on Sunday and my dorm is presently dominated by them. I've met lots of super girls. It's good. Last night was Ladies Night at Fathers so Corinne and I took 6 or 7 of the new students to Fathers Five, which is near the MIT frats. On the way, Corinne and I stopped by SPC to see Don and Sully and it was really weird despite the fact that I had called Don and told him we might drop by. He hardly talked to me and I think we both felt really uncomfortable. After a few minutes, we left with the excuse that the girls were waiting for us at Fathers. They said they might come over later and did show up around 11. They were Don, Sully, Don's roommate Gene, and a pledge. It was fun for awhile but then I felt really weird. Oh well...

As far as things are going, I know I won't be seeing Don and seriously doubt whether I'll see Mike. That really upsets me.

I didn't get in my physical science class unfortunately. The only course that I could fit into my schedule was Introduction to Sociology, which made my Monday schedule be from 9:30 to 3:30. That will be pure hell. I don't even have a break for lunch.

I've enclosed a copy of my schedule. I'll have 5 work hours that I don't know yet but I really don't think that will matter because you'll never call during the day. We're getting our phone on Friday. I'll write and give you my number then. In the meantime, I'll give you the hall phone number. I'm in Room 311.

Well, I've got a million things to do. I'm still not all settled in yet so I'd better finish this for now.

Take care and please let me hear from you soon.

Love, Sharon

P.S. How are your classes going and when are you coming to visit?

September 30, 1977

David Golden

Washington, D.C.

Howdy Darrell,

It's Sunday and I am listening to the radio, watching the tennis tournament, and of course writing you. I just called up one of the researchers who did the work in subvocal speech a number of years ago. He seemed willing to talk but a little bitter. Apparently grant money was not available for his work since it dealt with improving the reading skills of bright, highly motivated individuals rather than with the disadvantaged. The process only works on the former. He gave me a few leads.

I got into the Pentagon last week. I took the Metro. It is still confusing. It wasn't as swift as I expected. I have decided that it is not worth \$5,000,000,000. My co-worker on the Xport project did his masters thesis on the decision process behind the Metro system. He found that the company responsible for the basic planning had a railroad design emphasis and hence the total transportation system does. You will notice that the system just basically serves tourists and suburban commuters. Apparently there were many attempts to get the planning commission to redesign the set-up so as to serve those people who need it the most: the poor urban dwellers who need transportation to work. You should recall how little (almost none) service the poor areas of town (Southeast and Northeast) get. One concludes that the proper formula to describe the situation is stupidity + racism. Brad also informed me that the Metro planning commission defended its layout by showing studies of other transportation systems that demonstrated that economic feasibility mandated little service to

the poorer areas of town. Unfortunately, all the systems studied had been designed to service the more affluent areas!

Maryland is allowing females to compete in all high school sports programs. I have discovered that there is an institute at Bloomington for studying Soviet and Eastern Europe trade and economic affairs. I would appreciate it if you could give me a better idea of what they do and if it would be pertinent to my studies.

The lady we talked to at the Pentagon informed us that her office would not be affected by implementation of the report. That implies that our work would be for naught. We had a two-day warning by our client that he had to give a talk to a bunch of admirals. Tuesday, just after Labor Day, I had to catch a 6:15 a.m. bus so as to meet with our client at 7:30. He likes early meetings. He was really Italian and I was having a tough time disassociating him with Youngstown. We had to brief him for his presentation and make viewgraphs. Making and delivering the graphs took about 20 man-hours for a 30 minute presentation. It went well so he has to give the presentation to 3 and 4-star admirals this time, including the fourth highest officer in the Navy. He wants professionally-made viewgraphs for this audience (\$8 each instead of ours at 25 cents each). It Proxmire caught it, this would win a Golden Fleece award. The cost is hidden by coming out of our contract money. Our client, hereafter referred to as "Joe," is bucking for a \$1,000,000 for Xport studies. Probably the presentation we helped prepare is more important toward achieving his goals than the result of our study. The company has a contract signed for a 2-man year effort in a comparison of US-USSR technology. The study is mind-boggling. Looking around, I don't see anyone else here who is a likely candidate for joining Brad in that study. Since I have been here, two PhD. physicists have joined the staff. One is helping out in this Xport study. He seems to be not terribly proficient in this type of study and also behind. I hope he gets stuck with my computer work and I get to continue on the technology study. This fellow has a heavy computing background also. When I found out about this technology comparison, I was a bit skeptical of how we were to get enough information on Soviet technology. He informed me that 50 translators were being requisitioned from the Congressional Research Service. I don't think they are all just in support of us. The idea is to get a better feel of the Soviet R and D program so as to streamline ours in the ongoing R and D competition. A study like this could cost a few million, but our military R and D program is in the tens of billions.

Back to this lady in the Pentagon who administers Xport decisions. The interesting thing is that a national policy has changed from nearly total embargo of any goods that might strengthen the Soviet economy to a policy where we encourage trade in anything except those goods "that significantly enhance the Soviet military capability." This lady's office have not changed their policy at all.

We also found out that the presidential review memorandum that really delegates set policy are kept so secret that the people implementing policy don't know the policy! In addition, after seeing some presidential memorandums classified "Confidential," it is apparent that their secrecy is absurd.

Not much else.

David

October 2, 1977  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Route 732  
Eaton, Ohio 54320

Happy Birthday Darrell,

I couldn't miss the banana pun. What's up? I haven't heard from you since you went back except my "Shirley's" napkin [from New Orleans].

I hear you're teaching. What? How many classes? How's your love life?

This past weekend, I went to the Praise Gathering in Cincinnati. It was really neat. There were about 15 of us all the time. Although we came home every night, I stayed at Tolley's.

I'll have to tell you about it. It centered on the Christian family. It dealt with the husband and father pretty hard. I just wish Jim [Mitchell] had gone. He didn't even get to one concert. It was just a really neat experience.

I'm getting ready for Laura's birthday party tonight. We are going to Baskin-Robbins for Laura's free cone. How are you celebrating your birthday?

I'm working in Municipal Court next Tuesday and Wednesday. Next Friday, I'm taking Paula O'Leary and we're going to Town Hall in Columbus. Have you ever heard of that? They have 5 lectures a year. The first is Jim McKay, TV sportscaster. It should be interesting.

Write and let me know what you're doing.

Right now, Mom, Laura, and I are trying to get rid of scabies. Laura has been to the doctor twice and she's still itching. We got it from Mom. To get over it, you have to take a bath, use lotion over every inch of your body, and leave it on for 24 hours, then take a bath. The hardest part is you have to wash everything including bed clothes and either boil them or use a hot iron on everything. The first time, I boiled and after two weeks, Laura and I were both still itching. Yesterday, I spent all day ironing everything. Darrell, have you ever ironed blankets or sheets? It's terrible. I just hope this works.

To top it off, Laura started getting a cold yesterday and had a temperature of 102.6 degrees. Today I got it. Oh well!

I must close. Write. Have a happy birthday.

Love, Shirley

October 2, 1977  
Sharon Ramsey  
Wheelock College  
Boston, Massachusetts

Darrell,

Hi there! It was neat talking to you on Saturday. Hope the feeling was mutual.

Sorry this is getting to you a few minutes (Oh God, I was picking up on a conversation in the hall), I meant a few days late, but I've been so bogged down with work that I really haven't had time to set down and write this.

Hope your birthday was a good one and you were a good boy at least. Oh well, never mind that last statement. Being good is no fun at all.

Speaking of being good or whatever, I promised you a special super dooper birthday present. So here it is. The answer to your question is ..... YES, but I refuse to reveal any details. So there!

Well kiddo, take care and write when you get a chance.

Love, Sharon

October 7, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Dave [Golden],

Yesterday was my birthday and I noticed I didn't get a birthday card or present from you. Don't panic if you neglected to send one, because I sent an anonymous card to myself in order to cover for any of my forgetful friends. So if it was you who sent me the anonymous card, I appreciate it very deeply.

Actually, my birthday was quite pleasant. I was awoken at 6:45 by the pleasant voice of Vicky Markell calling from Boston. It didn't bother me at all because I usually awaken around that time anyway. Apparently she had not been aware of the one hour time difference (until October 29) between Indiana and Massachusetts. We had a really nice conversation made even nicer by the fact that she was paying for it (as Jerry Brown says, I'm not a fiscal conservative, I'm just cheap). Vicky is working as a sales representative for a hospital supply company. She's not overly enamored with the work although she loves the location. She plans to stick it out for a year and then try something else. You know, maybe you two guys could switch jobs after a year since both are assuming temporary stays with each of your respective companies. I of course as mediator and negotiator would expect only minimal compensation. From Vicky, I would only require that I get to sleep with her whenever I wanted and from you, I would only ask for a lifetime supply of Encyclopedia Britannica yearbooks. Let me know if you consider my kind offer to be preposterous. She's met a couple of people, but not too many. Since both she and Sharon are in the same location, I would like

very much to visit Boston during my Christmas vacation, but it remains to be seen if I can afford it. As you may remember, I blew quite a wad on an unfortunate trip to New Orleans. But dem's de breaks, as we say down home.

My day then started for real with my 9:30 teaching duties. For some reason, I don't know if it was just the special occasion, I was great. I don't want to brag too much, but I was the best I've been all year. I was spontaneous, funny, adept at communicating complicated ideas and last but not least, illuminating on the problems of SPSS procedures. The class is a real challenge because it's not that easy first of all to interest undergraduates in the subject matter and secondly it's not that easy to communicate the subtleties of computer use 45 minutes a week. Although my quality varies from week to week, I feel I've done reasonably well. I still have a lot to learn. The role reversal in going from student to teacher is pretty incredible. It's hard to get used to dealing with deferential students. However, I'm noticing they're getting less deferential all the time. I'm not sure what that means, but I'll assume it means they feel more comfortable with me. Next week I'll have to grade tests for the first time, so I imagine if any problems with the students arise this semester, it will be over grading. But I have authority on my side so I imagine I'll be able to handle it.

The best present I got was from Sharon [Ramsey]. All summer long, I had been asking her whether she masturbated. It turned into a funny game between as she acted like it was none of my business (which it isn't), and me wanting to know anyway. Well she finally gave me the answer as a birthday present. She admitted that she indeed has masturbated, but she unfortunately refused to provide details, such as frequency, technique, date of initial discovery, whether her mother ever caught her, etc., you know the usual details curious individuals generally want to know. Maybe I'll get that at Christmas time. I'll have to write Santa Claus.

I'm finding departmental politics to be quite enjoyable. I won my first formal victory today by convincing the Graduate Policy Committee (five students and five faculty members) to approve the creation of a Minority Recruitment Committee. Now it goes before the full faculty for a vote in two weeks. I'll have to make a formal presentation and be able to respond to any challenges. I'm nervous thinking about it already. It's been several years since the faculty approved any motion from the GPC so it's far from a mere formality. I'm organizing a lobbying effort, i.e., assigning two key faculty members to each of the five students on the GPC so that at least they are aware the issue is going to be discussed. No one reads memos around here. The entire effort is unfortunately taking too much time and I'm afraid my studies are suffering as a result. But I figure it's a good experience anyway.

Did you notice a couple of weeks ago that a graduate student from Miami [University] was named Miss America. Quite impressive, I must say. At the same time, an IU beauty was named Miss Black America. So I feel proud on both accounts. Lastly, Playboy just published a nude pictorial on girls of the Big Ten which included several IU women. Unfortunately, I didn't see anyone I recognized. Would have been weird if I had. Apparently some of these women have received quite a number of phone calls since then as their real names were also published by Playboy.

This weekend, I'm going home. Plan to spend Saturday night with Tom and Janet [Larson], which will be nice. I'm going to hand deliver the article you asked me to forward and expropriate the stamps you sent for the forwarding. I'll write you a thank you note some day. Have to go, so I'll see you later.

Darrell

P.S. No good fucks yet this year. Also no bad fucks either. I'll keep you posted.

October 7, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Sharon [Ramsey],

Your birthday present was one of the nicest ones I've received in a long time. It really means a lot to me because it is such a personal present. I was wondering if I could request my Christmas present in advance. The thing that would make me happy would be for you to provide the details for the aforementioned questions, such as frequency, technique (do you think of certain individuals), when you first started, if you've ever done it in front of someone



else, etc., you know just the normal things that a curious little boy would want to know. The only thing I'm afraid of in these holiday requests is that if I keep escalating my requests, what are we going to do for an encore. It's a question which makes me shudder, although I'm not sure if I'm shuddering from fear or excitement. Actually, to be perfectly honest, I'm quite horny at this time. I hope my relationship with Sandy works out to the point in the near future where I want to make love with her. As of now, I'm not quite ready. I don't know whether she is or not, but I think the next time I see her, I'll ask her. Do you think it would be inappropriate on a second date to ask that question? Please rush your reply, otherwise it may be too late.

You asked about my favorite color and my apartment color scheme. The answer to the former is any dark shade of a color, like a dark blue or a dark green or a dark red. My apartment literally has no color scheme because everything I own is a collection of items from relatives. So I have a red rug, a blue rug, a red sofa, a green chair, green curtains, and pastel walls, among other things. So if you're buying me a color television set for Christmas, don't worry about the shade of the cabinet. Any will fit in.

I'm going home this weekend. I plan to spend Saturday night with Tom and Janet [Larson], which makes me very happy because I miss them a lot. It will also be nice to see my family. I called my brother last week. It's the first time we've talked in several months. It was nice. I feel closer to him than I used to feel. I have also gotten a long letter from Amy [Bluestone] (you know the woman you were always jealous of), several from Dave [Golden], among others and a phone call from Vicky [Markell]. It's amazing that I've gotten so much mail given the fact that I've written so few letters. I've never been so popular before. What do all you guys want? Dope, sex or money? Obviously you want something or you wouldn't write. By the way, Vicky is living in the Boston area. I'd like to come visit both you guys after I get out for Christmas vacation, assuming I have the money by then. I don't right now. I get out of school around December 16, so don't run back to D.C. and Rich too soon, otherwise you won't see me (and I'll never come again). If you have any nickels or dimes to contribute to my Boston Travel Fund, please send contributions in care of the aforementioned scribe.

Have to go now, so take care and see you soon.

Love, Darrell

October 13, 1977  
Amy Bluestone  
303 W. Hillcrest Avenue  
Penn State University  
State College, PA 16801

Dear Darrell,

Congratulate me. I have just completed the introduction to my Master's paper. It has taken 6 days of hard work and about 6 months of planning. What a fuckin', goddamn bitch this is. Now I have to pray the all powerful advisor finds this piece of shit acceptable. I considered attempting my review of the literature but couldn't face it yet. Besides I do believe it is my turn to keep this friendship going.

Well, what's the story? Did you make it out to the coast? Did you hitch? Did you get mugged? Do tell me what's happened to you since our last conversation. Are you still living in your old apartment?

Susan just came to visit last weekend. God, you know I talk a lot, but I have never talked so much in the span of 3 days before. Sue arrived Thursday afternoon and we stayed up til 6 a.m. the next day talking. Friday was a very active day. We went to my classes, saw a movie and talked only til 4 a.m. Saturday, we slept, talked, and hit a topless bar which only stirred us to more conversation. And Sunday, she left at 7 a.m. to get back in time for work. Honestly, it's so nice to see her. You see after sharing every thought and growing in the same ways we know how we think and react to things. Now Sue's growing in different ways that I am and all of a sudden the things she and I always believed together are changing. I can't help thinking that I need a big city too. You know life's reality is making me a little less ideal.

Two weeks ago, I went home for our break. I was there a week, long enough to visit people, check out the family situation, and feel that I have a break from dear old Penn State. After I returned, Val came to visit for 4 days. It's amazing, she's been with us 3 years

already, now she's a freshman. It was a great visit. I remember when she came to Miami. It wasn't nearly as fun and we weren't as close as we are now. It's nice. One problem for her is that she really is not proud of her college (Kean College in Union, New Jersey). Unfortunately, she's kind of stuck there because the state and federal aid pays completely. I don't know what to tell her because I know my parents don't want to pay for another kid in college and yet if she really is part of the family, she should be able to go anywhere. It's a problem that's small now but may be big sometime in the future. I don't look forward to the day.

Do you remember Susan Exch (my friend who spent the year in Paris during our senior year)? Well, she's getting married in West Virginia and I'm finally invited to a wedding. I can't wait because it's been 2 years since I've seen her. I do hope we get to talk a little. I'm hoping George will go. He was close to Susan and it's been awhile since I've seen him too.

Things with Ed and I are very nice. A few weeks ago, we had some of the usual problems and found a solution which seems to be working. Our troubles all summer have really blown out of proportion because we both immediately thought we should break up. After all, the work, the pain of it all, and constantly feeling guilty about something or other, made it inevitable that we'd break up. Well we have made the decision to not have breaking up as an alternative for a trial period of a month. Also we are not to verbalize our negative feelings because that only seems to make us feel worse without providing a solution. The point is Darr, that at this time of my life, I love Ed and as Penn State would be horrible without him, I might as well at least have his company and some incredibly beautiful times. Make sense to you?

I want you to know that this letter is very long and though I'm always a little late in writing, it is here. What I am really doing is patting myself on the back because in the end, I really am a degenerate letter writer.

Guess what? I not only got straight A's last term but I passed my comps with flying colors and got in the 96th percentile on my National Speech and Hearing exam. Not bad, huh? Actually, I can't believe it myself. Things would be so lovely now without this paper. Oh well, just because this is the biggest thing in my life is no reason to discuss it. Hey, I better return to you know what. Hope all is well and please write soon. Bye.

Love, Amy

October 16, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Ms. [Amy] Bluestone,

I enjoyed our phone conversation very much. Not only was it fun to talk with you, but it also helped me order my thoughts a little bit. I'm discovering it's very easy to live day by day and not really think about the direction in which you're going. But when you talk with old friends and they ask interesting questions, it's very stimulating. So the past few days, I've been thinking about some of the things we talked about and I realized there were many elaborations I wanted to share with you.

We talked about my "presidency" [of the political science graduate student association] a little bit, but I didn't get to tell you about my big plans for change. Right now, graduate education is in a transitional stage due to the tightening of the job market and changes in the interests of graduate students. Graduate programs should be changing to reflect these trends. But at IU as at other schools across the country, change is slow and people don't want to do the work to comprehensively review and alter the graduate program. So even though the time is not right for changes, there are certain changes in which I'm interested. For example, our program at IU encourages people to specialize in narrow research areas and to spend much less time developing their teaching skills and background. I think this is very unfortunate because right now, there are very few jobs for narrow specialists. In the 1960s, this was the big trend, but it no longer holds.

My aim is to alter our program such that teaching is encouraged and that students get a broader background in their coursework. Given the trends over the last 20 years in education, this makes perfect sense to me. But I can't be too blatant about making these

changes, because people will oppose them just for the sake of opposing any change. So I'm having to suggest my grand plan one step at a time and then hopefully the revolution will be enacted before people realize that they just fundamentally altered the purpose of our graduate program. I know it sounds grandiose, but please allow a poor farmboy to delude himself. It helps me sleep at night. But even these step-by-step changes haven't been easy. Over the past few years, the faculty has voted down practically every proposal put forth by the Graduate Policy Committee, made up of 5 students (including myself) and five faculty members. So this year as I propose the various changes step by step, I'm also organizing a lobbying effort. I'm assigning two faculty members to each of the five students and telling the students that after we pass each small change, they should go and talk individually with their faculty assignments.

So far everything is working out okay, but the first big test will be Friday when the faculty votes for the first time on one of our proposals, you know the one I was telling you about on creating a minority recruitment committee. They should pass it easily because it's not that controversial. In fact, that's the reason I proposed this as our first change, I'm trying to get the faculty into the habit of passing our proposals and out of their previous habit of rejecting every student proposal. So to make a long story a few sentences longer, I'm getting into my job and enjoying it pretty much. I like being in the middle of decision-making and I like trying to change the graduate program. The only thing I don't like is the huge time commitment that the job requires. You have to spend a lot of time talking with people and sometimes arguing with them. It's a good experience for me and I hope it helps me developing my assertiveness and confidence in leadership situations.

My social life is very good. The biggest change in my life over the past year or so is that I'm very "popular" around the department. It's nice because it enables me to be very selective about the people with whom I associate and the things that I do. I used to attend parties, even though I don't feel comfortable at parties, just for lack of something better to do. I don't do that anymore. If I think I won't be comfortable in a certain setting, I turn down the invitation. I don't know if that sounds like much to you, but it's an important change for me, and a change that I'm proud of. I think part of this feeling of popularity arises from the class I'm teaching. Most of the students like and respect me. Several of them, including one gorgeous woman, keep hanging around after class just to talk or to ask questions. I'm really not used to this kind of attention, but I've found that I like it. It may not be a good idea for one's confidence to rest on external factors like the attention of other people, but since I have it right now, I'm enjoying it.

All of this also seems to have affected my attitude towards potential girlfriends. My relationship with Sandy is radically different than the way most of my past serious relationships began. With you and the others, I fell emotionally in love by at least the second date. With Sandy, I've had several dates and like what I know of her pretty much, but I definitely do not feel carried away by her. I think it's a neat change because it shows that my emotions toward women are starting to mature. I don't think I feel as dependent on them for my happiness. It doesn't mean I don't like them, but it does mean I don't need them.

I'm also getting into graffiti now. The other day in the restroom, I saw a line saying "to err is human." While sitting there, I thought of and wrote down the following funny addition: "to compute is not." I've also written other, more intellectual pieces relying on such well-known thinkers as Max Weber and his concepts of social fact and intuitive understanding.

Just to tear myself away from my favorite topic (myself) for just a minute, I want to congratulate you on your near completion of your Master's essay. I really am proud of you because I know you spent a lot of time struggling with it and worrying about it. If you think it's good, I'd like to read it sometime. Since this pretty much covers all I wanted to say, I'll close here. Bye and see you sometime.

Love, Darrell

October 22, 1977  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Guess what we got? [a parking ticket]. This came Friday so since Robert West wasn't in Delaware this summer, someone else must have been. Just remember if you ever go back, they might really pour it to you.

Glenna [Simpson] got married last night. There were probably around 50 people there. Her kids and his kids, her sisters and families and some of his former in-laws. It was simple but pretty. No one was there from our church but Daddy and I and Reverend [Bob] DeMass and his family. Of course, we wouldn't have been except I played for it. Playing for weddings really bothers me anymore. Glad it's not me doing Bob and Sara [Simpson]. Joanne [West Shaver] can worry about that one.

Just heard on radio they found a body in the corn field near Martinsville and it may be that girl. Some crazy people running loose over there. I said she had no control over who stopped to help her that day.

Aunt Georgia [Thompson] and Lois come in tomorrow for 10 days, I guess.

Aileen is going to Florida next week so we won't be going down there. I don't know what they are going to do to keep themselves occupied. We had part of soybeans done down home but they were wrapping so badly on the combine they finally quit until after we get a heavy frost. We got that 2 or 3 days ago. So I guess he will get done sometime, he always does.

Haven't heard from Kenny [West] for quite a while.

I can't think of anything else right now. I've got to get busy and earn my pay. See you later. Write.

Love, Mom

October 25, 1977  
David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Greetings Darrell,

Your masturbator story is definitely the climax of your literary career so far. Naturally she qualified it with "occasionally." She is probably too shy to admit that she is listed in the Sexual World Records. When you write her next, ask if she has ever masturbated while fantasizing about you.

Life has been busy lately. I have spent the last several weeks working 60 hours plus more time on the weekends. I burnt out in the middle of this last week. I might as well be a graduate student. I get up, drive to work, eat lunch while at my desk, work through dinner, come home and heat, take a shower and go to bed.

As I was cruising into the Pentagon Thursday to meet with our client, I passed a girl wearing a Miami [University] jacket. Weird. While I was waiting for an escort, this guy came in with a young girl and demanded passage. He claimed he was a retired Air Force general but had no ID. He claimed this girl was a relative of Ike [Eisenhower]. I was restraining my laughter. Especially when he said, "Let me talk to Brown, any of the Generals. If Kissinger was here, he would authorize me!" The lady he was hastling asked me if I overheard him and I said yes and then she told me she called counter-intelligence down to check the weirdo out.

Tomorrow morning, I get to deliver our interim draft about town. Brad wants to go talk with the Dept of Energy people so he takes the reports around the Capitol area. I want to go to CIA headquarters, the Office of Science and Technology, and to Robert Strauss, so I carved out my delivery route. We are circulating 30 for comment. Aren't you curious what I'm doing? Sorry, I can't tell you. I got my Top Secret clearances the other day. These classified document get me nervous. I was paranoid walking out of the Pentagon with one of our drafts in a big manila envelope. Secret papers are supposed to be sealed up, signed for, and all that shit, but people get sloppy. Just hope I don't get nailed because of it.

The Pontiac we got is quite nice. I actually like it. I went to see a Kennedy Center performance. I saw \$2.00 tickets available so I charged out to see the Spanish ballet. It was a good performance at least the 1/3 of it I saw. I figure I saw about the whole thing since the dance routines were symmetrical. I could almost see 1/2 the stage.

I have decided to go to Israel as my vacation. I tendered an offer to Cliff to go and he said yes so unless either one of us dies or I lose my job, we will be going. I am shooting for a 2-week trip for around \$750. Not bad, 2 week vacation for one month pay. Does hell to the

balance of payments, though. I have yet to figure out what to do over Thanksgiving. Probably will work for 5 hours Thanksgiving Day to make up the time I took off for Yom Kippur. Friday is given as a holiday.

Bill [Fogarty] is quite busy and running a lot in his car. I will catch him for lunch when I'm downtown. I called him up last Tuesday but he had to eat lunch with their home office manager. You might be amused to know that the entire White House Office of Science and Technology Policy is only about 8 professionals, maybe 10.

My insignificant social life is being damaged by these terrible hours. If I had been taking a class, I would be in bad shape now. University of Maryland surprises me. They have guards at the entrance and they make you stop and give ID. One of my co-workers identifies himself with the Libertarians. You might be amused to know that I joined the ACLU. I would have attended their executive board meeting, but I was working then. I also ordered a subscription to Commentary. Once I get my workload down I am going to do some quick research and try to cultivate my contacts in Jackson's office and at Rand. I spent 15 minutes just having a chat with this guy at Santa Monica. Never know when it might come in handy. I read the Library of Congress study that claimed that NATO is inferior to the Warsaw Pact forces and set off a Congressional reaction. The guy is getting fired for his conclusion.

I see Miami's football is back on track. And you treat your classes like they are job interviews. I trust you haven't allowed your professional status to be damaged by fornication with any of your female students. Actually I assumed that from your scorecard. I saw Nightclub Cantanta tonight. Strange. It was an Obie winner last year. Saw the Guarneri String Quartet too. Good. Since getting my Top Security clearance, I have been able to read the intelligence community reports. They are a surprisingly high quality. Contrasting them against the open literature (where most intelligence information comes from), they seem factually correct and relatively unbiased. Fascinating reading.

Hasta Luego, David

P.S. Due to the contents of this letter, I would appreciate it if you would burn it. No shit. I am walking on the fine line of telling too much so I would really appreciate your conforming to my wishes.

October 26, 1977

Judy Bryan

FDIC

836 W. Stephenson St.  
Freeport, Illinois 61032

Hi Darrell,

First let me tell you that I really appreciated that post card. I had just left work with a rotten attitude about working for the FDIC. I was right in the middle of trying to balance my earnings with the banks and everyone packs up to go home. There was no reason why I couldn't have stayed to finish my work. I really wanted to. That's the way the work day goes. If the examiner says fold, you fold.

It's the 29th now. What I said above is all cleared up now. It turns out that I could have stayed and the reason I didn't balance was due to a posting error by a new worker. All is well.

It's a beautiful Saturday in Freeport. It seems like the weekends I'm home, it's always beautiful and I end up doing laundry and errands. When I travel someplace, it's always dreary. That's the breaks.

I'm spending today doing the laundry and other miscellaneous chores. I really enjoy being home. The laundry is done. Off to my other duties and to enjoy this gorgeous fall day. Hope you are getting your share down south.

Take it easy, Darrell. Keep Linda [Marciano] and Julio [LaFrossia] in line for me.

Judy

October 30, 1977

Janet Larson

Middletown, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

It's been a long time since you wrote but the hilarity of your card is still in my mind. Have you ever realized that you have the propensity to get yourself in trouble? You make a lot of people hot by changing your mind in the middle but not communicating your altered decision to the other party. Fortunately for you, whenever someone actually sees you, your beguiling smile makes one melt.

Not much has happend since your call.

This weekend we painted shelves for the closet and general odds and ends. The big excitement recently is that Tom made a fairly large dope deal. About a 1/2 pound. He sold half to Dave. So we have all this dried weed in our midst.

That's about it.

Janet

November 2, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Howdy David [Golden],

Trick or treat! -- If you don't give me some candy, I'm going to soap your windows. I was all ready for the little fuckers this year after having been caught last year without any candy. So what happens? I buy all this candy and no trick or treaters showed up. So I've resigned myself to risking a resurgence of acne.

Incidentally, in your last letter, you misspelled "masturbation." If it were any other word, I'd let it slip by without reproach. But some words exist at a higher plane of importance and must thereby be corrected.

It seems incredible that you're working at least 60 hours a week. Do you think that is good for your health? Actually, now that I think about it, I probably work at least that much too. But I do hope you save some time to relax and enjoy yourself. Otherwise you run the great danger of burning out.

My semester seems even busier than either of them seemed last year. A lot of the reason is that for some unknown reason, I decided at the beginning of the semester to take four courses, instead of the usual load of three. I'm not having any problem keeping up with the reading, but I am running into a severe time crunch of the research papers which will be due at the end of this month. I am having to budget my time pretty severely, which means I'm leading a scheduled life. It doesn't bother me too much to do that because I'm being able to both do more work academically and to maintain a good social life. But it sometimes is difficult to force myself to keep my schedule, especially when the schedule calls for rising at 6 o'clock in the morning, as it does a few times a week. Next semester should be easier as I will retreat to the normal course load. It will be nice to do a little more outside reading. This semester, I've read Changing by Liv Ullmann, Loose Change by Sara Davidson, and am now working on Daniel Martin by John Fowles. But I would like to read many other things. Unfortunately, there's not enough time.

I went to a Halloween party last weekend. The most clever costume I saw was a normally dressed guy who was walking around with a battery powered flashing light. When you would ask him what he was, he would answer "a flasher." I've also been smoking a lot of dope the past couple of weekends, rationalized on the basis of preparing for the last seven weeks of the semester. It may not be a legitimate reason, but I satisfied myself with it. I've met several girls so far this semester, but can't say I'm serious about any single one of them yet.

I'm having a great sex life, although unfortunately all of it is by myself. Last weekend, I also saw a new movie, Allegro Non Troppe, a nice animated film, completed with classical music in the background. It's being advertised as the successor to Fantasia, but not having seen the latter I can't compare the two. But Allegro was very entertaining and I would and am recommending it to my friends.

I just got a letter today from Janet [Larson]. Apparently the only news is that Tom just scored with a big dope purchase, splitting a pound of dope with a friend of his. Incidentally, the Rehobeth Beach police finally tracked me down for not paying a parking violation this summer. They billed my parents who respectfully forwarded the bill to me. I

am hereby forwarding it to you with instructions to pass it on to one of your friends. Have to go, so take care and see you later.

Darrell

November 5, 1977  
Sharon Ramsey  
Wheelock College  
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Darrell,

I'm sorry I haven't responded before now but not only have I been outrageously busy but I haven't really known what to say. This whole situation has gotten out of hand and doesn't make sense.

I can't begin to stress how bad I feel about this and how I wish I could help you to understand that I am quite sincere when I say that I'd love to see you but it looks impossible because as of now I have no place to stay. I know I've said the same thing over and over and over again, but I really wish you'd attempt to believe me and realize that I am very sincere. Darrell, once more I will say and hope fully this is the last time I'll have to say this that I would very much like to see you. Can't you believe that? If I had someplace to stay I'd stay for a few days to see you without giving it a minute's thought. How can you not know that? Well, I won't attempt to write more, considering you may not even bother to read this. I won't write again until I decide that you're accepting my friendship and sincerity again at face value.

It makes me really sad to think about this and realize that because things are somewhat screwed up in your head about me and our relationship and this situation, that you may just discard and sacrifice our friendship.

Well Darrell, there's nothing left that I can say on this. It's up to you now. I'd be very hurt and sad if you've decided to end this relationship, but that's something you'll have to decide. Take care and please let me hear from you soon.

Love, Sharon

November 7, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Vicky [Markell],

Just a short note to consult with you on travel plans. I have ended my state of war with Sharon [Ramsey]. We are now on speaking terms again, as she is willing to stick around Boston for a few days after her school ends.

My plans tentatively included the following, assuming it's okay with you. I'll fly to Boston December 16 and visit with Sharon for that weekend. She and I will stay at the home of a friend of mine who was a librarian in the IU Political Science Library but who now lives in Brighton. Then on December 19, I'll come and stay with you for 3-4 days, after which I'll fly home. I know you'll have to work during the day, but I can entertain myself. Do these plans meet with your satisfaction?

Love, Darrell

November 10, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Howdy Judy [Bryan],

After your telling me how badly you hated to write letters, I was surprised (a pleasant surprise, I might add) to not only receive a letter from you but to receive one so quickly. I commend you. However since you don't like to write, don't worry about responding quickly to this letter. I won't be offended too much.

I've been trying to keep Linda [Mariano] and Julio [LaFrossia] in line during your absence, but they make it awfully tough for me. They insist on keeping late hours, smoking dope, and doing other horrible and ungodly acts. I warn them that such activities are bad for the body even if they are good for the soul. But they refuse to listen to me. I now know how Jeremiah the Prophet must have felt.

Actually, aside from the above bullshit, we're doing okay. Linda invited me over for dinner a couple of weeks ago and then I invited them over last Sunday night. Don't tell Linda, but I'm convinced I'm a better cook than she is. My tuna noodle casserole (with variations) is hard to beat. But I really shouldn't brag. Forgive my immodesty.

I went to see the see movie, *Allegro Non Troppe*, a little while ago. It's a really superb movie, one I'd highly recommend to you if you haven't seen it. If you have seen it, it will substantially alter how I write the next paragraph. Have you seen it? ... Well, speak up. My pen is waiting ... Okay if you refuse to talk, then I'll just go to my next paragraph.

I started a computer simulation of a mythical state legislation in my teaching section. We turned the classroom into a state legislature and then got them to make various budgetary decisions. Their decisions were then fed into a computer to generate a series of reports describing what happened in that state as a result of their decisions, i.e., impact on unemployment level, tax progressivity, etc. The students really got into it, so it was kind of fun. Next week, they'll have to deal with problems, such as why they put their state \$10 million in debt and they can alter tax or expenditure levels to resolve the problem.

So this is a little bit about what I've been doing. Write when you get a chance. Bye.

Darrell

November 10, 1977

Amy Bluestone  
303 W. Hillcrest Avenue  
Penn State University  
State College, PA 16801

Dear Darr,

Congratulate me, I am officially done with school next week. Now commiserate with me, my paper is not done, I don't have a job, and I think I'm going crazy.

Puzzled? Let me fill you in. I went to Chicago last week to the National Speech and Hearing convention for the sole purpose of finding a job. Not only did the jobs shit but they were terrible. Public school jobs in Tennessee, Alberta Canada, Somoa, and I think Yugoslavia. Really! There was virtually nothing in the East and few hospital jobs. I'd like to be happy that I at least got interviewing experience but the only thing I practiced was smiling. No one asked questions. They said they were there to recruit, not hire. In summary it was most productive. I did enjoy Chicago though, not a bad city -- water and slums, what else could you want?

And my paper. After several weeks searching for a suitable statistical procedure to use, we gave up and I'm using percentages. Also with the convention and this being the last week of classes, there's been no time for anything. I can't say when it'll be done. Optimistically if I work my balls off (a difficult task in itself), maybe next week. Keep your fingers crossed (another tough task).

So how's by you? I did love the picture (you egotist!). It's been so long since your letter that I forget the trials and tribulations of your life, do fill me in. I hope your bill was passed and keep your plans to change the world. After all, who am I to tell you you're out of your mind.

I think I'm going home for Thanksgiving and then back here for a few days to tie up ends. I know I'll feel better in a month.

Sorry this is so quick, but you know how busy student life is. Write me.

Love, Amy

November 12, 1977

Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Ms. [Susan] Carroll,

I'm pissed at you, although pissed in a good-natured way. All summer long you told me what a rotten paper you would be presenting at the convention. Then when you mailed me a copy, you made it sound like I would be wasting my time by reading it. So I followed your advice and didn't read it for a long time. But last night I read it. After all the warnings you'd given me, I was pleasantly surprised. In fact, I pretty much liked the paper, even



though I would quibble over a few points. So I'm pissed at you for being so much more down on your paper than you needed to be.

The one question I do have about your paper is this. Is it valid to combine candidates for both state and national offices into a single sample? It seems to me especially when looking at the data on opportunity structure and ambition, that the differences between the two levels could considerably affect your results.

I was especially interested in this aspect of your data because I'm currently working on a paper for [Professor Leroy] Rieselbach concerning alternative explanations for the alleged incumbency and marginality effects. My idea is a simple one. Incumbents are winning more and more not because of switches in voter behavior or from the advantages of office, but because those who feel that they have a less than even chance of winning are deciding not to run again. In effect, I'm arguing there's a self-selection process going that leaves us with only a pool of incumbents who perceive their chance for victory as being fairly high. I've found some tentative evidence to support this view, but much more work needs to be done. I was thinking, at some point in the future of testing the idea more extensively at the state level since most of the previous research has centered on national election data. But that brought around to my original criticism of the paper, the idea that there might be significant differences between state and national elections that would effectively prevent any valid comparison being drawn. If you've done any thinking on this problem, I'd appreciate hearing them.

So how's New Brunswick [New Jersey]? Are you having a good time? I hope that you are. I'm having a pretty good time. I'm assisting your old friend Ron Weber in his State Politics class. I'm teaching the pre-pubescent youngsters the proper use of SPSS procedures in analyzing state data. The class has gone fairly well, but I'm continually amazed at the amount of time I must spend preparing for teaching. But it's been worth it as I know much more about SPSS now than I did at the beginning of the semester.

A little while ago, I sat in on [Professor Jeff] Fishel's Y103 lecture just to see how he handled the situation. He'd been talking about J-curves for ten minutes and had drawn several of them on the transparency when one of the students raised her hand and said that based on his theoretical discussions, the bottom of the J should go up much higher. He thought about it for awhile and said sure enough she was right. The only problem for Jeff was that it totally invalidated his previous ten minutes of lecturing because his J looked considerably more like a U than a J. He squirmed for a little while before saying, don't ask me why political scientists call this a J curve, they just do. I enjoyed the moment knowing that he had been caught in a nonsensical situation. But I'm sure I won't laugh when it happens to me.

I should close now since I have two major research papers due over the next three weeks, both of which are in the very initial stages of preparation. Write when you get a chance. Let me know if you're returning to Southwestern Ohio for the Christmas vacation as our hometowns are not that far apart. It would be nice to see you again. Take care and see you later.

Darrell

November 12, 1977

Judy Bryan

FDIC

836 W. Stephenson St.

Freeport, Illinois 61032

Hi Darrell,

I thought this might be of interest to you. I didn't realize more than the article was printed. This seems to be only a preliminary report.

I'm on my way home for the weekend. It's my mother's birthday. It should be fun.

Hope things are running smoothly for you, getting towards the end of the semester and all.

Happy Thanksgiving!

Take it easy, Judy

November 12, 1977

David Golden

Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

I see you did a pretty good job training the kid. I would have expected her to say something like "go wield that big instrument of sexual repression, you big hunk." I must admit that your story is quite rude. Obviously the ol' man did it.

My Miami literature arrived with a picture of Susan Perkins as Miss America in it. Tom [Larson] has written several times lately. I'm impressed I haven't finished the article you sent but it looks good. I don't know what Jewish political heritage is supposed to be. I question the validity of the concept. Oh well. What really caught my eye was the correlation between the nature of the state (socialist) with the political ideal of the original immigrants from Central and Eastern Europe.

Your police letter [from Delaware] mentions "Police Action." Interesting. I would check and see if Ohio and Delaware police have reciprocity agreements. Otherwise you get pulled over for a license check and they take you off to the clink. *Allegro Non Troppe* received good reviews here. I saw Woody Allen's "Annie Hall" last week. A Yiddish film.

Export control is winding up and Naval intelligence is starting. A 'trivial task' is to whip out the structure of the whole program in a couple of days. The project is maybe \$1 million a year, guided and designed by the contractor (us). The actual work will be 90 percent mine. The project involves a dozen translators taken from the Congressional Research Service who are guided by a dozen intelligence analysts. They will work to build a computer data base of Russian translations that have either value in intelligence work evaluating Russian military capability or value for our R and D to exploit in our projects. Another trivial task is to use this data base to pull together all Russian translations into English that exist. The Library of Congress is drooling at this. This effort could mushroom as you can probably see. Anyway it is another of these Mission Impossible's that are quite fatiguing. We are attempting to exploit Soviet literature not only by translation and distribution but by structuring our program to match their R and D establishment. With no information I am having problems with this last part.

I am a bit apprehensive about the project. It will be awesome. Worse though, the National Security Council people are maniacs, rush, rush, rush. I suspect the Lt. Commander I will work with is an asshole and thinks he can have me swab decks. Also, I have to heavily commute to Suitland and Alexandria from the 12 o'clock position on the Beltway to the 4 and 7 o'clock position. Probably 70 miles a day. I will also be stuck down there for about 6 months. I am also very interested in the \$\$ implications in budgeting. I am being billed as a Senior Scientist II while I am a Scientist II. With salary and 90 percent overhead, that makes a charge of about \$37,000 per annum for me. That's a big difference from my \$12,700 salary. There were sound economic reasons for hiring me, but one does feel exploited. I am going to expect that the present budgeting of one trip to Wright-Patterson and one trip to China Lake in Los Angeles be changed so that it is two trips for each for me. I would be really ticked if I do 90 percent of the work and don't get a single trip out of it. My hourly workload will probably not decrease either. I am especially concerned that this Lt. Commander doesn't expect me to be present at 7:30 a.m. I don't plan nor can get up before 8 a.m. I must tell you that the project represents a considerable amount of experience producing a data base to pull all existing literature together, get the intelligence analysts to work well with the translators, guide the translation directions, couple the information, and disseminate it to our R and D community. I might as well run General Motors. That's probably easier.

You have probably been curious about my study. Do not disseminate this information very far (and certainly not with my name) that what we were writing was 2 central chapters of a Presidential Review Memorandum. You can imagine the pressure when attempting to accept CIA and State Department information and decide who is right. Actually knowing how tight lipped you are, you probably will blab this information everywhere. Please restrain since the existence of the document is somewhat classified.

The intelligence jokers will be poking around soon kicking more dirt. In case you don't know what a Presidential Review Memorandum it, it is executive policy after Jimmy [Carter] signs it.

My research skills are being finely honed.

Until later, David

November 12, 1977  
Ken West  
261 N.W. 46 Court  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33309

Dear Darrell,

Here are the promised pictures. I hope you enjoy them. Amy is with me this weekend. She was very anxious to see me. I am glad. She likes my house and my little dog, Holly.

I am moving next weekend. The owners will be out by Friday so I have to organize and direct the packing. Several friends will help move, so it shouldn't logistically be a problem.

Started my new job assignment last week. It keeps me very busy. We are in the process of a self-evaluation of our total school program to get accreditation from the Southern Association. I must oversee all curriculum and academic aspects of it. I know I will learn a lot.

Write when you can.

Ken

November 19, 1977  
Judy Bryan  
FDIC  
836 W. Stephenson St.  
Freeport, Illinois 61032

Hi Darrell,

Great letter you wrote to me. I like reading letters that are funny. That simulation sounds great. I think working with the computer is a fine learning tool. As much as I dreaded my computer course, it was definitely worth the time. In the business school, we are required to take a core of courses where we participate in a computer business simulation. It was interesting. I would enjoy doing the simulation you're doing now. I hope it is a success.

Believe it or not, I'm at the Freeport Public Library. I think I'm getting anxious to get back to school. I was working on a bank's balance sheet. It is easy but not when I only have a calculator that only adds so many digits. I never realized how careless I can get using one. Oh well, in other words, it took me a while. As a reward, I'm writing a letter to you. Aren't you lucky?

Last night my under age roommates had a big party. Mostly high school kids were there. A friend of mine and I stayed in my room and played cards and got stoned all night. Unfortunately the bathroom is right across from my room and needless to say there were some kids who couldn't hold their liquor.

Tonight, I'm going to my bosses house for a party. They have it once a year. It should be interesting trying to act halfway mature.

Thanks for the article. I didn't know who took Barnett's place. Wouldn't you know he's from Georgia. He can't be much if he went to Miami or Ohio. One definite asset to his ability is he is a native of Bryan, Ohio. I'm sure you didn't notice this virtue.

Monday's going to be a big day for me. For the first time, I'm going to have the installment loan discussion with the president. It's a real small bank (\$4 million) and the president and his wife are the friendliest people. Just great. There's no need to be nervous but I will be. It should be fun. That's what I'll work on now. What the hell will I say. The examiner in charge will sit in. He's a great guy but I know he'll be observing and evaluating what I say. It's good experience.

I think I told you about my sister having a baby. December 5 is supposed to be the day. I'm hoping that it will be born around the weekend so I can take a couple days off. I tell you, I am so excited!

Darrell, have a Happy Thanksgiving and Good luck with your exams.

Judy

November 28, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Dave [Golden],

I hope you find the enclosed of interest. It describes a computer simulation I'm using in the State Politics class I'm teaching this semester. This class has gone pretty well. I assume that because of the small size (24 students) and the small age difference between myself and the students that this class will be the most fun teaching experience of my career. From here on out, it's all downhill. It's quite enjoyable to have students come into your office and ask you questions. I formerly had to pay people to listen to my opinions on the issues of the day, let alone being solicited. It's quite a role reversal.

I went home to Ohio for Thanksgiving. I attended a wedding of a hometown friend, saw three of my father's calves die from pneumonia, and generally visited with my family. It was a pleasant weekend, but I couldn't get much done. Home is not very conducive to intellectual masturbation.

I just finished going through the computer date procedure at IU. The results were not all that great. Of the four I received on my list, one I didn't want to go out with (she's a freshman), one didn't want to go out with me (she told me my mind was too logical for her), one I went out with and had a good time but I've called her a couple of times and she doesn't return my calls, and one I haven't called. It was kind of interesting despite the meager results.

I'm thinking of flying to Boston for a week before Christmas to see pre-pubescent Sharon [Ramsey] and post-pubescent Vicky Markell. The trip is still tentative, but is looking more definite all the time.

Departmental politics is going well. My first proposal to establish a minority recruitment committee for the department passed the faculty unanimously. My second proposal aims to restructure the curriculum of the graduate program so as to offer more broad core courses and fewer specialized seminars is much more controversial, but stands an above odds chance of passing. It will take some political maneuvering to pass it, but it will be fun trying even if it doesn't pass.

Sorry I can't write more but it's that time of the semester again. Must eat and then finish typing a research paper. See you later.

Darrell

December 1, 1977

Sharon Ramsey

Wheelock College

Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Darrell,

I'm not sure what my problem is these days, but I seem to be going bananas. I can hear you now pondering over what I just said. You're not supposed to understand because it doesn't make sense, not to me at least. Some call it pre-exam depression, some call it the sophomore syndrome, others call it the what am I doing in this god awful place where there's so much else going on. And then there are those of us who can be quoted as saying childhood is such a nightmare but it is so very hard to be an on your own, take care of yourself because there is no one else to do it for you grownup.

Anyway, I have no motivation for anything. I don't care about anything. In the emotional state I'm in and have been for at least a month, well I need to be by myself. I know that this will be increased after finals which is part of the reason behind this letter. First, considering you're older than myself and tend to understand life in general much more than myself, I think that maybe you have knowledge of what I'm experiencing now. And since I'm assuming that you have an understanding of what I'm going through now, I hope that you can find it in yourself to understand why there's no way that I can handle seeing you after finals when you come to Boston. Any other weekend, I could probably handle it but now and especially after finals, I just don't have the emotional energy to deal with playing games with you. I say "playing games," because that's how I view what would occur. I know exactly where I'm coming from as far as our relationship is considered but I don't really know about you. Aside from that, which is actually secondary, I don't have the emotional strength to get together with you all the time attempting to make sure that you are having a good time and I am having a good time.

At this point and after finals, I'll really need time to relax when I don't have to perform and where's nothing is expected of me. Therefore my plans are as follows. I'll stay in Boston until late Thursday so that I can take the train home with Nora, my closest friend now who's helping me regain my sanity. Then maybe I'll spend a few days at Nora's or maybe with someone else just until I can settle down enough to be at home because being at home is playing another set of games, adjusting my behavior to fit into accepted behavior molds.

So my friend, I really, really hope you understand. Please don't hate me, but this is something that I have to work out. I'm sorry for I'd really love to see you. I really would, but it's just not possible.

I hope you can understand.

Love, Sharon

December 15, 1977

Judy Bryan

FDIC

836 W. Stephenson St.  
Freeport, Illinois 61032

Merry Christmas Darrell,

That article was a real joke.

By the time you get this, you will almost be finished with the semester. Congratulations! One more down and how many to go?

I have only one week left. It should be a lot of fun. I have moved out of my apartment so I will be staying at some friends for the week. The bank we'll be examining is quite small, only 2 of us will examine it. One last swim in the bank's books.

Darrell, I hope you have a great time in Boston. I'm sure you will. I'm not sure yet when I'll be back in Bloomington. Linda [Mariano] may come up here for a few days.

Take it easy now.

Judy

December 22, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Judy [Bryan],

Congratulate me, I finished my semester only five days behind schedule, canceled my trip to Boston and braved treacherous roads on my drive back to Ohio. If it hadn't been for the three hour layover at some friend's house in Middletown to drink some wine and to smoke some dope, the ride would have been scarier. But it turned out okay, so I am now at my parent's home writing to my favorite and my only pen pal.

The adjustment to home after being at school has been a little difficult. I've had problems with the kitchen faucets at my parent's house because they turn the opposite direction of the one's in my apartment in Bloomington. Everytime I try to turn the water down, I end up almost drowning my hands down the drain. If that's not bad enough, I'm also having trouble getting used to the water here. It tastes funny because there's no chlorine in it. I'm becoming so citified that chlorinated water tastes normal and unchlorinated water tastes abnormal. I'm not sure what conclusions to draw from that, but I'm sure there's something deep to be learned from it.

Oh yes, I almost forgot, my trip to Boston. I decided not to go for several reasons, the best of which is that Vicky [Markell], one of the friends there I planned to visit, is flying back to the Midwest. So it will be much easier to drive two hours to her home than to fly to Boston. I also ran into problems because I didn't get my schoolwork done when I thought I was going to. One of my professors made the entire class rewrite each of our research papers. So I had to spend part of my vacation doing that. It was great fun, especially since I was no longer interested in the topic.

I'm glad the semester is over, as it really turned into a lot of work. I took four classes instead of the normal three so I had to do much more reading and writing than others. The experience taught me never to try that again. I also ran into a lot of flack from my political activities within the department. Last year, I was elected president of the political science

graduate student association which meant that I got and get to attend faculty meetings so as to defend graduate student interests.

Well in the course of my efforts, I decided that there were certain problems within the department that were harming graduate students, like the way the curriculum is set up, so I proposed certain changes. Several faculty members were favorable to my ideas, but one in particular was not. He [Professor Vincent Ostrom] wrote a three page, single spaced letter to the faculty criticizing me by name and my ideas in general. Even though his letter did not lower any one's opinion of me because he has a reputation to be arrogant and opinionated, it did mean I had to spend more time going around talking to various people about what he's said and whether his or my ideas were more correct. I'm starting to get bored though with these political activities so I may call early elections next semester so that someone else has to do all the work.

One really neat thing did happen a couple of weeks ago. One of my favorite professors has been researching what goes on in presidential elections. He's decided to apply to the Ford Foundation for a research grant. If he gets it, he is going to hire me to help him do the work. The nice thing is that he's not just going to give me the shit-work, but he wants us to publish articles together based on the research. It's really a great opportunity and should enable me to get a decent college teaching job in the future, something that is really worrisome given the sad shape of the academic job market. He won't know until March if he gets the grant, but it made me feel good that he asked me to help him.

Well I have to go and finish wrapping my Christmas gifts. So take it easy, have a Merry Christmas and see you soon.

Darrell

P.S. I think it would really be funny if after all this "pen-palling" we've done, we returned to Bloomington, got to know each other, and decided we didn't like each other. Wouldn't that be funny? Perhaps we should do that just to see how funny it would be.

December 30, 1977

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Peggy [     ],

Hi. How you doing? I decided to write you after this story reminded me of you, not because of any association between yourself and the subterranean residents, but because you live in New York City. How is law school treating you these days? Have you decided what type of law you're going to practice or where you're going to get a job?

My semester at Indiana University was pretty rough, but it turned out well grade-wise, so I have few complaints. A lot of the work developed out of my fateful decision to try to take one course more than the normal load. I've learned not to try that again, as the extra work was just too much.

I taught my first class within political science this past semester and it turned out well. I was amazed at the amount of preparation it takes for lectures, but the class was fun. Most of the students were juniors and seniors so they were only a couple of years younger than myself. This enabled us to establish a pretty informal relationship. A lot of them would come into my office after class to continue discussions so I guess that's a good sign that I'm getting through to them.

I've pretty definitely decided by now that I'm going to get a Ph.D. in political science so that I can teach at the college level. It will be three more years after this year, but since I'm enjoying being in school, I don't mind the time. There are a lot of nice things about being a college teacher. You have a flexible time schedule and you have possibilities for doing outside research consulting work, like for federal agencies.

My plans for next summer are still indefinite. One thing that I'm considering is work in a political campaign. There's a guy by the name of Dick Celeste who is running for governor in Ohio. I've met him and been impressed with his personality and his political beliefs so I may help him out. However, I may end up in D.C. working on a political science research project with one of my professors. This professor [Jeff Fishell] has applied to the Ford Foundation for some research money and if he gets it, he plans to hire me to help him on

the project. Both of these possibilities are good opportunities and I'm not sure which will materialize. But I'm in no hurry to decide.

I have decided that I'm definitely not going back to the Office of Civil Rights. That organization didn't provide much in the way of organizational support so I feel that I've learned as much as I'm going to from them.

Well, I have to go to a wedding of a friend later today, so I'd better sign off. Take care of yourself and write when you get a chance.

Darrell

December 31, 1977  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Journal,

Yesterday, I drove to Greenfield [Indiana] for Michael and Kay Pogue's wedding. After I parked my car at the church, I was walking down the sidewalk toward the church when a parked car honked its horn. Looking once, I didn't recognize the occupants so I almost started to walk on. But then I looked again and saw it was Susan Luther in the car. I got in only to find that my old girlfriend Amy Bluestone was also in the car. I was totally surprised and shocked to see her since she hadn't written that she intended to come. We hugged but I noticed she was not very relaxed or easy in her conversation with me.

We went into the church, talking on and off. Upon entering the sanctuary, she saw several of her Luxembourg friends. I decided to sit with some other friends because I wanted to watch her from afar but also because I still felt very nervous at discovering her in attendance. I didn't want to talk with her when I was feeling that way.

At the reception, I again sat with other friends rather than with her. She sat with her Luxembourg friends. After awhile, she came over to where I was sitting and we began to talk. The conversation was nice and I began to relax with one another. I was enjoying her company. But I was also beginning to notice things about her personality that I didn't like. She talked loud, she was still very insensitive at times in her joking sort of way and she was more reactive and passive than I'd previously remembered.

Finally, I decided that I wanted to spend a little more time with her. Since she was going to be staying in Indianapolis for two more days, I asked her if she wanted to go to a party that night at Michael and Kay's. She acted interested but said she had to ask Susan what their plans were. Half an hour later, I asked Amy what her plans were and she told me not to count on them coming. That made me very unhappy. At the reception we had talked a little, but not as much as I wanted. Now since I was returning to Ohio, she was effectively ruling out any long conversation during her stay in Indiana. Although she gave the excuse that Susan wouldn't have anything to do, I assume the real reason was that she preferred to spend the night with her Luxembourg friends.

So I told her I was leaving and we walked out to my car. I was feeling pretty unhappy by this time because after her having come all the way from New Jersey, she was not giving us any extended time to talk. She kept asking me why I was quiet and depressed, but because my mind was very confused, I couldn't really answer the question. At the car, we talked a little, but it seemed like everything we said was wrong. We had a definite communications gap and we were just making ourselves unhappy. I suddenly realized I really didn't like her very much as a person. She asked me if I wanted to keep writing and I told her I didn't see any reason to continue. I told her I still liked her as a friend, but that since she was not willing to act like a friend to me, I didn't want to continue the relationship. Although I think she wanted to keep some minimal contact, especially since she had just broken up with her boyfriend and also was unemployed, I didn't. At that note, the conversation ended and I left to drive home to Ohio.

Darrell

January 9, 1978  
David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Howdy Darrell,

Here I am doing my best not to do homework. I am reading everything and eating anything. I am recovering from work -- three, three-day weekends in four weeks. I had the flu this weekend, so I stayed home today. I played handball anyway and for \$1 saw *The Hound of the Baskerville* and *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* at the Circle Theater.

Went to New York for New Years. A forced vacation (watching TV football) was good. This Thursday, I am signing up for Russian at George Washington University at the tune of \$100/hour. Incredible. I think I should meet some interesting people when taking an off-semester evening Russia course. It may be quite handy if I was to enroll in a two language graduate program. If I don't get a B, I will not be reimbursed, so I may be a good student.

I can now declare I have met one person outside of work. On the Metroliner to New York, I sat next to a surprisingly sophisticated 21 year old. Apparently, her old man was in Foreign Service.

I have been boning up on Japanese food. I am hoping that this coming weekend we can arrange a convenient time. I wouldn't normally exert this much effort on culinary matters, but one of the women at work is an Oriental food nut and gave me this book to read, the names of the best places in town, and all these tips on how to eat properly. As usual, this girl is too tall. Maybe her friends are shorter.

I have yet to understand the lyrics of the song, "Short People," but since the song came out, some group sponsored a short people's party in D.C. Much to my surprise, I was excluded as too tall.

Work is continuing on. I am getting finally checked out for SI, TK and Gamma clearances. Sounds like James Bond stuff. The first two refer to intelligence material and the third is a code name for the real one which is classified until you get it. The world of the spook. The security guys go back and check the other fetuses that were in your delivery hospital to check you out. They go back 18 years.

I am going to attend a course on how intelligence work is done. I am constantly gaining a better insight in how the idiots think.

I have recently discovered that the girls in the office are in their late twenties and just remarried or divorced. The one exception is a newly-hired girl, either 22 or 24, who joined this company since it was the only one that in interviewing her for a professional position did not ask if she could type.

Found some pigeons at Pennsylvania Avenue and 21st Street that fly and sit on your arm and take food out of one's hand. Student's bookstore located there is impressive. Stanley Kramer on H and 19 is superb also.

While in Teaneck, New Jersey, we went into a bar that had an unusual decor, books. Quite amusing. There was a concert at the Smithsonian with Pete Seeger who wrote "Where Have All the Flowers Gone", but it was sold out months ago. I will be in Dayton May 16, I believe. I will try to prolong my stay by doing some business at Wright-Patterson. Maniac Paul will be getting married at the Chapel. He blew the engine in his Toyota drag racing a Cricket with a 4-speed. He won at least.

The atmosphere at work is great. Rebellion is in the air. One chap is looking for a job on the Hill and another is thinking of moving to the Dept. of Energy. I also heard that the other employees received a 20 percent raise after their first year, which would put me up to about \$15,500. I am going to look into tax shelters. I suspect insurance annuities will pan out. You dodge tax completely by sinking the money in and only pay tax when you are retired. Retired would be as a student. The current tax laws consider the scholarships, financial aid, whatever as non-taxable. I then withdraw my old salary from the tax shelter at a time when I have no salary. Sneaky, yes? I must check the tax rates since if it is not progressive enough, it ain't worth it.

The latest Commentary has an article on Soviet Psychiatry and the Honolulu convention. If the Soviets had paid their full dues (only \$280 more), they would have received their full voting rights rather than a pro-rated function and would have voted down the censure. The lousy ACLU has still not mailed me anything.

I sent in my registration for the American Association for the Advancement of Science conference in March for \$52. Better be good. I will join the American Physical Society but it is a big pain in the ass. Got to get recommended by other members and wait til elections. Pain.



Figured out how to learn Spanish. The State Department sends its people to a private 8 week camp that is designed to make you think Espanol. Everyone there is Foreign Service except a few civilians who get in. Only \$600. It is somewhere in Texas. Almost knowing textbook Spanish, I should adjust quickly and really soak up Spanish.

See you later. David

January 10, 1978  
Rich Witkowski  
Cleveland, Ohio

Darrell,

Really great to hear from you!

In fact, it's kind of coincidental. I was just planning next summer's vacation and up to the time I received your letter, I was considering going back through Green River, Utah to pick up some radiator coolant, but now that I've received your letter, I'm coming to see you instead. By the way Darrell, how's your family, still living in Eaton.

I'm snowed in today so I thought it would be a good opportunity to write. I really enjoy days like today (a good day to blow it all off). So in the spirit of the day, I'm dropping you a line.

Things have been moving along at a quick pace. I've been very busy. Between work and the house, I generally try to sleep, play racquet ball, get crazy, and get sex, each with varying degrees of success.

The house has been taking up most of my time and cash. My parents are helping me remodel one of the bathrooms. We're doing almost all the work ourselves and it's taking up almost all my time. It's a good solid house but it's old and needs a lot of attention.

It's good to hear you are holding your own with Plato, Aquinas, and the post pubescent coeds. College life sounds like more work than previous years, but that seems to be the trend. We all shall bust our asses continuously.

Let me know if you should be returning to Oxford for the rites of Spring. Maybe Jack [Cornett] and I could join you for a dance around the Western Maypole. Sound like fun?

Rich

January 13, 1978  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Well, we got our snow again, but it didn't seem as slick as it was the first of the week. January is sure making up for last time. I want "instant Spring."

Got a letter from Kenny [West]. Guess Aunt Georgia [Thompson] and Lois are going down in February.

Also Sharon [Ken's former wife] and Joe gave him a bad time again when he took Amy [West] back. Said he could see her in Melbourne anytime but not to Ohio. There's nothing up there for her. And if he goes to a lawyer, he will come and beat him up (Ugh!). What I couldn't say to them but I won't for it would only make things worse for him. Why they can't tolerate this situation instead of causing trouble and keeping Amy stirred up. I think they are jealous because she likes to be with him and come up here. He even made her say who she would rather live with in front of Kenny and she wouldn't answer until the second time and finally she said Joe and ran from the room crying. She should not be made to choose. They are the most immature people. I told him not to hesitate to see his lawyer again. He could have him arrested if he touches him. Of course, no one wants to be beat up either. I really feel for Kenny.

Well, here's your papers. Didn't remember if you said 2 or 3. Take care and don't work too hard. Daddy has had some snow plowing in this week in the daytime, not at night yet.

Love, Mom and Dad

January 15, 1978  
Joanne West Shaver  
Fairhaven Road  
College Corner, Ohio

Hi Darrell,

Surprise! I hope you appreciate this. Are you snowed in? The weather and roads have been really bad all week. I sent my contacts in one week ago to be cleaned and it takes 2 weeks. I can't see very well but I thought I could manage driving if it didn't snow. Needless to say, I've been riding with Mom all week.

Kenny [West] doesn't want this spread around but he and Sharon and Joe got into a big fight when he took Amy back after Christmas. They said he could never take her out of Melbourne again and if he went to a lawyer, Joe would come after him and use his fists. Then Joe demanded that Amy choose which one she wanted to live with. She wouldn't say so he kept after her. She finally whispered "you," and ran from the room crying. That she was put in such a cruel position really upset Kenny. She had told him at his house that she wanted to stay with him. Kenny thinks she tells everybody what they want to hear. I feel afraid for her for what this has got to be doing to her.

I feel that Sharon's continual badgering like this increases Kenny's hatred for her and for women in general and I'm convinced that's why he's the way he is. I really feel she ruined him and is continuing to ruin him. The whole picture is tragic.

Darrell, don't ever get married and have a child unless you're committed, love that person, and want it to last forever. I think it's better for you to mess around now, get it out of your system, live with someone or whatever before you get married than go through something like this.

Are you spending a lot of time with that girl [Judy Bryan] who started at Bloomington this semester/ How's it working out?

Aunt Helen [Steele] is now thinking of having a bigger than little church wedding and having Daddy give her away. He says he won't do it, but she hasn't asked him personally yet.

Are you still thinking of going to Florida on Spring break?

Laura [Mitchell] is telling everyone she's going to have a baby.

Jackson fired a black man yesterday and he was so worked up because he's afraid the guy will "get him." He sent Vic to give the man his letter. Jackson isn't even coming in today, which is extremely rare and it's probably out of fear. If the guy calls and wants his home phone number and address, we all decided we'd give it with pleasure. Write soon.

Love, Joanne

January 16, 1978

David Golden

Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

How art thou? I'm fine. Glad you asked. You may have guessed that I'm taking Russian at George Washington University. Work will pay for it, Thank God. It will be tough. I figure the cost comes out to be \$20 per acquaintance in the class, about 17 people. Big class for being out of sequence.

I'm in better sorts than around Christmas. I recently discovered that I've been in one grind for 6 months. Incredible. Due to Christmas, New Years, getting sick one day, and getting snowed in yesterday, I have succeeded in having four day weeks almost continually. It's great. Can't remember when I wrote last. I pitched a letter in the trash a few minutes ago that I wrote on December 25. I should write Tom.

I met my Uncle Ted last night for the first time in 13 years. He has two super daughters who I'm dying to see. It hurts to keep remembering that they are relatives. One is a life consultant, only the second at a Northern California hospital. Prepares the kiddies for surgery, complications, etc. The other works for the Parks and Recreation Department and is just under the Director. She does planning of some sort. Tom [Larson] would enjoy talking with my uncle. He was city manager for about 15 years and was among the first to get into urban planning. He has testified on the Hill at least two dozen times.

About the only thing new is that I had a Japanese dinner with this acquaintance I made on the Metroliner to New York before New Years. Dinner was authentic. Being the chivalrous sort, I downed the octopus so she wouldn't feel obligated. I lost it, taste-bud wise after that. This girl is too tough to be unattached for any extended period. After I cement the friendship, I will introduce her to a co-worker who might like her. I realize that I'm not going

to have an amorous relationship with her. So I'm passing on the tidbit. Now if only my friends would do that for me!

I just discovered that my cousin who I have always known as Dan Fargo is really named Welles Daniel Fargo. He is now going by his first name. It must be a lot of fun to introduce yourself as Welles Fargo, especially when living around San Francisco. I told my uncle that there is now a portrait of the original Fargo in the National Portrait Gallery so he went there today, introduced himself, and arranged for a photo to be mailed back. He is the great grand nephew of the original Fargo of Wells and Fargo. Incidentally, neither man ever put a foot on the territory of California.

Work is grinding away. Throttled by red tape. Met a couple of eccentric professors from Monterey. They were into iceberg towing. No joke, and name dropping too (Prince Khalid). I was quite friendly and had interesting exchanges with these guys during this 2-day course on technology forecasting, which got me a business trip as a bonus.

My status and bonus would be greatly enhanced by bringing in a contract. I am expecting from past trends to get \$16,000 next year. I think I just remembered writing you and mentioning tax shelters. It struck me at the time to be a strange topic to write you about. I have not been able to figure out who to get to go sledding with me. With snow outside, it is a great opportunity.

My uncle took us out to a Greek Restaurant, The Astor, which was entertaining. The Belly Dancer was bouncing herself right in front of this guy at a leading table who kept his head turned another way. She reached out, turned his head toward her and continued her oscillations. It was a scream.

I actually enjoyed HHH's eulogy. The music was beautiful. That's it. Your turn.

David

January 18, 1978

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Dave [Golden],

Since you made a comment about "Short People," I thought I'd send the enclosed clipping. Apparently, the reception in the Midwest is less hostile and more amused than on the radical East Coast.

I'm also sending you the report of the Task Force evaluation on the Western [College] program. The report was very moderate, almost to the point of being boring, but they did collect some interesting information comparing Western and Miami [University] students. As you'll see, the Western students were wealthier, more Jewish, and scored higher on their test scores, among other things.

My semester is going well. I wrote a 10-page paper for one class during the second week of the semester. It's helping to get me going. I'm taking a course on Political Participation, one on Modern France, and a required course on European culture (required for my outside minor of Western European Studies). I'm developing quite an interest in France as there are some interesting comparisons to be drawn between the U.S. and France. I'm still hoping in a couple of years to spend a year studying the French electoral process. I've been studying French an hour a day in preparation for my French proficiency exam Feb. 4 and have found it surprisingly enjoyable. I've been reading Le Monde regularly. It certainly surpasses AP in its coverage of international news. Glad to hear you're considering Russian. For your line of work, it would probably be helpful.

I'm going to write my Master's Essay this semester. My major professor is encouraging me to approach it as an attempt at a publishable journal article, which is fine with me because that was my plan anyway. My topic is candidate behavior during the 1976 presidential election, especially the symbolic activities of the candidates. I'm looking forward to the research.

I've met an interesting women here in Bloomington named Judy Bryan. She is a senior majoring in business. I'm turning bourgeois in my old age. She seems sensitive to certain political concerns, but only time will tell what will happen with her. I haven't asked her yet if she masturbates but I plan to ask her soon.

Speaking of women, I saw my old girlfriend Amy [Bluestone] over Christmas. She flew to Indiana for the wedding of a mutual friend. The reunion was pretty shitty as we didn't spend much time together. I've decided to give her permanent status on my Shit List. The list seems to be growing rapidly as I also put Sharon [Ramsey] on the list.

I just sent Tom [Larson] a birthday card as his birthday is January 21.

My summer is still indefinite as it will probably be until around April. A friend of mine told me that last summer she got a summer teaching job at San Francisco State University. I'm thinking of trying that this summer. It would be nice to spend four months in San Francisco. I may end up working for the Celeste campaign in Ohio. You never know in such a fast changing world.

If you read Atlantic magazine, there is an interesting article by David Broder about Jerry Brown. It was moderately favorable, which is surprising because a lot of people are starting to get down on Brown for being the cynical son of a bitch which he is. Anthony Lewis of the New York Times just wrote a column lambasting Brown, while Playboy nailed him a year ago. I personally dislike him as a conservative politician who is using new words, like scarcity and the limitations of government, to conceal an old approach.

Well, take care and see you sometime.

Darrell

January 24, 1978  
Helen Steele  
121 East Somers Street  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Hello Darrell,

How are you? I hope this finds you fine and still able to go. Have you survived the flu that has been going around? I think I had a touch of it yesterday and today, as I had a cold and sore throat so I stayed home, trying to get over it! It's no wonder though as we have snow piled all over the place here. In front of the house, it is piled as high as my waist so I have to climb over that plus getting stuck every once in a while with that car of mine. It's got snow tires on but it's so light, it just sits there and spins some times. Makes me so mad, I wish I had that old Ford back. At least that would go on snow. That was a good old car. How has it been up there? Tom [Conway] said they were out on the road every night last week until late trying to keep in clear over there. In fact, everything was drifted so bad, he had to stay in a motel one night as he couldn't get to Fountain City.

Well how has school been going. Have you been pretty busy?

What I wanted to ask you was all of our family is to be in my wedding, which is to be April 22nd, either in late afternoon or early evening. I don't know which yet as he wants it in the afternoon and I would like it in the evening. I don't know which it will be yet. Anyway, how good of a camera bug are you? Would you like to take the pictures? I wanted you and Kenny [West] to do it so I called Kenny and asked him and he said his camera isn't working too good right now, so I wonder if you would do it. If not, you will be in it one way or another.

If you can, let me know one way or the other. O.K. So I'll know what to do. Hope you can. I'll pay you something for it. I was hoping both you and Kenny could do it. Let me know what you decide soon.

Heard you was going down to see Kenny on your spring break. How are you going? Hope you have not planned to hitch hike again. You are going to get hurt one of these days doing that. You are worrying your Mom and Dad to death over that hitchhiking. You don't know what you are getting into when some one picks you up. If they want to they can hit you over the head, take your money and go on and leave you there with nothing. It's dangerous, these days. Believe me. Don't worry your parents like I did mine. You don't realize it now but you will after you get older. And I regret it very much. Darrell, I'm not preaching to you, believe me, I'm not and if you think I am, I'm sorry, just concerned that's all. We all love you and want you around for a long time yet.

Well listen. I'll close this book for now. Let me know real soon what you are going to do. Please. Be careful and take care of yourself.

With love, Aunt Helen

January 25, 1978  
Amy Bluestone

303 W. Hillcrest Avenue  
Penn State University  
State College, PA 16801

Dear Darrell,

Guess who? It's me and though I may no longer be on your list, you're still on mine. I have a hard time severing friendships.

I'm not quite sure what to say but I'd like to start with I'm sorry. I'm sorry I made you so unhappy at the wedding (as far as we were concerned anyway) and I'm sorry I wasn't able to be the kind of friend you wanted. Right now, things seem fuzzy to me. It was a difficult day for me with all those people that I hadn't seen in over 2 and 1/2 years and with Susan who I so enjoy acting silly and crazy with. It's a good thing I never pretended to be overly considerate, huh?

Anyway, I am not writing to explain my actions. It wasn't anything thought out, it all just happened. I know I've hurt you and I'm sorry. I didn't act the way you feel a friend should. I have felt for sometime that the way you and I look at things are very different. I don't think I've ever quite understood how or why you react in certain ways. I suppose the same is, in part, true for you. In any case, perhaps you can reconsider. After all, it is my first offense (at least as a friend).

And just in case you do, you'll have to write me to my new home at 52 Mill St., Apt. 5, Woburn, Massachusetts 01801. Yes, it's true, Amy has indeed found a job and a damn good one too. Now I could keep you in suspense and in that way bribe you to write for details, but my new resolution to be considerate won't allow that. So here's the scoop. It's a job in a hospital, just as I wanted, with a varied caseload (which I wanted) with young, friendly enthusiastic people (as I wanted), and near a city (i.e., New York, Boston, and Washington, D.C.). Well how do you like these apples? In fact, I'm too eager about all this. It's frightening. My apartment which I just got this weekend is 1/2 way between work and Boston (about 20 minutes from both). It's a nice apartment except that it's more than I wanted to spend and doesn't allow pets (except perhaps a bird, which I will get). Anyway, I am both scared shitless and exhilarated. And if it weren't for the fact that a black cloud is hovering, I would be totally immersed in my new adventure. So Darr, what do you say? Want to get rid of the cloud. Perhaps just a piece at first.

Needless to say, I value your friendship, otherwise I wouldn't have written. So if you can, write me and let me know what's up. Take care.

Love, Amy

January 30, 1978  
David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Howdy Darrell,

I've just been thinking about your thesis topic. I've decided that you can do some safe narrow topic which even if superbly done would generate little interest or you can do a broader, more controversial one that may be riskier, but will generate interest and possibly a position. The French electoral system, for example, sounds like a drag. Why not something like "how scientific input impacts the federal decision-making process" or something like that. I'm confident you can penetrate the topic much better than you think at first glance.

Before I forget, what is Vicky [Markell's] territory business wise and why are you ticked at pre-pubescent Sharon [Ramsey] and is this undergraduate you mentioned starry-eyed because you are her Teaching Fellow? You needn't have mentioned her intellectual capabilities since I'm sure you're interested in massaging her body rather than her brain. This can be used as a great one-liner if some woman claims you're only after her body.

My sister got married in D.C. this weekend. I felt like an unwilling participant in an ethnic documentary. Marched around the synagogue behind the rabbi, wearing my yamuckle and talis (prayer shawl went down to my knees) trying to look pious. As we went down the corridor through the pews, the guys would reach out, touch the Torah being carried by the Rabbi with their talis and then kiss it. The females also clustering near the pathway would reach out and touch the Torah scrolls with their prayer book and kiss it. These Jews are weird.

You would like my sister-in-law's body. I do. She wore this gorgeous gown which highlighted her 36D equipment. The Rabbi gave her a nasty look even. Too bad. This is another case of a wasted body. The service and wedding went well. My brother-in-law did well, not surprisingly since he is an ex-rabbinical student. None of our Ohio or California relatives made it into town and the in-laws were a bore. I didn't get them a gift since I can't find what I want at an acceptable price. I never buy or do anything just for show. There was no hard liquor so I didn't have the opportunity to get plastered.

My sister-in-law looked up some guy she knew who took her to his favorite bar -- One Step Down (Marlys' spot). She thought it was a bore. I can't disagree.

We gave a presentation at the Dept. of Energy that went well. The head of the MHD chomped into my boss. I think I wrote it just before the wedding. I don't know what to think of that Western College review. It appears to have been prepared by some intellectual flyweights, judging from the equivocal conclusions. "The College should be renamed, like Old Western College." What the hell is that brought up for? Allowing juniors and seniors to join is absurd and totally non-workable. [President Phil] Shriver must have paid the committee off with alumni funds. I got a raise at work so I now get more than one of my Miami Physics professors does.

Must sign off now and do my Russian. Cliff tells me they pay \$7-10 a page at Hopkins for Russian technical translators. Maybe I should do that. So long for now.

David

February 3, 1978

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Evelyn [Markell],

Greetings! -- I think it is high time we established an official pen pal relationship. Besides I need advice which you are in a unique position to offer. In case you are marveling at the neatness of this letter, the format has been set by a computer program. If you discover any typing mistakes, then you can blame it on the computer.

My semester is going quite well, both academically and socially. I have met a girl [Judy Bryan] who I like pretty much. She's a senior, majoring in business from Chicago. We've spent quite a bit of time together so far so I feel that I know some basic things about her. I've found that as far as our personalities go, we are almost perfectly matched. She is intelligent, fairly articulate, and considerate. She is not a domineering type person, which is important to me given some of my past relationships. But there's one thing on which I need advice. As fits a business major and the daughter of the controller of AMOCO, she evaluates business much more favorably than I do. At this point, it hasn't really caused any problems, but I wonder if it will when the relationship gets more serious as it probably will. You are in a unique position to advise me on this subject, given the fact that you married someone holding quite different political viewpoints than yourself. Let me know what you think.

My academic life is going quite well. My most important opportunity this semester concerns my Master's Essay. I'm in the process of writing it and it's turning out pretty good. If it turns out good enough, my professors plan to help me get it published in a political science journal, something which is almost a necessity for getting a teaching job in the future. Although there is no rush for publication now, since it is only my second year in graduate school and I have three more to go, it would certainly look nice if it was published. My subject is the use of symbolic activities in the 1976 presidential campaign. I went through the campaign speeches of each of the major candidates and evaluated them for their symbolic activities. Since the term symbolic activities probably seems a bit vague to you, but since it also requires a long explanation to explain it, I won't go into it now. But if you want, I can send you a copy of one of my drafts in two or three weeks, whenever I complete it. Since I'm typing it on the computer, it will be very easy to make multiple copies for you and for the four professors here who will read it. I'm really getting interested in all the uses of the computer. It really holds many constructive possibilities for use and I'm only beginning to discover them.

I trust that your education is continuing and that you still enjoy school. You'll have to write and tell me about it. You'll also have to tell me about your trip to New York City last month. Well, I have to go so take care and write when you can.

Love, Darrell

February 4, 1978  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Vicky [Markell],

Greetings from snowy Indiana. It's beginning to warm up here, even though several feet of snow remain. It's a nice change from the last few weeks when the cold was blistering. Perhaps I shouldn't complain as you probably have been hit hard by the snow also.

I hope you appreciate the neatness of this letter. I am learning to use a computer program called INSTEP which puts a written text in a publication format. It's quite convenient and it has been fun learning to use it. It also offers the advantage of being able to blame the computer if there are any typing or spelling errors in the text. It's nice to have a whipping boy around even if it is worth more than I am.

My semester semester is going well. I've met a girl named Judy [Bryan] who I've been dating regularly since the beginning of the semester. She is a senior majoring in business from Chicago. Our personalities seems well suited to each other so far. She's a very sensitive and considerate person who also is fairly intelligent. It's a nice combination. I'm pretty much letting the relationship develop as it naturally will. Stay tuned for further developments.

The big academic event of my semester is my attempt to write my Master's Essay. I've gotten really interested in my topic and am spending quite a bit of time writing it. I'm about half-way through the draft. When I finish it, I will use the aforementioned INSTEP program to neatly publish and to make multiple copies for my professors. Then when they suggest revisions as they probably will, I can retrieve my text file and make corrections without having to retype the entire paper. I tell you the computer is a remarkable invention.

Another recent development in the story of my life. A few days ago, I was surprised to find in my mailbox a letter from Amy Bluestone. The surprise is because the last time I saw her, I ended up telling her I didn't want to communicate with her again. She told me that she didn't quite understand what had happened when we saw each other, but that she was sorry for the way things turned out. She said she still valued my friendship and that she still wanted to write. I must admit I'm still skeptical. I don't understand why she says she values my friendship, but doesn't act like she does or at least doesn't act like I would like her to. I guess I'm going to write back to her, although I probably won't be writing the letter she wants to hear. I'm going to be very honest about my feelings and tell her I think she's only interested in my friendship when she has problems with her boyfriend, something which is obviously very blunt, but which also is probably true. It remains to be seen what will happen in the continuing story of Amy Bluestone. Incidentally, she also found a speech and hearing job in a hospital outside Boston, Massachusetts.

Well, I had best be going now, so take care and write when you get a chance.

Love, Darrell

February 10, 1978  
Joanne West Shaver  
Fairhaven Road  
College Corner, Ohio

Hi Darrell,

Talk about recovering from getting a letter. Especially from a computer named Darrell. I was glad to get it.

Several people from around here are going up to Cadillac, Michigan, skiing the weekend of March 4. Zoellners, Vonderhaars, Lybrooks, and Jim Mitchell (by himself) so far are going. McCormicks aren't going this year. I knew you said you were very interested so I'm supposed to find out if you want to go. I know they're planning to leave right after school, maybe 3 or 3:30 on Friday. It would probably cost about \$50. They need to make reservations for housing so they need to know as soon as possible if you want to do it.

I was planning to write you today anyway but I may as well tell you that Mom had a head-on collision this morning on the Creek Road and totaled both cars involved. They were both in the middle of the road. Pieratts were in the other car. June [Crothers] got a bump on the head and Mom hurt her knee and her wrist. She went back home and Merge Crothers brought June in. I finally got the word around 10:00 and people had been trying to call Mom with no success. We'd been told she went home and she wasn't there and she wasn't at work. Daddy had left early to go to Eaton and couldn't be reached. I was panicking not knowing where she was. I called Shirley and she finally found Mom at home, very upset and crying, even after a couple of hours probably because of the trauma of a head-on collision. She'd been alone all morning. So Shirley and Jim went down to be with her and then Daddy came home at 11:00. She finally went to the doctor and she had quite a bit of swelling in her wrist but she thought it was okay. He wants to have her get X-rays which she's doing this afternoon. I suppose they'll have to get a new car. I'm just glad she's okay. I think they were very lucky.

I've had a rash for 3 months that's been spreading slowly. I was just about ready to go to the doctor for it when I got strep throat during all the bad weather, couldn't get medication and ended up missing almost two weeks of work. It upset me because my body felt like it needed an antibiotic but there was no way anybody could go anywhere. I suffered for it too because when I finally could get medication, it took forever to clear up. My rash really flared up then and I knew I had to do something because the itching was driving me nuts! I went to a skin specialists and he says I'm allergic to something and is treating it. I haven't determined what it is for sure yet but I have this sneaky suspicion that it's Johnson's Baby products. We switched to that shampoo about 3 months ago and when I had strep throat, that doctor told me to put Baby Oil on it. If that's the case, then I don't know what we'll do when we have a baby. Tim will have to wash it's hair. I hope I find out what it is soon because it's been a hassle.

You said you may still go to Florida over spring break. When is your spring break? You knew that Lois Berry went down there for a vacation didn't you and I guess she was so lazy that it sort of made Kenny mad. Tom didn't like her either. She wouldn't help at all with meals. So if you go down, help with meals. I can believe it because she does the same thing up here.

Ohio is getting into pretty serious shape because of the coal shortage. Students at Miami are no longer permitted to use hair dryers in the dorms, refrigerated water fountains are turned off, they've shut all the lights down to half their intensity and cut down on the heat. They've also changed all the custodians hours to 8-5 to save lights. If the strike isn't settled within 20 days, believe it or not, Miami may be forced to close for a while. It really is serious so I hope they end it soon.

Write soon about your plans for the trip.

Joanne

February 17, 1978

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

I'm really not sure what happened the day of the wedding either. Since I wasn't expecting to see you, I pretty much went into a state of shock when I first saw you. Everything seemed to happen very quickly with neither of us aware or understanding what was going on. When we were walking out to my car, I did not start with the intention of telling you I wanted to end our friendship, it just kind of happened.

But in retrospect, I'm not sure my decision was all that wrong. Our problems run much deeper than whatever happened at the wedding. Ever since we ended our romance, I have never been sure what you wanted from me. You say that you value my friendship, but your actions have never been quite that clear-cut. Without wanting to sound overly blunt, I really think you've been all talk and no action over the past two years.

The only time you seem interested in my friendship is when you either have difficulties with a boyfriend or break up with a boyfriend. You don't write, call or visit. You refuse visits from me even when I volunteer to drive out of my way to see you. I know this behavior is not limited to me as you treated George the same way. You canceled his visit to



you just because Ed was jealous. You really seem inclined to sacrifice your male friendships to your romantic involvements.

When I speak of us in terms of friendship, that is exactly what I mean. I no longer want a romance with you. Our personality differences are so great as to make it stupid to ever consider that possibility again. Despite these facts, I have often felt that you were much more ambiguous in your feelings toward me. I sometimes get the impression that you are just waiting in hopes that I will mature out of what you call my hypersensitivity and my quietness. I must admit I often get sick of you trying to mold me into something I'm not or something I don't want to be. I'm 23 years old and if you think my basic personality is going to change, you're wrong.

So let me close by asking a blunt question. What is in a renewed friendship for me? When am I going to get sensitivity, considerateness and loyalty from you? When are you going to quit trying to mold me into something which I'm not? I admit I'm much more demanding in my friendships than are most people, But I also think I give a lot more in my friendships than do most people. If you can't accept this, then don't bother to write back. There is no use in continuing the same type of bullshit relationship we've had the past two years. I refuse to continue it on that basis.

Darrell

February 20, 1978  
David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

I see you're enjoying the computer toy. We have a half-dozen word processors at work, which hold text on cassettes. I have everything I ever wrote on tape. You didn't mention your Master's thesis topic. I will presume it has something to do with masturbation of the French electorate. I've been trying to emulate your success with females. I ask every female that I meet whether she masturbates at our first encounter. It just doesn't work for me the way it does for you. If you found a Business major who is sensitive and intelligent, you've found a Russian spy. Mail me a draft of your thesis before you are ready to show it to your professors. I will take a crack at it and then let Cliff with your permission critique it. He has nothing better to do with his time.

You would be proud of what an S.O.B. I've been lately. I got bawled out by this bitch for not returning a key at NISC and I had to alternately restrain from laughing and telling her to go to hell. My boss gives me these deadlines and I ignore them and work at my own damned pace. Screw the client. I've been really chewing up my bosses work so he can't gripe too much at me. He scheduled a meeting for me at 6:30 p.m. on a night that my class is at 7 p.m., which ticked me off. So I moved it back 30 minutes which kept him from eating dinner. I get cocky when I feel I have job security.

Funny thing happened. I got this phone call from Kay Welty. Remember her? She is at American University for a semester in a special program for American students who want to live abroad but don't want to leave the country. I spent an evening with her. I wasn't certain what formalities I was due for at the end of the evening, but since the clock was ticking past 2 a.m., I was too tired and stuffed from pizza to be concerned. I'm not certain what she expected or hoped.

The snow wasn't bad here but I was commuting on the Metro. A real bite. I carry signs now in my briefcase. My sister's wedding cost a cool \$2,000. Mucho dollars. I didn't enjoy it at all. It was purely a get-together for the in-laws. Yet I am going to pay 25 percent. Altruism, my boy.

My current project was just invigorated. The big shots who hold the purse strings have smiled upon us. We are talking about \$2 million currently. I just realized that the project may bring me into contact with program directors at all the Navy labs. Could pay off some day, just like Henry Kissinger and his summer programs. Can't think of much more. Note the "1975" watermark on the paper.

Dave

February 25, 1978  
Evelyn Markell  
Ashwood Drive, Route 1

Maysville, Kentucky 41056

Dear Darrell,

You're a dirty fink. There is no way one can ignore a letter with a specific question and remain a moral, upstanding citizen. After all, we've been too well conditioned to bear up under such guilt feelings. Besides, I'm too curious to see what you'll make of your life to ignore you, not to mention my uncooperative heart that is full of affection for you.

I wonder how many more girls you'll go through before you feel confident enough to commit yourself without barriers. I'm required to think that the stupidity of teenagers is very useful in making selections. The more you know, the more problems you can foresee. Herb would say and he may well be right, "trust your guts," and have faith in the workings of your buried subconscious and you'll feel right when it is right without too many questions.

As to the specifics, different backgrounds definitely bring problems with them, but you wouldn't consider a companion from your background so you must fact that forever. Different views become a problem when the commitment to them is held by people with weak self-images, who cling to them on emotional grounds. For others, they are shared, probed, understand, and result in a deeper understanding, often modification of views by both, or acceptance from the heart.

I think you have confidence in your mental abilities, but like Herb did, I don't know if you are entirely comfortable with class differences, that is social class. They will in time become totally inconsequential, again like for Herb. I am of course mind-raping but I also know that you will happily reject whatever doesn't apply. What you perceived in us was a result of ignorance on both our parts on basic sociology when we were married. I think for you, knowledge and a sincere desire to grow together would resolve or at least shed light on any differences you encounter. Defensiveness is destructive and you can not expect equality in giving and understanding. It's almost like taking turns in leadership.

I would be much more concerned with "do we bring out the best in each other?" That's been my indicator for all relationships for years and it rid me of some destructive influences. I also think that our differences made for some balance that we both lacked, resulting in a much more constructive life for us in this world and with each other. Now that our kids are gone, we're bringing life into our lives because of shared and understood differences. You can start out this way without all of our delays. If you've broken up by now, I'll kill you for having made think so heavily anyway. I am in school, like it a lot including the driving, and would love to get a copy of your paper.

Vicky [Markell] sent me a ticket to Boston for my birthday. Nice to have rich children that want you. I'm going this weekend.

Love, Evelyn

March 7, 1978

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Dave [Golden],

Sorry about the delay in responding to your last letter but the lure of Florida sunshine is disrupting my schedule. The coal strike has necessitated emergency measures at Indiana University. Two weeks ago, our public utility required a 50 percent cutback in electrical usage. Just to give you some idea how severe this cutback is, the only time in recent months IU has reduced its consumption to that degree was on Christmas Day when most students were gone, the library was closed, and buildings were closed. Our response has been to extend our Spring break from 1 to 3 weeks starting last Saturday. We will make up the missed classes on Saturdays and during Finals Week. It's a real bitch having classes six days a week. It's also very disruptive to the academic schedule to take a 3-week chunk out of the semester. During the break, the library is only open 20 hours a week, academic buildings are open only at limited time, and staff help at the Computing Center is mostly reduced.

The above has been the university's institutional response to the coal shortage. My personal response has been to leave Bloomington for what what we in the business call a working vacation. I left Bloomington last Saturday to spend 3-4 days at home on the farm, then 3 days in Chicago with Judy my girlfriend, and then a week in Ft. Lauderdale to visit my brother. I don't plan to work much the first week of the vacation but will work the second

and third weeks. While we were home, we spent a night with Tom and Janet [Larson]. They say hello and ask you to send any money you can spare. By the way, if you're still looking for a tax dodge, I'm still available, although I made so much this year that I too am looking for a tax dodge. I've already made a political contribution to the campaign of Dick Celeste, half of which is deductible. But 50 percent of \$25 will not reduce my tax burden too much.

I am getting worried about the future of the United Mine Workers. I think the rank and file UMW are seriously miscalculating the financial solvency of their union. Yesterday Carter invoked Taft-Hartley. The media is reporting the miners as saying they will disobey the back-to-work order as they did in 1948 and 1950. However both the miners and the media seem to be making a fundamental error. Both are generalizing from the past to the present without considering the changes in the UMW between 1950 and 1978. The union no longer has strong or respected leadership. More importantly, they lack financial strength to withstand governmental pressure. Carter's injunction significantly differs from the 1950 one in at least one respect. Carter named local leaders in the injunctions which means that if they violate the injunction, not only will the national leadership will be fined, but so will the local leadership. My guess is that if the rank and file disobeys the injunction, the government will levy such heavy fines that it will financially destroy the union. Violation of the injunction will also prevent strikers from buying food stamps, something which is an important part of the rank and file's capacity to withstand the loss of the paycheck. The UMW has already run out of strike benefits to give their members so this could have serious repercussions for the union.

Since the rank and file apparently fails to perceive these ideas, I predict the UMW will be destroyed as a viable force. Carter is already pissed at the strike for disrupting his energy proposals which are based on a shift to coal. I've been somewhat surprised at organized labor's low level of support for the UMW. The AFL-CIO have announced their support, but has done little other than making this formal statement. They apparently have not sufficiently pressured Carter to get him to seize control of the mines. It's no wonder we don't have a decent union movement in this country. The unions don't support each other. I hope that this letter is not obsolete by the time you read it. Political events change so quickly that an interpretation which is reasonable one day can be irrelevant the next.

I was happy to hear you'd talked with Kay Welty. The next time you see her, tell her I said hello.

I've included a copy of my Master's Essay for your and Cliff's merciless dissection. I'm only partially satisfied with it. I think I made a mistake by writing a long literature review at the beginning instead of developing my argument in a more explicit way with occasional references to other authors. But you live and learn. My committee is reasonably satisfied with my paper. They tell me not to devote too much time to it because they see it only as an exercise to prepare me for the real thing -- the dissertation.

I've gotten the feeling you think my proposed dissertation project -- a comparative work between French and American elections -- is not the best topic. But you have to understand past research in political science to understand why this is an innovative research project. Researchers have developed certain generalizations based out of research on American data. But these generalizations are totally worthless when taken beyond the American context. Political research has only developed an extremely ethnocentric set of generalizations. My research, in keeping with a recent trend in political science proposes to offer not only an internal basis of comparison, but also an external (France) context. This is not a safe project but rather carries a certain degree of risk as to whether it will pay off. If it does, then the benefits to my career will be enormous.

Another thing I'm concerned about in my research is the use of ethnocentric methodologies. For example, American researchers have in recent times predominantly emphasized the use of opinion surveys even though this methodology is useless for non-democratic contexts. You can imagine the absurdity of a Ugandan pollster surveying Ugandan residents as to their opinion of Idi Amin. I believe it is high time American researchers developed non-ethnocentric methodologies. My research proposes to do this.

King Coal, Darrell

P.S. The last paragraph has been transcribed by my faithful secretary and tax dodge advisor Judy [Bryan]. I am driving to Champaign.

March 7, 1978  
 Darrell West  
 1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
 Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Evelyn [Markell],

You're a double fink for calling me a fink. But I'm happy you bit my bait and wrote me. My carefully planned strategy worked to perfection. I'm happy to hear of your change to go to Boston as I'm sure you had a good time. I can hardly wait til my birthday rolls around so Vicky [Markell] will send me a plane ticket to Boston. I plan to send her monthly bulletins announcing the total number of shopping days left.

I enjoyed reading your advice because I, as always, found your comments to be very insightful. You have no need to kill me as of now. Judy [Bryan] and I are still dating pretty seriously. We have a three week vacation due to the coal strike. Last week, she and I visited my parent's farm and now we are driving to Chicago to meet her parents. Next week, I plan to fly to Ft. Lauderdale to visit my brother.

I have enclosed a copy of my Master's Essay for your perusal. I'm only partially satisfied with it.

Given your apparent aversion to letter-writing, do not feel you have to respond to this letter. I will not judge you to be cold, heartless, and ungrateful, although you would be displaying those behaviors. I ask no specific question of you. However, may your conscience burden you with additional guilt feelings if you never write me another letter. The choice is, as Albert Camus would say, yours.

Love, Darrell

March 8, 1978  
 David Golden  
 Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Howdy! Long time no hear. Last thing I remember is not knowing your thesis topic. Mailed this token to you in my never ending quest to coerce you to return to Washington. Got a real good price on it.

I sent a letter like the ones I usually mail you, to Cliff. The prick thought it was a "strange" letter. Over President's weekend, Paul Hill (degenerate from Youngstown) came in and flunked his interview with Admiral Rickover. Another friend came in from Youngstown and Miami and recently Edmund Hack, one of the old zany gang from Houston came by. I enjoyed seeing him. First time in years. Craig Nelson has gone strange the only way left (gossip from Edmund) -- bisexual. Another classmate turned up as the 1976 January Playboy centerfold.

I was describing to Cliff this really tough woman in my Russian class who turned out to be engaged. Or at least the roommate said so. This girl talks about everything except her fiancée. I would like to think that means she wants to mess around still, but it is probably due to the fact that for females engagement is like the black plague. Everyone stays away. She can be described as if someone pried into my mind while sleeping and grabbed a handful of qualities I like. I've already accused her of being an agent for the CIA or KGB out to get me. Russian class has been fun. We have gone out drinking fairly often, which does hell to my memory.

Tomorrow I get to do my first interview. They had to draft me because one chap (original class size was a dozen) quite 4 weeks ago, one got canned (a 10-year employee) last week, and another one quite last week too. I have job security. I get to interview some female 6 months younger than me but who has been working for a year or two. Should be fun. I hope I'm not too strange.

I just saw Tennessee Williams "A Streetcar Named Desire" last weekend. Enjoyed it a lot. Will be in Oxford in the middle of May. Maybe I will see you around. Work has been running me down. I'm never efficient and I even caught the flu because of it. I was 150 percent committed but now I'm 200 percent. I fantasize about walking off and quitting but I'm too stable for that. Mail me a copy of your thesis, you bum.

See you, David

March 14, 1978

Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dearest Judy [Bryan],

My heart flames with passion over your absence. I miss your supple tendons and your moist thighs. I dream only of the time when we will be reunited in love, much like Romeo and Juliet or Anthony and Cleopatra. But enough for my sentimental feelings and on with the hard facts of my vacation.

My plane landed in Ft. Lauderdale at 2:30 a.m., half an hour behind schedule. As promised, I spent the trip down by myself reading about France. My brother met me at the plane. We talked most of the drive home, although there were a few awkward silences. I went to bed shortly after arriving at his house, figuring there would be plenty of time to talk with him over the course of the next week. My brother has a dog named Holly who by reputation likes to sleep with guests. Although the dog is pleasant enough, I didn't want him to sleep with me because he smells like a dog and because dogs usually get up a lot during the night.

I also didn't trust myself because the dog is rather cute. So after I went to the bathroom, I looked all around my bedroom to make sure he was locked out. Confident that the dog was outside my bedroom, I locked the door, undressed, turned out the lights, and hopped into bed. It could have been no longer than two seconds that I heard this plop and felt this small furry dog snuggling into my blanket. At first I was pissed at the dog for hiding from me, but I decided to let him stay because he had outsmarted me. It was his reward for being so smart.

Saturday morning we stayed around the house because my brother organized a garage sale. In the afternoon, I went to a birthday party for the city of Ft. Lauderdale. She's 67 years old. The party took the form of the city's annual arts and crafts festival. I saw a couple of nice oil paintings I would have considered buying if I had a spare \$150 around.

Saturday night, I took my brother out to eat at a seafood restaurant. I ordered shrimp of various kinds and was pleased with its taste. We followed the meal with Mel Brooks' latest movie, High Anxiety. The movie was a particularly apt movie because it concerns the humorous development of a man (Mel Brooks) who is afraid of heights into a man who conquers his fear in the middle of a crisis. The movie also shows some humorous parodies of Hitchcock movies, notably the shower scene from Psycho and a bird attack from The Birds. After the movie, we returned home where my brother beat me three straight games at Backgammon. I seem to be on a long losing string as far as party games go.

We started Sunday morning by going to the beach for an hour. I plan to sun tan very slowly over the course of the week. After that, we went to a futuristic home show, played backgammon again, and went shopping for water beds.

On Monday, I went to the beach, studied, and took a tour of the Intercoastals on the Paddlewheel Queen from 2 to 4:30.

Tuesday, I went to the beach, studied, and attended an exhibition baseball game between the New York Yankees and the Atlanta Braves in West Palm Beach.

Wednesday was spent at Ken's elementary school.

Thursday saw the delivery of a water bed, taking a taxi to go deep sea fishing on the Flamengo, and going shopping.

Friday, I rode a bicycle to the beach, went to the library, went back to the beach, visited Buck State Park, and saw the Steven Sondheim play, Side By Side.

On Saturday, we went to the flea market, took a trip to Miami, had dinner at a Mexican restaurant, and went to a gay party with Kenny's friends.

Darrell

March 20, 1978  
Judy Bryan  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Linda [Mariano] and I just got back from a long walk on the [Jacksonville, Florida] beach. The ocean sure is beautiful. The temperature is perfect.

Today we heard a bluegrass band. They were good when they played, but most of the time the Budweiser sponsors were advertising.

The hotel owners are very nice. They own only 8 units. We are the only students. The rest are old-timers escaping winter. An 88-year old woman is 2 doors down. She's fun to talk to.

Tomorrow will be a long day. Disney World has extended hours until 1 a.m. It's only an hour away. See you Saturday. Do you want to go to Easter services with me?

Love, Judy

March 22, 1978  
Judy Bryan  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

We had a great time in Disney World yesterday. The animation and fantasy was amazing. We saw Mickey Mouse conducting an orchestra of all the Disney characters. A haunted house where the ceiling rises and makes you feel like you're sinking. A lot of optical illusions. We went on a roller-coaster ride through the place. It was really scary. All in the dark with stars and meteors zooming around. The parade was super -- electric light musical parade. It showed all the Disney characters. I hope the picture of Pete the Dragon turns out. You would like that.

Right now, we're taking advantage of the facilities at the Holiday Inn. One of these minutes, we will be brave and bear the cold water.

This afternoon, we're going to watch the fishing boats come in and eat at a fine fish restaurant.

See you later, Darrell.

Judy

March 24, 1978  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear David [Golden],

What are we going to do with Menachem Begin? I fear he is tragically missing the board in the Middle East. His response to the Palestinian terrorist attack totally ignores the insights generated by Anwar Sadat over the last few months. Sadat's November initiative has generally been lauded because it marked Egypt's tacit recognition of Israel's right to exist. However, this interpretation misses the larger value of Sadat's initiative. By altering Egypt's attitude toward Israel, Sadat was implicitly recognizing that the problems in the Middle East are no longer solvable by military force, but rather that they can only be solved by political negotiation. Sadat to his credit recognized that force will never succeed in exterminating the opponent and that it only leads to counter force, be it terrorism or invasion. Unfortunately, Begin still is unaware of this insight. He still believes Israel can solve the Palestinian problem by militarily defeating them, rather than negotiating with them. This strategy is hopeless because as long as there is one Palestinian left, there remains the possibility of terrorist attacks. Israel will never have secure borders until it politically resolves the Palestinian problem. I hope that the American Jewish community will someday wake up to this interpretation before it is too late. As long as they support Begin, he will continue his dangerous policy. Forgive my polemics, but I fear that Israel is making crucial strategic decisions now which will endanger its and my future.

So have you read my Master's Essay yet? If not, why not? My academic committee has read it and reacted fairly favorably to it. All four of my professors suggested various changes throughout, but all are willing to sign it with little change. In retrospect, I'm partially pleased and partially dissatisfied with the essay. Even though it represents a nice effort on an important political problem, I'm disappointed my writing style didn't present the ideas in a better light. I think when I begin to write, I must have felt as if I were addressing political scientists, instead of a larger intellectual community. Probably the only group which can appreciate the effort are political scientists. In the future, I would prefer a broader

audience for my writing. Not that I aim for the Reader's Digest condensed book list, but something a little larger than American political scientists.

I'm still pursuing summer job possibilities. Two days ago, Ted Celeste informed me that his brother's political organization was not immediately interested in paying me for my services, but that they might be by August 1. Of course, that does me little good since I want a job May 1. I've since sent letters to gubernatorial campaigns in five other states (Alaska, Colorado, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Rhode Island) and to teaching possibilities in the San Francisco area.

As of right now, I do not envision returning to D.C. this summer, but I still have nothing definite elsewhere yet. I could return to the Office for Civil Rights, but do not feel that I would learn much new if I did. I'll let you know when I hear something definite so that your never-ending flow of mail will not cease. Until then, take care and hopefully I will see you in mid-May.

Darrell

April 7, 1978  
Sharon Ramsey  
Wheelock College  
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Darrell,

It's a Friday night and it's late and it's superbly quiet around here. I've spent the evening doing my laundry because I've finally run out of underwear and socks and have been feeling isolated and lonely today. Everybody's in a lazy, being sick, mood or is out.

I was going through my drawer and came across your two letters to me from the summer. They brought back memories, both the sad, that were very sad, and the happy that were very happy. It made me remember the summer. The communicating was great with you for so many times we really seemed to be on the same wavelength, though different plateaus maybe. But now I'm sad because I miss that as I really do miss your friendship. I'm sure I've said a million times that I reacted foolishly, immaturity, and thoughtlessly, and I'm deeply sorry. But Darrell, must I be crucified and withheld from your friendship, from touching your mind or emotions forever, in order to repent or make amends for my mistakes? Must I be the only one to attempt to construct or reconstruct this friendship? Darrell, do you know that a four-year old cannot understand the feelings of someone else because he is egocentric and cannot reverse. This is because he lacks the cognitive development necessary to understand that other people have feelings? So then, should this child be punished for not being able to share his toys at four?

In the same token Darrell, I have grown a lot since this summer. I reacted immaturity to situations mainly due to a lack of experience in handling situations like those. Is it my fault that I had no prior experience in handling situations like those and therefore did the natural thing in flubbing things?

I've nothing more to say now, so I'll say good night.

Love, Sharon

April 14, 1978  
David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Sorry I haven't written. I was waiting for a Mideast peace settlement so that I would not have to defend Begin. I'm sorry but I can't seem to find your thesis. Don't know where it went.

A co-ed in my Russian class is a volunteer in Senator [Ted] Kennedy's office. So far, her principle duty seems to be serving him lunch. He eats exceedingly well. She was telling me about a party at Ethel Kennedy's. Some actor came in a chicken suit and then walked around in his underwear.

I did read the first half of your thesis and agree it should get the boot, not being totally appropriate. I must admit our methodologies (social science versus natural science) do clash. I would simply interview the leading speech writers and be done with it. I will read the second half, but I doubt I will believe in the applicability of quantitative measurements.

Undeniably, Begin is a pain-in-the-ass, but let's not forget the atmosphere of war in 48, 56, 67, and 73, and until a few years ago, total extermination was the final solution. One tends to be very cautious with that background.

I am zeroing in on my salary expectations. I found out a company nearby hires at \$14-15,000 out of school and that my company just hired someone at \$35,000. Staff member! I would like to go overseas this summer. Cliff was going to join me on a tour to Israel but I think he is backing out due to the dollars. I got another alumni invitation, but it is for a "remember Oxford" party. Disco, beer, hand stamped, and the rest of the bullshit. Hated it there, hate it here.

I look forward to a neat clash. The Navy is going to have a big clash on experts with a National Security Council export push. We (me) agree with neither side. All assholes. I'm checking out the area housing scene. Very expensive. I got an invitation to run for a ACLU Montgomery Council spot so I probably will. Since I had to put them on my security form, I might as well be a real member. Good time to join. While it's in the pits, I've got a lot of correspondence to catch up to so must sign off.

Hope to see you May 13.

David

April 17, 1978

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Sharon [Ramsey],

Do not take my failure to write as an attempt on my part to punish you for past transgressions. I have been genuinely busy this semester with my school work and my love life. I do not hold all the problems our friendship has had against you. However, you should also realize that it is difficult to keep any friendship on the same basis as when the two people see each other on a day-to-day basis. I would be less than honest if I said I felt as close to you as I did at times last summer, not because of our problems but simply because of the passage of time. We live in different worlds now, quite unlike our self-contained community at OCR. This doesn't mean we can no longer be friends. It only means you should lower your expectations of our friendship. We can't be as close as we used to because of very important differences in our lives. So take our friendship as it is and don't try to force an artificial closeness into it.

Love, Darrell

P.S. Keep your chin up.

April 30, 1978

David Golden

Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Can't stick to rewriting too long. I am trying to force myself to study Russian, but can't get around to it. Hence I write letters. Since I'm overdue, I use it as an excuse. Tom [Larson] tells me you will be in Indiana this summer. And your girlfriend is sharp (which I already knew). Tom described her as "earthy," whatever that is. He then mentioned she wears earth shoes, which to me suggests she hangs on to old shoes or visits goodwill enterprises since earth shoes went out of style.

Just wanted to write to say I expect to be around Dayton May 11-14. Paul Hill is getting hitched. Finished your thesis. Liked the ending a lot. I don't like to read statistics, but honest to goodness criticisms I enjoyed. If I read engineering stuff, I expect statistics, but you social science people are supposed to spare me. I will grant that, quite contrary to the status quo, your statistics were based on an adequate sample and size to have validity. I would be curious to know whether the trend you mentioned about pre-primary/post-primary change in "radiated image" was typical for all presidential elections and possibly all elections.

Too bad you are not here. You would fit well in my post-Russian drinking group. A bit haughtier than the average. I just found out my prospective roommate is really sick, spitting up blood, and also is frequenting a shrink. Maybe he is becoming a typical Washingtonian. Tom tells me that I may be in Middletown at the same time Kay Welty is in Middletown. Bizarre coincidence. Only talked to her once after our conversation about Annie



Hall. Maybe I should have asked what the message was. I would like to go overseas but the plans are quite shaky. I'm are trying to think of whom else I know who is travel-minded. The only one I can think of is Vicky Markell. Is she still working for that company? Married housewife? Lady of the evening? Your gossip "in" file must be getting clogged.

Write back when you have time. I expect finals to be descending like locusts. I will be understanding if your letter is magic market on toilet tissue.

David

May 9, 1978  
Sharon Ramsey  
Wheelock College  
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Darrell,

I received your letter after coming back from vacation a few weeks ago and haven't responded sooner for lack of time and lack of a response.

As I probably mentioned, I wrote to you last during a period of nostalgia and loneliness. Though I basically felt as I wrote, forgive me for being so melodramatic. I believe it tends to be an acute case of over sensitivity, a dreadful disease to bear.

Nevertheless, your response was honest and to the point though it left me feeling a bit strange at first. I respect your honesty though feel you may be indulging on a bit of haughtiness. Actually, I may say this a smudge to smooth my own ego, but who knows.

Well, I felt I should acknowledge your response so I have. I will be living with the Kerrs as of May 30 though I may housesit for friends in the neighborhood part of the time. I can be reached at 912 E. Capitol Street, Washington, D.C. 20002. And where will you be this summer?

Take care, Sharon

June 6, 1978  
Michael Pogue  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

I apologize for this postcard from New York City. Kay picked it out and she has somewhat peculiar taste in art. Nevertheless, we've had a great time thus far in New York and Boston. The Rambler has only broken down 10 times and has been broken into once. We are presently preparing to depart into the mountains. See you soon.

Michael and Kay

June 20, 1978  
Joanne West Shaver  
Fairhaven Road  
College Corner, Ohio

Hi Darrell,

How's everything? What are you doing these days? How's the job going? Are you enjoying your summer in Bloomington?

Even though you heard about [Shirley's] baby before we did, we got to hold him before you did. I've been very excited about him. Shirley [West Mitchell] really has her hands full. Jim was in the field a great deal of the time when she first got home and that upset her. Laura likes the baby [named Mark], but does aggravating little things like "accidentally" bumping him in the head a lot. She likes to talk about him and hold him a lot. I can't believe how rough she is with him, but you know how little kids are with kittens or dogs or anything. They just don't know any better.

I can't believe the stupid thing Kenny [West] did. He sent me something here at work through the mail. Hardly anyone ever gets personal mail here and Jenice opens all the mail. She didn't notice that it was personal. It was an application for Nigger Employment that had lots of gross things in it. She put it on my desk while I was out, opened, and we've never discussed it yet. I know she wouldn't think that was one bit funny. It was so embarrassing to me and I'll kill him when I see him.

When are you coming home again? I hope it's soon. My ten year class reunion at Eaton is this weekend. They're having something special for my class from 2 to 5 p.m. and

then the alumni is at the Manchester Inn in Middletown that evening. We're going to the whole thing and I can tell Tim is really thrilled about it. I think he'll know more people than he thinks he will. I'm looking forward to it because I think it'll be interesting.

Kathy Simpson is pregnant now. So is Mary Moreland. I know that's just gossip things that women love to tell.

We bought a new bright gold velour love seat at an auction and it looks brand new. We paid \$125 for it and it fits into our living room just great. We also just bought all Bobby and Sara [Simpson's] old kitchen cabinets which still look great for \$100 which was a steal and we're planning to redo the kitchen. That kitchen looks old and it should make quite a difference. I'm anxious to get started on it, but Tim needs to get some things of his own done now so they'll probably wait. He's been helping me a lot and letting some of his own things go so I don't mind waiting for a little while.

You'll come home when Kenny and Amy come, won't you. Write when you can.

Joanne

June 22, 1978

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear David [Golden],

Your job opportunity has inspired less enthusiasm than I first imagined, though the fact that few within our department stick around Bloomington in the summer has impeded my search. As such, after advertisement in the enclosed departmental weekly bulletin and sporadic casual conversation, I can report only one definite expression of interest, that being an advanced graduate student with fairly solid credentials for a student. His name and address are written in invisible ink in the following space ( ). For a small percentage off the top of his salary, I'll tell you the proper decoding chemical. If you are interested in additional information regarding this character, who I have no problem recommending, call me. Even if you're not interested, you can call me and hear me describe the latest technique for building up one's pecker, a problem I'm sure of direct interest to you.

I've also enclosed an interesting article which inadvertently delivers one of the stronger arguments against nuclear power that I've encountered. For one, I never realized that these power plants, which take years to build and millions to finance, deliver power for only 20 to 40 years. That seems to be an absurdly short period of time, given the financial and environmental costs. In addition, the apparent problems in entombing or dismantling the outmoded plants raises the issue to a highly questionable risk. Twentieth century man should not be so cocky as to think that these sites can be guarded for the next 400 to 500 years. The periodic rise and fall of civilizations makes such an assumption risky to a Jeremiah like myself.

Incidentally, you're invited to come camping at Bloomington the weekend of July 4th. Tom and Janet are coming over to go camping with Judy, myself, and my pecker. The five of us will sleep in a four person tent, an arrangement which should prove quite cozy indeed. If you ever show this letter to anyone, consider your balls fried. I'd be ruined within the profession, though perhaps it would launch an alternative career as a cheap porno writer.

Yesterday, I submitted a formal letter of resignation to my boss regarding my summer job. I found that I wasn't getting as much of my academic work done as I wanted. Though our project was far from complete, the loophole which enabled me to honorably pull out was his casual comment when I was hired that he expected the job to last only to around the end of June. I used that comment to tell him I had developed plans for the month of July which would be endangered if I continued the job. Though this excuse is honest and sincere, I must admit it to be a post-hoc rationalization for milking a job for all the computer experience I could get and then leaving when the monotonous part of the computer work emerged. I'm rather proud of my maneuver. The upshot is don't call me at work after June 30 as I won't be there.

Well, have to go so take it easy and give me a call if you can for free regarding the possible employment of my colleague.

Darrell

June 26, 1978

David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Enjoyed your letter. Just today, we got the feedback on our Energy Proposal. Ranked third out of seven, though they ranked us on the bottom on one criteria because of not having a social scientist on the team. I will try to bring your availability up if the opportunity exists. You could even stay in this apartment.

Went car hunting today. The dog was rushed to the hospital by the kennel for heat prostration. He was a cat's whisker from kicking off.

Thanks for the July 4 invite, but I will be in Youngstown for Don Simon's wedding. Try me again another weekend. I would really enjoy going camping in either New England or the Southeast. I have to use my vacation and my going overseas plans have fallen through. I can't afford it now, since I will be underwriting another car. The Nova is finally kicking off.

My job is souring and I'm looking around. Right now I'm entertaining two thoughts: 1) becoming a consultant for private industry on getting around Dept. of Defense vetoes of export applications or 2) joining the head Dept. of Defense group on Xport controls. I'm getting an offer from TRW (I have been stalling actually) and will soon write to Miss Export. I will shoot for GS-11. I took stock the other day and since I'm excelling past my boss, I think I represent the leading edge of National Security technology and transfer and export control expertise. I have just designed the analytical process for implementing a critical technology assessment for the Dept. of Defense. My resume is so good, I'd like to hire myself.

As far as the first option is concerned, I would try to sell myself to a trade organization as a clearinghouse for assistance and information say at 20 hours a week at \$1,000 a month. I would spend the other half of the month flying around at \$250 a day. I'm not sure I have the contacts nor the age to make my business credible. There is a total lack of help for industry. For a measly couple grand, I would help them write their export applications so that the Dept. of Defense would lose in the interagency squabble. I suspect an activity like this could mushroom into a \$50,000 consulting practice or a small corporation.

I'll almost certainly take the easy route, which is number two. Please send your comments back soon. Remember, there is only \$2 million in East-West trade and not one consultant available for export control lubrication.

Concerning nuclear power, the issue boils down to whether we want concentrated waste, i.e. spent nuclear power plants, or distributed waste, i.e., the states of West Virginia and Montana. I prefer the former. The reactors to my understanding are dismantled to such a degree that the hottest wastes are removed and the remaining radioactivity level is moderate. No denial that the time cost of all industrial processes, including nuclear energy, should be totally charged for in the market place, allowing for an escrow to be set up for eventual dismantling. Undoubtedly, better designing needs to be done. The quagmire we face is that continued fossil fuel consumption is beginning to seriously distort the world equilibrium. Nuclear energy, of course, also disrupts the thermal equilibrium. The fossil problem appears to be as dangerous, if not more so, than nuclear energy. It is a question of localized and predictable contamination versus serious climactic changes.

David

June 26, 1978  
Ken West  
261 N.W. 46 Court  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33309

Dear Darrell,

I just made my flight reservations and find I cannot get excursion rates the days following July 4. They are booked solid. So I have had to change my plans. I know you have made commitments. This is to keep you informed. Hopefully, we can still get together at some point.

I'm arriving late Tuesday night, July 11 with Amy. I'm staying til July 17. Mail goes back July 22. Let's hope our schedules work out so we can see each other.

Have I been busy since school let out on June 13th. I got Amy for a week, then she is gone now for a week to play in a baseball tournament at the county level. She was very

enthused about it. Her team has done well so things are working out well. We had a very good time here so far. She loves swimming, we practice tennis and baseball, and she is good at rummy cards and backgammon. As soon as she left, I painted the kitchen (green cabinets and yellow doors) and we had a drop in the ceiling put in (simulated stone with white bamboo light fixtures). The bathroom has been done again in green (carpeting and accents). Today, I just got louvered closet doors for the two bedrooms. Yesterday, I weeded all along the backyard fence. This morning all out in front. It looks very fresh, very weedless right now.

Plus we are gearing up for our trip in August. I'm looking forward to it.

I'm also looking forward to visiting Ohio again. I do value my family connections and look forward to visiting with all.

It's the rainy season now, several rains a day, but they do not last long. The sun comes out again so I'm working toward a tan.

Hope to see you in July. If not, Understand your commitments. I'm only sorry I had to change my plans.

Ken

July 7, 1978  
Sharon Ramsey  
912 E. Capitol Street  
Washington, D.C. 20002

Dear Darrell,

I was thinking of you and remembered that it had been a while since we had been in touch so decided to write.

How is your summer job and what exactly are you doing. In case you didn't guess already, I'm working at OCR for my third summer and am really enjoying it mostly for once. I am working with Hilda Lynch under Ed Redman in the Race and National Origin branch of the Policy and Procedures Division. I'm actually doing a research project concerned with Special Education staffing (requirements, certification, qualities, etc.) which will be used for Special Purpose Schools Policy eventually. I got sent on my first business trip a few weeks ago on a SPS review in Wilmington, Delaware. It was an interesting experience and I learned a lot. There are a couple of other reviews to Oklahoma and Texas that I may be sent on.

My summer is going well, not super exciting, but it's restful. My living situation is fine. I'm living at the Kerrs on East Capitol Street. Actually as of tomorrow, I will be house-sitting for the Sherks from July 8-22. In case you write, you can write to the Sherks, 917 E. St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. It doesn't really matter though because I'll be picking mail up at the Kerrs too.

The last term of school was my worst ever. I was definitely not into school then. I have considered taking next year off to work and travel, but after giving it a lot of consideration have decided it is not financially feasible. I will go back first term and see what happens after that.

I met and unfortunately fell in love with a great guy last spring in school. He came down one weekend from Philadelphia and I went there once to visit several weeks ago but now he's off traveling in the Midwest for the next couple of months. He will be going to Europe next spring so in all likelihood, I won't see him for another year though there is a chance I'll see him a little bit in the springtime. This new relationship offered new experiences and really helped me see the characteristics I really enjoyed and wanted most in a boyfriend, therefore causing huge problems with my dealings with Richard. Therefore, Richard and I have had a super shaky relationship for the last 3 months. We have sincerely almost ended the relationship a couple of times though have decided to make it work again. I'm not sure I want it to work again but things are improving.

My friend Stephanie is coming down from Butler, Pennsylvania on tomorrow for the weekend. I'm really excited because I really miss her and all my friends from school. The bad part about this summer is that Rich is virtually my only friend in D.C. I guess I'm lonely some of the times.

How are things, Darrell? Are you still planning on traveling on the special air fare with your girlfriend in August? If you're still coming to Washington and would like to give me a call and maybe we can get together for a beer or something, I can be reached at home at

543-8545 or work at 245-7331 or at 931-7748 at Rich's. I feel like after all these numbers, I should be giving my social security number next. Seriously though, I would like to see you and meet your latest even. Is she rich? Remember, you said you wanted a rich wife.

Well, take care and keep in touch. I still have use of a WATS line if you'd like me to call sometime. Let me know.

Love, Sharon

July 10, 1978  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Road 732  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell and Judy [Bryan],

Thank you so much for the cute little outfit [for Mark]. We're glad it's a bigger size because he has enough newborn clothes already.

We sure enjoyed seeing you yesterday and catching up on what you're doing. I envy your trip coming up. If you don't enjoy it, it's your own fault, but I know you will.

Let us here from you. Thanks again.

Shirley

July 11, 1978  
Jane Higgins  
5672-D Brendon Way Parkway  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46226

Dear Darrell,

So how ya doing? Thanks for the mail. I don't get much these days. Bills will start rolling in soon though. I think I can wait on that one.

So what do you think of this snazzy stationary? The newcomers club sent it to me free of charge. Ah, the free lunch.

An anthropologist and an economist were shipwrecked on a deserted island. As time passed, a can of corn drifted to shore. Being quite hungry, they both ran out to greet it, only to realize that there was no way to open it. The anthropologist scratched his head and thought outloud: "Gee, with my education and skills, surely I can find a way to open this can." "I've got it," exclaimed the economist. "First of all, let us assume that we have a can opener."

That's it, no more, no less. Forgive this letter for being short. If I indulged myself and told you about Indianapolis' night life, you'd fall asleep right where you are now!

See you, Jane

July 21, 1978  
 Darrell West  
 1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
 Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Vicky [Markell],

Long time no hear, but I understand how summers quickly slip away. As usual, my summer has been quite eventful. After visiting "Camelot," Kentucky in June, I traveled to Chicago, Eaton, and Campaign, Illinois, while also camping with Tom and Janet [Larson] the weekend of July 4th. Aside from my recreational outings, I worked as a computer researcher in Bloomington for two months. Now I'm taking a couple of classes and preparing for the class I'm teaching this fall on the use of computers in political science. I feel satisfied with the way my academic career is developing. I like teaching and working on research projects.

My love life is quite satisfactory as Judy [Bryan] and I have a fairly solid relationship. She and I already have our airplane tickets for our See America First vacation that your mother probably told you about. We leave for San Francisco August 7, which means we'll miss your family reunion by a couple of weeks. I assume your mother told you we also plan on being in Boston for four days. We fly into Boston August 11 and leave the following Wednesday afternoon. I trust we'll have time to get together for lunch or dinner some time. I hope it's not awkward for us after not having seen each other for awhile, especially given the probability that we've both changed considerably. Judy and I plan to stay at a hotel in Cambridge during our Boston stay so as to be convenient to the downtown sights and subway. So don't worry about us asking to impose ourselves on your apartment. Write when you get a chance to let us know when a good time for dinner is. Take care.

Darrell

July 21, 1978  
 Darrell West  
 1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
 Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Sharon [Ramsey],

Thanks for the letter. Happy to hear that your job is going well, but sorry to hear about the problems with Rich. My summer has been nice. I worked as a computer analyst on a research project in Bloomington. Though the job is over now, I had a good experience and learned a lot.

I've traveled several places this summer, including Chicago, Cincinnati, Kentucky, and Champaign. But of course the big trip is still to come. Judy and I leave August 7 for San Francisco, Las Vegas, and Los Angeles. We arrive in Washington August 15 before leaving for Boston and later New York City. Perhaps we can eat lunch together on one of the days I'm there (though I'd prefer if you didn't invite others). Forgive my poor handwriting but I'm traveling as a passenger in a car to Chicago. See you soon.

Darrell

July 21, 1978  
 Darrell West  
 1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
 Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear David [Golden],

Hey, what's the story with my job candidates? Are you trying to make me look bad by totally ignoring them? I think you consciously suckered me into personnel matters with the premeditated plan of letting me hang. As a result, I must regretfully announce the end of our friendship. As usual I'm proving two weeks notice to enable you to find a suitable replacement (though I'm also retaining my options for a four day stay in August). I'm confident no replacement could fully take my place in terms of intelligence, wit, subtle aggressiveness, capacity for delayed gratification, and charm. But I'm sure you'll find some moron with other advantages. Good luck in your search.

Our camping trip with Tom and Janet [Larson] turned out to be quite pleasant. The highlight came Saturday when the four of us went skinny-dipping in Lake Monroe and I got to see Tom's cock and Janet's breasts (please burn this letter upon receipt, even though I

must admit I've never burned the confidential letters you sent me. One never burns potential extortion material). Both of them or perhaps I should say all three of them were quite nice. Camping was pleasant until the invasion of the ticks, but I guess you can't have everything.

Last week, Judy [Bryan] and I traveled to Champaign, Illinois for her family reunion. Though the trip was quite boring, the pits hit when I overdosed on marijuana brownies. I think I inadvertently ate the equivalent of 7-8 joints. Needless to say, I didn't make the best impression on her siblings (her parents were absent). But at least her grandmother, the wife of a Methodist minister, likes me because she knows I don't drink. I neglected to tell her of my other vices, such as excessive masturbation, unnecessary profanity, and blatant nose-picking. So all is not lost.

Judy and I start our trip August 7, when we fly went to San Francisco, Las Vegas, and Los Angeles. We arrive in D.C. at 9:53 p.m., Tuesday, August 15 at National Airport and then leave for Boston and New York City at 11:15 a.m. Saturday on Delta Airlines. It would be nice if you could meet us at the airport, but if you can't we'll make it to your place through alternative means. You're still welcome to fly with us to one of these cities if you like. But if you do, I still get to sleep in the middle of our double bed.

I've been spending most of my time recently learning FORTRAN, writing a review paper on the presidency, taking a course on elections, and preparing for my course this fall on the uses of computers in political science. I'm pretty psyched up about my course because in contrast to past syllabi on the subject, it covers more interesting topics and requires the student to develop a wider range of skills. In the past, this course emphasized SPSS to the mutual exclusion of other computer uses. I've broadened the subject matter to include use of terminals, editing packets, utility programs, and text processing. Though the course is ambitious, I can always make the assignments easier if students have trouble picking up the material.

Well, I'd better go because we're almost to Chicago. Forgive me for the poor handwriting but American highway engineers failed to develop smooth roads. See you.

Darrell

July 27, 1978  
David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Good letter. Janet [Larson] didn't tell me about the skinny-dipping. I might also have been able to peek at Jan's breasts when Cleo her dog pushed her door open, but I lacked the necessary equipment (glasses) to exploit the situation. Of course, I would be more interested in Judy's breasts. How come you hadn't seen Tom's cock before?

I will pick you up at the Airport. No problem. I will be at Boston the weekend before. Too bad we just missed. You might give me Vicky [Markell's] phone number and a judgment on whether I should say hello. Your itinerary looks good.

While we are on breasts, one of the roommates' friends dragged me to King Arthurs, which featured beer and breasts. I asked the waitress, a cute all-American girl back home type, for a wine list. Of course, the wine was Gallo and the breasts were boring. I couldn't even get into the smudged mirror and the red lights, which made an unreal scene more unreal. The gyrations scored 0.5 out of 10 on my peter meter. Somewhere between seeing an 11 year old with her first training bra showing through her blouse and looking through Good Housekeeping.

I'm sure you will be proud of me. I planned out how to have \$1 million by age 30, but got shot down. I sent my resume to the queen of export control, trying to get a GS-11 position to be created for me and her s.o.b. grooming ant sent me a pink slip in which his title was just about longer than the text. He even sent me the lousy carbon copy too. Talk about adding insult to injury.

I fantasize more about quitting work than sex. My mental activity is roughly 1) work 2) quitting work 3) food 4) sex, and 5) food now. I am trying to relax before I get an ulcer. One of our secretaries just came down with one too.

My boss took me into his office for a review, gave me praise, and said I was getting a 20 percent raise to \$15,000. I got angry (first time at work since being there), said it was unacceptable, and demanded to be paid as much as a bachelors in Electrical Engineering

right out of school. My boss said BSEE were getting \$14,500 to \$15,000. I said \$16,000 to \$17,000 and so he called up Carnegie-Mellon and I was right. So I got \$17,000, an apology from the head of the group, and unasked for concessions (more technical work, more client contact, etc). I am still thinking about quitting though.

I had a good time visiting Janet [Larson] in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I was a nasty s.o.b. and shredded the arguments that Kay Welty's American University paper about [Henry] Kissinger and [William] Rogers was based upon and probably scared her away from attempting to publish it. Nasty s.o.b. I am.

Janet dropped a lot of dough taking the 3 of us out to dinner. The restaurant was really weird. The maitre'd wore a cow bell, the furnishings were Victorian right out of the Adam's family, the waiter bad mouthed the place, and the owner was "the owner." Food was good, the service was atrocious. I saw some really nice places in Lancaster though. Got to mail this letter now.

See ya, David

August 2, 1978  
Vicky Markell  
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Darrell,

It was great to hear from you. I just returned from California. Had a wonderful 9 days with my family and found your letter waiting for me. It'll be fun meeting Judy [Bryan] and Darrell, I can't imagine that we'll feel awkward with each other. We're too fond of each for that, even if we are very different.

I would like to make one thing clear though. I would very much enjoy having you both stay here with me. I have a queen size couch and bed. My only brief about having guests is that after I've driven my typical 3 hours during the day, I don't feel like being a tour guide. Therefore let me suggest that you rent a car at the airport. They are as cheap as \$12 to \$15/day with no mileage charge, and you would save the hotel and restaurant costs. That way, you can take day trips to Newport, Rhode Island, etc. How does that sound? Let me know. My offer is sincere, Darrell.

Love, Vicky

August 30, 1978  
Darrell West  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear David [Golden],

Just a note to thank you for your gracious hospitality during our recent vacation in D.C. Perhaps when I make it to Harvard University, I can invite you to my villa overlooking the Charles River. Also find the enclosed material relevant to our Boston trip. Judy [Bryan] and I purchased these helpful books quite cheaply and are willing to sell them to you for half-price. Please remit \$5 or return the books pronto.

Our trip to Boston was fun. We visited Vicky [Markell] and discovered that she probably will quit her job in the next couple months. At that point, she plans to move home for 1-2 months while looking for a new job in Cincinnati, Lexington, or Louisville. I also reconciled some of my previous differences with old flame, Amy Bluestone.

Our most interesting Boston activity involved a day long visit to Martha's Vineyard, where my favorite political science professor [Jeff Fishel] is vacationing for a month. Unbeknownst to us, until it was too late, he suggested an afternoon visit to what turned out to be a completely nude beach. Interesting experience. Judy and I took our clothes off, but only when my professor was absent. Following our trip to Boston, we flew to New York City for an excellent Broadway play, Da, and a two-day sailing trip off Long Island.

Upon returning to Indiana, I dropped Judy off at a friend's home at Indianapolis, before starting a fateful car ride to Bloomington. Ten miles from Bloomington with my speed around 55 MPH, some drunken asshole nearly killed me by pulling his car in front of mine from a dirt intersection. He pulled out about 15 feet from my car. Since I was in the passing lane of the four-lane highway with another car directly parallel to mine in the right hand lane, the drunk effectively limited my options to one-- hitting his car. Fortunately, I hit the front end of his car (he had only pulled half way out on the road), which enabled my car to



push his car to the side and proceed with its more natural momentum a little ways down the road.

I luckily emerged unscratched, but the incident was close enough to terrify me. If I'd hit his car further back, it probably would have stopped my momentum in a much shorter distance, with the net impact being that you would have had to route your future correspondence through either the Pope or Billy Graham. Seeing as how the asshole referred to above bore no insurance, my company must pay the cost of the accident. Unfortunately, the value of a totally demolished 1966 Ford Galaxie is little more than LaBelle Lance's recent book royalties. My parents are temporarily lending me their 1969 Nova which will ease my transportation needs for awhile.

Following this eventful Sunday evening, I started classes Monday morning, registered for classes that afternoon, and delivered my first lecture Monday evening. Not the type of peaceful vacation-school transition I'd envisioned to top it all off. Tuesday night, I developed a sort throat which made my Wednesday productivity only slightly higher than my vacation productivity. I fully expect to develop terminal TB before the week ends.

Please send words of encouragement or I'll tell your boss IU EE's make only \$14,500.

See you, Darrell

P.S. Please fill out the enclosed questionnaire evaluating Judy Bryan as a prospective serious woman for me (on a 1 to 10 scale): intelligence, originality, sense of humor, emotional strength, agreeability, tits, potential for growth, initiative, and independence.

September 1, 1978  
Helen Steele Conway  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Hi Darrell,

How are you. I hope this finds you all o.k.

How was that big trip? Bet you seen a lot of pretty sights. By the way, you didn't write me a card from there!

Well, we finally got our pictures back after a month of it. There is one he didn't send back. That was Jenny, one of my bridesmaids. So I have to get on him about that now.

Has your school started yet? Heard you are to teach this year?

Everyone is fine here. Still all kicking yet. All your family is getting ready for the Pork Festival now which is the 16th and 17th of September. Should be nice.

We are getting ready to move to Fountain City, Indiana. Tom [Conway] is getting ants in his pants now. Wants to get closer to his work before the snow starts to fly again. We have found a trailer on the outskirts of Fountain City. Real nice. It's only two or three years old. The women just got married a year ago. She has been going to Florida in the winter and renting it out. It's a 70 foot, all modern, trailer. She is taking all her furniture, but her stove, refrigerator, washer and dryer stays. I can get some of my stuff in but the rest we will have to store. I got a nice couch and chair (light beige), which is real pretty. I am getting rid of the red couch and chair that was the folks. Would you want them? The couch isn't in too good of shape. The bottom is about to fall out of it, but the chair is still pretty good. If you want it, let me know before September 18th, as that is when we are supposed to be out of here. I am going to pitch it then if no one is going to take it. So let me know if you want it.

After September 18th, my new address will be: Mrs. Thomas Conway, North Street, R.R. 1, Fountain City, Indiana, 47341.

Hope you like the picture. If you want any more, let me know and I will get them.

Well, I'll close for now. Write some time. Don't suppose you know when you will be home again, do you? If you ever get to Fountain City, come and see us.

With love, Aunt Helen and Tom

September 2, 1978  
David Golden  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

Since your letter was so amusing (I framed it and put it on my wall), I thought I would write back immediately with my Bravo's. Randy and I filled out your evaluation form on Judy together. We wish to point out, for future evaluations that the scale appears to be the "Polish scale," possibly not the best for this type of broad, analytically-derived evaluation

methodology. Perhaps, rather than 1,3,5,7,10, a 0,2,4,6,8,10 would be better. Looking at this from a positive integer number scale, you can see how inaccuracy entered into our measurement recording.

Additionally, is this a normalized bell curve? Where is the first and second standard deviation? Is this a Midwest evaluation only? I also must protest that in this era of open-mindedness and open vaginas) that you did not inquire as to our desire to go to bed with Judy. I would ascribe this to your latent chauvinism.

You are now suffering with the problems of insurance and bad luck. That is, there is no insurance for bad luck. My consolation to your Ford and it's rebuilt transmission.

Last night, I saw the Rocky Horror Picture Show. I felt fairly ancient in the teenybopper crowd. I'm not certain what these kid's parents think of them dancing around in their underwear or transvestite, black lace outfits. The ushers were dressed up, led many of the epithets, and carried squirt guns. It was all terribly strange. I got a big kick out of it, especially when the transsexual seduces both members of this young, non-chic asshole couple separately in an absolutely identical manner.

Tom and Janet [Larson] stayed for a couple of days and we had a good time. I couldn't spend as much time as I wanted since my boss decided we wanted to do four proposals simultaneously. I am currently very agitated about work. I don't know what to do about the hours. It denies me the opportunity to get out of my rut since I can do nothing in outside activities during the weekend. I meet no one in my work.

My roommate was attempting to coerce me into the Eastern unlimited fly special, but since any impoverished graduate student can do that, we are now looking into Pan Am's unlimited worldwide (north of the equator) trip. We are thinking of the Far East and Middle East mostly. Japan, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Thailand, Iran, Korea, India, Russia, Eastern Europe (maybe), Egypt, Israel, etc. Continental Europe we can go to anytime cheap, but staying is expensive. The Far East is cheap to live at. It would be a 90-day trip and the expense would be around \$2,500. We might be better off to carry gold than dollars.

So long, David

P.S. Here is our rating of Judy Bryan: intelligence 7, originality 5, sense of humor 7, emotional strength 7, agreeability 10, tits 7, potential for growth 10, initiative 10, independence 10. Our conclusion is that she is too good for you.

September 7, 1978  
Joanne West Shaver  
Fairhaven Road  
College Corner, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Just wanted to drop a line to see if you had recovered from all your problems. How's the red car doing? Don't you just love it? How's your cold? I'm afraid Mom caught it from you. She didn't feel good over Labor Day weekend and called in sick one day after that. She sounded pretty hoarse.

Are you going to marry Judy? I just want you to know that the whole family really likes her and I hope you don't let her slip through your fingers. It sounds like you enjoyed being together on your trip and that you let each other do his or her thing. It just looks pretty good to me and I wondered what the status of the situation is.

I took a day of vacation with the Labor Day weekend and Tim [Shaver] had that time off too. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed that. I told Tim I could live that life easily. I got so much done and I wasn't pushed as I usually am. I'm getting so sick of working. I think my problem is that I've been sick so much that I get so behind in everything and then it really piles up. But now I'll all caught up and maybe that won't happen again.

One thing I did want to tell you is that Tim knows about Kenny. It was weird how it came up. We were just casually talking about him the other night, about how him and other young people from our area are slipping away from the church. I know this isn't important to you but it is to us and I listen to your way of life and try to be open and I want you to be too. Anyway, we feel that Satan is really moving in and succeeding in making people get away from God. Tim said he thought Kenny wasn't going to church much and he was drinking some.

I then said that there was more to it than that and I wished I could tell him. I asked him to guess. Then he said that he overheard Kenny tell Tom on the phone, "I love you, too." He started getting suspicious over that. That's been 3 months ago and he never mentioned it to me. I can't believe him! He doesn't know much about it either or understand it but it's not something we think is real neat. You may not understand this, but we both feel that God brought us together and if you're a believer, then you want to live the life God has planned for you. We've had such a good growing relationship with the other people our age around here before, but now that everyone's gotten married, the growing spiritual relationship we all had together just isn't there anymore. Tim and I really miss that because it was neat and we all had such fun. We've found that the more you give of yourself, the more you get back and it is miraculous. Believe me, I'm no saint and I'm not trying to preach to you because I know how you feel about that, but I'm just telling you what we're thinking about right now.

Satan is making Larry [Gant] very bitter about our church and he says he and Karen are leaving the church this winter. What it really boils down to is that the church ball league has destroyed the group we had. There's a lot of jealousy over it and they used to be so active in church activities but now they give all their time to playing ball. It's caused a lot of hard feelings. They play to win regardless of whose feelings they hurt and it just seems preposterous that a church team could destroy the growing group we once had.

Shirley and Jim [Mitchell] are getting so materialistic (that's not really fair to say) because Jim wants to own that land but he's home even less now than before and is irritable and we think it's the pressure of having to make so much money to make payments. I would rather have my husband home with me if that's what it cost to have it. We know we may feel different about it when we purchase a house or land so it's easy for us to say that now. Another thing is that Larry said that he had been thinking sometimes that God wanted him to be a minister. He said he's just too materialistic and he is the most materialistic person I know. His brother just spent \$10,000 for a 4-wheel drive truck! So he's telling God no because he wants too many things. I wonder if Larry knows God well enough to know that God will let him go down to the bottom to get him if that's what it takes and it frightens us.

Well enough of our criticism of everybody. We're just upset that things aren't going well around here. What it boils down to is that we miss the spiritual friendships we had and we see how Satan is working to make things keep going down. I wonder how you feel about this. I'm glad Tim and I have each other and feel the same about this and can help each other when we need it.

I can't remember if you knew that Truman and Doris Gant were getting a divorce because Truman became so despondent over his physical condition that he's having an affair. He doesn't have long to live. This upsets me alot because it's happening to one of my best friend's parents. Doris looks so bad and she's taking it so hard. I'm not sure yet what will happen to them but the situation is serious.

Well, I'll close for now. I can't believe I told you all this but maybe there's a reason for it. Anyway, take it with a grain of salt and don't laugh at us because these are gut issues with us and we're open for your lifestyle, so you be open for ours.

Enjoy school this year and write back soon.

Take care, Joanne

September 12, 1978  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Joanne [West Shaver],

Hope that everything works out for you. Your letter sounded as if things are not going that well now in the community. But try to look on the positive side of things. Everything can't be totally bad. Things might settle down after the summer ends.

I have enclosed an article which appeared in the IU student newspaper on gays. Since it discusses a subject of interest to both of us, I thought you might appreciate reading it. It's the most recent research on the subject and has been favorably reviewed by scholars across the country. You might want to get a copy of the book. I'm sure most bookstores carry it or will order it for you.

Things are settling down a bit for me. The first week of classes were really difficult, given my accident, my return trip to Ohio, and my illness. But things are much better now and I'm able to spend more time studying. I visited Judy [Bryan] in Cincinnati last weekend. Things are kind of in a transition stage for us. She's having to make a big adjustment, moving to a new community and starting a new job.

As a result, our weekend wasn't very good. Friday night was downright terrible as she was acting really distant from me for some unknown reason. Saturday we had a better time, but Sunday wasn't that good. We'll just have to be patient to see how things develop. Judy and I are not at this stage interested in marrying each other. I like her a lot, but we have problems that would need to be worked out before we could consider that possibility. So I can categorically state that there will be no marriage for me for several years. I trust you won't be too disappointed, but remember, I have to make the decision, not my family or my friends, all of whom like her. They don't know her like I do and so they don't know the disagreeable parts of her personality like I do. So I'm just waiting to see how things develop. Don't rush me.

Keep in touch, Darrell

September 14, 1978

Judy Bryan  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I just wrote a nasty letter to Leggs panty hose because 2 pairs of hose I had purchased split after 1 day of wear.

I picked up the rest of the pictures today. They are fantastic! My sunset is just as beautiful as yours. There are some very good pictures of you.

I have been in very high spirits lately. Monday was an interesting day. I filled out all the forms. I had lunch with the personnel director and two training managers. Lunch was uneventful. The branch I'm at this week is a lot of fun. I had an informative lunch with one of the assistant managers, a woman who just got off the training program. She had all the same complaints as everyone else. She looks back and says it was all worth it. That was good to hear.

My assigned mentor is the branch manager of this branch. He is also a regional branch manager. There are 3 of these in Cincinnati, with each person responsible for 8 branches. The mentor program is new this year. It is supposed to allow for informal communication between a trainee and someone in a policy or decision-making capacity. We had our first meeting yesterday and I am impressed with his interest in the program. It's up to me to make an appointment with him. In the meantime, he is going to think about a research project I might like doing. Also I am to go with him on one of his customer calls and go with him to an outside activity. He is involved in the Junior Achievement community council. I hope I take advantage of the relationship. He is very interested in the satisfaction of his employees. An article was written up on him and this office in the bank magazine. Remind me to show it to you.

One of the big thrills at the branch was punching about 20 numbers on a push button phone and getting a computerized voice giving me the current balance and last deposit and amount of a customer. I have also done little odds and ends. Taxing work like alphabetizing signature cards, returning safety deposit boxes, typing Federal withholding receipts and running tapes. I was surprised that I really didn't mind the work. I can imagine it would be quite dull to do it all the time. It's a method of learning to appreciate the work of people that keeps the bank running. I do plan to look into the research project of my mentor.

I had one unfortunate experience last night. I went to the downtown library to see a historical slide show of Cincinnati. When I arrived, I couldn't find a parking place and began to fear for my safety if I had to walk very far alone at night. It was the first time I realized that my night life is going to have some unanticipated constraints. I came home discouraged.

Today was orientation. It was taught by trainees. Even though much of it was boring, I enjoyed observing how they taught the course since I will be teaching it very soon. The most interesting part of the day was going on in the vault of the safe deposit department. The vault has a 35 ton door. The security was amazing. The guard threw out a thought-

provoking fact Mosler safe company had an identical vault in Hiroshima [Japan] during the time of the atomic bomb. Nothing was affected inside.

I have only one complaint. I met my neighbor next door named Greg. Very boring. Dull. Strange. He came over last night and wore out his welcome. He asked me to go out Friday night. I figure, what the hell. My philosophy is don't judge a book by its cover. I wanted to do something and seeing how I can't do it alone, I'll try it once. If I have a shitty time, that's it.

This letter has taken so long. I don't feel like proof-reading it. Bear with the mistakes.

The only Dylan tickets left were directly behind the stage. Needless to say, I wasn't about to pay \$7.50 for shitty seats. I hope you agree. What about the Wiz on the 13th or 14th?

I'm waiting for a letter.

Judy

P.S. I almost named you as my life insurance beneficiary. Unfortunately, I forgot your address. My brother Bob and Grandma Carlson won. I didn't know who to put down. I can always change it.

P.S.S. I also became a member of the bank's blood bank. Ick! Gross! The blood goes to Cincinnati hemophiliacs or me and my family in case of an emergency. Within 30 days, I have to donate blood.

September 14, 1978

Judy Bryan

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

What an evening! I haven't even read the newspaper yet. This has been a very emotion filled night. First that damn preacher on the way home from work, an hour and 1/2 of sobbing with my "boyfriend" (the quotes are supposed to describe our insecure relationship), then 1/2 hour with Ann, a letter to Penn Commonwealth, and finally my nasty letter to the preacher. I spiced the evening up with two bowls of cheerios, 3 pieces of zucchini bread, a couple big spoons of the Butter pecan and yogurt ice cream besides dinner. I feel pretty sick. I only eat like that when I'm trying to escape solving a problem. When I gain weight, it makes things all the worse and I will blame unhappiness on being fat. It's a very unfortunate position to be in. I feel pretty sick and tired right now.

Ann assured me that when she came here, she went through similar experiences with Ted. She also was involved in a "culture shock" upon moving here. She too was overly involved in the excitement of all the variety and newness. Her and Ted have had their ups and downs. Now that he's back in Cincinnati, they're getting along great. She said it just takes time to get adjusted. I don't think it's abnormal how I've reacted. As we said on the phone, it's something that produces insecurity. I really feel like I have a strong case. It's going to take time to get adjusted to this environment. I realize you are trying to be patient with me. I feel I shouldn't have to make a yes or no answer for a time. It's like arguing when you are emotional. It's not very credible. If I said Darrell I never want to see you again, it would be very illogical because it has been biased by my overly enthusiastic opportunities and various entertainment and activities here. I hope you will be patient with me.

I think that if you decided you wanted to break-up with me, it would be a one-way job. I have decided I won't do the breaking at this time. I would have to continue writing and visiting you, unless we get a lawyer involved. Will cross that bridge when we come to it.

I just want you to be patient with me. I know it's hard on your part. Don't be insecure about me not liking you. I do like you and care very much about you! I wish the above didn't sound so corny.

Love, Judy

September 15, 1978

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Judy [Bryan],

In case I forgot to tell you on the phone, it was nice talking with you last night. Though we were not able to definitely settle our problems, at least we each have a better idea where the other stands and what he or she is thinking. That's probably one of the things which most bugged me this week, the thought that I was bearing my unhappiness alone with you probably being unaware of my discontent. Though I felt sad to ruin your happy mood by raising issues, in the long run, it's better if we think about them now rather than just letting them boil underneath the surface. Talking about the situation at least brought our emotions back together, even if the emotions were not always happy ones. I think I also have a better idea of what you're going through now. I hope that I'm as patient with your uncertainty as you were with my unhappiness last night.

Enough for that subject. My father settled with the insurance company for \$300, a price I think is \$100 too low. But it satisfied him and it's his policy. Apparently, Nationwide also is taking the individual who caused the accident to court, something which probably means that at some point in the future, I'll get a subpoena to testify about the accident. I'm looking forward to it, as vindictive as it may sound. Plus I'm also interested in courts, so it will be interesting to see things from the inside.

I've been talking with several of my professors recently concerning where I can go next year. I'm learning that my options are broader than I originally thought. [Professor] Diamant informed me that IU sponsors a few \$4,200 fellowship awards, an award which would enable me to go anywhere I wanted and for as long as I wanted. But he warned me the contest was very competitive and to not get my hopes up. The political science department also awards 2-3 fellowships (\$3,500) each year. Usually these awards are limited to incoming graduate students, but Diamant indicated that as a last resort, I might receive one. He made no promises, but he's open to the possibility. Also a couple of prestigious think tanks in D.C. (Brookings and American Enterprise Institute) offer fellowships which are relatively lucrative (\$7,500). I also will apply to various research grant agencies for research funding. Several of my professors have offered their professional contacts to help me so things look encouraging at this point.

The biggest obstacle though is the need to further decide what my specific dissertation topic will be. Until I do that, I really can't apply to these places. But fortunately since I've started early in my hunt, the deadlines are 6-7 months away, a time period which should give me adequate time to develop my proposal.

I'm happy that you're adjusting so easily to your work and living environment. That shows a lot of independence and inner strength on your part. I hadn't realized you're such an adaptable person. You're probably more adaptable at these kinds of changes than I am (but remember, it's the only thing you can do better than I can, so don't get cocky). The mentor program sounds good. But I hope you take advantage of other people's availability also. My philosophy has also been to have multiple, not single mentors. Don't become too tied to the advice of your one contact. His experience and professional judgment may differ from other people in the organization.

Today was payday. Boy, was I ever relieved. After I deposited my check, I came home to pay my bills. I couldn't believe it but I was around 10 bills behind. I added up my outstanding bills after payment of my bills today and I'm around \$1,000 in debt to various companies. At my current salary of \$350 a month, it's going to be a long repayment period. I still hope to have repaid most of it by Christmas, but that's the optimistic estimate. If I sell my guitar at a fair price, that will relieve part of my debt problem.

Incidentally, I was disappointed to hear that you'd nearly, but not definitely, listed my name as your beneficiary. If one used the argument of need, I think I can build a better case for myself than either your brother or your grandmother. In addition, in case of your untimely demise, I think I'd need the extra money to pay the psychiatric sessions I'd probably have to use. So if you want to change your mind, feel free to do so. But I must say that for someone who is uninterested in commitments, the symbolic dimensions of naming me as your beneficiary is staggering. I am surprised you even thought of it. I don't think I would have in your situation.

I hope it doesn't bother you when I spend a lot of my time discussing academia. Sometimes I wonder if your graduation and removal to a non-academic setting will make you less impressed with my desires and my achievements. After all, most people do not find a

\$7,500 fellowship that impressive, especially when they make twice that in a regular job. But I guess only time will tell how you will develop. I just hope you don't develop fatalistically, but rather would prefer if you guide your development through conscious and active decisions. Too many people just get on a certain path and walk through it, without believing that they make decisions, even though they do. I hope you avoid that rut.

That's about all the wisdom I have to impart in this sitting. I trust you will study and restudy this letter in order to get the utmost out of it. There will be a quiz on it's contents one week from today. Bye.

Like, Darrell

September 18, 1978  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dearest Sweetheart Judy [Bryan],

I am so excited as I just finished delivering my lecture tonight. All modesty aside, I lectured brilliantly, I was informative, relaxed, humorous, and spontaneous. It may be the best lecture I've yet delivered. People are starting to laugh at my jokes so they must be relaxing also. I'm really relieved because for awhile, I was afraid this class was going to suck. But it's been getting better every week. I hope it stays this good because it makes teaching so much more fun.

The only bad thing about my good mood is it puts me in a sentimental mood. It makes me want to curl up in a chair with a woman I like and just hold her (and maybe touch her tits now and then). Hence the sentimental salutation. I trust you'll understand and not think it's as corny as you thought the end of your last letter was.

I saw an interesting French movie yesterday, "One Sings; The Other Doesn't," the story of 20 years growth and liberation in the lives of two French women. I liked the movie very much.

I think Anwar Sadat sold out and that peace is not at hand, despite the recent clamor in the press. Sometimes, this country reacts too optimistically to events. There are too many fundamental disagreements in the Middle East for an overnight agreement to resolve them. Forgive my skepticism, but I bet I'm right.

Sincerely, Darrell

September 27, 1978  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Judy [Bryan],

Since you object to typewritten communiqués, all future correspondence will be handwritten. I hope this policy changes will not delude you into believing you can always so easily modify my behavior. Next time, you may have to present a stronger case. So don't get cocky.

This week has sucked so far. Today my Statistics professor returned our tests and my score was not the expected A/A-, but rather was a B-. You can imagine my disappointment. Apparently this semester will be no less a struggle than the first time through. I got no breaks on the test grading. I could have very easily received a B+ and in fact have appealed several of the grading results due to what I feel is too stringent evaluation. Wish me luck because I will need it.

The second shitty thing this week occurred when the political science department announced it would fund no independent teaching sections for graduate students Spring semester due to budgetary cutbacks. This means I will have no chance to teach a substantive course next semester, but will probably be stuck teaching the computer class again. I'm pissed given the fact that I still have no experience teaching a substantive class. This news means that if I go elsewhere next year as planned, I will have completed IU's graduate program with no teaching experience. This will look bad on my resume, plus it means on my first job, I'll have to develop completely from scratch 3-4 courses, something which will be a difficult task. I've bitched to Professors Weber, Diamant, Stryker, and others, but so far have gotten little results.

The third and final shitty thing were the results of an interim course evaluation I ran Monday night on my class. The evaluations were very mixed, some high, some low, and some in the middle, reflecting the course's slow start. The news may not be as bad as I think because I think I'm gradually winning the students back. I think by the end of the semester, the evaluations will improve but at least now I realize how far I have to go as a teacher. In two weeks, I'm videotaping my teaching so I can see what I'm doing right and wrong.

So all in all, this week has been a very bad week. Fortunately it has nothing to do with us. I still feel positive about our relationship. But I've decided to continue to struggle along as best I can in the expectation that next week will be better. Before I close, I should mention one good thing. I had a fantastic meeting with Diamant about my paper. The discussion lasted an hour and was so good that at the end he thanked me and said it was times like this which helped him make it through the administrative work of being chairperson. So I guess all has not been bad this week. Take care and see you soon.

Love, Darrell

September 27, 1978

Judy Bryan

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

How are you doing sweetie, baby? I know your eyes are gleaming and your cheeks are flowing because this letter is from your lover. Eat it up. Do you like this stationary? I got a thrill out of using it to inform my bank in Homewood of a stop-payment on a check. I did a bad thing. I may have told you that I have a \$35 check that has been outstanding since February. In the first place, the check is stale-dated, over 6 months old. This means the bank in Freeport, Illinois should not accept it but return it. The check paid was for my phone bill when I lived in Freeport. I willingly paid it. After waiting 8 months, the nasty part of me said "Judy, you had two sweaters stolen from that house, sweaters w hich I wear to work and therefore are valuable to me since I hate buying clothes." Anyway, I suspect this girl may have been involved. So this girl is irresponsible for not cashing the check and she's going to have to get in touch with me if she wants money, then I will give it to here. There is a possibility that the check was lost in transit. She may have already cashed it but the check got lost somewhere between Freeport and Homewood. I come out a head either way. Anyways, that was quite a long explanation.

We had a Junior Achievement meeting Tuesday night. I'm looking forward to it. I'm the accounting advisor. Presently, we are very unorganized. We have til October 16 to figure out what the hell we're doing. I must admit I received some weird vibrations from the advisor who was asked last to participate.

A guy from Mastercharge is the only man on our team. It turns out he is the advisor to the president. I have a strange feeling that he feels he will be doing all the work and putting on the show. I hope I am wrong. He's going to be in for a surprise if the above is true. He is a Vice President of MasterCharge. I'll keep you posted.

Today, Ann and I put on orientation. I was really shitty at first. I am not used to organizing my thoughts before I speak plus I can never find the right word. Sometimes I feel I am speaking a foreign language. I also speak very matter of factly and seriously. Plus I have difficulty looking people in the eyes when I talk. I have a lot to learn. These orientation sessions are a good teacher too. I have a lot of ideas for the program I eventually will lead. As it is now, the new employees are hearing about benefits twice. That's not right. I'm going to get into the banking system and financial statements (Federal Reserve and other financial institutions), something I can get excited about when I talk.

Darrell, tonight I gave blood. Jesus, was I disgusted with myself. I felt faint afterwards. It is a very humiliating experience to know I can't control my mind over body. It didn't hurt at all. I hate feeling faint. Last time, the same thing happened. Oh well, it's over for now unless they need O+ I will be called.

I'm going to bed. Goodnight.

Love, Judy

October 2, 1978

Ken West

261 N.W. 46 Court



Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33309

Dear Darrell,

I cannot believe school is five weeks old already. Time is flying! I have a good class this year. I like it better than last year. I'm taking them on an overnight camping trip October 24 and 25. They're looking forward to it.

Sold my Volkswagen three weeks ago. It had 152,000 miles in it and I thought I better sell it while I could get a little money out of it. I was having problems with my clutch pedal. It wouldn't stand up and the mechanic said it was too rusty to fix, even welding would be temporary. I sold it to a student from Iran. I'm buying Tom [Treston's] car.

I am taking a class at Nova University on Saturdays. It requires much work, a paper in the four-week course, weekly assignment, and much reading. It is not a Mickey Mouse course, much to my chagrin. Next Saturday is my final, then begins another cycle with another course. I like the mental stimulation even if it is limited. I need fifteen hours to get incentive pay (which I'm working towards) but 20 more hours beyond that gives me an Ed.D. degree. We will see if I continue.

Glad to hear you were o.k. after your car accident. A close call. You better take good care. How are you providing yourself with other transportation?

We enjoyed our vacation this summer very much. I wonder how you liked San Francisco? We loved it, but it was cold. Went to Alcatraz, Muir Woods, and Sausalito. Very interesting. Only 4 blocks from Chinatown. Brought back a tea set. Tom brought back 30 pairs of chopsticks. He got wrapped up in "bargains." Went to the Hyatt Regency for lunch. I enjoyed that. Mexico, I enjoyed because of the pyramids and Anthropology museum. Everything else I could have done without. Philadelphia was nice because Tom showed me his surroundings and the historical sites. His Dad treated us very well. Bermuda was in a word beautiful. To me, it was a paradise, refined, British, tropical flowers everywhere, and friendly people and nice beaches. We rented scooters. San Juan was non-spectacular. St. Thomas, we got our quota of bottles. A very nice trip. We took many pictures.

Let me know from time to time how things are going. And have a happy birthday. Tom says hello.

Ken

October 2, 1978

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

I had your card at home and forgot to bring it yesterday so I could mail it.

Carl Shriner isn't very good. He was in the hospital before and is back in again, I think with a coronary. He is 90 so I doubt if he will make it.

Susie [Fields] is giving a baby shower for Beverly Durham tonight in Liberty. I'm sending a gift, but can't go.

We put the organ in front of the south door in the dining room. Still don't have anymore room for my flowers. If I put it in the living room, I couldn't use it because of the TV.

We got all our soybeans in the other day. Your Dad feels good about that.

Got a letter from Kenny [West]. He finally traded cars. He bought Tom [Treston's] 1975 Gremlin. Said him and the Volkswagen went 152,000 miles together. Also bought himself a new Corning ware stove. I think that's the smooth top.

Shirley [West Mitchell] had a birthday party for Laura [Mitchell] the other night. Jim's folks got her a little record player. She will like that. We got a little tea set and a pants and top outfit.

Is Judy coming up this weekend? I'll give you your present when you come home.

I'm supposed to play for Lisa Jackson and Mike Townsend's wedding on the 21st. Joanne [Shaver] should be doing it.

Your Dad has to keep Mark [Mitchell] in church this Sunday. I have to play for Joanne and Shirley at the piano. Last week he put him to sleep in church. He had hardly even held him before.

Sunday afternoon, we went to the historical farm over by Gratis. It's pretty nice. We took a wagon ride. You would have liked that.

Tim and Joanne [West Shaver] have been gone a week and we haven't heard a peep from them. They must be having a good time.

Aileen [Iglehart] says her boyfriend is waiting for her to say "yes." She'll tie the knot one of these days.

Gotta go. Come home when you can.

Love, Mom and Dad

October 12, 1978

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Judy [Bryan],

Happy Birthday. I trust your day has been joyous and eventful the way birthdays should be. Do you have any special activities planned, like a birthday bang or party or both? I hope I'm invited if you do.

I finally pushed my guilt feelings away today and called up my landlord concerning the rock and roll band upstairs. They appear to be settling into a weekly pattern of Wednesday night sessions, which is pretty rude and obnoxious. My landlord agreed and imposed an immediate ban on my neighbor. He said he would call my neighbor within the next day or so. I can hardly wait to see my neighbor the next time.

I started the process of applying for a Danforth Fellowship, which is one of the more prestigious fellowships in the country. My first interviews start the last week in October with a faculty member, after which I must face a six-member faculty committee. If I pass, this means I will be one of the handful of IU nominees. I'm confident of getting this far, but don't really expect to get much farther due to the competition. Of the 40 fellowships nationwide, they've reserved 20 for women, 10 for minorities, and 10 for us male whites. It's no fun to be WASP any more. But the interview experience should be useful.

I'm also applying to the Council for European Studies for a travel grant to fly me to D.C. March 29-31, 1979 for an academic conference on Western Europe. It probably would pay all my expenses. Diamant is encouraging me to apply since he's president of the Council.

I just wrote [Professor Jeff] Fishel a letter, subtly trying to hurry him up about reading my paper. I hope he gets the hint.

Well that is all my news. So Happy Birthday and see you soon.

Love, Darrell

October 15, 1978

Judy Bryan

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I can't seem to get my act in gear and do some work. I have been working on the orientation project. It's pretty good so far. I'm putting more into it than is called for, I think. Maybe I spent too much time on it in the library. While in the library, I realized I have developed a bad habit. I do my best work in silent surroundings. That's why I want to finish it tonight. It is too noisy at work. I suppose it will take time to adjust.

I'll tell you one thing I'm not looking forward to is Junior Achievement tomorrow night.

I won't ramble on anymore. I'll talk with you in the morning.

Love, Judy

P.S. I wish I had a TV as another procrastination tool.

October 17, 1978

Judy Bryan

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

You might wonder why I was motivated to write you a letter after talking with you just yesterday. Today, I received the telephone bill. It motivated me. It actually wasn't that bad (\$53.00). All of it was to one person. Can you believe that? Don't ask 83 cents was to Camden, Ohio. Who the hell lives in Camden, Ohio? I calculated that one hour's worth

of talking to my baby costs \$7.00. Every penny is worth it, except the ones charged during the 35 percent discount time.

Darrell, you made my day yesterday. It was a pretty uneventful birthday. Fortunately, I had no great expectations. I only hoped I would receive at least one birthday card. I was looking forward to my mail all through the Junior Achievement meeting. I got home about 9:30 p.m. and by george, I had a letter from my baby, a homemade card, very creative. I never realized you had any artistic talent. Now I know. Thanks for making my day.

Junior Achievement was okay. We weren't as organized as we should have been. When I got there, I realized I had told all 50 kids to go to the wrong room. Out of 150 called kids, 20 showed up. All of them seem to be interested. The leaders have already emerged, obnoxiously so. I absolutely hate it when 2 people talk at once. Not only did the kids talk out of turn, but also the advisors did too. It was difficult to enforce raising the hand. Our projects are log carriers with wood-burned nameplates. I'm pretty unexcited about it right now.

I went on a real big ego trip yesterday. I have never had any dealings with a secretary. I have never asked someone to type something up for me free. Debi, the training department secretary made an overhead of my pie charts and typed up the outline that went with it. I also wrote a brief explanation on the new bank subsidiary. Debi came to the accounting department to ask me if I approved of the way she made the overhead. Debi is very mature. She must be 27 years old. She's not the stereotypical secretary, i.e., flighty and womanly. I like her a whole lot. I was taken aback when she asked me if it was okay. The sensation going through me was amazing. First, I thought why did she come all the way over the accounting department. I had expected to be called and go there. Second, dealing with giving approval when I thought of course it would be okay. I was almost honored that she did it. Also just the fact that it was the first thing I produced since I got to the bank made me feel good. Also, Marilyn Ward, the training manager and my boss, thought I did a real good job. I didn't expect the outline to be typed up. I thought it would be inserted as in the orientation manual. I'm pleased Marilyn liked it.

A very weird thing happened Monday morning. I asked the controller to read my explanation of the new subsidiary. Well I was very taken aback. I wrote the explanation and diagram for the trainees and new employees. It turns out Jim the controller thought the trainees shouldn't inform the new employees in the detail I expressed. I got the impression he thought it was none of the new employees business. I felt like I was revealing confidential information. He gave me the feeling that I should watch what I tell people, especially people that may misinterpret it.

Our new subsidiary is involved in a joint venture. It was created to facilitate the leasing of our new bank building, with Galbreath Company, from whom we purchased the land. This joint venture called First National Bank Center Company will own the whole new building on Fountain Square. The building will be called First National Bank Center. The name obviously comes from our majority interest. What my question to Jim the controller was legally how is it possible to make lease payments on our 7 floors of the bank building and get back 51 percent of these payments? Every store or company in the new building will pay the First National Bank Center Company. We will get 51 percent of the profits. Jim acted a bit angered at my question. I didn't understand the answer he gave me and I wasn't about to pursue the question.

The new subsidiary is only a paper corporation. It has one stockholder -- First National Cincinnati Corporation. The subsidiary will be responsible for buying buildings and perhaps leasing them to us or to someone one else. It sounds a little fishy, doesn't it? I hope I didn't get on the wrong side of Jim.

Darrell, I am amazed at my intense desire to be with you and talk with you. How does it feel to be desired? I'm going through a stage of close analysis of our relationship and its potential or lack of potential. I hope my concern levels off pretty so on and I let whatever be happen.

Take it easy, Judy

October 19, 1978  
Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Judy [Bryan],

I didn't realize you could write such long letters til your letter arrived today. You must have really gotten into it. I asked [Professor Jim] Kuklinski today about dinner with us when you came October 28 and I think he answered yes before I completed the question. I can't seem to do anything wrong in his eyes. His wife is also coming as she happened to call while we were talking. I think he's getting over his temporary unhappiness. He seemed back to normal today. I guess he just hit a valley for a few days. I asked him to write me a letter of recommendation for the Danforth Foundation and he agreed.

I viewed my class videotape yesterday and was pretty disappointed by what I saw. I still have a long way to go before I become a good teacher. I appeared much too mechanical and my speaking manner was too choppy. I swallow in the middle of some of my sentences. But I realize it takes time to gain experience so I'm not giving up on myself.

One of the students became a father for the first time a couple of days ago. So he stopped to tell me the news and to give me a cigar. I congratulated him and then when he left, gave away his cigar. I trust he wouldn't mind.

I'm making good progress on my [Professor Alfred] Diamant paper. I hope to complete and type it Saturday so that I can spend Sunday studying for my statistics test. I'm worried about the test, but I know the material as best as is possible. So I'll just try to do my best.

Well, I should go now, so take care and see you later.

Darrell

October 20, 1978

Jane Higgins

Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

So how goes it? Same old shit here in Indianapolis. This has to be short seeing as it is 7:55 p.m. But I still don't know whether or not I'll be in Bloomington this weekend. If I find out before Friday, I'll call you, but if I just show up, I'll call you when I get there.

I was supposed to go out to Boston this weekend, but so far I can't get a flight. Craig wants to see me and he doesn't remember that I've been to see him already. He is starting to talk now. That's really encouraging.

Well I'm just about to turn into a pumpkin.

See you, Jane

October 21, 1978

Judy Bryan

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

It's 1 a.m. nearing the close of a strange evening. Tonight was the wine and cheese party with AIB. Ann had dinner for Ted, Dan, Becky, Judy, Mary, and Jean. The food was good. The company was good until the soap opera started. I am getting sick of hearing bank gossip. We all left for the winery. The actual party was a real drag. About 180 people were stuffed into a small cement room. It was murder to get up to the wine and cheese. The room was smoky and you had to speak loudly in order to hear. After the wine party, we were all invited to Jean's for more wine. I had had enough wine and food.

I came home to get my glasses first. I was pleasantly surprised with a package from Grandma Carlson. It had all sorts of miscellaneous items, i.e., paring knife, dust pan, carrot slicer, etc. The only item that threw me off base was the eyeliner and brush. I don't wear eyeliner. I am hoping it was a free sample.

I managed to tear myself away and go to Jean's. By the time I got there, Jean's fiancée Barry was there along with Pam and John, Becky and Dan, Jim and Becky, Rick and Maryann, Ted and Ann, and Judy and Mary. It was a good size. Jean had prepared a lot of fancy finger foods. Right when I stepped into the party, I could tell it was going to be strange. I didn't feel like eating, drinking, or socializing. I eventually began to feel lonely being 1 of 2 single people there. It was unfortunate. It would have been okay if nobody participated in any PDA [public display of affection]. I guess I'll just have to get used to it.

I spent most of my time talking with Maryanne. She and Rick came over for dinner last night. They both are good friends of Janet Irwin. Rick is a trainee and Maryanne is a history graduate who is working in a clerical job. They're both down to earth people. They were both very helpful last night in getting my car going. I left my lights on for 8 hours. My battery was bone dry. We had to call a tow truck to jump it. I think my cables are bad. Anyway, I hope I don't have another evening like tonight.

It was good talking with you Darrell. I sure do miss having someone next to me that knows and understands me. I think it is times like these that make me do something about it. Last night was the first time I really felt compelled to have a close girlfriend. I am really looking forward to seeing you next Friday. Good luck on your test.

I forgot to mention to you my latest fantasy. This occurred to me during one of my periods of boredom at work. I was thinking about your Christmas vacation and that it would be great for you to spend time here. I thought you will probably be studying for prelims so why not study here. It would be fun to leave you in the morning and come home to you at night. Maybe you would have dinner ready (I would do the dishes). After you had studied 8 hours during the day, you would be ready to go out at night. It would be so much fun to go to what I call my Sunday activities with you. Sunday activities are all the events listed in the Sunday morning paper which I plan to go to during the week. Then after getting cultured, just think we could sleep together every night. How does that fantasy grab you?

One drawback is you may want to be near the library and your professors. Another is you may go on a vacation. Just think if you stayed here you wouldn't have any food expense. Enough of this. I was shocked that this occurred to me at work.

Do you want to stay with me over Thanksgiving?

See you, Judy

P.S. I just realized why there are times when I feel so empty after talking with you on the phone. The reason sometimes it is difficult to truly understand the mood you are in without being there with you. I think conversations are distorted over the phone.

October 22, 1978

Jane Higgins

Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

You're getting this letter instead of a visit. I wouldn't be much fun this weekend anyway. The front of my Fiat got rearranged last night, \$1,700 worth of damage. Luckily, I squeaked out with a few bruises. Nobody was hurt. The guy ran a stop sign, no brakes at 35 MPH.

At any rate, I will definitely be in Bloomington for Halloween weekend. I wouldn't miss that for anything.

This guy was really depressed one night when he realized that he had no one of his own blood to carry on when he died. So he had a clone made. The clone was almost identical except for personality. This clone was foul-mouthed, rude, and just generally obscene. The old man decided that this would just not do. So he took his clone up into the mountains supposedly for a hike. They were both overlooking this cliff when the old man pushed his clone off the cliff! When he got to his car, the forest ranger was waiting for him. He informed the old man that he had to arrest him. The old man inquired as to the reason for his arrest. The officer replied, "for making an obscene clone fall."

I'm going out to Boston this weekend. I'll let you know how things are going.

Take care, Jane

October 23, 1978

Joanne West Shaver

Fairhaven Road

College Corner, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Happy Birthday! I hope you had a happy one, I didn't forget. Here we went on this big trip and didn't even send you a card. The reason is that I typed up everyone's addresses before we left and then went off and left them. I was so mad! So as a result, only people whose addresses we knew by heart got them and yours I didn't know. I'm enclosing some money for you and please don't spend it on any old expenses. Use it for something you really

want, and it doesn't have to be bananas. I don't know when you'll be home so this seemed like the best way.

How are classes going? Is the red car doing alright?

We had a wonderful time on our trip. We went to Aunt Georgia [Thompson's] the first night and the second night we were in New York City. We drove in there on a Saturday night and Tim [Shaver] was such a wreck. The traffic was terrible. We stayed on the New Jersey side and kept stopping at gas stations as we got closer to find out about tours. They all said there weren't any but we knew there had to be. We finally stayed at a Holiday Inn because Tim thought we would be safe there and if anyone would know, they would know about tours. They did and we drove downtown at 7:30 the next morning to catch our tour bus. Tim ran a red light downtown that morning but there was hardly any traffic so it didn't matter. We went up in the Empire State building, drove through the Bowery, Harlem, went through the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (fantastic!), took a walking tour through Chinatown, took a ferry over to the Statue of Liberty, saw the World Trade Center but didn't go up, and saw a lot of other things. It was so informative and so much easier to do it that way. It was an all day tour and we learned so much more than if we had done it on our own.

We didn't know it til later but we were parked right on Time Square. Then we went to Cape Cod. That was really nice. Everybody had a shop there but the things they had were so interesting and different. We walked along the beach at night. Neither one of us like seafood which was a shame but did try some clam chowder there that was delicious. We then went to Plymouth Rock, drove around Boston, and went on up into Maine. Those little New England towns were just beautiful and so picturesque. We drove up along the coast and a friend had told me to top in this state park, to drive on top of this certain mountain and the view would be fantastic, and it certainly was. We went on up to the Acadia National Park which is quite famous. That was so beautiful, so many trees and mountains and a lot of ocean. It was like nothing we've ever seen before. We drove around a few islands that the AAA had recommended and they were really worth it.

We made a few stops our friend suggested and we got to see some things we'd never have known about. We went to the famous L. L. Bean store which stays open 24 hours a day and has the very best in sporting goods. By accident, we sort of got into the White Mountains at New Hampshire and we both think that was the most beautiful thing we saw on the whole trip. The trees were at their peak in color and it was just spectacular. We saw a lot of waterfalls, lakes and mountains. We took a railroad tram up to the top of a mountain. We just kept taking pictures because it was so beautiful. Then we went through the Green Mountains in Vermont, took a ferry across Lake Champlain to New York and drove down through the Adirondacks. We stopped at places here like Corning, New York where they make Corning ware. That was a much bigger deal than we thought. It was really interesting and we saw them make their most expensive and decorative dishes.

We stopped at the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown and at a few other attractions along the way. We stayed at Aunt Georgia's again coming home and had a good time with them. We just took our time and stopped if we felt like it and it was very relaxing. All my tensions from work were gone and they're still gone yet. It was just really nice. We stopped at a few crazy places and picked up some really ornery things for Daddy. We had a ball laughing at some of the stupid things we saw. Well enough of the trip.

This weekend Shirley and Jim [Mitchell] are moving, and Lisa Jackson and Mike Townsend are getting married too. I hope that one lasts because I sure have some reservations about it.

John Denver will be at Millett Hall [at Miami University] on November 11 and we got a bunch of tickets to go. They expect a sellout. It should be good.

The day before we left on our trip, we got a letter from Midge in Kansas and she's getting married Thanksgiving weekend so we're going out to Kansas for that. We hate to miss Thanksgiving at home but we're glad she's having it on a long weekend too. I'm to be a bridesmaid in it. I'm very excited about it because it will give me a chance to see some of my friends I haven't seen in a long time and many have never met Tim. He's never been to Kansas. I sure treasure all their friendships and it should be a very fun weekend. Larry and Karen Gant may go with us. We may be home Saturday night late but we're not sure about that yet. The wedding is Friday night.

Did you know Mom bought an organ? She really likes it and it is beautiful.

Bobby and Sara Simpson are expecting a baby in April. We about passed out when we found out. We've been getting some flack about their beating us but I certainly don't feel that I would have been ready for a baby at their stage of the game, but Sara's home all the time and I think that makes you feel more home-oriented. Mom told me my age is against me, I told her that it will be against me but it isn't yet.

I think I was starting to get interested until Shirley had Mark. That one drives me up a wall. I think Shirley knows it because she keeps trying to point out his good points, and it's a good thing because I would miss them if she didn't. No, he's getting better but he cries too much. He's too hungry and a lot of the time I can't figure out what he wants. I think I'd go nuts with that. He's growing and you can really get him to laughing now. He's cute.

Well, I haven't written Kenny [West] yet either. I'm sure he probably thinks we've forgotten him too, but he's in the same position you were.

We're all going to the Praise Gathering in Indianapolis and staying in motels the weekend of November 17 and 18. We'll stay there Thursday night and Friday night and be home on Saturday night. That will be a very nice weekend. We really like that.

Well, don't work too hard. Write when you can and let me know when you're coming home again. Our fall is getting very busy. Don't forget to tell Mom Happy Birthday on October 26. Aunt Helen [Steele Conway] is having us all up for dinner on the 29th (believe it or not). Instead of calling it a birthday party, she's calling it a house-warming which means getting a present for her. I honestly don't think she's with it a lot of the time. It's going to be just all of us. Oh well, I would like to see her place.

Love, Joanne

November 1, 1978  
Helen Steele Conway  
Fountain City, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Thank you so much for the pretty flowers that you and all the family sent.

It meant a lot to me to have you and all the family here with me.

Tom was a wonderful man. And we had a year of very happy memories. Memories that I will never forget. He was a good man. I wish it could of have been longer.

I am sorry about the mix-up on the pall bearers. Thelma [Conway] had decided on Tom's boss to be one and I didn't know about it. I am sorry about that.

Come on and see me if you get down this way. We'll see you soon.

Love, Aunt Helen

December 12, 1978  
Shirley West Mitchell  
732 State Road  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Season's Greetings! Hope all is well with you. You should be about finished with all exams by now.

We've had our share of problems the past 10 days, both Laura and Mark have pneumonia. Luckily, I got to keep them home. I had a choice to either keep Mark home and be up and down all night checking his breathing and giving him his medicine or the hospital. With Laura sick too, we chose home. It's been very difficult with 2 wanting to be held all the time and everybody crying around with a fever. To top it off, Jim kind of got sick himself for 2 days, but he sure has been a help. Then I had diarrhea one night and an upset stomach yesterday. I take them both to the doctor tomorrow. They do seem to be making progress.

We're having the choir party here Saturday night. There should be between 50-60 people. I've only got the meat and punch so that shouldn't be too bad.

Darrell, have you got Joanne anything for Christmas yet? If not, you can go in with us. Her's was more than I wanted to pay. We got her a very large glass pig terrarium. You could give us \$5. It cost \$15. Let me know or I may change my mind. Why not call me?

We will see you Christmas Day in the afternoon.

Take care. We're trying.

Love, Shirley

December 19, 1978  
 Darrell West  
 1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
 Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hi Ken [West],

Merry Christmas. By the time you receive this package, it will probably be time for the other greeting so have a Happy New Year also. Glad to hear that you're doing well in school. It sometimes gets lonely being the only educated one in the family so I'm happy you're pursuing a Ph.D., even if you don't have to write a dissertation.

My semester ended last Friday in a fine fashion. I have now completely finished my coursework. I take my comprehensive exams January 17 and 22. When I pass them, the only remaining thing between me and a Ph.D. will be a dissertation. Recently, Indiana University nominated me and five other graduate students for Danforth fellowships plus the political science department nominated me for a Brookings fellowship in Washington, D.C. I'm also applying for research funding from the National Science Foundation, the French-American Foundation, among other money sources. It will be several months before I hear one way or the other on these awards.

Judy [Bryan] visited me last week. Although we had one major fight, our relationship is still pretty fun. I still have doubts as to whether I want to marry her, but I'm in no rush to decide. I've only known her one year and I think it will be another year before I know her well enough to make a decision of that magnitude.

Well, take care and see you later.

Darrell

December 20, 1978  
 Marlys de Alba  
 1242 Myrtle Street  
 Sarasota, Florida 33580

Dear Darrell,

Yes, I'm living in Florida. No, I don't know if this'll ever get to you. If you want details on what I'm doing here, just write and tell me where you're living these days.

Merry Christmas, Marlys

January 6, 1979  
 Amy West  
 Melbourne, Florida

Dear Uncle Darrell,

I had fun with you in Ohio and I liked it when I met Judy [Bryan]. I went to Parrot Jungle and I saw a show there. Goodbye

Love, Amy

January 21, 1979  
 Jane Higgins  
 Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Yes, a letter from the Sleepy City. I just woke up and if I don't get out of town in 10 minutes, I'll be back in the Sleepy Daze you so often hear about.

Anyhow, I'm going to the fair city of Cincinnati this weekend. My girlfriend's boyfriend lives there. Got that?

I do hope your [prelim] tests go well. I'm sure they did. I've got faith in you.

Well as usual, it's just about time to get this in the mail.

Hey what do you think about a Master's in SPEA? It is just paper or a ticket to the Environmental Protection Agency?

I'll probably be down in Bloomington January 26.

See you later, Jane

January 26, 1979  
 Peggy Rague  
 33 Washington Square West, Apt. 6B  
 New York, New York 10011



Dear Darrell,

Sorry it's been so long since I replied to your letter. I'm not a very good letter writer. What have you been up to? Are you close to completion on your Ph.D? I am now in my last semester at law school, thank goodness. I'm pretty bored by now. Did you go to Washington last summer? I stayed in New York. I haven't seen anyone from the Office for Civil Rights since I left, except for Terry Orr, who I have gone out with several times.

I'm staying in New York next year, I've gotten a permanent job here. Do you intend to settle in Indiana? Do you still want to be a politician?

The article you sent me on people who live underground in New York was quite interesting. Are all the articles published in Indiana about New York City on similarly complimentary topics?

It's winter here now. It's been a very cold one. Does it get really cold in Indiana? It has been raining here all winter, which is very unusual. There has been so much rain that there have been floods in a number of surrounding areas. I went up to Syracuse last weekend to visit my sister and it was really freezing there.

I'm graduating in May. I then take a 2 month Bar Review course and take the bar at the end of July. Then I plan to leave the country for awhile before I start working.

Have you had any interesting jobs since OCR? Boy, was that a fiasco. It was kind of interesting working in Washington, though.

What sort of courses do you take in graduate school? Only political science courses? What do you do for amusement? I play sports, such as softball, volleyball, jogging, swimming. Pretty soon, I'm going to sign up for a squash course.

Have you come to New York at all in the past 2 years? Do you plan to? If so, please come visit me and my friend.

Sorry this is such an uninspired letter, but I'm sitting in Antitrust class and I think the boring quality of the professor to whom I am unconsciously listening is a part of it.

Take care. Hope to see you soon.

Peggy

February 1, 1979

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Yeah, you did get us out of bed so it's a good thing you called or I would still be there. Your Dad always wakes up early, but not today.

Take care, Mom

February 1, 1979

David Golden

Washington, D.C.

Dear Darrell,

It is 2 a.m. and I can't sleep. Would you believe I had a bad conscience for not writing? Nope? Anyway I am impressed how well Tom [Larson] did on his applications to Business School. He is hotter on business than I am! I was accepted to Sloan at MIT so there is a 50 percent chance I will be in Boston next September. I am psyched up on quitting my job. I went to Houston for 5 days and had an okay time. I felt like an anachronism. I am trying to decide what to do this summer. All suggestions appreciated. Right now I am toying with going to school in South America or Spain. I had two years of Spanish and I think an intensive course which bring my proficiency to an adequate level for conversation. I am currently taking a life drawing class at the Corcoran. Haven't gotten a hard-on yet, although you should see some of those crazy positions.

The nuclear power plant accident [at Three Mile Island] is scary. Public reaction is not as bad as I expected. I'm looking forward to being a rich, fat MBA. Starting salary out of MIT averages \$24,000. Double in 10 years. Many people are terrified of being tied down by marriage. I'm terrified of being tied down by my job. My boss is fucking up worse than ever. I'm tired of pulling his ass out of the fire. Pretty soon.

National Lampoon has had some pretty outrageous articles lately. One old friend from Miami came into D.C. with her friend and stayed for a few days. Judy had never seen a

porno flick so we (the four of us) drove around until we concluded that the only ones still open were Stanton Art Theater and the Plaza Burlesque. We went to the latter, getting a good deal at a reduction from \$5 a ticket to \$5 for the four of us. There was no burlesque show on, and the movie had only 30 minutes left. The theater was sleazy, the audience was sleazy, and the film was sleazy. Fat guys, cute girl, and terrible script with ridiculous sound track. You should have heard the girls giggle as we went in and they heard all the moaning in the movie. The sex was pretty boring, the guys dribbling hardly meriting being called ejaculation. I'm afraid Judy might not ever see another porno flick.

Sometime when I see you remind me to describe my tourist visit to the gay community of Houston. I confronted an old friend about his sexual preferences, and after he admitted that he was gay, he took me on a tour of the Westheimer area of Houston. It was like being in a movie. Strange, strange, strange. I put an ad into the Washingtonian magazine: SWM, 23, lean and hungry, will swap racquetball instruction for cooking lessons. Seven years experience in racquetball, practically none in the kitchen. Call David at 892-4588. Unfortunately, the credit card charge didn't verify and the ad got yanked out before publication. I now got American Express, Master Charge, Sears, and soon Exxon.

Hasta la vista, David

February 11, 1979

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Hello amigo [Linda Marianos],

I bet you never dreamed you would receive a letter from me. But Judy [Bryan] told me that you said she writes you the best letters. Now just between you and me, I accept that statement as a personal challenge. Although Judy writes good letters, I can't believe she writes better letters than me. So I would like for you to compare the quality of this letter versus that of the next letters you receive from your crew of American admirers. Should my letter be evaluated more favorably, I would appreciate a letter to that effect so that I can restore my claim as a better letter writer than Judy Bryan. Of course, should I not finish in first place, don't expect to ever hear from me again.

In addition, I must confess that a luscious fantasy involving Judy, you and myself increased my motivation for writing you a letter. Two nights ago, I dreamed that Judy and I flew down to your fair island for a friendly reunion. Upon seeing each other, we all hugged and kissed. Over the course of the evening, we shared all the experiences that we each had accumulated over the past half-year. Then when Judy and I started telling you about some of our sexual difficulties, you suggested that we all sleep together so that you could watch and counsel us. However rather than playing the role of the passive observer, you insisted on showing me various techniques with the result being that before we all knew it, we were experiencing an incredible three-way orgy. I tell you Linda that this fantasy is one of the best fantasies I have ever experienced (and I have experienced a lot). You should congratulate yourself for your implicit participation in the event.

I understand your Peace Corps experience is turning into one of those situations we label "learning experience," experiences which seem lonely, difficult, and trying when you're doing them, but will probably be one of the most unique and beneficial experiences upon retrospect. I hope you appreciate the fact that you are experiencing something that very few Americans will ever experience, poverty and destitution in an international setting. Most of us choose to sit back in our comfortable surroundings and pursue whatever it is we want from life. I'm sure this experience will permanently alter your outlook in some way that is unfathomable to you or to me. It may make you more radical or it may lead you to give up the fight against poverty. But at least you have tested your beliefs and challenged your independence. You should pat yourself on the back.

I'm just sitting in Bloomington doing what everyone else in the world is doing -- getting a Ph.D. in political science and writing research grant applications. So far, I've asked for dissertation funding from the Council for European Studies, Danforth Foundation, Brookings, the National Science Foundation, and IU. Although Danforth graciously declined my request, I have yet to hear from the other sources. I'm getting very excited about my dissertation topic, which is the study of single issue groups (abortion, busing, and nuclear

energy groups) in the 1980 American presidential campaign and the 1981 French presidential campaign. If possible, I hope to get money to travel to France. Keep your fingers crossed for me.

My relationship with Judy has been rocky lately as we discover the various non-compatibilities that beset our relationship. For example, the conservative and materialistic values of some of her banking peers bothers me when I have to informally socialize with them. We recently experienced a terrible argument concerning our attendance at banking parties two nights in a row. Likewise, my motivation for trying to impress her friends with my brilliance bothers her. Sometimes, we wonder if our sexual difficulties combined with the value differences between banking and academia indicate fundamental flaws in our relationship. Right now, we have for the first time broached the subject of breaking up because of these differences, but I don't think either one of us wants to totally erase the relationship.

I imagine we'll just continue to play it by ear until we face a situation of geographical distance when we'll have to make some type of choice about the future of our relationship. Since this decision may arise as early as this Summer or as late as the summer of 1980, we're up in the air now. But I'm in no rush for a decision. I feel no special desire for marriage right now. In many respects, Judy and I have advantages not available to you and Dave. At least we can see each other on whatever weekends we want. Sometimes I forget this advantage but then when I look around and see the difficulties of long distance relationships, I grow more appreciative. I hope everything works out between you and Dave and that you grow to appreciate the uniqueness of your Peace Corps experience. Until later, take care.

Darrell

February 28, 1979

Linda Marianos

Apartado 188

San Francisco de Macoris

Dominican Republic

Hi Darrell,

I enjoyed your letter very much, it was a pleasant surprise indeed. As far as deciding who writes better letters, it's difficult to compare a paragraph about such a luscious three-way orgy to Judy [Bryan's] paragraph about what rally happens in her sex life. She doesn't have as vivid an imagination as you, though you are both very adept at writing pleasant and descriptive letters. All in all, your letter is probably the best written I have received. It's also the only one that threatens me with not receiving more unless I give it first place and as I like receiving letters more than being totally honest and objective, first place is yours.

I was glad to receive your letter at this time because I have some news and would prefer to tell you now and surprise Judy later. I've decided to return to a life of conspicuous consumption. You may have heard that my health has not been tops since I arrived. That is an understatement. I have been sick for about 4 of the 5 months I have been here. I have been fed so many types of pills and liquids that combined with a strict diet of boiled vegetables, I cannot take it anymore. I now have parathphoid pseudomona aureoginosa and anoemia. I do not want to tell Judy as I would prefer to surprise her in Bloomington some weekend after my arrival, probably in a month or so. It has been with considerable thought and anxiety that I have come to this decision. How can an invalid teach nutrition with any credibility? I'll be in touch with you when I know the date of my arrival.

I'm not surprised at the difficulties arising in your relationship with Judy. I only wonder that they didn't come sooner. Judy and I have had some of the same differences of values in our relationship. It seems that after our disagreements, we would be even closer.

Time will only tell for David [Goetze] and me. I want more freedom than he may be able to live with. I don't know what kind of relationship will develop after a rocky, six-month separation.

Hope you can keep my secret. I want to surprise nearly everyone when I arrive. You, David, and my brother-in-law are the only ones who will know. Looking forward to seeing you.

Linda

April 16, 1979

Ken West  
261 N.W. 46 Court  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33309

Dear Darrell,

Thanks for the birthday card. By now you should be enjoying nice weather and springtime. There's nothing better than enjoying the beginning of Spring.

The weather here is beautiful, low 80s everyday. But we're having a drought here, 100 days long. Newspapers call it one of the longest on record. It's doing a lot of damage. I have a sprinkler system in the yard, so I'm not bothered much by it, but those who don't are hurting.

Today, I'm enjoying the pool. It's very nice and relaxing. I have 10 days off for Easter, but have to attend 5, all-day sessions at Nova University, so have only a few days to myself. Got the yard and house straightened up, and now intend to enjoy the sun for one day of my vacation.

Amy [West] was here for two days. We had a good visit. I saw her play 2 ballgames (Little League for girls) and she hit her first home run ever. Her Daddy was very glad to see it happen when he was there. This year, her team is in first place again.

Went to Sunrise Service at the beach for Easter yesterday. It was very nice, although a little cloudy. The sounds of the waves is very peaceful and relaxing for me.

I joined a garden club. My next door neighbor got me started. She knows I enjoy plants. Everyone takes a plant and gets a plant at each meeting. It's a nice way to get new and different plants.

I have 8 orchids blooming now situated around the patio and house. They add a nice touch. They are very pretty.

In two weeks, I go on a field trip to Mexico City and the pyramids, the same itinerary we took last summer. We're taking 25 kids for 4 days. They need a male chaperone so I volunteered. I'm looking forward to it.

Hope your dissertation proposal is going well. I know how busy you must be. And now you have another car to travel in. Good.

Take care and write as you get a chance.

Ken

July 31, 1979  
David Golden  
Strasbourg, France

Dear Darrell,

I'm rushing to use my envelope before I get out of France. I am generally too tired to write. I'm on my way from Carmal to Strasbourg to catch the Orient Express. I've shipped my bike to Bonn for now. I'm a bit tired of cycling and this Austrian woman I met in London invited me to visit and being the mooch I am, anybody who makes the most casual invitation sees me on the doorstep.

Actually, I got along very well with this woman and am looking forward to the visit. Taking my clues from you, I asked how long I could stay and when I could come and she made it quite open-ended. I was quite amused when we parted in London. She had been telling me how Austrians were quite conservative. When I attempted to kiss her goodbye, she sticks out her hand and says, "that is how you do it in America, this is how you do it in Austria." I will try the French technique upon arrival.

I just noticed that the foreign language I was hearing from the side is English English. Unless I concentrate, it sounds like some sort of washed-out German.

France is quite beautiful and the people are friendly. Unfortunately, my pidgin French is only good enough for survival, not conversation. I am now quite tired of cheap French wine. I've cycled through the Loire Valley from Samur (southwest of Paris) to Beargancy (near Orleans), sent my bike forward, and went to Paris for three days. Really great city. Then I went from Dijon to Colman. I've been surprised how clean this hostel and vagabond life has been. I'm totally filthy actually, but of course I mean sex and other pursuits of cheap thrills. The 1960s are definitely over with.

The biggest thrill so far was in a little hotel where I slept outside because it was filled up by three American scheduled bicycle groups. Anyway, I was brushing my teeth while

engaged in a conversation with these women in our co-ed bathroom. Naturally, I feel the need to periodically turn around and look at the people I am talking too. Somehow this one woman, who was wearing only a long shirt when I (to be continued later).

Dave

August 20, 1979  
Jane Higgins  
19-3A Mt. Pleasant Village  
Morris Plains, New Jersey 07950

Dear Darrell,

How are you? What have you been up to? Any exciting trips or adventures?

The East Coast is drenched at the moment. We must have had 3 inches in the last 3 days. It just so happens that it was the weekend Craig and I went camping! Friday night wasn't bad but we hit the trail Saturday before we had to swim away. When I say hit the trail, that's no joke. We had to back pack 1/2 mile to get to our site. That doesn't sound too bad but we made 3 trips and I had to carry most of the stuff because Craig still has to concentrate pretty hard on just walking. Lugging it all back in the rain wasn't a barrel of fun either. Maybe next weekend will be better. The place we went to was great. I didn't realize there was wilderness left in New Jersey.

The job here is decent. Right now, I'm babysitting a computer printout. What fun. I guess you have to start somewhere. The building itself is beautiful. ATT stopped at nothing, \$6 million for a roof imported from Spain, 3,000 employees work here. I work a lot with computer programs. Someone else writes them and we test them to see if they are actually turning out the right numbers. It's kind of frustrating because you really don't know where to start and where to tell them there are problems. As far as I'm concerned, they should hand over a working, bug-free program. But as John Belushi would say, "But No-o-o-o!" It just seems like we waste a lot of time chasing our tails.

I'm going after my MBA in international economics in the Fall at Farleigh Dickinson. I wish they had a concentration in environmental economics, but that might make for frustration. Running into brick walls 40 hours a week could be hard on one's system.

Craig is doing better. He is still what you might call slow. He has a Learning Difficulties Specialist tutoring him 5 hours a week, and physical therapy 2 ours a week. He's living at home now and he's really come along way. I'm worn at the threads though. I was going to start dating around but that's easier said than done. I have met quite a few nice people. They aren't the snobs I expected at all.

Well folks, that's about all the news from this place.

Take care, Jane

September 8, 1979  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Jane [Higgins],

You have my full sympathy at getting caught in a downpour. I was visiting our nation's capital this week when Hurricane David dropped 5 inches of rain in one day. Although I have no scientific evidence, I'm convinced the storm dropped 4 and 1/2 inches on me. I visited D.C. to attend the American Political Science Association convention and to collect information for my dissertation. Since my research concerns the 1980 presidential campaign, I visited the headquarters of the major candidates (Jimmy Carter, John Connally, Ronald Reagan, George Bush, and Howard Baker). Got to meet and describe my dissertation to George Bush. He promised me an interview later in the campaign. Also met his equivalent of Hamilton Jordan.

My exciting trips this summer included a couple of visits to Chicago, Maysville Kentucky, Eaton Ohio, and Cincinnati. As far as grading the excitement of my summer, I'd rate it a B+, not bad but could have been better. I taught a class on Urban Politics, something that is rather ironic given my 19-year life on a farm. My good news for the summer was that the National Science Foundation is giving me \$7,000 to finance my dissertation research. The larger significance of this, of course, is that I am now eligible for Senator William Proxmire's

Golden Fleece of the Month award given for federal projects that rip off the American taxpayer. Wish me luck in getting his award. It would look nice on my vita.

Sorry to hear about your uncertainty over Craig. I'm sure his physical condition places you in a very difficult situation. Perhaps you need to date around just to retain your sanity. As nice as you are, I'm sure you won't have problems meeting other people. Just be patient with yourself. My situation is that I'm still seeing Judy [Bryan] and I like her very much, but I'm not interested in marriage for a long time. Both she and I see other people so I'm content that we don't tie each other down. Let me know if you return to the Midwest for a visit. Perhaps we could get together. Thanks for writing. I'll see you later.

Darrell

September 8, 1979

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

Thought I would take the occasion of your birthday to drop you a line, even though you didn't answer my last birthday message. So what would you like to talk about? I have an idea. Why don't I start with the subject that continues to be nearest and dearest to my heart, myself.

The National Science Foundation has given me \$7,000 for my dissertation research. This involves traveling with the candidates on the campaign trail. Perhaps I'll make it to Boston for the Massachusetts primary in 1980.

I'm starting to get bored talking about myself. So why don't you tell me what you're doing. Are you still happy in Boston? Are you married? Any kids?

I'm still seeing a woman I met here a year and a half ago (a long relationship for me). We like each other quite a bit, but have no plans of doing anything stupid, like getting married. We each see other people so it's a fairly relaxed relationship.

Dave Golden just moved to Boston to enroll in the MBA program at MIT. Tom and Janet Larson moved to Chicago to enroll in the MBA program at the University of Chicago. Janet is temporarily getting out of Speech and Hearing, says it takes too much time. She was pregnant this summer, but suffered a miscarriage. She's OK now. Michael and Kay Pogue are still happily married. She works in a Chemistry lab, while he is making good progress on his Ph.D. program in Psychology. We still have our weekly dinners together.

This is all my gossip for now. So take care of yourself and perhaps I'll see you in Boston.

Darrell

September 10, 1979

David Golden

17 Elm St., Apt. 4

Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Dear Darrell,

I'm now in a letter writing marathon in advance of the blitz that I will encounter Tuesday when classes start. Last night, I visited with Larry Fierman from Miami, who is studying law at Northeastern in Boston. Had to watch Miss America instead of Saturday Night Live. I picked up the 1979/1980 MIT student research opportunities directory and naturally looked in the Political Science section. As you can see, Edwin Diamond of MIT is studying national media coverage of the Carter administration and analyzing audience reactions to politics. I thought it might be of interest. If you want me to scout around what he is up to, either by talking to him directly or by getting a publication list, let me know. The Political Science department is physically next to Sloan and I walk by his office all the time.

After spending all Sunday and Monday reading [Paul] Samuelson's economics textbook, I almost kicked his door in when I came here on Wednesday. I passed my diagnostic exam and even did well. Everyone in my class of 110 students is very diplomatic, terribly nice, and reasonably assertive and intelligent. I, on the other hand, am taking advantage of their initial cautiousness, to obtain as dominant a position as possible without being abrasive. You should try game playing in Business School, Darrell. I think it is far more challenging than in Political Science where you can easily outwit your fellow academics.

These people are a challenge. I was surprised that the women in my class don't have square jaws and chomp on pipes. All in all, everyone looks in the physical sense like a normal physical cross-section of the population. The minority students are quite sharp. All in all, I would say this group compares well with the talent in my honors courses in Houston. No shit.

I've been skipping a lot of the orientation sessions, and would skip more if they didn't feed us. In the last one, we were discussing dual career and single career families. In my little discussion group of 10 people, we were supposed to go around and tell about our background and significant other status. I went second and said I graduated in 1977, worked two years in a consulting firm in Washington, came from a broken family, and was divorced twice after deciding to enroll in Sloan. The dumb schmucks of course took me seriously.

I wonder if Tom and Janet [Larson] did make it to Chicago. I will write them next.

It is amazing that we both stayed awake at our late night marmalade sessions. At times, it seemed we were almost punch drunk. I don't know if I was suffering from jet lag, physical exhaustion, or the aftereffects of Montezuma's revenge. Randy ( my roommate from Washington) describes Harvard in a favorable manner but it sounds awful to me. He studies dawn to dusk. I'm thinking of trying to get one of the student editorships on the Sloan Review, the only big time student-run management journal. It pays \$10,000 for 15 hours of work a week second semester, the summer, and the following year. Do you think I should work on that or get a job with a big company like Texas Instruments over the summer?

I'm trying to adjust to the special type of beauty common to MIT women. The Sloan School is actually separate and quite different from the rest of the university. I just had another thought. Maybe you could get a grant from the entertainment industry. They really need an objective measure of audience reaction. Actually I think that might conflict with the thrust of your work, but possibly there is an analogy to concert groupies at conventions.

I either lost the next page of this letter or never wrote it. Whatever. I'm now sitting in on my roommates' Harvard Business School study group. Hack, thrash, hack, thrash. It is a little too intense for my nervous system. I must admit that the dorm room is really neat, having a fireplace.

Until later, David

September 17, 1979  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Jake [Taylor],

Long time, no hear. How are you doing? I ran into that short kid [Jeff Kissick] while attending the Preble County Pork Festival and he gave me your address in New Mexico. So thought I would surprise you with a letter. Would you care to confirm or deny the rumor alleging that you plan to become a psychologist? Kissick says you are, which if true disappoints me because I wanted to be the only graduate of our high school class to get a Ph.D. In case Jeff didn't tell you, I'm getting a Ph.D. in political science. Right now, I'm starting to write a dissertation on the 1980 presidential campaign. The National Science Foundation has been gracious enough to give me around \$7,000 to fund my research.

So what made you decide to go to New Mexico? Did the Navy mess up your brain enough to make you want to study psychology? Are you married? Any kids?

I'm seeing a woman who graduated from IU and now works in a Cincinnati bank. We've been seeing each other for two years, but have no plans for anything stupid like marriage.

Since I don't know what other lies to tell you, I'll close for now. But write if you get a chance. And if you plan to return to Eaton anytime soon, let me know and we'll see if we can get together.

Darrell

September 22, 1979  
Jake Taylor  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Darrell,

So there you are. Indeed I had given you up for lost in the mass of human flesh, rotting away in stinking insipid normalcy.

Yes, here I am. New Mexico called and I came. From a submarine immersed in water to the Land of Enchantment, vortex of dusk, I was pulled by a force of elemental extremes.

I have always been crazy and Psychology has always been hobby of mine (since the age of 14 when I read [Sigmund] Freud's Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis in my closet), but I shall never have the patience, energy, or time to invest in a pseudo-science of institutionalists enhancing the framework of ideas and concepts known generally as Western Civilization. To utilize a precise terminology to analyze the hierarchy of existence or to divide exiting beings into normal and abnormal and to label and destroy the abnormal for the sake of maintaining the concept of normalcy is utterly absurd. And so, to answer your question, I shall never obtain a Ph.D. in psychology. A Ph.D. is a useless piece of paper symbolizing only the ability to cope with a haphazardly constructed system designed to further the individual's exploitation of other individuals unfortunate enough to be known as minorities. Death to the Pigs. I shall in my own way do all I can to destroy the institutions and systems in this society of which you are apparently a part.

I am at present living in a house with two women, two cats, and a dog. I am androgynous (n the contemporary use of the word), the two women are radical feminists with no use for men. We are an unholy trinity. We'll probably live here until sometime in 1981 when the younger of the two will graduate from school as a Laser Electronics Technician, at which time we'll probably move to Maine. Who knows? Life is a continuously changing pattern of interrelated fields of hierarchical existential beings. I don't know what my future will bring. I home to become somewhat of a philosophical writer and poet. I've been waxing poetic of late, but prose is still my best field of endeavor. But then again, I may just work on the lobster boats. Why make it simple?

I really don't plan on returning to Eaton, Ohio anytime soon. I'll probably pass through in 1981 on my way to Maine, but I only plan on staying long enough to pick up the rest of my belongings residing there. But I'll let you know if I have a psychotic episode and decide to visit the locale.

Glad to hear you're doing well.

Jake

September 23, 1979

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Howdy David [Golden],

I appreciate your sending me a reproduction of the Edwin Diamond research entry. However, I must admit to one question. How did you do pull it out? Did you fuck a Xerox machine? More seriously, I have written to Ed about his analysis of audience and am anxiously awaiting his response. If it turns out his analysis resembles mine (or vice versa), I expect you somehow to disrupt, delay, or destroy his project until I publish my findings. Should it be necessary, I will send further instructions via our secret agent.

My visit to presidential campaign headquarters (Carter, Baker, Bush, Reagan, and Connolly) turned out more productive than I ever envisioned. The day I visited the Bush for President Committee turned out by luck to be the day Bush appeared there formally to cut the ribbons. They celebrated by throwing a big party of 100 people with an open bar, snacks, and a live band. I met George Bush plus his top two campaign managers (Jim Baker, President Ford's 1976 campaign manager and David Keene, Reagan's 1976 coordinator for Southern states). I described my dissertation project to them and asked for interviews at a later date. Have since sent them follow-up letters to remind them of their promises. In addition, I visited [Ronald] Reagan headquarters the morning after they had been burglarized for the third time in two months. I asked them if they were getting suspicious of the surreptitious entries (ever eager to sow the doubts of mistrust), but since the thieves only take typewriters, they seem unconcerned, except of course about the loss of their typewriters. The [Jimmy] Carter organization seemed the most paranoid, grilling me extensively about my background, who would read the research, etc. This contrasted with the no questions asked procedures at all the other offices. I also visited the pro-life and anti-nuke lobbies in an effort



to make contacts with single-issue lobbies. I made the mistake of telling one pro-lifer about my NSF funding. She thought it was a waste of taxpayers' money. The hell of it is that she's probably right.

Concerning your question about the Sloan Review, it sounds worthwhile to investigate. However, I would check to see what happened to the last 4-5 editors. Do the editorships appear to further their careers or was the job so demanding it drained time away from coursework?

Tom and Janet [Larson] called Judy [Bryan] to report their arrival in Hyde Park, outside the University of Chicago. Janet working as a customer representative in a bank. Sounds pretty boring, but she wanted a 9-5 job. We'll see what she says at the end of the year. Sounds like you're making the adjustment to MBA life. Let me know when you start studying dawn to dusk. To get the most out of the program it's unavoidable.

Well, take care and see you later.

Darrell

September 29 1979

Amy Bluestone

108 Marlborough St., Apt. 5

Boston, Massachusetts 02115

Dear Darrell,

Hello, hello. How nice to get a birthday letter. Even though my correspondence has not picked up, it's great to hear from you and I wanted you to know.

Darrell, your thesis sounds terrific. Imagine hobnobbing with political affairs, corruption, and deceit. No seriously, what an amazing experience. You'll have to give me the inside scoop on the candidates, particularly Ted [Kennedy]. I'm quite confused. I know it's my natural state.

So let me tell you what's happening! I am presently living in the city of Boston and have been since April. I live in what I think is the best possible place in the heart of everything. I lucked out actually because a friend of a friend lived here and I heard of it that way. It's a lovely, little one bedroom apartment on the third floor (that's a walk-up) overlooking a little park, the Commonwealth Avenue Mall, the John Hancock building, and a church here and there. I absolutely love it. It's quite a change from the square rooms and sterility of Woburn.

I'm also seeing someone at the moment. It has been much easier meeting people since moving here. Anyway, we've been pretty steady since July. He's a very nice person and a lot of fun. But you know me, hypercritical. I'm a very strange person (don't get me wrong, I'm crazy about myself), but whether I will ever make it as a team is highly questionable.

Speaking of teams, my older brother Jeff got married on September 9th. It's hard to believe. I cried and cried and cried, not as much from happiness, I think, as extreme fear for him. I hope they make it, I have my doubts.

Work has been and continues to be fantastic. I am still amazed at what I absolutely lucked into. This hospital is considered by many to be the best Speech Clinic in the entire area (including the very prestigious Children's Hospital, Tufts, and Mass. General). The reason is we're not so impressed with ourselves and we truly do everything in our power to help our clients. Darrell, it's been a helluva experience for me. This has never happened to me before but I believe this job and this area are pretty fucking fulfilling.

I still see Susan [Luther] but not nearly as much as pre-relationship time. I miss her and it'll be nice in the future to be once again so I can spent more time with her. Don't get me wrong, we do get together, but things are much busier. Anyway, she's pretty good. She just got back from camping with John from Miami University. They see each other periodically.

I have other friends in the area now (I do a magnificent selling job). My brother Andy was up for the summer taking courses at Boston University. We had a fantastic time. He's an amazing person. And I think in February, Val may come up here for school. Carol and Fred have been here about one year now.

Did I tell you I've been consulting? I deal with your basic strokes and terminal patients on my day off. We have a four-day work week. It's actually pretty good, and nice extra income.

Oh, I have another member of my family now. Dulcey's home in New Jersey (no dogs allowed here), but Chelsea (my cat) is marvelous company. She fetches and comes when I call her. I'm working on her giving me her paw, no luck yet.

Well Monday is Pope Day and the papal records are not selling at all. Boston's in a tizzy, building alters, painting billboards, towing cars. It's amazing how commercial everything is. I've a great idea -- T-shirt saying "I survived Pope Day - 1979." Think it would sell?

Well Mr. West, I've much to do. After living here for 1 and 1/2 years, I'm finally inviting people from work over to dinner. It's a first, but don't worry I'm not cooking. Stanley is. Afterward, we're going to see Gilda Radner Live from New York. I am psyched, so I must go clean.

Please Darrell, stop by when you are cruising through Massachusetts. I'd love to see you.

Take care and enjoy.

Love, Amy

October 3, 1979

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Well since you've reached the ripe old age of 25, how does it feel? Happy Birthday anyway. I should have sent this yesterday but didn't have this written.

Joanne [West Shaver] says you aren't coming home this weekend. I have something for you so you'll have to come home and get it. I think it's worth coming home for anyway.

Joanne and family are coming along o.k. She is going to bring the baby in today for us to see. It's fun to hold a little one again.

Nothing exciting has happened so I don't have any news. Today is Laura's birthday so Shirley is having a party tonight.

Dad got his beans in down home and at Lewis Hays' but not at our place. He got part of his wheat in before it rained. He really gets fidgety when he can't get his crops in.

Shirley [West Mitchell's] dog got run over the other days so yesterday they got another one. Same kind and same color.

Did you get the car fixed? I saw your check in with the other canceled checks. I had to get 2 new snow tires the other day. Front one kept going down and I was afraid I was going to have a blowout.

I've run out. Come home and we'll talk.

Love, Mom and Dad

October 3, 1979

Vicky Markell

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Happy Birthday! I know you and Judy [Bryan] are celebrating with a long weekend. Enjoy.

Life is good with me. My first graduate course on management is exciting, though my concentration is lacking. Nothing that a little self-discipline won't cure. Work is unsettling because of the lack of structure. But I love the freedom to come and go.

Dan and I are close again, though neither of us know why. We just had a wonderful weekend in Chicago, just reading together most of the time. That companionship feels so good. I don't know the future. He's getting impatient though I am not budging.

Judy and I have spent valuable time together, sharing our feelings. Thank you for introducing us.

It's been too long since we've gotten together. Let me know when you'll be here.

Love, Vicky

October 4, 1979

Tom and Janet Larson

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Darrell,

Sorry we haven't communicated. I am finally well and living in Chicago. Our apartment is pretty neat in a lot of ways -- sun, tops of buildings. I just got a job in the bank 4 blocks away as a personal account representative. Judy [Bryan] promptly groaned when I told her this. She thinks I'll be bored. But I don't care. I need to relax so I can do other things. I just signed up for a course at the YWCA 2 blocks away on Bridge. Tom is trying to revise the State Report on Finances before Orientation Week next Monday. Then school starts. Guess what? We bought a comfortable sofa! We are also going to get a rug. The soft will take a while to get here, but we are open for tourist business. We have met another Darrell, but he's so unlike you I don't think we'll be able to call him Darrell.

Love, Janet

October 5, 1979  
David Gopoian  
Dept. of Political Science  
University of Kentucky  
Lexington, Kentucky

Dear Darrell,

Greetings from the fucking bluegrass state. I cannot plug my phone in because General Telephone, crass capitalist monopoly that it is, takes 23 days to plug phones in down here. I'm scheduled to receive service beginning October 11. I do have a phone, a phone number, and a phone jack, but I do not have phone service. Hopefully, I will be cleared soon by the boys on Wall Street and the rest of the military-industrial complex for phone service.

My office phone is 606-258-8324 and I can usually be reached there except for when I am teaching. If you do call me, I will warn you that 2 or 3 others share this line and are capable of eavesdropping so beware of what you say. No jokes about UK, please. My phone budget is limited to \$40 per year, which I'm saving for a plea to Slippery Rock in late May to take me on for a three-month appointment. Otherwise, I would not hesitate to call you.

If you do have the chance, give me a call. I must warn you that I am inclined to reject any forthcoming offer to take over CIPS (the Data Lab maybe). Are you going to the Southern Political Science convention? Sorry about the Pitiful [Cincinnati] Reds and Bengals and the [IU] Hoosiers. My only regret is that Kentucky beat Maryland and that Alabama is not on UK's schedule. Ran into Sam Bowie a while back. Just a skinny kid. No problems for Big Ray [Tolbert].

Peace, David

November 5, 1979  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Marlys [DeAlba],

Long time, no hear seniorita. How are you doing? I was surprised to hear that you moved to Florida. What took you there? Are you doing anything productive? Married? Any kids?

On this front, I've been making progress toward a Ph.D. in political science. I've taught some classes at Indiana University and am now beginning to write a dissertation on the 1980 presidential campaign. I visited D.C. in September and plan to return December 10-20. Any chance that you'll be there? Let me know if there is or if you plan on visiting D.C. later because I'll be popping up there periodically during the course of the campaign.

Our friend David Golden from D.C. is now in Boston seeking an MBA from MIT. Seems like everyone I know is selling out to the business world. I hope you don't try to get an MBA. Speaking of degrees, what the fuck are you doing in Florida? Did you end up graduating from good old Alfred College?

Since I haven't seen you in a long while, I don't know what else to tell you that would be interesting. So why don't you write so I can keep up with what you're doing. See you sometime.

Darrell

November 5, 1979  
Darrell West  
1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Tom and Janet [Larson],

I understand through numerous sources that I recently wrote you a letter, but that you didn't get it and now you're worried over what happened to it. Let me reassure with this confession. The aforementioned letter never existed. Though I told Dave Golden and Judy Bryan that I intended to write, my follow-through was about as effective as Dave Golden's sexual pursuits. Anyway at long last, I am writing. Please forgive the delay.

I'm spending about half my time getting ready for my dissertation. I plan to write about the upcoming presidential election. The other half of the time I'm co-authoring a paper with one of our professors. We plan to present the paper at a conference in Houston during January and then to publish it (if we're lucky).

All in all, my career looks encouraging. Last week, NSF officially notified me that it would fund my dissertation research.

Unfortunately, just at the moment my career prospects are blooming, my love life is nose-diving. Judy [Bryan] and I are not getting along that great. I don't know whether this is a temporary aberration or the start of a permanent trend. However, I'll probably know after this weekend, since Judy is spending it here. Maybe I'll issue a news bulletin later.

So that's what's happening to me. I hear Tom that you are studying hard. Isn't it fun being in graduate school? Someday, you'll look back and realize these days are the happiest days of your life. Janet, how's the bank job going? It seems like everyone I know is working in a bank. Maybe I should try it. Have you guys met many people in Chicago? Been mugged yet? If not, you haven't really experienced the city.

Dave Golden called recently. Sounds like he's working hard. I guess he's trying to arrange a high paying job this summer (the creep).

Well tis the end of the line. So until later, take care. Bye.

Darrell

P.S. Perhaps I can see you in April when I come for the Midwest Political Science meeting. I've been informed that I will present a paper. I hope it's ready by then.

November 9, 1979

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Evelyn [Markell],

Thought I would send along a revised summary of my dissertation project, since you earlier had expressed in it. Although I am no longer studying "single issue" groups, I still am looking at political symbolism in the 1980 presidential campaign. With the entry of Kennedy and Brown, the topic looks more timely every day.

My National Science Foundation dissertation grant is now official. I plan to use the money following the candidates. I hope to visit states having primaries (i.e., New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Florida, Illinois, Oregon, California, and a few others), go to the nominating conventions of both parties, and then travel with the final two candidates after the convention. So all in all, it's going to be a lot of traveling, but I hope to discover some interesting things. I also am going to D.C. in December for 10 days to interview individuals in the Carter, Brown, Kennedy, Reagan, Connally, Bush, and Baker campaigns. I don't expect to meet the candidates although I do expect to interview their top aides.

In other news, it looks like I'll be going to Houston in January to present a paper with one of my professors, to Chicago in April to present a paper, and to D.C. in September for a paper presentation. If this sounds like a hectic schedule, it is but if I can fulfill these plans, I should have a chance at a good teaching job when I start looking in 1980-81.

So that's some of my news. How is school coming along? Still getting straight A's? More important, are you still learning a lot and meeting your professors? From what you've told me in the past, I only hope when I start teaching that I get students who are half as interested and interesting as you. Is Robert recovering from his accident? Is the harem still jogging with Herb?

Well, I have to go now. I have an interview scheduled with a local journalist about the 1980 election. I hope he asks easy questions. So take care and tell everyone I said hello.

See you sometime, Darrell

November 17, 1979  
 Ken West  
 261 N.W. 46 Court  
 Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33309

Dear Darrell,

How is everything going in Bloomington? I hope nicely if a bit chilly. Things are going quite well here. I just got a very nice letter from Amy [West] and she'll be joining me for 5 days after Thanksgiving. She's doing alright in school (B's), but I think she could do better. But no complaints.

I'm keeping very busy with my new job, testing, trying to find out why some children aren't learning, and then trying to correct any deficiencies and working on materials for teachers in basic skills. I am enjoying it.

I have 5 orchids blooming now. They're doing beautifully and look very nice on the patio. I just got my first bunch of bananas this week from my own tree, about 100. I'm very proud of them, as if I did all the work. They cook and taste just like the ones in the store, only better.

We're having a garage sale this weekend, trying to clear some junk out. Boy does it accumulate fast. Julie (you met her) my next door neighbor just lost her husband last week and had to fly to Chicago for the burial. We asked her if she'd like to participate and she is. She says it will be a lot of fun.

I'm selling my Gremlin. We got a new yellow Buick Regal so I will drive the 1988 Rambler to work. It is a very good car, knock on wood, no rust, new upholstery, and I need more money in the bank. The ad is in the paper now.

I think the situation in Iran [with the American hostages] is terrible. I do not think we should put up with it at all! I was at a lady's house last week for dinner (just social) whose brother is one of the hostages. He's part of the State Department. His brother was interviewed on the Today Show. They are a bit shook up and I wish them well. I'm also swinging a little toward Ronald Reagan, not because I like his political views but because I see in him an identified leader who can act and who will try to put the economy back in shape. For me, those are the two priorities and I think he will handle it well (even though my heart goes to Ted Kennedy).

I hope you're doing well with your dissertation. Maybe you can help me with one if I so decide.

Let me know how you are doing and what you're up to. If you get a chance, go skiing at least once this winter. I'd love to go, but too far away.

Take care and try to keep warm. Our nights are getting chilly and I just put a blanket on the bed this week, but the days are still nice.

Have a happy Thanksgiving.

Ken

P.S. Give my regards to Judy [Bryan].

November 27, 1979  
 David Gopoian  
 Dept. of Political Science  
 University of Kentucky  
 Lexington, Kentucky

Dear Darrell,

What a sinister-looking crew of characters we have running the future presidential campaign. The only one of these despicable bastards I know personally is John Rendon of the Carter campaign. He was an advance man and I was the political organizer in a city in the Nebraska primary. He's about 29, a real politico, and a ruthless s.o.b. We didn't get along too well. If you want to make points with him, tell him you'd heard about the great advance work he did on McGovern's whistle stop tour through Nebraska in the 1972 primary.

One of my former best friends is my link with Scott Wolf, though I don't think she's speaking to me these days and I've already used her influence once to get to Scott.

The Teddy [Kennedy] staff reads like a who's who of the McGovern operation, but all of these people were at the very top of the campaign organization and I don't know any of them personally. My buddy the Assistant Secretary of State of Wisconsin is on good terms

with Steve Robbins (McGovern's scheduler who has a great sense of humor and also a great temper), Carl Wagner (a Michigan UAW type, a key McGovern organizer, I think he had charge of McGovern's general election campaign in Michigan), and Thomas Southwick, who is a young punk about your age and an organizer at about my level for McGovern in 1972. He is an Ivy League type with a reputation for screwing the most girls during the primary season.

I called the Wisconsin connection, but I don't think he's speaking to me these days. I tell you, West, I don't get no respect. If I get through to Ehlenfelt in Madison, I'll get back to you.

Glad I could be of such great help to you.

David

December 1, 1979

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

You're beginning to sign your name like a political scientist (on your very brief letter). Dr. [Dan] Jacobs mother got hit by a truck yesterday afternoon. She was a pedestrian. She must have died shortly after. She was in her 80s and had a dress shop in Cincinnati and still went to work everyday. Her shop was near Knowlton's Corner.

Have a good trip. Be careful and let us hear from you.

Love, Mom and Dad

December 19, 1979

Tom Larson

School of Business

University of Chicago

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Darrell,

I have survived the travesty that I can call my first quarter at the Graduate Business School here. It took me a long time to redevelop my study habits, so long that I spent the second half of the term trying to catch-up. What a bad start. I know that I at least passed all of my courses. I am determined to do better next quarter, even though I will be taking an additional course. I think I procrastinated too much, not really studying when I was nominally studying.

Regardless of my measurable performance, I have learned a lot the past twelve weeks, both academically and socially. The courses I took were theory of finance, accounting, and management science. Next term I will continue theory of finance, adding economics, cost accounting, and statistics. This is very much a quantitatively-oriented school, but I am learning the approach, it seems very powerful. I just hope I can remember what values are after graduation.

Socially, at the school there is a striking variety of types of people enrolled as MBA candidates. They come from many countries and they have many different views on the world and what is to be sought in it. There are not nearly as many nerds as I expected. I have even managed to develop some friends among them. One fellow came from Palo Alto with a history major from Stanford. Another whom I've recently come to know went to Dartmouth in economics. I play squash once or twice a week with these and other acquaintances. Also there is a weekly beer blast that is faithfully attended by most of the business students which provides a good opportunity to meet friends of friends and their friends.

Many outsiders come to visit the school and present their views on a wide range of topics related to business: captains of industry, their employee recruiters, union representatives, politicians, and sundry others. I've been quite impressed by some of the big names who have been here for open lectures: Victor Gotbaum (president of the NYC AFSCME locals and pretender to Jerry Wirf's throne), Michael Harrington representing the Democratic Socialist Organizing committee, the president of the Bank of America, along with less noted others. I'm finding out a lot about American big corporations and a little about some smaller ones through presentations made by their representatives. Two to four companies visit the school each week on different pretenses. There are some really money-

grubbing and some really responsible firms among them, but most seem to be rather normal organizations, of which the larger ones seem to be very much engaged in plodding occupations.

I hope I will be able to land my first job in the corporate performance evaluation function of a dynamic, sophisticated large corporation. I want to see how good evaluation of decisions can be accomplished with good management. I don't know if I will want to stay in private work, but at least I want to learn how corporations make and evaluate decisions.

Just for fun, I've enclosed a copy of my latest resume for your comment. I would like to know if you think I have sufficiently snowed over my most grievous faults and adequately exaggerated my superior attributes. Seriously, do you think it will help me land a really high-paying summer job, one which will make you call me a creep?

Socially, Janet and I have gotten to enjoy Chicago a number of ways. We've enjoyed the Chicago Art Institute and its remarkable show of Toulouse-Latrec's work, the renowned Shedd Aquarium with its sharks and piranha, several fine restaurants, several movies including Breaking Away (probably the best movie I've seen in years), 10 (Bo Derek's body is great, but the film was O.K.), The Seduction of Joe Tynan (a prospective look at Tom Larson's senatorial experience), and a couple of Science Fiction classics like The Forbidden Planet which was the most advanced film regarding special visual and audio affects until 2001. One day in October we joined some friends on a foray into the country and went apple picking. Janet later made some great apple jam and applesauce. We have a really nice apartment with a southern exposure, making it really bright and sunny all day.

I do hope you will stay with us during your visit to Chicago in April. Maybe you can arrange to stay over a couple of days after the convention so we can show you a bit of Chicago, the city that used to work. Speaking of the city, we haven't been affected by any of the publicized events here, not using our car much and Janet not having to drive to work really makes it easy for us.

I'm glad to hear NSF came through with dollars. It sounds like you'll have fun touring the country chasing symbols, I mean chasing politicians. I don't like any of the candidates. I think they all suck. Why don't you run? Our country needs an autocrat who can make some clear decisions that are at least consistent for someone's interests, even if they are personal. I feel like we have no leaders in this country who can effectively organize anything. There are too many well-paid lobbyists running around essentially buying off weak willed politicians. Being somewhat politically educated, my being dejected bodes poorly for expectations of the interest that less informed people may have in political participation. Refer me please to some sage for advice. Seriously, who's written recently some good work on our political crises?

Well enough of this drivel. Janet and I wish you happy holidays, and hope your work on the presidential campaign is both exciting and enlightening. Send us postcards as you get around the country. Maybe you can keep a diary of the foibles you observe that we might not get from the news services.

Sincerely, Tom

January 7, 1980

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

We really had a good day. Went to a lot of shows at Disney World (around a dozen) and didn't have to wait in line either. Taking off for Miami early in the morning. One show we went to was live and [Uncle] Eugene [McCormick] really got a kiss planted on top of his head. Have a nice trip to Houston.

Love, Mom and Dad

January 15, 1980

Jane Higgins

40 Court # 2

Morristown, New Jersey 07960

Dear Darrell,

So here it is, the long awaited letter. I apologize for cutting our conversation short the other night. We were all duded up for the evening hike and the costumes were getting rather warm.

Romance is such a bizarre experience. But it seems you can't live with it and you can't live without it. Craig has been off in the Bahamas for quite some time now and I'm starting to think about moving back to Indiana. I'm searching, for what I don't know. All of a sudden when you graduate, goals and drives associated with those goals disappear and it becomes a "what now?" situation. At least that's where I am.

Work doesn't really satisfy me in terms of accomplishment and self worth. So I've turned to music and it's going to be along time before that will pay off. I'm still pretty lousy at it. We've taken up hiking also. Saturday we are going on a 10 mile hike at the Delaware Water gap. It should be beautiful, especially since the weather is warmer than usual.

That's all for now. Take it easy.

Jane

February 8, 1980

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Jane [Higgins],

Sorry about the delay in responding to your letter, but my life has been rather hectic lately.

In your letter, you mention the problem of "what now?" Unfortunately, you failed to indicate whether you wanted the 25 cent or 50 cent answer. So as of right now, I'm uncertain what advise to offer. But if you'll send back a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I'll do my best to assist you.

I didn't realize you were into music. Think you could provide some details, such as vocal versus instrumental, style of music, group versus solo, experience, etc.?

As for me, I'm getting ready to spend a month traveling with the presidential candidates in the early primary states. I'm starting to get excited since I leave February 15, but I must admit I'm a bit scared as well. To show you what a tough life I'm leading, I have enclosed a travel schedule. I'm hoping to go skiing while in New Hampshire.

Also while I'm on the subject, do you think you'll still be around Morristown in August? The Democratic National Convention is in New York City from August 11 to 14 and I plan to attend. Perhaps this will provide an excuse to see you.

I'm still surprised you want to come back to Indiana. Everyone else I know is trying to escape, myself included. I will probably spend one more year here unless I get lucky and get money to go to D.C. I have applied for a fellowship at the Brookings Institution in Washington. But who knows whether I will get it.

This is my news for now. Take care and see you sometime. Let me know if you return to Indiana, permanently or for a visit.

Darrell

March 20, 1980

David Golden

17 Elm St., Apt. 4

Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Dear Darrell,

I figured I had better write before you called me collect. By the way, I'm trying to figure out which calls are yours and which are mine.

I'm starting to write cover letters now that my reject notices from interviews are beginning to pile up. I'm distraught (considered slipping in the bath tub) about being rejected by Chevrolet. I'll probably buy a foreign import now. I'm going to call up the shmuck and tell him he lot a good racquetball player. The Wall Street Journal had a full page ad by the Chairman of United Technologies saying he is tired of people criticizing the American worker, so I sent him a letter saying what I am going to do for the country.

I hope Tom [Larson] is doing better on the job hunt scene. Would your father have a summer job on the farm? Maybe I could get on the agricultural fast track. Nothing else is



much new except I am goofing off more than ever. My swimming class is coming along fine except I caught a cold because of it.

There are several women in the class who are attractive both with and without my glasses on. I use one of them as a sonobuoy when I swim across the pool. If it wasn't for her bright green bathing suit, I would head off in the wrong direction and possibly hit the edge of the pool. I jotted down all the names of women who signed up for squash partners and started to call down the list. After a week delay, I got a return call from call #2. Call number 1 turned up a recording "I am very sorry but both John and I are not here right now." I didn't get to call #3 yet.

Today is Thursday and I am on vacation this coming week. Goof off time. [John] Anderson's campaign has been very interesting. I read how [Ted] Kennedy got tortured in a Chicago TV interview. Quite unladylike of the TV interviewer. I'm running out of bullshit. Part of the problem is that right now my mind is on summer jobs, summer jobs, summer jobs.

David

March 29, 1980

Darrell West

1100 S. Woodlawn Avenue, Apt. 6

Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Tom and Janet [Larson],

Just thought I would bring you up to date on the boring details of my life. When I last left you, I was awaiting the results of two big decisions. Well now, I know.

Good news. The Brookings Institution in D.C. awarded me a research fellowship. So I'm moving to D.C. for a year, starting in mid-June [1980]. In effect, they are paying me to write my dissertation there while also providing office space, secretarial assistance, etc. So that's my big news.

Second, one of my professors [Jim Kuklinski] and I submitted a paper for publication to the American Political Science Review, the number one journal. Much to our amazement, they appear to be close to accepting it. We have to shorten it and respond to a couple of criticisms, but the prospects look good. I'm very excited, so I thought I'd share the news with you. Sorry if I interrupted anything important.

Darrell

P.S. I will be in Chicago from late April 23 to the morning of April 26. Which night would you like to get together? If you have a preference, let me know.

April 2, 1980

David Golden

17 Elm St., Apt. 4

Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Dear Darrell,

I'm glad to hear that you have decided to begin mooching off the private sector [at Brookings] rather than the public. Bill and I were just about to get you too. And the state of academia. Maybe I should write a Political Science article. Well, I'm certain that you are now masturbating with the thought of how all the Washington women will be falling into your arms being a Brookings fellow. Don't forget. There are 19 different kinds of VD now. I just got a box (24 packs) of care-free, sugarless gum since I complained about the stale packs I get free in our cheerios. Well I must move on to more interesting projects now, like filling out my Virginia taxes.

Hasta luego, David

P.S. I've decided that your secret of success is to convince everyone that farmers are an endangered minority.

April 10, 1980

Jane Higgins

Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

I'm glad you sent me that postcard because in the move I had misplaced your address.

I bet you've been super busy, since I only get postcards these days. How is the dissertation coming? Have you been getting a lot of interviews lately? When do you think you'll finished up?

As you may have gathered, I have returned to Hoosierland. I am now employed as a state cheerleader for the Dept. of Commerce. Economic Planner by name. I really enjoy it. It's such an improvement over the corporate mentality. I'm living with Lisa once again. And I am so glad to be out of New Jersey. I only wish I could have had time to visit you in D.C. Things with my ex-roommate did not end quietly or peacefully and it's such a relief to get some order back into my life. I wasn't all that close to him so I wasn't aware he was mentally deranged. When he threatened my life, I decided it was time to leave.

Would you believe Police Woman is on late night TV? How disgusting.

It's getting late. I promise to write more later, but I simply don't have the time at the moment. I figure a short letter is better than none at all.

Let me hear from you when and if you get a spare moment.

Take care, Jane

April 22, 1980  
Sharon Ramsey  
Wheelock College  
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Darrell,

It was good hearing from you. Right now, I'm in Pittsburgh visiting my friend Steph for Spring break. It's wonderful to be away from Boston and student teaching. Vacation will be over on Monday and then I only have 18 days of student teaching left and then graduation. I have ambivalent feelings about graduation.

I'll be back in D.C. around late June and living in Alexandria. Where will you be living?

Take care, Sharon

May 18, 1980  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Hi Darrell,

Thought you might be interested in this bit of news. Bruce Whitesell was killed while attempting to rob an elderly couple in New Paris, Ohio. It was a terrible thing. I hope they get that Gayhart. Bruce has been in trouble the last 2-3 years. I wonder if Dorine [Whitesell] knew any of it. I really feel sorry for her and John and Pearl. Dwight [Whitesell] has been in Indianapolis for the last 20 years.

How's things going over there? Seen [Glenn] Parker yet?

We're all o.k. except Mark [Mitchell] came down with the chicken pox a week ago Sunday. He gets everything. Now they are waiting on Laura to get it. I guess it generally takes 2 weeks to get them.

Fairhaven Festival and ice cream social is weekend of the 31st, and Shirley [Mitchell] is chairman of that.

Talked to Kenny [West] and he's doing o.k. Doesn't know when he's coming home yet. He wants to teach 1 summer session and also has to work in between Amy's ball playing. He also said whatever he did in this extra schooling he's been taking, they want him to publish it. So I said do it.

Thanks for your card to me and also to your Dad.

Doris Gant has an operation and was pretty sick. She was in intensive care and on the critical list for a few days, but is better now.

We've had so much rain but Daddy got our corn and soybeans in before it rained. So he feels pretty good about that.

Last Friday night, Carl and Glenna [Simpson Rankin] and us went out to eat at Shady Nook at Millville. They have an organ that comes up out of the floor. It was nice. Then, Joanne and Tim [Shaver] had us for dinner Sunday for his birthday. Then we went to [Bill] Jones' around 4:30 for Jim Jones' graduation celebration. He is the last of the immediate family to graduate. Now it's the next generation. He is going to go to Purdue for Agriculture School.

We've been going out a lot lately. Went with Bob Charles to Eaton High School to see the play, "Oklahoma." First time I've been to Eaton since probably you graduated. They took us out to eat to.

Suppose you've been talking to Judy [Bryan]. How's she and when do you see her? It's a wedding you are going to, right?

Well I can't think of anymore so will close. Write when you can.

Love, Mom and Dad

P.S. Yesterday's paper said Gayhart turned himself into authorities in California Thursday night [regarding the Bruce Whitesell burglary]. They assumed he had fled by bus. Hope they catch the other one soon.

August 10, 1980  
Tom and Janet Larson  
School of Business  
University of Chicago  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Darrell,

Sounds like you and Judy [Bryan] had a swinging good time on your vacation. Ours is not until the last two weeks in September. But we did have a small vacation when we went to Peggy [Larson's] wedding. I spent two weeks while Tom was doing some auditing in New Jersey making a bridesmaid dress. I will be able to cut it off and wear it to work. The rehearsal dinner was at Peggy and Mike's house and it was entirely prepared by one true blue friend of theirs. Thirty some odd people attended. The wedding was in a woods by a pond and was simple and somewhat spontaneous. Chris had just had a baby about two weeks before, but it was feeling poorly so Chris and Ariel did not come. Only Mike and Zion. The reception was held in a typically quaint New England Inn nearby and the wedding couple arrived there in horse and carriage, a present from one of the bridesmaids. At the reception, we were entertained by a bluegrass band. Beautiful music for our hands and feet.

Afterwards, the wedding party and some younger guests went back to the woods to the waterfall to swim. We tried to find them but did not succeed. So we went back to the pond and swam around. Oh those familiar feelings of warm and cold that we experienced in that Indiana Lake came rushing back. Just as we got back into the car to come home to the motel, the heavens opened and it poured down rain. We girls soon had our party clothes on, but Mike and Tom chose to drive back through town with not a stitch. It was further made hilarious when Mike shot moonies at the passersby. The next day, Tom and I went back to the woods and sucked up the fresh air and beautiful surrounding. We even found a cold stream. Then we steadily made our way back to Hartford International Airport. What a weekend.

This summer, I have also heard Judy Collins in Concert, a free concert by the Chicago Symphony and Ballet, and next week is Stephen Stills.

Right now I am listening to a blues group at a building across the street. They are apparently celebrating the conversion from apartment to condominium.

Tom spent the day changing the speakers in the car from one side to the other. A necessary activity. He says he loves you and misses you. He hasn't been feeling himself lately.

If I run out of the letter writing mood before I get to Judy [Bryan], tell her I love her and miss her.

Love, Janet

August 10, 1980  
Darrell West  
Brookings Institution  
1775 Massachusetts Ave. N.W.  
Room 638F  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Judy [Bryan],

I am sorry that we had to break up completely. But I guess the problem is that I still love you too much to feel free to pursue other women and to watch you meet other men. Since we both need to do exactly that, our relationship, even just a friendship, puts me in an

untenable emotional bind. I hope you can understand this. I still like you very much and will always treasure our good times.

Take care, Darrell

August 18, 1980  
Judy Bryan  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Enclosed is the card I told you about. I was looking for a card to send with the pictures last Thursday, before our conversation Thursday night. I was attracted to this card right away because of the times we've shared. I hesitated to buy it because I thought it was speaking of romantic love. I turned it around so it means "Some things never change like my feelings about you as my best friend." I mean it.

You know I'm not much of a writer. I'm having a hell of a time.

I'm going to do my laundry now.

If I have my way (which I usually do), our friendship will last!

Love, Judy

August 19, 1980  
Judy Bryan  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Enclosed are some photos I thought you would like.

Today was a bitch of a day. Something is not right with work and I'll be damned if I know what it was. I've just been so frustrated and irritable. I have been getting pissed off at Wayne because I think he's spending more time with Rex than me. I don't enjoy competing with Rex. Oh well.

I think I'll fix myself another soda and whiskey and read the paper and work.

Take care Darrell

Judy

P.S. I hope [John] Anderson gets at least 15 percent in the polls. I'd like to hear him debate. Sometimes I think I'm the only Democrat at the bank.

September 14, 1980  
David Gopoian  
Hobart and William Smith College  
Geneva, New York 14406

Dear Darrell,

After receiving your article, I was reminded again of the \$10 I owe you, so here it is. In retrospect, I'm glad I didn't fork it over at the APSA since I arrived home with roughly 23 cents left in my pocket.

It was a rough weekend, considering the first week of classes and some crazy social functions. The goddamn elementary school cheerleaders are practicing right outside my house. Also, IU lost to Iowa, I was dumped from a SPSA panel by Deil Wright, a pilot light went out, nearly taking me with it, wins by [Al] D'Amato and [James] Buckley, [Jimmy] Carter's fucked-up decision to skip Debate One, 50 degree temperatures in the middle of September, roughly 8 to 1 male-female ratio in my classes, and there are still a few hours left in the day.

Hope you're having a good time too.

Peace, David

September 18, 1980  
Judy Bryan  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

It's too soon to talk to each other in voice and probably in written word too. But I need to talk to someone that I still think understands me more than anyone else. I can't remember the last time I was as depressed as I am now. It's awful. I don't really understand what's wrong. Work is still an adjustment but it's fine. I'm handling school okay. One of my classes is even interesting.

I've been drinking and eating a lot more. I'm not eating balanced meals. I'm always tired which probably is due to lack of exercise. I'm not as excited about rafting this weekend as I thought I should be. It should be a lot of fun. We're leaving tomorrow night and coming back Saturday or Sunday morning, depending on how tired we are.

What is clouding my excitement I think is my interest in going to the Preble County Pork Festival on Sunday. I would not miss it for anything. I'm a bit surprised that I'm so anxious to go. I'm looking forward to seeing your family. I don't know if your family's warmth and friendliness is hoped to be the cure for my depression or maybe your family will satisfy an unrealized desire to see you. I don't know.

I know it is too soon for me to confront this issue with you in voice or in person. And it's too soon for me to think that my depression is because we have put things "on the back burner." It's only been a week. I'm sure the memories of our phone calls are as fresh in your mind as they are in mine. The total conflict, misunderstanding, lack of communication, and frustration has to fall permanently behind us before we can talk again. I can still feel the pain and anger which resulted from them. I feel confident that we're doing the best thing. It's only this way that I can truly analyze my feelings and direction. I hope it's the same for you.

I think writing is the best form of communication under these circumstances. I actually feel I can better express myself in writing. Plus, there's no risk of argument. I hope you will feel like writing to me.

I best be getting some work done.

Hope all is well with you.

Judy

September 21, 1980  
Jane Higgins  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Your long lost friend has not lost her ability to correspond through script. Would you be interested in knowing what I've been doing? Well for the last 15 minutes, I've been running the Federal Assistance Programs Retrieval System. The little machine next to me is now spitting out the information that Mr. C. Remy of Richmond, Indiana requested. How utterly interesting, no.

I had my jazz class last night. What a thrill. I could feel every vertebrae in my back last night as I should have. The only problem is I still feel everyone of them today. We do get quite a workout and it's fun. Maybe you'll see me in New York City someday on the street.

I am seriously considering a move to Connecticut if I can only learn how to spell it. The state has a strong EPA program so if I could get on with them, I wouldn't hesitate. Jon has thought about moving to Cincinnati since there is a bit of jazz there, but he doesn't really care for the conservative atmosphere in the Midwest. I can't really blame him. I'm just used to it and it doesn't really affect me.

Did I tell you I bought a Datsun? How un-American! I am so sick of those arguments. I don't happen to have \$1,000 extra to spend on a lousy made domestic car. End of conversation.

I must go pick up my Datsun from the rustproofing place. And then I'm off to HBO for letter stuffing. As a requirement of the job I hold, I am a mandatory Hoosier for Bob Orr volunteer. What an extra. After I finish that, I'm off the racquetball court to take out my frustration.

That's all she wrote.

See you, Jane

September 25, 1980  
Tom and Janet Larson  
School of Business  
University of Chicago  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Darrell,

We lived in this tiny circle [in Door County, Wisconsin] for a week. The dots you observed is the rain experienced. It's hard to draw cold.

We have just left Ann Arbor, Michigan where we went to Tish McFadden's wedding. It was one of the neatest weddings I've experienced. Saw Judy Swenson also.

Love, Tom and Janet

October 1, 1980  
Judy Bryan  
3304 Jefferson Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I hope you have a happy birthday. I seriously considered asking you if I could come and visit this weekend because I have Monday and Tuesday afternoon off. But I quickly thought, don't be hasty. We don't want to rush anything. November will be soon enough. I can't believe it's been since July that we saw each other. Time has absolutely flown by. I'm sure it has for you too.

Work has been absolutely crazy. I'm a little pissed off at myself because Bill asked me to do a project that I should have gotten done a week ago. I can't understand why I let things go like that. I'm getting along okay. What bugs me a bit is that Bill will be evaluating me for my annual appraisal due in December. He will have to write it up later this year. He'll have two months of work to evaluate me by. I hope to God he gets input from Stretch. It's only fair. I mean to get evaluated on 2 months of performance.

I work Saturday so I am trying to get both Monday and Tuesday off. I just talked with Naomi. I may go there to use the library facilities for my research. I can't find anything at the University of Cincinnati. That would be fun.

Well it's 11 p.m. and time for bed. I have to get up and work on that report for Bill.

Take care and Happy Birthday, Judy

P.S. I'm having trouble keeping up with all the letters you're writing.

October 3, 1980  
Joyce Mushaben  
Dept. of Political Science  
University of Missouri at St. Louis  
St. Louis, Missouri 63121

Dear Darrell,

First the inquiry, then the rundown on academic life in the fast lane of the University of Missouri.

I plan on attending the Council for European Studies meeting in D.C. October 22-24 and would like to know if your offer of a place to crash was in fact a serious one. I would arrive Wednesday evening (the 22nd), stay at your place Wednesday, Thursday, and maybe Friday, and then visit with friends in Columbia on Saturday and Sunday. Feel free to say you are too crowded, overworked, understaffed, or whatever and I will make arrangements to stay with my friends in Silver Spring again. I considered Alfred Diamant's but I'm not sure I can handle Mrs. Diamant's endless monologues on in-laws and shopping centers, between you and me. In truth, I would prefer to be more centrally located. How about some feedback at your earliest convenience.

Well Darrell, I had 2 dates last week and haven't heard from that curly-haired, stouped up, country western and guitar and classical piano playing Doctor of neuroanatomy since I sent him flowers for his birthday. You men have a jaded definition of "coming on strong." The most depressing aspect is that I figure I've used my date quota for the semester since I've never managed to scrounge up more than 2 per season. It may be a long winter ahead.

I have begun to cultivate some quasi-professional relations with people at Washington University. Classes have me on a real treadmill. I've revised about 3 pages of my dissertation so far. I'm waiting for the urgency factor to enter my calculations of how to pass the time.

Greetings, Joyce

October 6, 1980  
Joanne West Shaver  
Fairhaven Road  
College Corner, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Sorry this birthday card is a little late. Hope you had a nice day. Gosh, I had just turned 26 when I got married. I felt old then.

Well, November is fast approaching and the election will soon be over. Then your job will get harder. I'm glad you're coming home at Thanksgiving. I understand you'll be seeing Judy [Bryan] soon. I hope you can resolve your differences. If you can't, it probably wouldn't work out. I sure hope you can.

Love, Joanne

October 6, 1980  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Route 732  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

How are you doing? Happy Birthday, a little late. But it seems every time I talk to you, someone's sick. This time it's me. I've had an ear infection for 9-10 days and it still is bothering me. I went to an ear specialist yesterday and he stuck a wick in my ear. It draws the drops down in my ear because otherwise the drops would just run out. He said it would be another week. Oh well, I've lost 8-9 pounds. That's good, now I can wear my clothes.

Laura started nursery school today. She was so excited, she hardly ate breakfast. I can't wait to see how she liked it. It's so late starting because they moved into a house and have been working on it all summer. It's really neat.

Mark is potty trained. Do you know how long it took him? 6 days! Mark is dry. Part of the time he stays dry during his nap (about 3 hours) and he goes all by himself. He's so proud of himself and of course, I'm very proud of him. Mark is a "Big Boy."

He loves to go with Jim wherever he goes. He sure is a Daddy's boy.

Jim has gotten all his soybeans in last week and is now working out at Tom [O'Leary's] on his corn. The corn is the driest it's ever been while he's running it so we don't have to run the dryer as much. He has had trouble with Tom's dryer off and on. It's disgusting to have trouble like that. It slows progression.

Did you know Tom quit his job the first of September? He is now hauling fertilizer and lime. Next year he is going to farm again. I don't know how that'll work out for him because he couldn't make any money and he didn't like it. I don't know what changed his mind. I hope he's not making a mistake.

We got our farrowing house done just in time. Thirty-six hours after Gordon and Kurt left, we had our first baby pigs. Talk about timing. It's a really neat building. I am supposed to feed while Jim's out at Tom's, but Jim's Dad has had to do it since I've been sick. If it hadn't been for his Mom last week, I never would have made it. She kept the kids everyday but Wednesday (Joanne and Mom did that day) and brought them back at bedtime, then stayed and made Jim's supper. Such a very big help to us. She also kept up with Mark's potty training and he didn't lapse. Actually I think it did him more good to have someone other than me prompting him to see if he was dry. I really appreciated all the help she gave us last week.

This week I'm doing it myself and I think we are "just coping."

What have you been doing? How are you living without Judy? Actually, I hated to hear you guys broke up because we really liked Judy, but it's your life and you have to be happy yourself. But now I hear you are going to see each other around Thanksgiving. Whatever happens, will happen. Hope it works out whatever you two want.

Well, I better go. I think Mark needs somebody to play with while Laura's gone.

Write or call.

Love, Shirley

October 6, 1980  
Ken West  
261 N.W. 46 Court  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33309

Dear Darrell,

Hope things are going nicely for you personally and professionally.

I am keeping up with the campaign and like [John] Anderson very well. But I fluctuate between voting for him or [Ronald] Reagan, only because Anderson stands not a chance realistically. Nevertheless, there is something to say for a protest vote against the two possibilities. We shall see.

I am getting along very nicely, personally and professionally. Tom [Treston] is fine. School is keeping me occupied. The last several weeks, I have been screening kindergarten children to identify any special strengths or weaknesses to watch out for as they start their formal education. My practicum is coming along but I have days when I wonder why I do all this work. Some of it is useless and time-consuming. I wonder if you ever feel way. You are much more dedicated to academia than I and I say it as a compliment.

I hope Mom is getting along o.k. Let me know your phone number and new address when you get a chance.

If you would not object, perhaps we can get to Washington for a weekend this Fall or Spring. If there are any problems, please do not hesitate. It would be nice to see you too.

Take care and have a Happy Birthday, Darrell.

Best wishes, Ken

October 10, 1980

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Shirley has been sick this week with an ear drum infection. Jim's Mom has been keeping the kids during the day but yesterday, I stayed home in the morning and Joanne took them in the afternoon. Think she was feeling better last night.

We moved Helen [Steele Conway] last Saturday to Eaton. She's in a double house with Fred Steele's in the other half.

Pork Festival went real good, bigger than ever. Someone told Paul Gertzner we should have that every other week. No way. We're exhausted when it's over.

Still nothing from the doctor. I talked to him Monday and he said they had sent up the report instead of the X-rays and that wasn't what he wanted. So we still have to wait on them. Seems like Cincinnati is always slow in sending things out. I almost told him, "Let's just forget the whole thing," but didn't. I never saw anything drawn out so long.

Daddy has part of his beans in and has his wheat sowed. But of course, he's anxious about getting it all in. Weather has been great so far, but it rained a little last night.

Laura's birthday is Sunday you know. She starts nursery school next week. Half a day twice a week.

Joanne [West Shaver] is anxious to get moving. Hers won't be as simple as Helen. We did her in one trip, but Joanne has a lot more. Bet you had a path wore between your 2 places. I hope you had some help.

Kenny [West] is still busy screening kids. And he's also taking some class or course or something a Saturday a month and he has to work a Saturday a month so that only leaves him two Saturdays left.

Well, I've got to get busy. I know I probably forgot something but that's par for the course. Happy Birthday.

Love, Mom

October 27, 1980

Marlys De Alba

3210 Avenue I

Winter Haven, Florida 33880

Dear Darrell,

Please forgive me for taking so long to answer your letter. There's so much going on. I don't even know where to start. Let me briefly try to give you an idea.

I have been working for the last 1 and 1/2 years at the Agricultural Research and Education Center in Winter Haven, Florida. For 1 year before that, I worked at another experimental station in Bradenton. We do toxicology work. My job is being terminated due to lack of funds. My sweetheart, 10 years my senior, twice divorced and 3 kids, gives me a



frequent pain in the behind. My lease is up in four days and I must quickly pack up and move, but where?

An old friend of mine, whom I toured Mexico with about 6 years ago, dropped in recently and has invited me on a trip to the Grand Canyon and San Francisco. He and a friend of his are waiting for me in New Orleans. I have two jobs hanging, one I'm already hired into and am supposed to start next week, but don't want to. And another I want and haven't heard yes or no on yet. Phew. All that and my Dad may be sickly. They don't know what's wrong yet. I'm afraid to guess.

Tomorrow I have an exam in my computer class and Thursday is testing night for promotions in my Karate class. I'm a blue belt but think I'll make green or purple (then come 3 degrees of brown belt and finally black).

So as you might guess, things are rather hectic.

What is the Brookings Institute? What do you do? Are you doing anything political? I'm trying to sleep through the elections. I can't believe the choice. Have you seen any good movies lately? I saw two winners, Stardust Memories and the Elephant Man. Do I sound like I'm speeding? I'm not. What I am is sleepy. I need to crash and get up early to cram for that exam. Hell if I go West (pardon the pun, it's late), I'll never get to finish the class anyway.

Write soon. I'll send you a postcard whenever I can.

Marlys

December 10, 1980

Joyce Mushaben

Dept. of Political Science

University of Missouri at St. Louis

St. Louis, Missouri 63121

Dear Darrell,

Seventy essays and 70 blue books, professional rites of passage that leave little time for imbibing, eggnog and other Christmas spirits. I now have a grand total of 3 friends, an exponential increase to be sure. But it still doesn't compensate totally for the academic low life.

I will be in Cincinnati from December 22 to January 5. My dissertation defense is tentatively scheduled for January 12. Please get in touch, though from the sounds of it, you'll have a date for New Years. I won't.

Season's greetings, Joyce

December 12, 1980

David Golden

17 Elm St., Apt. 4

Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Dear Darrell,

I've been on an economy drive lately so I only send Christmas cards to those who send me one. This card, incidentally was free. Ignore what the card says. I made no donation. I'm going to see if I can mail it free too. As far as when I'm in D.C., I don't know. I start working on my thesis in a few days and it should keep me busy. It is supposed to be done by January 21. In addition, I picked up a part-time job at a little company. The last week of January and first two of February are interview weeks and classes start the second week of February. I also hope to get some skiing in.

I got a terrible cold and then suddenly recovered. Quite strange. Tonight I made my best meat loaf in ages. My Chinese roommate is pissed at me because I publicly shamed him. I got tired reminding him to shut the faucet off so I pasted a nasty note on the mirror. He refuses to behave or think Western so we are forced to think Chinese in dealing with him. I have had some success with him. He likes the brunettes in Playboy. I've been doing all my papers lately on the computer. My typing isn't what is used to be. Next semester, I take only 3 courses and spend my time job hunting and perhaps working. I have to finance a summer vacation somewhere.

I still haven't heard from Tom and Janet [Larson]. Did get a postcard sometime ago. I was the only one to bring a camera to the Sloan skit party so I'm going to get stuck paying for prints unless I botched the whole roll. I signed up for another life drawing class and for a

cross-country skiing class. I was thinking about Judy [Bryan]. I don't see any reason she should settle for less than average. I'm not certain that the doctors are entirely right, that size doesn't make a difference.

Beat that, David

December 12, 1980  
Kathie Mahoney  
University of Delaware  
Newark, Delaware

Dear Darrell,

I just got your card, now I know the six types of gnomes. And yes, I'll be in Cincinnati between December 22 and January 6. I'll give you a call.

I haven't been anti-social in not contacting you in D.C., but I don't like to drive at night, given the shape of my car. When I come down, I'm usually so tired I'm not worth anything by the end of the day. The dissertation is becoming a real drag.

Teaching is great! I even think they like me. I have some graphic design students whom I spent 2 hours today at their art show and my media class are all great kids. The problem is not grading them as great kids but as students. It's ripping my insides up to give out anything less than A's to some of them. This is quite a change in attitude for me from last year, I assure you.

I'm dying to hear about your research. Talk about a pit of an election. When I heard on election night those ingrates from Indiana, South Dakota, Idaho, and Iowa turned out a great bunch of Senators, I began seriously considering a move north to Canada. But when the oil sheiks gain power, Canada will be pretty conservative too. So what's the answer? I'll end on that hazy note. See you for sure over the Holidays.

Kathie

December 15, 1980  
Marlys De Alba  
Winter Haven, Florida

Dear Darrell,

Thanks for the card. I have moved to a nice, 3 bedroom house and will probably have a roommate come January. She is a nice lady and I think we'll get along. My job is tolerable. I still work at the experimental station, but for a new boss. He is weird and eccentric, but as long as I do my job and stay on his good side, it'll do til something else comes along.

So what are you up to? How's the political machine? Are you still with your on again, off again girlfriend? I'm still with my Yo-Yo, but things are o.k. for now. Have my doubts about the long run though. Can you believe about John Lennon? It's such a pointless thing. Anyway, hope you are well and enjoying life.

Write soon, Marlys

December 15, 1980  
Tom and Janet Larson  
School of Business  
University of Chicago  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Darrell,

Things are still going as planned. I now look like a stick with a bump [in my pregnancy]. We are planning a major excursion around the countryside next summer to take the trip we wanted before and to show off us. We have even made a major purchase, a VW camper. Soon we will have all kinds of loans. I guess this is America, the land of buy now, pay later.

Tom pulled another semester out of his ass. I know he's tired of playing student. I'm still having the time of my life.

What were your reactions to the election results? I cried. Will my child live past four? [Alexander] Haig as Secretary of State?

Wish you lived next door.

Love, Tom and Janet

December 15, 1980  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Been wanting to send this news clipping [about Larry Gant being arrested in the men's restroom at Tri-County Mall]. Kept forgetting. Forget even when I sent card. He was very remorseful after it was all over. Jane Keehner and Doris Gant are cousins, which was why I didn't want to talk about it over the phone [it's a party line]. He did sing at Rhonda Giffin's wedding the other night.

Love, Mom

December 22, 1980  
 Judy Bryan  
 3304 Jefferson Avenue  
 Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I have a headache and feel pretty bad. I know you do too. This isn't the first time we've been through this. Hopefully, it's the last. I'm really sorry it had to end this way. I really have mixed feelings about this. My head is so confused and really can't even analyze this. For that reason, I think our decision [to break up] is right, even though I don't like it.

I wish I didn't have to lose a friend over this. I think a lot of you Darrell. You're sensitive, warm, affectionate, and honest. I only wish we could find a happy medium on which our relationship could be based. The whole thing is so confusing.

If you changed your mind about wanting to spend time with me, my end of the invitation is still open.

I wish you all the best and more, Darrell.

Always, Judy

February 1, 1981  
 Kay Welty  
 1832 New Holland Pike  
 Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17601

Dear Darrell,

It was far out to receive your letter. And of course, I want to see you. It's been a long time. Since about June 11, 1977. And we've all been traveling our various paths since that day. I've seen Dave Golden once, he came to see Janet [Larson] in Lancaster one summer. But you, what have you been up to? Janet and Tom filled me in a little bit as to your comings and goings, but am eager to fill in even more from you in person. So am looking forward to a weekend in D.C. I'm available most any weekend. When is a good time for you? I have a mobile, Honda Accord. It's wonderful. It's my element. I've got the best music.

Since June, 1977, I've seen a lot of changes, a lot of new things. Life and I have been getting along quite well together. It's been exciting. At times, exhilarating. Am eager to share some of this with you. Am just as eager to hear about your "road not taken." Has it made all the difference?

Drop me a note as to a good weekend for you. How about February 13-14?

Kay

P.S. Yes, I'll need accommodations at the West Hilton. Room rates?

February 2, 1981  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Well, how did things go at SUNY of Buffalo this week? Out of all these interviews, something should turn up and will.

I'm sending a picture that was in the paper [about the car accident of Shirley West Mitchell]. She got a good black eye and is still sore inside. She is just lucky she came out of

that alive. They bought another Cougar. Jim [Mitchell] said if they had had a small car, they probably wouldn't be here.

It's been snowing quite a bit here today. Hope we don't get too much. I don't care how much it snows as long as it doesn't get on the road. O.K.? Dad and Bob Charles were out yesterday working the roads.

Helen [Steele Conway] goes in as an out-patient tomorrow to get her lumps taken off. She was one on each breast. They haven't told her anything yet but I said it is in her favor if she is an out-patient and not being admitted. Of course, tomorrow will tell the story. I sure hope it isn't cancer. I guess she did put her application in at McCullough-Hyde the other day. She needs something to do.

A 74-year old woman was run over uptown the other day by a farmer in a grain truck. Tim [Shaver] knew him. He was from around Harrison. I had just come through town after it happened and she was still in the street covered up. We didn't know her. She's from Oxford.

Mother's Club and their husbands are supposed to go out to eat tonight at Duff's in Richmond. Hope the weather straightens up.

Tomorrow night is an extension meeting in Eaton. They cut the county 33 percent for extension work and the home economics lady might have to go as she was the last one hired. The county auditor or someone really made a mess of things for Preble County. The sheriff's department laid off 7 men so crime will really go up. They wouldn't come out for Jim and Shirley's accident. They had to get the State Patrol.

Guess you will be having your company this weekend. You will have to get Judy a box of candy. Tell her we said "hi."

Well, I gotta go. Almost lunch time. Take care and let us hear from you.

Love, Mom and Dad

February 24, 1981  
Jeanne Scharf  
Dept. of Political Science  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Well, Darrell West! Will you remember your friends when you're rich and famous, or even famous? Not an "Announcement from the Chairperson" goes by that doesn't testify to your travels around the country in search of the great academic position. You're making your colleagues headquartered in Bloomington envious. So where do you stand? Are you taken by the magic of academe in any of those fine locations? When is your stay at Brookings up? How goes the dissertation?

I have almost no news from old Woodburn Hall, although the building does look nice. Graduate students are spread all over the place so there isn't a whole lot of congregating. Or they're doing it without me (maybe the latter). Berheide's are pregnant. Thought I'd mention that in case I wasn't the last to know. Woody [Kay] is pissed off at [Dan] Metlay and working to position himself out from under that bastard.

You know that Wayne [Parent] left to go to work with [Ron] Weber on a project at LSU? [Rick] Wilson still waiting to hear from NSF about money. [Dave] Robertson is waiting to hear from Stanford.

Got a letter from Louanna a few weeks ago. She just accepted a position as a policy analyst with the country, the first female they've hired in that job. She was real pleased and reports that her health is o.k., although her ex-husband is still a jerk. One of the boys wants to come live with her and she's expecting a court battle over that. Fred doesn't think they should spend the summer with her either since she's back in the same town.

Christi [Barbour] is fighting a new round of incompletes. Dick [Merriman] thinks he's in trouble over research tools. Everyone lining up for the fall A.I. slots. Janet and Bruce left Bloomington for Holland last week. Bruce is taking an exam in July there. In the meantime, just an adventure I guess. The whereabouts of both of them was scarce last term.

I'm o.k. Scheduling a progress review shortly. [Leroy] Rieselbach is going to see me through prelims. Expect to write a master's essay expanding a topic I wrote for Jim [Kuklinski] regarding lobbying. I don't think Kuklinski and I ever saw things quite the same

way. He's at Stanford now and they got their grant money. I'm working on getting applications for summer jobs out and about Washington. Any word on whether or not [President Ronald] Reagan will ax the summer jobs program?

Nothing else going on here. You know what you miss in Bloomington. Will you be at the Midwest? Drop a note when you get a minute. Hope your interviews are going well.

Jeanne

April 5, 1981  
Jane Higgins  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Just a note to let you know I'm still alive.

How are things going for you? Are you getting lots of work done? Did you have a happy Eater?

My roomie, Lisa, is getting married in August. It's kinda exciting. I'm going to be a bridesmaid. It's the closest I'll ever come to getting married, that is as long as I stay with Jon. He doesn't see any sense in tying the knot. Oh well, I guess you win some and lose some.

I may have a new job soon. Cabot Corporation in Kokomo. I'd probably move to Noblesville. State government just doesn't pay enough and I want to go back to school.

I apologize for never writing. I've been an ass in hibernation. I promise to do better! Take care and let me hear from you soon.

Love always, Jane

April 8, 1981  
Janet Larson  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Darrell,

Sorry it's been so long since our last communications. Saturday was my last day of work so now I'm able to concentrate on cleaning up my pig pen and catching up on my "things to do" drawer. You were among the top items in the priority listing!

I take it you haven't found a position yet or we would have gotten something similar to a birth announcement. Are you coming to Chicago to interview? Come at the right time and you can help with the delivery (Ha, ha). Tom [Larson] is having about the same luck. He interviewed with Texaco in New York and Standard Oil here, both of whom rejected him.

Our plans are now to head to Atlanta after the expedition and look for a job there. Maybe you could get a job at Emery or thereabouts.

Kay [Welty] said you guys had a good time at the Ethiopian restaurant.

What do you think about [President Ronald] Reagan's luck? Tom didn't want him to croak [from assassination attempt] because he likes [George] Bush less! I on the other hand am not sure. No good will come out of this confrontation. As Tip O'Neil said so tactfully the other day, "I was just about ready to pull out his guns, when he [Reagan] got shot. Now the Democrats won't have a chance." Washington must be a depressing place these days.

Well let us know if you make a catch and we'll let you know our results.

Love, Janet

June 14, 1981  
Kathie Mahoney  
University of Delaware  
Newark, Delaware

Dear Darrell,

You ran off! I went into Brookings one day and they said you'd gone. I kind of figured that I'd missed you since your year was ending. I really planned to see you more, but generally was too tired after my trips. So are you just about winding up the dissertation? I've concluded that I proceeded in a really dumb way. Instead of writing as I went along, I waited until all the research was finishing so now I'm sitting here, looking at file folders, note cards, and audio tapes and I'm going -- huh? From the way I've proceeded, I guess this was the only way to do it, but I face the formidable task now of writing the whole thing.

I hope that by now you are settled in on a job. Let me know where you are going next year. I'm headed to Ithaca College, where I have a great academic appointment in my area --

an O.K. salary, 1 year toward tenure, an O.K. student load of 100 (although this is 2 sections of each of 2 classes), moving expenses, free dissertation typing, and Ithaca is a beautiful area. I still am not satisfied. I really wanted a job in D.C., doing something related to congressional politics, but it just wasn't in the cards, I guess. I found that I was competing against all of the out of work types. Well, next year or bust! The only problem is all this moving is quite a strain on the bank account (what little there is). If I could just stay somewhere for a few years and could put some money away. I don't understand how I could have had a higher spendable income when I made \$3,000 a year in college. I guess it is inflation.

I'm teaching this summer for the money, Public Relations. Now ask me what I know about that? Well, we'll be having lots of speakers, lots of projects, and it's only 5 weeks. I can make it and I might even learn something. I've hooked up with the power company (no political comments please) and they are providing the students with an internal communications project. The kids will do a survey for them. That saves me from thinking up a paper topic and they have already taken 2 class periods (well spent, I admit) and will take 2 more. I'm learning about electric rates, although I still think they are a bunch of cheats!

I'm doing my dissertation and getting stuff together for the ad class. Through this PR class, I'm generally developing industry contacts over this last year. I've wavered quite a bit in my political views. Let me say very quickly, I am not a Republican. But I also have come to realize there are two sides to business issues. I still disagree often with the corporate side, but they aren't evil people I once thought they were. I'm not converted to Reaganomics. I still hate David Stockman and Ernest Lefevre, is that O.K.?

More than Reagan's economic plan, the foreign policy, or lack thereof, worries me more. Broadcasting magazine, which loves Reagan since he appointed an FCC chairman who loves broadcasters, particularly the NAB, even noted last week that it was alarming that Reagan had no consistent policy. CBS this week is doing a special on defense. The series got excellent print reviews and apparently is critical of our current policies. It ought to be interesting. Anyway, I think the Republicans are here for awhile and if I ever get to D.C. I'll have to go with the flow, so to speak.

As far as communications policies go, I'm pretty mainstream industry. Now Reagan has upset the industry and has taken a divergent stand from his FCC appointments in supporting the proposed pay TV/entertainment use of direct broadcast satellite frequencies. This is the new big broadcast issue and Reagan from their perspective and from mine is on the wrong side. So now that you've been bored by broadcast news, I really do like the field. It beats teaching.

Right now, I have to put up with daily intimating calls from some father of a student who wants me to change a "C" to a "B" because his daughter wants to be a visiting student at Penn next year, has grown tremendously this year, and my grading is unfair because I assign the value of 3.3 to a B+ when it should be 3.7 (I will be criticized in academic circles for assigning this value). He plans to bitch to whom I don't yet know, but this I find tedious, petty, and his arguments are wacko!

So that's my life in brief. Soon I will find time to write the dissertation. I hope your final stages are going well. Drop me a note when you can. If you see Wayne [Parent], tell him hi for me.

Take care, Kathie

June 16, 1981  
Darrell West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Bill [Haltom],

Don [Brand] has informed me that somehow you convinced Diane and David to type your conference paper free of charge on the word processor. Since I continually tried to find new ways to exploit Brookings resources during my tenure there, you must understand my respect and admiration at your ability to exceed my achievements. Keep up the good work.

So how is Washington this summer? I realize that my absence probably has left your life a little bit emptier than before. But hang in there. You too will finish your [jail] sentence one day.

As for me, life in Ohio is a pleasant change from Washington. The longer I'm away, the more pissed I get. Until I left, I hadn't realized how shitty this past year had been. Now that the year has passed, I realize that the year was good for my dissertation, but bad for my soul.

I have spent most of my summer vacationing (Chicago, Iowa, and Champaign); helping my father plant corn (I'm serious), and revising the dissertation. Somehow the cold meat lunches with my father do not equal those long Brookings' lunches of which I grew fond. Maybe, it's the food.

When you get a chance, why don't you write. I now am down to 2-3 pieces of mail a day and need to boost my average. Tell the gang I said hello.

Darrell

July 1, 1981  
Jane Higgins  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

I know it's about time I wrote! I did move. Jon and I have a quaint 2 bedroom apartment in Broad Ripple. Three of my girlfriends live in this complex. I'll be an alcoholic in no time at all.

Lisa is getting married September 5 and Ill be the maid of honor. I've turned 180 degrees since my last letter. Seeing her go through the agonies of a wedding is enough for me. Jon and I are getting along quite well and I have no need for a formal wedding ceremony. Lisa and I are getting along quite well too. We never see each other. Her man is O.K., but he's not the type of person I can stand to be around for more than 5 minutes. He's a little too cutsie for me if you know what I mean.

I hope all is well with you and Judy [Bryan]. Cincinnati is a real nice town. My girlfriend Adele lives there. We aren't on the best of terms now but I used to spend a few weekends down there. Adele and I went to California together about a month ago. We got on each other's nerves a bit and I think we are both just taking a break. So maybe I'll run into you in the Cin-City sometime.

Congratulations on your job [at the University of Pennsylvania]. You'll be right there at the pulse of the nation -- New Jersey. What kind of classes will you be teaching? Any research? How many on the faculty? I want the lowdown.

I'm still employed by the state of Indiana. The job seems to be improving but it will always be a job not to be confused with a career or monetary profit. I am looking for another job. I am also starting a 2 or 4 year degree in computer technology, depending upon my concentration span. Speaking of which, it is time for this student to hit the rack. My classes are 4 times a week for 3 and 1/2 hours per class, 6 weeks long. Hardcore!

Take care.

Love, Jane

July 8, 1981  
Darrell West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Jane [Higgins],

Happy to hear that things are working out for you. Sounds like you are keeping busy, between drinking and attending classes (not necessarily in that order).

It will be nice to be near the nation's pulse. Fortunately, I will be avoiding the New Jersey side (except for occasional visits to Atlantic City to supplement my income) to live in Pennsylvania. This weekend I'm going to Philadelphia to hunt for housing. I probably will move there around August 5, right after Judy [Bryan] and I hit the ocean beaches off South Carolina.

So much for country living. I will forward an address whenever I discover what it is.

Take care, Darrell

July 8, 1981  
Darrell West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Linda [Marianos] and Dave [Goetzel],

Greetings from the Midwest. Hope your summer is as hot and humid as mine has been. Otherwise there would have been no reason to leave D.C.

So far, things have been nice in Ohio. I have been spending three days a week at my parents and four with my true love [Judy Bryan]. Actually, Judy's my second love. I still love my dissertation the most.

We spent one week in early June making the rounds of her family: Chicago; Bonapart, Iowa, and Champaign, Illinois (where Judy won \$7 betting on turtle races). The second tier of our vacation is the last week in July, when we go to the ocean beaches in South Carolina. We've been getting along pretty well, but neither of us is ready to make a commitment for after August. So I suppose we'll either drift for awhile or maybe stage a phantom break-up, to pique the curiosity of our friends. Since we've made it this far, there is no reason to rush into things.

The "big D" [dissertation] is coming along. I've spent most of the summer revising the first draft. While there still is room for improvement, I'm much more satisfied with draft two compared to draft one. Of course, if I wasn't, I would shoot myself. No, I take that back, I would shoot my committee, starting with Fishel. The way things look now, I should defend whenever I can assemble a quorum in Bloomington.

This weekend I am traveling to Philadelphia to find a nice two-bedroom apartment in the suburbs. It looks now like I will move there the first week in August. That will give me a few weeks to adjust to life on the East Coast. No more nude sunbathing in the cornfield.

My course preparations are coming along. People can put Penn down all they want, but right now I would not trade the 2 course per semester load for anything. I feel particularly grateful to the chairman at Penn for allowing me to teach two seminars this fall, no lecture preparations. If I sound like a lackey for Penn these days, it is because I am.

This is all my news for now. Please write when you get a chance. Or better yet, come visit me in Philadelphia sometime. I hope that all the uncertainty over jobs is now resolved.

Take care, Darrell

July 10, 1981  
Donald Brand  
Brookings Institution  
1775 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Dear Darrell,

I assume this card [on retirement] is appropriate for someone about to finish their dissertation. If you feel like me, burnout should guarantee neither of us will ever do another piece of creative work in our lives, hence retirement. That doesn't mean we can't continue to publish versions of our dissertations for the next 20 years so as to insure tenure. Such is academia.

Cheers, Don

August 22, 1981  
Darrell West  
Dept. of Political Science  
University of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104

Dear Jack [Cornett],

Greetings from Philadelphia! Recently while leafing through the Miami Alumni magazine, whose name did I behold but Jack Cornett [who is now a Hamilton attorney and executive director of the Butler County Bar Association]. My first thought was "not bad credentials for a kid who played on a basketball team that barely beat Eaton High School in 1971-72." But my thoughts soon turned toward nostalgia, the corridors of Thomson Hall and the long hours at the library. So I thought what the hell. Why not send Jack a letter? Well, here it is.

As you can see, I presently am leading the sedate life of the academic, writing but not making history. I spent last year at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C., writing a Ph.D. dissertation on the 1980 presidential election. My conclusions, that Reagan won and he won big, earned me a teaching job in the Ivy League. This semester, I will teach two courses



(Elections; the Bureaucracy) for a total of 5 hours a week. The rest of time, graduates students will drop grapes in my mouth and do my research for me. As Mel Brooks said in 1981, "It is good to be king." Next semester, I will teach a course on Congress and on Political Parties and Interest Groups.

Philadelphia is an interesting city. Fortunately it is a National League city, which enables me to see the [Cincinnati] Reds play from time to time. I still am single, having spurned offers from many a woman. I am holding out for that proper combination of warmth, intelligence, beauty, and money.

My colleagues here are nice. They treat me with more respect than I deserve. But fortunately, they have not figured that out yet. My goal is to keep them in the dark as long as possible about my mediocrity. Of course, sooner or later, the gig will be up and I will settle into a comfortable teaching job at Xavier University.

So this is the story of my life in disguise. Let me know how you are doing. If you have Witkowski's address, why don't you send it along.

Take care, Darrell

August 26, 1981

Jane Higgins

Indianapolis, Indiana

Hi Darrell,

How's Pennsylvania? [Bala Cynwyd] What a name for a city! What did they do? Take it out of a random letter generator? Please research this and give me a synopsis of the history behind that one!

It's laundry night at 6134 #2A. As convenient as it is, down one flight of stairs, you'd think I could do it more often but hey I can always think of better things to do. Just the other night as a matter of fact, I talked Jon into going to the state fair. Being an East Coast boy, he had never experienced a state fair or a tractor pull. He was a bit taken aback at the tractor pull, but he said he enjoyed it. Personally, I loved it. The crowd is just as entertaining as the event. There were some farm folk in back of us and the one guy said, "If I ever entered a tractor, I'd paint it purple and name it Plum Crazy!" Later on, the announcer was commenting on how long it took to clear the track and said, "I reckon I'm not in any hurry. I got three cows at home that suck themselves so I ain't got to be home til the morning."

We checked out the cattle, sheep, and horse barns. I assume that those little jackets they put on the sheep are to keep their wool clean? They look like Ku Klux Klan folk! The black sheep look particularly odd.

Do you mind if I ask you a personal question? Good! When are you and Judy [Bryan] getting hitched? Living in sin is a nice option and you avoid marriage contracts!

Did you know I have a new career? It's banking this time around. I really enjoy it after 2 and 1/2 wonderful weeks. I read the Wall Street Journal again daily and the whole routine. It doesn't pay all that wonderfully, but I don't have to deal with half crazed, irrational politicians. Don't take that personally! Maybe you can understand the philosophy of political thought, but I couldn't deal with it. Too much uncertainty.

Jon and I went camping at Shades State Park last weekend. It was a good time. We hike 5 miles. That doesn't sound like much to some, but for someone who sits at a desk 40-45 hours a week, it's an accomplishment.

Tomorrow night a bunch of us are going to rent roller skates and cruise Broad Ripple. What fun!

The laundry has hatched so I'll close now.

Take care and keep in touch.

Love, Jane

August 28, 1981

Judy Bryan

3304 Jefferson Avenue

Cincinnati, Ohio

Hi Darrell,

How are you doing? Life is crazy. Jim just left. I sent him out the door with a Penthouse magazine. I wasn't in the mood, especially with his god awful perfume. I asked

him to go to dinner. I didn't feel like eating alone. We went to Zines and then to the Cupboard, where I bought you this book. I hope you don't already have it. Hope you enjoy it.

Work has been strange. Wednesday, everyone found out that one of our four regional branch managers was asked to resign. He had been with the bank 28-30 years. Apparently, his brother-in-law was no good and had been kiting checks between FNBC and an Indianapolis bank. Reportedly, he was aware of the operation, but didn't do anything about it and the bank lost a substantial amount of money. It has really freaked out everyone at the bank. Everyone has been talking about him. he was a very well liked and respected man. Why and how he could let such a thing go by is beyond belief. So now much reorganization is taking place. There is no one available to take his place. We shall see. I really liked the man. Word has it that he hadn't eaten since Thursday. I really feel for him. I just hope he doesn't do anything drastic.

I have discovered that my blind date is a Republican. I don't know if it's your influence or not, but I just don't feel right dating a Republican. I told him that I was not. I think I've put him off for awhile.

I had a great talk with Kathy [Bryan] and Tim over the weekend. I just like both of them so much. Kathy is just so neat. I rally treasure her friendship.

Friday and Saturday nights are drinking nights. Friday I'm going out with Clifton and Saturday with Paul's wife who just turned 21. Next week starts school. Ugh! I'll soon be done.

I hope all is well with you. Keep me informed. For the second time, where is your [dissertation] defense?

Love, Judy

August 29, 1981

Ken West

261 N.W. 46 Court

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33309

Hi Darrell,

Thanks very much for the money and your thoughtfulness. I certainly did not expect anything from anyone and your generosity is greatly appreciated.

School has already started and I am already in a frenetic pace at school, but I enjoy it that way. I had an orientation for kindergarten parents today and over 130 showed up. A nice turnout. There is talk of a teacher strike starting Monday. There is no contract yet and both sides are dragging their feet. I have conflicting emotions about a complex issue, such as striking and have not decided what I personally would do. I could go either way and will probably decide on the spur of the moment, as I have done with many facets of my life, it seems like.

I had a very nice visit in Ohio this summer. I really enjoyed it and seeing everyone. Everyone treats me very well and I know that Amy and her best friend Ginger enjoyed themselves tremendously. I sneaked off to Chicago for three days with Tom [Treston] and had a delightful time with friends there. I do regret not seeing you this summer, especially when you had called early on to let me know you would be there in June. I wasn't planning on working this summer, but just relaxing and taking things rather easy after all the pressure of school. But I was offered the position and realizing my bank account was crying out in agony, agreed to put it in a more healthful state of being. As it turned out, I worked the entire summer and was only off the two weeks I went up North. I rather think I won't work next summer only because it's such a bore 12 months a year and I want to pamper myself. However, I will see what opportunities present themselves and what my accountant says.

I do hope you will like being in Philadelphia personally and professionally and that you find it stimulating and productive on all accounts. I am very proud of your accomplishments so far and know that you have a future ahead of you. Your planning and hard work certainly have aided your accomplishments to date. I also know that you are a true intellectual who is quite at home in a library or delving into finding knowledge. I myself am a more quasi-intellectual and that is being generous! But I am quite satisfied and am happy personally and professionally. I have no lofty goals but will see what if anything will develop.

You keep in touch with the family better than anyone else. I will make attempts to improve my communications and use you as a model.

Will close for now.

Love, Ken

P.S. Tom says to say hi.

August 29, 1981

Judy Bryan

3304 Jefferson Avenue

Cincinnati, Ohio

Hi Darrell,

These stamps are leftover from our trip. I wish you were here to motivate me to do some work. For some reason, I couldn't get this one project completed so I decided to work on it at home. I have yet to do it. It would have been done by now if you were here. I think I'll go do some shopping. It can't hurt to procrastinate a little more.

Love always, Judy

September 10, 1981

Darrell West

42 Conshohocken State Road, Apt. 3A

Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004

Dear Jane [Higgins],

Thanks for the letter. It was nice to hear from you. Congratulations on your new job. I too share your disinterest in "half crazed, irrational politicians." But why did you ask that I not take that statement personally? If you are implying that I am a half crazed, irrational politician, I do take that personally since I am not irrational. But in any event, I hope the bank is more to your liking. Also I enjoyed your description of the tractor pull and sheep barn. As someone who used to participate in these activities but has since grown beyond them, I can appreciate state fairs.

My life here is a tough life. I'm teaching two courses for a total of five hours a week. At this pace, I should live at least to the age of 93.

Regarding your personal questions about my private life (how could you ask such things), I have no plans to marry Judy or to live in sin with her. Unfortunately, living with her this summer did not result in very much sin. Consequently, she and I have split up for the 15th time and this time we may even stay broken up. I am dating some people (i.e., women) here and she is going out with some people (i.e., boys) in Cincinnati.

I apologize that my social life is so boring but you have to tell it like it is. Stay tuned for fast breaking developments. Let me know if you ever make it back on the dating market. If you do, I will bid two sheep.

Take care, Darrell

September 30, 1981

Shirley West Mitchell

State Route 732

Eaton, Ohio 54320

Dear Darrell,

I am writing this letter because I care about you. I have been praying for you everyday for a long time that something may stir inside your heart so that you may believe in Jesus Christ. I grow more and more concerned everyday because I believe the end times are getting close at hand. There is trouble in the Middle East, there are more earthquakes, there are false prophets (ministers within the Church who don't even believe), there is growing famine and the family unit is breaking away, as told in Matthew 24:3-14.

A group of us went to Cincinnati Monday night and saw the Book of Revelation dramatized. It really bothered me. There was a song called "Too Late," that really bothered me. It talked about the judgment of every person and how when Christ comes, it will be too late for anyone who hasn't accepted Christ. There's no second chance after he comes, they will be cast into the lake of fire. But it doesn't have to be that way. It's not too late yet. John 6:47 says, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." John 5:24, John 11:25 and John 1:12 all say all you have to do is believe and he will give you everlasting life. John 1:9 says if we confess our sins, he will forgive us.

I just needed to tell you this myself because I care and I don't want it to be too late for you.

I'm not sure how you will take this letter, or even what you will think about me, but what is important is that you know the "good news" and it's your decision only. I will continue to pray for you.

Love, Shirley

October 3, 1981  
Helen Steele Conway  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Hello Darrell,

How are you? How have things been going in Pennsylvania? Are you working pretty hard?

Things here have settled down considerably since the Pork Festival. They had a real good turnout for both days. In fact, they ran out of pork Saturday evening around 5 p.m. and had to go back to Cincinnati after more. Then Sunday, they ran out around 2 p.m. so they just sold what they had left and closed up shop. Said they made a thousand more this year in the Country Store than they made last year. So it was pretty nice. How did you and Judy [Bryan] make out this time!

Everyone here is all O.K., as far as I know. All but Shirley [Mitchell's] two kids. Laura has influenza and Mark is running a temperature of 103 degrees today. Expect it is the flu bug. Joanne [Shaver's] two kids are O.K.

It's no wonder though as this weather has been something else. It has been warm during the day then turns cold during the night. It's only about 55 degrees here today. Winter is here I think.

School is going pretty good. Am still having problems with math, but guess I always will as that was one of my weak points anyway. Need you boys to help me on that. As far as the rest of it, I have got along pretty good on that. This quarter, we have math, English, and literature.

Wish you could be home for your birthday. But anyway, hope you have a Happy one.

Will close for now. Write some time, you never have wrote to me.

Congratulations on your Ph.D.

Love, Aunt Helen

October 5, 1981  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Hope this finds you well and happy. At least it finds you one year older. How's that?

It's supposed to frost tonight so Daddy is going to get all the tomatoes and mangoes in. The leaves are starting to turn which means in a month they will be all gone. I always dread winter anymore and driving on bad roads.

The Ki Morton's are singing at the Presbyterian Church in Richmond Sunday evening and I'm playing for them. We've practice 2 nights and will again tonight.

Joanne and Tim [Shaver] thought Jeff's wrist was broken Sunday evening and took him for X-rays, but it wasn't. They had been in Cincinnati Sunday and when they were leaving, Jeff was fussy and tired. Tim jerked him to keep him from running out in the street, so he cried all the way home that it hurt. But he's O.K. now.

Bet Judy [Bryan] sent you a "mushy" birthday card. Right.

You should have gotten more money in your check this time. I got \$7 more. But they will probably take it away from me come February.

Things have been pretty quiet and not too much going on lately. The sheriff did entertain the trustees the other night to supper. They want them to help get their levy passed.

Russell Crother's cancer is now in his lungs. They brought him home yesterday as they said they can't do anymore for him. June is taking off next week. Hers is the only money coming in and if she takes a leave of absence, her hospitalization stops. Don't know what she will do.

Well, I gotta quit. Happy Birthday.  
Love, Mom and Dad

October 6, 1981  
Marion Mitchell  
831 West Main Street  
Eaton, Ohio 54320

Dear Dr. West,

The day after Laura [Mitchell's] sixth birthday, another momentous occasion!

Just a note to offer congratulations to the upcoming Dr. West. Approval is 100 percent of the problem, no obstacles ahead. Hope, IU has attractive hoods for future faculty processionalists. Harvard's crimson always impressed me, some schools are so drab.

All at this address send congratulations. Would love to see a copy sometime of your dissertation.

Marion

October 7, 1981  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Route 732  
Eaton, Ohio 54320

Dear Darrell (Dr. West),

We want to congratulate you on passing your doctorate exam. We are very proud of you. A professor in the family!

You will be receiving a gift in the mail from us in about a week.

Congratulations, Darrell!

Also at this time, we want to wish you a happy birthday. We didn't forget you. We had a birthday party for Laura [Mitchell] with 16 kids on Saturday from 2-4. Joanne [West Shaver] and Kathy White helped me. It was really fun. Two elementary school teachers helped me think of games and timing-wise, it worked out perfect.

Jim [Mitchell] started shelling soybeans Monday, then it rained. Now he's shelling corn. Harvest has begun!

Better close for now.

Love, Shirley

December 15, 1981  
Tom and Janet Larson  
10 Willow Glen  
Atlanta, Georgia 30342

Dear Darrell,

This has been quite a year for the Larsons. Two becoming three with the birth of Clark in April has dispelled that rumor that three is a crowd -- three is a joyous family. Clark now weighs twenty-plus pounds and really gets around, either in his wheeled "Monster-mobile" or on his knees, stomach, and hands.

As Tom geared into the graduation process, Janet prepared to leave Chicago, get used to a bewildered and bewildering new baby, and bid farewell to her Hyde Park bank family. The friends made there will always be treasured, although some of the clients will not! All of us also cherish our other friends, including the University Church family who were so supportive of us and helped make warm weather in a sometimes cold city.

After writing a thesis-style paper for two courses as Tom's coup-de-grace, we three embarked on a fascinating, beautiful and sometimes grueling journey through the Northern U.S. to California, back east to Pennsylvania via New England and on to Atlanta. We saw landscape from deserts of volcanic rock to humid lush green stands of redwoods, and fauna, from cute fast prairie dogs to stately lumbering buffalo. The expedition also gave us the chance to reaffirm old dear friendships physically distant from us. Finally in Lancaster, Grandfather Collins got his first look at his husky, traveling grandson, one happy union.

This saga still needs a happy ending. Tom is searching still for a job in the Southeast (hopefully Atlanta) with a firm which appreciates his skills. It is tough and frustrating. Janet is gaining some independence from Clark's needs and starting to make her way around on Atlanta's twisted and confusing streets. Clark is growing like Kudzu--mentally and

physically. We're afraid it won't be long until he wants the key to the Rabbit. We seem to be healthy, happy, and hopeful. We hope this letter finds you so.

Shalom, Tom and Janet

December 19, 1981

Darrell West

42 Conshohocken State Road, Apt. 3A

Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004

Dear Tom and Janet [Larson],

Thanks for your Christmas greeting. It was nice to hear from you. Well, I have some good news. Recently, I received job offers from Brown University and the University of Iowa. Since Brown made a good salary offer, is located between Boston and New York City, and has great undergraduates, I have accepted the Brown job. So next summer, I will be packing my bags for Providence, Rhode Island. It really was a delightful choice and I can hardly wait to go.

Tomorrow, I'm driving to Ohio to spend Christmas with my family. I plan to see Judy [Bryan] on Tuesday. By then, she will have completed all the requirements for her MBA.

Happy to hear about Clark's growth. Nothing is worse than a baby that shrinks.

Take care and have a Merry Christmas.

Love, Darrell

December 27, 1981

Jack Cornett

Hamilton, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I had to go to Lexington, Kentucky today. I called information this morning and tried to get your phone number, but I didn't remember your Dad's name and got no answer at the number I called. I won't get back until about 10 p.m. tonight. Please leave your phone number and I will call you as soon as I get back.

I'm sorry you had to make the drive down here and I hope we can get together this week.

Incidentally, I am having a small New Year's Eve party Thursday night and would like you to come if you will still be home.

Jack

January 1, 1982

James Kuklinski

Dept. of Political Science

Stanford University

Stanford, California 94305

Dear Darrell,

Good to hear from you. Congratulations on the good news regarding your dissertation. It all may be preliminary at this point, but things sure sound promising. Would be a super way to get your career started. Some of us more unfortunate and less talented types would be more than happy to end our careers in such a way.

God damn it, West, if I ever had to read another comment to the effect "I know you'll be surprised to hear that I'm looking forward to teaching methods ...", I believe I will shit. Fact: You did a simply excellent job on our APSR paper. Fact: Despite what you apparently think, I have never felt you are somehow deficient in this general area. Fact: I expect you do to a very good job teaching the course.

I think [Phil] Shively would be a good choice [for the methods course]. There is a book by a guy named [Ken] Hoover that I think is very good. So good is the book that I remember neither it's title nor it's author. [Ted] Carmines' statistics book would be fine, although I must admit a strong attachment to [Herbert] Blalock's book. I still think it is the best introductory book on the market. Do you think you need the purple SPSS manual, as opposed to the shorter primer? I assume you will not be doing much with factor analysis and all those other esoteric techniques.

Anne [Kuklinski] and I are doing fine, although I'm not sure we made the right decision staying out here. Our house in Bloomington is not rented and my source of funding runs out at the end of March. Plus to be frank, Heinz [Eulau] and I are often in disagreement

about what we should be doing. I can't believe that he wants to do a whole section on role analysis when questionnaire space is so limited. On the whole, I'm not sure I can say this year has been a super one. Working with [Richard] Brody and [Paul] Sniderman has been a real plus.

On the other hand, I have had quite a few problems with my health, especially some neurological quirks that have not yet gone away. I had said nothing [to others] about these matters and would prefer that nothing is said. I write to you as a friend since you no longer are a slave graduate student. My thought processes have never been too impressive, but thinking certainly has become more difficult in the last 8 months.

The weather out here has been super. In fact, the temperature was in the 70s today. Just heard on the news that Indianapolis got 12 inches of snow. Certainly don't miss that.

Take care. After you have been at Brown University for a couple of months and gained considerable influence, get me a job.

Jim

January 17, 1982  
Kathie Mahoney  
Dept. of Communications  
Ithaca College  
Ithaca, New York

Dear Darrell,

Congratulations on the dissertation. I've been wondering why my students are so very different from others that I've taught. The clipping you sent answers my question.

It sounds like things are great for you. You didn't mention how Penn was really going, though. I'm curious. There seems to be a pattern that everyone on a 1-year appointment, which is the social pariah syndrome. Did you have that problem? In retrospect, I didn't know how bad things were until I came to Ithaca.

As for me, things are O.K. I'm having a hard time finishing the dissertation. Teaching takes up so much time and I have a lot of administrative work, more meetings and more school-related kibitzing to do. I've pushed the defense back til summer.

This is really a teaching school. I now do 3 preparations, although my classes are all 30 students or less and one class has 6 students. The students are very demanding. They're always in my office. For example, I was at the office today (Sunday) at 7:30 and one knocked on my door. It's also hard to get away from them in a place like this. Ithaca is all college, much worse than Bloomington and it's so isolated.

The kids here are also arrogant. Most are from Long Island which must be a tough place to grow up. Remember that one brassy New York kid that would show up in each class at IU? Well, all of mine are like that. In one sense, it's great. They have opinions and are very articulate. On the other hand, they "know it all." Some actually do have impressive backgrounds. One has a network television vice-presidential father and others have equally impressive credentials. I must say that keeps me on my toes. My lectures here are far better than those I gave at the University of Delaware. I see improvement, so that's good.

But I'm still trying to get out. At least, I have 5 years to do it so I can be selective, but keep my resume current and my eye out for potential jobs. Up here I can make better contacts than at most schools through parents. I also get conference support money for guest speakers. I'm working all of those funds now.

I'd really like to see you before you leave Philadelphia. I love Philly as you know and I'm dying to get back. I'm not leaving here except for 2 conferences though until I'm within 1 chapter of finishing. I'm also trying to start an article, but I don't even have the time to direct my research assistant and another interested student in a very planned way. I thought weird hours and work hanging over your head all the time was only for graduate students. Wrong! Luckily, I like my field.

I'm teaching a Politics, Images and Media course now, so I'm back in literature that I like. It might be good. I've also met some interesting people from the Politics department here.

Well, that's my life in brief. Keep in touch. Again congratulations, Dr. West! I'm glad you found such an impressive new place at Brown.

Kathie

January 29, 1982

Louanna [ ]

949 El Paso

Derby, Kansas 67037

Dear Darrell,

I have just about given up on correspondence, but feel rather guilty about not having written to you. I appreciate the interest that you have shown in me, even though we both live in different sections of the country.

You are probably busy enlightening the many young students at the University of Pennsylvania who aspire to become a professor of political science much like yourself. They are lucky to have you there, and I hope they realize that fact. I do hope that you receive a permanent appointment there, if that is where you wish to be.

I haven't heard anything from Jim [Kuklinski] in ages and am concerned that things may not be well with him. Of course, it may simply be a matter of his being buried in piles of computer printouts and putting the finishing touches on countless publications. Are you doing the same?

As for me, I am now Public Information officer for Sedgwick County. It is essentially a P.R. job. It is out of my field, but it pays better than the job I was hired into. Actually, I believe that the promotion was offered to me for two reasons. The first is that I did an in-depth study of the fire protective services in Sedgwick County and wrote what was considered a rather impressive report on the subject. Obviously, they did not have the opportunity to discuss my writing ability with [Professor] Tim Tilton [at IU]. The promotion may have been a reward to putting out a classy piece of work. The County is known for its mediocrity and cronyism and this was considered a cut above the expected. Probably the second reason is the more plausible. I was the only candidate that had a prayer of receiving the signatures of all three commissioners. They rarely agree on anything.

Anyway, the job has placed me in close proximity to the county's policymakers and the resultant stress is often enormous. County officials run as representatives of political parties and things get pretty hot sometimes. Last week, one Republican commissioner was hospitalized with a heart attack, leaving another Republican and a Democrat to run things. This has resulted in a ridiculous situation. They act more like children than grownups. It is certainly difficult for the staff to maintain any kind of efficiency with all the petty bickering.

Well, I hope that things are going well for you. Please keep in touch. I have very few links left with academia. Good luck!

Louanna

February 1, 1982

Joanne West Shaver

Fairhaven Road

College Corner, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Now that I'm here at work signing this card, it doesn't really seem appropriate but anyway I'm proud of you [for your dissertation]. I like to brag about what you've done. Now if I had given you this a month ago, the money would already be spent.

How was your weekend with Judy [Bryan]?

Katie [Shaver] is crawling good now. She pulled herself up for the first time last night. She's changing so fast.

Corky Rader died suddenly last night of a heart attack. He was 53 and had just retired.

Congratulations and enjoy the money. Glad you called the other day.

Joanne

March 3, 1982

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Surprise! I'll try to get a letter off to you. We had snow on the ground this morning, just a reminder that Winter has not let go yet but maybe it won't stay so long this time.



Larry and Sandy Boggs lost their home in a fire last week, practically everything except what was on their back. Larry and Sandy had gone to work and the kids were in school so no one was home. It started from a creosote buildup in the chimney. The Presbyterian Church is having a communality shower for them next week, but we took some things over last night. Guess they are going to put a trailer in until they get something put up. They had good insurance plus a replacement clause that says they will replace everything in the house. They both work in Connersville.

Tim and Joanne [Shaver] had a fire in their chimney too but got it out.

How's everything going over there? Keeping the home fires burning?

Talked to Kenny [West] Sunday. Guess he had been shrimp fishing and caught 29. He can have them. Said it was 83 degrees, terrible.

No candidates have been brought in yet [for chair at Miami] but think they have several. We don't know if anyone is interested from here yet. No one says anything.

There is a rumor going that air conditioning may be cut off. There would be some tall hollering from faculty here if they did. Lots of days, it is run when not needed. I would rather open the window.

We hear Rita Vonderhaar is going to rent Nellie Lybrook's house and the Lewis Jones' have their divorce. No backlash came yet from [Dad's] testifying [at the divorce on behalf of Lewis].

Helen [Steele Conway] is on Spring break this week.

When is your break? Are you coming home then? I hope so. Think about it.

Joanne [West Shaver] still has a lot of hurt feelings from what Jim [Mitchell] told her at Christmas. There is a strain there now that wasn't before. Hope it gets resolved.

Violet [Whitesell] and I are supposed to eat down at the Center today but she doesn't like to go down there very often. She would rather go uptown. Guess she doesn't like the walk, but it's good for both of us.

Our church gave June Crothers \$800. She was so far in debt. Her husband had no life insurance nor social security, just her working at the hospital. She does have Blue Cross though.

I was really busy Monday and Tuesday but it has slowed down today.

Donna Keehner is home for 30 days and is getting married in June over in Germany. He's a Pennsylvania boy. She and Jane [Keehner] went to see his parents when she was home. So Jane is going to go over for it but Don [Keehner] isn't. It would be nice for both of them and a good excuse to go to. But Don says he won't go anywhere that he can't walk or drive. That sounds like him. Donna says he just asked her to marry him a week before she came home, but that she had been after him for 2 years.

Can't think of anything else now. Take care and come home when you can.

Love, Mom

March 21, 1982

Darrell West

42 Conshohocken State Road, Apt. 3A

Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

Hi -- remember me? You know, the curly-haired budding intellectual you used to know? Well now, I am gainfully employed. Since last summer, I have been teaching politics at Penn. You can feel free to call me Dr. West as my dissertation was completed as of December 31, 1981. Actually, this is my first and last year at Penn. In August [1982], I'm moving to Providence, Rhode Island to begin teaching in the political science department at Brown University. I am looking forward to Brown. They have a good department and great students. Although I hear Providence isn't that great, it will be nice to have access to everything in that area (the ocean, Connecticut, New York City, and Boston).

So how are you doing? Are you married yet? Any children? Are you still in the speech business. I hope [Ronald] Reagan's budget cuts don't harm your position. You will have to let me know how everything else is.

Is your mother doing okay? I was wondering about her health because my father (58 years old) just suffered a heart attack. Although he was in intensive care for a while,

apparently he is doing better now. It really makes you think about the important things in life. I am keeping my fingers crossed that everything will turn out okay for him.

Take care. I hope all is well for you.

Darrell

March 28, 1982  
Amy Bluestone  
108 Marlborough St., Apt. 5  
Boston, Massachusetts 02115

Dear Dr. Darrell,

I am so glad you wrote. I've completely lost track of you. All I knew is you were not at Brookings, as I learned from my returned card. Congratulations! You're done, you're a Doctor, and teaching at pretty impressive schools. Wow!

I have been preparing for some significant life changes myself. Beginning June, I am leaving the field of speech pathology and entering the life insurance world with my father. So I am leaving dear old Boston, my profession, and entering God knows what. Yet I'm really excited about the change and newness. Whether I can actually sell and work side-by-side with Dad is yet to be learned. I'll love to live in Manhattan so I better do well!

It was funny that you asked about my mother. It has been a very sad and difficult month for me. She died the beginning of February. It's still kind of hard to write about. She was pretty sick for the few months before and was in the hospital for a heart catheterization. She had a heart attack the day before. She had been in a great deal of pain before that.

As a family, we were lucky to have spent a lot of really happy time together and I feel we were all well cared for, making it a little easier for her and us. I miss her a lot. It's gonna take a long time.

I'm happy that you father is better. Yes, we do seem to lose track of what really matters at times.

Well, I'm not married and no kids. At least I don't think so. I am getting fat. I was wondering. How about you? Are you planning a trip to survey the situation in Providence. It'd be nice to get together. Well, Darr, take care and see you.

Love, Amy

April 4, 1982  
Darrell West  
42 Conshohocken State Road, Apt. 3A  
Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004

Dear Amy [Bluestone],

I was very sorry to hear about your mother. It must be hard dealing with the situation as I know you were very close to her. There probably is nothing I can say to make you feel better. But I can sympathize with you because my father came close to the same situation. Right after we wrote, my sister called to say his condition was deteriorating and the doctors weren't sure if he would make it.

So I went back to Ohio. He was on the critical list for three days and then began to improve. Since then, his condition has gotten a lot better. But I will tell you, that trip back was one of the saddest trips of my life. I wasn't sure what I would find. I think I cried about half the way there. Fortunately, things are looking good for him so keep your fingers crossed.

Sounds like the next few months are going to be very exciting for you, a new job and new home. Are you living in Manhattan or going to Edison [New Jersey]? Let me know what your new address is.

I will be moving to Providence August 1. I do plan to visit Providence in July, but you probably will be gone by then. If there is anything I can do for you, let me know. Feel free to come to Philadelphia for a visit if you have a chance.

Take care, Darrell

May 3, 1982  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

The neighbors are coming to plant corn tomorrow. I've just got to run home at noon time and see this. We certainly live in a good community. The church is going to feed them.

Today is our 35th wedding anniversary. Long time, isn't it.

They still haven't decided anything here in the department [about the chairmanship]. They are having another meeting tonight.

See ya, Mom

May 24, 1982

Jane Higgins

Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Well, yet it is about time that I wrote. Lots has happened since I last talked to you. I am, as of a month or so ago, out in the pond of life looking for another fish. One day Jon told me that he wanted to date around. Was I surprised? I think I may still be in shock actually.

At any rate, work is going well. It has it's ups and downs, but I'm going to a conference in Atlanta this week. Then since I'm halfway there, I'm going to make my way down to the Bahamas. Two days in the sun is about all my skin can take. If they are having lobster on the return plane trip, I think they'll find me hiding under my chair for fear of being steamed.

I've started some volunteer work with adult mentally handicapped. I figured that would take my mind off my misery. Sure enough, it did! Those kids are so refreshing. They don't feel pain in a sense. It's hard to describe, but I feel great when I come home from there.

So how is your work life, love life, and everything in between? What goes on in Bala Cynwyd and where did that name come from? Do you get into Washington much?

I have That's Incredible on the tube. This derelict is doing tug of war with the Goodyear Blimp by holding the rope in his teeth. Some people must get pretty bored with life. If I get bored, I usually go to sleep.

I kind of enjoy living by myself again. Some days are more difficult than others but the worst things in life are survivable.

Please keep in touch and I promise I'll do the same.

Take care, Jane

June 24, 1982

Amy Bluestone

New York, New York

Dear Darrell,

Hope everything went well for your father. Did he have the bypass operation? It's a brutal experience. Too bad about Judy. From your letter, it sounded like she made a huge mistake. She'll never know what she missed.

I'd love to get together and right now, the 24th may be better. I think it would be great if we could get together for a day. I've been studying with my father 1 day a weekend and plan to still need him through the summer. I hope that's okay with you.

Basically, I am dumbstruck, everything is so unreal and I seem to be in an ever continuing daze. To be specific, I have forgotten my pocketbook about 3 times, gotten locked out of my house, misplaced my license, forgotten plans and basically are thankful that my body parts are attached.

I moved into my apartment on Tuesday. It's kind of cute. Not what you'd consider charming, but it has a certain amount of character. With a little help, I think it will be quite nice. Anyway, it's great to be getting that aspect of my life settled.

Work's been a zillion different things, new, exciting, challenging, mind boggling, frustrating, scary, and overwhelming. Unfortunately, each aspect causes incredible turmoil, it has not been easy maintaining an equilibrium and yet I don't believe that's ever been a strong point for me. I'll explain further. It'll be nice to get together.

Love, Amy

July 5, 1982

Vicky Markell

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I just wanted you to know that I'm thinking of you and your family. I hope your Dad is improving and that the strength of your family bond is a comfort to you all.

Please feel free to stay with John and me in Cincinnati anytime.

Love, Vicky

July 5, 1982  
Judy Bryan  
3304 Jefferson Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I just want you to know I am thinking and praying for you and your family, most of all your Dad. I have been calling the hospital periodically to get a report on your Dad. I was happy that the reports were "fair." I expected to hear the same report tonight, but instead got a report of "serious." I keep hoping it's a different Robert West. Darrell, please tell me if there's anything I can do. I really care about you and your family.

I write this seated at my table. In front of me is the close-up of you at Cumberland Falls and the one where you're about to fall off into the falls. I look at your sparkling eyes and sincere smile and wonder if you're eyes are filled with tears, whether you're still here or in Philadelphia, wishing to be with you, wanting you to know I care.

I will keep calling the hospital and praying for the best

Love, Judy

August 20, 1982  
Jean West  
6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Came up here yesterday morning and went through Greenfield Village and through the Henry Ford Museum this morning. Certainly a lot to see. Going to Battletcreek this afternoon and see about Kellogg cereals. Home tomorrow sometime.

Daddy is doing fine.

Love, Mom and Dad

August 20, 1982  
Judy Bryan  
3304 Jefferson Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

I thought this card was appropriate. It addresses my feelings of friendship always, not so much that I think you'll chicken out.

I enjoyed talking with you last night. It really felt odd. I couldn't help getting watery eyes. I am happy that you're thoroughly enjoying your new life. I can't help but be a little jealous of your happiness, not only because of your boy-girl encounters but because of everything else. I wish I had some of what you're experiencing. I wish you were close enough to me in proximity that we could meet every once and awhile. It's going to take a long time for me to sort this chapter and make it publishable.

I have to get the hell out of this apartment. My landlord, Grace, has been spraying for roaches and I think the chemicals are adversely affecting me. I have to throw out my toilet paper because I know she sprayed it. She's such a bitch. I've got my fans going full speed.

Oh Darrell, I hate writing letters. I just don't believe in organizing my thoughts on paper. I believe in free flow.

Thanks for your postcard. I hung it on my refrigerator. What you wrote was pretty cold except for the last line, which saved your ass.

My life is so empty. I really don't like work. It's tolerable. Believe it or not, I spend a little time there as possible. I arrive at 8:30 and leave at 5. It's bad. I just can't seem to pick up the language.

I'm pissed off at the dating scene. I hate being in a situation of saying no to someone. The guy that I went to the fair with asked me out again. He's nice and all but why can't I put

him off and say next week. How do you say no? I don't like this situation at all, when the other is interested and I'm not. I guess I'll just enjoy it for what it is. I hate it!

Astrid got a new job with Safco. She's really excited about it. You know how much she hated Shillitos.

The blind date last night was strange. I don't particularly want to see him but I gave him my number anyway. He just seems really boring. Ann and Dick cooked a great dinner, as always, flank steak on the grill, moose for dessert and tons of beer. We played Uno.

I wish I didn't miss you so much. There are certain things that only you understand. It's going to take me awhile to be able to communicate my feelings through words.

Love, Judy

August 20, 1982  
Kathie Mahoney  
Dept. of Communications  
Ithaca College  
Ithaca, New York

Dear Darrell,

I do hope you chose the appropriate attire for your luncheon debut! So now, you're an Ivy League chap. Tweed should always be O.K.!

It sounds great there. I've heard Providence is beautiful, but I haven't made it there yet. My geographical knowledge is the pits, you're near the ocean. I guess you'd almost have to be, Rhode Island just isn't that big. As a former Delaware resident, I can appreciate the size.

I was at IU at the beginning of the month. Have you seen the new Woodburn Hall yet? If not, all I can say is Wow! Margie [Hershey's] administrative office is quite impressive and the conference room is competitive with legal offices.

I'm finally winding down on the dissertation. I wanted to defend while visiting the folks in Cincinnati this month, but my advisor was tentatively searching for a new job. So the big day is September 17.

I'm just now beginning to gear up for a new semester. I spent the summer working for the newspaper here. Kathie Mahoney, girl reporter. It was a great experience. I did stories ranging from festivals to political press conferences. My best piece was on a Polish émigré who emigrated this year to New York. I hope to keep a hand in this. It really helps my writing.

I can't say I'm really enthusiastic about a new semester, although I'm in all new surroundings which are much improved from the old.

I have a new apartment which is nice and overlooks the lake. It's over by Cornell, on one of the 3 big hills here. As a midwesterner, you must also be impressed by the hilly mountainous terrain around here. I also have my own furniture which is nice, not that I'm settling in mind you! Notice that I'm keeping my moving skills sharp by moving again this year.

You are the only other person I know who moves as often as I do!

I even have a new office. Not as plush as the new Woodburn complex, but far above the average in academe. I have a nice view from my window and nice, comfortable furniture. It's a very comfortable place. I am away from the department, but I'm with business people and other communications people. The business folks are very friendly. My fear is that it's a party department of sorts. A lot of socializing goes on during the day. Not being a real worker myself, I'll most likely succumb to temptations to party.

So there are some bright spots for me on the horizon. But generally, it's status quo. Keep me posted on your doings and take care!

Kathie

September 15, 1982  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Route 732  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Hi! I thought I would surprise you and write, that is a surprise isn't it?

I thought you would enjoy this picture. I couldn't remember if you got the Register-Herald or not.

Mary Beth Hays had a boy. They named him after both grandpa's, Donald Francis. He weighs 8 pounds, 7 ounces and she got home Sunday. She was in labor in the hospital for 26 and 1/2 hours. Poor Mary Beth. She had to be in labor longer than that if she was in the hospital that long. Dan was there that long too.

Laura started first grade and seems to enjoy it. Her teacher is Mrs. Rudder from Israel Township. They have 31 students, which is too many in each of the first grades.

I'm sure you're getting to know the people you are working with.

I have been working on grapes. I made jelly, 1 pie and juice 3 times. I've had it with grapes!

I better close for now. Will write later, I promise!

Love, Shirley

September 25, 1982  
Judy Bryan  
3304 Jefferson Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Just a note to say I have been thinking about you and am hoping you are doing okay. I hope your adjustment to Rhode Island and Brown is going smooth. It seems strange not to be sharing it with you.

I had a nice visit with your Mom and Dad, Shirley, and Helen at the Pork Festival. Your Dad really looks great. He went with me to look at the farm equipment. It was good talking with him. I'm afraid my visit with your Mom and Shirley was somewhat upsetting. I didn't like having to find out how you are through your family. I continue to be sincerely interested in your well-being and have had many thoughts hoping you are happy and well.

I'm doing okay. I'm glad to see that Vicky [Markell] and I still spend time together and our relationship hasn't changed since she got married. Her wedding was a ball, the best one I have ever been to. Everyone really enjoyed themselves even though there were some undercurrents resulting from the varied religious orientations.

Work continues to be great. I still am challenged by it. I recently got a new regional manager who supposedly is a real slave driver. I am looking forward to the relationship.

Darrell, drop me a note sometime. Otherwise, I will just stay informed via your parents.

Take care Darrell.

Love, Judy

September 29, 1982  
Vicky Markell  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Where to start? My evaluation of marriage so far is that it's wonderful, 10 out of 10. I can't really say that it has changed our relationship, though. Our commitment level doesn't feel different. The security is wonderful. Sharing yucky chores around the house is neat. Planning the courses we want to take together (French and dancing) and scheduling our monthly Marriage Reviews is fun.

Darrell, I had the strangest reaction to it all on Day 1 of our honeymoon. We were swimming in the Atlantic on Bermuda that afternoon. I left the water, climbed on a rock on the shore and cried. I was scared. The relationship didn't feel right. Marriage sounded confining. I felt boxed in and miserable. Poor John. He didn't know what to do. I think part of this reaction was due to very little sleep in days. I was running on empty. That fact was not comforting however, since that's when your guts really talk. I still haven't figured it out. I'm pleased it feels right once again.

Thank you for the check. Believe it or not, we do not have salt and pepper shakers so I'm going to buy those neat glass-like ones with your money.

I wonder what your life is like in Providence. Is Brown equal to it's reputation? You certainly go for the prestigious places! I'd like to get together when I'm out in Boston next. I'll come down for dinner. I'm not sure when that will be.

My job is going so well. I have finally found a fit with a company. I don't have to sit on my aggressiveness. Cintas rewards me for it. At this moment, I'm on a plane to New York where I'll have dinner alone and miss John. That's the only negative, but it's nice to have some alone time.

Please keep in touch. I'm thinking about you.

Love, Vicky

October 1, 1982  
Shirley West Mitchell  
State Route 732  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Happy Birthday! Laura can't wait until her birthday. How about you?

Jim's got all his soybeans run. Now he's doing early corn for his Dad. They turned out real well. He had one field make 64 bushels per acre and one 54. That's pretty good on beans.

Doug got two teeth two weeks ago. That's very early. Now if he just doesn't bite me.

Mark really likes nursery school. He does pretty good on his papers too.

What have you been up to?

Well, I better close. I have to clean house, mow the yard, feed Doug, fix meals, take care of 1 husband and 3 kids, and wash clothes.

Love, Shirley

October 1, 1982  
Vic Snively  
Vandalia, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Hope this birthday card and letter find you in good health and spirits. I also hope that you got settled into your new environment.

First off, I'd like to thank you for the birthday card. It was the first one I got. My birthday was the 11th and I think your card arrived on the 6th. Pretty good for a wild guess.

I got a lot of nice gifts, clothing and tools. I can't seem to get enough of either. I also got totally wasted, which I don't really care to brag about.

I have some good news (for Carol anyway) that I wanted to tell you. We have decided to go ahead and get hitched. I've squirmed out of it about as long as I can. We're shooting for the first weekend in May, which gives me plenty of time to back out. Seriously though, we're planning on May 7. Hope you can make it. I'll see to it you receive an official invitation. And you had better bring some of these great Rhode Island women that you almost bragged about in the card you sent. Believe me, if I have to wait til Christmas for these "unseemly details," they had better be good! And by the way, if Carol ever makes it to Rhode Island, I'll probably find out about it, one way or another.

I think I've finally found a halfway decent job after 11 months of unemployment. I'll be a Sales Rep. For Dayton Cash Register Company. It's the best job offer I've had yet, so I think I'll go for it. McCauley's, my former employer, is about on the verge of collapse. By the way, if you know anyone who needs a good used or new cash register (mechanical or electronic), maybe you could let me know.

I'm assuming that this number is your phone number. I think it's only fair to warn you that my mailman is a perverted sado-masochist homosexual bisexual and also very strange. So if you get a phone call at 2 a.m. that seems slightly obscene, that will teach you to write your phone number on the outside of a birthday card envelope, no matter how innocent it may seem.

Well, I suppose that just about wraps up this session of not-so-extraneous bullshit. If the urge comes over you, take a few minutes and write me a letter and let me know a little more about how the new job, apartment, and women are coming along. Looking forward to seeing you the next time you lower yourself to visiting Preble County.

Have a real nice birthday and take some advice -- go ahead and overindulge. You only have one 28th birthday.

Vic

October 4, 1982

Helen Steele Conway  
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

How are you and how do you like Rhode Island by now?

Everything here seems to be all O.K., so far.

My grant for this term didn't come through this time so I had to find me a job. Was about sick over this as I look at all these books I have here and can't use them. Wouldn't that make you sick too?

There's an ad in the Eaton paper from Oxford about Nurses Calling, Inc. That was for nurses aide work in which you go into the home and work as private duty a day or so. I worked this weekend with a 89 year old professor from Miami and his wife named Howard White. He said he had retired from there about 15 years ago and was in the Political Science department. Did you know him?

Also do you know a Charles Jackman who is a professor at Miami or a Dr. and Mrs. McNally? I am to take care of them next weekend. So far, it isn't too bad a job, better than nothing right now.

Judy was up to the Pork Festival in September and was asking about you.

Your Dad seems to be doing real good. Has been out doing a little bit of everything now. Hope he doesn't over do it.

Hope you have a very happy birthday.

Come home soon and write.

Love, Aunt Helen

October 4, 1982  
Joanne West Shaver  
Fairhaven Road  
College Corner, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Boy, you never stay at home! I've tried to call you a couple of times and you're never there. I'll catch you one of these times.

Hey, if you get a chance when the leaves start changing, go to the White Mountains in Vermont. Tim and I went there 4 years ago and you've just got to do it some Fall while you're up there. It's the most beautiful scenery I've ever seen.

How's school going? How many hours a week are you teaching? What's the progress on your book?

As you probably know, [Alan] Engel had a heart attack and is having heart bypass surgery as soon as possible. Mom said they'd been having meetings on how to handle his classes. Well Daddy went in and applied for the job. I guess they all got a big kick out of that.

Daddy's been working like a horse and getting very tired. Mom's worried but you can't stop him.

Grace [Kline] has cut 3 big trees in her yard down. We think just because she's tired of raking leaves. It takes away some of the beauty of the place.

I had a tubal ligation yesterday so my child-bearing days are over. It was our decision but it makes me feel a little sad that that chapter in my life is closed.

It's been beautiful weather here and the farmers are really working to get done.

Well, happy birthday. Maybe I'll catch you at home one of these times.

Love, Joanne

October 6, 1982  
Judy Bryan  
3304 Jefferson Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Hi Darrell,

Happy Birthday, Darrell! Thanks for your letter, even if it did make me almost cry (I am not as much of a wimp anymore). I'm glad things are going well for you. I didn't have any doubts.



I'm going on vacation the week of the 18th. I'm going to visit Sarah in Middletown, New Jersey and maybe my Uncle Don on Rockaway. I considered visiting with you while I'm there. However, it's probably too soon. Besides you probably already have fallen in love.

I'm still fighting with my emotions over you. I guess I am lonely. Slowly, but surely, I'm meeting people. It's not easy. There are so many jerks out there and you know me, I have a hard time saying no. Let me know if my thought of visiting you is totally off the wall.

Reports have it that Reagan's visit to Ohio has hurt [Dick] Celeste's advantage. I think it's going to be a close race. Celeste has some real good TV commercials. I'm getting a little more into politics.

Uncle Don is unemployed as Dun and Bradstreet reorganized. It will be rough, 2 kids and a house. I have this strange feeling Grandma Bryan is supporting them and that when she dies and leaves Uncle Don a lot of money, Carol will divorce him. Isn't that a ludicrous thought.

I am getting involved in scheduled activities. I am going to church, taking jazzercise with Vicky and Tuesday nights am learning how to ballroom dance.

Have a great birthday. Take it easy.

Love, Judy

October 21, 1982

Darrell West

2 Ravena Avenue, Apt. 2

East Providence, Rhode Island 02915

Dear Vicky [Markell Joseph],

Thanks for the wonderful letter. I have been thinking about you a lot and wondering how married life is. I am happy you rate it a 10. Any other report would have been disappointing. The story about Day 1 of your honeymoon (the tears) was interesting. The strange thing is that whenever I get married, I'm certain I will feel the same things -- the temporary sense of confinement. By now, I am sure those feelings are behind you.

Life in Rhode Island is wonderful. I am very happy here. The city is pleasant. The ocean is near Brown and is fantastic, and the people are nice. I have been surprised at how easy it is to meet people. I have had more dates in the last month than in the last two years. And the women are really interesting. It is too early to tell if anything serious will develop, but in the meantime, I am enjoying the situation.

Speaking of women, I have been getting distress signs from Judy [Bryan]. As she probably told you, she saw my parents in September. Since then, she has written me two letters which make her life sound miserable. I feel badly about the situation. On the one hand, I care very much about her and do not like to see her unhappy. However, she apparently wants to come visit Rhode Island. Right now, I don't want to encourage that because it is too soon and I am not interested in resuming a romance, if that is her intention. So I feel in the middle. I wrote her suggesting we put off a visit. But I hope you will relay to her that as a friend, I still care a lot for her and want her to be happy. I told her it was good for her to be getting involved in various activities. Eventually, she will meet someone who is better-suited for her than I was. I hope she stays patient.

Whenever you get to New England, let me know. I would love to get together with you either here or in Boston. Just give me the word. Take care and see you sometime.

Love, Darrell

P.S. Please tell your family hello and that I miss them.

November 9, 1982

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

This little piece of paper [a parking ticket] came from Washington, D.C. I thought you might be interested. I don't want my car taken if I ever go there, which I doubt if we will, but thought you might want to frame it after you pay it.

Guess what? We had company Sunday afternoon. Judy [Bryan] and her grandmother. Had a nice visit. Grandma seems like a very nice lady. Judy said you had called her but didn't say anymore.

Went to Mabel [Kalsbeck's] sale Saturday. Got a few things like an afghan Betty [Shriner] had made. Betty had a mild stroke a couple weeks ago, but is coming along o.k. She was up at Eleanor [Rapson's] when it happened. Eleanor brought her home the next day. She is not paralyzed or anything. Just can't comprehend what she reads when she reads.

Daddy has been plowing away. He had a bad cold last week, but is better now.

Got to get to work. Have some letters to type for the boss. See you later.

Love, Mom

November 19, 1982  
Joanne West Shaver  
Fairhaven Road  
College Corner, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

How are you feeling by now? Hope you are feeling better. I didn't know you ever had trouble with your penis. It's probably getting too much use.

What are you doing for Thanksgiving? I'm having the family here and you're invited if you can make it. I'm not counting on you but if you decide to come, you're welcome.

How's the weather been there? We've had a beautiful fall. The weather has really held off for a long time. For Tim and my birthday, his mother helped us buy this fantastic grass whip that is the Cadillac of its kind and has an attachment that will trim bushes and cut small trees.

This fall, I've really shaped this place up. I've trimmed bushes and transplanted trees and I'm in the process of cleaning out the fence row between the garden and the yard. It had wild rose bushes in it and it took me about 2 weeks to do that. I'm now working on the fence between the garden and the road. I had no idea I'd get this much done before the weather broke. I thought I would let my house go and do this while I could and the weather has been nice for so long that my house has really gone to pot. But I've got to do it while I can. Because of this, we've done more to clean this place up the last 2 months than we have the entire 2 years we've lived here. I'm enjoying it. It makes the area look so much better.

Had you heard that Richard and Karen Charles had a little boy last week. He weighed 9 pounds and 4 ounces. A whopper! I'd hate to have passed him out of my body. They named him Tyler. Brian and Terri Rossman also had a little boy about a week before the Charles.

I thought you might be interested in an incident that happened last Sunday between the Mitchells and me. Mom, Shirley and I a couple of months ago at church had played a special with the choir that involved 2 pianos and the organ. A couple of weeks ago, at someone's request, we did it again.

We're having [a church] revival this week. Well when we played it a couple of weeks ago, I left the music book sitting on the piano. A week later, I learned we were supposed to do it again for the revival. I went to find the book and it was gone. I was hunting for the book after church and Jim was up there collecting [the church's] money. He heard what I was doing and said, "Shirley is mad as a hornet at you for leaving that book on the piano." He said it in front of several people, which irritated me. I went back to talk to Shirley and decided it was a good time to air the matter. I said, "I understand you're mad as a hornet at me for leaving that book on the piano."

She said she wasn't. I said, "Jim's always saying things like that to me. Doesn't he like me or something?" She replied, "I know" to the fact that he treats me like that and said he did like me. I said, "Well, he doesn't act like it." I was pretty upset about it and began to get teary because that was how I felt and I thought it would also be effective.

She looked rather stricken. I was glad I said it because it was just one of a series of incidents that have bothered me over the last year and it was a good opportunity to bring it out. That night at the revival, Shirley handed me my book and we did our special. After the service, Jim came up to me and said he understood that I was pretty upset at what he said and he told me that he wasn't mad when he told me that. I just looked at him and didn't say a word. Then he said that Shirley had taken it to make me sweat. In other words, I wouldn't be able to find it and would be worried about it. That irritated me too. He was passing it off on her. But it irritated me that she did that. This is why and this is what I said to him. I said that when we had done it a couple of weeks ago, I didn't think we were ever going to do it

again and it wasn't my book. I thought it was the choir's book so I left it up there since I thought it was theirs. I didn't want to take a book that wasn't mine.

He didn't say anything, but it should have made him feel an inch tall. What this all shows is that they are so quick to criticize. I believe they got the message. He could have said more to me than he did, but I feel the message was conveyed and I'm hoping that they both will quit what they've been doing. This may seem like a little thing to you but it was like the last straw. I felt it was a good chance to bring things out in the open. I'm glad it happened and I don't regret saying what I did. I'm hoping it made them feel a little foolish for having done that and said what they said. It should have. I've only seen her once since then and she was extremely nice. I hope this made sense. It's harder to put it down on paper than it is to tell it.

Last Sunday, Judy [Bryan] and her grandmother popped in on Mom and Dad when we were there. It was good to see her. She said you had called her the day before. Did you tell her about your new love [Annie Schmitt]? She didn't mention it and we didn't want to mention it but we wondered if you did. She was very nice and we had a nice visit. She even took her grandmother out to feed the chickens. Her grandmother was raised on a farm and acted thrilled to death to see those chickens. She was so thrilled I almost offered her some chicken shit to take home with her.

We're considering starting Jeff on violin lessons. We have a violin because Tim used to play one. There's a lady in Oxford that starts children when they're 2-3 years old and teaches them to play by ear since obviously they can't read music yet. I understand that children who've started under this Suzuki method have performed on TV and at 5 years old, they're playing like adults. Tim thinks Jeff is too little but I think we're crazy not to try it when we have a teacher that close and it's such a highly prized method of teaching. We'll see what happens but I'm anxious to start.

Love, Joanne

December 13, 1982

Judy Bryan  
3304 Jefferson Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Hi Darrell,

Thanks for your concern as evidenced in your most recent letter. As much as my heart desires to see you, my brain tells me it's too soon. I still am not completely convinced that our decision was right. I should say, I know rationally our decision was right, but emotionally I have not come to grips with the decision. As such, I regret that I will not be able to see you during your holiday visit. Nevertheless, I look forward to the day when I do feel comfortable visiting with you, to the day when we can be truly friends.

I continue to wish the best for you and I am sincerely glad that you are happy with yourself and your environment.

Fondly, Judy

January 26, 1983

Andi Paley  
185 Sutherland Avenue  
London W9  
England

Dear Professor West,

I hope you survived finals! I just wanted to let you see a glimpse of what your early final allowed me to see. I can't thank you enough for your accommodation of my special case. There are a few people here who actually had to take finals here.

The London School of Economics is really interesting. I have very good classes, but the system of lectures and tutorials is so foreign to me. I guess that's why they call it a foreign country, right?

Anyway, good luck with semester two and thank you again for everything.

Andi

February 6, 1983

Judy Bryan  
3558 Edwards Road

Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

Hi Darrell,

I just tried to call you for the third time in the last week. I hope you are alive. Assuming you are, my only avenue of letting you know what my new address is by writing. You know how I despise writing. For you, I will do anything, even that which I don't like.

I am sitting in my living room. Vicky [Markell Joseph] is moving in with me today. I'm pretty well settled. I bought a sleep sofa and two book shelves that match my living room furniture. The apartment is working out well. I like it a lot. I'm on the first floor of a 3 family house.

Everything else is pretty status quo. I suppose I could go to 11 a.m. church. However, I can't because I'm entertaining for lunch today. However, my guest may cop out because of the snow storm we had last night, one inch. Plus I haven't bought the groceries yet.

Darrell, I hope all continues well for you. Keep in touch.

Love always, Judy

P.S. Sorry for the messy writing, but that's how I take out my dislike for letter writing.

February 12, 1983

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road

Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

This should have gone out yesterday, but I was too sick to go to the mailbox. We both had the flu. I'm back today, but feeling rather worn out already.

Kitty Jones had 4-5 gallstones taken out at the first of the week. She has been sick for some time but wouldn't go until they got moved, which they did last week. Ruth [Logue] called last night and told us about it.

I want to hear about your trip to Pennsylvania [with Annie Schmitt]. How did it go?

Got lots of snow? We have about one-half inch. That's O.K. You like it better than I do.

Happy Valentine's Day.

Love, Mom

February 13, 1983

Judy Bryan

3558 Edwards Road

Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

Hi Darrell,

I sit here drinking my Wild Turkey and water and reflect on my weekend. It was good having Bob and Audrey [Bryan] here. While Bob can be quite rude at times (farting, burping, and chewing tobacco) and not really be aware of other people's desires (i.e., me), it was a super weekend. Sometimes I got so mad at him for not realizing it bugged the shit out of me when he wore his dirt-clogged pants and sat on my sofa. We went to the zoo yesterday and to a German beer hall last night. It was fun. This morning, we took a 2 and 1/2 hour walk.

After they left as usual, I was depressed. I considered calling you but I just can't. I can't separate my desire to call you as being one of friendship or something more. I don't understand why it's so difficult to be friends. Why am I jealous of Annie [Schmitt]? I know we had a lot of faults in our relationship. I knew something was missing and I would always wonder if I could be in a better relationship if we got married. I know what we did was right, rationally. I just wish it wasn't so difficult.

Gee, it is eight months later and tears still come to my eyes when I start thinking whether or not I made the right decision. I really can't believe it's just because I have not found someone else. Maybe we're crazy for thinking we can be friends. Although I don't have any difficulty being friends with Rick or David. However, I don't have the same feeling for them as I do you. I don't understand how you can have doubts about our decision. It sounds like you have an absolutely wonderful relationship with Annie, and I am happy for you. What more can you want? Being frustrated with my feelings, I just tried calling you, however you were where you should be -- out. I just wish I could deal with our friendship better. I

know that's what I want but I am having a lot of trouble with it. I would give anything right now to be with you, lying beside you. I know it's crazy, but I still feel a closeness with you that I haven't experienced with anyone else. Why, Why, Why?

I talked with my asshole dentist friend. I gave him some of my new records to tape and asked him to give them back to me this weekend. He didn't. I called him and he said he couldn't talk, probably entertaining a lady. He is such a fucking ass. I'm an ass for being interested in him.

Well, I wish there was an easy way to get into our friendship. Maybe an affair would be a good way to start. Let's meet half way. Annie will understand. We just have to cultivate our friendship. If I were you Darrell, I would just tell me to take a walk. You have a good thing going with Annie and I sure don't want to be an infringement in any way. I just really have my doubts at this point if we can have the type of friendship that we want. I think there will be undercurrents for a long time. Maybe it is better to just not talk to each other. All I do know is you will always hold a special place in my heart and in my own way I rally do love you. I apologize for rambling on but this is what you get for not being home when I called. The bottom line to this whole letter is that I do want to cultivate our friendship and continue to be in contact with each other.

Keep in touch.

Love always, Judy

February 18, 1983

Darrell West

2 Ravena Avenue, Apt. 2

East Providence, Rhode Island 02915

Dear Judy [Bryan],

I realize you asked me not to write [during our phone conversation where I told you I was marrying Annie Schmitt]. But there are a few things I wanted to tell you. First, you have been and will continue to be one of the most important people in my life. You have helped me through a number of difficult periods in my life. I appreciate all the support you have given and hope that I can return the favor to you. I hope you never forget that I care very deeply about you.

Second, I have not rejected you. In our phone conversation last night, you made it sound like I had thrown you overboard. But that isn't true. Both you and I reached a mutual decision last year to end our romance, but not our friendship. We both realized the problems that plagued the relationship in the past: the lack of emotion between us, the absence of "bells" (as your mother pointed out), and the geographical distance.

For all these reasons and others, we both concluded that a long term relationship was not in the cards for us. I want you to realize that it was a mutual decision. I was not rejecting you. Rather, we were ending a romance that had serious problems. I don't want you to feel badly about yourself or to feel rejected. There is nothing wrong with you. You are a warm and caring person who has a number of wonderful qualities. Someday, you will find someone who has all the qualities you want, including things that I don't have.

I hope that we can resume our friendship sometime soon. I still care very deeply about you and wish you only the best. I realize you probably hate my guts right now and will for the foreseeable future. The only thing I ask is that you keep an open mind on our friendship and that you give it a chance to re-establish itself. If you need a decent interval, I will understand. You gave me a chance last year to sort out my thoughts and I am willing to give you how ever much time you need. I do want to continue our friendship at some point in the future. I am sorry for whatever pain I am causing you now.

Please keep in touch.

Love always, Darrell

February 20, 1983

Tom and Janet Larson

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Dear Darrell,

May the new year be bountiful and allow you to self-actualize. We hope you and yours enjoy yourselves along the way.

Greetings from the lower Mississippi wetlands. Who would have thought a year ago that we Larsons would find their home in Bayou Country. In early February of last year, we set up housekeeping in a nice "four-plex" townhouse on the southern edge of town besides the upper Claycut Bayou (a channeled, slow-flowing ditch in our neighborhood).

We have come to know, however, what a Cajun thinks of as a Bayou by a couple of tours, one through Thibodaux and Houma along Bayou LaFourche (big enough for ocean-going ships to course for much of its length) and another on the primary delta of Jean Lafitte and Barataria south of New Orleans, where we walked gingerly among swamp snakes and met with flights of the state bird, the mosquito. Other excursions were to inspect some of the grand old plantation homes that remain in the vicinity of the river south and north of Baton Rouge, most notably the home where [James] Audubon tutored while working on *Birds of America*. We also made a day trip to Natchez with Janet's parents after Christmas. Proximity to New Orleans has allowed us to sample some Mardi Gras parades. There are several conducted in New Orleans and each little burg does its best during the season, and to tour the French Quarter.

In between these pleasurable interludes, we are hard at work. Tom works long hours for Wilson's, too frequently extending into Saturdays. He is now in the midst of coordinating 1982's year-end close of all of the financial activities, including control and timing of over 160 various computer jobs, some happening daily, others weekly, and many just once for the month or the year. He's now also monitoring the design and testing of a new accounts receivable control system, with an eye to converting all of Wilson's trade credit accounting to use it by next October. While he is now having fun closing a deal on how to use a couple of microcomputer systems for the financial analysis group, his big jobs this year are guiding a conversion of the General Ledger System to use newer computer system methods and design of a means to integrate automatically the accounts payable function with the inventory control function, an important move for Wilson's since it lives by moving inventory off one guy's truck into another guy's home as quickly as possible. He's also learning about applying computers to business needs, where the data can be found and how to get at it. We hope this knowledge will help him move into areas where he can use the data to assist a company's decision-making.

I work part-time at Capital Bank in the savings department processing Certificates of Deposit on computer, verifying signatures, and picking up the slack. During these hours, Clark is into heavy playing and learning with the kids at Kid's and Company, his nursery school. Clark seems to be very musically included. His favorite activities include dancing to music and conducting, which he can do with surprisingly good tempo. Hopefully, his Fischer-Price musical set of tambourine, symbols, drum, and harmonica which he especially enjoys, will develop his talents. He also talks up a storm and asks about every little noise and sight he experiences. He will have a lot of noise and questions when he gets a new sibling in late July or early August.

It's been a year of ups and downs for us but we are looking forward to a bright 1983.

Janet

P.S. See I told you I would do it. I'm sending your postcard to you as evidence of your directive. What if the president had missed a word or made such a blunder during an important communiqué? Oh, that's right! He does do that. Still, that's no excuse. I don't understand why you have to get married in August. If you're going to do it, do it in June when more people would be able to come. Well, we'll have to see.

March 8, 1983

Jean West

6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

The weather [here in Florida] has been beautiful, evenings are cool sometimes. We almost had to fly home. Your Dad was sick Wednesday with a 102 degree fever and not feeling too well. But we did go out yesterday to the beach and all around. We are leaving with [Jean and Eugene] McCormick's today. See you.

Love, Mom and Dad

March 18, 1983

Ken West  
261 N.W. 46 Court  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33309

Dear Darrell,

Enclosed find information on Bermuda. You both would love it, if you chose to go there. I would personally stay away from the honeymoon packages as they cost a bit more.

Mom and Dad had a good visit to Florida, although Dad was sick most of the time. I did enjoy having them and feel they felt the same way. They did help move a few odds and ends in the new house. But I certainly did not want it to be a working vacation for them. After all, they do not come down often enough.

The new house is keeping us both quite busy. There are loads of projects to do. All in good time. Tom [Treston] just made a stained glass enclosure between the living and dining areas that looks exceptionally nice. I have unpacked and put things away. Also I have been painting the other house and getting it ready for the people who are moving into it. I'm ready for my Spring break in 2 weeks.

Take care. Give my regards to Annie [Schmitt].

Ken

March 23, 1983  
Kathie Mahoney  
Dept. of Communications  
Ithaca College  
Ithaca, New York

Dear Darrell,

Congratulations! After being such a terrible correspondent, I thought I'd better respond quickly to your big news [about getting married]. By the way, you neglected to mention your fiancée's name!

It sounds like Brown is a good place for you. I assume that your career is up to par with the rest of your life. It's funny, I planned to write to you this week, after I saw the Sunday New York Times article on Brown being the "in" place among the Ivy League schools. I had no idea that it was so competitive among those schools. If places like Cornell are second rung, where does that leave us yahoos with degrees from places like the University of Cincinnati? Is there a snobbism at Brown? I think I've mentioned that the economic snobbism (certainly any intellectual snobbism is lacking here) at Ithaca College really bothers me. I'm out of my social class yet I'm in charge. I have to restrain my tendency to lash out.

Speaking of degrees and lashing out, finally my dissertation is deposited. The microfilming is paid and absolutely nothing barring a nuclear holocaust can stop me from being officially ordained on March 31. Herb put me through hell on revisions as he was in the process of a divorce. After my September defense, I did 3 petty revisions. The last in February requires me to make changes where my typist had half-spaced commas and one member marked every colon not followed by 2 spaces, even though according to Turabian, I was right and he was wrong.

I'm sitting here listening to my new stereo system. It's great! I got components this time and I'm glad even though I had to do a little construction. I'm so pleased I put together a system for about \$300!

As far as my career goes, I'm on hold. I have a contact this year and might get an interview. I'm working on a publication with a guy in business, nothing really exciting. Academia at least in communications isn't all that exciting. The research to my mind having Political Science training is boring and unimportant. I've been writing for the newspaper in town now for about a year. I enjoy it and I've done some good stuff that people read. I did a page one story on why people don't vote on the day before elections. I interviewed Ben Ginsberg from Cornell on it. His book on voting has interesting concepts, but bad data.

Socially, my life hasn't soared to the heights yours has. But I am seeing someone I like a lot, but I know that we'll split soon. Our career paths are simply going in different geographic directions.

Anyway, that's my life in a nutshell. Things are O.K.

I'm very glad to hear your great news! Good luck and keep in touch!

Kathie

March 31, 1983  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Lisa Jackson has embezzled quite a lot of money from a Richmond bank where she was working, something like \$32,000. She is now living at home and I guess Bob Jackson paid it off which strapped him down to nothing. So we don't know if anything will be done or not. Guess she was trying to keep up with a bunch she was running with. Why she thought she might get away with it, no one knows.

Hope all is well with you both.

Love, Mom

March 31, 1983  
 Jeff Kissick  
 Little League Drive  
 Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell,

Congratulations on your announcement. I'm sure you and Annie [Schmitt] are excited. Don't know how you talked Annie into marriage, but you really lucked out. Jenny and I are interesting in coming out for the wedding in August. We've contacted our travel agent.

Hope you both are doing fine. I'm sure you both are busy, teaching and planning a wedding. We're all busy working here, just passing each other on the go at times. This is now that I've gone back to work. I managed to break my leg in February while taking a dual wheel off of a tractor. Took real talent. Really enjoyed the time off. I had two great nurses, Becky on the day shift and Jenny at nights.

Take care, Jeff

May 19, 1983  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,

Here are a couple of announcements that were in the Register-Herald. Brought them to work with me and then remembered I forgot a picture of Ken's house.

Karen Gant has been decorating cakes for quite some time so she brought one to Bible Study last night to Daddy in the shape of a pickup truck. It was really cute. Wish I could have had my camera. One evening several months ago, she took down birthdays, so she now brings one a month.

We bought a new garden tiller, one with rear tires and it does a lot better job.

It is raining again. Still don't have soybeans in. No one can get anything in. Farmers are really getting behind. But at least we aren't getting what Colorado is, all that snow. We do have most of our garden in.

We will have a new administration [in Political Science at Miami University] this year. Steve DeLue is the new chairman from North Florida; Susan Kay is assistant chair, and Bill Campbell is Graduate director.

Jim Mitchell has been sick this week. Don't know what the problem is, whether it's asthmatic attack or what but he's been pretty sick.

We went to visitation for Gordon LaMar. Guess they decided it was his heart.

Paul Huston is getting married Saturday in Russel Spring, Kentucky. I don't know if we will go or not yet. It's pretty far down there. We sent some money for a gift.

Love, Mom

May 28, 1983  
 Jean West  
 6248 Paint Creek Four Mile Road  
 Camden, Ohio 45311

Dear Darrell,



If there's anyone else you think should be on the [wedding] list, it's okay. Since the wedding is not here, thought if you put "and family" on your Dad's sisters, it would be sufficient.

We had a catastrophe at home last week. Daddy cut back leg off of Brownie the dog with the tractor mower [by accident]. He took her up to Dick Mitchell for surgery. Also was to have her spayed so he did that too. It was just hanging by skin at knob on her leg, but he had to go all the way up to the hip so she has no leg. Wish we would have put her to sleep. She gets around but it's quite frustrating for her. We didn't know what to do at the time, but I know now.

Fairhaven Festival was this past weekend. I never saw so many people in Fairhaven. It gets bigger every year.

Brit Harwood, the chairman of English, was asked to resign by the Dean for sexual harassment of a secretary. Don't know too many details but it's quite a case. [David] McLellan is sitting on a committee to hear it but doesn't say too much. The secretary is in another department now. Someone said he is suing Miami for \$75,000 for asking for his resignation.

Mark [Mitchell's] birthday was yesterday. He is 5 years old. Shirley had a little party for him.

Huston Woods pioneer farm had an arts and craft show yesterday which Joanne, Shirley, and I went to.

Gotta go now. Tell Annie [Schmitt] hi.

Love, Mom

June 3, 1983  
Vic Snively  
700 Buttercup Avenue  
Vandalia, Ohio 45377

Dear Darrell and Annie [Schmitt],

Hope everything in Rhode Island is satisfactory and that this letter finds everyone in good health and spirits.

First off, we'd like to congratulate the two of you on your upcoming marriage. It's not so bad Darrell (so far, anyway). We're both very happy for you.

Secondly, I'd like to thank you for the generous wedding gift. I have to apologize for not thanking you sooner, but I wasn't perceptive enough to write down your new address from the check. We wrote a thank-you note and I remembered Mayflower Street, but the Post Office returned it. Carol thinks we had the wrong zip code. At any rate, please accept my most humble apologies. I really feel bad about not writing sooner.

Part of the reason is that I'm working about 60 hours, 6 days a week and the opportunity to sit down and write doesn't present itself very often. Carol is still working at Miami Valley Hospital as an X-ray technician and I assumed a sales position at Yamaha of Dayton. It's a relatively new motorcycle dealership in the Dayton area. So far, it's been very profitable for me. I started working there in mid-February. I can honestly say it's one of the few jobs I've had that I really halfway enjoy.

We're both sorry that you two couldn't attend the wedding, but we'll certainly try to be in Providence in August. We had a relatively small wedding, about a 20-minute ceremony with somewhere in the vicinity of 75 people attending. We received several nice gifts and a sizable number of monetary contributions (speaking my language now!). Our honeymoon consisted of a nice, quiet weekend in Cincinnati. We plan to take a week in the Fall and go to Gatlinburg, Tennessee as a part of an extended honeymoon. I really hated to miss much work, since this is prime motorcycle season. My best week grossed me \$900. I'd like to do that every week.

We moved into a duplex in Vandalia shortly before the wedding. We have 2 bedrooms, 2 full baths, kitchen, dining, living, and utility rooms, also a 1-car attached garage. We'd really like to buy a house in the next year or two.

That's basically the extent of the situation here in beautiful downtown Vandalia. Please write us and let us know about your new apartment. Also inform of wedding plans, etc.

Sincerely, Vic

June 8, 1983  
 Judy Bryan  
 3558 Edwards Road  
 Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

Hi Darrell,

I first want to thank you for your correspondence. Second, I want you to realize that I truly look forward to resuming our friendship. I really miss communication with you. As time passes, I am better dealing with your decision and situation. Time, I am confident, will heal my discomfort. Third, I want you to know that I wish you and Annie [Schmitt] all the happiness left in the world. I wish the best for you.

I only wish I could be a part of the joy you are experiencing with Annie. I am sure you will hold the same happiness when I am ready to meet you both. I just want you to know my thoughts are with you and I wish you happiness. You continue to hold a very special place in my heart. I still care a lot about you, and should you need me, you can count on me to stand by your side. I regret to say, however, that I do not feel comfortable with the thought of talking with you in person, unless of course it is an emergency.

I continue to strive for more happiness than I thankfully enjoy now. I am making more of an effort to meet people. Although I am not dating one individual steadily, I continue to come in contact with new people and as such look forward to the opportunity of becoming intimately involved with a man. However, I do not feel pressured or unhappy that I am not involved at this point. I am going to church more and feeling a part of the church and the community.

Workwise, I am beginning to become anxious. I have been at the Madeira Office for a year. I am on my fourth assistant manager and second regional manager. I am questioning whether or not banking is where I want to be. I will celebrate my 5 year anniversary in September. Five years is a long time.

I am finally seeing the politics and wondering whether or not I can successfully play the game or even want to put up with the politics. Hopefully, my frustration will motivate me to complete my resume. The longer I put it off, the harder it will be. I am at the point where I may ask my boss where he feels I fit in at First National Bank Center. If he has a problem with my fit, I could have real problems. He has already told me that he feels (no evidence) that at times I don't support top management decisions. We'll see. I can realistically see myself making a job change within a year. I wouldn't mind ending up in Chicago.

I had a wonderful time enjoying Vicky [Markell Joseph] as a temporary roommate. I really miss her.

I picked this card out because it reminded me of you and your family. I think about your family often. I intend to visit them after your wedding. I hope your father is well.

As far as my living quarters are concerned, I am quite happy. I have a vegetable and flower garden. In fact, as I write this card, I am aware that each one of my fingernails have dirt under them. I planted petunias tonight.

The radio informed me that it is 10:31 p.m. I must go to bed.

It feels good to have corresponded with you. Let's keep in touch via writing letters.

I still care a lot about you Darrell and I love you.

Finally, I once again wish you and Annie much happiness and understanding.

Your friend always, Judy

June 17, 1983  
 Judy Bryan  
 3558 Edwards Road  
 Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

Hi Darrell,

Vicky [Markell Joseph] just wrote and told me you got your book published. I share in your excitement. Your work on the book was such a big part of the time we spent together. I feel like my book has just been published. I think it's only appropriate for you to send me a signed copy and of course I expect my name to be in the dedication. I really am happy for you. You put a hell of a lot of work into that book. You must not have gone into the details with Vicky since she didn't tell me who the publisher is.

Since I just wrote to you, I don't really have any news to share with you. Anyway, the sole purpose of this card was to congratulate you on one more of many achievements. Congratulations Darrell!

Love, Judy

June 19, 1983  
Darrell West  
10 Mayflower Street  
Providence, Rhode Island 02906

Dear Judy [Bryan],

Just a note to thank you for your recent letter. It was very thoughtful. I too look forward to resuming our friendship whenever it feels comfortable for you. Just give me the word.

I understand [from Vicky Markell Joseph] that you are going to Africa in August. It will be a great trip. I am very jealous. You will have to send me a postcard.

I received good news from a publisher. Greenwood Press, a publisher in Connecticut that publishes a lot of political science books, is going to publish it. They have given me a \$500 advance, which is big for an academic book. It should come out next summer. I don't want to brag (you know me), but I now have one book and 10 articles to my name. My publishing life is coming along pretty well.

On the personal front, things are working out fine with Annie [Schmitt]. The two of you will get along great if you ever meet. She has a lot of your human qualities -- warmth, sensitivity, and a good sense of humor. In fact, sometimes she tells me that the only reason I went out with her was because she reminded me of you. Maybe it's true.

I do miss you. I hope everything works out well for you, jobwise and elsewhere. Let me know if I can assist you in any way. How about a letter of recommendation? I could write it on Brown stationary.

Keep in touch and let me know how you are doing.

Love, Darrell

August 11, 1983  
Judy Bryan  
3558 Edwards Road  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

Hi Darrell,

We spent only 13 hours in Paris and I fell in love with the city. Absolutely beautiful. We took a bus tour around the city. Not able to enter any buildings due to time constraints. At first glance, I felt I was in New York City. Once in the center, it's absolutely fantastic. Can't wait to return!

See ya, Judy

August 12, 1983  
Judy Bryan  
3558 Edwards Road  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

Hi Darrell,

We just passed a police check point enroute from Samburn to Mount Kenya safari club. Police are making sure no armed Somali people are passing. Somalia, east of Kenya, claims part of Ethiopia and Kenya as their territory, however it is not theirs. Rebels often kill tourists and Kenyans.

We have visited a Masai Village and seen Tikana, Somali, and Kukuya tribes and Samburu tribes. Seen fascinating dancing. The wildlife and plant life is so unique. Grassy prairies to arid desert. Termite hills are 6 feet tall. Reticulated giraffes are great.

Tomorrow we go to see Mt. Kilimangeria which is in Tanzania.

Love, Judy

August 20, 1983  
Joanne West Shaver  
Fairhaven Road  
College Corner, Ohio

Dear Darrell and Annie [Schmitt],

Hi! How are the newlyweds? That was almost unbelievable that you ran into [Red and Ruth] Logues on your honeymoon [at Acadia National Park].

We want to thank you for your hospitality during our visit there. We had a wonderful time. There is really a lot to see and do around your area. The kids will talk about it for a long time. We got the pictures developed and Katie [Shaver] actually cries until she gets to hold Annie's picture. You made a hit!

During your political science conventions, have you ever run into Diane Clemmons, who's about 45 years old. Nancy, Tim's oldest sister, just told me she's a Shaver relative and done really well in her field.

She just had a book published about disarmament and in fact, she's about now advising some military leaders on disarmament. I forget what country she's in.

Lois Berry came last weekend and we had such a wonderful time. I'm serious. On Saturday, Shirley [Mitchell] and I got baby-sitters and the three of us went to Cincinnati shopping and to Markets International and to Graeters. It's so rare that Shirley and I get to do that without the children. Mom and Dad had gone for the day with their discussion group somewhere. We went to Mitchell's 2 nights. We all had such a wonderful time. Shirley and I decided we really needed that.

Well, I want to thank you again for your outstanding hospitality. You really had a lot of people moving in on you.

Don't forget to send your Christmas list soon. You're late now.

Love, Joanne

September 20, 1983

Amy West

Melbourne, Florida

Dear Uncle Darrell and Aunt Annie [Schmitt],

How are you all doing? I'm doing okay I guess. Are you going to Ohio for Christmas? I think my Dad and me are going. I hope to see both of you there. School is doing okay, except for math (algebra) I'm failing it so I might have to down phase to general math.

How is your work doing? How about Aunt Annie's? I am sending you a school picture of me. You might want to stick it somewhere and scare the rats away.

Well, I hope I can see you at Christmas or at least in the summer time.

Love, Amy

October 3, 1983

Helen Steele Conway

Eaton, Ohio 45320

Dear Darrell and Annie [Schmitt],

How are you? Hope all is fine and still able to go.

As for me, I am still kicking. I want to thank you and Annie for the nice time we had while in Rhode Island. I really enjoyed that trip and all the pretty scenery, places, and things. I said I would probably never get up in that part of the country again so I was going to take advantage of the trip while I could.

Your wedding and everything was really pretty. If you come home at Christmas, which I hope you do, be sure to bring your pictures with you. I would also like to have some to keep. Thanks again for your nice hospitality. We all really appreciated that.

We all got some good pictures of everything also.

How have things been going for you? I expect busy as usual.

Say are you going to put your wedding in the Register Herald here. I think you should. It would be nice.

Well, your Dad is getting along fairly well now. Betty [Shriner] was to come over yesterday to stay with him. He still says his leg is sore and hurts. I was down Saturday and when he gets up to walk, he doesn't use his walker. He goes by himself and it looks to me the way he walks as if it hurts pretty bad yet. He moans and groans and walks spread-legged! He laid on the couch Saturday night and said it hurt him pretty bad. He put the vibrating pillow they have under his leg which did help some. So I don't know. It still doesn't sound too good yet. They are to go back to the surgeon at Cincinnati for a checkup October 6. He had us all pretty worried there for a while. Wonder if he is out of the woods yet so to say.

I'm also worried about your Mom. She has had so much on her shoulders here in the last 2 months, I'm afraid she is going to break one of these days. Trying to work, take care of the house, and him too. Let's hope not.

That card and letter you wrote to your Dad while he was in the hospital they both appreciated. You were really thoughtful.

Well, I'll ring off this book for now.

Thanks for the thank you note and Christmas list. We get a kick out of your list. Your Mom said for you two to have twins, then you can have your baby sister and one for you too. Ha!

Hope you have a happy birthday and have many happy returns on that day. Write.

Love, Aunt Helen

October 3, 1983  
Vicky Markell Joseph  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Darrell,

Happy Birthday, your first as a married man! Another milestone.

According to Judy [Bryan], you managed to enjoy your own wedding (no small feat). I'd love to hear the details.

We just survived our first real marital hurdle, the old "I need more than you're giving routine." It's frightening to be that angry and withdrawn for a few days. We've grown and learned though, and still love each other.

Please share your thoughts.

Love, Vicky

November 5, 1983  
Judy Bryan  
3558 Edwards Road  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

Hi Darrell,

Your goal was met. You made me guilty enough to go out and return birthday greetings which you so thoughtfully bestowed on me. I honestly did think of you on the 6th and in fact I bet you knew the exact time I wished your Happy Birthday. I hope it was grand.

Since you asked, I had the best birthday ever. I went on a Sierra Club outing down to Lexington Horse Park and biked 45 miles on Saturday, camped out Saturday night, and rode 22 miles on Sunday, my birthday. The weather was perfect. The horse farms were from a picture book. The people were great and the exercise was exhilarating. It was so fun. In fact, now that I know some people in the Club, I will attend the meetings and other outings. Do you believe I'm finally doing this?

At this moment, I am getting really pissed off. I have waited all day for delivery of my new 45 inch Baldwin Hamilton. I am beginning to think Baldwin used my dollars to pay on its loans and I don't get my piano or more likely the kind salesman who gave me such a good deal screwed up and forget to tell them to deliver. I am mad. Fortunately, I have spent the day productively, preparing for a dinner party tonight. Keep your fingers crossed that the next time we talk, I have my ivories.

Talk with you soon. I'm going to walk this to the mailbox and when I return, the truck will have arrived.

Lots of love, Judy

November 6, 1983  
Anne and Jim Kuklinski  
Champaign, Illinois

Dear Darrell,

We're finally getting our act together and getting these things off to you. Hope you can both use and enjoy them.

We have this cookbook and have enjoyed many of the recipes within. They seem quite uncomplicated for the most part.

How has the academic year been going? We have both been busy, Jim is adjusting fairly well.

Friends from Indiana are coming here next weekend for the IU football game. We look forward to seeing them.

Please come for a visit whenever you can. I hope to meet you soon, Annie.

Happy eating!

Sincerely, Anne

November 6, 1983

Dave Golden

San Francisco, California

Dear Darrell,

I got these cards for a song in Mexico so I'm using them as Bar Mitzvah, Birthday, Christmas and Hanukah cards until I finish the ream. Thought I would send you an early Christmas card since I got a note from Woolworth's that they recalled the lamp Tom and Janet [Larson] and I got you for your wedding. Apparently, the chrome peels off and there have been several cases of baby poisoning.

Not much is new. Haven't heard from Tom [Larson] since he was ill. San Francisco is as beautiful as always but a bit boring. I'm not meeting people working for a tiny company down in Silicon Valley. I have a lot of close friends down here but they are mostly couples, ergo not very helpful in meeting other singles.

My sleepy neighborhood is becoming Union Street II. I may be forced to move to Sausalito to find refuge. I received the 10th reunion book from high school in Youngstown. What a bunch of misfits. Interestingly, there are more than 2.5 baby girls to each baby boy born out of 167!

I'm getting psyched for ski season. Last year I only almost killed myself by getting caught in a snowstorm at dusk (once), going over a cliff (twice), getting run over by other skiers (three times), hitting trees (once), and rolling down the mountain (3 or 4 times). Skiing sure is fun.

Sorry about the chicken scratchings, but I couldn't get this card into my dot matrix printer.

Dave

December 15, 1983

Alfred and Ann Diamant

Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Darrell,

Being a grandfather a second time is even less noteworthy than the first time around, but I accept your congratulations.

I would also be pleased to accept a copy of the magnum opus. It will be interesting to see how the "ugly duckling" (i.e., the dissertation) has turned into a graceful swan (the book).

Dave and Cathy [Robertson] will be here December 23-24 to act as godparents for the grandchild. The Robertson's and the Pfeiffer-Diamants had become close friends in San Antonio.

Best wishes for your first holiday season together.

Freddy

December 15, 1983

Christine Logue Rude

Liberty, Indiana

Dear Darrell and Annie [Schmitt],

How does it feel to be back into the swing of things? It was so nice to hear from you. I'm glad you liked the towels.

It has been really cold and snowy up here. But it is warmer today. Our sows have been farrowing so I've been helping Russel outside. In fact, I've been trying to get him motivated to go back out for the last 15 minutes.

Mom and Dad are in Florida. They called us today from Fort Myers. It has been raining and cold, ever since the day after they got there.

We have two new baby calves. A little bull named Jan and a heifer named Zero (for the temperature). They are both a little ahead of schedule.

Nathan got his report card the other day. He is doing really well and best of all he really enjoys it. He likes to learn things.

Katie has been helping me so much that sometimes it isn't help. But she's a good girl.  
 Benjamin is into stripping. He spend most of his time taking off his clothes.  
 It's been hard on him and me since it turned so cold. He's had to leave his clothes on.  
 Well, I'd better close and go get busy.  
 Take care and best of everything.  
 Lots of love, Christine

December 20, 1983  
 Tom and Janet Larson  
 Dallas, Texas

Dear Darrell,

Most of you dear but as yet uninformed friends may be surprised to note that a change is due in your address books for our growing family. In November, Tom landed a position with American Airlines in their Financial Systems Planning Department and our family continued its life's journey westward to Dallas.

Throughout most of the year, I continued to pick up the slack at Capital Bank and Clark continued to socialize at Kids and Company, growing like a weed. Tom also put in his hours at Wilson's, although getting increasingly more and more frustrated with his work experience.

Late in July, Tom's grandfather died leaving a void in our hearts. He was a sweet and good man and led a full and prosperous life. Some joy returned to our household on August 10 when Rachel Perry was born, weighing in at 7 pounds and 5 ounces. Lo and behold, she came into the world with dark, dark hair, although at this writing we can't tell which color it will turn.

Grandmother Collins came to take care of Clark during the sweltering heat. Her reward will be in heaven as she probably believes she has already done time in the other place. Her presence was doubly helpful when a week later, Tom came down with a bacterial blood infection that put him in the hospital for ten days. He came back a little lighter than his former self, but sporting a heavy beard. During this interval, Janet occupied her time by walking and rocking the colicky Rachel at night.

Just when life was settling down and I thought it was safe to return to sanity, Tom interviewed for and landed a job with American. So here we have settled once again in Dallas and in the same neighborhood as Tom's lifelong buddy Clark Culbertson and family. Rachel's colic has abated and she is a contented happy baby at the top of the charts for her height and weight.

Clark's language continues to amaze us with his insightful statements and questions. Not a M\*A\*S\*H episode goes by without the query, "Why are they hurt?" or "Why are they fighting?" Of course, his questions also come down to the more mundane, "Why is it snowing?" as he experienced his first snowfall the other day. Life continues on its back and forth pendulum. For two weeks after moving here, our dear kitty Smudge disappeared and hasn't returned. We miss him greatly.

If we've learned one lesson this year, it must be to appreciate those you love.

Love, Janet

## Index

Abortion, 245

Acadia National Park, 241, 303

AFL-CIO, 214

Alcohol, 1, 2, 43, 54, 72, 74, 120, 132, 200, 264, 273, 295

Alfred College, 75, 146, 254

Allen, Woody, 169, 182, 197

Allergies, 211

American Civil Liberties Union, 219

American Political Science Review, 260, 281

American Society for the Predation of Animals, 153

Amin, Idi, 214

Anderson, John, 260, 263, 267

Assassination attempt, 272

Babyas, Greg, 41, 43, 48, 50, 51

Baker, Howard, 95, 248, 251, 255

Baker, Jim, 248, 251

Barbour, Christi, 271

Bartlett, Bob, 156, 158, 159, 168-169

Baumgarten, Julie, 168

Begin, Menagim, 217, 218, 219

Belushi, John, 248

Bench, Johnny, 24, 124

Bergman, Ingmar, 24, 28, 61

Berheide, Mike, 271

Bernstein, Carl, 58, 129

Berry, Lois, 101, 119, 120, 124, 127, 131, 139, 159, 168, 191, 204, 211, 303

Blacks, 24, 49, 120-121, 147, 205, 220

Blalock, Herbert, 281

Blood clot, 303

Bluestone, Amy, 55, 56-57, 58, 59, 62-63, 66, 67, 70, 71, 72-73, 75, 76, 77, 78-79, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85-86, 89, 90, 91, 92-93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 102, 103-104, 105, 108, 109-110, 111, 113, 115, 116, 117-118, 127-128, 132-133, 138-139, 143, 146, 147-148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 164, 168, 181, 188, 189, 195, 202, 207, 208, 210, 211-212, 227, 249, 252-253, 284, 285, 286

Boggs, Larry, 284

Boggs, Sandy, 284

Book, 291, 302, 305

Boston, Massachusetts, 34, 54, 182, 188, 194, 199, 200, 208, 215, 225, 227, 244, 249, 252

Bouriff, Kathy, 62, 67, 119

Bowie, Sam, 254

Brand, Donald, 273, 275

Brewer, Jim, 131

Broder, David, 207

Brody, Richard, 282

Brookings Institution, 167, 233, 243, 245, 259, 260, 268, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 285

Brooks, Mel, 79, 216

Brown, Jerry, 186, 207, 255

Brown University, 281, 282, 284, 288, 289, 298

Bryan, Bob, 295

Bryan, Judy, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 205, 206, 209, 210, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 219, 221, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 232, 233,



234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 243, 245, 246, 249, 252, 253, 254, 255, 262, 263, 265, 266, 269, 270, 271, 274, 275, 276-277, 278, 279, 281, 283, 286, 287, 289, 290, 294, 295, 296, 301, 302, 304

Bryan, Kathy, 277

Buber, Martin, 117, 118

Buckley, James, 263

Bureaucracy, 162

Burton, Doris, 163

Bush, George, 248, 250, 255, 272

Caldwell, Lynton, 156, 160, 169

Califano, Joe, 164

Campaign finance reform, 58, 61, 73, 84, 85, 90, 100, 110, 135, 146

Campbell, Bill, 44, 299

Camping, 221, 225

Camus, Albert, 215

Capote, Truman, 16

Car accident, 21, 22-23, 150, 211, 227-228, 233, 236, 240, 270

Carmines, Ted, 281

Car purchase, 22-23, 68, 142, 152, 183, 207, 236, 256, 264

Caro, Robert, 141

Carroll, Susan, 167, 195-196

Carter, Amy, 144

Carter, Byrum, 163

Carter, Jimmy, 79, 80, 124, 125, 127, 129, 138, 139, 144, 147, 148, 150, 158, 160, 164, 167, 181, 197, 214, 248, 251, 255, 256, 263

Carter, Rosalyn, 125

Celeste, Dick, 148, 201, 207, 214, 292

Celeste, Ted, 218

Charles, Alan, 75, 88

Charles, Beverly, 76, 112, 126

Charles, Bob, 88, 126, 169, 262, 271

Charles, Jean, 75, 88, 120, 126

Charles, Karen, 293

Charles, Richard, 75, 120, 293

Charles, Ruth, 169

Charles, Tyler, 293

Cheating, 157, 160

Chicago, 117, 119, 127, 135, 136

Child visiting privileges, 23, 59, 204, 205

China, 130-131

Cincinnati, 231

Cincinnati Post, 8, 10, 12, 17, 18

Clemmons, Diane, 303

Cleveland, 54

Coal strike, 211, 213, 214, 215

Co-ed house, 12, 15

Cohen, David, 90, 92, 100

Collins, Judy, 262

Common Cause, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 61, 64, 65, 67, 72, 73, 81, 85, 88, 90, 92, 100, 110, 122, 135, 139, 146, 164

Computer dating, 199

Congress, 52, 75, 158

Congressional Budget Office, 147, 148, 150, 154

Congressional Research Service, 185, 197

Connally, John, 91, 248, 251, 255

- Conners, Jim, 82, 183  
 Conway, Thelma, 242  
 Conway, Tom, 207, 228, 242  
 Cornett, Jack, 12, 14, 15, 16, 24, 42, 113, 204, 275, 281  
 Council for European Studies, 237, 245, 265  
 Cows, 17  
 Crosby, David, 130  
 Crothers, June, 211, 279, 284  
 Crothers, Merge, 211  
 Crothers, Russell, 279  
 Croy, Betty, 76  
 Culbertson, Clark, 306  
 Daley, Richard, 135, 136  
 D'Amato, Al, 263  
 Danforth Fellowship, 237, 239, 243, 245  
 Dannis, Fern, 61  
 Dating ad, 245  
 Davidson, Sara, 193  
 De Alba, Maryls, 67, 72, 73, 75, 79, 82, 85, 92-93, 145-146, 149, 152, 155, 209, 243, 254, 267-268, 269  
 Debt, 47  
 DeLue, Steve, 299  
 Delvernia, 125  
 DeMass, Robert, 168, 191  
 Denver, John, 241  
 Derek, Bo, 258  
 Devine, Don, 177  
 Diamant, Alfred, 162, 163, 164, 167, 170, 233, 234, 235, 237, 239, 245, 265, 305  
 Diamant, Ann, 265, 305  
 Diamond, Edwin, 249, 251  
 Dickman, Clifford, 36  
 Disney World, 151, 217, 258  
 Dissertation, 206, 214, 233, 243, 245, 248, 249, 250, 251, 254, 255, 260, 275, 280, 282, 283  
 Divorce, 3, 23, 25, 30, 284  
 Doerschuk, Steve, 37  
 Dog accident, 300  
 Dreams, 27, 146, 149, 183, 245, 246  
 Dreyer, June, 159  
 Driving while intoxicated, 74, 88  
 Drowning, 22, 28  
 Drugs, 2, 35, 38, 39, 42, 54, 72-73, 109, 113, 120, 130, 132, 193, 200, 226  
 Duffy, Charles, 169  
 Duke University, 43, 50  
 Durham, Beverly, 236  
 Durham, Dan, 144  
 Dutton, Mike, 2, 3  
 Dylan, Bob, 232  
 Earlham College, 61, 64, 66  
 East-West trade, 222  
 Eastern Kentucky University, 98, 119  
 Ehlenfelt, Steve, 257  
 Einstein, Albert, 166  
 Eisenhower, Dwight, 191  
 Engel, Alan, 291

- Equus, 115
- Erikson, Eric, 64
- Ernie, 24, 147
- Eulau, Heinz, 281-282
- Exch, Susan, 189
- Faculty recruitment, 69, 131-132, 284, 286, 299
- Fairhaven, 120, 130
- Family reunion, 26, 68, 74, 76
- Fargo, Dan, 206
- Farm Bureau, 62
- Farming, 17, 61, 74, 75, 120, 124, 130, 159, 168, 191, 236, 253, 261, 266, 267, 274, 280, 286, 293, 294, 299
- Federal Election Commission, 58, 59, 61
- Fields, Stanley, 116
- Fields, Sue, 109, 116, 130, 236
- Fierman, Larry, 249
- Financial aid, 99, 106, 147, 233, 245
- Fire, 142, 284
- First National Bank of Cincinnati, 231, 235, 238, 265, 277, 301
- Fischbach [Ardin], Jeanne, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 20, 22-23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28-29, 30-31, 32, 33-34, 35, 37, 38, 39-40, 42, 43-44, 49-50, 54-55, 145, 146-147, 148
- Fishel, Jeff, 139, 154, 159, 160, 164, 166, 167, 168, 181, 196, 200, 201, 227, 237, 275
- Fitzpatrick, Mike, 70, 74, 108
- Fogarty, Bill, 57, 61, 66, 85, 95, 192
- Ford, Gerald, 19, 79, 139, 251
- Fowles, John, 193
- France, 13, 17, 18, 27, 28, 50, 71
- French, Sam, 137
- French-American Foundation, 243
- Freud, Sigmund, 251
- Friedenberg, Walter, 18
- Fromm, Eric, 13
- Fourth of July, 26, 57, 66, 71, 74, 75, 76, 77, 94
- Gaddis, William, 49
- Galbreath, John Kenneth, 65
- Gallimore, Mike, 83
- Gant, Doris, 230, 261, 270
- Gant, Karen, 230, 241, 299
- Gant, Larry, 230, 241, 270
- Gant, Truman, 230
- Gardner, John, 61, 64
- Gayhart, 261, 262
- Gay life, 125, 130, 136, 151, 155, 173, 205, 215, 216, 229-230, 245
- Georgetown University, 159, 161
- Gerber, Mike, 12, 15
- Germany, 70-71, 172, 284
- Germon, Beth, 4, 5-6, 7-8, 9, 10-11, 12-13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19-20, 21, 26, 27, 37, 39, 46, 54
- Gertzner, Paul, 267
- Giffin, Rhonda, 270
- Gillespie, John, 163
- Ginsberg, Ben, 298
- Glancy, Bobbi, 173
- Goetze, Dave, 162, 246, 275

Golden, Dave, 59, 60, 61, 64, 66, 73, 82, 85, 92-93, 108, 113, 119, 120, 122, 128, 129, 130, 132, 133, 141, 149, 150, 153, 157, 161, 166, 178, 179, 180, 183, 184, 186, 188, 191, 193, 196, 199, 203, 205, 206, 208, 212, 213, 215, 217, 218, 219, 221, 222, 225, 226, 227, 228-229, 244, 247, 249-250, 251, 254, 255, 259, 260, 268, 270, 305

Gopoian, David, 169, 254, 256, 263

Gordon, Bill, 41, 49

Gotbaum, Victor, 257

Grades, 6, 21, 33, 35, 46, 47, 75, 87, 99, 111, 114, 136, 146, 155, 156, 158, 159, 169, 234, 273

Graduate school applications, 42, 46, 47, 48, 52

Graduate Record Exam, 42, 44, 47

Graham, Billy, 228

Graham, Evelyn, 139

Greene, Vernon, 163, 167

Greenwood Press, 302

Hack, Edmund, 215

Hagner, Paul, 170

Haig, Alexander, 269

Haines, Mike, 144, 182

Halloween, 127, 193

Haltom, Bill, 273

Harrington, Michael, 257

Hartman, Diane, 135

Harvard University, 25, 49, 100, 250

Harwood, Brit, 300

Hawk, Doris, 181

Hawxhurst, Laine, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 12, 14, 15, 16, 20, 34, 42-43, 45-46, 47, 51, 79-80, 81,

82, 90, 117, 118, 123, 125, 126-127, 140, 141, 149, 161, 165, 166, 170, 171, 177, 181

Hays, Dan, 74, 130, 135, 168, 289

Hays, Francis, 130

Hays, Lewis, 83, 253

Hays, Mary Beth, 289

Heart attack, 284-285, 291

Heart bypass, 285, 286, 287, 291

Hendrix, Jimmy, 146

Hernia operation, 150

Hershey, Marjorie, 288

Higgins, Jane, 224, 239, 240, 243, 248, 258-259, 260-261, 264, 272, 274, 276, 278, 286

Hill, Paul, 215, 219

Hitchcock, Alfred, 216

Hitchhiking, 22, 169, 170, 207

Hitler, Adolph, 42

Honeymoon, 303

Honor's sequence, 21, 23, 30, 35

Hoole, Frank, 170

Hoover, Ken, 281

Horses, 25

Humphrey, Hubert, 206

Huston, Barbara, 69

Huston, Dale, 69

Huston, Paul, 299

Iglehart, Aileen, 69, 120, 151, 180, 191, 237

Iglehart, Linda, 62

Ilene, 60-61, 67, 75, 87, 99, 106

Indiana University, 42, 46, 52, 53, 54, 55, 80, 81, 86, 90, 96-97, 98, 99, 103, 105, 106, 108, 111, 114, 115, 120-121, 131-132, 134, 136, 138, 139, 141, 143, 147, 148, 149, 155, 156, 158, 162-164, 167, 170, 181, 187, 189-190, 193, 195, 197, 199, 200-201, 206, 209, 210, 213-214, 217, 226, 233, 234, 235, 239, 243, 245

Indy 500, 28

Ionesco, Eugene, 183

Iran hostages, 256

Irwin, Homer, 180

Jackson, Bob, 299

Jackson, Emma, 156, 158, 159, 163, 169

Jackson, John, 100

Jackson, Lisa, 236, 241, 299

Jackson, Reggie, 170

Jacobs, Dan, 83, 120, 181, 257

Janitor, 138

Japan, 2, 3, 4

Jellison, Richard, 16

Jewish history, 183

Jones, Becky, 135

Jones, Bill, 130, 261

Jones, Jeannette, 2, 4, 15, 16, 34, 42, 51, 171

Jones, Jim, 261

Jones, Kitty, 130, 295

Jones, Lewis, 284

Jong, Erica, 40, 41

Jordan, Barbara, 80

Jordan, Dennis, 137

Jordan, Hamilton, 248

Kalsbeeck, Mabel, 102, 181, 293

Kaufman, Vail, 61, 64, 66

Kay, Woody, 271

Kay, Susan, 299

Kean College, 133, 189

Keehner, Don, 88, 120, 284

Keehner, Donna, 284

Keehner, Jane, 88, 270, 284

Keene, David, 251

Kellams, Marc, 59

Keller, Chuck, 151

Keller, Joy, 151

Keller, Ruth, 135, 151

Keller, Tracy, 135

Kelly, Grace, 71

Kennedy, Ethel, 218

Kennedy, Ted, 218, 252, 255, 256, 260

Khalid, Prince, 206

King, Lee, 150

Kirkland College, 1, 2, 3, 4, 12, 15, 20, 42, 45, 80

Kissick, Becky, 299

Kissick, Jeff, 19, 250, 299

Kissick, Jenny, 299

Kissinger, Henry, 23, 191, 212, 227

Klapper, Cindy, 120, 130

Kline, Grace, 88, 107, 120, 142, 150, 151, 291

Kuklinski, Anne, 281, 304-305

Kuklinski, Jim, 239, 255, 260, 271-272, 281-282, 283, 304-305

Ku Klux Klan, 276

LaFrossia, Julio, 155, 162, 170, 192, 194

Laine, Kristen, 25, 30, 49

Laird, Paul, 36, 37-38

LaMar, Gordon, 299

Lance, LaBelle, 228

Larson, Clark, 280, 281, 306

Larson [Collins], Janet, 17, 34, 57, 65, 73, 75, 77, 79, 80, 89, 105, 107, 108, 110, 111, 113, 122, 123, 130, 133, 134, 141, 149, 152, 160, 165, 176, 177, 180, 182, 183, 187, 188, 193, 214, 221, 225, 226, 227, 229, 249, 250, 252, 254, 255, 258, 260, 262, 264, 268, 269, 270, 272, 280, 281, 297, 306

Larson, Peggy, 53, 149, 262

Larson, Rachel, 306

Larson, Tom, 17, 34-35, 39, 42, 44, 57, 60, 65, 73, 74, 75, 77, 79, 83, 89, 105, 108, 110, 111, 113, 122, 123, 129, 130, 133, 134, 138, 141, 144, 146, 148, 149, 152, 153, 165, 176, 177, 180, 182, 183, 187, 188, 193, 205, 214, 219, 221, 225, 226, 229, 244, 249, 250, 252, 254, 255, 257-258, 259, 260, 262, 264, 268, 269, 270, 272, 280-281, 297, 305, 306

Lefevre, Ernest, 273

LeMar, Jim, 130

Leningrad, 145

Lennon, John, 269

Lewis, Anthony, 207

Life drawing class, 244

Loans, 67-68, 73, 101, 106, 115, 123, 233

Logue [Rudel], Christine, 130, 150, 305

Logue, Julian [Red], 102, 159, 303, 305

Logue, Ruth, 102, 120, 124, 295, 303, 305

Logue, Steve, 102

London, 5, 8-9, 11, 13, 18, 19, 20, 21, 27, 37

Lovell, John, 163

Lukens, Donald, 124

Luther, Sue, 56, 66, 87, 91, 103, 110, 113, 116, 132, 144, 188, 202, 252

Lybrook, Bill, 210

Lybrook, Nellie, 284

Lynch, Hilda, 223

Mahoney, Kathie, 269, 272-273, 282, 288, 298

Majeski, Steve, 162

Marianos, Linda, 171, 192, 194-195, 200, 216, 245, 246, 275

Markell, Evelyn, 25, 40-41, 71, 96, 119, 137, 175, 209, 212-213, 215, 255

Markell, Herb, 40, 96, 119, 175, 213

Markell, Marilyn, 119

Markell [Joseph], Vicky, 4, 9, 12, 15, 17, 23, 24-25, 26, 32-33, 35, 38, 39, 41, 44, 46, 70, 85, 91-92, 95, 96-97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 113-114, 115, 119, 120, 129, 130, 131, 136, 137, 141, 149, 153, 160, 168, 172, 175, 176, 181-182, 186, 188, 194, 199, 208, 210, 213, 215, 220, 225, 226, 227, 253, 287, 289, 292, 295, 301, 302, 304

Marriage, 28, 31, 39-40, 76, 81, 93, 112, 114, 119, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 133, 138, 144, 147, 149, 177, 202, 205, 207, 208, 212, 213, 229, 230, 262, 290, 296, 298, 299, 300, 301, 303, 304

Marx, Karl, 171

Maslow, Abraham, 64

Mason, Dave, 9

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 244, 249-250, 252, 268

- Masturbation, 23, 114, 155, 175, 176, 187, 191, 193, 212
- Mathis, Martha, 109, 115, 116
- McC Campbell, Roger, 112, 124
- McCormick, Eugene, 138, 142, 210, 258, 297
- McCormick, Gary, 77, 90
- McCormick, Jean, 138, 142, 210, 297
- McCormick, Susan, 62, 77, 90
- McFadden, Tish, 265
- McGovern, George, 256, 257
- McGucken, Dennis, 34, 39, 42, 44, 59, 68, 74, 108, 146
- McKay, Jim, 186
- McLellan, David, 34, 168, 300
- McWhirter, Darrin, 107
- Merriman, Dick, 271
- Metlay, Dan, 162, 271
- Metro, 184-185
- Metzenbaum, Howard, 129
- Miami University, 2, 6-7, 11, 12, 14-15, 16, 21, 23, 30, 35, 41, 75, 106, 107, 120, 141, 146, 149, 187, 198, 211, 252, 284, 286, 299
- Minnelli, Liza, 151
- Mitchell, Dick, 168, 300
- Mitchell, Doug, 290
- Mitchell, Jim, Jr., 62, 68, 72, 76, 77, 88, 89, 90, 93, 100, 101, 103, 106, 123, 124, 130, 137, 143, 168, 185, 210, 211, 230, 241, 242, 266, 271, 280, 284, 290, 293-294
- Mitchell, Jim, Sr., 120, 124, 137, 236, 266, 290
- Mitchell, Laura, 58, 59, 62, 68, 70, 72, 77, 83, 89, 90, 107, 112, 123, 124, 138, 143, 168, 169, 181, 186, 205, 220, 236, 242, 253, 261, 266, 267, 279, 280, 289, 290
- Mitchell, Marion, 72, 124, 236, 266, 267, 280
- Mitchell, Mark, 220, 224, 236, 242, 261, 266, 279, 290, 300
- Mondale, Walter, 78, 80
- Montaperto, Ron, 162, 170
- Moon, Sun-yun, 72
- Moore, Leslie, 12, 15
- Moreland, Marion, 221
- Mormons, 171
- Morton, Ki, 279
- Moses, Robert, 141
- Mosler Safe Company, 232
- Mouse, Mickey, 217, 236
- Movies, 24
- Murder, 16, 131, 191
- Mushaben, Joyce, 265, 268
- Nash, Graham, 130
- Natasse, Ile, 82
- National Association of Broadcasters, 273
- National Science Foundation, 41, 44, 47, 51-52, 243, 245, 248, 249, 250, 255, 258, 271
- Navy, 6, 7, 10, 19, 38, 51
- Nelson, Craig, 215
- New York City, 241
- Nixon, Richard, 123, 150
- Nova University, 236, 243, 247
- Nuclear power, 221, 222, 244, 245-246

- Office of Auto Safety, 221
- Office of Civil Rights, 99, 100, 154-155, 160, 161, 164-165, 166-167, 169, 173, 179, 202, 218, 219, 223, 244
- Ohio State University, 87
- Oil crisis, 65
- O'Leary, Paula, 186
- O'Leary, Tom, 143, 266
- O'Neil, Tip, 272
- Orchids, 256
- Ordeshook, Peter, 100
- Orr, Bob, 264
- Orr, Terry, 244
- Ostrom, Vincent, 201
- Paley, Andi, 294
- Parent, Wayne, 271, 273
- Parker, Glenn, 159, 168, 261
- Parking tickets, 21, 191, 193-194, 197, 292
- Peace Corps, 245, 246
- Penn State University, 57, 59, 63, 81, 99, 102, 104, 108, 109-110, 111, 132-133, 144, 150, 152, 159, 160, 189
- Perkins, Susan, 197
- Peterson, Eunice, 130, 134
- Philadelphia, 276, 277, 282
- Pogue [Geile], Kay, 103, 128, 133, 145, 152, 158, 177, 178, 202, 220, 249
- Pogue, Mike, 99, 102-103, 109, 114, 128, 133, 145, 152, 157, 177, 178, 202, 220, 249
- Political Science Graduate Student Association, 155, 163, 167, 170, 187, 189-190, 199, 200-201
- Polls, 41
- Pope, 228, 253
- Post Office, 22
- Pratt, Joan, 78
- Pregnancy, 146, 291
- Prelim exams, 143
- Presidential Review Memorandum, 197
- Professor-student relations, 153
- Proxmire, William, 185, 248-249
- Psychologist, 121, 152, 157, 160, 233
- Purdue University, 37, 102, 261
- Rader, Corky, 283
- Radner, Gilda, 253
- Rague, Peggy, 201, 243-244
- Rafoth, Bennett, 131
- Ramsey, Sharon, 170, 172, 173, 174-177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 183-184, 186, 187, 188, 194, 199, 207, 208, 218, 219, 220, 223, 225, 261
- Rankin, Carl, 261
- Rapson, Eleanor, 74, 181, 293
- Rapson, Frank, 74
- Reagan, Ronald, 91, 248, 251, 255, 256, 267, 272, 273, 275, 284, 292
- Redman, Ed, 223
- Rejai, Mostafa, 99-100, 105, 114, 135
- Religion, 27, 43, 72, 105, 117, 133, 141, 229, 230, 278-279
- Rendon, John, 256
- Rennels, Susan, 135
- Rhode Island, 218, 227, 281, 285, 288, 289, 290, 292, 303



Richmond, Indiana Palladium-Item, 12, 14-15, 21, 22, 23, 26, 35, 36, 38, 39, 47, 49, 138

Rickover, Hyman, Admiral, 215

Rieselbach, Leroy, 163, 196, 271

Robertson, Cathy, 102, 103, 105, 127, 162, 166, 305

Robertson, David, 102, 103, 105, 114, 117, 123, 125, 136, 162, 166, 170, 271, 305

Robbery, 35, 38, 39, 171

Robbins, Steve, 257

Rocky Horror Picture Show, 229

Rogers, William, 227

Rose, Pete, 167

Ross, Doug, 135

Rossman, Brian, 293

Rossman, Terri, 293

Rude, Benjamin, 306

Rude, Katie, 306

Rude, Nathan Edward, 150, 305

Rude, Russel, 305

Russell, Mark, 68, 92, 95

Sadat, Anwar, 217, 234

Samuelson, Paul, 249

Sanjian, Greg, 162

Scabies, 186

Scaggs, Boz, 171

Scar, 24

Scharf, Jeanne, 271

Schmidt, David, 162

Schmitt, Annie, 290, 294, 295, 296, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 305

School busing, 41, 44, 47, 48-49, 52

Scholtz, Lars, 159

Schussler, Karl, 163

Seals, Mark, 162

See America First, 225, 226, 227

Setser, Andy, 169

Sexual harassment, 300

Shaver, Jeff, 279, 294

Shaver, Kathie, 279, 283, 300

Shaver, Tim, 62, 66, 76, 77, 81, 88, 90, 93, 95, 101, 107, 112, 126, 127, 131, 135, 147, 159, 211, 221, 229, 230, 237, 241, 261, 271, 279, 284, 291, 293, 294

Sheehy, Gail, 166

Shively, Phil, 281

Short stories, 29

Shriner, Betty, 293, 303

Shriner, Carl, 236

Shriver, Phil, 153, 209

Simon, Don, 222

Simpson, Bill, 151

Simpson, Bob, 83, 112, 135, 168, 191, 221, 241

Simpson [Rankin], Glenna, 83, 151, 168, 181, 191, 261

Simpson, Julia, 83

Simpson [Ruebush], Kathy, 151, 168, 221

Simpson, Sara, 168, 191, 221, 241

Skiing, 140-141, 142, 210

Skinny dipping, 225, 226, 227, 262

Smith, Hedrick, 145

- Smith, Ruth, 151, 168
- Sniderman, Paul, 282
- Snively, Carol, 290, 300
- Snively, Vic, 46, 290, 300
- Sondheim, Steven, 216
- Southwick, Tom, 257
- Speeding ticket, 35, 38-39
- Stanford University, 272, 281
- Steele, Dorothy, 4, 125
- Steele, Fred, 152, 267
- Steele, Harry, 120, 137
- Steele [Conway], Helen, 59, 74, 83, 88, 120, 130, 142, 150, 152, 169, 205, 207, 228, 242, 267, 271, 279, 289, 290, 303, 304
- Steele, Martha, 62, 69, 120, 159, 168, 180
- Steele, Velva, 120, 180
- Stills, Stephen, 262
- Stockman, David, 273
- Stolen car, 9-10
- Stone, Pauline, 163
- Stryker, Richard, 162, 164, 170, 234
- Suicide, 50-51, 120-121, 128
- Swenson, Judy, 265
- Swine flu, 118
- Swirezyski, Dave, 182
- Swirezyski, Susan, 182
- Switzerland, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
- Taft-Hartley Act, 214
- Taylor, Jake, 6, 7, 10, 19, 38, 41, 50, 52, 53, 250, 251
- Teaching, 195, 196, 199, 201, 226, 228, 234, 234, 235, 239, 248, 281, 282
- Terkel, Studs, 99
- Thomas, Dale, 137
- Thompson, Georgia, 101, 119, 120, 124, 126, 127, 131, 139, 159, 168, 180, 191, 204, 241
- Three Mile Island, 244
- Tilton, Tim, 283
- Tolbert, Ray, 254
- Tommy, 31
- Tonsillitis, 14, 16
- Topless bars, 64, 66, 78-79, 93, 188, 226
- Top-secret clearance, 185, 191-192, 197-198, 203
- Toulouse-Latrec, 258
- Townsend, Mike, 236, 241
- Treston, Tom, 173, 211, 230, 236, 267, 277, 298
- Tuggle, Billy, 83
- Tynan, Joe, 258
- Ullmann, Liv, 160, 161, 165, 166, 193
- Ulsh, J. J., 17, 18
- Unification Church, 72
- Unions, 214, 277
- Union Theological Seminary, 79, 82, 140, 160, 166
- United Mine Workers, 214
- University of Chicago, 249, 257-258
- University of Iowa, 281
- University of Kentucky, 254

- University of Maryland, 192
- University of Pennsylvania, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 282, 284
- University of Virginia, 61
- Vilas, Guilermo, 183
- Vonderhaar, Rita, 210, 284
- Voslers, Mark, 124
- Wagner, Carl, 257
- Waltzer, Herbert, 83, 88, 107, 120
- Ward, Marilyn, 238
- Washington, D.C., 22, 24, 30, 54, 57, 58, 60, 61, 63, 64, 66, 67, 68, 70, 75, 81, 84, 85, 88, 100, 146-147, 166, 184-185
- Washington Post, 73, 122, 123, 129, 132, 138, 143, 148, 180
- Watergate, 67, 72, 75, 84, 85, 87, 123, 147, 183
- Webber, Dave, 163
- Weber, Max, 190
- Weber, Ron, 97, 98, 100, 196, 234, 271
- Welty, Kay, 212, 214, 219, 227, 270, 272
- Wertmuller, Lina, 157
- Wertheimer, Fred, 100
- West, Amy, 23, 58, 59, 62, 63, 70, 72, 73, 74, 76, 77, 84, 85, 86, 88, 89, 109, 116, 123, 126, 130, 131, 139, 150, 158, 159, 173, 182, 197, 204, 205, 221, 222, 243, 247, 256, 261, 277, 303
- West, Bob, 7, 17, 46, 47, 59, 67, 74, 76, 83, 90, 97, 101, 103, 106, 107, 109, 112, 115, 120, 123, 126, 130, 135, 137, 138, 140, 142, 150, 168, 174-175, 181, 191, 200, 205, 207, 211, 233, 236, 241, 244, 253, 258, 261, 267, 271, 279, 284, 285, 286, 287, 289, 290, 291, 293, 294, 297, 298, 299, 300, 303, 304
- West, Jean, 7, 24, 46, 47, 59, 62, 67, 68-69, 73, 74, 76, 79, 83, 87-88, 90, 94, 97, 100, 103, 106, 107, 108, 109, 112, 115, 119, 123, 124, 126, 129-130, 135, 137, 139, 142, 150, 151, 159, 168, 169, 180, 186, 191, 200, 204, 205, 207, 211, 229, 236, 242, 244, 253, 257, 258, 261, 266, 267, 270, 279, 283-284, 286, 287, 289, 292-293, 294, 295, 297, 298, 299, 300, 303, 304
- West [Shaver], Joanne, 9-10, 17, 23, 24, 58, 62, 66, 68, 72, 75-77, 81, 84, 86, 88, 90, 91, 93, 95, 101, 103, 106, 107, 111, 112, 114, 115, 119, 120, 123, 125, 126, 127, 130, 131, 132, 135, 136, 139, 143, 147, 150, 159, 168, 191, 205, 210, 211, 220, 229, 230, 236, 237, 240-241, 253, 261, 266, 267, 279, 280, 283, 284, 291, 293-294, 300, 303
- West, Ken, 7, 23, 58, 62, 63, 68, 70, 72, 73-74, 75, 76, 77, 81, 82, 84, 85, 86, 88, 89, 90, 94, 97, 101, 106, 107, 108, 109, 112, 116, 117, 123, 125, 126, 130, 131, 135, 136, 138, 139, 140, 142, 150, 151, 155, 158, 159, 168, 173, 182, 188, 191, 197, 204, 205, 207, 211, 214, 215, 216, 220, 221, 222, 229, 230, 235, 242, 243, 247, 256, 261, 267, 277, 284, 298, 299
- West [Buchanan], Sharon, 23, 150, 204, 205
- West [Mitchell], Shirley, 17, 62, 68, 71-72, 74, 76, 77, 83, 88, 89, 93, 100, 101, 103, 106, 107, 112, 120, 123-124, 137, 139, 143, 147, 168, 185-186, 211, 220, 224, 230, 236, 241, 242, 253, 261, 266, 267, 270, 278, 279, 280, 289, 290, 293, 294, 300, 303
- West, Trudy, 130
- Western College, 1, 15, 20, 171, 206, 209
- Wheelock College, 223
- White, Bob, 37
- White, Howard, 290
- White, Howard, Award, 147
- White, Kathy, 280
- Whitesell, Bruce, 261, 262
- Whitesell, Dorine, 261
- Whitesell, Dwight, 261
- Whitesell, John, 261

Whitesell, Pearl, 261

Whitesell, Violet, 284

Whitman, Ralph, 130

Wiesel, Elie, 140

Willbern, York, 98, 149

Williams, Edith, 101, 126

Williams, Jim, 107, 126

Williams, Tennessee, 215

Wilson, Rick, 271

Wirf, Jerry, 257

Witkowski, Rich, 12, 14, 16, 23, 25, 26, 42, 52, 54, 110, 112-113, 204, 276

Woitte, Deborah, 88, 90, 156, 166

Wolf, Scott, 256

Wolf, Wendy, 64, 82, 92, 95, 100, 135

Wood, Evelyn, 17

Wood, Susan, 145, 148, 152

Woodward, Bob, 58, 123, 129

Woodworth, Jim, 92

Wright, Deil, 263

Wrigley, Phil, 163

Wyeth, Andrew, 80

Ziehm, Jeff, 153

Zoellner, Walter, 210